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ROSE-BELFORD'S  
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MORALITY AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. J. F. STEVENSON, LL.B., MONTREAL.

THE remarks of Mr. Le Sueur on the relation of Morality to the current religious beliefs are the utterance of a man obviously in earnest, and, I believe, anxious to be just and truthful. It may seem strange to say, in the same breath, that they seem to me singularly unfair; but they do seem so. A man may be just when his arguments are unjust; a writer may be impartial, though his point of view be most one-sided and partial.

It has been held that 'the Apostolic Doctrine of the Cross alone can keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.' There is, I think, very much to be said for this position. This, at least, is true, that the doctrine came to a very corrupt world, and acted, as we say, 'like a charm' in changing it. Look into Juvenal's satires,—untranslatable as they are for our purer modern ears,—and then look at the Church which grew up in the world of which they afford a sketch; and, although the Church was undoubtedly sufficiently imperfect, the contrast is suggestive.

But, we are told, this has nothing to do with the question, and it is strangely added that it is not, and cannot be, relevant to any practical issue. It may not be relevant to theoretical issues; but I should have thought it practical enough. What is the question with which the moral tendency of the Gospel has nothing to do? We are told what men in general have to consider is not what a doctrine will do for them if they believe it, but whether it is 'believable.' Let me try to simplify this question still further, for I get confused among the knowables and unknowables, thinkable things and things which cannot be construed in thought, of a certain school of philosophy. It appears to me that the question which concerns 'men in general' is the very ordinary one whether a given doctrine is true or untrue. If it is true, it does not much matter who finds it 'unbelievable;' if it is not true, it may be both 'believable,' and actually believed by millions of men,—but what then? The possibilities of belief are shifting, the conditions of truth are fixed.

Now does Mr. Le Sueur mean seriously to say that, in a professed revelation, it is no evidence of truth that it purifies or ennobles the moral life of those who receive it? Is it no reason for thinking Christ divine that He opens my eyes and ears to moral truth, and makes me, at least relatively, a good man? Can practical truth and goodness spring from systematic fraud or insane blundering and self-sufficiency? Will Mr. Le Sueur impeach the structure of the universe to such an extent as to maintain that? And, if he will, what guarantee has he in such a universe for the fixity of law, or the conditions of happiness, or indeed for anything else except what Milton calls 'confusion worse confounded.' There is either a rational congruity in the universe, or there is not. If there is not science, philosophy, and in fact human thinking, in general are a melancholy, or (as Hume calls them) 'whimsical,' folly, according to our mood; if there is, it becomes blankly incredible that a teaching which puts the crown of nobleness on man's moral nature, and that in the direct proportion in which he sincerely receives it, should be a fabrication or a dream. Among the 'contradictory inconceivables,' with which we are sometimes puzzled, this is, to some of us, the most contradictory and inconceivable of all.

Now observe, this is not an 'appeal to man's interests' at all, but only an attempt to find a clue to truth. We are told that an appeal to man's interests is 'not right,' and even 'flagrantly wrong,' from which it seems to follow that the utilitarian morality must be a very wicked thing, since it is an appeal to man's interests from first to last. I do not oppose the utilitarian scheme of morals, though I think it imperfect, and in need of certain supplementary ideas. But it seems a little strange that those who think a thing certainly *right* because it tends to the good of humanity, should find it so difficult to admit that a similar tendency is any ground at all

for believing an alleged doctrine to be *true*. Are truth and goodness, which have been commonly thought of as in close relation to each other, to be regarded after all as utterly alien, if not completely opposed? If so, the world of thought is in 'unstable equilibrium' with a meaning very serious.

Mr. Le Sueur writes as though those who fear for the future of morality, if its religious supports be taken away, were anxious to undermine the other grounds on which it rests. Not so. They only wish to show that whoever alleges these grounds for believing in morals must in consistency go further. You are lopping off certain boughs from a tree. I see that you are unconsciously hewing at the bough on which you are yourself standing, and I call out to you to stop. Whereupon you cry: 'Rascal, why can't you leave me in safety? You want me to fall and be killed.' No, I do not. What I want you to do is to consider what you are chopping at, that you may *not* fall. It is you, not I, who are destroying the conditions of stability.

Much of what Mr. Le Sueur has written is devoted to showing that there is no connection between the principles of morals and what is called 'religion.' Now, as I do not wish to argue in the dark, I must ask what is religion? It appears to me that religion is a human quality or sentiment, which may attach itself to anything, an African fetish, Comte's preparation of his dead mistress' hands, Mr. Spencer's 'Unknowable,' or 'Our Father which is in heaven.' What religion do we mean? It is pretty clear that Mr. Le Sueur would have us think of the Gospel, or, at any rate, the facts and principles revealed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. Is there no connection between these and human goodness? How anybody can think so, when he can buy a Bible for a few cents, and read it for himself, is one of those astonishing intellectual phenomena which seem to defy all law. What is it that is done for

morality by religion, meaning by religion the revelation, or, if you choose, the supposed revelation, of God in Christ? It is not difficult to answer. The Gospel supplies three things to morals—a basis, a type, and an impulse.

First, it supplies an unchangeable basis for the sense of obligation. In other words, it gives a meaning to the word 'ought.' It is one of the defects in the utilitarian ethics that it can never do that. It can tell me that some things are useful to me and to others; but it cannot explain the difference between the knowledge of use and the consciousness of duty. I am told that it is base and vile to be false or cruel. Very true; but why is it base? and what do you mean by vile? You surely mean something more than that these things are inconvenient. The attempts of utilitarians to evade this difficulty are amusing. Mr. Bain, for example, says the wrong is identical with the punishable, not seeing, apparently, that it is the very essence of punishment to be deserved suffering, and that the whole difficulty emerges again in the word deserved. The fact is, that a sense of right as right, and of desert or ill desert as springing from it, is intertwined with the very fibres of our nature. None can explain that; none can vindicate the *rationality* of the moral impulses, except those who trace them back to the ultimate structure of the laws of nature; in other words, to the character of the First Cause itself. But this is to make the First Cause not *it*, but *he*, it is to clothe it with consciousness and will. We have done with a vague Unknowable, and find ourselves bowed in the presence of a living God.

The Gospel gives us also a type of character as part of its contribution to practical morals. It is here that there is so wide a difference between the general sentiment of 'religion,' and the special belief in Christ. 'Religion' is, perhaps, little more than a sense of the infinite, and of our enclosure in

and dependence upon it,—a sentiment which may attach itself to anything, from a monkey or a beetle to the ideal of absolute perfection. We shall gain nothing by discussing the moral relations of that. It may very well be true that '*potuit suadere malorum,*' even beyond the eloquent summary of Lucretius. But here and now our faith, if we have any, is in Christ, and it is simply idle to say that Christ does not affect the moral views and character of His followers. He was talking about duty all His life, and He poured out His life at last as a sacred seal upon the supremacy of rectitude. This is not the place to attempt any analysis of the character of Jesus, but I may remind my readers of the admiring words of Goethe, 'to this height men were fated and enabled to attain, and having attained it, they cannot again fall permanently below it.' If it be true that 'Christianity' has been the 'parent of persecution,' it is utterly untrue that the 'ordinary duties and charities of life' have 'owed but little' to it. So far from this, the 'charities' are the outgrowth of the Gospel almost exclusively. And even in the darkest days of persecution, when the scaffold and the stake were in full use, these horrors were so much the exception as opposed to the rule that society could have sustained no greater loss than that of the moral influences derived from the Gospel. Some people seem to think that executions for heresy were the lot of the masses of the people. The idea is preposterous. Mistaken and hateful as they were, for every man executed, thousands had their lives immensely ennobled by the influence of their faith. Mr. Le Sueur is fond of gathering together all sorts of hideous and horrible perversions of the religious sentiment, and quietly slipping in the assumption that they are illustrations of the normal action of the faith of Christians. He might as well charge the horrors of a lunatic's dreams against the faculty of im



agination, or the cruelties of the Gunpowder Plot against the love of one's country. I have always felt that the school of thinkers of whom we hear most to-day, are far more apt at making sweeping generalizations than at perceiving distinctions. They exaggerate a remote resemblance into identity. Belief is, with them, motion in the direction of least resistance; they call the wriggling of an eel, and the heroism of a patriot, by the common name of 'conduct,' and it results from the same defect of discrimination that they lump together all forms of the religious life, so as to see no difference between an Indian faker or an African rain maker, and the grandest figure in history—Jesus Christ.

The impulse to good morals which the Gospel provides, is correlative in importance with the basis and type. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of the motive indicated in the words 'the love of Christ constraineth us.' And mark, it is impulse above all things that we want. Moral philosophers, those of Mr. Le Sueur's school quite as much as others, are always crying out about the lack of available motives to virtue. Reason, they say, is so weak, or passion is so strong. I do not find them holding that 'the domestic or simpler social virtues are a natural result of the very conditions of existence;' on the contrary, they tell us that existence is compatible with a vast number of vices, both simple and complicated. Mr. Bain mourns that 'Nature has done so little for virtue.' Mr. Mill thinks that almost the whole stress of education needs to be centered upon the formation of character. Mr. Spencer is not of a widely different mind, if we may judge from his many and singularly valuable writings on the training of the young. Plato and Paul unite in the cry, 'Who shall deliver me from this body of death?' No one will deny what every clergyman knows, and many beside can testify, that rogues turn honest, the impure

chaste, and the intemperate sober under the impulse of love to Christ. A man who says that virtue owes little to the Gospel takes a position in which it is not rude to say that he does not know what he is talking about. We can only save his truthfulness at the expense of affirming his ignorance. Moral corruption is so far from being incompatible with the conditions of existence that some of its saddest forms are the direct results of an elaborate civilization. What was Rome when the Gospel was first preached in its by-places? And what but love to Christ has scourged away that revel of lust and blood? The same is true in modern times. Those who have seen it know.

But anyone may see that it must be so. To deny that love to Christ is a motive to goodness, is to deny that our characters are affected by the characters of those we admire and love. It is to deny, in other words, that admiration and affection are elements in our moral training. Every teacher knows the contrary. I will not insult Mr. Le Sueur by charging him with so much absurdity. And yet, to this position he must be content to be chained if he denies the moral value of the Gospel. 'To love her was a liberal education,' said Steele of a noble woman. Can we say less of Christ?

Mr. Le Sueur seems to me to contradict himself, or to surrender his whole argument, when he talks as he does of the 'strained or artificial' character of the motives or influences involved in the words 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification' Those motives are simply gratitude for a vast moral benefit and love for a character surpassingly noble. Of this Mr. Le Sueur says, first, that it does not tend to make us any better, and, secondly, that it sets before us, and impels us towards, a moral ideal of unnecessary elevation. Now, these constitute two horns of a dilemma; take which you will, but

how you can possibly have both, I cannot understand. We have, indeed, a quotation from Mr. Goldwin Smith about the desirability of an attainable ideal. If that means an ideal adapted to our nature and faculties, it is right and true enough; but if it means an ideal which ceases to perform the very function of an ideal, which is to lead us upward and onward, I am bold enough to differ. The ideal is never quite realized in art, or science, or conduct. The poet or painter, the thinker, the saint, all 'follow on.' In truth it must be so, the ideal is relatively attainable only; if it were attainable absolutely, it would leave no room for growth.

If Mr. Le Sueur surrenders this, he gives up the essential nobleness of human life. And, indeed, I note with regret in his articles an undertone of willingness to be satisfied with 'small mercies' in a moral point of view. If a man is a pretty good fellow to his wife and children, does not tell lies or cheat other people, and shows a readiness to meet kindness with kindness, we are told that life will be 'very tolerable' without the 'excessive self-renunciation' of the Sermon on the Mount. Very tolerable—to whom? There are some men who would rather die, and by a very painful death, too, than lose all the heroic and saintly elements from history and the lives around us. Deeds of patriotic heroism or of uncalculating love stir their souls like a trumpet. Their eyes dim with happy tears in the presence of the morally sublime. Indeed, I hesitate to receive Mr. Le Sueur's testimony as against himself, and more than half believe he is of the number.

Very much of Mr. Le Sueur's second article is occupied in the attempt to show that Christianity is a faith hollow, worm-eaten, and rapidly passing away. He says that the cry is echoed 'from every pulpit in the land.' I wonder where he goes to church—or whether he goes at all. It

is quite true that we meet plenty of this kind of statement in the writings of those who make it evident that their position, on the negative side, is already chosen; and there are not wanting timid souls who, in spite of their fervent desires, fear that what is said with so much persistency may be true. For it is just as true that fear renders us insensible to the strength of our positions, as it is that desire predisposes us to a too easy belief. Mill, who has done so much to warn us against fallacies, is as earnest in pointing out the one as the other danger. But if we take the great majority of Christian people—and I speak, not of the ignorant chiefly, but of the thoughtful and intelligent—while it is true that they are conscious of more or less difficulty in adjusting the different aspects of their thinking so as to form a consistent whole, they are possessed with a firm and unalterable faith that the main truths of the Gospel, as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ, will stand every strain, and finally rise into universal and triumphant acceptance. I know the minds of many—very many—of these, and I claim to speak for them with something of authority.

Mr. Le Sueur enumerates what he considers the characteristics of a 'hollow and worm-eaten faith,' and says that these are to be seen if we look around us. One or two of these, as he gives them, are so exactly the opposite of what we see, that one has to exercise some self-restraint lest their flagrant falsehood should unduly discredit the rest of his reasoning. He says a faith is dying, and that this is now the case as to Christianity: 'When . . . it seems a dangerous thing to so much as touch the text of sacred writings even with a view to bringing it nearer to the exact words of inspiration.' Now I make bold to say that there was never a time when the text of Scripture was handled with one-tenth part the cour-

age and boldness that it is now, and that by Christian scholars themselves. The most fearless investigation, as rigorous and searching as that of any naturalist, is applied to the text of every part of the Bible by the scholars, whether of Germany, of England, or of America. What does Mr. Le Sueur know of the results of such research but what Christian divines have told him? Simply nothing. Did not the late Dean Alford—to name only one man—spend years over the text of the New Testament? Did he shirk his work or shrink from the frankest statement of what he found? It was my honour and privilege to know his rare transparency of character, and his fearless devotion to truth, and I am only one of scores to whom such an idea is only not outrageously offensive because it is so infinitely ludicrous.

Again, are we to forget that a number of men, chosen for their competent knowledge, are at this moment at work upon the English Bible for the purpose of bringing it into accord with our most exact knowledge of the originals? It is so far from being 'dangerous' to do this, that I have it on the personal authority of two of these revisers, one working on the Old Testament, the other on the New, that their agreement as to the desirable changes is wonderfully easy and perfect. The fact is that a true scientific method is just as desirable and just as fruitful in biblical criticism as elsewhere. We—and I speak now of biblical students—have never been so near together and never so sure of our ground.

Take another of Mr. Le Sueur's tests—'When augurs try not to laugh in each other's faces.' Now this either means nothing, or it means that clergymen are insincere in their profession of belief in the Gospel, and that on a large scale. That such a statement is rudely offensive goes

without saying. But it is much more—it is entirely untrue. I know many of these men, some of them humble and imperfectly educated; some of them of moderate knowledge and ability; some illustrious for learning and genius. I say fearlessly that there is no profession in the world which contains so few members untrue to their convictions or unworthy in their lives. If a clergyman is a secret unbeliever, the last face he will dare to 'laugh' his falsehood into is that of another clergyman. I am anxious to write with courtesy, because I have a real regard for Mr. Le Sueur. But I must use plain language. His allegation is false, utterly and preposterously false. Either he knew it to be so, or he did not. If he did know, I prefer not to use the appropriate adjectives; if he did not, he has slandered a class of men of whom he knows nothing, or so little that it amounts to nothing.

It would be easy to show that the remaining tests of Mr. Le Sueur are either irrelevant or not founded in fact. It is not 'the best mind of the age' that is deserting Christianity, but only the mind that is most plastic to the philosophical fashion of the hour. Even that will not be so for long. Truth will prevail, criticism will do its work, and what 'cannot be shaken' will remain. It is not very reasonable for any man to ask us to tell him beforehand exactly what that will be. But many of us believe, with a 'full assurance of faith' that it will include all that we most value in our present convictions, that the process will issue in the firm establishment of the Gospel of our Great Master, purged of its foreign accretions, and brought so into relation with the ripest knowledge of the race that it will sway the reason and conscience of humanity with redoubled self-evidence and with all comprehensive power.

## THE SOURCE OF MORAL LIFE.

BY FIDELIS, KINGSTON.

THERE can be no question of more momentous importance than that of the true relations of morality and religion. It is not surprising, therefore, that the question whether 'Life is worth living,' without the inspiring and regulative force of religion, should now be attracting the attention of earnest thinkers, and that the controversy should have found its way into the pages of our National Review.

We have had the subject already treated with considerable variety of view, — that of the comparatively neutral observer who, looking back to the close connection of morality and religion in the past, and considering the apparently loosening hold of both in the present, fears the worst consequences to humanity in the crisis towards which he thinks it is being hurried,—that of the Christian who believes that the doctrine of the Cross is still 'the power of God unto salvation,'—and that of the sceptic who apparently denies that there is any vital connection between religion and morality at all.

Whatever be the position we may feel constrained to assume towards this great question, it is not easy to understand how the last writer can ask, as he does, concerning the second position, '—to what practical issue is it, or can it be relevant?' If religious and non-religious beliefs are to stand upon their own merits, one of these must assuredly be the moral tendency of each. To influence men's belief by an appeal to their interests is certainly wrong, when by 'interests' is meant merely the advancement of our

outward life. But in the moral and spiritual region, the case is quite altered, and, to beings constituted as we are, the fact that a certain belief — or faith—tends to advance the truest and highest life of our humanity, is certainly at least a presumption in favour of its truth. The same writer admits this himself in a later paper, naively enough, when he says:—'The early propagators of Christianity had to step forth into a world that was not permeated by Christian sentiment, and had to gain adherents to their cause by arguments drawn from the nature of what they taught.' If the 'early propagators of Christianity' might appeal to 'the nature of what they taught,' and its moral effect—for the two are closely bound together—why may not its modern defenders appeal also to the internal value of that which they hold as man's most precious heritage? If even Mr. Spencer tells us that 'few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it,' it is, *a fortiori*, the duty of Christians to show most emphatically the disastrous effect of rejecting a system which they hold divinely fitted to be not only the very best regulative system for humanity, but—what is far more—inspiring also, as no merely human system can ever be. No reasonable human being would expect another to believe, without adequate grounds for belief. But the practical importance which we attach to a subject has much to do with the

amount of consideration we bestow upon it; and it is no dishonour to Christianity, but the very reverse, to maintain that, on account of its unspeakable practical importance to the moral life of humanity, it is not to be cast aside without a more adequate conception of that importance than seems to be possessed by those who are so ready to reject it.

In the paper entitled 'Morality and Religion,' in the February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the writer thus briefly defines his own position: 'that morality is a thing of natural growth; that it consists essentially of the exercise of certain just and benevolent feelings, with their appropriate outcome in action, towards our fellow-beings, and that no system of religion, past or present, can claim to have invented it, or to be alone capable of maintaining it in vigour.' This definition leaves out of view altogether the larger idea of morality as a choice between good and evil, in obedience to self evident truth. It seems simply a statement of the 'evolution theory' of morality, and as such is a begging of the great question at issue between the 'experiential' and the 'intuitional' theories, which is not likely to be settled even by Mr. Spencer's 'Data of Ethics.' Into this question, however, it is not the purpose of the present paper to enter, especially as anyone may see it ably treated in Mr. Mallock's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled 'Atheistic Methodism.' But no one on either side of the present discussion would assert that either religion, or any system of religion, 'invented morality.' To do so would be to honour neither religion nor morality, and would be as rational as to speak of sanitary systems as inventing the laws of health. Christ Himself made no such claim, when He appealed to the Jews to judge Him by His words and works. Paul made no such claim for even Moses and the Prophets when he spoke of the Gentiles as having 'the law written in

their hearts.' It is assuredly true that, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has told us, every religion worthy of the name 'has been the basis of moral life, and especially of the moral life of the community; each of them after its fashion has been the support of righteousness, and the terror of unrighteousness;' that, even though 'overlaid and disguised by fable, ceremony and priest-craft,' the 'moral element has always been present in everything that could be called a religious system.' But the connection between religion and morality must be, to every theist at least, a far closer one than that of either inventing morality or enforcing it. Morality, in its larger sense, as the choice between good and evil, must include religion, and religion, as an influence, must be the very source and well-spring of moral life.

By religion, however, let it be understood that we do not mean theology, viz., what men have believed or thought or fancied about God, though undoubtedly the truth or falsehood of this must materially affect the value of their religion; but we mean the active principle which binds the soul to God, which leads it to look up to him with love and reverence, and to draw a portion of His life into its own. Now, as to the theist, God is the source of all life, *a fortiori* must He be the source of moral and spiritual life. Unless this be true, we can have no theism which has any practical interest or bearing on human life at all. And so, through all degrees, from almost total darkness to the perfect light, we may trace

'The mystery dimly understood  
That love of God is love of good.  
And chiefly, its divinest trace,  
In Him of Nazareth's holy face;  
That to be saved is only this,  
Salvation from our selfishness;  
From more than elemental fire  
The soul's unsatisfied desire,  
From sin itself, and not the pain  
That warns us of its chafing chain.'

But the Christian theist has no need to go far to discover the connection

between religion and morality, or even to discover what the essence of morality is. To him it is no cold philosophic abstraction called 'altruism.' It resolves itself into the dear familiar name of love. Mr. Le Sueur himself admits that 'the true moral law' is 'summed up' in the sublime definition given by Christ Himself:—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it:—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is the morality of Christianity. It is religion and morality fused into one. And if this be essential morality, which no theist, at all events, can consistently refuse to admit,—then, assuredly, that force which can most strongly develop love to God and man, must be the most mighty moral agent. It is this transcendent power, and nothing else, that we claim for the Christian faith.

For no one will deny that love, *i. e.*, love to a person, is the very strongest motive power which can be applied to human nature. Love to a cause is strong in some natures of the higher sort; but we cannot love an abstraction as we can love a person. In its full strength it calls forth every latent capability, every dormant power, and makes easy what had seemed impossible. It is stronger than death, for it overcomes even the love of life. And when the object of the love is a noble one, the love grows nobler and ennobles the whole nature. 'For a good man some would even dare to die.' History affords no glimpses of human nature so sublime as those which exhibit the supreme devotion of men to a noble leader, or a leader who at least to them appears noble. And when the hallowing touch of a death of self-sacrifice for others adds depth and sacredness to the love, there can be no emotion in all the range of merely human feeling so tender and so strong.

But there is more still. All merely secular moralists appear to ignore, at

least, one hemisphere of our being, and that unspeakably its nobler one—our spiritual nature. Were man, indeed, the mere transitory product of blind material forces, owing no allegiance and feeling no aspirations beyond these, with nothing either to draw him upward or to draw him downward from the inevitable progress of his being through the action of his 'environment,' like a mollusc on the sea-shore, with no perception of spiritual beauty or of spiritual need,—no sense of warfare between that which his higher nature admires and that which his lower nature is impelled to do; then, indeed, his so-called 'morality' might develop as instinctively as his senses or his passions, and religion, and indeed anything worth calling virtue, would be alike superfluous and inconceivable. If, in short, we lived in a world of the secular moralist's creation, his theory would be unexceptionable. *But we do not!* We live in a world where the need of God has always been one of the most urgent needs of humanity, and the thought of God its strongest controlling power; facts which such moralists utterly ignore. Miss Bevington, a writer of this class, informs us that the utility of religion is 'made up of material wholly belonging to the earthly life. Were there no sickness and no earthly hopelessness or joylessness, there is nothing to show that there would be any need of, or any demand for, celestial comfort.' Is then the deepest consciousness of humanity 'nothing?' Or is it a delusion that has forced from the noblest hearts the cry, 'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God?' No! the delusion lies with those who, apparently for the sake of a favourite theory, throw away their noblest birthright.

But how is the thirst for God to be satisfied? How are we to love 'with all our heart and soul, and mind and strength' the Unseen and Unknown—the Absolute and Unconditioned? Him whom humanity had more or less dim-

ly seen, and ignorantly worshipped, Christianity declares unto us, for Christianity is the revelation of God in Christ. It opens to us the very mind and heart of God. It unites in one emotion the craving for the Divine and the tender love of the human, and establishes, through the Divine Spirit, the direct link of spiritual communication between us and the eternal source of our highest life.

'O love! O life! Our faith and sight

Thy presence maketh one,—  
As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noonday sun,  
So to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in thee the fatherhood,  
And heart of God revealed.'

But Christianity does more still than bring the children to know and love their Father. There is another great need of humanity which all merely secular systems of ethics ignore. An able critic of the 'Data of Ethics,' remarks, that Mr. Spencer does not discuss the question how it comes to pass that '*actions most commonly and most emphatically commended are actions which most need to be enforced!*' That is to say, he ignores the great disturbing force which, call it by what name we will, draws man with a terrible attraction, from what would seem to be the natural course of following that which he confesses to be good, and impels him to that which he admits to be evil,—a force just as strong in the human heart today as it was three thousand years ago, and just as urgently needing to be guarded by enactments and penalties. This great disturbing force, the deepest consciousness of humanity has ever acknowledged as *sin*; and all the sacrificial altars of all the ages bear witness to the accompanying conviction of guilt. This sense of guilt and consequent misery and separation from God, Christianity, with its 'doctrine of the Cross,' meets as nothing else can do. In the paper entitled, 'The Future of Morality,' we have a curi-

ously crude and incorrect statement of what Christians understand by this great central belief. Can the writer really believe that the doctrine, as *he* states it, is that which drew forth the adoring love of such intellects and hearts as those of Paul and Augustine, and Luther and Chalmers? Could it be such a faith which called forth from the great master who knew all the stops of the human heart, the immortal lines—

'Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit  
once:  
And He that might the vantage best have  
took,  
Found out the remedy.'

Christians are asked to believe—not that they are held guiltless because 'an innocent person' has died for their offences,—but that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself'—that Divine Love itself descended into the conditions of sinful humanity, and submitted itself to the penalty of sin, that it might raise humanity, through the love and trust which we call Faith, to receive forgiveness and help, and the renewed communion with God, which must be the true source of moral life. This is what an intelligent Christianity means by 'Justification by Faith,' and the very etymology and ancient use of the word '*at one-ment*,' shows that it was so understood by the translators of our English Bible. That Augustine and Luther are sound authorities as to Christian belief, few will deny. Here, then, is what Luther himself says as to the words—'The just shall live by faith.' 'I ran through the Scriptures, as my memory would serve me, and observed the same analogy in other words—as the work of God, that is, the work which God works in us; the strength of God, with which He makes us strong; the wisdom of God, with which He makes us wise; the power of God, the salvation of God, the glory of God. Afterwards I read Augustine "On the Spirit and the Letter," where, beyond my hope, I found that he, too,

interpreted the justice of God in a similar way as that with which God endues us when He justifies us.' Christianity is no more safe than any other great truth from blundering and inadequate conceptions of it. But it is not by these, but by its own authoritative statements, interpreted by themselves, that it is to be judged. If its own claims are true, it is no mere speculative theory of certain *âmes d'élite*, but a force of the most vital importance to the moral life of the world. We do not need to be told that its central doctrine is distasteful to the pride of natural reason—conclusive evidence that natural reason never could have originated it. But it is just they who have the deepest and truest knowledge of their own hearts, and the needs of their fellowmen, and who at the same time can testify by experience of the value of the divinely-offered gifts, who can say most emphatically, with the late Bishop Ewing, 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. Has any one ever ventured to declare that God is anywhere else reconciling the world unto Himself? He may be perceived elsewhere ruling and judging the world, but where else is He to be found reconciling it? If a man really throws himself amidst the sins, the sufferings, and the deaths of the men and women around him, he will find that none but a suffering and a dying God—nay, a God who Himself bears our sins—gives sufficient witness that He is a reconciling God. But that witness, as it is the last witness that can be given, is also sufficient; and there is no sin, suffering, or death for which the Cross is not an adequate consolation.'

To sum up, then,—we find that Christianity reveals to our knowledge and love the God whom all humanity has blindly yearned to know; that it unites the two strongest forces possible to human nature—the love for the human and the love for the Divine—the 'beatific vision' of infinite perfection with the tender love and reverence for a hu-

man friend and a dying Deliverer; that in His death for sin we find peace in the assurance of Divine love and Divine forgiveness, and in His resurrection and eternal life, the pledge and promise of our own; and that, by the direct agency of the Divine Spirit, it communicates the life, moral and spiritual, which has its source in God alone. What other force, then, can so help men to fulfil 'the first and great commandment,' which falls only with theism itself, and 'the second, which is like unto it.'? For it shows us that 'One is our Father, even God, and all we are brethren;' and that, just because He is the all-loving Father, we are to be kind even to the unthankful and the evil, that we may be 'the children of our Father in heaven.' And there is no other force which can really bind together the scattered units of humanity. Why should the happiness of one life be sacrificed for another, which is of no more value than itself, or even for an aggregate of other lives, individually of no greater importance? Mere multiplication does not originate value. A continent of sand particles will not make one diamond. But the children find in a common Father their true bond of brotherhood, and love to God and love to man become indistinguishably blended in one inspiring impulse.

And as a matter of fact, Christianity has proved itself, as we expect it to prove itself, the mightiest regenerating power that has ever been brought to bear upon humanity.\* Through all

\* NOTE.—It is not to be forgotten that the definition of morality from which we started as common ground, although given in the form we have quoted by Christ, was simply the re-statement of what had been given long before. In the paper entitled 'Morality and Religion,' we find the morality of Mosaic law, the noblest, most humane and enlightened code ever given to an ancient people—most unfairly aspersed on the ground of a single imperfectly understood limitation of punishment. No good lawyer, at least, would have so ignored the well-known principle of judicial interpretation which reads every statute in the light of the whole spirit of the code which contains it. Is it likely that any code would in one breath command that even the *beast* of an enemy, found lying under its burden, should be assisted to rise, and in the next leave an opening for inhuman barbarity towards a *man*? No



the preparatory education of ritual and enactment and prophetic teaching, men were gradually led up to the final and full revelation by Christ of that true righteousness or holiness which is that of *character* rather than *conduct*,—of inspiring life rather than of regulative pressure,—the two differing as much as does a system of quarantine regulations from the radical cure which sends the health bounding through every vein, and invigorating every faculty. This inward life which faith in Christ imparts, has blossomed out into the noblest and tenderest lives and acts of love and charity to man that the world has ever seen—rendering superfluous, where its full power is felt, the outward machinery of enactment and law. We are told that Christianity—the religion of which the keynote is forbearing and forgiving love—‘has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution!’ As well tell us that truth has been the parent of falsehood! It is the pride and intolerance and narrowness of human nature which has so far counteracted the true influence of Christianity as to make persecution possible among those who profess it. We are favoured—evidently as a specimen of the ‘fruits’ of Christianity—with a sketch of the ‘so-called pious,’ which is certainly not flattering. They are at once ritualistic and saturated with worldliness, impressed with the insignificance of this earthly life and yet absorbed in its follies and conventions and vanities. We are not concerned to defend the inconsistencies of human nature, or the inadequacy of the mere surface and ‘so-called’ Christianity which is a shallow veneer instead of an informing impulse. But it is just ground for honest indignation when the symptoms of the disease are apparently set down as the

laws ever more carefully protected the poor, the servant and the stranger, than did the Mosaic Code. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the great lawgiver knew what he was about, at least as well as his modern critic? We have also in a former paper a misrepresentation of Christ's moral teaching through the literalising of the poetical form of Oriental teaching, and an inaccuracy even in reporting the words themselves.

effects of the unassimilated remedy, and the abortive results of a barren profession are placed before us as representing a Christianity which is to-day inspiring thousands and tens of thousands who are earnestly living out the faith that is in them; who, amid the wretchedness and misery of crowded cities, and the human degradation of tropical islands—amid the rigours of an Arctic climate and under the burning sun of Africa—are patiently, faithfully, lovingly toiling to raise their brothers and sisters from abject barbarism to not merely intelligent civilization, but towards those heights of purity to which Christianity calls them:—‘Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect!’

These things are evidently non-existent to the gaze of those who assure us so positively that religion has but little to do with practical morality. They assure us, moreover, that its glorious hope of a nobler life beyond the grave makes this life a thing of little value and prevents our ‘treating it with due seriousness.’ Strange assertion! We had imagined that it was Christianity that had ‘the promise of this life and that which is to come,’ and that nothing could make this life of such momentous seriousness as the consciousness that its issues reach out into a vista of infinity. The ‘detachment’ which Christianity teaches is a detachment from the lower and transient enjoyments which belong to the life of our senses, that we may possess, even now, the enduring blessedness that belongs to the life of our spirit. This, and this alone, can teach us ‘to use this world as not abusing it;’ this, and this alone, is the ‘faith that overcometh the world,’ and makes life real and earnest in the face of disillusion and disappointment. No one can ever tell us more impressively than Christ and Christian writers that even *here* we have eternal life, and that the blessedness of heaven belongs, even now, to the ‘pure in heart.’ A generation ago, Frederick Robertson wrote

And if obedience were entire and love were perfect, then would the Revelation of the Spirit to the soul of man be perfect too. There would be trust expelling care, and enabling a man to repose; there would be a love which could cast out fear; there would be sympathy with the Mighty All of God; selfishness would pass, isolation would be felt no longer; the tide of the universal and eternal Life would come with mighty pulsations throbbing through the soul. To such a man it would not matter where he was, nor what—to live or die would be alike. Things common would be transfigured. The human would become Divine—life, even the meanest, noble. In the hue of every violet there would be a glimpse of Divine affection and a dream of heaven. Human love itself would burn with a clearer and intenser flame, rising from the altar of self-sacrifice. Will any one dare to tell us that a faith like this ‘makes life too poor a thing to do anything with,’ is ‘simple treason to humanity?’

But while it is true that the blessedness of heaven may begin here, in the heart, let no one mock us by trying to persuade us that, in this world of perpetual change, and crushed hopes, and baffled aspirations, and unsatisfied yearnings, and ties rudely snapped just when they are strongest and dearest, we are to find our heaven and our home! To a few it may seem so for a brief interval. But however great personal happiness may be, the sensitive ear and heart can never be long deaf to the fact that the air is full of the sound of human weeping, blended with the inarticulate wail of the animal creation. No poet was ever more alive to the beauty of the natural world and the sweetness of mere human life than Burns, but he knew the hard and bitter conditions that surround the life of nine-tenths of humanity. And so he truly sings,

‘A few seem favourites of fate  
In pleasure’s lap caress’d;  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blest!’

But, oh! what crowds in every land,  
All wretched and forlorn,  
Through weary life this lesson learn  
That man was made to mourn!’

This is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago. And how is it going to help this mass of ‘wretched and forlorn’ humanity to be told that after an indefinite number of successive generations have lived and suffered and gone out into darkness, this world may possibly, through a better knowledge of ‘the laws of life,’ become a more comfortable caravanserai for future equally transitory beings, who may lodge in it (for awhile) on their way from nothingness to nothingness?

Tennyson gives us the passionate outcry of the heart which has seen the light of its life quenched in darkness—utter darkness—if this life is to be ‘the only theatre of man’s activity’:

‘My own dim life should teach me this  
That life should live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is.

‘This round of green, this orb of flame,  
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks  
In some wild poet while he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.

‘Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness, and to cease!’

What wonder that the despairing heart, with no help or hope to nerve it to the unequal struggle through a life turned into bitterness, should find its moral nature paralyzed by the horrible sense of contrast between its ideal riches and its utter bankruptcy, and sink into pessimism, with the cynic’s bitter laugh, as he prepares to ‘eat, drink and be merry’ while lasts this little fragment of a meaningless existence:—

‘Yesterday this day’s madness did prepare,  
To-morrow’s silence, triumph and despair,  
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why,  
Drink! for you know not why you go or where!’

When we find men talking, unconsciously how the Christianity they reject has moulded their thoughts and words, of the 'moral resources of a true humanity,' of 'calm yet ardent faith and fervent brotherly love,' as separate from faith in, and love to, God, we know they are only holding to the shadow of the substance they would throw away; and if they could throw it away they would find that the shadow had an inconvenient tendency to follow. Yet when we are told that to lose Christ, and life, and immortality is to lose nothing material from our moral life, we can scarcely find words of reproach for those who so cheat themselves with 'vacant chaff well meant for grain,'—so strongly do we recall the touching words of Divine compassion:—'Thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked!' Here is the frank confession of one Agnostic, who does not blind himself to what he loses in losing Christianity: 'Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the "new faith" is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of the old, I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of God, the universe, to me, has lost its soul of loveliness, and, although from henceforth the precept to "work while it is yet day" will doubtless gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that "the night cometh when no man can work," yet, when at times I think of the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. . . . I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in the words of Hamilton—philosophy having become a meditation, not merely of death

but of annihilation—the precept 'know thyself' has become transformed into the terrific oracle to (Edipus,

"Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art."

But we do not fear that any such catastrophe will permanently overtake humanity. If the admitted definition of morality, with which we started incorrect, and Christianity is what we have claimed it to be, then the future of morality and the future of Christianity are not merely bound up together; they are one and the same. And both are in the hands of 'the Divinity that shapes our ends.' There may be a temporary and partial retrogression. Christians are prepared by their own inspired oracles to expect that, and they are probably right who see signs of it now. But Christianity is no decadent faith. It is not too much to say that the great majority of the earnest intelligence of the age is Christian still; and that, notwithstanding the causes that have been supposed to shake it, there is a firmer and more vital faith in Christianity to-day than there was half a century ago. There is more opposition, of course, because there is more activity of thought, and men actively oppose, where before they were simply indifferent. But even opposition is better than indifference, and the storms that shake, only root the tree more firmly in the soil. The Church of Christ, with all its imperfections, is still the great regenerating power of humanity. The very attacks of its enemies have the effect of quickening its vitality and rekindling the enthusiasm of its members, as the attempt to wrest from them their best treasure, gives them a redoubled sense of its ineffable value. Infidelity, in all its guises, may for a time vaunt its destructive triumphs in the borrowed language of the heavenly kingdom. But the Church of Christ knows her leader will not fail; and 'in this sign' she still goes forth conquering and to

conquer. Her workers go on and build; and like the small invisible labourers, that have built up a scattered continent in Southern seas, thousands, working patiently and obscurely, are contributing to the building up of the heavenly city. The Star of Bethlehem still lights earnest seekers to the spiritual king, and its light shall not wane till the whole sky is radiant

with that fuller glory which many think is already dawning. The music of the first Christmas Carol will never die on the ear of humanity until it is lost in the grander chorus of the New Song, which shall usher in that, perhaps, *not* 'far off divine event'

'To which the whole creation moves.'

## 'THE MORALITY OF THE FUTURE.'

BY DELTA.

A SOMNOLENT despair has reached forth its icy fingers and laid hold upon that external portion of the great heart of society which pulsates in the outward and visible Church. Sad forebodings, dim forecastings of evil are a constant presence to many professors of Christianity. An ever-darkening gloom clouds the spirit and life of nineteenth century orthodoxy. Such grief, so far as it is real—and there is much reality in it—is entitled alike to respect and sympathy. All suffering, self-wrought or otherwise, has claims not only upon human sympathy, but human aid, for there is not a solitary ill to which flesh is heir which cannot be disinherited.

If man will but strive to drive out the evil, good will supply, spontaneously, to all appearance, the void so caused, for Nature abhors a vacuum. Indeed, under Nature's laws a vacuum is an impossibility; and, as in the natural world, so in the moral universe. The slightest evil shunned is replaced by good. There is not a single interval of emptiness.

There may be several causes which have generated this gloom of orthodoxy so prevalent at present. Temperament, for instance, may have

something to do with it. The wear and tear of hard work and worry not a little contribute to this result by enfeebling the powers of mind and body. A conscious lack of power combined with the knowledge of serious defects in his weapons will discourage the boldest soldier. But it is to be feared that another cause is at work—a cause which is the strongest proof both of the actuality and possibility of the 'moral interregnum' so despairingly anticipated. That cause is, that we have projected ourselves and our creed into morality itself, beyond and above which there is no other. Self-love, and the thoughts or creeds which self has formulated, expressed or adopted, have become to many an individual, and many a sect composed of such individuals, the whole sum and substance of morality. 'Verily, we are the people and with us wisdom dieth,' is how Solomon puts it.

For such, a moral interregnum means a cessation of the personal power and authority they have enjoyed; and that has come upon us. The rule of one man's, or one sect's, will and thought is now an impossibility. This state appears likely to last; is it not well that it should?

The moral faculties are made up simply of that will-power which constitutes the life of man. The will can never cease to control the thoughts and actions. There can be, therefore, no moral interregnum. There are, it is true, good morals and bad, good wills and evil wills, ruling or causing, respectively, good or evil thoughts and conduct. Good will is the will to benefit others; evil will is the determination to benefit self at the expense of others. 'All unrighteousness is sin.' 'Unrighteousness' is that which is unjust, unloving towards others; and there is not a sin in the calendar of crime which cannot be traced directly to selfishness—self-will, self-love—as its origin.

Here it is that the unorthodoxy or inconsistency of scientific and materialistic philosophy makes itself visible. Scientific moralists are quite as loth to give up morality—that is, morality as understood by 'good will towards man'—as are religious moralists. Yet such undoubtedly good men as Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and others of their school of thought, while admitting that morality, in the broad sense defined above, is desirable as the aim or ultimate of all philosophy, can trace its reasonableness and possibility only to the fact elucidated from the laws of material being that whatsoever conduct least hinders the development of the individual and inflicts the least pain or discomfort upon self is also the best towards others. This, therefore, constitutes the true philosophy of moral conduct—utter selfishness. A scrupulous and constant care of self, co-equal and co-existent in all men, is the *summum bonum* of sociology as a science. They hope thus that evolution will evolve out of an ardent love of self and consequent hatred of all others, where self is concerned, that condition of being in which each is just and righteous. Yet if the words 'justice' and 'righteousness' are not sounds merely, but sounds expressive of ideas, they must mean at least that man loves others as

much as self and deems that 'right' which leaves a straight path open to others as well as to self. Righteousness is not a regard to one's own rights only; how then can self-love lead to anything but a pretence of love to others? 'Self-love' and 'love of others' may indeed be the same stream of love or will, described in the one way or the other, according to which of two diametrically opposite directions it may take; but can the same stream of spiritual life or will, flowing out, half towards self, and half toward one's neighbour, be expected to meet and blend together within the next million years or so? A house divided against itself cannot long remain standing. The devil of self-love, living in selfishness, cannot exorcise the devil of self-love nor cast it out of the life. Yet this is the childish error into which scientific or natural religionists, who judge by appearances only, though their aim be sincere, have permitted themselves to fall.

In this fallacy they are not alone. Orthodox religionists originated the method, and its impress is not only fatally stamped upon their creeds, but has become ingrained in the very natures of men who deem themselves freed from the prejudices of education or training, and prepared to sit at the feet of Nature listening with heart and mind to her teachings. Orthodoxy throughout the ages has taught—is teaching still—that salvation for self is the starting-point of good-will towards others. The will, the desire, to save self is the 'dweller on the threshold' that ushers in to the glory of a new life. Christianity seems to have forgotten the lesson of its bitterest enemies, who perceived and said of the great Master, 'He saved others; Himself He cannot save.' The servant is not greater than his Lord. Nor can the man who cares to save others, waste time or energy, will or thought, on the comparatively trivial question of his own salvation. Orthodoxy has, in short, appealed to the lowest motive

in poor, fallen human nature, and has not, therefore, with any great power laid hold upon Eternal Life. 'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent'—those who are full of will to reach and save others—'take it by force.' In striving for others, new powers are developed by exercise, powers which no other influence than that of unselfishness in the life can possibly bring into conscious activity.

The Positivist school of thought actually gets nearer to Christianity in spirit than scientific philosophy or orthodox religion. They live, and hope to live for ever in, and for, other lives. A dream—says the selfish world of so-called Religion and Science. Yet, if there be any who live up to the standard of Positivism, they will find the future life a reality; and by doing the will of Him who lived for others, shall, here or hereafter, learn ever more and more of the doctrine, and find eternal life.

If then both orthodox and scientific religion act only as a wet blanket upon any latent 'enthusiasm for humanity,' while 'positivism' is merely a child in darkness crying for the light, is there not proof sufficient of a moral interregnum? Where are we to seek for the reign of potent good morals, good will, among men, if the truth of natural law is scientifically proved to contain no goodness, while the proofs embodied in the creeds of orthodoxy find their summation in the unit 'number one?'

Where, indeed, but in the so-called 'unorthodox,' who seek truth by, and in, goodness? The 'mere morality' of such men—their lives far more than their thoughts—are a law unto the creeds, ruling them into subjection, making even their proud professors more than half ashamed to acknowledge their beliefs if arraigned at the bar of common sense and experience. These two latter qualities, the former but an outgrowth of the latter, respect scientific research where it deals with facts, but operate as a powerfully

deterrent force from a pseudo scientific religion ostensibly deduced from mere phenomena. For is it not a self-evident truth to the dullest intellect that while a life lived so as to injure no fellow-creature yields the greatest happiness, yet that man cannot live such a life if his absorbing motive be to attain happiness. It is a feat which has never yet been performed. Science does not treat of facts, but of fancies, when it proceeds to establish data of religious ethics on a basis of expediency. If to expedite individual movement be the sole aim, obstacles must be swept from the path. It is the only expedient. Thus the logic of experience in well-doing clips the wings of scientific religion and maintains the rule of morality.

For orthodox error there is not much hope. It is dying out before the rule of unorthodox morality. For there is in heterodoxy strength and life and movement. Unorthodoxy is tremendously prevalent in the pew; nor is it unknown in the pulpit. Our Dominion is blest with at least two men, preachers, one in each of her principal cities, who are absolutely fearless in the search for truth. Orthodoxy has spent its strength upon the one, and by a narrow-minded persecution has only added force to his words by increasing his audience. Seeing orthodoxy is dumb, overpowered and awed into silence by morality, what attracts the people? Hardly eloquence—save that of intense earnestness. Hardly grace or elegance of speech or expression—though neither is wanting. Morality rules the hearts of the people. They hunger after that love of truth which lives in goodness, and dares to seek the truth so loved by no other road than the doing of actual physical, mental and spiritual good, 'all to each, and each to all.' Practical goodness, mercy and peace towards all, is the path this preacher chooses by which to find truth, and point the way to other seekers.

The other, orthodoxy has let alone

severely—with a wisdom peculiar to the children of this world who do not care about encouraging the children of light. Orthodoxy hardly covets an encounter with a man who is as reckless as he is fearless—filling his hearers with a consciousness of hidden volcano fires within—of scathing scorn and burning wrath for all meanness and hypocrisy. So the creed-worshipper changes his weapons. He does not advance openly to the attack, but ignores the enemy, and steadily pooh-poohs and slanders him. This preacher, zealous, eloquent and powerful though he be, is but a man and not yet an angel, and he lives out openly the life that is in him. Therefore he is unclerical, vain, conceited; a busy-body having to do with things of the world which any orthodox clergyman should have sense enough to let alone; for formalism and orthodoxy should go hand in hand. Still the man lives and grows, is useful, and his influence—the power of the truth that is in him—expands. Morality rules by him, repressing hypocrisy, malice, and all uncharitableness, by the force of a life devoted to work for others, for the highest good of the land we live in.

A remarkable similarity in the teaching of these two men, who are vastly dissimilar in their mode of life and personal characteristics, would seem almost to afford an index or outline of that coming morality which has already partially begun its reign. Both perceive a spiritual meaning, underlying and contained within the literal words of Holy Writ, treating always and ever of the inner will-life of man. Symbols of exterior natural life are used in the Divine Word to reveal the workings of the thoughts, the passions of the spiritual man that lives within the merely natural man. Every thing external corresponds exactly to the internal, because nature works from within, outwards—not from without, inwards. The objective does not give life to the subjective. Objects only arouse the life that is in the sub-

ject. The inner life or will which constitutes the real man, gains knowledge by the objects presented to it, and the combination of will and knowledge, love and wisdom, constitutes life with its consummation in action. Matter is an effect; spirit, the cause. Therefore, the spiritual will to do right, draws forth the knowledge of how to do it from the objects and experiences with which it meets till right is done. That is salvation, justice, righteousness, Christianity—call it which you will—as seen in and received from, that life of all lives, the Divine Humanity of our Lord God and Saviour. To do His will, to mingle the stream of our lives with His Life, is to these men the very law of life—the only true sociology. It is the one scientific religion which achieves the line of least resistance, not only reaching to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but accomplishing, by the only possible road, the complete happiness of all; self only happy in striving to attain that end. This is to live in a finite degree as He lived in His infinite degree.

Such is the key-note of the morality of the future as sounded by these two men. And it is in unison with the great heart of the mass of humanity which hungers not for no more systems of religion, but for the thing itself, and will believe it only when men not only see, but feel it acting upon their lives, touching them practically at every point of their existence.

Such teaching is almost as unorthodox as the following:—'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another. He that hateth his brother is in darkness and walketh in darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes. If ye know that the Lord is righteous, know ye that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him. Let us

not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen ?'

Yet this is the morality of the future, which shall live and spend itself not on creeds but on deeds. It is love carried out into ultimates, shunning every act which it perceives to be inflicting injury upon others. To shun evil is the special function of man's free will or free life. Good from the Lord can then, and then only, by an inevitable spiritual law, correct itself with his will or life power, and flow out in good-will towards men, His brethren and ours. To 'cease to do evil,' and to 'learn to do well,' constitute but one action; and that act is both the religion and the morality of the future, as it has been the only true morality ever known in the past.

This law of love is true to the very constitution of humanity. Each man selfishly hungers to be loved, admired,

praised, caressed—hungers so wildly, that men have tried to compel love; forgetting that love or life has been created free and cannot be constrained. It is a beneficial law of the universe, that only by giving love can love be drawn forth; obey that law and the transition is easy. If every man loved his neighbour and strove to serve him, regardless of self, each would serve, and save, and bless the other. Ever dying to self is a resurrection, here and now, to righteousness. It is the dawn of morality and the beginning of eternal life. Self-service has not been a success to the great mass of humanity, nor even to the most ardent individual lovers of self. The world is seriously entertaining the idea of trying God's way. Experience, which is only another name for Providence, has taught the lesson to those who desire to shun evil. With fresh courage, the courage of love, they begin, and will continue until a perfect morality is secured.

## ÆOLIAN.

HIS soul is tuned to subtler harmonies  
 Than our dull music; never mortal touch  
 Woke such wild sweetness from the well-tuned harp;  
 Nor mortal touch from him can draw his best.  
 Ah! set him in the woodlands, or where lakes  
 Lend heaven a mirror for its thousand eyes,  
 Or where the ocean evermore complains  
 In lonely grandeur of its loneliness.  
 These rouse him to full rapture, and he breaks  
 Into the sweetness of an angel's song  
 Who wakes on earth, new-fall'n in sleep from heaven.  
 So the Æolian harp owns not the sway  
 Of harper's fingers; not the ordered laws  
 Of fugue, sonata, symphony; yet breathes  
 Its whole full heart forth to the lawless wind.

F. W. B., in the *London Spectator*.



## THE 'AT HOMES' OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

BY HOWARD J. DUNCAN, WOODSTOCK.

CHARLES LAMB does not place us in the awkward position of strangers, nor does he leave us in any doubt concerning the affairs of his every-day life. He opens wide the doors of his household and invites you to inspect the workings of its inmates. 'Bridget Elia has been my house-keeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness, with such tolerable comfort upon the whole that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains with the rash king's offspring to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in tastes and habits—yet, so as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies.' This is the introduction that Charles Lamb gives us to his sister Mary; and as we read 'Mackery End in Hertfordshire,' of which the above is an excerpt, we feel that his friendly manner has placed us on terms of intimacy. He pictures

his foibles and fancies in the light pleasantry of an old friend; tells us of the pleasures he derives from the oddities of authorship, Bridget's (Mary's) dislikes thereto, and the results of their frequent controversies, in which he humorously says he is always in the right. He then tells us of the faults of his kinswoman; how she reads in company; answers 'yes' or 'no' to a question without fully understanding its purport; and although maintaining a presence of mind in matters of moment, is totally destitute of it on trifling occasions. In this way he sums up all her imperfections, but concludes by crediting her with the qualities of a loyal and high-minded woman. 'In a season of distress she is the truest comforter, but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the will to meet them, she sometime maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction.' He informs us that she was given to 'good old English reading' in her youth and 'broused at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage,' which, says he, if it diminished her chance of wedlock, made her a most incomparable old maid. 'She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best when she goes a journey with you.' And now he recalls the happy hours they whiled away in vacation at an old farm house—the delightful spot he visited when a little boy in the pleasant month of June. It was the house of 'Sarah

Battle,' whose opinions on whist are humorously given in the 'Essays of Elia.' This was one of their annual excursions to the 'native fields of Hertfordshire,' yet Lamb had little love for scenery outside the metropolis. In a letter to Wordsworth, he says 'my attachments are all local, purely local; I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The room where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes, a book case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved: old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself; my old school, these are my mistresses—have I not enough without your mountains?' London was the home of his childhood, and he clung fondly to those early scenes of life and bustle amongst which he was fostered and reared. His home-bred qualities were a constant theme for his friends, and the affection he bore for certain spots in his native city is faithfully pictured in many of his essays on venerated piles. How delighted he was when describing the place of his birth—Inner Temple—or telling us about the old school of blue coats or the old fashioned, powdered-headed, speculative bachelor clerks of the South Sea House as he knew them in years gone by. These made London dear to him and gave a pleasure to city life rarely realized by others of so quiet and poetic a disposition.

It was in the year 1809 that Charles and Mary Lamb gave the first of those brilliant series of 'At Homes,' those delightful Wednesday evening levees, at which assembled many of the *litterati* of that day. They had then moved from the Mitre Court Buildings to a top story, Number 4 Inner Temple Lane, near the chambers of Mr. Special-pleader Chitty, and had ventured forth their first joint production, 'Poetry for Children.' Here, in

this new home, the poet wished to spend the remainder of his days. In a letter to a distant friend, he wrote: 'Our place of final destination—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4 Inner Temple Lane—looks out upon a gloomy churchyard-like court, called Hare Court, with three trees and a pump in it. Do you know it? I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old.' This new home, doubtless, had many attractions for him, yet in 1823 he moved from these early scenes to a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington, within a stone's throw of the old home of a 'fair-haired maiden' of whom he had sung in youthful verse.

The little coterie whose Wednesday evenings were spent in the sitting-rooms at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, was not made up of authors exclusively. There might be seen wits, philosophers, poets, critics, lawyers, and East India House clerks, engaged in a social *tête à tête*, or playing whist. Perfect freedom was the characteristic of these gatherings, 'where,' says Lamb, 'we play at whist, eat cold meat and hot potatoes; and any gentleman that chooses smokes.' On the walls hung some of Hogarth's prints, the beauties of which Lamb has praised in an essay on the genius and character of that artist.

Among the number who graced those charming gatherings was Coleridge. Although a resident of the northern part of England—a Laker—he rarely missed an evening at the Lambs, when in London. Coleridge and Lamb had been associates at Christ's Hospital School in boyhood, and an affection sprung up between them which lasted without interruption until the death of the former. While yet striplings, they had put forth a small volume of poems in conjunction with their youthful friend, Charles Lloyd, which, like most productions of that day, was doomed to harsh treatment by the Reviewers.

When Coleridge went up to Cam-

bridge, Charles Lamb entered the office of the South Sea Company. There he toiled as a junior for two years. But brighter days dawned when he entered the East India House Company's employment; and, after three-and-thirty years' service with that Corporation, when, as he says, 'I had grown to my desk, as it were—and the wood had entered my soul,' he retired on a pension. He was then an old man, but, despite the hard duties of his early life, he had cultivated in his leisure the study of the old English writers and the drama, and he now sought repose in the quiet enjoyment of his books and friends. The days of servitude in the East India House were the palmiest of his life, for it was then he saw himself in a state of affluence and in the height of his powers as a writer; yet above all he cherished those days from a continued recurrence of 'the old familiar faces.' Time had not then made him think of the great change his life was to take, but in the days of his retirement, when he could pass hours in the company of his friends he bewails:

'How some they have died, and some they  
have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are de-  
parted;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.'

No doubt this singularly pathetic verse refers to his friends, Coleridge and Hazlitt.\* Lamb has told us that when Coleridge was a mere lad he was noted for his conversational powers, and in numerous letters he relates with affectionate remembrance the happy hours they spent together at the 'Salutation and Cat' inn, where they 'sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poetry.' But it was at these friendly gatherings—these 'At Homes'—that Coleridge won the merited reputation of the 'Conversationalist.' He was then in the noon-day of life and in the full glow of intellectual vigour. At the home of the Lambs would he

sit of a winter's night, in an easy arm-chair before the grate, with snuff-box in hand, his large grey eyes sparkling beneath a 'broad and high forehead of ivory,' as he opened up a discourse on some pet theory. As he advanced with the subject, his mind seemed to grapple with the wanderings of his vivid imagination, and, lost to all before him, sport with the creatures of some fairy land. There he revealed the beauties of the future, and, in the delights of fancy, pictured the distant in all the glowing splendour of a summer noon-day. He saw the appearing realities of his dreamland, and pursued its phantoms with all the alacrity of youth. His mind soared far beyond the clouds, and in its aerial wanderings its auditors were lost in speculation, and remained transfixed to their seats in mute and respectful astonishment at the boldness of his theme.

Sometimes the little party would induce Coleridge to recite passages from his poems. 'Christabel' had not yet gone to the printer, and the guests in the parlour of No. 4 Inner Temple Lane were the first to listen to and be delighted with the weird pathos of its lines. One who has recorded a few particulars of these gatherings says, 'his voice seemed to mount and melt into air as the images grew more visionary and the suggested associations became more remote.'

Among those who enlivened the evening by the brilliancy of his conversation was William Hazlitt, then in the first days of a growing fame. As a portrait painter he had won reputation, and his name was linked with the first of living metaphysicians. He first met Lamb after the publication of his 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action.' A strong attachment sprung up immediately, and when Hazlitt died, Charles Lamb maintained the same benignity of spirit that characterized him when he learned that Coleridge was no more. No transports of grief swayed his mind, for he had early

learned that life's cup of bitterness was filled for him to overflowing. Hazlitt and Coleridge were among the warmest friends of the Lambs; and at their little home on Wednesday evenings—except when Coleridge was there, for his lengthened absence gave him priority over all others—Hazlitt dwelt with satisfaction to his auditors on the state of the stage and the acting of Kean; or perchance, if some one happened to refer to the reverses of Napoleon, he would immediately kindle 'into a fierce passion' and defend the actions of his military idol through all defeats. After showering invectives on the enemies of his hero, he expatiated on the genius of the great General and pictured in glowing terms his elevation to the gubernatorial chair. And then how happily would he picture the splendour of the coronation and the gay Parisian fetes and pageants and the brilliant successes at Jena and Austerlitz, in which the powers of allied Europe seemed sealed in awful defeat. Before them he placed a dramatic picture of the Russian invasion. He showed them the long lines of the flower of France marching through the sterile steppes of Russia, carrying everything before them, and painted the direful magnificence of the Moscow conflagration in words more expressive than the artist's brush. He saw his hero baffled and exiled, and yet the strong attachment he bore him remained unabated. Hazlitt was no sentimentalist, nor did the great disasters of Napoleon in any degree serve to bind him to misfortune out of sympathy. He prized honesty and candour too greatly, and his feeling for Napoleon was nothing short of personal affection.

It was at the home of Charles Lamb that William Hazlitt gave his first ideas of Chaucer and Spenser. There he sat in his youthful manhood, and stammered out those fine criticisms on the Elizabethan authors, and repeated with delight rich passages from Jonson and Shakespeare. Here, too, he

lost his cares in discoursing on paintings, and lingered with affection on prints from the old masters. In his youth he had studied the art with a view of adopting the profession, and made a tour through England as a portrait painter. His disquisitions on painting fully reveal the great love he bore for an art in which he was unsuccessful. His most felicitous compositions are on this subject, where he loses all his apparent rigidity in the warmth of his youthful endeavours.

Hazlitt's political zeal was the cause of much of his bitterness, and it once occasioned a brief coolness between him and Lamb. It has been said that he would rather lose a friend than sacrifice a principle, and from the manner in which he treated some, we have cause to believe in its correctness.

Another name on the list of friends to the Lambs was William Godwin, philosophical tutor and father-in-law to the poet Shelley. He united the peculiar gifts of a versatile novelist with the depth and research of a philosopher, and whether we view him in the light of either we cannot but admire his originality. His novels hold us spell-bound with the lessons of experience they teach. They give us an impetus, and make us feel that we are dealing with creatures of flesh and blood, whose wrongs and misdoings we should commiserate rather than censure. The characters demand sympathy, and our natures yield irresistibly to the plaintiveness of their call. His reply to Malthus, who affirmed that 'there is in the constitution of man's nature a perpetual barrier to any extensive improvement in his earthly condition,' was hailed with delight by his friends and followers.

But among those bosom friends of the Lambs, there was none more dear than 'Barry Cornwall,' the mellifluous minstrel of 'The Sea,' whose sweet songs have lost none of their originality. The wild beauty of his poesy and the cheerfulness of his disposition made him one of their most welcomed guests,

and many a pleasant hour he spent with them, discussing the merits of the older English drama and the poetry of his contemporaries. Years after the death of the Lambs, he would frequently dwell on the brilliancy of the Wednesday evening parties, and repeat with delight some of Lamb's witticisms. 'Barry Cornwall' was a dear true friend to Hazlitt. When the world looked dark and cloudy to him (Hazlitt), he cheered his loneliness by sympathising with him; and if any one were to speak disparagingly of the critic, he was among the first to administer a gentle rebuke. He has said that he despaired of the age that had forgotten to read Hazlitt.

Prominent among the associates of Lamb was Leigh Hunt, who has added so much to our common pleasure in the delicate art of story-telling. He was educated at Christ's Hospital School, and there he first saw Coleridge and Lamb visiting its cloisters. He was not, however, acquainted with them at the school. While Hunt was suffering imprisonment for libel, Charles and Mary Lamb were constant visitors to his cell, and the author of 'The Town' alluded to their kindness in verse:—

'You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered streets,  
Without thinking of you and your visiting feats,  
When I call to remembrance how you and one more,  
When it wanted it most, used to knock at my door.'

And again:

'But now, Charles, you never (so blissful you deem me)  
Come lounging, with twirl of umbrella, to see me.'

It was characteristic of Charles Lamb's nature to take compassion on those who were unfortunate. His presence was like a ray of sunshine that cheered the lonely and neglected wanderer on his great journey through life. His mild face and 'deep-set eyes' diffused warmth and cordiality into the hearts of all who came with-

in the genial influence of his nature. He loved Hunt the more for his misfortunes, and the poet drank of his sympathy as the flower sips the morning dew.

At the Wednesday evening parties Hunt was an almost constant attendant. He loved to sit by the fireside of those who had cheered his lonely captivity and tell of the solace he derived from the well-thumbed volumes Lamb brought him. At this time he was editor of *The Indicator*, which was published every Wednesday and read by its admirers before the party assembled. Lamb was an ardent admirer of the journal, which evoked from him an anonymous address:

'Your easy essays indicate a flow,  
Dear friend, of brain which we may elsewhere seek;

And to their pages I and hundreds owe,  
That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.

Wit, poet, prose man, party man, translator,  
H[unt], your best title yet is *Indicator*.'

It was in this unaffected way that Charles Lamb often endeared himself to those he loved. Even in politics, which he thoroughly detested, Charles Lamb frequently served his friends with his pen in furtherance of their political schemes.

There also was to be seen Thomas Noon Talfourd, author of 'Ion.' It was in the year 1815 that he first met Lamb. He was then at Chambers in the Inner Temple under Mr. Chitty, the special-pleader; and learning that the author of 'Rosamond Gray' lived under the same roof he felt a strong desire to meet him. At a friend's house one day he met Lamb at dinner; that night they walked arm-in arm together to their common home, the Temple, and Talfourd, nothing loath, accepted an invitation to Lamb's rooms, where, says he, 'we were soon seated beside a cheerful fire; hot water and its better adjuncts were before us, and Lamb insisted on my sitting with him while he smoked "one pipe," for—alas! for poor human nature—he had

resumed his acquaintance with his fair mistress.' And there they sat discoursing on the themes of life and death and replenishing their glasses until two o'clock in the morning. Thereafter Talfourd attended the gatherings, where he charmed all with his beautiful disquisitions on the Greek tragedy; and when 'Ion' first appeared on the boards of a London theatre Charles Lamb was among the first to eulogise it. The masterly construction of a Greek tragedy into the language and customs of our own stage fully warranted the praises bestowed on its author. He revealed the feelings of the Greek in the language of the Saxon, and wove with exquisite taste the characters of the ancients. How tenderly and yet how hopefully does Ion speak as he bids a last farewell to his love, and then how beautifully is the closing scene of his life pictured, bound to death by a mistaken oath to the gods. The last sound that dies on his ears is joyful news, and he closes

his eyes in the sweet thought that the wrath of the gods has been appeased.

Talfourd was a prolific contributor to the magazines of his day, and in his collected essays we have a faithful and graphic account of some of his literary friends and contemporaries. In his work, 'The Life and Letters of Charles Lamb,' he has paid a fitting tribute to his friend, and expressed in unmistakable words the great affection he bore towards his subject.

In the foregoing I have endeavoured to give a short description of some of the friends of the Lambs. The happiest days of Charles Lamb's otherwise melancholy and sad life were spent in the Inner Temple, where he gathered about him a circle of friends, rich in thought, who savoured of his quiet and homely tastes. The story of the life of his excellent sister is a sad yet lovely chapter in his history, and his devotion to her lends a romantic charm to his toilsome life.

## THE SCHOOL OF SONG.—A SONNET.

BY ALICE HORTON.

PHILOMEL, from her bush, while storms swept by,  
 O'erheard the forest organ's harmony;  
 She watched the oak trees split, and writhe, and die,  
 And heard the willows weeping mournfully,  
 And voiceless cowered within her shade until  
 The storm blew over, and hushed evening hours  
 Shining with stars, and sweet with scent of flowers,  
 Beguiled her into making melody.  
 Then tuneful sings she, but her sweetest trill  
 Recalls the pangs she witnessed, sitting still  
 Upon her sheltered spray, and, unto me,  
 Her song, when sweetest, has its agony;—  
 The unforgotten notes of some sad thrill,  
 That echo in her heart against her will.

## CONCERNING YOUTH.

BY M.

YOUTH has always been regarded as, in some respects, the most interesting period of life. Few, of whatever years, can contemplate it—its freshness, frankness, confidence—without feeling involuntarily drawn into conscious and active sympathy with it. Few past the meridian of life can look back to their own youth without a regret that it has forever fled; and certainly not without regret that no more of its cheerful, trustful, generous temper has been preserved through the sharper conflicts and severer trials of later life. To all susceptible natures it has ever been clothed with peculiar attractiveness. How greatly, therefore, have the artists of all ages delighted to transfer its semblance to the canvass and the marble, giving us in the representations of the Holy Child and the Beloved Disciple, and in the statues of the youthful Apollo and the Chaste Huntress, some of the rarest faces and divinest forms known to art. From it, also, what inspiration have the poets drawn, and in how mellifluous strains have they celebrated its charms! Sings one in well known lines:

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
And though shades of the prison-house begin  
to close  
Upon the growing boy;  
Yet he beholds the light, and whence it  
flows,  
He sees it in his joy.  
The youth who daily further from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended.'

In similar strain sings another:

'But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven,  
Than when I was a boy.'

Another still, poet and sage, not in rhythmical language indeed, but with genuine poetic conception and deep religious insight, exclaims: 'Childhood is the perpetual Messiah which comes into men's arms, and pleads with them to return to Paradise.' How fond the hopes and how peculiar the reverence, likewise, with which all judicious educators regard the young, recognising that upon their right development depends their own, their country's, their race's future. No mere affectation was it that led the German master, as he entered his school, to do so with a profound obeisance, saying that it was to undeveloped greatness before him that he bowed. How deep and tender the interest, moreover, with which the noblest religionists of all ages and lands have regarded the same class, perceiving its susceptibility to spiritual influences and its greater proximity to heaven. 'Good children are the jewels of the good wife,' says the Hindu Cural. Jesus took little children in His arms, made the youngest of the twelve His most confidential friend, and sincerely sorrowed when the young Jewish ruler turned away from Him.

But why speak of the interest with which youth inspires particular classes, as though it were something special and exceptional? Who knows not to some extent the same feeling? In a sense, all persons are artists, poets, educators, religionists. That is, all have the faculties in a germinal state which, developed, would make them such; and all, therefore, must more or less promptly and energetically respond to whatever appeals to those faculties.

Besides, how vividly do those who have long left it behind them remember their own youth, when the world was all before them, and no goal seemed altogether impossible of attainment. How frequently do they recall its scenes; how fondly dilate upon its experiences, how proudly rehearse its achievements! It is largely through such memories that genial age preserves its interest in youth, beholding with kindling eye its roseate health and bounding activity, and listening with attentive ear and sympathetic heart to its noble purposes and large expectations. To how great an extent moreover, does every worthy parent repeat his own youth in that of his children, sharing in them the sports that charmed, the hopes that animated, and the loves that thrilled him in the days 'lang syne!' What parent is there, therefore, that is not more or less interested in children and youth; and to whose eyes, if not to the eyes of others, his own children are not peculiarly attractive and promising?

And youth is deserving of all this interest, because of its freshness. To it, just rising into consciousness, or before its dew has disappeared, how wonderful are all things! The earth, with its mountains and plains, its forests and streams, ever-changing, and yet the same from year to year, seems both immovable and immeasurable. The sea running around all shores, now sleeping calmly, anon raging fiercely, and hiding ever in its fathomless bosom unimaginable wonders, appears alike incomprehensible and eternal. To unsophisticated youth, also, how beautiful the flowers blooming by every path, and flinging their fragrance on every breeze; and how unspeakably sublime the stellar host, blossoming along the heavenly ways, and crowning with gleaming diadem the dark brow of night. How gorgeous, too, the cloud curtains that hang around the globe, now black and heavy with smothered wrath, and anon glowing, as if on fire, with the radiance of a setting

sun! Conscious existence, with its brief memories, scanty experiences, yet boundless anticipations, and which, in ever-unfolding beauty and deepening joy, is to run parallel with the life of God—how amazing this! How wondrous, likewise, all human relations—parental, filial, fraternal, social; and how vastly more wondrous still the relations in which men stand to spiritual realities, to angelic existences, to the Infinite Father! Youth, opening its eyes to all these, and getting some proximate sense of their significance, finds itself in a world of miracles. Tales of fairy-land it has little difficulty in believing; for it lives and moves in a more wondrous realm than ever was ascribed to fay or sylph. Stories of the Arabian Nights do not overtax its credulity; since frequently transpire before its eyes greater marvels than any unearthly genii could effect. To it life is a June day; the soul a half-blown rose. Why should not the latter constantly open its petals to the dew and sunshine of the former? Why should it be other than fresh and joyous? Why ever, in any degree, in any respect, *blasé*? It has not to search for new sensations: they come to it every hour. If there are any who must tire of the world, feeling delight but a name and life a burden, it is not the young. With eye for its beauties, and ear for its harmonies, and heart for its blessings, will they go forth to accept and enjoy what they can. Of its evil, they know little by experience, and they will not antedate its arrival. They will be young in spirit as in years. Looking on them, one may well exclaim, O, beautiful artlessness of youth! O, charming freshness of life's morning; when simple, sweet delights do satisfy, and when unconscious religion is the inspiration of the soul! Would that amid all the rough conflicts with men and things, this largeness of sympathy and freshness of feeling might be fully preserved! For if there be on earth a pleasing spectacle, it is a soul mature



in all its faculties, yet youthful in all its affections; manlike in understanding, yet child-like in simplicity; critical in its questioning, yet hospitable in its reception of novel ideas and enterprises.

Another equally interesting characteristic of youth is enthusiasm. It is the period of warm blood, of ready confidence, of large purposes; and, of course, the period when, more than at any other, enthusiasm dominates. Not fanaticism; for fanaticism is unreasoning, coarse, degrading; while enthusiasm may be, and often is, intellectual, refined, ennobling. The one can discern nothing not in a right line with its own vision; the other takes in a wide survey of both what is before and around. The one precipitates itself on a specific end, without regard to consequences; the other consecrates itself to great principles for worthy results. While, therefore, they may touch at a given point, the one is no more the other than license is liberty, or superstition religion. Enthusiasm—divine inspiration, as the word literally means—is one of the noblest of human qualities. It is the life of every generous soul, the spring of every heroic action. The man who is never moved by it, and whose only greeting for those who are is a sneer; whose fervent indignation is never kindled by wrong or outrage, and whose glowing admiration is never awakened by striking magnanimity and unhesitating self-sacrifice; is not the man to be implicitly trusted. His repugnance to wrong, there is reason to fear, arises rather from the consideration of its general unprofitableness than from its essential antagonism to the nature of things and the heart of God. His devotion to principle, it may be suspected, is the result of shrewd calculation, rather than conscientious regard for immutable right. Should circumstances conspire sorely to tempt him, making it greatly for his personal advantage to be recreant to principle and false to sacred trusts,

there is good ground to apprehend that sufficient excuses would be found for so doing. But genuine enthusiasm, a holy ardour for truth and right, not because of what they will bring but because of what they are—how greatly does this lift above temptation! And the enthusiasm of youth is seldom other than genuine.

To this enthusiasm, moreover, there is nothing impossible. There is no wrong that is not vulnerable, no ignorance that is not conquerable, and no degree of knowledge, wisdom, power, that is not attainable. Of the doubts and timidity of more advanced years it knows nothing; and to what it reckons their croakings will it pay no heed. The hopes which maturity has more or less completely abandoned will it see fulfilled. The projects which diffidence or senility sets down as chimerical, it will carry to a successful issue. No hindrance shall daunt it. It will turn the flank of every obstacle, and put to flight every foe. Its appetite is omnivorous. 'It takes in the solar system like a cake. It stretches out its hands to grasp the morning star, or wrestle with Orion.' Nor any the less generous than grand and intense is the enthusiasm of youth. How little respect has it for factitious distinctions; while unnatural burdens it would throw from weary shoulders, giving to everyone an opportunity to achieve his best. Youth is the natural democrat. A man it counts God's image; nothing less, though carved in ebony and moiling 'neath a tropic sun, and nothing more, though cut in ivory and seated on a throne. All that retards humanity is to be removed; all that hinders its rise, to be destroyed. Truth is to have free course, and righteousness to reign. The Kingdom of Heaven, the Saturnian era, the Golden Age, is to be inaugurated on earth. Mainly, what men need to persuade them to obey the *right*, thinks youth, is clearly to discern its dignity, authority, blessedness. *It* will do something to enlighten them, and

it shall go hard if humanity be not somewhat bettered by its labours.

Such the noble enthusiasm of youth. For how many a young person rising to a full consciousness of his divine energies has felt quite, or more than, all I describe! How many a one, inflamed with a noble ambition, has resolved that he would quicken some sluggish pulses, and perhaps write his name among the few that the world will not willingly let die. A story runs that the American Webster, on receiving from a college authority his graduation appointment, which assigned him a very low rank, indignantly tore the paper in pieces before the Professor's face, proudly exclaiming, 'You'll hear from Dan Webster hereafter.' An elderly clergyman declares that when he first entered his profession, so sanguine was he as to what himself and others were to do as to fancy that, in a score of years or thereabouts, the whole world would be substantially Christianized, and his occupation as a teacher of righteousness for ever superseded. And how interesting, how touching is this lofty enthusiasm, glistening in the eye, compressing the lip, flushing the cheek, and uttering itself in hurried and broken, yet strong and earnest words! Though we well know that it cannot long endure, what a charm would youth lack without it! Though it is coupled with many and serious perils, who could envy the man that has never known it—has never dreamed of worthy ends to be accomplished by himself? Let those who have it still so guard it that while it leads them not astray it shall not languish and die, leaving them scarcely else than a lifeless corpse, from which the informing soul has fled. Let them cherish and express it as not only one grand element of their life, but one mighty implement of their power. Soon enough will it begin to wane.

Another marked characteristic of youth is moral sensibility. Proverbially is the conscience tenderer and the instincts keener in early than in

later life. The former has not then been seared by vicious indulgence; nor has the latter been benumbed and paralyzed by the at-once chilling and fetid air of worldliness. Who, accordingly, cannot remember, if not his first, yet one of his earliest transgressions, which burned itself into his memory as it were fire, causing him to mourn and weep as has no subsequent sin, and making it seem for a time as though life thereafter could scarcely be worth living; but which since he has come to think lightly of, and perhaps to laugh at himself for having regarded at all? And in the light of highest truth, shall we say that the earlier and graver estimate was less correct than the later and more trifling one? Shall we not rather say that the former decision was quite as near exactness as the latter; and that the wide difference between them is due quite as much to the weakening and perversion of our moral sensibilities as to the attainment of broader and sounder views of right and wrong? Besides, who does not know how often the moral instincts of a child or an unsophisticated youth at a single stroke cut clear through all the wretched sophistry with which their elders, seeking to evade the demands of principle, frequently involve the simplest subjects. Who, too, in the presence and under the clear eye of such a one, has not sometimes felt keenly rebuked for his compromises of righteousness, and recognised more clearly the majestic grandeur and supreme authority of duty? The child poorly comprehends the ordinary excuses for prevarication. Youth expects men to make good the full import of their words. So far as genuine moral integrity is concerned, therefore, heaven is nearer to most of us in the earlier than in the later portions of life. The young heart, untainted with evil, is in closer harmony with the Divine will. Its unbiassed verdict on simple questions of right is more trustworthy than that of those

long in contact with, and more or less under the influence of, the world. And how exceedingly interesting to every ingenuous mind is this moral sensibility! How sad the thought that intercourse with men and things will ever weaken or corrupt it! Nor need it. A natural, healthful development is possible, as well as desirable. Let the young, therefore, see to it, as they value present peace, as they would promote their future welfare, as they would achieve the best purposes of life, that they preserve this moral sensitiveness in something of its original susceptibility and purity. Let no miserable sophisms about the necessity of success, no biting sarcasms about tender consciences, no stinging jests about unmanly cowardice, ever tempt them to deny its dictates. Far better bear with all these than with the tortures of a wounded spirit. Far less dreadful the sharpest scorn of men than the displeasure of God.

There is, also, the determining influence of youth upon subsequent life. This is a very familiar consideration, often urged, but whose importance is seldom appreciated. 'The boy is father to the man.' The biases received in early life reach through all subsequent years. Impressions made in youth are hardest to efface. How many such, which those past middle life long since learned were wholly groundless, still linger in their minds, and not unfrequently startle by their power! How distinctly do the old, having been blessed with a religious parentage, recall the time, as though 'twere yesterday, when first, at mother's knee, they clasped hands and lifted eyes in the attitude of worship. The habits formed in youth are exceedingly tenacious also. What one learns to delight in then is seldom afterward regarded with aversion; and what is heartily disliked then, few, at a later period, learn very fondly to love. 'The prayers of my childhood,' wrote Adam Clarke in the evening of his days, 'are

still dear to me; and the songs I then sung I remember with delight.' John Quincy Adams at fourscore, after a more exciting life than many have led, and with the cares of high office resting on him, declared that such was the force of habit that every night, as he laid his head upon his pillow, he involuntarily repeated the simple petition taught him by his mother more than three-fourths of a century before. Moreover, few elderly or even middle-aged persons ever considerably change the direction or temper of their lives. Many, aroused by some strong appeal, or deeply moved by some peculiar experience, do at times attempt to alter or broaden the current of their being. Some make desperate efforts to break the thralldom of a vicious habit, or to develop some coveted power or grace. But how few really succeed; so that what was begun as a stern and perhaps irksome duty becomes an easy and gladsome manifestation of the nobler nature! How few can any reader recall that he has known thus to do; while many are they that can easily be recalled who have continued all their days, perhaps, growing ever more completely the slaves of some wretched habit that they carelessly suffered themselves to become addicted to in youth! Not, of course, that reformation is not possible at any period of life. The door of hope is never closed: the obligations to right living are never suspended. Here and there may be one of sufficient force of will to accomplish a desirable change after character is fully formed and even hardened into bone. Here and there may be a Paul, who, after spending half his life in deriding a higher principle, may devote the other half with equal earnestness to its defence and diffusion. Happy for every such one if something very like a miracle be not required to initiate the change. Here and there may be found a Franklin, who can take up and master a new language or science, after he has passed the biblical limits of threescore years and ten. But Franklins are very rare.

The great majority of those who in the noon or past the meridian of life make any effort greatly to change their character, rarely succeed; as witness the thousands of drunkards that within the last forty years have signed the pledge, and after awhile relapsed into their former slavery. Young man, who may chance to read these lines, what you will be in your prime, what you will be in your age, you are now determining. Almost without figure of speech may you be said to be living *now* your prime and your age, as well as your youth. May you, therefore, now live wisely and well. May you start right in the race; for a false step taken now, you can only with immense difficulty retrace.

Vernal freshness, self-forgetting enthusiasm, tender moral sensibility, and an almost inevitably determining power upon subsequent life, then, are some of the more salient characteristics of youth. In view of them, well may it always have been regarded with lively interest. Well may the wise have sought so earnestly and provided

so amply for its culture. Well may genial and sagacious old age fondly turn to it, saying, 'Go on; take up my unfinished task, achieving a nobler goal, meriting a worthier plaudit than I.' Happy they—too happy if they but knew it—who yet rejoice in their youth. Let them retain it as long as they can. Full soon will come the heavier responsibilities of greater years: they need not be assumed before their time. Above all, let the young strive to preserve through all their days the temper and genius of youth. Let them take it with them into their severest experiences—into whatever exalted positions they may reach. Let its simple straight-forwardness, its noble ardour, its genuine moral susceptibility possess and rule them. In short, if they would secure all the best uses of the world, make life a continual growth in power, feel their heart beating with the Infinite Heart, let them accept the word of the poet, which is equally the word of the philosopher and the saint, 'Be true to the dream of thy youth.'

## IRELAND'S FAMINE.—1880.

BY A. H. CHANDLER.

A CRY is heard across the wintry sea,  
 From Arra's hills, beside the Shannon fair:  
 "Ierne" strikes the lyre in despair,  
 Oh! listen to her wail of agony,  
 While starving children, in great misery,  
 Cling to her skirts, who cannot longer bear  
 Gaunt Famine's pangs: Haste! "Canada" and share  
 With blest Columbia kindly sympathy.

Lo! millions then shall heed the loud lament,  
 With messages, the lightning swift employ,  
 Of love and pity—waft a generous store  
 Of largess from the whole wide Continent—  
 Make "Erin's harp" re-throb with tenderest joy,  
 So often thrilled by Carolan and Moore.

Dorchester N. B.

## THE MODERN THEATRE AND INTELLECTUALITY.

BY HIRAM B. STEPHENS, MONTREAL.

THE question as to the moral influence of the modern stage can not be said to be a new topic ; but it seems that social scientists feel it incumbent upon them to revive discussion upon it at intervals. In considering the influence of the stage, the statement has been made by some that there has been a deterioration in the quality or merit of the plays presented ; this appears to me to be a very superficial view of the case. As an abstract fact, this may be true ; allowing, moreover, that the state of the drama is attributable to the demands of public taste, the necessary conclusion is that the public taste is in a very bad condition, with which conclusion I can not agree. The principal reason given as an evidence of dramatic decline is that burlesques, extravaganzas and musical absurdities meet with much greater success than the legitimate drama ; I am of opinion that the comparison of a burlesque with a standard play is unjust to both, as the purpose of one is to amuse, of the other to instruct, so that they can not both be criticised on the same premises ; we might just as well try to compare a landscape with an architectural drawing. It will be as well to cast a rapid glance over the stage's past history, and by comparing the state of the stage with the intellectuality of the people at each specified time, we may perhaps be in a proper position to comprehend the present dramatic taste.

Before the invention of printing, the only channels through which the people could be educated were the

pulpit and the stage, and they exercised an all-powerful influence upon a necessarily illiterate audience. From the introduction of Christianity down to about the twelfth century we find no evidences of theatrical representations, the classical dramas of the Greeks having been discarded or rather set aside on account of the mythological tenets contained in them—this statement refers to Europe,—as the people of India and China had theatres during this time. Miracle plays, the first dramatic efforts, were introduced by the Church and were in fashion till succeeded by the Moralities. The miracle plays or Mysteries were brought from the East by the Crusaders (the first having been composed by Gregory Nazianzen), and consisted of religious subjects, the Deity, Messiah, and Virgin Mary being represented bodily on the stage ; priests often took part in them, and they were often represented at church doors ; the Pope gave an indulgence of a thousand days to persons who took the pleasant trouble to attend them, so impressed was he with the influence they exerted over the public mind. In reading the descriptions of them at the present day, one is horrified at their blasphemous and outrageous indecencies ; in amusing the public they pandered to a vitiated taste ; in striving to instruct they were almost useless, as the most absurd anachronisms were frequent, such as, in the scene of the Deluge, the simultaneous appearance of the Messiah, Virgin Mary, Mohammed, and Virgil. The intellectual condition of the people at this

time was deplorable ; crime, lust and rapine were rampant ; morals were bad or unknown ; all these marked indelibly the miracle plays.

The moral plays or Moralities succeeded the Miracle plays about the middle of the fifteenth century, and were of a much higher moral character, furnishing therefore indisputable evidence of an improved condition of mental qualities ; these plays were influenced to a certain extent by the Reformation and were allegorical or symbolical. To these succeeded the mixed drama, the earliest specimen of which, according to Collier, is the 'Kynge Johan' of Bishop Bale which was performed after Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne ; these early plays retained some of the characteristics of the moral plays—the changes from miracle to moral plays, and from moral plays to drama were not abrupt, but gradual. The oldest known comedy is 'Ralph Roister Doister,' written by Nicholas Udall. The first tragedy was acted in 1562, and was called 'Gorboduc,' and is the earliest known play in the English language which was written in blank verse. The first period of this stage of the drama is so involved in descriptions of 'interludes' and 'Lords of Misrule,' that it is not possible to describe it without taking up too much space. At first play-actors were not legally recognised, and playing was frowned upon, but this did not last. Passing by Christopher Marlowe, Greene, Nash and others, we meet Shakespeare, whose works surpassed immeasurably all efforts of previous writers and have never been equalled since.

The intellectual condition of the people had been steadily improving ; this was due to the Reformation and the invention of printing, which was gradually diffusing a knowledge of the Bible and was materially educating the people. The thirst for intellectual draughts had become so great that even in their amusements they de-

manded and exacted a great degree of merit, though a depraved taste was not yet eradicated ; so authors and dramatists had to yield in order to live : there are some noble exceptions.

In continuation, through the bigotry of Puritans, theatres suffered and were not restored till the time of Charles II. After the austerity and bigotry of the Puritans the taste was low and licentious (witness Wycherly, Congreve, etc.) down to the end of the first half of the eighteenth century. At this time was introduced the orchestra, opera music, and costume by Daventant.

Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Otway, are perhaps the principal dramatic authors of this period. Dryden had a great facility of versification ; his characters are unnatural, his plots silly, and his witticisms, sophistries ; he altered Shakespeare with consummate impudence. He is ingeniously ridiculed in Buckingham's *Rehearsal* as *Bayes*. Wycherley is described well in the following lines :

'Of all our modern wits, none seem to me,  
Once to have touched upon true comedy,  
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley.'

Leigh Hunt says his style is 'pure and unaffected,' and he has 'wit at will,' but too artificial. Friendly Congreve, 'unreproachful man,' as Gay called him ; in his plays his love is sorry, his belief in nothing abundant, the whole 'set but a mass of wit and sarcasm.'

The artificial and unnatural state of society was the cause of these immoral plays being written and acted. In this case, the state of the stage was a reflection of the mental and moral condition of the people. In the last half of the eighteenth century, manners, plays and conversation assumed an over-scrupulous strictness ; this was the reaction. From this time downward to about fifteen years ago, the theatre occupied a very dignified position and its history shows a series of dramatic conquests. It is only necessary to

mention the names of Garrick, Siddons, Macready, Kean, Elliston, Vestris, Foote, Kemble, Mathews, Forrest, to show the richness of this period of theatrical representations.

'The schoolmaster was abroad,' books were being rapidly printed, the diffusion of knowledge was general, the religious spirit was becoming more tolerant, law was gaining more respect and control; so that theatrical representations of a high intellectual character were necessary, as the reading public wished to compare their literary impressions with theatrical spectacles.

It has been said that the dramas of modern writers are inferior to those of past days in literary merit; if by literary merit is meant poetical drama this statement is undoubtedly true, as the introduction of painted scenery surely lessened the necessity of an author's poetical descriptions. When no scenery was in use the dramatist was obliged to paint such word-pictures as would succeed in exciting the imagination of the audience and in making visible to the mind by description what was invisible to the eyes. Of course, after the introduction of scenery, this stimulus was lacking, and it would appear that it has had a very deleterious effect upon dramatic poetry; there are comparatively few good modern plays. However, the old dramatists have left an almost inexhaustible store and one which may be said to be richer than those of the French, German, Spanish and Italian schools. Of course there are certain immoral defects, though I cannot attribute such a defect to the immortal Shakespeare; he has never made vice with a pleasing and attractive appearance, as we see in the character of Macheath in the 'Beggars' Opera.'

To proceed, however: latterly the public taste has been for dramatic absurdities, operas and plays requiring no mental effort. In the olden time, as before stated, the means of education consisted solely in the pulpit and

the stage; these have both become, at the present day, greatly subservient to literature and the press; further, it may be said that a re-action against the intellectuality of the theatre of the preceding period has set in, or more probably that the intellectuality of the public has become unduly strained by the abundance of literature, and that the mind needs relaxing from the too-engrossing cares of modern trade. In these days of critical thought and wonderful theories, the demand for excellence in the theatres can be but small, as in the ordinary every-day affairs of men their powers are over-wrought, leading to a demand for entertaining amusing trifles. The philosophy of the present day is too critical, and the majority of philosophers aim at sensation; the world's present literature is deluged with metaphysical theories, ethereal dreams of the Spencerian method, materialistic or rationalistic speculations. The rebellion against these will probably be abrupt and severe, though when it will come to a head no one can tell. The reading public is at present surfeited with these theories, the majority of which are useless for practical purposes, and contain so many contradictions that a critical examination leads to the result that the philosopher does not know himself what he believes. It appears to me that this critical philosophy has a tendency to mar the beauty and scenery of life, just as

'A finger breadth at hand will mar  
A world of light in heaven afar;  
A mote eclipse yon glorious star,  
An eyelid hide the sky.'

That these theories are for the 'fit and few' is no excuse for their failure in adaptation to the requirements of the public; the proper critics are the *mobile vulgus*, who soon set the proper value upon any theory or art. There are, no doubt, a few critical questions that can only be settled by the few. Take Milton, for example;

some critics estimate him as unsurpassed, but it can hardly be disputed that he is not greatly valued by the many, and this on account of the Manichean tendencies of his *Paradise Lost*, and *Regained*. Johnson, than whom few could be found more fastidious, says: 'Let him who is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is on the wing, let him not stop at correction or explanation. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable; and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.' This shows that he, an excellent authority, evidently believed in the capability of the so-called ordinary mind to estimate at its proper value literary merit. In music, the usual dictum of 'aesthetical' critics is that the classical music of the great composers is 'caviare to the general,' that only the 'fit and few' can enjoy it. This cannot be true, or, if true, the fault is in the music, as it must influence 'the many' in order to be of great merit; the same in oratory; is not the orator he who influences 'the many'? Of course, the man who uses this influence in times of excitement, and appeals to the wicked passions of men, is deservedly scouted as a demagogue, and his influence soon wanes and decays.

At present, the 'intellectual theories' of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and others are vigorously opposed, and appear to be yet in a crude state, and are not to be adopted without the severest criticism (though the spirit of this criticism of their truth-searches must not be too antagonistic) nor dismissed from study because contrary to accepted beliefs or precon-

ceived opinions. A delay in accepting new theories only serves to ripen the truth of them if they are true and, if not true, the falsity as surely comes to light. Chalmers says, 'There is a great purpose served in society by that law of nature in virtue of which it is that great bodies move slowly' (*Bridgewater Treatise*). In all communities which are advancing, there seem to be two elements, an innovating one and a combating one; this is surely beneficial, as if there were only one element, it would probably happen that everything would be believed, or, on the other hand, nothing new would be accepted. Tucker, in his 'Light of Nature,' says, 'For my part, as well persuaded as I am, that two and two make four, if I were to meet with a person of credit, candour and understanding who should call it in question, I would give him a hearing.' These extracts show concisely the proper spirit in which to investigate new theories; it is no argument to say that because a theory is contrary to our opinions it is untrue; the point is, *prove* it so, or else abandon the old opinions or reconcile them with the new. If we say or think with some that the present thoughts and reasonings of philosophers are irreligious and sceptical, may we not find the cause in the cold-blooded machinery of the Church during the past fifty years? In studying the religious history during this time, one is struck with an illiberality of feeling, with the unalterable hostility to relaxation and pleasure; the Wesleyan system—also that of Whitfield and others—show, it seems to me, more of hell and damnation than of love and mercy. Every effort was made to interdict pleasure; any attempts to unravel the mysteries of creation or to prove the truth of accepted creeds was regarded as blasphemous by certain classes of men; even now geologists and philosophers with new creeds are regarded as atheistical if they do not conform their opinions to the *dicta* of



certain self-appointed censors. This class, however, has been gradually lessening, and the more liberal-minded opponents of the new creeds are investigating and testing these new beliefs. There is no accepted belief or opinion, no matter how old or long established, which was not at some time or other a novelty or heresy; in fact, some of the most bitterly persecuted heresies have become accepted truths, though we cannot say at what time these may, in their turn, be displaced by newer ones. There is no science, whether of religion, mathematics or anything else, that is exact, for the reason that its axioms have been made or explained by man, who is fallible; but we must not overlook the great amount of truth conveyed in them, and must not become pessimists.

The revolt of reason which has taken place against the domineering spirit of religious bigotry may perhaps be carried too far, as it is terribly fascinating to exercise the reason in endeavouring to pry further into the secrets of life and to dream dreams of a blissful state when by 'differentiation' all the nations of the earth shall be united in one community. This extreme tension of thought is dangerous to the truly religious spirit, as it creates doubt and scepticism, unless kept within proper control; the argument, however, that things are 'spiritually discerned,' I do not believe, unless we understand by 'spiritually' the meaning to be 'rationally'; therefore any apparently plausible and candid interpretations of creeds, texts and theories must be studied, as a duty to one's self, for the reason that man is a responsible being. Once more, we are deluged with books and newspapers and we seek relief in sensation, we must read light novels and see burlesques for relief; this is the reaction from the tension and may only be a temporary frivolity.

What then is the proper life? Carlyle says, Work! and that the thinker is nothing but a lichen; but if the

thinker gives expression to and interchange of his thought it is surely action. Knowledge of life is not of any practical use or benefit unless acted upon; an observer of social and political problems effects but little good unless his observations are disseminated and made subject to criticism by those affected. Whither all this intellectuality of the present day is tending, who can say? The attendance at churches has declined, perhaps owing to the advanced position of the press, and the sermons are listened to with more submission than study. In fact, to a great many, the idea of attending a church in these days is repugnant; just as some are bitterly opposed to theatres.

There are signs of an abatement of this stern and long-continued opposition to theatres. A meeting of the British Social Science Congress took place recently at Manchester. It is curious that, at this meeting, more than one clergyman advocated the claims of the theatre as a beneficial agent, instead of following the usual custom of abusing it to an extreme degree. An essay was read by a clergyman advocating the establishment and support of a National Theatre in order to provide rational amusement. I have read somewhere that, in London, comparatively uneducated people support the legitimate drama at Sadler's Wells; whilst educated 'West-Enders' require farces, and ballets. This seems to support the statement that intellectuality has been the cause of the decline of the drama. The statement that when the Shakespearian drama is well-acted it is well-supported is not correct, as all the revivals of Shakespeare have been quickly abandoned, and only attracted for a time by their pageantry. The success of Miss Neilson is due not to her playing Shakespearian characters but to her beauty and natural grace; her success would be fully as great if she took other characters; of course her abilities are equal to her good looks, otherwise, her reputation

would never have been what it is. As to the immorality of modern plays and players, the plays are what the public demand, the players are neither better nor worse than members of other professions. Very few sensible persons object to theatrical representations; and those that do, object for the reason that the associations connected with them are pernicious and are too exciting on the youthful mind. If the effect is for good it can hardly be too exciting, and if the associations are bad, the theatre itself is not culpable but rather those attending it, thus showing that the onus of proof rests on those who assert that the theatre is immoral. A bishop, at the Social Science Congress in Manchester, said that immoral plays were supported by the aristocratic classes, and that the taste and morals of the middle classes were much purer, and that he believed the theatre to be a powerful instrument for good; he said that an arch-deacon, an acquaintance of his, had acknowledged that he had been saved from a gambler's fate by witnessing the play of the 'Gamester.' When we think that for years the clergy have, with bigoted zeal, endeavoured to make people think that theatres were hot-houses of sin, it is extremely pleasant to read such sentiments as the above, coming from the lips of high dignitaries. On the other hand, it will be said that for one example of good effected, a great many may be given showing that a great deal of harm has been done. I think, if these cases be carefully examined into, it will be found that the evil has come from the abuse of theatrical pleasure, or over-indulgence, or, perhaps, the persons upon whom it has had an evil effect were immoral otherwise and merely 'took in' the theatre in their course of dissipation.

Those who are stained with gross moral defects are sometimes, perhaps very often, possessed of noble qualities; and it is questionable whether they do not really exert a greater

influence upon men than those whose morals are of the milk-and-water type. It seems to be the case that there are characters in whom the proportions of morality and immorality are perhaps about equal; and these characters conceal their immoralities and show their moralities as prominently as possible to the world in an unctuous sort of way. The unobservant and careless spectator does not discriminate between this moral hypocrisy and the true moral life. The appearance is taken for the reality. We have all met with, in everyday life, the person who, by a dignified reserve and a solemn face, together with a few expressive gestures, succeeds in gaining a reputation for extreme cleverness, erudition, and intellectuality. Any attempt made by one suspicious of his abilities is baffled by the dignified reserve of this superior being. He may manage to go through this life without discovery; but he leaves no impress upon his time—he will be unknown to posterity. The resemblance between this individual's career and that of the previously described moralists is very close—the moralist specimen being much more common. This is a sad evidence of the superficiality of the present age. An intellectual man developed has been defined as 'one who knows everything of something and something of everything;' a moral man may be defined as one who knows not bigotry and practises charity. Those who deny any rights to the drama cannot properly lay claim to come within either of these definitions. They refuse to examine or criticise the merits or demerits, and, by lowering the position of the theatre, think that they elevate themselves—rather a pharisaical mode of argument. The individual critic or scientist in these days is not so prominent nor so influential as he was; theories, problems, and literary successes come in what may be called oases of plenty; and it would appear, in fact it must be the case if we believe in any sort of theory of pro-

gression, that these oases are dependent upon and are the natural effects of antecedent causes. Just so sure as dissipation brings physical ruin, does bigotry and mental oppression bring revolt; and it is sad to think what evil bigoted human actions have caused in this way, though the persons who performed them were actuated by good motives, but, through perverted vision, mistook the cruelty of a bigot for the zeal of a hero. 'Tis a curious study in psychology that a man sincerely wishing to do right does wrong. Take the instance of Calvin, who fanatically put to death Servetus; we must either allow that he had good motives and was moved by a desire to do right or else that his motives were evil and cruel. He surely knew that it was wrong, according to Scripture, to take life in a spirit of bigotry; but allowed his conscience to assure itself that he was doing right. On the other hand, upholding the action himself, we cannot assume that he thought himself influenced by cruel motives.

In conclusion: a few remarks upon modern philosophy and the antagonistic cavillings against it. The principal objection is that it induces a feeling of scepticism and infidelity. Better it is that the danger of experiencing a period of infidelity should be incurred than that the mind should be in a state of quiescence. There is implanted within the breast of every one a dissatisfaction with the present, and an irrepressible feeling that advance is necessary. The earnest seeker after truth, vacillating between imperfect science on the one hand and a perfect divine faith on the other, will advance, slowly it may be, towards a clear discernment that the two are not irreconcilable; the great risk to every one is that of hastily jumping at conclusions. Supposing that we allow that the whole school of modern science and philosophy is full of mischievous errors: these will serve a good purpose, and will, by provoking discussion, help us in our progress towards absolute

truth. The refutation of error does not constitute the establishment of truth absolutely; it removes the stumbling blocks. Some say that there is a limit to man's powers; and that only a certain amount of knowledge is attainable by, and necessary for, life. If this is the case, we must perforce rest content with it; but the difficulty is in the query as to where that limit is, and whether we have yet reached it. Is it not more philosophical to think that our powers are illimitable with one exception, and that we should study out all problems of science no matter what they are, until we approximate as near as we can to absolute truth? In studying the system of Spinoza, one can see that his religious belief has too deeply marked it, and that prejudice has affected too many of his conclusions. Scientists often commence an investigation with the desire to prove a certain pet theory, and every discovery is perhaps unconsciously made to conform to the theory—this combined, with religious or other prejudices, is certain to colour and affect their deductions. The Socratic philosophy means the desire for perfect knowledge and divine truth; but when this desire is directed towards proving by scientific reasonings what are purely matters of feeling, such as the immortality of the soul, freedom of will, the existence of the Deity, then philosophy starts on false premises. Supposing that we could prove the existence of God on purely scientific grounds, would we not lose by it, and make the existence dependent, in our minds at least, upon this proof? The same may be said of attempts to find the creative power. Nevertheless, any attempt to confirm by analogy and to corroborate the truth, is justifiable and allowable; but 'who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?' That religion requires science to confirm it, is not to be believed; but that science can confirm religion is a totally different question. The proof that religion does not re-

quire science may be found in the fact that, except in a few isolated instances, scientific allusions are not to be found in Holy Writ. I would say that our clear duty is to examine in a spirit of charity all theories, to accept the better for the good, and not to condemn with bigoted zeal science because it

may seem to be at variance with religious truth. If we have the religious truth, science cannot conflict with it; but if we have true science and it conflicts with religion, then our ideas of religion are wrong. Let us seek and we shall find.

### BALLAD OF THE POET'S THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES E. D. ROBERTS, B.A., CHATHAM, N.B.

A POET was vexed with the fume of the street,  
 With tumult wearied, with din distraught;  
 And very few of the passing feet  
 Would stay to listen the truths he taught.  
 And he said—"My labour is all for naught;  
 I will go, and at Nature's lips drink deep"—  
 For he knew not the wealth of the Poet's Thought,  
 Though sweet to win, was bitter to keep.

So he left the hurry and dust and heat,  
 For the free green forest where man was not;  
 And found in the wilderness' deep retreat  
 That favour with Nature which much he sought.  
 She spake with him, nor denied him aught,  
 In waking vision or visioned sleep,  
 But little he guessed the wealth she brought,  
 Though sweet to win, was bitter to keep.

But now when his bosom, grown replete,  
 Would lighten itself in song of what  
 It had gathered in silence, he could meet  
 No answering thrill from his passion caught.  
 Then grieving he fled from that lonely spot  
 To where men work, and are weary, and weep;  
 For he said—"The wealth for which I wrought  
 Is sweet to win, but bitter to keep."

#### L'ENVOI.

O Poets, bewailing your hapless lot  
 That ye may not in Nature your whole hearts steep,  
 Know that the wealth of the Poet's Thought  
 Is sweet to win, but bitter to keep.

## SOCIETY IN DUBLIN THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago one saw some remains in the Irish Metropolis of the brilliant society that had survived the national freedom. I can remember, as a child, seeing old Lord Plunket, the great Chancellor, the prosecutor of Robert Emmet, the wielder of the nationalist thunder in the last Irish Parliament. He was then very old, but able to walk in his garden at Old Connaught. His grandson, Mr. David Plunket, is now M. P. for Dublin University and well sustains the family traditions of incisive eloquence. The mannerism of some of the great orators of the Irish Commons, the cutting sarcasm and incessant antithesis of Flood and Grattan, produced a school of imitators among the first generation of those who succeeded them as members of the Imperial Parliament. An instance of this occurred on one occasion when an Irish member happening to walk to the House of Commons with a political opponent, one of the then powerful House of Annesley, learned that Annesley's sister was that night to occupy a place in the visitors' gallery. It seems incredible, but it is, I believe, a fact, that the Irish member in question in the heat of debate made use of the following words: 'The Annesleys, Mr. Speaker, have ever been traitors to their country, personally and politically worthless, from the toothless hag that sits grinning in the gallery to the white-livered recreant who stands cowering on the floor.' It is needless to add a duel was the result, and indeed, in a society tolerant of such language, what other remedy existed?

At the time I speak of, many survivals of the old fire-eating customs still were to be found in Dublin. Who does not remember the erect figure and beautiful white hair of Sir Edward Stanley—poor Destene's second when O'Connell, without it is believed intending it, shot him dead in a duel forced on the great Agitator by his opponent. O'Connell, it is well known, would never after this accept a challenge, and to the last the memory of Destene weighed heavily on his forgiving and benevolent heart. In many families the duelling pistols were carefully preserved and kept ready for use, long after the ordeal by battle had become obsolete. They were certainly admirable weapons for nice accuracy of aim. A small bolt attached to the lock, by being slipped back, made the trigger so easily pulled that the slightest touch sufficed to discharge the weapon without disturbing the aim. This was called the 'hair trigger.' The favourite place for duelling appointments was called the 'fifteen acres,' a portion of the beautiful Phoenix Park, but so flat and treeless as to present no object by which the aim of either combatant could be adjusted. Among the last representatives of the duello, was Mr. Collins, a well-known and much respected member of the bar. This gentleman, though of a generous nature, had a sharp tongue, and would often say things which seemed to disprove the theory, often urged in apology for duelling, that it tends to check the disposition to hurt the feelings of those we mix with. Thus, in

a dispute at the Dublin Society Council with a most respectable clergyman, who happened to be chaplain to the *Loch Hospital*, Mr. Collis said, 'I will not be put down by you who live on the wages of the filthiest vice!' On another occasion Mr. Collis actually challenged a Dublin tradesman, a tenant of his, with whom he had a dispute as to rent. Mr. Collis, a most punctual and orderly man, was first on the ground. 'Sir,' said he, when his tardy opponent appeared, 'you have neither the honour of a gentleman, nor the punctuality of a tradesman!' For the later years of his life, this gentleman led a most peaceable existence. As Librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, he was especially noted for his kindness to the young men who frequented that library as students.

I well remember O'Connell. When I saw him most often he was in his decadence, the slow political collapse which followed when Celtic Ireland found out that the most influential leader she had ever possessed shrank from actual revolution. My grandfather had married an O'Connell, a near relation of the popular leader, and hence there was some kindly intercourse between the latter and my father, who was a Conservative or rather Tory, and enthusiastic for all the institutions which it was O'Connell's mission to denounce. In those days I attended as a day-scholar the large and flourishing classical school of the Rev. Daniel Flynn in Harcourt Street—how many a morning I have met the 'Liberator' with his huge figure and massive face, as wrapt in his blue cloak fastened by a 'repeal button,' *i.e.*, a gilt button with the national harp for device, he stepped from his house in Merrion Square. Evil days had come to the old Tribune of the People, the land he loved darkened by famine, the cause he had upheld so long in the hands of violent rash-headed young men—power falling from his hands,—yet he would always have a kindly smile and often

stop and speak to me as I passed him. In 1844 I had seen him in full possession of his marvellous faculties; I had seen then and later, even up to the year of his death, how utterly he was loved and trusted by the Catholics. He deserved it all by what his voice had won for them. And had he raised his voice for armed revolt the Nation would have followed as one man. For no nationalist leader ever had his sway with the Irish people. 'Lord Edward' was indeed popular in 1798, but he had not the magic influence of oratory which brought the thousands and thousands to hear O'Connell's prophesies of the coming greatness of Ireland. I seem to see him as I saw him in my boyhood—to see the majestic figure, his hand upraised to the dark heights above him, to hear his voice as he adjured the people 'by yonder blue mountains, where you and I were cradled!' I saw his funeral train pass Sackville Street, Dublin. It was a dark lowering day, such days as came one after another as if their gloom would never end, in that terrible winter of cholera and famine. But amid all the depression, all they suffered themselves, the hearts of the Irish Catholics could still turn from their own terrible calamities to mourn for O'Connell. It was a national mourning. Catholic Dublin in all her representative poverty and squalor, followed the hearse to Glasnevin Cemetery.

The intellectual greatness of the political leaders of Grattan's time found their last representative in O'Connell. The others were clever lawyers, adroit debaters. Whiteside was ever most eloquent, but none of them could lead the nation. The Young Ireland leaders were transparently honest, they meant to fight, but they had no influence beyond a few young men in the cities. I have heard our own D'Arcy McGee perorating to a mob in Abbey Street, Dublin, against the English soldiers then quartered in the city. McGee spoke passionately—so much

so that as his body swayed from the window where he spoke, a woman within held her arm around him to prevent his losing balance. In the midst of it all, old General Blakeney, the Commander-in-Chief, who was a prime favourite with the Dublin mob, rode by. He had been seriously ill, and this was his first appearance in public since recovery. 'Boys dear, three cheers for the General!' cried a voice—and instantly the rebel orator's audience left him to cheer the 'tyrant' he was denouncing. I remember another instance of the national humour recognising the absurdity of revolution in 1848. A Dublin blacksmith, at the time that poor Smith O'Brien's pikes were openly sold, assumed the designation, very often claimed by Dublin tradesmen, of 'Pike maker to the Lord Lieutenant.' These pikes could have hurt nobody. Six-foot spears made top-heavy with cumbersome battle axes, they were very different from the long sharp spear blades, some of which, made and used in 1798, were to my knowledge still treasured in Catholic families when it was thought O'Connell meant war.

One more recollection and this brief jumble of rambling remembrances shall close. In the first Kaffir war, a gallant young ensign passed from the drawing-room of one of the pleasantest Catholic families in Merrion Square to encounter the Kaffir assegai on the battle-field, where now stands Fort Elizabeth. It was natural that the fond mother in Dublin should dwell much on her boy's account of his adventures. One thing only troubled her loving heart. It was in accordance with the fitness of things that the dusky warriors should die under the sword of her boy—but the good lady did not wish their punishment to extend any further. Africa was a hot

country she had been told, but by all accounts Purgatory was much hotter. So some of the gold fees which the good doctor, her husband, earned so abundantly, were, it is said, laid out for the benefit of the souls of the heathen who had died or might die, by the 'Young Captain's' prowess. Now as to this story, the critical historian must remark, that the Kaffirs being outer heathens were precluded from all possibility of even such approach to salvation as is consistent with admission to Purgatory. Masses for their souls could not be offered. But it is historic sober truth that the following ballad written on the supposed circumstances was in those days chanted with great glee by the professional ballad singers of the period, under the windows of one great house in Merrion Square, North :

## DIRGE.

I.

Oh, pray for them poor haythen Kaffirs ! How  
 quare !  
 The nagurs they knew not the Captain was  
 there,  
 Oh, pray to the Vargin to pardon the guilt  
 Of the sowls of the Kaffirs young Corrigan  
 kilt !

II.

Like the cats of Kilkenny, those pretty push-  
 eens,  
 Sure the Captain he cut them to small smith-  
 ereens -  
 Sure his sword it was all dripping red to the  
 hilt  
 With the blood of the Kaffirs brave Corrigan  
 kilt !

III.

Musha ! dear dirty Dublin grew sad at the  
 tale,  
 And the boys they were silent that shouted  
 'Pepale !'  
 And with people the churches and chapels  
 were flit  
 That prayed for them Kaffirs brave Corrigan  
 kilt.

## THE STORY OF A BLUE-STOCKING.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL, TORONTO.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN had sailed for Europe, leaving the household in charge of Barbara. This young lady was a grave, deep-thinking personage—in fact, a blue-stocking of the most pronounced description, whose studious proclivities had won for her the reputation of being a sensible, trustworthy girl, and one well suited to have the care of the house in her parents' absence. This opinion was not entirely merited, for Barbara's insatiable thirst for knowledge frequently carried her off to the clouds, and her sister Bessie, the only member of the household who particularly required watching, was not above taking advantage of the dazed condition of her elder sister's faculties when her mind was brought suddenly down to the contemplation of sub-lunary affairs.

Barbara entertained the most supreme contempt for everything in the shape of a man—with two exceptions. Her father, an accomplished scholar, whom she loved and venerated, and young Dr. Grey, who had visited at their house for years, and whom she had always looked upon as the future husband of her sister. For herself, the possibility of matrimony had never suggested itself to her mind for a moment; but with Bessie it was different. The child was a mere helpless butterfly, and a husband was a necessity.

Bessie had no objection to husbands, in a general way, but she had a decided talent for flirtation, which was necessarily undeveloped so far, owing to her mother's lynx-eyed regard for

the proprieties, but which she intended now to indulge.

As for Dr. Grey—she shrugged her pretty shoulders with a smile, and expressed herself to the effect that Barbara was as blind as a bat, or an owl, or anything elsetlearned and stupid!

Bessie was much more charitably disposed to the members of the nobler sex than her scholarly sister; and when handsome, fascinating Mr. Lloyd Venner appeared upon the horizon of the social circle to which she belonged, she was interested at once, and exercised all her arts to win him to her side. She was quite successful, and, as there was a dash and dazzle about this young gentleman that pleased and captivated her, he soon became a frequent visitor at her house. Bessie's innocent susceptible heart was not slow to follow her fancy's lead, and after a short and partly secret acquaintance, she had promised to be his wife.

'What an obnoxious odour tobacco has!' exclaimed Barbara one morning, on returning from Madame Steinhoff's Seminary, where she gave lessons in Astronomy.

'Do you think so, dear?' said Bessie, sweetly. 'I thought it was rather wholesome! I have read, too, of beings of your order, women as well as men, deriving positive inspiration from the use of it. Had you not better learn to smoke Barbara, for the good of your intellect?'

'I am not aware that my intellect requires any artificial stimulus of the kind, Bessie; besides, I would wish my inspiration to come from a higher



source! Don't try to be smart, child, it only amounts to rudeness, and is excessively underbred!' And she turned to leave the room with her beautiful pale face slightly ruffled with annoyance. As she passed the grate-fire she stood still, then pointed with her sunshade to a tiny object that lay on the fender.

'Ah!' she said, and looked at her sister with a kind of horror in her large violet eyes. Bessie shrugged her shoulders and looked cross.

'Excuse me, Bessie,' said her sister, 'but when the olfactory and optic nerves afford such corroborative evidence, I may, without impertinence, inquire if *you* have contracted the pernicious habit which you were so good as to advise me to adopt?'

'Barbara, for goodness sake, don't be a goose as well as an owl!' cried Bessie, impatiently. 'Who ever heard of a lady smoking! Lloyd was here this morning, of course, and as *I* like the perfume of cigars, I told him he might smoke one. There, I hope you are satisfied!' And she snapped her fine white teeth together viciously. She had hoped to turn her sister off the scent, in more senses than one, by leading her into a discussion. She had failed, however, and was consequently in rather a bad temper.

'Has Mr. Venner really been here?' asked Barbara, with grave questioning eyes, a suspicion of her own defective stewardship slowly dawning upon her mind.

'Yes, he was!' said Bessie sharply. 'And as he did not come to see *you*, why, it's all right. You need not look at me like that, Barbara, for I have promised to marry Lloyd Venner, and that before papa and mamma return from Europe; and as you are powerless to prevent it, you had better make the best of it!' And Bessie confronted her bewildered sister with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. Her lover had that very morning exacted the promise of which she spoke, and she had been tremblingly regret-

ting it, and wondering at the same time how it could possibly be accomplished, for Lloyd Venner had gained such an influence over the foolish girl that the thought of refusing his demands did not occur to her. However, when her sister entered and aroused her temper, by her antagonism to her lover, she fired up at once, and gathering courage with every word, stood before her the picture of wilful determination.

Barbara sank into a sofa, her head resting on her large shapely white hand. She was gradually realizing the importance of the events which were passing in the household, to the significance of which her own negligence had rendered her blind. She recalled the presence of the two seamstresses that worked so busily in Bessie's dressing-room, and remembered that when she had spoken to the latter about them, she had answered that 'she was in need of a lot of new winter dresses.' And then poor Barbara remembered, also, with a sharp pang of self-reproach, that, although her last letter to her father had been begun with the express purpose of introducing Mr. Lloyd Venner to his notice, she had forgotten all about that insignificant, but exceedingly troublesome, personage, in the interest of a certain philosophical argument into which her treacherous pen had carried her. Now, thoroughly aroused, she resolved to send a peremptory summons to her parents to return home at once; in the meantime, she would watch day and night, if she had to lock her study-door, and sit with hands folded in the drawing-room. Bessie should never wed that dreadful young man while the worthy, the noble Dr. Grey stood waiting for her hand.

'Bessie, reflect upon what you are doing,' she said; 'we know nothing of this stranger whom you have allowed thus to blind your better judgment. Think of Dr. Grey, who has loved you so long and so patiently,

and remember, Bessie, my dear child, what a dreadful, what a wicked thing it would be to take such an ignoble advantage of your mother's absence.'

'Dr. Grey, indeed!' cried Bessie, with a laugh. 'Let me tell you, my dear old Bookworm, for I fear you will never find out for yourself, that it is you, not my unworthy self, that your excellent Doctor wants for his wife!'

Her sister looked at her with displeasure gathering in her face.

'What possible good can it do you to make such an absurd statement? Really, Bessie, I gave you credit for some sense!' she said severely.

'Well, I never gave you credit for any. So I'm not disappointed. Ha, ha, ha! But, Barbara, do be rational for once—marry the man who has been in love with you for years, and let me marry the one who wants me! Do, you dear old duck!'

And she threw her arms persuasively around her sister's neck. She did not repulse her, but after a moment's thought she said seriously: 'Bessie, you are so much in the habit of calling me by the name of some bird that I suspect you of a latent talent for the study of ornithology, I would advise you, my dear, to forget this vexatious affair in the pursuit of it.'

Bessie burst into a loud ringing laugh and ran from the room, firmly convinced that she could hood-wink her sister yet.

Barbara followed her at once. She dismissed the two seamstresses, paying them up to the expiration of the time for which Bessie had engaged them. Bessie did not mind this at all, for her trousseau was almost completed, and the best part of it securely packed away in a friend's house.

Mr. Venner was in the habit of visiting his betrothed every evening; he did not press her to name the day of their marriage, and as it was impossible for her parents to return within a certain time, Bessie was content to wait. Her sister was now always

present at their interviews, and her lover was so evidently annoyed and displeased that poor Bessie was troubled and anxious. Once or twice in the hall where she bade him good-night, he had even been rough and unkind in his manner, and as time went on, she was much perplexed. The truth was, Mr. Lloyd Venner was rather tired of the girl he had entrapped so easily and had begun to think the game was not worth the trouble, or the sacrifice of his freedom. One evening he did not come as usual, and Bessie, after flitting nervously around for a while, sat down to read. Presently Barbara entered with a shade of anxiety upon her face.

'Bessie, have you seen papa's gold-headed cane?' she said. 'That valuable one that the students gave him, I mean, and which he prizes so highly?'

'No, I don't remember having seen it for some time.'

'It usually stands in the hall, but is not there now; I have questioned the servants but they know nothing about it.'

'Nor do I, Barbara. It has evidently been stolen.'

At this moment the door bell rang, and a look of happiness flashed into Bessie's face while her sister's darkened with annoyance.

These expressions changed places, however, when the door opened, and Dr. Grey came in. He was a fine-looking young fellow with a tall, powerful figure, intellectual face and head, and a general air of talent and capability about him. His hair and moustache were blond, eyes clear, blue, and large, and features handsome and regular. Barbara glanced from him to her sister with a look that said, 'Look on this picture, and on that!' After he had taken a seat she told him about the loss of the cane, but he could only agree with her that it had been stolen from the hall. They talked together and Bessie read, or pretended to do so. She was disappointed at the non-

appearance of her lover, although she half-dreaded his coming now, for she knew that he hated Dr. Grey, while the but partially-concealed contempt with which he was regarded by the latter, made her face burn in spite of her love. But besides this, there was another cause for her disappointment. Bessie was little more than a child, though a wilful one, and Mr. Venner had promised to bring with him this evening a set of pearls, necklet, earrings, and pin—which Bessie had consigned to his keeping to have re-set. She was impatient to see how they were improved by the new setting, and when ten o'clock arrived without bringing either lover or jewels, she arose to go to bed with tears of vexation in her eyes. Before she had said good-night the bell rang again, and a servant entered and handed her a letter. She took it with a gratified smile as the man retired, saying no answer was required. Bessie just glanced at her sister and Dr. Grey for permission, and then tore it open. In a few moments they were both startled by a sharp cry, and turning quickly around, saw Bessie lying on the floor. She had slipped from the sofa in a dead faint. Her sister took the crushed paper from her hand, and Dr. Grey, seeing she began to recover almost immediately, lifted her gently on to the lounge.

'Read this?' said Barbara, handing him the letter. He glanced at her white face and blazing eyes, wondering to see such a change upon a reposeful countenance, then after a moment of hesitation, took the paper and read:

'DEAR MISS BROWN.—I find that constant contact with that iceberg of a sister of yours has cooled the love I once professed for your foolish little self. You will consequently excuse my future absence from your house, under the circumstances. Hoping you won't spoil your pretty eyes over my loss—you have still Dr. Grey, you know—I will say adieu.

'LLOYD VENNER.

'P. S.—I forgot to take the pearls to Stag's, so will keep them as a souvenir.

'L. V.'

'Dastard!' muttered Dr. Grey, between his clenched teeth. 'The infamous scoundrel!' And then as a shudder ran through the pitiful little form on the sofa, he knelt beside it and chafed the cold hands tenderly.

Bessie opened her eyes, and seeing the kind friendly face bending over her, she threw her arms around his neck and burst into a passion of sobs and tears upon his shoulder. Dr. Grey was not in the least disconcerted; he looked upon Bessie quite as a sister, and had known her almost from babyhood. He petted and soothed her into calmness, and turned to give some directions to her sister; she was gone. Barbara thinking that, at last, matters had adjusted themselves between these two as she wished, had glided from the room with all the discretion of a practised match-maker.

Dr. Grey gave his instructions to Bessie, exacted a promise that they should be obeyed, and left the house.

He returned next evening. Barbara was alone. He laid her father's cane upon the table.

'That villain has had enough of that!' he said, with a grim smile. 'But the pearls he had changed into gold; and, for Bessie's sake, I let them go!'

'Good heavens, is it possible?' exclaimed Barbara, betrayed into a demonstrative expression for once.

'Yes, Miss Barbara, the man is a thief—and worse! But we will hear no more of him; he has left the city.'

'I am glad and grateful,' she said, and before he could say another word she had left the room. He bit his lip and sighed, but sat down and waited for a few moments. Bessie came in looking both pale and wan. She started when she saw her father's cane lying on the table, and caught

hold of a chair, but only for a moment. Then she set her lips firmly together, and went over to the young doctor.

'Are you better?' he asked, with a smile.

'Oh, yes! Did you want me particularly, Harold?'

He looked at her inquiringly. She coloured faintly, then laughed softly and said:

'Barbara told me you wanted me! Harold, my sister is under the impression that you—that you always want me, and, as it's just a little awkward sometimes, I wish you would make her understand that it isn't me you want.'

And she gave him her hand and smiled in his face. He pressed her hand eagerly in his.

'Bessie, do you think I have any chance?' he cried. 'I have never dared to breathe a word to her. Your sister is not like other women, Bessie, you know.'

'Oh, but she is a woman all the same, and she loves you, too, only she doesn't know anything about it,' Bessie said, sagely.

Dr. Grey looked at her with an expression of half delight and half doubt.

'Try and see!' said Bessie. 'Only let me give you a piece of advice—put it to her in the plainest possible terms or she won't understand you.'

At this moment Barbara entered the room, and seeing the two sitting hand in hand, she beamed upon them and walked over to a little writing-desk. She did not write, however, but sat looking out of the window with a pensive face and a longing, far-away look in her beautiful eyes.

Bessie smiled and slipped away.

Harold Grey rose and stood beside the woman he had loved silently so long. She lifted her eyes and met his with all the strength of love beaming in them. She coloured very faintly, then she, too, rose and they stood looking at each other.

'Is it all settled? Has Bessie promised to marry you?' she asked, lay-

ing her hand upon his arm. He captured it with his other hand and held it tightly.

'It isn't settled at all, Barbara, but I want you to settle it now, this minute. Dearest Barbara, your sister Bessie is a sweet little thing, but I don't want her for my wife! I want you! I have always loved you, and you, if any one, must be my wife! Will you, darling?'

He gazed down upon her, smiling into her eyes when he found she did not draw back from him, and wondering if he had made himself sufficiently plain.

'How very strange!' murmured Barbara.

'I do not think it strange that I should love the loveliest and sweetest woman in all the world!' cried Dr. Grey, gaily. 'But tell me, Barbara, will you marry me?'

She looked at him with a sweet, half-bewildered smile.

'Why, yes, if you wish it, Harold—with pleasure.'

He drew her to his heart and pressed one passionate kiss upon her lips. She trembled all over, and blushed pink to the tips of her fingers.

Then she said softly:

'I believe I love you, Dr. Grey.'

'Then, am I the most blessed of men!' he said.

She clasped her hands together and placed them on his shoulder, and laid her smooth flushed cheek upon them, looking up at him dreamily.

'The sensation is very agreeable—very exhilarating!' she murmured, and then joined in the burst of merriment which the remarks drew from her lover, and from Bessie who had just opened the door. So Barbara married Dr. Grey, and Bessie went to live with them. She never found any one to build up her faith in mankind which Lloyd Venner had so cruelly shattered to its foundation. She was quite content to be 'old maiden aunt' to her sister's children, who

loved her almost as dearly as they did | than in the drawing-room—much,  
 their beautiful mother. | much oftener in his laboratory than

Dr. Grey worships his wife, and if | in her kitchen, he is pleased and hap-  
 she is more frequently in his study | py to have it so.

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THE FISHERMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THE water rushed, the water swelled,  
 A fisherman sat near,  
 And, musing, watched his line within  
 The cool and purling mere.  
 And as he sits, and as he lists,  
 The rising waves divide,  
 When forth there springs a water sprite  
 And sits down by his side.

She sang to him, she spake to him ;  
 " My fishes dost thou lure  
 With this thy worldly wit and guile  
 From element so pure ?  
 Couldst thou but know our peaceful life—  
 How free from every care,  
 Thou wouldest, even as thou art,  
 Descend our joy to share.

" Do not the sun and moon come down  
 To lave within the sea,  
 Arising from the ocean's breast,  
 In fuller radiancy ?  
 Doth not reflected heaven allure  
 Thee to this watery blue,  
 Nor even thine own countenance  
 In this eternal dew ? "

The water rushed, and as it touched  
 His naked feet, new bliss  
 Awoke within his yearning heart,  
 As it had been love's kiss.  
 She spake to him ; with liquid voice  
 And clear, her accents fell ;  
 Half drew him in : he sank beneath  
 The magic of her spell.

## CHIVALRY OR NOT CHIVALRY? CHIVALRY CERTAINLY.

BY O. YESSE.

THE question before us is as simple as need be. Is there or is there not from men towards women what we call chivalry, and do men prove it by their actions?

We may pass over the offence of making a young lady a present without giving her 'the privilege of choosing' what it shall be. I saw, the other day, a list of wedding gifts, a whole column of the paper long. It would have taxed the bride-to-be's ingenuity, that would. Nor need we dwell on the 'unsubstantial pudding'—a mere *vol au vent*—of a compliment. We all take kindly to them. I know I do, and do not enquire too curiously into them. Why should the men have them all? Ladies like them too, perhaps just the shadow of a shade better.

Let us turn to the solid pudding. Mr. Trollope said, it seems, 'they should be kept harmless while men suffer. They should be kept warm while men are cold. They should be kept safe while men are in danger. They should be enabled to live while men die in their defence.' Let us see whether this be true.

Some years ago, a ship called the *Northfleet*, at the outset of her voyage to Australia, with a large number, some hundreds, of emigrants—men, women, and children—was wrecked, as well as I remember, by collision with another vessel, off Dungeness in the British Channel. There was no hope but she must go down. There was panic and tumult of course. There was an indiscriminate rush, they knew not whither; for safety, they knew

not where. The captain, with a rifle in his hand from the ship's armoury, commanded them to fall back. They should all be saved, he told them, as far as time would allow, and he would be the last man to leave; but the women and children should go first, and he would shoot any man on the spot who should disobey, or in any way obstruct the performance of his orders. One man did disobey, and the captain shot him—shot him dead. The boats were got out, properly manned, and the greater part of the women and children were saved; but time was short; the ship went down with all remaining on board, the captain with them. This is no scenic effect, got up for show; it is historically true. If this was not chivalry towards women, please say what it was? If this was not being kept safe while men were in danger; if this was not being enabled to live while men died in their defence; please say what it was? But we have not done with it. Let us suppose that time had sufficed, and that all had been saved. A curious question arises as to the nature of the captain's act in shooting that man. Would he have been tried for murder, and, if not, why not? What right had he to shoot him? On what principle did he do it? Had not the man as much right to have his life saved as the women had their's? Was life not as dear to him as to them? Was he better prepared to meet a sudden and frightful death than they were? Were its terrors greater for them than for him? These questions are answered in one word—Chivalry. Had the captain

been tried and inevitably found guilty of the homicide, does anyone imagine that he would have had any more than a nominal punishment? And that this course would not have met with universal approval? One word answers it all—Chivalry—the highest form of chivalry of men towards women, chivalry rising above the strongest trial to which human nature can be subjected; chivalry undeniable, indisputable. And this was no isolated case. It can be matched by thousands of others. It is no more than every captain would do, has done. This captain was a Quixote *à la* ‘Cervantes smiled Spain’s chivalry away.’ It is the rule. If two persons are drowning, the woman is saved rather than the man. If two persons are falling into the flames, the woman is saved rather than the man. It is no more than firemen, lifeboat-men do every day. The chivalry of men would cry shame on them were it otherwise.

But, we are asked, ‘would any unselfish, true-hearted woman desire such privileges, or take advantage of them, if she could possibly help it?’ Is it not an ‘ignoble boon’ to offer to such noble, heroic women as Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling? The answer is that those women on board the *Northfleet* were not heroines. They were a promiscuous lot of women taken at random from human nature as it stands. They were such as other women are, true-hearted and unselfish, some of them, we will not libel them by doubting. But we may well doubt whether among them all, one hundred and fifty say (but, for that matter, we might as well say a hundred and fifty thousand), there was one Florence Nightingale or one Grace Darling. The fact is before us; they did take advantage of the privilege, and who shall condemn these poor terrified women? Not I, for one. How many of us cherish these transcendental notions? When captives are to be decimated, and the lot falls on one unhappy wretch, do the other

nine contend which of them shall take his place? When an unfortunate conscript is drawn, do the other young men rush forward to see who shall soonest be his substitute?

The great and fatal mistake—and they will persist in making it—of all these lady-writers is that they believe—or affect to believe, it cannot be more than that—that womankind is made up of Florence Nightingales and Grace Darlings and Maria Therasas. They are there, to be sure; but I can give these writers a hand, I can go a step higher than they do, I can cap the climax for them, I can crown the apex with Sisters of Charity. If there be angels on earth, methinks they be these. All this is grand and good to look upon. But there is a reverse to the medal. Look upon that picture and on this; there is the other extremity. Whom have we here, squatting on an inverted basket? A fish-fag, wrapped in a man’s old coat and hat, talking billingsgate, reeling with gin, odorous of fish, and sucking a short black pipe. ‘Well, what is all that to you,’ she says, ‘if I am a “drudge,” I earn an honest living, and that’s more nor some does. There’s worse nor me.’ Ah, there are, my good woman, much worse. Let us take the train to Tooting Common, and pay a visit to this baby-farmer. She makes a living by starving infants to death, or rather, she gets her hanging for it. Can this be a woman? Can maternal instincts come to this? Even so. It is a dreadful thing to hang a woman, but it has been done, and done righteously. We have no partialities, no preference for one sex over the other. Crime is crime, find it where you may.

There is another line which has extremities too; we find Howard at one end, and Burke and Hare at the other; greater monsters, perhaps, have not lived. What would you? There are saints and sinners, male and female; there must be scaffolds, and halters, and hangmen.

Between these extremes, then, we have every conceivable grade, fair and foul, no two alike. A baby-farmer is a rare monster, but a Florence Nightingale is just as remarkable a phenomenon. We never hear of another; we never hear of a second Grace Darling. With the best will in the world to multiply them, if they could (we may make sure of that), these ladies bring them up again and again; they ring the changes upon marvelously few of their select women. We might almost fancy women crying, 'Save us from our friends!'

Let us change the picture again. The varieties are infinite. Gaze at this drawing-room beauty, shimmering in all the sheen of gauze, and lace, and jewels. Her dress is made by a 'woman's tailor,' with so exact a nicety, that every line and every part of her form is seen in its proportionate relief. There is all the beauty and grace of the sculptured and pictured Venuses in that glorious little gallery called the Tribune, at Florence; all the charms of those famous nudités without their immodesty. Her beauty is heightened with all the devices with which Piesse and Lubin can supply her—Piesse and Lubin, who begin their advertisement in the mother-tongue, but are soon driven to the mystery of French, and, having exhausted that, have still 'many little secrets' behind, which can be trusted to no language, however little generally understood by any 'Peeping Tom,' who might pry into them. What business is it of his? I am not quite clear about that. As long ago as the *Spectator*, one of his correspondents asked him whether he would not be justified in putting away a woman who was not the same woman that he had married? And Hawthorne tells a story of a bride who was upset out of a coach, on her wedding-day, and literally fell all to pieces, so that her husband looked about to see what had become of her. (Of course, we may expect that Hawthorne and Addison—what, the mild, gentle Ad-

dison?—will be credited with 'coarse sneers, heartless ridicule, and insulting scorn' like 'Congreve, Prior, Pope, Swift, and Gay.')

Our drawing-room belle is surrounded by admirers; she sits upon beauty's throne; she has the ball at her feet; kick it, my lady, while you can. Here are some of society's artificialities of Chivalry. We care not to discuss them. Drawing-rooms are no strangers to mock-jewellery now-a-days.

Would you see the other side of the canvass? It is well to see all. Take my arm, get your hat and overcoat from a flunkey in primrose plush in the hall, give him his tip, and pass out. Button your coat well up—'the wind bites shrewdly, it is bitter cold.' Ah! whom, we had almost said what, have we here? A wretched creature, shivering and starving, half-clad (but that she might be in the ball room) in frowsy rags; a tattered shawl drawn close round her head and face (seamed and distorted with the small-pox) which she clutches with a bony hand over her flat bosom. There is an odour of uncleanness. Cast it not up to her, it is not her fault—now. Gently lay a coin, and see that it be not a small one, on her outstretched palm, and pity her from the very bottom of your heart. Do not follow her to the den where she makes her lair. There is nothing to see there; no rose-coloured curtains; no baths with hot and cold water laid on; no Turkish towels; no fresh air; no fire with night-dress airing before it; no clean sheets; no change of linen. There are no cosmetics, none of the making up of a beauty; Piesse and Lubin do not deal with this class of customers.

Well, between those extremes which, after all, we have but faintly shadowed out, there is every imaginable gradation (we have already said so, we believe), some who touch the highest, who are an honour and glory to womanhood; some who are only a short step above the lowest. There is no standard of womankind. There is no



hall-mark ; the 'best Sheffield plate' is as good as silver—to look at. One is almost ashamed of uttering such truisms.

It is infinitely amusing to have put before us little selected bits, as so much gospel, from Wordsworth or whom not. We are innocently asked to take his word for a 'Perfect Woman.' Yes, willingly ; but then how many perfect women are there? Was there ever one? Was ever either man or woman perfect? And one of the drollest of all droll things is to find Charles Lamb quoted seriously. The most fantastic of all writers he was ; never happier than when delivering himself of some grotesque eccentricity ; the more extravagant, the more he split his sleeve, and the more we all grinned with him. Men, he said, are divided into two orders, the borrowers and the lenders ; the former are all that is open, free, frank and big-hearted, the latter a parcel of miserable curmudgeons, actually asking for their own. Charles Lamb of all men! The very fact that he spoke of 'more than half the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world being performed by women' is enough to make one set it down as some maggot of his own. And so we find it. The truth is absolutely the contrary. Take the vast bulk of drudgery and coarse servitude performed by humanity, and you will find an enormous preponderance done by men. Look at navvies ; look at scavengers ; look at stablemen ; how many more? Pshaw ! these Charles Lamb bubbles are burst with a breath.

But, admitted that women perform drudgery. Who is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred inflicts that drudgery upon women? We hear of 'standing at the wash-tub' as about the lowest depth of drudgery, yet what woman hesitates to make another woman stand at the wash-tub for her? When women, of all ranks, themselves perform all the drudgery which they would scorn to task another woman with, then let us hear of the drudgery inflicted upon women. Lady Trans-

centalissima comes to this at last, that she cannot perform the drudgery of drawing on her stockings or brushing her hair. She keeps her maid up with aching eyelids three fourths of the night because my lady cannot go through the drudgery of putting her self to bed. And, as for making her own dresses or clothes, what does Lady Transcendentalissima reckon of the girls sewing with closing eyes and aching brains, for twenty hours at a stretch, kept awake with strong coffee, under a cruel task-mistress?

Or look at it in this way. If the widow Jones, left with a large family, is not to get bread for her children by honest labour, is to be above drudgery, how is she to get it? Is she to waste her time in idleness, and come upon the town or township for relief? Is she to be degraded to a pauper? Or is her neighbour Smith, who has enough to do to make both ends meet, to support the late Jones' progeny as well as his own, to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for both? And then, when the Miss Joneses grow up, are they to be kept loitering about the streets, looking into the shop windows, with all their glittering temptations? Are they not to be allowed to go out to service, where they will be under wholesome discipline and learn to manage their own households when in good time they shall have them? where they may honestly earn those fripperies and fineries which they prize so highly, and which they *will* have, honestly if they can, but in some way or other. They may come to be thrown on the streets in a very different sense, and then there will be lamentations over their ruin. Yes, their ruin is very shocking, it makes every true heart bleed ; but whose fault has it been? The fault of those visionaries who have told them that drudgery, as they choose to call it, is a degradation to a woman. Rap, if you please. Arise—oh, no, I beg his pardon—descend the spirit of Charles Lamb. Well, sir,

what have you to say for yourself? 'Pooh! Pooh!' it says, 'if I chose to play the fool, and wear the cap and bells, and you were simple enough to take it all seriously, are you going to put it all off on my shoulders? I was thought to do it very charmingly well, and I am really very much mortified that you should have taken me for a wise man. Did you not know that idleness is the root of all evil? In my time every schoolboy was told that.'

I live in an average, ordinary community. I have had long and very favourable opportunities of examination. I have made an approximate calculation, and I venture to assert—let those disprove it who can—that the labour performed by men is at least seven times as much as that done by women; and more, if the women were multiplied by seven, they could not do the men's work. I was greatly pleased, when I arrived at this result, to find that women could dispense with doing more. Please to propose a recipe for knocking off that one-seventh. 'Barkiss is willin'.' Such terms as 'coarse drudgery' would not be of my choosing; I would rather speak of the 'dignity of labour.'

I have got thus far without much difficulty. But what remains to be noticed is so extremely damaging to women that I hardly know how to deal with it without an appearance of unfairness, which I am particularly anxious to avoid. If I were a woman with this great cause—whatever it may be—so much at heart, I would say, 'My dear sisters, beware of the pen; it is a dangerous little implement, and, in our hands, is apt to play most mischievous pranks.' I have but this very moment read a 'Lady's Letter' in an old country paper. She speaks of some ladies at the Grosvenor Gallery so 'disguised and disfigured by extraordinary eccentricity of dress as to cause quite a sensation in the crowd, and to be actually mobbed.' These same ladies she afterwards finds at the Albermarle Club, a mixed club of men

and women, where, with others of the same stamp, they behave in an exceedingly unladylike manner, which is their frequent habit. Presently, she has occasion to speak of cats, which, it seems, are taking the place of lap dogs. She remarks upon 'the inconsistencies of a cat's nature, its varying humours and strange fancies, and of its feminine characteristics generally, which any one who has made the female mind his study will easily recognise as the elements of worry and uncertainty which are sure to find their way into matrimonial establishments.' Pray do not lose the full force of that—read it again. Yet this very lady, having volunteered all this, about which she might have kept silence, says 'she is sorry that the enemies of female enfranchisement should thus have other arguments given them wherewith to revile.' To *revile!* Now all that is these ladies to a nicety. They cut one another up with a sharper pen than any man ever uses, and then they say that men 'revile.'

It would have been better not to have told the story about Maria Theresa. It is very well told, but it comes to this—that the highest compliment that could be paid her was to call her a 'king;' to liken her to a man; to attribute to her masculine excellence and superiority. This is not much. Well it were if there were no worse to come. It was unwise to say that 'weakness, in fact, can never be anything but a poor and pitiable negation. All the best things earth has to bestow, and the kingdom of heaven itself, are won by strength—strength of energy, courage, intellect, virtue, love, and strength in other ways' which need not be all enumerated. It was unwise to say so, because very soon afterward we are told that 'women are the weaker,' so weak that when 'the large-minded, heroic men of Queen Elizabeth's time' were transformed into 'profligate fops,' and 'coarse, brutal sots and sensualists,' they were, 'in this downward course, most dutifully followed by women.'

That is, they have not the 'strength' to strike out their own path, and to keep to it, but can only follow where men lead. Far, indeed, very far be it from me to say what may be the feminine of profligate fops and of coarse brutal sots and sensualists; but that is what we are given to understand that women became; insomuch that they were the objects of 'heartless ridicule and insulting scorn,' from the same class of men who have, both before and since, treated of them in a 'pure and noble tone.' It seems a little difficult to understand why heartless ridicule and insulting scorn should excite indignation in any one who applies to whole generations of men such terms as profligate fops, and to other whole generations of men such terms as coarse and brutal sots and sensualists. It would appear that from the 'moral degradation' of that pit women would not have 'emerged,' except by the helping hand which the 'generous recognition' of men, who had again changed, held out to them. There is here no intentional misrepresentation nor exaggeration, yet I am startled at what I have written. I desire to refer the reader to the February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. Let it not be taken on my authority, but on that of the writer there.

Then it is admitted that 'of late symptoms of an evil reaction have appeared, especially among the women of what is called "society."' Otherwise such a satire as the *Girl of the Period*, we are told, could never have appeared. Nor, which is 'more conclusive still, could certain popular novels by lady novelists, conveying the most odious and hateful, though apparently quite involuntary and unconscious satire' (which makes it so much the worse) 'on the writers and on all their sex, have ever had an existence.' This, one would think, is about as strong as it could be made, yet is understated. Nothing more damaging to the estimation in which women ought to be held could possibly be imagined than the books

which they write about themselves. Examples are at hand in abundance, but they shall not be inflicted upon the reader. I do not find any attempt to account for this 'evil reaction.' We are told 'that it has no doubt sprung from various causes.' What causes? There is no hint here that women have been dragged down by men. It is left in mystery. Were there any sufficient or satisfactory causes, it was most important that they should be stated. In their absence we are compelled to believe in their non-existence. We are told, however, that 'past experience seems to prove that, as long as women are taught to believe their chief end in life is to please men, their worth and dignity can never have a sound and secure foundation. They will always be tempted to seek their object by ignoble and debasing means, and to sacrifice delicacy, truth, and principle in the pursuit.' It is most devoutly to be wished, on behalf of both men and women, that past experience proves no such thing, for it is difficult to say to which of the sexes it is the more discreditable. Let us rejoice that all this is mere matter of opinion; that a margin is left us at least. Past experience *seems* to prove. They will always be *tempted*. Are we to understand that they resist the temptation or yield to it? If the former, how does this writer know that such temptation is ever felt? It is so much waste paper. We have nothing to do with temptations. An offence must be known to have been committed before anyone can be charged with it.

We must suppose that it is not said without authority that women 'are taught to believe their chief end in life is to please men.' But then comes the question, who teaches them? And what force does this teaching carry with it? It is answered for us at page 301 of the September Number of this Magazine for 1878 in an article called 'Women's Work.' There we are told that it is 'natural' for mothers to set before daughters as the

end and aim of their being that they may be well married. Well, if this teaching is *natural*, it will continue, because a nature which has existed for all time, and which, like all nature, is ineradicable, will certainly not be set aside by any crotchets of 1880, or of any other particular period. Let us devoutly hope then, I say, that women may continue to desire to please men—for they *will* continue—without all the disastrous consequences to the feminine character that are here associated with that desire; that the everlasting relations between the sexes may endure without women losing their worth and dignity, without their resorting to any ignoble and debasing means, without their sacrifice of delicacy, truth, and principle. A most comprehensive degradation of character, indeed!

Let us do this writer no injustice if we can help it. There may be some limitation intended. It may be meant that, if it be made not the chief, but only the partial end in life, all these pernicious results may not ensue. Very good. But it is certainly strongly suggested that, *so far* at least as it is made the end of life, *so far* must these bad consequences follow. It would certainly be the obvious conclusion that it must be a question of degree only. There must be more or less of ignoble and debasing means, and all the rest of it. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled at all, even though you do not bury your whole hands in it.

The life of women consists of two momentous periods—before marriage and after it. Let us take the first in order of time. This happens to *all* women, whether ultimately married or not. Now, all the world knows that, at that time—the younger years of life—it is woman's chief end in life to please men. If we had not the authority for it that I have quoted above, and of all the multitude of women's own books, we might read it for ourselves in the Great Book of Nature.

They may be students, writers, poets, artists, actresses, musicians—nay, as we have seen, the other day, mathematicians, they will still have the same end in life. They will still desire to please men, to marry; to fulfil their destiny, to become wives and mothers. Else they are not women. 'And what for no?' Are we to suppose that this cannot be with perfect innocence, without loss of worth and dignity, without resorting to ignoble and debasing means, without sacrifice of delicacy, truth, and principle? Forbid the idea! Otherwise, what sort of women must men have to make wives of? Deterioration of character such as that is irremediable. A woman is not untrue to-day and true to-morrow; she may be, but it will be by mere accident; you cannot count upon it.

Then let us take the period after marriage. Let us imagine a gentle, simple, pure, true, kind-hearted woman; no genius, with no special pursuit, with no turn for anything. Her whole aim in life is to please her husband—we may surely, without any great stretch, suppose him worthy of it—she shares his joys and his griefs, his successes and his misfortunes; she exults in his glory; when the world frowns upon him, she clings to him. She is proud of her children because they are his; she delights in the ordering of her household because it is for his comfort. She has never heard of Woman's Rights, and would not know what they meant if she had. She may be a poor, spiritless creature, but she fulfils her destiny; she does her duty; she carries an easy conscience, and she is happy. Read Washington Irving's 'Sketch' of 'The Wife,' written in the kindest possible spirit towards women, but before Rights came into fashion. Shall it be said that such women lose their worth and dignity, resort to ignoble and debasing means, and sacrifice their delicacy, truth, and principle?

Here then we have two periods in

the lives of women. In the one they do, and in the other they may, make it their chief end and aim to please men. This may be matter for censure, according to opinion. But it is safe to say that the judgment delivered upon it in this case is outrageously severe. It is difficult to account for the use of such words. Try changing them in form, but not in substance—unworthy and undignified, ignoble and debasing, indelicate, untrue, and unprincipled. The best hope is that it is an instance of betrayal by the pen. If it should have been written by an avowed advocate of 'Women's Rights,' who dreams of seeing 'Woman walking by the side of Man, legally, politically, and socially his equal' (socially

women are a great deal more than the equals of men already) passes comprehension.

What sort of opinion of men must be entertained by women, who think that they render themselves most acceptable to them by loss of worth and dignity, by ignoble and debasing means, by sacrifice of delicacy, truth and principle, I have not thought it worth while to consider. To appreciate this duly, it must be taken in conjunction with the 'profligate fops,' and 'course and brutal sots and sensualists.'

When compliments of this kind are flying about one's head, it is best for him to retire out of the way.

## MARY MAGDALEN :

AN EASTER POEM.

BY FIDELIS.

IN the still garden—wet with early showers,  
Ere yet the Easter sun had risen fair,  
Or waked to opening life the April flowers,  
She walked—sad-hearted—there.

And, when the voice her heart might well have known  
Broke gently on her sorrow and despair,  
She mourning said, "My Lord is taken hence,  
Alas! I know not where!"

*Then*, only, when He spoke her name aloud,  
As He alone could say it—sorrow passed  
Into adoring joy, as low she bowed  
Before her Lord— at last!

So often, in this dim gray life of ours  
That holds but promise of the day to be,  
We wander weary and disconsolate—  
Still asking—"Where is He?"

We thought that He had our Redeemer been,  
Looked for His loving Presence evermore,  
And now, men tell us we may look in vain  
For Him—from shore to shore!

For they have sent their curious gaze afar,  
 And found Him not in matter or in thought,  
 Through boundless space, to Earth's remotest star,  
 They tell us "He is *not*!"

And, looking far away, with tear-dimmed eyes,  
 And hearts that ache for lack of outward sign,  
 We miss the very Presence by our side,  
 So human, so Divine!

So, knowing not the voice that spoke so clear,  
 From heart to heart, all through our wandering way,  
 We mourn as lost the Lord who is so near,  
 Whom *none* can take away!

We touch His garment, and we know it not,  
 Yet healing flows through every throbbing vein;  
 His smile of peace breaks through our troubled thought,  
 Like sunshine through the rain.

His voice is speaking through our dreariest hours,  
 In tenderest tones—had we but ears to hear—  
 His loving hand is ever clasping ours,  
 When none, we think, is near!

When the sad heart is sore with thankless toil,  
 And conflict all unknown to outward sight,  
 He stills the tossing tempest of the soul,  
 And gives "songs in the night."

And even when our faith, we think, is dead,  
 And dearest hopes to disappointment turn,  
 Unknown, He joins us on our sorrowing way  
 And makes our cold hearts burn.

But when, in some sharp crisis of our life,  
 The dumb heart sinks without a hope or claim,  
 The Lord reveals Himself in power at last,  
 And speaks our very name.

And losing doubt in certainty most sweet,  
 And filled with shame for blindness lasting long,  
 We own our Master, cast us at His feet,  
 Loved, yet unknown so long.

*Then*, the dim dawn turns to the Easter Day,  
 We go, with hearts that love and gladness fill,  
 To tell of Him they have *not* taken away,  
 The Lord is with us still!

## A CRITICISM OF MR. NORRIS'S ARTICLE ON 'CANADIAN NATIONALITY.'

BY BENJAMIN W. R. TAYLER, HALIFAX.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the last number of this Magazine urges a plea for a distinct Canadian nationality, which, although by no means a novel subject, should certainly be credited with a decided originality of handling. Unfortunately, however, originality does not constitute, in the minds of thoughtful men of sober judgment, a desideratum for novel experiments, such as suggested by the writer of the article in question, and experience teaches that it is not always wise to depart from well-regulated custom, unless such custom has been found insufficient, or until new ways and means have been devised which are superior to the old ones.

It would be useless to deny that a proper sense of our importance as a Dominion has sprung up in the breasts of the majority of the Canadian people; but opinions, privately and publicly expressed, rather show a desire for closer connection with the Mother Country than for absolute independence. Take, for instance, the utterances of the press of Canada. With only a couple of exceptions, they maintain a tone of unswerving loyalty to the Empire, and the exceptions mentioned are confined to two or three weekly or monthly publications, which, if we except one of them, have really little or no influence among us. Two questions which would naturally be asked by a disinterested outsider would be, 1st, Has the Dominion of Canada any desire for absolute independence? 2nd, Does England desire a severance of the connection which binds to her four millions of loyal Canadian subjects? To both these questions the answer would be: No! In the first place,

if Canada wished to assume independence, the press (which, after all, is the great exponent of public opinion) would not be slow in according publicity to such expressions. Read the leading organs of public opinion in Canada. Would any right-thinking man question the devoted loyalty to the Imperial Crown? Would it be possible for those journals to publicly declare that, above all things, British connection was desirable, and privately hold opposite opinions? If such were the case they would be traitors to themselves and to their patrons; and, in a land where the liberty of the press is guaranteed, Editors need not be in terror of imprisonment and stripes for giving expression to what they deemed the best course to pursue in ensuring the welfare of their country. In the second place, passing events prove undeniably that the British Government is becoming more alive every day to the importance of its colonial possessions, and, rather than weaken the ties which bind us together, is seeking to strengthen them in more ways than one.

It seems a pity that the writer of the article on 'Canadian Nationality' should betray his political predilections with regard to Imperial affairs, and uphold English Liberalism as the embodiment of all that is perfect, while he denounces the Conservative party with such choice epithets as 'Tories' and 'Jingoes.' He states that 'Jingoism is on its last legs in England . . . and Afghanistan is to be its grave.' Does he expect the Canadian people to consider him as an oracle on such subjects, and this in face of the triumphant election of the Conservative candidate for Liverpool?

Possibly, however, an overthrow of the Beaconsfield Government would, in a certain measure, promote the views of so-called Colonial Emancipators, for Mr. Gladstone, backed up by John Bright and other Liberal lights in England, have been notoriously antagonistic to the colonies, while it has been the fixed policy of Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet to spare no expense in protecting our fellow-colonists, as witness the very cases cited—the wars in Zululand and Afghanistan. Millions have been expended from the Imperial Treasury for the purpose of increasing colonial defences since the advent of the Conservative Government in England, which were never thought of during the Gladstone Administration; and it is not hazarding a rash opinion, but uttering a well-attested fact, when the statement is here made that the Colonies have never been so well cared for by the Home Government at any period in their history as during the last seven years.

Now, supposing that Canada was an independent country, 'with her independence guaranteed by England,' as the writer humorously expresses it, how would independence elevate the character and status of the people? Would it elevate them socially? Why then hold the opinion that we require no social elevation, being, like the American people, without hereditary rank and landed privileges? I fail to see how independence would affect us socially, unless the snobbery of some of our wealthier classes were put a stop to by national legislation. Would independence enable us to secure more favourable loans in the British or any other money market? Would it put an end to the bitter party-spirit that dominates our politics? Would it increase the revenue? Would it lessen taxation? And, lastly, would the people of the Maritime Provinces submit to a nationality in which the influences of the Upper Provinces would so largely predominate? The argument used

that the United States show signs of an early dissolution has no bearing on the subject whatever, and even this statement may be reasonably questioned, for we hear every day that that country is more prosperous now than at any time since the Civil War; but admitting the assertions as correct, 'that they are in a dilemma, either horn of which is fatal,' that 'they must submit either to the mob and the commune, and see their cities blaze away as they did three years ago, or to a standing army and a general who will destroy their institutions and make himself dictator.' Admitting these possibilities, what guarantee have we that we may not be in a similar position at the end of the first century of our existence, were our independence assured? If 'nations on this Continent grow with prodigious strides' and 'the United States are fast hastening to a premature old age,' what miracle would prevent us from sharing the same fate? Surely the writer of 'Canadian Nationality' perceives that the very arguments advanced by him are, if carefully looked into, condemnatory of his theory.

'There is little to be done,' he writes. 'A Governor elected every seven years by both Houses of Parliament, the appointment of a small diplomatic body, and the adoption of a flag, are all that is needful.' This is indeed a charming solution of a very difficult question. Pray what more power would be placed in the hands of a Canadian Governor than in one of Imperial appointment? And if the elections, which take place every four years, should cause a change of Government ere the Governor's term of office has expired, what a delightful prospect it would be for future politicians to contemplate, a strong Protectionist Conservative Governor and an out-and-out Liberal Free-Trade Cabinet. Then political questions rivalling in intricacy the Letellier affair would crop up, and how would these questions



be settled? By referring them to England as that question was? Oh, certainly not! because you know we are independent of England. By international arbitration? The internal affairs of a country cannot be submitted to outside arbitration. By civil war? That would seem to be the only way out of the difficulty, and we would indeed present a pitiable sight to the civilized world. Instead of its bearing any similarity to the American Civil War—instead of its being North *versus* South, or East *versus* West—it would be a bitter fight for temporary superiority in every section of the Dominion. Tory would be arrayed against Grit, and the scenes of the French Revolution of 1790 would be a camp-meeting in quietness compared to the fierce conflicts of the Canadian people. This question alone presents such a variety of other minor ones that the mind is appalled in thinking of them. The 'adoption of a flag' is evidently meant by the writer as a grim bit of humour. The 'red, white, and green, vertically placed,' is as original a device as could be possibly thought of, and I would advise the writer, in all friendliness, to open up communication with the numerous Central and South American States, and offer to supply them with new devices for flags after every successful revolution. As revolutions take place regularly every month in those highly-favoured countries, the inventor would reap a rich reward for his ingenuity. But why should the colours be chosen to represent only the English, Scotch, French and Irish, and why preserve their old national colours in the assumption of a new nationality? Are the Germans to be neglected, and how about the Icelanders, and Russian Mennonites, the Indian aborigines, and the Chinese in British Columbia? Why not string the thing out to infinity and make a rainbow of the affair, and have for

a national coat-of-arms the beaver, dressed *à la* John Bull, having a green feather and a white lily twined in its hat (the latter being of Canadian manufacture, of course) playing the Canadian National Anthem on a Scotch bagpipe. This would strike terror to the hearts of all our enemies, especially the Americans; and the inspired bards of Canada would write national patriotic hymns, something like the following which I read in an American paper a few years ago:

'The beaver gaily climbs to the top  
Of the lofty maple tree,  
And shrieks aloud its clarion notes  
In wild triumphant glee.  
With attitude erect and fierce,  
He dares the eagle's beak;  
And flaps his tail in the summer breeze,  
With a wild, defiant shriek.'

Independence may seem to some the acme of happiness, power, and prosperity; but Canada has a far brighter future before her by continuing loyal to the Crown, than by assuming a separate nationality. The British nation is waking up to the importance of Imperial Federation, the solidification of the Empire, and proper representation of Colonial interests in an Imperial Parliament. This would place us on a surer footing and safer foundation than independence, and as representation would probably be proportionate to the population, Canada, as the future home of the millions of English, Scotch, and Irish immigrants, would have a powerful voice in the counsels of the Empire. I am not, however, discussing the question of Imperial Federation, but nevertheless, believe, that it will be the inevitable outcome of a sound and healthy public opinion, which will bind the Colonies more closely to the Mother Country, and will be the means of a proper solidification of that Empire 'over which the sun never sets.'

## DOWN SOUTH IN A SAIL-BOAT.

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

## I.

SINCE Mr. Macgregor made his celebrated trip in the first *Rob-Roy Canoe*, much attention has been given to 'cruising' by those owners of boats and canoes who can command leisure-time for voyaging in their own little craft. The many interior water-courses of this great continent afford an inexhaustible variety of cruising grounds. There are few better things than a boat-cruise to tone up the nervous system and brush away the cobwebs generally, in the case of the average city man of sedentary pursuits. The monotony, foul air, and muscular inactivity of his daily life give place to adventurous novelty, pure air, and steady exercise. He usually comes back 'feeling like another fellah,' and all the more appreciative of home comforts from having been awhile without them.

The writer hereof recently made a boat-trip from Toronto to the Gulf of Mexico. Considerable preliminary knowledge is desirable for a long trip like this; knowledge both about the country to be travelled and the best kind of craft to use. The lack of this in my case led to some mistakes and mishaps, whilst furnishing me with a large quantity of that high-priced article called experience. A frequent plan for a voyage of this kind is to use a light canoe; depend chiefly on the oars for propulsion; carry a small tent; and cook and sleep on shore. Another plan is to take a larger boat, fitted with a rain-proof shelter; to use sail more; and to cook and sleep on board of the boat whilst it is either anchored or

hauled ashore. I adopted the second plan, intending to use my sail almost exclusively, as I was too weak for continuous rowing. My intention was to live in the open air for some months; my object, health.

First, then, a brief description of my boat. She was nearly sixteen feet long, four feet wide, and sixteen inches deep, partly decked over with half-inch pine, leaving only an open cockpit about seven feet long in the centre, surrounded by a high combing. Water-tight compartments occupied the extreme stem and stern; they were made of galvanized iron, fitted to the boat's shape, and complete in themselves. She was clinker-built, had a deep oaken keel, and was rigged with mainsail and jib. Under the aft-deck was a nest of drawers, containing provisions, books, toilet requisites, etc., etc. One has to be exceedingly methodical with the multifarious articles needed in a cruise, or they will be a constant source of bother and confusion. Un-arranged, they have a continual tendency to collect in the bottom of the boat, when a little trampling makes the thing complete. My clothing was all kept in water-tight bags, made of cotton duck, and dressed over with a mixture of linseed oil and beeswax. When these were filled, and tied securely round the neck, you might pitch them overboard for a cruise on their own account, and their contents would still remain 'dry goods.' These bags served for pillows. My four blankets were also in a water-proof bag: 'Keep your blankets dry,' is a fundamental rule for the *voyageur*. My gun, water-proof coat, towels, etc., were thrust

into straps nailed at intervals around and below the combing. The outfit comprised also a 15-lb. anchor, 120 feet of 7-16ths of an inch Manilla rope for a cable, two good pulley blocks, and a mariner's compass.

The result of all this was a strong, handsome, comfortable craft, which sailed well, and lay very close to the wind; but she had some serious defects, about which I will be frank. Her weight was excessive, and part of it too high up. At first she carried too much sail and too heavy a boom; but this I changed *en route*. Her long deep keel made her rather slow in 'going about' and turning with the oar, and awkward to haul ashore. Though standing up stiffly under a moderate breeze, and having a 'good run aft,' she was rather too flat in the floor, and much too sharp in the bow, especially above water. Considering her great weight, she was not hard to row. I named her *The N. H. Bishop*, after an American gentleman living at Lake George, N. Y., who, in 1875 and 1876, travelled from Pittsburg to Florida in a duck-boat. He afterwards wrote an account of his voyage, which was not published when I started.

I desired to make the whole journey by water, and my projected route was *via* Lake Ontario, from Toronto to Port Dalhousie; through the Welland Canal to Port Colborne; *via* Lake Erie to Cleveland or Toledo; and thence by canal to the Ohio River, at Portsmouth or Cincinnati, making a total journey of between 500 and 600 miles. From Cincinnati I had a noble waterway of 1,500 miles on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans.

A mere outline of my journey to Cincinnati will be sufficient. With a companion, I set sail in my boat from the boat-house of G. & J. Wharin, Toronto, on October 2nd, 1879, and coasted along the Lake to Port Dalhousie. We were capsized in a squall near Port Credit; righted the boat without assistance, went ashore, 'fixed' things up, and proceeded to Port Dal-

housie. Lake Erie being dangerous for small boats in the fall, we embarked ourselves and boat on the schooner *A. Muir*, which took us through the Welland Canal, and along Lake Erie to Detroit. This was the terminus of my friend's journey, and I proceeded alone in my boat to Toledo, sailing along the western shore of the Detroit River and Lake Erie. At Toledo I found that the canal authorities had dispensed with most of the lock tenders, in consequence of the keen railway competition; so that I would have either to do, or to hire, the lockage through forty or fifty locks, besides paying the clearance fee of five dollars. Desiring to avoid this, I forwarded my boat and went by railway to Cincinnati; which I reached on Friday, October 24. Here a chance inquiry at a bookseller's led to my introduction to members of the Cincinnati Canoe Club (a jolly brotherhood of five), from whom I received a cordial welcome as a brother canoeist. Mr. Lucien Wulsin gave me letters of introduction to Louisville, Kentucky; and Mr. George B. Ellard took me under his wing generally. Chief-Justice Longworth, of the Court of Common Pleas of the State of Ohio, is the founder of the Club, and is an active member. Their head-quarters is at Ross Lake, Carthage, a large pond ten miles from the city. Here they keep their canoes, seven in number, and have a small frame club house. In the summer they usually make a long trip down some river; last summer it was the Alleghany. They meet weekly at the club-house, with a coloured cook to attend to creature comforts for them. On the day of my visit there was a race between two Rob-Roy canoes — the *Skipjack*, Commodore Longworth, and the *Kelpie*, Commander Ellard. A third Rob Roy, the *Pollywog*, was prevented by the illness of its owner from entering the contest; but the *Pollywog* sufficiently distinguished herself by capsizing and throwing into three feet of water \*

visitor who essayed to paddle in too careless a manner. I hasten to remark that the *Pollywog's* victim was *not* the writer of this history. Notwithstanding the crankiness of these little canoes, the race was made under sail—twice to windward round a buoy and return—ten strokes of the paddle allowed in 'going about,' there being no rudders. The *Skipjack* carried two leg-o'-mutton sails and a jib, the top clew of the jib being fastened to one of the rings of the foresail, in lieu of a halyard. Portions of bamboo fishing-rods formed the booms. Mr. Longworth had the jib-sheet in his teeth, the fore-sheet in one hand, and the main-sheet looped to his toe, in pursuance of the golden rule in sailing small boats—never tie your sheet. Mr. Ellard had only two sheets to manage, the *Kelpie* being jibless, with a lug foresail and a leg-o'-mutton mainsail. The prize contended for was a handsome breast-pin, the property of the Club, bearing the word 'Champion,' and the holder is liable to instant challenge on club days. Sometimes a condition of the race is that all the canoes are to be capsized on a given signal, the contestants having then to clamber back into their canoes and finish the race; but that was not so to-day. The racers managed their canoes with considerable adroitness in the gusty wind of the pond. Indeed, their skill was needed in order to keep right side up. Sometimes one of them would suddenly thrust his leg and paddle-arm out to windward, by way of 'shifting ballast.' These canoes under sail are fairy-like little craft. Some chaff took place about my Scotch bonnet before the start. It was found to add a sea-manlike finish to Mr. Ellard's resolute countenance, and he wore it during the race. The Judge suffered a defeat, but consoled himself by ascribing it to the head-gear of his opponent. It took all the heart out of him, he said, to sail against such a fierce-looking pirate.

Mr. Longworth has the reputation

of great ability, impartiality, and uprightness as a judge. His father, who is reputed to be a millionaire, was the introducer of the Catawba wine-grape into Ohio. They reside together on the beautiful estate at Rookwood, in the old family house, which is decorated and furnished after the most finished style of the quiet modern art-taste. The picture-room contains valuable works by Leslie, Kualbach, and other artists of European fame. But I must not gossip. Nor will I bore my readers with details of the kind hospitality of my Cincinnati friends towards the Canadian stranger. Owing to mishaps on the lakes and other causes, I had undergone severe fatigue and nervous worry, and was in no enviable condition on reaching Cincinnati. Alone in a strange city, in poor health, with discouraging experience behind and a doubtful journey a-head, the cordial and warm-hearted reception I met with cheered and recuperated me more than I can express.

A few words concerning Cincinnati. It is a smoky city of 350,000 inhabitants, but with many interesting features. Its site is on a natural plateau, by the Ohio, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, up which the city has climbed and overflowed, as it were. Street-cars of the city proper connect with other cars which are hauled up steep inclined planes by wire ropes and large drums, worked by powerful stationary steam engines. Ready communication is thus had with the tops of the steep hills around, an altitude of three hundred feet, whence other street car lines connect with the suburbs. Cincinnati is rich in beautiful suburbs, stretching for miles over the rolling uplands and pleasant valleys which are the natural features of its surroundings. Clifton is simply the most beautiful place I ever saw. Imagine our suburb of Rosedale magnified twenty times, and infinitely diversified and adorned, and you will get an idea of it. There are several fine pub-

lic parks, and the finest zoological gardens in the States. The population of the city is a very musical one, and contains a large German element. A beautiful suspension-bridge, of great span, hung on enormous iron cables, crosses the Ohio between Cincinnati and Covington. There are also very fine railroad bridges.

Tuesday, October 28, was the day of my first introduction to river life. Mr. George W. Pickard, a member of the Cincinnati Shooting Club, helped me to get my boat put into the water, towards afternoon, and saw me off with hearty good wishes. A strong and gusty wind was blowing up the river. The only way to get along was by sailing close-hauled, backward and forward across the stream, gaining a little on the wind at each crossing, both by the method of sailing and by the current, thus making a zigzag course. Boating readers are familiar with this operation of 'tacking,' or 'beating up.' In my case it was 'beating down.' I made about six miles before anchoring for the night. I watched for a passing steamer, in order to find where the 'steamer channel' was; then chose a shallow anchorage on the other side. It was a lovely spot. The river runs through a gorge, between steep hills varying in height from 200 to 500 feet, sometimes wooded to the crest, sometimes clear or partly cleared, broken by ravines, and dotted here and there with dwellings. You know the beautiful effect of hills and water against a background of sky—some of the nearer hills bathed in sunlight and bright colour, others of a dark green, while the distant ones soften down to a blueish grey. A calm bright moonlight night succeeded to the blustering day. With blankets, two water-proof bags for pillows, and a mattress improvised from some spare clothing, I made a comfortable bed upon the smooth inside lining of the boat, having first swept it carefully with the 'ship's broom'—a corn duster. My

'bed-room ceiling' was a water-proof hatch-cloth, buttoned to carriage-knobs around the outside of the combing, and kept from sagging down by three light curved cross-ribs, which are taken out in the day time. A foot or two of this hatch-cloth was left unbuttoned, and thrown aside above the sleeper's head, in order to give fresh air. (At first I had a sort of water-proof hood to protect this open space from rain and dew, but I unfortunately lost it on the lakes.) Well, I put my big revolver in a handy position, and was soon asleep. After some hours I awoke, and heard a fine tenor voice singing, 'Way down the Suwanee river,' accompanied by the occasional splash of an oar. I lay and listened. His articulation was slow and clear, and every word was distinctly audible in the still night air. The effect was charming. Presently he began 'The sweet bye and bye.' I looked and saw that it was the boatman on a passing flat-boat. He continued singing at intervals until his voice faded away in the distance, and I slept again.

Wednesday, October 29.—The wind got up with the sun, and soon blew blustering and squally up stream, sometimes shifting some points every few minutes as the squalls came down the gorges. I was tired, and lay most of the day in the bright warm sunshine, writing my journal and reading; then sailed three or four miles, and anchored again. The water in the river is lower than it has been for many years, and the current is consequently very slow. Only light-draught steamers are running, but some of these are very large vessels. They are nearly all stern-wheel boats, propelled by one large paddle-wheel at the stern, as wide as the hull of the boat, and looking just like an undershot water-wheel of a mill. The hull of the vessel is low, broad, and flat, and the upper works are built up in two storeys or decks, somewhat as on lake steamers, except that a large portion of the

lower deck, where the freight and boilers are, is left entirely open at the sides. Forward at the bow are two gangways, with derricks for hoisting them. Two slowly-puffing steam-pipes stand side by side aft, and two smoke funnels side by side forward. These steamers can run their noses on a bank or bar, and back off again without injury, being protected by strong iron boiler-plating. When a stern-wheel boat is towing barges, she does not pull them, but pushes them ahead of her, lashed side by side, and securely fastened to her broad prow. The barges thus miss the heavy wash of the stern-wheel, and if the tow runs aground on one of the numerous shallows, or 'bars,' why only the barges stick, and the steamer is free to help them. Some of the stern-wheels raise very large waves, and I get a rocking as the vessels pass, but not enough to cause discomfort or risk a wetting.

Thursday, October 30.—Tacked down nearly all day against a head-wind, but only made eleven or twelve miles, owing to the shiftiness of the wind and the slowness of the current. There is much that is new and strange in this river life, and I enjoy the novelty of it. In the bright freshness of these sunny mornings I have felt delighted to think that I am really looking on the hills of Kentucky—a name of romantic charm to me since I first met with it, when a boy, in the pages of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

This morning I passed Home City, laid out for a town by a Cincinnati Building Association. The Association have shown excellent taste, both in the selection of a site and the use they have made of it. Here the hills on the Ohio side sink to a wide plateau well above high water, nearly as level as a railroad embankment, and well wooded. On the river front stand detached villas and smaller houses, but all pretty and tasteful. There is not a mean building among them. The effect is fine, and shames some places I know, where the people use

the river front for out-buildings and the backs of houses. 'James' River Guide,' with its maps and letter-press, enables me to identify the places I pass, adding much to the interest of the journey. It also gives distances.

In the late afternoon, and towards sunset, I felt lonely amid the solitude of the great river. The feeling vanished after dark, when I lay reading and writing by the light of my lamp under the hatch-cloth. I anchored just below the mouth of the Great Miami river.

Friday, October 31.—It had been a keen night, and the boat was covered with hoar frost. I bustled about, lit the coal-oil stove, got some hot porridge, lifted the anchor, and started just as the sun came up. My stove is a single-wick 'Florence,' number '0,' with oven. It works admirably, cooks almost anything, and is a great addition to a boatman's comfort. I have it fixed just underneath the forward deck, so that it is completely protected from wind, except when the wind is aft; then I have to protect it by dropping the hatch-cloth over the opening. A tin reservoir, fitting the boat's shape, and holding three gallons of coal-oil, is kept underneath the forward deck, together with a smaller can for filling. My cooking utensils and table dishes are of granite iron-ware, which is much cleaner and nicer than tin. I passed Aurora, where the river takes a sharp bend, and, as usual, the high hills are on the convex side of the curve, with lower ground on the concave side. One of the main streets of Aurora skirts the river, and the ground slopes riverward in such a manner that I was enabled to look in upon the daily life of the town while passing, as if I had been actually in its streets. At the town of Rising Sun, nine miles further on, there is a characteristic feature of the river at low water. A shoal or bar occupies three-fourths of the river's bed; it is covered at high water, but is now bare. The whole volume

of the river goes through a deep 'chute,' one-fourth of the usual width, causing a rapid current, which shot me quickly past the town. I was now favoured with a wind a point or two free for my course, and steadier, in consequence of the decreasing altitude of the hills. As I turned a sharp bend at Millersburg, the wind naturally became dead aft, and I sped on merrily. Near Gunpowder Creek I passed a flat-boat which was moored by the shore. At the boat's stern some clothes were hanging on a line to dry, and three children looked out at me as I passed. I felt a strong inclination to tie up for the night and make the acquaintance of the inmates. However, I passed on for another mile or two, and anchored near Big Bone Lick Creek, Kentucky. The creek derives its odd name from the fact of large tusks and bones having been found there. My anchorage ground was a shallow place, where a big snag stood a little distance out in the stream, to warn off intruding steamers. I utilised the snag by fastening a stern-line to it. This has been a fine bright day; I have made a run of twenty-eight miles, and 'feel good' generally.

Saturday, November 1.—Morning broke with a thick fog. The fog slowly lifted, picturing the Kentucky shore in fantastic frames of vapour, and the cheery old sun came out. Head wind again, light, and I moved slowly towards the town of Patriot, three miles a-head. On the way a man, rowing a scow-built skiff, overtook me, and we entered into conversation. He told me that he was the owner of the flat boat which I had passed on the previous night; that his wife and four children were aboard, and he was going down the river to one of its tributaries called Green River, 250 miles below Louisville, as work was slack at the neighbourhood of Lime Landing, whence he was starting, and the place did not suit his wife's health; that his name was Richard Snow, and that he was a carpenter by trade. I gave him some

particulars in return. He proposed that we should journey down the river together, saying that I would lose no time by it, as the fact of his boat going night and day would more than compensate for the sailing of my boat in head winds, and that in fair winds he could make good progress with his large square sail. I was welcomed on board his boat by Mrs. Snow, and gazed at curiously by the little ones, one of whom had been under the impression that I wore my hair braided and hanging in two tails behind. A closer inspection of the long ribbons of my Scotch bonnet gave the youngster a more correct impression. The oldest child, a pretty little girl of eight, was suffering from a brief illness of a malarial nature. Next in age were two stout hearty little fellows, of six and four years, and Mrs. Snow was nursing a baby. An illustrated Guide-book of Cincinnati, which I brought, was hugely appreciated by the sick little girl. The craft I am now on is one of a type peculiar to the large American rivers, variously known as 'shanty-boat,' 'family-boat,' or 'flat-boat,' and presenting a distinctive and interesting feature of river life. Snow's craft is a fair specimen. It consists of a large scow-built hull, forty-four feet long, twelve feet wide, and two feet deep strongly built of two-inch oak. On this is erected a frame-house, about seven feet high, thirty-two feet long, and the full width of the boat. The sides are of tongued and grooved lumber, and the roof of thin siding, curved over like a street-car, and battened. There is a door at each end, with small windows at the sides. Aft the roof is continued on posts, so as to form a sort of verandah; and forward an open space is left for working the boat. Here are two rough oars or sweeps, twelve feet long, each projecting about six feet inboard. These serve to steer or propel the boat. The current is the chief thing relied on to carry the vessel along. The large square sail can only be used when the wind

is aft, or nearly so. Inside, the house is divided into two good-sized rooms, and contains a cooking-stove, a bed, and a few simple articles of furniture. The verandah is used as a sort of scullery, etc.

Tuesday, November 4.—I have now had three days with my flat-boat companions. So far as I can see, the domestic life aboard is about the same as that in the home of any respectable working man, making allowance for the difference of situation. This is by no means the case on all of these flat-boats. In many of them the inmates are rough and dirty enough—'water-tramps'—idle rascals who steal farmers' pigs and chickens, and 'live by their wits' generally. Two things are usually to be found in a shanty-boat which we have not—namely, whiskey and playing-cards. There is an annual migration southward by means of these boats in the Fall, and often the owners of the boats sell them in the spring, after having passed the winter in trapping and shooting down the Mississippi, and return on the steamers. All sorts of people are to be found on these craft, from the respectable hunter, trader, or traveller, down to the professional thief. When at Patriot, I had some conversation with an elderly unmarried man named Green, who owned a shanty-boat of smaller size than Snow's. He told me that he cultivated a piece of land near Patriot, and that every year he loaded his boat with some of his produce, and spent the winter South. He had this year apples and cider to dispose of. A shotgun and ammunition are usually to be found on every boat. The drift-wood and other timber on the bank furnish the flat-boat with an inexhaustible supply of stovewood for the mere labour of cutting. Akin to the shanty-boats are the produce-boats. They are a class of large flat-boats, used for conveying merchandise down the river, usually about 100 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 10 feet high. They are steered by large sweeps at sides and

stern, worked from the roof, which extends the whole length of the boat. The crew have a small cabin at the end, and the whole boat is closed in.

Wednesday Evening, November 5.—We have made very slow progress; only about thirty-seven miles since I joined Snow. The wind, which usually drops at night, perversely blew upstream for three nights in succession. In this sluggish current, a light adverse wind stops us. Snow was evidently too sanguine about his boat's speed. We laid up to-night about four miles above Madison. The family-boat is tied to the bank with two or three lines, and planks are fixed so as to keep her from bumping on shore.

Thursday, November 6.—I have left the Snows, and am going on alone again. We parted with an interchange of good wishes and of little presents. Mrs. Snow baked a nice light loaf of corn bread and some cakes for me, and her husband fetched some sweet milk. I called in at Madison, Ia., leaving my boat in charge of one of the clerks of the 'wharf-boat' while I went up in the city. Every town and city on the Ohio has one or more of these wharf-boats. They are floating warehouses, at which the steamers land freight and passengers. Moored by the bank, they change their moorings to suit the rise and fall of the river. The close of the day brought me just below Hanover Landing, having made nine or ten miles against a light, shifty, baffling breeze. As the river banks changed into mere black belts in the gathering darkness, I slowly made my preparations for the night, in luxurious appreciation of the fact that it was bed-time.

Friday, November 7.—An adverse wind again met me. The general direction of the Ohio river is westward by a little south, and at this season westerly winds prevail. These hill-side banks tend to deflect the wind along the course of the stream when the latter bends northward or southward; hence these almost continuous



up-stream breezes which have so retarded my progress to warmer latitudes. Towards evening I ran in near a house on the Indiana shore to make enquiries. A hearty-looking old man came down the bank to meet me. He said that my boat was 'a real nice little trick.' By the way, this observation has been made to me by river men at least a dozen times since I left Cincinnati. This use of the word 'trick' is a peculiarly American one which I first heard on the Ohio. My present interlocutor was James King, called 'Old Uncle Jim,' by the steamboat men. Uncle Jim came aboard my boat for a talk. He had sailed on the lakes, and he gave me his opinion about boats and boat rigs. 'I told the women that you must be from Canada,' said he, 'because I saw the English flag at your gaff'—alluding to a handsome St. George's Cross which I carried. He enquired also about the 'burgee' at my masthead—blue with a white ball. This was presented to me by Mr. Bishop, and consists of his own colours reversed. Going a mile or two further down the stream, I rested and dozed at anchor until nine o'clock. I had not heard from home for about two weeks, and was becoming very impatient of the delay in reaching Louisville, where letters were awaiting me. It was a clear starlit evening, with no wind, and I decided to go on all night if possible. A steamer ran her bow ashore a little further down the river, and took in some freight that I had heard men getting ready. It is remarkable at how great a distance you can hear voices and other sounds on this river when the air is still. I felt like bending to my oars, and pulling right through to Louisville, *à la* Hulan: but knowing such a performance could not last half-an-hour in my present condition, I prepared to take it easily. A word about my rowing arrangements. A light crotch about three feet high is hinged on the aft deck. When the sail is furled one end of the main boom rests in the

crotch, whilst the other end is hoisted up on the mast to a level with the top of the crotch, and clear above the head of anyone in the rowing-seat, which is at the forward end of the cock-pit, and moveable. The forward row-locks hold a pair of spoon oars, and the aft row-locks are arranged to support the oars in such a manner that they lie along the gunwale ready for instant use. Carefully husbanding my little strength, I pulled slowly and easily, keeping steady headway on the boat, and getting the benefit of what current there was. It was a lovely night. Right astern was the Great Bear, lower down than in our more northern latitude: indeed the last star in the handle of the 'big dipper' was out of sight for a long while. To my right the glorious Orion was just rising, and on the left Aquila and Lyra were hastening downward. The moon was in her last quarter, and would rise at midnight. I passed a large produce boat, which two men were helping down the slow current with a pair of long sweeps. I exchanged a few words with them, and was encouraged to notice how quickly my gentle strokes in the mirror-like water shot me ahead of the heavy flat-boat. Keeping steadily on, I presently had moonlight. Another long interval: then bright Venus peeped out from amongst the Kentucky trees, and immediately hid herself. For awhile she played hide-and-seek among the tree-tops, and then rose bright and clear above them. When day broke I was in sight of Twelve-mile Island, so called from its distance from Louisville. Near this, on the Indiana side, is a fine piece of natural scenery—an almost perpendicular rocky wall, apparently 300 feet high, with trees at the bottom, trees on a narrow terrace halfway up, and trees, singly and in groups, on the top, bright with autumn foliage. In changed proportions this rocky wall continued for some distance; and further up there is a fine echo, as I ascertained when shouting across the river to a man on

shore, of whom I wanted information. The great river opens out wide as you approach the island, and the scenery is charming. A head wind now commenced to blow, and soon became so fierce and squally that I dropped anchor close by the island, at the inside channel.

Sunday, Nov. 9.—The wind kept me prisoner all of yesterday, and part of to-day. I miss my lost 'hood.' It rained last night, and I had to cover the cock-pit entirely with the hatch-cloth, leaving only some small lateral openings, scarcely large enough for good ventilation. The rain was heavy, and put the water-proof qualities of my hatch-cloth to a test which was quite satisfactory to the occupant of the dry, warm nest underneath. My anchor and cable are exceedingly useful. It is sometimes neither convenient nor safe to moor to the bank, and, besides, one is much more free from intrusion when swinging at anchor. So far, I have not had occasion to use more than fifteen or twenty feet of cable, as I always get a shallow place. The boat has never budged from her anchorage. Whilst upon the Ohio, I have been using only the mainsail. The boat does well enough without a jib, though, of course, she carries too much of a 'weather helm'—that is, tends strongly to luff up into the wind. It is a good fault when not excessive. I am decidedly of opinion that, for a solitary sailor, *one sail only* is much safer—he has but the one sheet and the one pair of halyards to attend to, and is not bothered with his jib-sheet and jib-halyards. I find that the absence of the bowsprit is a great convenience, both in using the anchor and in running alongside anything.

Monday, November 10.—Louisville and letters at last! As I approached the city, my lazy style of rowing elicited some chaff from the coloured men along the levee—'When you expect to get dar?' 'Get a stern-wheel,' etc. I passed two men who

were fishing up coal from a sunken barge by means of an instrument like a large landing-net, with a grapnel at its mouth. One man held the handle while another dragged the grapnel along the bottom, and thence to the surface by means of a windlass. From them I got the usual compliment about my boat, and some information about localities in the city. I noticed an odd name on one of the Jeffersonville and Louisville steam-ferries—'Shallcross.' Was it a pun? Leaving my boat in charge of the wharf-master at the foot of Third Street, I was soon devouring my Post Office budget from Toronto. Letters of introduction from Mr. Wulsin, of Cincinnati, made me acquainted with Mr. A. H. Siegfried, of the Louisville *Courier Journal*; Mr. J. H. Empson, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Jewel, each a 'paddler of his own canoe.' These gentlemen 'took me in charge.' Mr. Jewel, I learned, had a relative in Toronto. Mr. Siegfried is an ardent canoeist, and has travelled thousands of miles in this way. He and some of his Louisville friends recently descended the Upper Mississippi in canoes, from its source at Lake Itasca. It is a wild and solitary region 'way up there,' and one rarely visited by white men.

Louisville is a fine city, about twice the size of Toronto. I had a good bird's eye view of it from the roof of the splendid building of the *Courier-Journal* newspaper, but my brief stay forbade a closer acquaintance. A magnificent railway-bridge crosses the Ohio here. Immediately below the city are a series of rapids, known as the Falls of Ohio. These are the only obstructions to navigation on this river, and a canal has been constructed around them. At high water the current down the rapids is smooth and steamers run them, but at low water the rocks which stud the channel are left bare, and it becomes impassable except for small craft of very light draft. So low was the water

now that it was not thought prudent to take my boat over the rapids. The expense of lockage through the canal was too great; I might have avoided it by waiting till some large vessel was ready to go through, and passing in along with her, but I was in haste to get on. Therefore my boat was taken by waggon a distance of three or four miles to Portland, a town just below the Falls, whither I proceeded by street-car to meet her. Mr. Jewel kindly gave me his company and assistance. Arrived there, the boat was launched, mast stepped, rigging set up, and careful directions given me by my friend about finding the channel next morning. A friendly grasp, hearty good wishes, and I was once more alone.

Tuesday, November 11.—The river at low water spreads out below the falls into a wide shallow sheet of water, with one crooked channel. After dodging a stern-wheel steamer, whose motions rather puzzled me, I drifted rapidly down the 'chute' in front of the city of New Albany, opposite Portland. Clustered above and below the rapids, are the five cities and towns of Jeffersonville, Louisville, Shippingsport, Portland, New Albany, aggregating a large and busy population. The river soon resumed its usual width of about half a mile, and, alas, its usual feature of a gusty blow up-stream. Tired with recent exertions, I did not go far.

Wednesday, November 12.—Half a gale from the west has been blowing all day, and I have not left my last night's anchorage, which was nearly opposite the house of a farmer named Emery Baird, Franklin Township, Floyd County, Indiana. Mr. Baird paid me a visit, and we had a long chat. He had been recently to Toronto. I am only about five miles from New Albany. I saw two more men dredging for coal recently. There is a good deal of coal got from the river, part of the cargoes of coal barges which have come to grief in their descent of

the Falls and elsewhere. The bar near which I am anchored has been ploughed from end to end, to get at the coal which drifted on and became embedded in the bar when it was covered with water.

Thursday, November 13.—Off again, after a farewell visit from Mr. Baird. Need I state the direction of the wind? Two men were ploughing for coal on a low bar further down. I have not seen a clinker-built skiff on the Ohio such as the *Bishop*. There is one type of skiff which prevails all along the river; built, apparently, of three boards, probably 3-4ths inch thick, one at each side, and one for the bottom. The bottom board may be in two or more pieces. The boards at the side are curved, so as to meet in a sharp bow, and aft they are brought up to meet a triangular stern. I see occasionally a sail used, usually a leg-o'-mutton, but always with the wind aft or abeam; and the steering is done with an oar at the stern. The skiffs never have a rudder. They are cheap and serviceable, costing from ten to twenty-five dollars each, and are plentiful as blackberries. Snow called his skiff *The John Boat*, and occasionally *The Joe Boat*.

For a few hours in the middle of the day I had some rough and lively sailing under double-reefed canvas, the *Bishop* punching the chopping swells with her sharp bow in a way that reminded me of Lake Ontario. I passed a sort of perambulating grocery, bearing on a large sign the words 'Kentucky Trader.' It was built after the style of Snow's boat, but much larger, and very neatly painted. Two other trading flat-boats have come under my notice—one labelled 'Cheap Store Boat,' and the other yellow painted, and bearing the word 'Photographer,' in large old English letters. At sunset I stuck on a shoal a mile and a half above Salt River. I stepped overboard, waded about by way of taking soundings, and found that the boat was on a gravelly ridge. I easily

pushed her over the ridge, then selected a place of the exact depth I wanted, and carefully deposited the anchor there, as I stood in the water. If this method of bringing a ship to anchor is not quite in accordance with precedent, I ask the indulgence of the naval authorities. Finding the temperature of the water just agreeably cool, I took a bath—in two sections—and much enjoyed it. Think of that, ye snowed-up northerners: a bath after sun-set, in the open air, a light breeze blowing, and in the middle of November! Twelve and a half miles to-day.

I have had a pleasant hour or two with the stars, by the help of a lamp and a Star-atlas. I was much interested in identifying two stars of the second magnitude, which cannot be seen in the latitude of Toronto—Alpha and Beta of 'the Crane.' They were low down on the southern horizon, and the time was not long between their rising and setting. The third star in the constellation is higher up, but below the 'Southern Fish,' whose principal star is Fomalhaut.

Friday, November 14.—This has been a day of changing scenes, some of which I will give you—

1. River covered with angry-looking white caps, clouds scudding overhead, and my boat tugging up-stream at her anchor.

2. Wind changed, and boat rapidly passing Salt River, down a strong chute.

3. Boatman in a light rain, with a

slight neuralgia. Wind in no particular direction; he rather down in spirits.

4. Boatman jubilant, sailing before a gentle down-stream breeze for a few miles.

5. Boatman tacking against head-wind, then taking in sail in view of coming thunder-storm.

6. In the midst of a down-pour of rain, boatman is pulling gently to get round a bend in river; waterproof cap and cape on, feet and nether limbs warm and dry under hatchcloth, which is drawn closely around his waist. Sense of enjoyment in being 'in the midst of it,' like children in a 'water-fight.' Sail furled and boom in crotch out of the way.

7. Boatman scudding under bare pole before a most furious squall of wind and rain.

8. Boatman carefully mooring his boat in the gathering darkness, with a view to probable rise of the river during the night, consequent on heavy rain.

9. Boatman at this present writing. Little Florence shedding a cheerful glow in his lowly dwelling; he warm and dry, listening complacently to the steady patter of a heavy rain on his canvas roof, thankful for shelter, satisfied with having made ten or twelve miles in such an unpromising day, and sure of no intruders.

10. Good night, my hearties!

(To be continued.)

## WHAT'S SHAKESPEARE?

I have lived to know some hundreds of persons in my native land without finding ten who had any direct acquaintance with their greatest benefactor—Shakespeare.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

The English people of the present day are falsely reputed to know Shakespeare.

GEORGE ELIOT.

NOT long ago two well-dressed, intelligent looking young men stopped at a bookseller's shop in a certain large town, apparently attracted by an advertisement-card printed in coloured letters, and placed conspicuously in the window.

'I say,' says one, 'what's the show?'

'Don't you see?' said the other. 'Readings from Shakespeare.'

'Well,' said the first speaker, 'what's Shakespeare?'

'Oh,' said his companion, 'it's a man that wrote a lot of plays.'

Lovers and students of Shakespeare, jealous for his fame, may try to account for the dense ignorance of the one young man, and the shallow knowledge of the other, by supposing that they had just emerged from some settlement in the backwoods, to which the light of modern culture had not yet penetrated; but in fact no such explanation is needed. Even in this age of schools and schoolmasters, of cheap editions and universal reading, men and women are to be found with no small amount of school education, and a wide acquaintance with the popular literature of the day, who, though they might smile superior at the idea of asking, 'What's Shakespeare?' know little more about him than that he was 'a man who wrote a lot of plays.' It is true that to all except the dullest and most illiterate, the word Shakespeare is synonymous with fame and greatness; but as to the origin of that fame the source

of that greatness, they are as ignorant as Sancho Panza of the spirit which inspired his master. And not only is this true of that large class who, on the one hand, find their chief mental pabulum in newspapers and novels, and on the other in religious tracts and journals, but there are many who are considered well-read and highly cultivated persons, who have some knowledge of the classics, and a wide acquaintance with modern literature, who have never read one of his plays in their lives. There are, indeed, Shakespeare Societies in England and elsewhere, but their labours are chiefly critical, and not likely to attract or interest those who do not already belong to the Shakespeare cult. To learn how ignorant of even the plots and characters of his plays a fashionable audience at a fashionable London theatre can be, we have only to take up *Blackwood's Magazine* for last December, and read an article on the recent performances of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum. To witness this play, with Mr. Henry Irving as Shylock, and Miss Ellen Terry as Portia, the *culte* of London society assembled, and the writer in *Blackwood* calls 'shame on that unpardonable ignorance' which obliged numbers of people to con the play in their books, as if it were the libretto of some new opera, instead of watching the business on the stage. Let us then, in this month of April, to which Shakespeare's birth has given no 'uncertain glory,' but a splendour

that grows brighter as men's power of perceiving it grows clearer, consider what it is that makes ignorance of his works 'shameful and unpardonable' in all who are born to speak the English tongue, and have been taught to read it.

It is certainly remarkable that, though Englishmen are accused of being the most narrow-minded, conventional, and exclusive people on earth, England has given birth to the most cosmopolitan genius of which the world can boast; for such, in spite of his insular birth and breeding, Shakespeare is unanimously acknowledged to be. And yet the English people may fairly claim him as their representative man. All the great qualities of their greatest men, all the characteristics they most admire and applaud, are to be found in his works. Wisdom and piety, without cant or Puritanism, pity and tenderness without weakness or sentimentality; the utmost sincerity and plain speaking; the keenest wit, the finest humour; with a sound common sense and practical prudence never at fault. 'It is we,' says Coleridge, 'we English, who are Shakespeare.' 'He is the articulate voice of England,' says Carlyle. 'He is the man,' says Emerson, 'who carries the Saxon race in him.' But great as this is, Shakespeare is much more and greater. To his English temperament and traits of character is added a genius so wide and world-embracing that it has carried his works into all civilised countries, and won the homage of their greatest men. Well may England glory in him as a prouder and more imperishable possession than her long roll of triumphs by sea and land, her ships, her commerce, and her colonies: a possession that would remain to prove her past greatness if the little isle itself, 'set in the silver sea,' were to sink forever beneath the waves. 'Here is an English King,' says Carlyle, 'whom no Parliament, no time, or chance, can dethrone.'

But it was all at once, even in England, that Shakespeare received his crown. It has been made a matter of wonder that his greatness was not more clearly seen by his contemporaries; but what truly great man has ever been understood and appreciated while he lived? Time only can stamp him and his achievements at their true value. The wonder is that the son of a Stratford yeoman, a poor player, acting and writing for his bread, should have had so much applause and consideration awarded to him as he received. Most probably, however, he owed more of the favour and admiration bestowed upon him to his sweet and happy temper, his noble, gentle, genial nature, than to his surpassing genius. '*I loved the man,*' said Ben Jonson—surly, scornful, rough-tongued Ben, who was often, no doubt, mortified and indignant at the superior popularity\* of one, who with all his 'excellent phantasy,' 'brave notions,' and admirable wit, was, as Ben believed, so inferior to himself in the true theory of art as well as in learning. Yet he '*loved the man,*' and wrote a noble eulogy on him.

'Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time.'

Milton, in his golden youth, when filled with chivalrous romance, and mediæval lore, he meditated an epic on King Arthur and his dream of a perfect realm in which pure and noble men and women were to dwell, instead of the mournful drama of a lost Eden and a fallen race which replaced it, in his blind and embittered old age, wrote of him lovingly as 'my Shakespeare'—

'Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,'

and the sacred epithet 'Delphic' applied to his lines, 'unvalued,' like the

\* In a burlesque of the day one of the speakers sneers at the writers who parade their classic learning in their plays, and says:—'Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; ay, and Ben Jonson, too.'

Sibyl's leaves, but building for him in men's hearts 'a live-long monument,' seems to show that the great Puritan poet had then some glimpse of the true supremacy of him who was the poet of no sect, or party, but of all mankind.

But the reign of fanaticism was close at hand. The great civil war broke out, and when the Puritans came into power all profane poetry, and, above all, dramatic poetry, was put under a ban. The theatres were closed, and if Shakespeare was ever mentioned it was, no doubt, in much the same terms of reprobation as Scott put into the mouth of Trusty Tomkins in the novel of Woodstock. After the Restoration the theatres were opened under the King's patronage, and art and literature again became the fashion. But it was a degraded art and a corrupt literature. The great dramas of the Elizabethan era were put aside as antiquated and unpolished; and plays, as profligate as the manners and morals of Charles and his courtiers, took their place on the stage. Dryden, certainly, had some perception of Shakespeare's dramatic skill and power, but after all it was only a purblind one, for in spite of his well-known couplet,

'Shakespeare's magic cannot copied be;  
Within that circle none durst walk but he,'

he assisted Davenant in making a new stage version of *The Tempest* in which the ideal beauty of that wonderful creation is utterly and vilely destroyed; both Davenant and Dryden, with a degree of stupidity and self-conceit astonishing (though not without parallel)\* in men of such large intellect and poetic power—believing that they were doing the greatest homage possi-

ble to Shakespeare, 'the untaught genius of a barbarous age,' by adapting his 'rough-drawn plays, to the taste of an age superior in refinement, wit, and gallantry. Dryden afterwards altered and re-arranged *Troilus and Cressida* for the stage, but apparently some startling recognition of Shakespeare's pre-eminence and his own presumption had seized him while at work, for in the prologue he apologises for his temerity through the mask of Shakespeare's 'awful ghost,' and owns that in altering

'He shook and thought it sacrilege to touch.'

Meaner playwrights followed Dryden's example, without any fear or consciousness of 'sacrilege;' and several of Shakespeare's comedies, mutilated and mangled, and with new titles, were put on the stage by Shadwell and Cibber. Even the pathos and grandeur of *King Lear* could not save it from suffering a degrading transformation under the hands of Tate.

Gradually, however, the 'wronged great soul' of the mighty Master asserted its supremacy. Rowe brought out an edition of his works which did something towards restoring the plays as Shakespeare wrote them to English readers. Other editions followed, by Pope, Warburton, Johnson and others; and the notes, comments, and criticisms which accompanied them, imperfect and inadequate as they were, helped to increase the study of his works among all who had, or affected to have, any literary taste and culture. But Garrick's acting did most of all. All the rank, fashion, and intellect of London crowded to see Shakespeare's greatest characters, not, as it seemed, on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, but living and acting on the world's great stage as if the Master Magician himself had called them from the shades to live their lives over again. Shakespeare became the fashion now as he had never been before—read by a few, talked of by everyone. Gold-

\* Goethe, when manager of the Weimar Theatre, made what he considered an improved version of *Romeo and Juliet* for the stage. In this version some of the most dramatic scenes and effective speeches are left out. The brilliant Mercutio is transformed into a dull and pompous coxcomb; the Queen Mab lines are omitted; and all those inimitable touches and traits which give such truth and life to the character of the nurse are totally effaced.

smith in his 'Vicar of Wakefield' makes the 'town ladies' in their imitation of fashionable conversation mingle Shakespeare with pictures, taste, and the musical glasses, and old King George hardly dared to whisper to Miss Burney 'Is not there great stuff in Shakespeare, what, what? But we mustn't say so, mustn't say so, what, what, what?'

Yet, much as the English nation admired and applauded their great dramatist and poet, it was little more than an ignorant admiration and a blind applause, till the Germans taught them how to understand and appreciate his works, and showed them the light in which the author of such works should be regarded. Not as a happy accident or freak of nature, writing his incomparable plays as chance dictated, careless and unconscious of what he was doing, but the outcome of all nature's best and highest forces; an unrivalled artist as well as a matchless genius. Lessing and Herder by their criticisms, Wieland by his prose translations, Goethe in his youthful enthusiasm for truth and nature, were among the foremost of those who inaugurated the Shakespeare cult in Germany. The translation of his works by Tieck and Schlegel made them familiar to all German readers, and the worship of Shakespeare replaced the reign of Voltaire. He whose plays had been stigmatised by Frederick the Great as ridiculous farces, worthy only of the savages of Canada, was now proclaimed the greatest intellect the world had ever seen, the crowning glory of the Teutonic race.

'A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house;' and it is in perfect accord with this order of things that English scholars and critics should require an impulse and pressure from some outside school of thought and criticism before they were able to discern in the 'Warwickshire Peasant,' not only the first of dramatists, the

truest and most life-like poet and painter of men and manners, but the greatest intellectual power the world had ever known. This impulse was given by the great German school of criticism, so 'like a fire to heather set,' the foremost minds in England kindled with responsive enthusiasm, and marvelled at the lack of insight which had hitherto made them add to all their praises of Shakespeare's genius apologies and excuses for the want of artistic proportion and symmetry in his works; whereas these faults had, in fact, no existence except in their own defective powers of vision.

It is not, however, only the Teutonic races that delight to do honour to Shakespeare. His genius is so wide and comprehensive that all humanity lives and breathes and 'finds itself' in the men and women he has created. Voltaire, though disgusted with the English poet's sins against classicism and the orthodox rules, was compelled to acknowledge that he was 'a genius full of force and fertility, nature and sublimity,' 'with scenes beautiful, passages grand and terrible, which you remembered in spite of yourself.' This is, in fact, no meagre praise coming from one so wedded to classic taste and orthodox rules, and it is no small tribute to Shakespeare's power; but such qualified admiration was considered little less than libellous by Victor Hugo and the Romantic School. As before in Germany, Shakespeare became the rallying cry of all who upheld truth to nature, and life-like presentment of character and passion, against the bondage of artificial and arbitrary rules. Talma, the great actor, said to Victor Hugo, in his old age, 'All my life I have sought for truth, but hardly elsewhere than in Shakespeare have I found it.' And yet Shakespeare's plays were only known to him through the absurd rhyming version of Ducis. The difficulty of fitly reproducing Shakespeare in the French language seems almost invincible, yet many translations have



been attempted—notably one by M. Guizot. The best French version is by M. Francis Victor Hugo, son of the poet—evidently a labour of love, and written, no doubt, under the critical superintendence of his father, who, himself the greatest genius France has produced, awards to Shakespeare the foremost place among the foremost men of all the world. Italy has not been backward in paying homage to the mighty magician who has made Venice, Verona, Padua, Mantua—Rome herself, enchanted cities to many who know little, and care less, about their ancient glory. His works have been translated again and again into Italian, and a translation by Signor Carcano, an Italian Senator, which has lately been published, has gained for the author the honour of being elected a Vice-President of the London New Shakespeare Society, of which the poet Browning is President. There are translations of all his works in Spanish, and, besides other translations in Portuguese, King Louis of Portugal is now engaged on one, of which Hamlet and the Merchant of Venice have already appeared. Even classic Greece, ‘land of lost gods and god-like men,’ recognises the genius of the great poet of the Goths, and his plays have been rendered into modern Greek. In fact they have been translated, in whole or in part, into every language in Europe, and of some of them there are versions in Hindostani and Tamil. Into whatever lands men of culture of the English race penetrate they carry their Shakespeare with them, and year after year his empire becomes wider. More

critical thought and labour have been given to his works than any other book, except the Bible, has ever received. ‘Literature, philosophy, and thought are Shakespeareized,’ says Emerson. ‘His mind is the horizon beyond which, at present, we do not see.’

Could anything except genius command such world-wide fame and influence as Shakespeare now possesses, ever increasing with men’s progress in intellect and insight, and apparently with no limit except that which is set by the capacity to comprehend his greatness? And, therefore, it may be truly called ‘shameful and unpardonable’ in those

‘Who speak the tongue that Shakespeare  
spake,’

and can read his works, to remain ignorant of the treasures he has bequeathed to the world. Treasures of beauty and wisdom; lessons of generosity, faithfulness, pity and kindness; lifting us out of the narrow region which, for the most part, surrounds us, where the selfish and mercenary struggles of trivial lives for base and contemptible ends—the strife for wealth and precedence, for ease and luxury—are continually going on, into a region of finer air and nobler scenery, where faithful love and disinterested friendship, truth and honour, high thoughts and heroic deeds seem the only things worth living for.

What more I would like to say about Shakespeare’s teaching, and its especial value in this somewhat prosaic age and country, must be reserved for another paper.

O. S.

## MR. SPENCER AND HIS CRITICS.

BY WM. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

MR. SPENCER, in his 'Data of Ethics,' has not written a popular treatise on morals, nor has he appealed to any lower tribunal than the highest intelligence and the maturest judgment of his generation. The more I think of his book, the more it seems to me a sign that shall be spoken against, but a sign, at the same time, in which, or by which, great victories will be won for the human race. I am far from saying that it tells us everything we might wish to know in regard to the springs of conduct, or the special sources of moral energy; but I contend that it tells us much that is of supreme importance, and that anything we may require to add to the statements it contains will not be found in conflict with the writer's main positions.

Mr. Spencer, it must be understood, undertakes to trace for us the evolution of morality as an objective process. Morality, like everything else, must have a history. What is that history? This is the question to which Mr. Spencer addresses himself. If we can trace the development of morality in the past, we shall be better able to understand its characteristics in the present, and its probable course in the future. Mr. Spencer says truly that morality is a certain aspect of *conduct* in general; it is, as he holds, *developed* conduct; and, in order that we may understand what conduct is, he asks us to examine it in its earliest manifestations, and to follow it through the ages, as it gains in definiteness, in complexity, in range, and in the importance of its

reactions upon consciousness. This is a view, the legitimacy of which it seems impossible to dispute. When our attention is arrested by any structure in nature, we, very properly, ask, 'How has it come to be what it is?' Did it spring into existence at once, in the form under which we behold it now, or was it shaped by slow degrees? If the latter, what were the stages through which it successively passed?' Do not tell us that the same questions cannot profitably be asked in regard to morality until the questions have been fairly put and answered according to the best obtainable knowledge.

The great objection hitherto made to the scientific study of history, or of any moral subject, has been that all calculations based upon general laws of growth or progress are liable at any moment to be thrown into confusion by the appearance upon the scene of forces or of influences of a wholly exceptional character. Thus the birth of some man of transcendent abilities may alter, it is said, the whole course of a nation's history. The answer to this objection is two-fold: first, that the great man or hero is himself a product of antecedent conditions, and is born into a society more or less fitted to feel and submit to his influence; secondly, that the effects wrought by exceptional characters are but exceptional, and that the great stream of human development follows its course but little affected by accidents here or there. Mr. Spencer, therefore, and those who think with him, may, without in the least com-

promising their system, make large admissions as to the influence of certain special agencies. They do not necessarily blind themselves to the course of history in the ordinary sense of the word, because they make a special study of the development of conduct. The line of observation and argument pursued in the 'Data of Ethics' is hopelessly antagonistic only to that form of supernaturalism which disbelieves totally in evolution, preferring to regard human history as the theatre of forces having no relation to preceding conditions, and acting consequently as simple disturbers of the natural equilibrium of society. The adherents of this school must only fight the development theory as best they may. The battle is engaged, however, along the whole line, and to defeat evolution, you must defeat it not in ethics only, but in biology and physics as well. As long as the two latter divisions hold their ground, be sure that any victory over the first can be but momentary.

It is obvious that the method pursued by Mr. Spencer must give rise to many misapprehensions. The first thought that suggests itself to even an attentive and earnest reader is, that he has left out of sight, and is prevented by his principles from doing justice to, a number of very important considerations. Our individual consciousness tells us nothing of the dependence of present modes of conduct upon past; but it tells us much of the special motives which influence us from moment to moment. So a wave of the sea, if we could imagine it conscious, might know much of the pressure of adjacent waves and its own adjustments of form in consequence of that pressure, but might know nothing of ocean currents or the attraction of sun and moon. We feel the influence of some potent personality, but think little of the causes that have fitted us to do so; yet, to be able to trace and understand those causes, would give us a far more comprehensive theory of

our moral nature than to be able to analyse and measure with the utmost accuracy the special personal influence by which we are so strongly affected. In a word, what may be called the accidents of our life fill an altogether larger space in consciousness than the general laws in virtue of which we are substantially what we are. Mr. Spencer has undertaken to trace those general laws, leaving accidents out of sight as much as possible; and, naturally, consciousness protests. If, however, we only call to mind, and impress upon ourselves, what it is that Mr. Spencer attempts, we shall recall many of our criticisms, and find it better to listen attentively to what he has to say.

Again, with every action there goes a certain accompaniment of individual feeling. We have a sense of its voluntariness, and a consequent sense of responsibility. To us, each action stands and is seen in relation to the sum of our own individual actions, and the proportion which it bears to that sum is very different from the proportion it bears to the whole sum of action in general. It is easy, therefore, to conceive how different the subjective view of action must be from the objective, and how far a history of action such as Mr. Spencer undertakes to write, must be from such an account as we might gather from the dicta of consciousness. But if our individual lives are but links in one great chain of life, which we have learnt in these latter days to extend to the lowest forms of the animate creation, can the individual consciousness, however bright and penetrating we may suppose it, be trusted in its affirmations regarding the genesis of action and the development of moral feeling? What can mere consciousness—apart from knowledge derived from external sources—tell us of our bodily constitution and development? It is occupied almost solely with sensations of pleasure and pain; it knows what are proximate causes of one or the other;

but what the laws are that rule the human organization, it is wholly ignorant. We have absolutely no consciousness of the nature of digestion or respiration; we only know in a rough way what creates disturbances in one region or the other, and what promotes comfort. Is it likely that we shall know any better from a simple questioning of our individual consciousness how our actions are produced, or what is their essential character and true significance? It seems to me that the feelings accompanying moral action are no safer guides to a true understanding of that action than the feelings accompanying digestion are to a true understanding of digestion. The objective method of study, as applied to human conduct, has this great advantage, that, while looking at things from the outside, and grasping the *enchainment* of cause and effect through all past time, it can also take account of the direct revelations of consciousness, so far as these seem to furnish any safe guidance. Mr. Spencer, it may be presumed, knows something personally of the inner life of humanity. He has written this treatise in full view of all that his personal experience has taught him of the motives by which men are swayed and we must suppose that, in his mind at least, there is no contradiction between his philosophical theories and the teachings of life or the affirmations of consciousness. It is well to bear in mind that philosophers after all are men first and philosophers only afterwards.

The adverse criticisms that have been offered upon Mr. Spencer's last work may be said to resolve themselves into two leading objections—first, that he does away with the essential distinction between right and wrong, and, second, that, for regulative purposes, his system is wholly unadapted to human wants. I propose to consider these points separately.

Let us, in the first place, try to understand clearly what Mr. Spencer's view is. Looking at conduct object-

ively he sees, as we advance from lower to higher forms in nature, an ever-increasing and improving adaptation, first to the preservation of individual life, and next to the preservation of the life of progeny. The lowest creatures in the animal kingdom possess little or no power of self-protection, and are therefore, broadly speaking, wholly at the mercy of their environment. With greater complexity of structure comes greater power of providing for wants and averting dangers; while the interests of the progeny become more and more a care to the parent animals. The time comes, in process of evolution, when the individual acquires the power of choice between opposite courses of action. One sense may prompt to a certain line of action, and another to a different one. Smell, for example, may attract to food, but sight may reveal an enemy of superior power; or certain mental images which the sight of offered food, or of the apparatus in which it is placed, calls up may inspire caution and compel abstinence. Mr. Spencer here shows that the interest of the individual is generally concerned in obeying the higher or more lately-developed sense, instinct or faculty, in preference to the simpler and more primitive impulse; and this distinction between actions inspired by more far-reaching and those inspired by less far-reaching perceptions, he considers as homologous to the distinction which emerges in the human region—and which, as civilization advances, becomes ever more pronounced—between right and wrong. In the one case the individual weighs present gratification against his permanent interests as an individual; in the second he weighs his interests as an individual against those of the social body in which he is included. In either case he does well if he yield to the larger thought—that which summons to self-control, and which promises a continuance and enlargement of his activities. From this point of view

the conduct which places a man in harmony with society is simply an extension, a further development, of the conduct which places him in harmony with himself, by subordinating his momentary desires to his permanent interests. In the one case he says, 'I have a larger life to consider than that of this moment; I have all my past, the memory of which I would not wish to extinguish; I have all my future, which I am not prepared to sacrifice.' In the latter he says, 'I have a larger life to consider than that which is made up of my personal pains and pleasures; I have inherited sympathies and acquired attachments; the goodwill of my fellow-man is much to me, and I feel that apart from the support and assistance that they render me, and apart from the activities I exercise as a member of society, I should be a miserably contracted creature. Shall I therefore in the interests of my narrower self make war upon my larger and better self by pursuing anti-social courses of action?' The argument in both cases is the same; the only difference is that in one case length of life is at stake, and in the other breadth of life; but all higher action, it may be assumed as a principle, tends to life. 'Do this and ye shall live;' in these words lie all that the evolution philosophy has to teach on the subject of morals; for they summon to right action, and they point to the reward—LIFE.

I fail to see that under this mode of treatment the distinction between right and wrong is in danger of disappearing. Those possibly who have considered it a pious thing not to know why right is right or why wrong is wrong may resent being told that a *rationale* of the antagonism between the two has been discovered. They may insist that they have hitherto done right and avoided wrong from motives far transcending in elevation any regard for perpetuation or improvement of life, their own or others'; and it would be ungracious, doubtless,

to contradict them. But for all that, as a motive to sway the mass of mankind, the thought that right action tends to life and higher life, that wrong action tends to lower life and ultimately to extinction of life, should scarcely, one would think, be a sterile or inoperative one. Much would depend no doubt upon the mode in which the thought was presented by those who have it in their power to influence public opinion. That the minds of a large portion of the community have been so poisoned by the drugs of a false theology as to be incapable of responding to any teaching based on the pure laws of nature there is only too much reason to believe; but I should refuse to admit as valid against the evolutionist system of morals any argument drawn from their present condition or requirements.

The objections made to Mr. Spencer's explanation of the difference between right and wrong are very similar to those made to the Darwinian theory of the descent of man. In the dispute which raged more violently some years ago than it does now in reference to this question, an angelic character pronounced himself 'on the side of the angels,' as was but natural. It was thought utterly derogatory to man's dignity to suppose that his ancestry could run back into the brute creation; and so to-day it seems to threaten the stability of all moral distinctions to connect moral actions, by any process of filiation, with actions which, as we understand morality, present no moral character whatever. But just as no theory of man's origin can make him other than he actually is to-day, so no theory of the origin of morality can affect the fact that in the conscience of the modern civilized man there is a great gulf fixed between right and wrong. But, some will say, upon the evolution theory the highest morality is but self-seeking. Be it so, but if my self embraces other selves, if my personality has globed itself out

till it includes a large portion of humanity, I can afford to be self-seeking without any falling away from nobility or disinterestedness. When Jesus said, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall save it,' he meant, as we have always understood, that a careful study and pursuit of narrow personal interests would involve the sacrifice of wider and nobler interests; and that on the other hand by a surrender of our lower selves, we could rise to higher life. From whichever point we view it, he bids us aim at *life*, and so far he might be accused of prompting to self-seeking; but when we once see how life may be understood, and what it may be made to include, we perceive how pointless is the objection. It is indeed difficult to imagine how any person, except one who had been restrained from evil simply by superstitious fears, could feel himself less bound to do right and avoid wrong, because he had been shown that right actions to day are the lineal descendants of all those actions, conscious and unconscious, by which life has been preserved, and improved in the past, and that wrong actions claim their paternity in whatever in the past has tended to disintegration, degradation and death. Who would not rather be on the side of the forces of life, in harmony with and aiding the upward movement of nature, than helping to tear down the good work that the toiling ages have wrought?

Can such a system, however, possess any binding force? Here we find ourselves face to face with the question whether the evolutionist theory of morals is really adapted to take the place of those regulative systems which Mr. Spencer represents as ready to pass away. One thing is certain: it does not act upon the mind in the same way as systems which appeal to supernatural terrors and hold out a prospect of supernatural rewards. It will not awaken as powerful emotions as theology has in the past awakened;

for theology has connected with theologically-right action rewards wholly incommensurate with the merit of such action, and with theologically-wrong action punishments equally incommensurate with its demerit; while the natural theory of morals can only point to the natural results of actions and promote as best it can a disposition to respect natural laws. No doubt this is tame work after what we have been accustomed to; but everything grows tame, in a sense, as civilization advances. We no longer torture criminals, nor feast our piety with *autos-da-fe*. We no longer thrash knowledge into school-children; and we are so dead to the necessity of cultivating national spirit that we forbid prize-fighting. Upon every hand, the drastic methods of the past are discredited, for we find, in point of fact, that gentler methods are better. Sangrado no longer depletes our veins of the blood needed for carrying on the processes of life; we keep our blood and let nature have her way as much as possible. No doubt there is further progress to be made in the same direction; and who shall say that a system of rational rewards and punishments in *this* life, such as the evolution philosophy unfolds, may not be found more efficacious than the monstrous rewards and punishments of the supernatural sphere. Such a system may not inspire death-bed terrors, but neither will it provoke life long jeerings; and, if once understood theoretically, its gentle—though not always gentle—pressure would rarely be absent from consciousness. The villain, it may be said, will think little of sacrificing his higher social to his lower personal self; and in his case, therefore, the system would be inoperative. Precisely, and how does Monsieur the villain comport himself now? Does he occupy a front seat at church (something here whispers that sometimes he does, but that is another kind of villain, and there is no use in mixing up matters), and send his children to

Sunday School, and show in every way the great influence which theological instruction has had upon his mind? Or we may ask whether, in the 'ages of faith,' the villain was an unknown character. History tells us that when supernatural hopes and fears—above all fears, which are more potent than hopes—were at their highest, precisely then was there most of violence and crime. And when natural morality finally succeeds to supernatural, it is safe to predict that it will find some heavy arrears of work on hand.

We need not trouble ourselves, then, with considering how the lowest types of humanity will act under the supposed *régime*; what we are concerned with is the effect likely to be produced upon the mass of society. As regards men in general, will natural morality exert a sufficient regulative force? To this question I should be inclined to answer unhesitatingly yes, provided only proper means be taken to bring the new system home to people's understandings. No one will pretend that the theology now in possession exerts all the regulative influence that could be desired. For one thing, it cannot make itself believed by large multitudes; and, in the second place, very many of those who do believe it, or who profess to do so, are far from leading edifying lives. Every leading religious denomination has numerous representatives in our jails and penitentiaries, as official documents show; while, if we turn to the records of the insolvency courts, we shall find ample evidence that men can be at once zealous supporters of a church and sadly inexact—to say the least—in money matters. Why do I mention these things? Surely not to cause any one pain, but simply to show how the question stands. Some people argue as if we had *now* a perfect regulative system, which the new opinions are in danger of disturbing. But no; we have a very imperfect regulative system, upon which it is

hoped a great improvement may be made. Theologians have, for some time past, been sensible of the shortcomings of the old teaching, for they have been trying to graft upon it the idea of the *naturalness* of the rewards and punishments to be meted out to right and wrong-doers respectively. We hear now that sinners will not be overtaken by any external penalties, but will be left to the simple and inevitable consequences of their own misconduct. They would not be happy, we are told, in heaven, because their characters are not adapted to that abode of bliss; and upon the whole, therefore, they are better off on the other side of the great gulf. How all this can be reconciled with the teaching of the Bible, where Hell is represented, not as prepared by the sinner for himself, but as prepared by God for the devil and his angels; and Heaven, in like manner, as something specially prepared for the righteous, who there enjoy a felicity with which the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared, it is not for me to say. One thing is clear, however, and that is, that such glosses as these are recognitions of, and concessions to, the principle of development. Heaven, according to this hypothesis, is the developed life of righteousness, and Hell the developed life of moral rebellion; but though theology may dally with this view, it can never do more than dally with it; it can never make it its own, seeing that the text of the Bible so plainly declares the cataclysmal nature of the change which takes place at death. But if theology has to dally with development, how much better founded, and how much better adapted for acting upon men's minds, must a system be which, from first to last, assumes development, and which is not checked in its exposition and application of natural laws by any stereotyped creed or text?

In the new system we really have the reconciliation of self-interest and

duty, for we see self-interest merging into duty, and we see duty bringing the highest rewards that self-interest could desire. To say that this system will be powerless for regulative purposes, is to take a thoroughly unnatural view of human nature. It is to assume some tendency in man to evil, over and above the promptings of the self-protective instinct. Now this surplusage of evil in human nature, I, for one, strenuously deny. Every man comes into the world with a problem to solve, upon the solution of which his whole course in life depends; and that problem is the due balancing of higher and lower instincts in the interest of higher life. To suppress the lower at the bidding of the higher, would, as Mr. Spencer shows, be to suppress life itself. This would be casting aside the problem, not solving it. What is important to remember is, that in the lower there is nothing essentially bad, and that the conflict between lower and higher goes on in the region of purely personal desires before it is carried into the region of social relations. An enlightened interpretation of self-interest in regard to personal matters is thus a preparation for enlightened and worthy action in the social region. For example, the man who has strenuously controlled appetite in the interest of health, and who has realized the satisfaction and happiness that comes of doing so, will be better fitted to control selfish, in the interest of social, impulses than one who had never learned to control appetite at all. He comes to this higher test fortified by self-conquest, and with an increased sense of the dignity and worth of life,—prepared moreover to believe that the path of true happiness is an ascending one. Let these truths—for they *are* truths—be believed and taught; let men see the path along which their moral development has lain in the past, and along which it must lie in the future, and we shall have little reason to regret the lures and terrors of the old theology.

Either this, or there is some radical flaw in the constitution of things, by reason of which they tend to corruption,—a belief which some may hold on theological grounds, but which I venture to say would never commend itself to any unbiassed intelligence, irreconcilable, as it is, with the actual existence of good in human nature and human institutions.

The question, however, may finally be asked whether a naturalistic system of morals will ever excite the enthusiasm, ever create the same intense longing after purity of heart, that has been produced under the influence of the Christian creed. Will it ever show us the 'quick-eyed sanctity' which Dr. Newman mentions as a peculiar fruit of the spirit? Will it ever call forth such a pleading for fuller and higher spiritual life as we find in Charles Wesley's hymn :

' I want a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility to sin,  
A pain to feel it near.

' I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride or fond desire,  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

' Quick as the apple of an eye  
O God, my conscience make!  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh  
And keep it still awake.'

We have in these verses the expression of a passionate desire for conformity to a Divine ideal, and the question is, whether we can expect any approach to the same earnestness in pursuit of such excellence or elevation of character as the evolution philosophy indicates as attainable. If allowance be made for the solemnity imparted to the above utterance by the momentous character of Christian beliefs, I see no reason why the moral enthusiasm of humanity should not flow in as full tide through the new channel as through the old. After all, there are but few in every generation who are fired by an intense desire for the highest holiness; and some, it must be remem-



bered, who appear to have very lofty spiritual ambitions, give occasion for the remark that they might better have aimed at humbler achievements. We may, therefore, reasonably hope that, when once it is understood where the hopes of humanity lie, there will be no falling off, to say the least, in the number of those who will strive after nothing short of the highest ideal their minds are capable of conceiving.

In conclusion, let us see what answer can be given to certain specific objections that have been made by able writers to Mr. Spencer's theories on this subject. 'The Bystander' thinks that Mr. Spencer's indignation 'against Jingoism and their political burglaries; against Fifeshire militiamen who, so long as they are sent to war, are ready to fight on either side; against Christian bishops who lend their sanction to invasion of Afghanistan,' is, upon his own principles, unscientific; inasmuch as all these might retort that their actions were the natural product of their particular stage of development. To this, I reply that Mr. Spencer's indignation is the measure of his own moral development, and signifies his instinctive recoil from courses of conduct which show the moral sense in a very backward state. Even when we understand how bad actions have come to be performed, and are prepared to make allowances for the perpetrators, we shrink from and denounce them none the less. We surely should allow the philosophers some common human privileges. As to the supposed answer of the burglarious Jingo, the unprejudiced militiaman, and the filibustering bishop, it is in substance, though not in form, the answer commonly made to moral remonstrance by people who cannot understand the grounds of the remonstrance. It matters not whether you come in the name of a scientific morality or of a traditional theology, the man who 'will have none of your reproofs' replies promptly: 'I see no

harm in it.' Talk to him of God: he has, *comme tout le monde*, one of his own, who permits that wherein he indulges; and you will have much work to persuade him that your God is of higher authority than his. It will be as tough a task as explaining to him a chapter of the 'Data of Ethics.'

Prof. Calderwood, writing in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*, raises the objection that, whereas it is admitted by Mr. Spencer that the words *good* and *bad* are most emphatically applied to those deeds by which men affect one another, this ought not to be so, upon Mr. Spencer's own principles: on the contrary, 'no ethical judgments should be so direct, unhesitating or emphatic as those which pronounce upon the actions contributing to personal satisfaction.' The answer to this is simple enough. The historical antecedents or the remote types of moral actions are not themselves necessarily moral. Purposive action in the lower animals is not moral, though it may be said to be a preparation for morality. We pronounce our most emphatic judgments upon those acts by which men affect one another, because in them we see most conspicuously the conflict of higher and lower impulses, and because members of society must have an especial interest in what men do as *members of society*. Every right action done adds to the security and happiness of life, every wrong action implies some diminution of happiness, and seems to threaten the general welfare. The whole of morality is based upon the fact, that 'there is a lower and a higher;' and wherever the two come plainly into conflict our feelings are more or less strongly engaged. Thus, if we see a man struggling with intemperance and enduring keen suffering in the attempt to conquer the vice, we commend him—even though he may have no wife and children to excite our interest—as much as if we saw him performing, at great cost to himself, an act of

social justice. And why? Because we feel so deeply that the struggle is one in the interest of higher, fuller, life and happiness.

Professor Calderwood appears to think that he raises a serious difficulty when he asks: 'How comes it to pass that actions most commonly and most emphatically commended are actions which most need to be enforced?' I observe that a recent critic\* of Prof. Calderwood's work on 'The Relations of Mind and Brain,' while giving the author credit for general intelligence, says that upon occasions he is positively 'obtuse.' I should certainly be inclined to say that he was in one of his 'obtuse' moods when he put the above question. We commend certain actions more than others because the motives that prompt them are higher, because they imply a more distinct step in moral evolution, because the interest of the community is more concerned in their performance. Now, the Professor wants to know why such actions 'most need to be enforced.' The first thing to say in answer is that such actions are not commonly 'enforced' at all. The acts we praise most highly are acts of patriotism, of eminent public spirit, of devotion to duty under trying circumstances. The acts we 'enforce' are acts which, when done, we do not so highly praise, such as simple fulfilment of contract, and the performance of ordinary civic duties. It is possible, however, that Professor Calderwood, when he uses the word 'enforced,' does not mean legal enforcement, but merely the pressure of public opinion. His question would then be in substance: How is it that the actions which we most commend are those which most need to be commended? But he might as well ask how it is that the actions we most condemn are those which most need to be condemned, why the actions we laugh at are those that especially call for ridicule, and so on, through a whole series of inepti-

tudes. Why certain actions are especially praised I have explained above, and it is manifest, from the nature of the actions referred to, that this social approval must powerfully reinforce the motives which prompt to such actions, but which, without social support, might not have vigour enough to fully assert themselves against countervailing motives. It is impossible, in fact, to understand why the praise is given without understanding at the same time why it is needed.

Again, Professor Calderwood cannot understand how, on utilitarian principles, which he regards Mr. Spencer as adopting, *intention* should make so much difference in actions. 'Two men might lose their lives by the hands of two of their fellows, and we should call the one a case of murder and the other a case of accidental death.' Why?—if actions are to be judged solely by their consequences. This is almost too puerile; but, since a Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh has raised the question, let me simply remark that while the act of carelessness has no *ulterior* consequences, the act of felony has—or will have if left unpunished—the direst consequences to society. Further, in so far as an act of carelessness is felt to menace society as being likely to lead, if unchecked, to further carelessness, *we do view the matter seriously* and visit it both with punishment and reprobation. The ship-master who, through carelessness, loses his ship, has his certificate cancelled or suspended. The engine-driver or conductor, through whose carelessness life is sacrificed, finds himself a criminal in the eye of the law. There is this difference, however, between the worst act of carelessness and an act of malignity, that, in the first case, the doer of the act generally suffers more or less in its consequences, and is therefore in a measure punished already; while the wilful offender does not feel the wrong he has done, and consequently throws upon society the whole burden of his punishment.

\* *London Spectator*, 6th March, 1880.

Dr. McCosh, in the *Princeton Review* (Nov., 1879), touches, perhaps, a weak point in Mr. Spencer's book when he quotes from the chapter on 'Absolute and Relative Ethics' the statement that 'conduct which has any concomitant of pain or any painful consequence is partially wrong.' I think we may fairly question Mr. Spencer's right to take the word 'wrong' and divorce it so violently from its universally understood meaning as he does in this passage. If he had said that no action can be a *perfect action* 'which has any concomitant of pain or any painful consequence,' the statement might have passed with the explanation he gives. But to speak of an action which is *the very best that can be done under given circumstances* as 'partially wrong' is to strain language unduly. How can it be partially wrong—to cite Dr. McCosh's examples—to submit to an amputation in order to preserve life, or to conquer a vice by painful effort?

Mr. McCosh is probably right, also, in holding that the teaching of the chapter on 'Absolute and Relative Ethics' is of somewhat questionable tendency, as leaving altogether too much room for what he calls 'the crooked casuistry of the heart.' Mr. Spencer's essential meaning I hold to be right; but I hardly think that, considering the novelty of his views, he has been sufficiently guarded in his use of language. He might have said, without in any way betraying his fundamental principles, 'The distinction between right and wrong is one that emerges in the region of human, and particularly of social, life; though right and wrong actions, considered as respectively making for or against the preservation and improvement of life, have their analogues in regions lower than the human. A *perfect action* is one all the consequences and relations of

which are satisfactory, as tending to happiness or life; and, therefore, no action which has any accompaniment of pain—though the motive of the doer may be of the highest—can be a perfect action. The motive is pure and good, but it has a setting of painful circumstances, and the action as a whole belongs to an imperfect system of life. In practical life we have often to choose between evils, but he who does not choose for the best when he sees it, violates the highest law of existence.' The gist of Mr. Spencer's teaching, in so far as it assumes a moral character might I think he summed up in these words. Taking the book as a whole, and looking, as we are bound to do, at its inner sense, it must, I think, be acknowledged that, while it does not deal with motives or the subjective aspect of morality, the view which it presents of the connections of moral action, the width of its survey over nature, the conclusive manner in which it demonstrates the healthfulness of what is right and the rightness of what is healthful, should tend to confirm in right determinations even those who miss from it what they deem of most importance. To those, on the other hand, who have long been wistfully looking for an exposition of the natural laws and sanctions of morality, it will be a word spoken with power, and in many ways a help towards higher life. There is but little scandal after all, if we come to think of it, in supposing that action which we call moral may be a developed form of action to which the name cannot be applied; but there is great edification in the thought, now brought home to our understandings, that, by every truly moral act, we help to build up and improve the life of the world and make ourselves co-workers with the principle of life everywhere.

## ONE DAY IN SEVEN

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

CONSEQUENT upon the endeavour by an American amusement purveyor to establish in Toronto that institution of continental Europe, and, of late years, the United States, the Sunday Evening Concert, a discussion has arisen upon the observance of one day in seven—without discrimination designated Sunday, the Sabbath Day, the Lord's Day, and the Day of Rest, terms which each have a distinctive meaning, and which each convey very different impressions to those who have enquired into the origin and history of the weekly cessation from labour. Although the Sabbath observance, more than any other religious question, has become the issue on which battle is being done between those who would force that observance on all and sundry at the spear's point, and the unorthodox, who object to such enforced observance, as persecution; and although, while the orthodox anathema is more loud and shrill, the still small voice of scepticism is listened to by a wider and more intelligent audience, and is heard in the domestic hearth, in the press, even from not a few pulpits;—still the ultra-orthodox, would they but study the facts of the case, would hardly be so brusque in their belief that the manner of their observance of the Sabbath is alone in accordance with the true Christian spirit. For, it is not going beyond what is visible to all but the wilfully purblind, to point out that Christian thinkers and teachers most profound and conscientious, men like Norman Macleod and Robertson, of Brighton, have given unmistakeable emphasis to their conviction that the

Sabbatarian celebration of the Lord's Day is without religious moment or usefulness, and has been transformed into a most oppressive civil ordinance.

As to the vexed question of the origin of the Sabbath, as Proctor contends in his 'Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews,' it by no means follows that previous to the use of the religion of Hebraism, there was no break from labour. Ewald (*History of Israel*, Vol. 1) shews that in the earliest chapter of the 'Book of Origins,' named after Moses, the names and traditions come down to us of far remoter races and religions. The observance of religious days was found in the earliest Aryan as well as Semitic sacred books; being found, as Professor Max Müller has shewn, in the Vedas. Long before the Hebrew Exodus, nations had divided time into lunar months, and subdivided their periods into divisions of seven, which, besides being about a fourth of the lunar month, corresponded with the number of celestial bodies known to the astronomers of old as moving upon the sphere of the fixed stars.

Whatever the date and exact origin of so venerable an institution of the Hebrew religion, it seems identified peculiarly with the Sinaitic legislation, and not to be traceable in the Heroic age in Canaan, or in that of the Egyptian captivity. The history of the Sabbath from this onward to the era of Christ is a record of ceremonial being heaped on ceremonial, some doubtless made for the glory of God. Most of them, however, there is reason to believe, were dictated by the temporal policy of the sons of Levi.

Strength is imparted to this pre-

sumption by a careful study of Christ's attitude towards the Sabbath. While it is true that he proclaimed the end of the old dispensation, it is observable that he never gave utterance to any irreverent word, and never so comported himself that either word or act could be construed by his most subtle enemy into blasphemy. Surely had Christ himself believed that, in the manner of the observance of the Sabbath, his Father was glorified, or had he even detected a grounded belief in the Jews that Jehovah was magnified in the Sabbath as then celebrated, he would not have persistently and in the broadest daylight have flung himself into violation of the prevailing mode of observance, thus provoking a challenge of his being in very deed the Son of God. That the ceremonial observances of the Sabbath had outgrown their scriptural warrant is emphasized by the fact that Christ found it necessary to give utterance to the saying recorded in Mark ii. 27: 'The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.' In this connection Rev. Mr. Plumtre, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, says: 'Hardly less significant than the positive was the negative side of his teaching. There is no mention of the Sabbath in either St. Matthew's or St. Luke's report of the Sermon on the Mount. He never mentions it, as many a Scribe would have done when he is asked what were the great Commandments of the Law (Mark xii. 29-30). In his answer to the question of the young ruler, whom he told to keep the commandments, and who asked him which, he mentions all duties toward man, but not this of keeping the Sabbath holy (Mark x. 19). Without formally repeating, while in fact recognising the moral element, and as it were idea of law, he tacitly allows the latter to slip into the background of duties. It already takes its place in his teaching among the things that are decaying and waxing old, and are ready to vanish away.'

Thus Christ died and was translated without leaving any command for the observance of any Sabbath Day. The early believers met together on Saturday evening to celebrate the Feast of the Lord's Supper, instituted by Christ. By degrees, however, the celebration passed midnight and grew into a Sunday morning observance, from which subsequently the breaking of bread was eliminated. The Jewish Sabbath had been observed as a day of fasting and the Lord's Day as a day of feasting, and though the author whose words have just been quoted, does not deal with the change in the comprehensive manner of other writers on the subject, his comments are worth reproducing upon the singular train of consequences whereby that 'which had started as, in part at least, receiving its holiness from one day, now imparted a consecrated character to another.' He says, 'Thenceforth the Lord's Day was recognised through all the Churches of the East and West as a day for joy, for rest also—where rest was possible—for works of kindness and divine service, and, above all, for sharing in the great act of worship which gave the day its name. Here the Church, with a wonderful consent, far more impressive, it seems to me, and far more authoritative than any formal decree of the apostles could have been, found what were her wants, the moral element of the Sabbath and its power to edify or tranquillize, without its rigour—the joy without the severity. There was no handle for harsh judgments, or the minute precision of casuists. The degree in which it was to be observed varied with the circumstances of each church or town or household.'

It is thus seen that if the Lord's Day was observed, it was not absorbed in religious ceremonies by the early Christians. The first step in that direction was the edict of Constantine, A.D. 341, wherein he proclaimed that all should rest on the venerable day of the sun, with the exception of those

engaged in husbandry, and even these latter were to cease from their rougher work, repairing where they could to the villages to procure provisions, 'be civilized and be taught.' The Christian soldiers on this day were to go to church and the heathen were to meet in a field and utter a prayer which the Emperor composed for them, probably addressed to Apollo, who was, previous to the conversion of the potentate, the guardian deity of Constantine. Historians regard this edict, and the companion one establishing markets on Sunday, as belonging to that period in Constantine's life, when he was hovering between two religious beliefs, anxious to please the Christians, and afraid to offend the heathen. The next recognition of the Sabbath is in an edict of Leo, the philosopher, fully a century later, when the exemption in favour of husbandmen is withdrawn. In this edict occur the words, 'For if the Jews did so much reverence their Sabbath, which was only a shadow of ours, are not we, who inhabit light and the truth of grace obliged to honour that day, etc.' This edict was supplemented by the deliverance of the Churches of Gaul, Auxerre, Mascon, and Orleans, whose tendency was towards a rigid Sabbatarianism. Up till this period it is observable that no schoolmen had asserted that observance of the Sabbath or the Lord's Day was incumbent upon Christians; much less had they sought to exercise religious terrorism over their following. Now, however, in the fifth century a change is seen, for the schoolmen began to aggravate the existing amount of ignorance, and slowly but steadily persevere in imposing Sabbatarian rules for the restraint of conscience and demeanour. Hessey fitly likens the state of society that ensued to that of Canaan at its settlement by the Israelites.

Hence onward to the Reformation, the history of Sunday is the record of a Christianized Sabbath, infinitely more exacting than the Jewish holy-

day; indeed a day of tyrannical restrictions and oppressions, lit up by the glare of the most hellish of human passions. Says one writer: 'The period which we commonly think of as the darkest of the dark ages was conspicuous for what we now know as a rigid Sabbatarianism.' The recoil at the Reformation was intense, for Luther and his followers returned to the primitive Christian idea of the Lord's Day, entirely rejecting the Jewish superstructure reared by the schoolmen. We now come to a different phase of the evolution of the one day in seven. Hardly has the Reformation been an established fact in England, than the people are forthwith divided into two parties, the liberal and the 'unco guid.' When the reign of Elizabeth is reached, these parties are seen in hostility to each other, and as the Stuart period is traversed, they have come into open conflict. It is beyond the scope of this article to enter into an examination of the history of the question at this period. Suffice it to say that the Roundheads added bit by bit of the Judaic economy, beginning with the Decalogue, until they had reared a structure more massive than that which their fathers and grandfathers had overthrown. It would seem to one, after he carefully considers the history of this period, that by their fine style of living, the Cavaliers created hostility to their every act among the Roundheads, who were thereby led to perpetrate much injustice. This ingrained belief in the wickedness of everything that a Cavalier did, appears to be the main-spring of the Puritan legislation on the observance of the Lord's Day. In view of the prosecution which suggests this article it may be interesting to note that the theatre of that day was one of the abominations which the Puritans set themselves to overthrow. Truly it was an abomination, and on no day more than Sunday did it show forth in its hideous apparel. All that was corrupt and festering in society

was to be seen at the play in the Elizabethan period. John Milton, among other writers, speaks of the licentious remissness of Charles I.'s 'Sunday theatre;' so that it is evident the abortive attempt at legislation against 'heathenish plays' in the reign of Elizabeth did not impose any check upon the character of the stage. To resume—the observance of the one day in seven, framed as it was by the Puritans on the basis of the old dispensation, has come down to the present day without a break in its retrograde movement from Calvinism to Judaism. As it stands to-day, Sunday presents the most exaggerated example of Judaism in the world's history. Of late years, however, it is noticeable that public opinion has been travelling on lines similar to those of the early Reformers, looking towards a demolition of the Jewish superstructure and a reversion to a simple Christian remembrance of Christ's resurrection, with increasing freedom, as moral strength increases, to the people. These recurring struggles between Sabbatarians and resisters, if a word may be coined, have almost invariably resulted in favour of the latter, the exception being where they have attempted to hasten natural progression, thus demonstrating that the sense of the people is towards a voluntary observance of one day in seven as a religious ceremony or duty, combined with liberty to employ the cessation from labour as free-will may dictate.

To sum up our historical retrospect we find that the Jewish Sabbath displaced the weekly cessation from toil; that Christ proclaimed the freedom of his followers from its observance; that Christ instituted no substitute for the Jewish Sabbath; that succeeding generations engrafted upon a voluntary commemoration of Christ's resurrection, Jewish observances not binding upon Christians, save by voluntary submission; that this voluntary observance was made a yoke; that

the yoke was thrown off; that it is again re-imposed at this day.

Let us turn now briefly to examine the character of the Jewish Sabbath. The religion of the Jews, unlike that of the Christians, had not as its inspiration a life beyond the grave. True, the Jews had an idea of immortality, but their undying life was the perpetuation of their family importance among the tribes: it was to build up and strengthen their 'houses.' Thus we find in the Jewish religion a vast amount of provision made for the regulation of the physical nature, even their morality being enjoined in such a way as to appear as if it were necessary to the maintenance of their physical robustness more than for the satisfaction of the desires of their higher nature. Indeed, beyond the one grand religious idea of homage to the great I AM, the religion of the Jews seems to have been a religion of health. So deeply did these provisions enter into the every-day life of the Jews that one is impelled towards the idea that the Sabbath itself was ordained as a health ordinance, quite as much as, if not more than, a day of worship. The more one penetrates into the history of the Sabbath, the more warranted does this impulse appear. We find Cox in his *Sabbath Law and Duties* saying: 'I have studied the Fourth Commandment for many years without finding in it a syllable that prohibits recreations; nor have I succeeded better in trying to discover in it an injunction of the public and private exercises of God's worship, as either the whole or any part of the duties of God's Day.' He is forced to conclude that if the Fourth Commandment enjoins aught beyond the mere rest which it specifies, it actually enjoins by implication, worldly recreations. Plumptre in his article, to which reference has elsewhere been made, says: 'As there is a divine activity which does not break in upon the rest of the eternal Sabbath (John v. 17), so there may be a human

activity, human work compatible with the principle of the weekly Sabbath.' In favour of the opposite view let the following be culled from the *Westminster Review*: 'The leading object of the Jewish Sabbath was not religion in our sense of the term, but relaxation. Religion, however, was so far connected with it that the people attended on the Sabbath Day, whenever they could conveniently do so, the morning and evening sacrifices. The interval between, we may be morally certain, was devoted, at the pleasure of the individuals, to the miscellaneous objects of rational recreation: visits to friends, pleasant walks, social pastime, the song and the dance.'

Wherein objection lies most strongly against the course of subsequent tinkers, with the observance of one day in seven, is that they took only such portions of the Jewish Sabbath as pleased their fancy, and engrafted them upon the Lord's Day. Everything that was austere in the Jewish ritual, and which suited either their æsthetic tastes or gave a semi-divine countenance to their own personal dicta, was extracted by the schoolmen and embodied in the Christian order of observance. This assumption of spiritual and temporal power, passing long without question, culminated in a tyranny which provoked the Reformation. The character of Sunday had now been transformed into ultra Judaism, and it is no wonder that the sincere followers of Christ revolted from the imposition. Concerning this period, Dr. Hessey writes: 'Reaction from these views which set in with the Reformation was intense and even violent, though the traces of it have been almost entirely lost in the traditions of our modern Protestantism. For strangely, as it is unknown to the community and purposely (as it would almost seem) kept out of sight by the clergy in general of the British Churches, it is a fact, notorious and indubitable to the ecclesiastical stud-

ents, that all great continental Reformers, and hardly less those of England and Scotland also, with one voice and consent repudiated the Sabatarian theory, which is now the prevailing rule amongst us. Not only Luther and his disciples, not only Zwinglius, as well as the intermediate school which laboured fruitlessly on the continent, but with more effect in England, to establish a position tolerant and comprehensive of the differences of these two leading Reformers, the school of Melancthon and Bucer, and Peter Martyr, but (what is too remarkable to pass over without emphatic notice) Calvin himself and the founders of the Church which adopted his doctrines and discipline, expressly based the observance of Sunday on exclusively Christian grounds, disallowing the obligation of the Jewish law in this matter as well as in other points of Mosaic ritual. Nay, of all those great Christian worthies, Calvin seems to have carried his opinions furthest, not unsupported by the lesser luminaries of his school. Were John Knox to return to Scotland now, his views on this point would utterly scandalize the ministers and elders of that Church which regards him as its ecclesiastical ancestor; and even south of the border he would be loudly condemned by the very persons who regard his name as the badge of the narrowest and most intolerant Puritanism.'

It is evident then, that the Fathers of the Reformation recognised a difference between what was man's duty in regard to Sabbath observance and the service which monastic enactment sought to impose upon him, an enactment which has since been supplanted by civil penalty. Summing up this discursive enquiry into the character of the Jewish Sabbath and the Lord's Day, in the light of the Fathers' teaching, the conclusion that must unavoidably be come to is that what was originally as much a health provision as a day of worship, has been



entirely perverted, and that it has been perpetuated in an ordinance which is in conflict with the opinions of those who accomplished its temporary overthrow. Furthermore, submission to the new order of things has clearly been shown to be a matter entirely of conscience, though, as all know, it is enforced, or is sought to be enforced, by criminal and civil enactment.

With these conclusions terminates the present paper. In a future issue a return will be made to the subject, dealing with the observance of one day in seven, in the light of conscience, necessity, and expediency, and taking up the Sunday observance question from a Canadian legal standpoint.

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## POEMS OF MODERN THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, TORONTO.

### PESSIMISM.

○ WEARY heart, O restless heart,  
 O void of strength and will,  
 O worn and hopeless as thou art,  
 I would that thou wert still!  
 If *here* there is no Love to soothe—  
 If *there* no Power to save,  
 I would that thou wert quiet now,  
 Within the quiet grave.

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### OPTIMISM.

CONTENT thee. Be the evil hour  
 Sufficient for the day,  
 And take in peace, from Passion's power,  
 Thy solitary way.  
 Good Lady Fate, or soon or late,  
 Will help us with the knife  
 For Doctor Death to amputate  
 The Cancer we call Life.

## WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

BY SAXE HOLM.

I WAS on my knees before my chrysanthemum-bed, looking at each little, round, tight disk of a bud, and trying to believe that it would be a snowy flower in two weeks. In two weeks my cousin Annie Ware was to be married: if my white chrysanthemums would only understand and make haste! I was childish enough to tell them so; but the childishness came of love,—of my exceeding, my unutterable love for Annie Ware; if flowers have souls, the chrysanthemums understood me.

A sharp, quick roll of wheels startled me. I lifted my head. The wheels stopped at our gate; a hurried step came down the broad garden path, and almost before I had time to spring to my feet, Dr. Fearing had taken both my hands in his, had said,—‘Annie Ware has the fever’—had turned, had gone, had shut the garden gate, and the same sharp, quick roll of wheels told that he was far on his way to the next sufferer.

I do not know how long I stood still in the garden. A miserable sullenness seemed to benumb my faculties. I repeated,—

‘Annie Ware has the fever.’ Then I said,—

‘Annie Ware cannot die; she is too young, too strong, and we love her so.’

Then I said again,—

‘Annie Ware has the fever,’ and all the time I seemed not to be thinking about her at all, but about the chrysanthemums, whose tops I still idly studied.

For weeks a malignant typhus fever had been slowly creeping about in the

lower part of our village, in all the streets which had been under water in the spring freshet.

These streets were occupied chiefly by labouring people, either mill operatives or shopkeepers of the poorer class. It was part of the cruel ‘calamity’ of their ‘poverty’ that they could not afford to have homesteads on the high plateau, which lifted itself quite suddenly from the river meadow, and made our village a by-word of beauty all through New England.

Upon this plateau were laid out streets of great regularity, shaded by grand elms, many of which had been planted by hands that handled the ropes of the *Mayflower*. Under the shade of these elms stood large, old-fashioned houses, in that sort of sleepy dignity peculiar to old New England. We who lived in these houses were also sleepy and dignified. We knew that ‘under the hill,’ as it was called, lived many hundreds of men and women, who were stifled in summer for want of the breezes which swept across our heights, cold in winter because the wall of our plateau shut down upon them the icy airs from the frozen river, and cut off the afternoon sun. We were sorry for them, and we sent them cold meat and flannels sometimes; but their life was as remote from our life as if they never crossed our paths; it is not necessary to go into large cities to find sharp lines drawn between the well-to-do and the poverty-stricken. There are in many small villages, ‘districts’ separated from each other by as distinct a moral distance as divides Fifth Avenue from the Five Points.

And so it had come to pass that while for weeks this malignant fever had been creeping about on the river shore, we, in our clearer, purer air, had not felt even a dread of it. There had not been a single case of it west of the high-water mark made by the terrible freshet of the previous spring. We sent brandy and wine and beef-  
tea into the poor, comfortless, grief-stricken houses; and we said at tea time that it was strange people would persist in living down under the bank: what could they expect? and besides, they were 'so careless about drainage and ventilation.'

Now, on the highest and loveliest spot, in the richest and most beautiful house, the sweetest and fairest girl of all our village lay ill of the deadly disease.

'Annie Ware has the fever.' I wondered if some fiend were lurking by my side, who kept saying the words over and over in my ear. With that indescribable mixture of dulled and preternaturally sharpened sense which often marks the first moments of such distress, I walked slowly to my room, and in a short time had made all the necessary preparation for leaving home. I felt like a thief as I stole slowly down the stairs, with my travelling-bag in my hand. At the door I met my father.

'Hey-day, my darling, where now? Off to Annie's, as usual?'

He had not heard the tidings! Should I tell him? I might never see him again; only too well I knew the terrible danger into which I was going. But he might forbid me.

'Yes, off to Annie's,' I said in a gay tone, and kissing him sprang down the steps.

I did not see my father again for eighteen days.

On the steps of my uncle's house I met old Jane, a coloured woman who had nursed Annie Ware when she was a baby, and who lived now in a little cottage near by, from whose door steps she could see Annie's window, and in

whose garden she raised flowers of all sorts, solely for the pleasure of carrying them to Annie every day.

Jane's face was positively grey with sorrow and fear. She looked at me with a strange sort of unsympathizing hardness in her eyes. She had never loved me. I knew what she thought. She was saying to herself: 'Why not this one instead of the other?'

'O Auntie!' I said, 'I would die for Annie; you know I would.'

At this she melted. 'O honey! don't ye say that. The Lord'—but she could say no more. She threw her apron up over her head and strode away.

The doors of the house stood open. I walked through room after room, and found no human being. At last, at the foot of the stairs in the back part of the house, I came upon all the servants huddled together in a cowering, weeping group. Flat on the floor, with his face to the wall, lay black Cæsar, the coachman. I put my hand on his shoulder. He jerked away impatiently.

'Yer jest lemme lone, will yer?' he said in a choking voice; then lifting up his head, and seeing it was I, he half sprang to his feet, with a look of shame and alarm, and involuntarily carrying his hand to his head, said:—  
'O miss! who's gwine to think yer'—here he too broke down, and buried his face in his great hands.

I did not speak, but the little group instinctively opened to let me pass up the stairs. I had a vague consciousness that they said something as I turned into a little cross-hall which led to Annie's room; but without attending to their words I opened her door. The room was empty; the bed stripped of clothes; the windows wide open. I sank into a chair, and looked from side to side. I was too late, after all! That was why none of the servants dared speak to me. A little slipper of Annie's lay on the floor by the bed. I took it up and turned it over and over in my hands. Then I

became conscious that my Aunt Ann was speaking to me—was calling me by name, earnestly, repeatedly, with terror in her voice.

‘My dear, dear child; Helen, Helen, Helen, she is not dead. She is in my room. Come and see for yourself.’

I had seen my Aunt Ann every day for nineteen years—I never knew her until that moment; I never saw her real face until that moment.

I followed her slowly through rooms and passage-ways till she reached her own chamber. The door was open, the room was very dark. On the threshold she paused, and whispered, ‘You must not be frightened, darling. She will not know you. She has not known any one for six hours.’

I knelt down by the bed. In a few moments my eyes became used to the darkness, and I saw Annie’s face lying motionless on the farther edge of the bed, turned to the wall. It was perfectly white except the lips, which were almost black, and were swollen and crusted over with the fearful fever. Her beautiful hair fell in tangled masses, and half covered her face.

‘She seems to be lying very uncomfortably,’ said Aunt Ann, ‘but the doctor ordered that she should not be disturbed in any way.’

I looked at my aunt’s face and listened to her voice in bewilderment. The whole world had for years called her, and with apparent justice, ‘a hard and unsympathising woman.’ No human being had ever seen a really free unconstrained smile on her face, or heard from her lips an impulsive word. When it was known that the genial, rollicking, open-hearted Henry Ware was to marry her, everybody shuddered. As years went on, everybody who sat by Henry Ware’s fireside and was kindled and made welcome by his undiminished and unconquerable cheeriness, felt at the same time chilled and paralyzed by the courteous, unexceptionable dignity of Mrs. Ware. Even I, having the freedom of a daughter in their house, and loving my uncle

hardly less than I loved my father, had never once supposed that anybody could love Aunt Ann, or that she she would permit it. I always felt a little terror when I saw Annie kiss her, or my uncle put his arm around her. My own loving, caressing, overflowing mother had given me by inheritance, and had taught me by example, a type of love which knew no life without expression. And very well I knew that sweet mother of mine, whom the whole town loved, and who herself loved the whole world, seemed always turned into stone by the simple presence of Aunt Ann.

And now Aunt Ann was sitting on the floor by my side, clinging to my hand, resting my head on her bosom, and, as I felt instantly and instinctively, revealing in her every tone, look, word, such intensity and passionate-ness of feeling as I had never in my whole life seen before. I saw then that she had always held me side by side with her own child in her heart, and that she knew the rare quality of the love I had for Annie.

‘I ought not to have let you come here,’ she said, more as if speaking to herself than to me; ‘they, too, have but one.’

‘But, Aunt Ann, you could not have kept me out,’ I whispered.

‘Yes, I knew that, my child,’ she replied; ‘but no one else would know it.’

From that moment there was between my Aunt Ann and me a subtle bond which partook of all the holiest mysteries of love. There were both motherhood and the love of lovers in my love for Annie. Annie’s mother felt them, and was willing to have her own motherhood added to and ministered to by them. From that moment I believe not even her husband seemed so near to her in her relation with her child as I.

I will not write out the record of the next two weeks. They seemed, as they passed a thousand years; and yet, in looking back on them, they seem only

like one terrible breathless night. My aunt and I alone did all that was done for Annie. There were whole days and whole nights during which she talked incessantly, sometimes with such subtle semblance of her own sweet self, that we could hardly believe she did not know what she said; sometimes with such wild ravings that we shook in terror, and could not look at her nor at each other. There were other days and nights through which she lay in a sleep, which seemed no more like real sleep than the shrill voice of her ravings had seemed like her real voice. These were most fearful of all. Through all these days and nights, two men with white faces and folded arms walked up and down in the rooms below, or crouched on the thresholds of our doors, listening for sign or word from us. One was Annie's father, and the other was her lover, George Ware. He was her second cousin, fifteen years older than she, and had loved her since the days she was one year old, when at the ceremony of her christening, he, a proud shy boy of sixteen, had been allowed to carry her up stairs with her sweet name resting fresh and new on her little dewy forehead. Ah, seldom does such love spring and grow and blaze on this earth as had warmed the very air around Annie from the moment of her birth. George Ware was a man of rare strength, as this love showed; and with just such faithfulness as his faithfulness to Annie, he had loved and cared for his mother, who had been for twenty years a widow. They lived on the outskirts of the town, in a small house almost buried in the heart of a pine wood. The wood was threaded in all directions by miles of narrow paths which shone in the shaded sunlight as if they were satin-floored. For nineteen years it had been George Ware's joy to roam these paths with his cousin Annie; first, the baby whom he drew in her wicker waggon; next, the wayward little child who walked with stumbling steps and clung to his finger; next, the gay school-girl who brought

all her perplexities and all her joys to be confided to him under the pines; next, the shyer and more silent maiden who came less often, but lingered helplessly until twilight made the fragrant aisles solemn and dim as cloisters; at last, the radiant, the child-like woman, the promised wife!

No winter could set a barrier across these pine-wood paths. When the whole country about lay blocked and drifted, and half buried with snow, all these spicy foot-roads were kept clear and level, and ready for Annie's feet. Whole days of George Ware's strength went into the work and joy of doing this. In open spaces where the snow had drifted deep, he wrought it into solid walls almost as high on either hand as Annie's head. In dark nocks, where the spreading pines and hemlocks lay low and wide, he tossed the snow into fantastic and weird masses on the right and left, and cleared great spaces where he knew the partridge-berry would be ready with a tiny scarlet glow to light up the spot.

This was George Ware's wooing. It never stepped into the glare, the contention of profaner air. It was not a seeking, a finding, a conquest; but a slow, sure growth of possession, which has an eternal foundation and seemed as eternally safe as the results of organic law.

George's picture hung in Annie's room, opposite the foot of her bed. Opposite the foot of the bed in her mother's room hung a large engraving of the Sistine Madonna. I fancied that in Annie's quieter moments her eyes rested with a troubled look upon this picture, and one day, when she was in a deep sleep, I exchanged the pictures. I felt as if even lifeless canvass which had George's face painted upon it, might work her good.

At last there came a night,—they said it was the fourteenth, but the words conveyed no meaning to me,—there came a night when Dr. Fearing, who had been sitting by Annie's bed for two hours, watching her every

breath, sprang suddenly to his feet, and beckoned to my aunt and me to follow him into the next room. He shut the door, walked very swiftly up to us, looked first into her face then into mine; then felt her pulse, and then mine, and then turning to me, said,—

‘It will have to be you.’ We looked at him in sudden terror. The tears were rolling down his wrinkled cheeks.

‘What is it, William?’ gasped Aunt Ann.

‘It will have to be you,’ he went on, looking me in the face, and taking no notice of her question; ‘your pulse can be trusted. There has been a change. When Annie wakes out of this sleep she will know you. It may be in two hours, and it may not be for six. But if in that first moment she is alarmed, or agitated in any way, she will die.’

‘O William, let me stay. I will be calm,’ moaned my poor aunt.

Then I observed, for the first time, that she had called him ‘William.’ And then, for the first and last time, I heard Dr. Fearing call my Aunt Ann ‘darling,’ and I remembered in that instant that it had been said once in my hearing, that it was because of his love for Mrs. Henry Ware that Dr. William Fearing had lived and would die a lonely man.

‘Darling,’ he said, and put one hand on her shoulder, ‘you would kill your child. I forbid you to cross the threshold of that room till I come back. You will thank me to-morrow. Can you not trust me, Ann?’ and he looked down from his full height, this brave old man, into the face of the woman he had loved, with a look like the look of one who dies to save another. It was but for one second, and then he was again the physician, and turning to me, went on, ‘I have another patient to whom I must instantly go, and whom I may not be able to leave for hours. You can do all that I would do—I believe,’—then he

felt my pulse again, and nodding his head with a sort of grim professional satisfaction, which no amount of emotion could wholly divert from its delight in the steady nerves and undisturbed currents of a healthy body—resumed, ‘You have but one thing to do: when she wakes, look perfectly composed; if she speaks, answer her in a perfectly natural voice; give her two drops of this medicine, and tell her to go to sleep again. If you do this, she will fall asleep at once. If you show the least agitation, she may die—probably will!’—and Dr. Fearing was gone.

My aunt sat silently weeping. I kissed her without speaking, and went back to my chair by Annie’s bed. I dropped the two drops of medicine into a spoon, and propped the spoon carefully on a little silver tray, so that I could reach it instantly. It was just three o’clock in the morning. Hour after hour passed. I could not hear Annie’s breath. My own dinned in my ears like the whirl of mills. A terror such as I can never describe took possession of me. What if I were to kill Annie? How could I look composed? speak naturally? What would she say? If I could but know and have my answer ready!

I firmly believe that the dawn of light saved my senses and Annie’s life. When the first red beam shot through the blinds at the farther end of the room, tears came into my eyes. I felt as if angels were watching outside. A tiny sunbeam crept between the slats and fell on the carpet. It was no more than a hair’s breadth, but it was companionship to me. Slowly, steadily it came towards me. I forgot all else in watching it. To this day I cannot see a slow-moving sunbeam on a crimson floor without a shudder. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The bells rang for schools; the distant hum of the town began. Still there was no stir, no symptom of life, in the colourless face on the pillow. The sunbeam had crept nearly to my feet. In-

voluntarily I lifted my right foot and stretched it out to meet the golden messenger. Had I dared to move I should have knelt and reached my hand to it instead. Perhaps even the slight motion I did make, hastened Annie's waking, for at that instant she turned her head uneasily on the pillow and opened her eyes. I saw that she knew me. I wondered how I could have distrusted my own strength to meet her look. I smiled as if we were at play together, and said—

'Good morning, dear.'

She smiled languidly and said, 'How came I in mamma's bed?'

I said, quietly, 'Take this medicine, darling,' and almost before the drops had passed her lips her eyes closed, and she had fallen asleep again.

When Dr. Fearing came into the room at noon, he gave one swift, anxious glance at her face, and then fell on his knees and folded his face in his hands. I knew that Annie was safe.

Then he went into the next room, silently took Aunt Ann by the hand, and leading her back to Annie's bedside, pointed to the little beads of moisture on her forehead and said,—

'Saved!'

The revulsion was too much for the poor mother's heart. She sank to the floor. He lifted her in his arms and carried her out, and for the rest of that day my Aunt Ann, that 'hard and unsympathising woman,' passed from one strange fainting-fit into another, until we were in almost as great fear for her life as we had been for Annie's.

At twilight Annie roused from her sleep again. She was perfectly tranquil, but too weak to lift even her little hand, which had grown so thin and wrinkled that it looked like a wilted white flower lying on the white counterpane.

Hour by hour she gained strength under the powerful restoratives which were used, and still more from the wonderful elasticity of her tempera-

ment. From the very first day, however, an indefinable terror of misgiving seized me as often as I heard her voice or looked into her eyes. In vain I said to myself: 'It is the weakness after such terrible illness;' 'it is only natural.' I felt in the bottom of my heart that it was more.

On the fourth day she said suddenly, looking up at the picture of George Ware,—

'Why! Why is Cousin George's picture in here? Where is the Madonna?'

I replied: 'I moved it in here, dear, for you. I thought you would like it.'

'No,' she said, 'I like the Madonna best: the dear little baby! Please carry George back into my room where he belongs.'

My heart stood still with terror. She had never called George Ware her cousin since their engagement. She especially disliked any allusion to their relationship. This was her first mention of his name, and it was in all respects just what it would have been a year before. Dr. Fearing had forbidden us to allude to him, or to her wedding-day, or, in fact, to any subject calculated to arouse new trains of thought in her mind. I wondered afterward that we did not understand from the first how he had feared that her brain might not fully recover itself, as the rest of her exquisitely organized body seemed fast doing.

Day after day passed. Annie could sit up; could walk about her room; she gained in flesh and colour and strength so rapidly that it was a marvel. She was gentle and gay and loving; her old rare, sweet self in every little way and trait and expression; not a look, not a smile, not a tone was wanting; but it was the Annie of last year, and not of this. She made no allusion to her wedding, the day for which had now passed. She did not ask for George.

*To be continued.*

## ROUND THE TABLE.

## NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

WHAT can be done to keep our local newspaper press from degenerating almost entirely into a receptacle for mere gossip? If we take up one of our smaller sheets, we shall find, as a rule, though there are honourable exceptions, that the dearth of anything like *news* is really appalling, and that its place is filled up with petty items of floating local gossip with a sensational inquest or murder thrown in to flavour the insipid concoction. We are told, not only what A and B and C have done or are doing, but also what D and E and F are intending to do at some future period, and possibly something that G and H did *not* do at all, but which somebody has said they did; whereupon G and H find it necessary to contradict the statement, and so we have the space still further occupied with the merest trifling, till one wonders why one takes local papers at all! This very *feminine* tendency is not creditable to our local editors, nor fair to their readers; while it is anything but elevating to the public taste. One can pity the sorrows of a hard-worked editor who, in so uninteresting and unprogressive age as ours, finds it so hard to gather from his exchanges items of general political or scientific or social or religious interest—so hard to find material for articles which might be general and profitable to all—and so, in despair, fills up his columns with a series of “little Pedlington” items which it is sheer waste of time to read through. But it does more harm than this. The perpetual publishing of the private affairs of private individuals cultivates a taste for publicity most destructive to the dignity and delicacy of feeling, without which our national character will have to stand a good many degrees lower than that of its progenitors. The American character, we can all see, has been much deteriorated by the overweening mania for publicity which does not respect even the sacredness of home life. We are in danger here of following their example. Let newspaper editors remember that it is *not fair* to their readers generally to fill

up their columns, even partially, with matters which interest only one or two private individuals, while items of general interest are thereby excluded. There should be no “personals” but such as relate to public men, whose actions are of *public* interest, and a certain class of polluting sensational garbage should be rigorously excluded. I heartily wish we could have some kind of press censorship which should protect the interests of the reading public by sifting out the trifling gossip and poisonous criminal details from the *legitimate news* for which newspapers were intended, and to which they should be confined.

## MR. BEECHER AND BURNS.

A guest at the Table enquires on the ground of what theology Mr. Beecher expresses an enthusiastic hope of meeting Burns in Heaven. I must say, by the way, that as Mr. Beecher is so frequently grossly mis-reported by the ordinary press, I doubt very much whether “W’s” quotation correctly gives his language on the occasion referred to. Judging by other instances of flagrant perversion of his words, I think the probability is that it does not. However apart from this, I should say from what I know of Mr. Beecher’s usual teaching, that he would reply to “W” that he professes no other theology than that taught by his Master—Christ—that “repentance and remission of sins” is the very keynote of his commission to preach the gospel; and that the free and full forgiveness promised to the true penitent is the fundamental condition for entering on the higher life. No one who has any true insight into the life and character of Burns will deny that, great as were his sins, his penitence was sincere. The publican, the Prodigal Son, and the penitent thief were all probably as great sinners as Burns; yet “W” would hardly question the correct “theology” of the hope as applied to them. Why then in the case of another penitent—Robert Burns?

F.



## ROMANISM v. UNITARIANISM.

In the November number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY there appeared a paragraph in "Round the Table" which interested me so much that I thought of replying at the time, but was prevented from doing so by other engagements. It interested me because it seemed a sincere and honest expression of the writer's feelings; and because the problem touched upon is one which must often, in this age of infinitely divergent opinions, perplex thoughtful minds. "How two devoted seekers after truth, both earnestly imploring the guidance of Heaven," says M. E. S. S., "should be led into Romanism on the one hand, and Unitarianism on the other, is incomprehensible to me." To myself, thinking both these systems of belief largely founded on error, it is very difficult to comprehend. But I think that there are considerations which might at least throw some light on it. The natural bias of our minds, the habits of thought and predispositions contracted by education, all tend to colour our views of truth, and it is not God's way of working, miraculously to neutralise these. If, as I believe He has done, He has given us in the Bible a revelation so clear, that he who runs may read, and has given us minds capable of comprehending it, the difficulty *must*, it seems to me, lie in *ourselves* if we come to such very opposite conclusions. Might we not do more to divest ourselves of the mists with which human sophistry and human pride have so often obscured the simple Word of Life? God has promised His Divine Spirit to all who ask it; but to receive it in its full illuminating power, they must be willing to come in

the simple trusting spirit of a little child. To me, it seems that coming to the New Testament in *this* spirit, one could hardly land *finally* in either Romanism or Unitarianism.

But, furthermore, God works in the sphere of the spiritual, as well as that of the physical, by laws, and in His infinite patience and wisdom, often by slow and gradual steps. It may be that *all the circumstances, the mental constitution and educational influences being taken into consideration*, the partial approximation to truth arrived at by two such "devoted seekers" as have been described, is a necessary intermediate step towards the possession of that greater fulness of light which will eventually—it may be very gradually—break in upon them;—so gradually, perhaps, that they themselves will hardly be aware of the transition, until they find that it is daylight instead of dawn. At all events M. E. S. S., by his (?) own avowal, has reached the great central truth, that *God is Love*—the central ray which must expand into and illuminate every subordinate truth. Keeping fast hold of this clue, it seems to us that M. E. S. S. will find, as his knowledge of himself and of human life deepens, that Unitarianism is very inadequate expression, either of the inexpressible and infinite depths of that Love, or of the almost infinite needs of man's weak and sin-laden nature. Divine Love *giving itself* to raise us to the Divine, is, it is more and more manifest to me, at least, the only adequate expression of Infinite Love answering the deepest cry of the human heart. But at least let us be thankful for the truth that God is Love, and so many different forms of thought may find a meeting-place in this.

F.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Southey*, by EDWARD DOWDEN. *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley; New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: Jas. Campbell & Son.

ROBERT SOUTHEY fills, more exactly perhaps than any of his predecessors whose lives and works have been so ably

summarized in this series, the position which is implied by the term 'man of letters.'

Of Milton, of Burke, of Shelley, and of Johnson, it may well be said that they were lettered men, but they were also something beyond and above this. They were not only capable of using to

the uttermost those tools of human speech and those forms of thought with which their age furnished them; but, had need been, they could themselves have forged their own weapons and stood the brunt of battle self-furnished and self-contained. Accident of birth ruled that these heroes should show their sacred light in the guise of Men of Letters; but we can believe with Carlyle that a more congenial age would have left them still heroes, but heroes visible to all men as prophets or as kings. Southey cannot be fairly ranked with such as these.

Literature was the husk which protected the rich ripening kernel of these great men's souls. To Southey it was more than this. The kernel had dwindled into a nonentity, the husk of softened relaxed texture and sweet unpronounced flavour remained the only product and ultimate aim of his being. Save as a literary man Southey is inconceivable. As a literary man (perhaps hovering perilously near what Fichte calls the 'Hodman' class) his industry and application were wonderfully meritorious. Whatever industry and regularity *could* do, he did. He wrote,—ye gods! what did he not write? Dramas and poems of inordinate length, volumes of occasional pieces, histories, biographies, reviews, essays and articles, all poured from his pen. That pen was never idle,—if no work was on hand huge folio volumes of commonplace-books must store up facts, gathered from miscellaneous reading, for future use. Then there was letter writing, a severe demand upon one's faculties and time in his days, but one from which he seems never to have shrunk. Bravely and cheerfully he wrote them all, and not without much praise and some more substantial recompense.

We almost feel ungrateful in recording the tolerably unanimous verdict of the present day upon his multifarious labours. For Southey, in spite of the applause he gained, fondly looked forward to that appreciation which he expected posterity alone would be qualified to pronounce. Wordsworth was comparatively disregarded, and yet his little knot of friends prophesied that the public would come round in time to admire and love his works. Was Southey to blame for fancying that this foretold burst of poetic enthusiasm would also lift his little vessel on its flow and carry

him higher and higher toward the kindred stars? At any rate it is clear that he entertained such hopes, and at least as clear that they were utterly unfounded. Posterity reads his poems a great deal less than his contemporaries did and his essays and political works not at all.

For it is but too clear that Southey was no true poet. Mr. Dowden is a sympathetic biographer; he gives a full full and fair history of Southey's life, which contained sufficient chances and changes to admit of many graceful illustrations, such as we might well expect could be culled from the voluminous works of a true poet. Accordingly we do find some verses aptly enough introduced; but we shall look in vain for one really good thought or even for a turn of language that deserves a better epithet than felicitous. The best Mr. Dowden can say of his blank verse is that it is at its highest when most nearly imitating that of Landor, a poet of a much higher calibre. On returning to Southey's own style Mr. Dowden compares it to a smooth clear stream, lapsing away, 'never dangerously swift, nor mysteriously deep.' We need hardly wonder at this when we find that, on going over a poem for the second time, 'it did not cost Southey a pang to draw the pen across six hundred lines.' If the first rush of enthusiasm produced nothing worth preserving in six hundred lines, it need not surprise us that further elaboration, while perhaps improving the poem as a whole, left its backbone of poetic feeling still deficient in stamina.

It is upon his shorter prose works with their clear narrative and condensed nervous language that Southey's fame is now most safely rested. His singularly amiable personal character, and his close connection with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor and De Quincey, will ensure interest in his life for generations to come. But we very much doubt whether the public will demand any more detailed work than the present volume. In it, Mr. Dowden has struck the right key, seeking to interest us in Southey the man, and from thence to lead us on to his works, rather than to demand our attention to his life on the score of our presumed admiration for his poems. The account of Southey's childhood is prettily told, his home at Keswick with his own children growing up around

him is touchingly pictured. We get pleasant glimpses of Coleridge's household, and little Hartley, prematurely grave while being taken on a wheelbarrow excursion, accounting for his taciturnity by the frank avowal: 'The pity is I see always thinking of my thoughts.' We see the peaceful life draw to its close among his beloved books, old folios, dark quartos, parchment-covered missals and illuminated manuscripts, until, unable to read any longer, the old man could only crawl round the room and mechanically take down a favourite book from the shelf, hold it tenderly in his hand a little while, and put it back again. When even this last sad pleasure was over, and Robert Southey died, it was with a conscience, so far as we can tell, void of offence towards all men, and the memory of a life well spent in generous deeds and active exertions.

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*Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat*, 1802-1808, Part II., No. 98 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The same lack of appreciation which we noticed in the first part of Mme. de Rémusat's Memoirs is still perceptible. The larger and broader side of Napoleon's character, his faculties as a statesman, a legislator, and an administrator appear lost upon his chronicler. If we are wrong in saying this, we can at least confidently affirm that his great qualities are relatively lost and obscured by the disproportionate attention the lady bestowed upon his little infelicities of manner and apparent harshness of temperament. We say apparent, because it is clear to us that Napoleon was not the Corsican ogre which contemporary English opinion painted him, nor the murderer under disguise of judicial forms that Legitimist circles chose to consider him. Mme. de Rémusat fails to notice this. The one chief crime that sullies the great Emperor's laurels, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, seems to have overcome her powers of impartiality, and all subsequent actions are viewed through the blood-red haze that exhaled from the *fosse* of the fortress-prison of Vincennes.

It is not for us to condone or explain away that action. That it was a mistake,

all the world has long agreed. Opinion has also concluded that Cromwell was in error when he ordered the execution of Charles I. But are we to imagine that the feelings evoked by these deaths were not anticipated and weighed anxiously and carefully by the great men whose fiats consigned those high born victims to the fate of the criminal? These arguments that suggested themselves so readily to us, can we suppose that they never raised a suspicion in the minds of the great Captains who had, by sheer force of ability, ridden safely over the waves of revolution and of war? The idea is ridiculous. Cromwell and Napoleon may have failed to give sufficient weight to the sentimental feelings that swayed the opinion of their people, but they must have weighed them, and cannot have lowered the opposing scale until after a severe and protracted struggle. What reasons of state, what ideas, more or less mistaken, of duty to country, of present peace and future prosperity that scale may have contained, no one can now tell so well as those men, who, solitary in their greatness, saw the issue trembling upon their lightest breath. As Napoleon was more alone in this act than Cromwell was in his, so must his responsibility be the greater.

The opening episode of this Part is Moreau's conspiracy. Had Mme. de Rémusat wished to do Napoleon justice, what an opportunity she had here! She depicts him as determined to secure a condemnation of Moreau, not in order to kill him, but to remove his rivalry by the equally effective process of a pardon. She depicts his anxiety for this result as extreme. Of this power and the utter absence of any check or control upon that power, there can be no doubt. And yet, the judges dared to acquit Moreau of the heaviest charge and did not subject him to the sentence of death! From such judges and in such a state of public sycophancy and adulation, does not this independence speak volumes? In spite of the unfortunate tendency of French criminal jurisprudence to lean heavily against the man accused of plotting the overthrow of the State, these timid judges had the courage to render a true deliverance! If they knew the intention to pardon, their independence would have appeared to themselves altogether Quixotish and unnatural, and merely resulting in the nation losing an effective tableau of generous forgiveness on the

part of its head. If they were in ignorance of Napoleon's real intentions, how did they dare to come between him and his prey unless they put a far juster, fairer, and milder construction upon his temper than it receives from Mme. de Rémusat? It may be said that one judge, Lecourbe, was dismissed for his part in the transaction. But with what motive? Actions are easily chronicled, and it costs your memoir-writer only a splurt of a pen to tag on to each its appropriate motive. Luckily we are not confined to the reason the chronicler chooses to give us, but may exercise our discretion in finding another that may fit the circumstances better.

We are told that the judges had privately expressed their conviction of Moreau's guilt to the Emperor, and that Lecourbe at the trial spoke strongly in favour of the General's innocence. Napoleon appears to have dismissed Lecourbe with the stinging epithet, 'a prevaricating judge,' the signification of which phrase Mme. de Rémusat complacently remarks no one could guess. We see no difficulty in the riddle ourselves. A judge who leads his sovereign to believe in a traitor's guilt while inwardly persuaded of his innocence may well be called a prevaricator, if no harsher term must be employed. When that sovereign is an absolute monarch, dependent upon his servants for the truth of the reports brought to him, upon which he has to frame the daily conduct of his realm, what punishment would be too great for the trusted councillor who deceived that master in the points best known to himself? To lead Napoleon on into a fruitless contest, to commit his Imperial dignity to a struggle to obtain a conviction, and to compromise his standing in the eyes of his people, while cherishing all the time the intention of frustrating the hopes he raised,—are these no crimes? Or, is not the feeling of having been thus duped sufficient to account for the anger in which the untoward result, no doubt, plunged the Emperor.

But how did he show his anger? In severe looks and cross words. Very humiliating in a hero, no doubt. But none the less did he pardon a large number of the other conspirators, whose lives were at his mercy, including the Duc de Polignac. Still, his manner of doing it was ungracious. As a monarch, he would, no doubt, have been more charming had he

preserved his *aplomb* and kept his stock of pardons and good breeding intact.

This number takes us through the brilliant scenes of the Coronations at Paris and Milan, and the visit of the Pope to France, through his surprise at Ulm, to the campaign of Austerlitz. We hear a good deal more of the Emperor's gallantries, which were perhaps hardly worthy of so light a name. M. de Talleyrand appears from time to time, and affords an opportunity for remarks that serve to measure Mme. de Rémusat's ideas of morality. We need not give the details of the life of this priest, whose vows were broken as freely as he shattered all the ordinary restraints of honour. After living for some years with a mistress he was compelled by Napoleon to marry her, and a Papal dispensation obtained. This, Mme. de Rémusat considers a thousand pities, as he might otherwise have become reconciled to the Church, 'resumed the Roman purple in the autumn of his days, and at least repaired *in the eyes of the world* the scandal of his life.'

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*Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies.* By ALPHEUS TODD, Librarian of Parliament; author of 'Parliamentary Government in England,' etc. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

THIS elaborate and eminently satisfactory treatise is a fitting sequel to the author's larger work on 'Parliamentary Government in England.' The latter holds a high place, if not the very highest, as a constitutional authority in the Mother Country; and we believe the present volume will hold an equally unique position throughout the Empire. The exposition of modern and more enlightened views of colonial rule which are embodied, with us, in the convenient, though not quite accurate, phrase of 'responsible government,' is full, complete, and exhaustive. Moreover, the cases and precedents, illustrative of the principles laid down, are drawn from all the self-governing dependencies of the Crown, and cover all moot questions of special moment up to the date of publication. As a more extended survey of the work may appear in a future number of the MONTHLY, it is only proposed here to commend it to the reader's careful

study, by a brief glance at some of its salient features. The most obvious remark to make, at the outset, is the prominence given by Mr. Todd to the power of the Crown, and, derivatively, of Colonial Governors and Lieutenant Governors. At the period when public, and especially partizan, feeling was aroused upon the Letellier case, we had occasion to state, with some warmth and persistence, the constitutional position of the subject-matter in controversy. It was satisfactory then, and more satisfactory now, to find that so eminent an authority as the Librarian of Parliament is clearly and emphatically on the same side. There were many reasons of expediency for doubting the prudence of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor's action. The imputation of party predilection, on his part, was certainly not made without cause; yet, on the other hand, there were constitutional principles at stake which, as they are paramount to any temporary exigencies of party, should be maintained at all hazards. Mr. Todd, in a brochure published at the time, and with greater fulness in the present work, lays down the prerogative rights of a Governor with clear and irrefragable force and accuracy. The ascendancy of one party or the other may vary the attitude of Parliament in reference to questions of this sort; but the maxims of the Constitution remain the same, and as they were settled long before the attempt to warp them from political considerations, they will assuredly survive the temporary passions of the hour.

The heterodox notion that the Crown has ceased to be anything but an ornamental figure-head of the body politic cannot be too soon abandoned, because if it should ever come to be accepted, overtly or by implication, the balance of the Constitution would inevitably be destroyed. It is difficult to understand how men have come to believe that the royal authority is no longer a potent energy in constitutional government, unless it be, as our author suggests, on account of the non-obtrusion of prerogative before the public. But the fact that although Ministers are responsible to Parliament for all acts performed in the name of the Sovereign or the Governor, is by no means inconsistent with the exercise of substantial power by the head of the Government. It is only proper that this authority should be exerted at fitting occasions either by way

of stimulant, or of restraint. In the last resort, Ministers must either yield or resign, and the ultimate appeal lies to the people as between the advisers who resist and those who assume responsibility for the action of the Crown. The rule is not personally amenable either to Parliament or to the people; but its chosen advisers must answer for all measures primarily to the one, and ultimately to the other. By preserving intact this delicate adjustment of prerogative to responsibility, the successful working of the British constitution can alone be secured. It is singular that while a great deal of political heresy is proclaimed, with confidence, in popular harangues, English statesmen of both parties have always adhered steadfastly to the orthodox view. It matters not whether it be Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone who has occasion to expound his views upon the sphere and influence of royal authority, the result is the same. The publication, by Sir Theodore Martin, of the Prince Consort's Memoirs proves conclusively the reality and practical vigour of the Sovereign's prerogative. It is high time therefore, that, in the Colonies, as well as in England, the true position of a constitutional ruler, under parliamentary government, should be clearly laid down, and strenuously vindicated. This task Mr. Todd has undertaken, and performed with admirable lucidity, power, and completeness in the work before us.

We have only space now to give a brief *résumé* of the contents of the treatise. The first chapter lays a basis or groundwork for the main theses developed thereafter, by a glance at the relation of the sovereign to parliamentary government in England. Then, in natural order, follows an exposition of parliamentary institutions in the Colonies. Clearly if the system, as transplanted in British dependencies, was, *mutatis mutandis*, to be, as Governor Simcoe phrased it, 'an image and transcript of the British Constitution,' the key to its theory, and the guide to its practical operation must be sought in England. The third chapter is occupied with what has long been wanted, an historical account of the introduction of parliamentary government into the various colonies. Mr. Todd begins with Earl Durham's celebrated Report of 1839 and gives a succinct, yet comprehensive, abstract of the instructions and despatches under which

the new system was inaugurated. The administrations of Lords Sydenham and Metcalfe are then reviewed; full credit is given to the enlightened rule of Lord Elgin under whom responsible government was definitively established; and so on to Confederation in 1867. A similar step was taken, as regards Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in 1848; and on the other side of the line, parliamentary rule was conceded to Tasmania and Victoria in 1855; to New South Wales, South Australia and New Zealand in 1856; to Queensland, in 1860; and to Western Australia in 1875. 'The latest of the British colonies admitted to the privileges of local self-government was the Cape of Good Hope.' In each case, where difficulties were encountered at the start, Mr. Todd sketches the measures adopted for their removal.

The fourth chapter on the practical operation of parliamentary government in the colonies embraces too many topics to be even glanced at in this cursory notice. It is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with Imperial control over the colonies, the dominion of a central colonial government over the subordinate provinces, and local self-government. Each of these parts is again divided into sections in which each feature or department of authority is separately treated. The copiousness of the information given not merely shows careful and extended research, but gives satisfactory evidence also of profound thought and study even to the minutest details. The Letellier case, to which reference has been made, is discussed at length in pages 405 to 425. Chapter v. examines formally the position and functions of a Colonial Governor, and with it the work ends. We can commend the work, with complete confidence, to all who desire to become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practice of our constitutional system. It is fortunate for the Dominion of Canada, that its treasures of learning, as well as its records, are in the custody of a gentleman who can use them with so much advantage to the people of Canada and of the Empire. The style of the work is singularly pure and lucid, to such a degree indeed, that even those who dislike constitutional studies will find not one dull page in a treatise which they may read with equal pleasure and instruction.

*The Statesman's Year-Book* for 1880, by FREDERICK MARTIN. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

This admirable annual of Mr. Martin, of which the present volume is the seventeenth issue, supplies a statistical and historical summary of the States of the civilized world, of the greatest value to the accurate and intelligent reader. The work comprises some eight hundred pages, giving a *précis* of the facts embraced under the following heads: The Constitution and Government; The Revenue and Expenditure; The Trade and Industry; The Area and Population, and The Public Debt; etc., of each country in the world, together with the names of its diplomatic and consular representatives, the members of its government, its rulers, and the strength and cost of its military establishments. So extensive and generally accurate a compilation as this makes the work invaluable as a reference book, not only to journalists, librarians, and parliamentarians, but to students of modern history, and to all mercantile and public men.

*Design and Darwinism, a Lecture* (published by request), by REV. JAMES CARMICHAEL, M.A., Hamilton. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1880.

This little brochure, from the pen of the Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, is a laudable attempt, in a popular form, to rescue the Teleological argument of Divine Design in Nature from its supposed overthrow by Mr. Darwin's theory of the derivative origin of species. The bearing of Evolution on the doctrines of Natural Theology is sufficiently alarming to incite the pulpit to deal with its hypotheses, though the cause for alarm rests more upon the assumptions of Mr. Darwin's followers than upon Mr. Darwin himself. It would be unwise, however, if the pulpit should take up the discussion of the subject without sufficient preparation, and the more so if taken up with any strong prejudice against it. We do not say that Mr. Carmichael is chargeable on either of these grounds; but we think it possible that more thought on the subject, even if there were no further reading, would have led Mr. Car-

michael to modify his condemnation of Darwinism and still maintain his loyalty to Christian belief. The cardinal demand of Theology, it has been said, is not a system which may be adjusted to theism, nor even one which finds its most reasonable interpretation in theism, but one which theism only can account for. To a public teacher of Mr. Carmichael's honesty and breadth of view, *this* surely is not what he would demand from Science. Mr. Carmichael's essay should be in the hands, however, of those who accept Science as the only gospel worth a thought. The reader will be a little puzzled by the erratic punctuation which the author has, no doubt inadvertently, allowed, and occasionally by a little hastiness in the construction of his sentences. On page 25, Mr. Carmichael says: 'If Natural Selection, as defined by Mr. Darwin, proves triumphant, it can only be so on the ruins of Divine Design.' This quotation illustrates both our complaints.

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*The Scot in British North America.* By W. J. RATTRAY, B.A. Vol. 1. Toronto: Maclear & Co., 1880.

*First Notice.*

This handsomely printed volume is the first of a series which promises exhaustive treatment of one the most important factors in the history of the Dominion. The history of the Scottish race in Canada, a race which like that of the Northern Etrurians in Rome, or the Norse in England, is likely to influence the future type of nationality in proportion to the strength of character, the political and social vigour, which Mr. Rattray, in the book before us, has traced from the beginnings of Scottish history. A great part of the present volume is taken up with a *resumé* of this subject, which Mr. Rattray treats from an entirely original point of view; his work is that of an historical critic, and he does not shrink from analyzing the theories as to Scottish religion and national character of even so severe a judge as the late Mr. Buckle. These early chapters are written in a manner whose unaffected charm will carry the reader over an interesting, although almost an unoccupied, field; the interest deepens as we read of the great religious

revolt under Knox and Melville, which did so much to form that national type of character—cautious, inquiring, persistent—that analyzing, doubting, truth-seeking temperament which, in David Hume and John Stuart Mill, has left its mark on the mind of the world. The military history of the Scotch in the Maritime Provinces and in Quebec, forms the subject matter of the second part of this volume. It is curious to see how many historic names—the Frasers, the Macdonalds, the Macleans, the Camerons, etc.—are identified with the earliest history of British occupation of this country. The account given of the origin of many of these families, now long established and widely spread amongst us, will make this work 'the book of gold' to all of Scotch descent in Canada. The philosophical tone in which many vexed questions are treated, the uniform courtesy with which widely-differing creeds and opinions are discussed, joined with the genuine originality and weight of the thoughts, make Mr. Rattray's book a most valuable contribution to that native Canadian literature, against which nameless journalists, not too proud to gain daily bread by the Canadian press, are but too ready to sneer. We know of no book on Scottish history which treats that important and most interesting period with such vigorous freshness. Mr. Rattray writes in full accord with the latest results of modern thought in its adaptation to historical criticism, as represented by such writers as Mr. Lecky. The book is got up to do credit to the Canadian publishing trade,—the paper, the letter-press, and the exceedingly handsome binding, are a fit vehicle for one of the most interesting and pleasing works which, even in these hard times, have appeared to confute the maligners of our native literature. Of course, the interest of Mr. Rattray's work will much increase with that part of his series which will treat of the civil history of Canada; still, the volume before us is the most promising contribution we have yet seen to the historical literature of the Dominion, and the talented author and his enterprising publishers should be encouraged at once by a large sale for the book, so far as it has appeared. In our next number we hope to give a more extended notice of the book; meantime we hasten to give it our heartiest welcome and our warmest recommendation.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE principal musical event of the month was the visit of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company. There was a time when the people of Toronto used to look upon Mr. Max Strakosch as the *entrepreneur, par excellence*, of Italian Opera for the North American continent, and when lovers of music amongst us felt secure in relying on him for worthy representations of the works of the masters, and for faithfully carrying out any pledges which he might make to the public. That time, we think, has now gone by. The scratch company which he brought here in the fall of 1876, did much, by their slovenly performances, in which the prompter was one of the principal *opere persone*, to shake confidence in him; and the recent visit of his present company has gone far towards destroying what little may have remained. Of five leading ladies advertised by him, only two, Miss Litta and Miss Lancaster, put in an appearance; while in other respects the performances were by no means such as the published advertisements gave one a right to expect. The operas produced were 'William Tell' and 'Carmen.' On the first evening the audience was large, and was prepared to be pleased with anything. In spite, however, of the beautiful singing of Matilda's *aria d'entrata*, by Miss Litta, in the only scene in which that charming singer condescended to appear; of the fine rendering of the great trio in the second act by Signors Petrovich, Storti, and Castelmarty; and of the unobtrusive, graceful, and moving acting of Miss Lancaster, as Tell's son, *Jemmy*, the inartistic chorus-work, and the senseless and outrageous mutilation of the opera, gradually made their influence felt, and the curtain fell amid some very earnest hissing, an incident almost unprecedented, we believe, in the performance of Italian opera in this city. There were, of course, some redeeming features. Miss Litta, by her singing in the only scene in which she appeared, sustained the very favourable impression which she created here last year, as *Marguerite*, in 'Faust'; and Signor Storti gave a rendering of the

title *rôle*, which, notwithstanding that the singer occasionally taxed his vocal resources to the utmost, was, on the whole, powerful and dramatic. The chorus was strong in male voices, but sadly deficient in female ones, which moreover, had apparently been selected for their experience, rather than for their musical quality. The orchestra was well balanced, and well under control.

The performance of 'Carmen,' though by no means completely satisfactory, was more so than 'William Tell,' inasmuch as the opera was given almost entire, and not mutilated by the ruthless excision of some of its best portions. Mdlle. Valerga acted the part of the title *rôle* with spirit and discretion. She did not colour it so highly as some other ladies have done, for which, no doubt, her audience was duly grateful. We have one exception to take to an otherwise excellent performance. At the close of the third act, where her lover, Don José, is leaving her for the purpose of going to his dying mother, she rushes towards him with a drawn knife for the purpose of stabbing him, and is only restrained from executing her intention by the intervention of her companions. This incident is an innovation quite unwarranted by the text, and utterly out of keeping with the nature of the situation. In a musical sense Mdlle. Valerga was far less satisfactory than in a dramatic one. The numbers allotted to the fair but frail cigar-maker, she sang tolerably well, considering the means at her disposal; but her voice is quite inadequate to meet the demands which the exacting music of the part makes upon it. Signor Lazarini, the *Don José*, has an agreeable tenor voice and sings well, but his acting is merely conventional; and Mr. Gottschalk's fine sympathetic baritone told well in the music allotted to the *Toreador*, though his interpretation lacked the fire and energy which Sig. Pantaleoni threw into the part last season. Miss Lancaster, who, by her conscientious singing and acting, has made herself an established favourite here, was as charming as ever in the



grateful part of *Michaela*, and won a well-merited special recall at the close of the third act. Signor Tagliapietra, who took a subordinate rôle in each opera, is, we regret to say, but a shadow of his former self. His voice is gone. It was, indeed, difficult to believe that the singer who filled the insignificant parts of *Gessler* and *Morales* was the same person as the one, who, by his superb singing and acting, and his majestic stage presence, did so much towards making the engagement of the Mohalbi Opera Troupe, when it appeared here some years ago, the success which it actually was. 'Carmen,' we think, will never become a popular opera in Toronto. The libretto is quite unworthy of the musical setting, and the music requires repeated hearing to be fully appreciated. Modelled apparently in accordance with the theories of Wagner, it has no ear-catching melodies which the listener carries away with him. Its fascination is of an altogether different kind. Sensuous and bizarre on the surface, it has, especially in the wonderful orchestration, a deep, sad undertone, ominous of the tragical close, which constitutes its real though secret charm. This quality it is, which, when one has fully felt it, makes the music haunt one like a spell.

If Mr. Strakosch's Opera Troupe was, in a certain sense, 'a fraud,' the French Opera Bouffe Company of Mr. Grau, which appeared at the Royal Opera House, was a worse one. The names of three leading ladies, Mdles Paola Marié and Leroux-Bouvard, and Mme Angèle, were paraded conspicuously all over the city and in the newspapers, but not one of the owners of them appeared. In this case the imposition was carried so far as to put the name Paola Marié on the book of an hotel in the city, and to insert it, as well as that of Mme Angèle, in the playbills. Mme Angèle, we understand, was in the city, but was too unwell to appear; but Mdles Paola Marié and Leroux-Bouvard were, it is said, nearer New York than Toronto. M. Capoul appeared in one of the three performances given, that of 'La Fille de Madame Angot.' His voice was never a particularly good one, and it is not now what it once was; but he showed, by his intensely dramatic singing, what great results may sometimes be achieved with comparatively slender means. The lady who permitted herself to be set

down on the playbills of 'La Fille de Madame Angot' and 'Madame Favart' as Paola Marié, but who, we understand, was really Mdle Bazin, is possessed of a powerful but somewhat coarse mezzo-soprano voice, and sings and acts with true French spirit and verve. The best feature of the performances, however, was the really admirable chorus, which was as good as that of Mr. Strakosch's company was indifferent. The orchestra, on the other hand, was so abominably loud as to drown most of the solo singing.

The dramatic bill of fare for the month, at the Grand, was of a miscellaneous character. Herr Bandmann and his company, and the Berger Concert Troupe have been in Toronto before, and their merits are sufficiently well known. The principal novelty was the Canadian local burlesque on 'Pinafore,' known as 'H. M. S. Parliament,' in which Sir Samuel Tilley and the N. P. are so mercilessly satirised that, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the author (who, by the way, is an old contributor to the MONTHLY), it is hard to acquit him of the charge of partisan bias. The piece is a really very clever and effective *jeu d'esprit*, and is worthy of note as being, we believe, the first important native Canadian product in the dramatic line. The principal feature of the performance was the marvellously faithful portrait, at full length, which Mr. Arnold gave of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The only other item of the month which calls for notice was the appearance for one night only, of Miss Lotta and her company, in 'Musette,' a play written by the American dramatist, Mr. Frederick Marsden. The plot is sufficiently hackneyed, and the drama altogether is of somewhat slight texture; but its author's name is a sufficient guarantee that it is well written, which is more than can be said of most American plays. As for Miss Lotta herself, she is outside the pale of the critical canons of the dramatic art, and to attempt to subject her to them would be very much like breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. The dictum of one who knew something whereof he spoke, that the office of the drama is 'to hold the mirror up to nature,' it would be absurd to apply in her case. Her aim is simply to amuse; and as, according to common report, she has several hundred thousand reasons

for believing that her efforts in that direction have been successful, she probably cares little whether so desirable a consummation has been brought about by legitimate artistic means or not. Amusing she undoubtedly is. She sings and dances well; she has abundance of animal spirits; and she is as lively as a cricket, and as saucy as an American spoilt child is commonly reputed to be. But an actress, in the true sense of the word, she undoubtedly is not. She is thoroughly self-conscious, having her eye always on the audience, and never on the persons she is playing with. She does not identify herself with the character she is representing, but is always simply and solely—Lotta. Her tricks and airs and graces, and her 'cunning' ways, are all *put on*; they are not the genuine and irrepressible outcome of the nature of the person she is supposed to represent, but merely affectations. An item went the rounds of the papers lately to the effect that, when Miss Neilson, Miss Mary Anderson, and Miss Lotta recently appeared simultaneously in three theatres in Boston, Lotta drew two thousand dollars a week more than either of her rivals. If this be so—and we see no reason to doubt the statement—all that we have to say is, so much the worse for Boston's boasted culture. Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson are great dramatic artists, the one *in esse*, the other *in posse*. Lotta is—a performer,—a distinction with a profound difference. The *Musette* of the play in which she appeared here is supposed to be a mischievous young English girl, or rather child. Toronto play-goers have had the character presented to them to the life at least once. Miss Marion Elmore, who, when the Colville Folly Company visited Toronto a season or two ago, took the part of the female babe in the burlesque of the 'Babes in the Wood,' enabled them to enjoy that treat. Her personation (particularly in the school-room scene) was so unstudied, so perfectly free from self-consciousness, and so thoroughly natural, that it was not like acting at all, but might have been taken for the real thing itself. The difference between a delightful bit of genuine acting such as this, and the performance of Miss Lotta, is precisely the same as that between diamonds and paste. The one is true; the other false. The *Musette* of Lotta reproduces no being that was ever seen on the face of the earth; but approaches

most nearly to that odious product of American civilization, the saucy, precocious, spoilt child, who 'bosses' the household of which it is a member; says the most insolent things to, and plays the rudest practical jokes upon, its father's guests, or, for that matter, its father himself; flirts with its boy lovers with all the arts and all the self-consciousness of an old coquette, well up in the business; and, in general, asserts itself with so much self-will, that its elders and betters have nothing else to do but to efface themselves. In England, a child who should do and say half the rude things that *Musette* does, would be well spanked and sent off to bed. This sort of creature appears to be getting altogether too common across the lines. It appears in American literature, as well as in American life and on the American stage. An embryonic type of it, of a comparatively innocuous variety, was presented for our admiration in 'Helen's Babies.' The genuine article, in its most disagreeable form, obtruded itself as an unpleasant novelty upon the consciousness of Lord Dufferin, and he took occasion, in one of his public speeches, to give expression to the disgust with which it inspired him. Any N. P. which would prevent the importation of this particular American product into Canada,—we do not mean upon the stage, but in real life,—would be an unadulterated blessing. If the degeneration of the race of American children goes on in the future at the same rate as it appears to have done in the past, a real child, artless, free from self-consciousness, and capable of such a thing as blushing, will, in a few generations, become as great a rarity throughout the United States, as an honest politician or a Mohican Indian.

The company which came with Miss Lotta was a remarkably good one, and contributed very greatly to the success of the play. Every part, down to the smallest, was satisfactorily filled. Two were played so exceptionally well as to deserve special mention. Mr. Marble, as *Musette's* lover, an awkward, bashful lout of a boy, was nearly as amusing as Lotta herself, and far more natural; and Mr. Anderson, as *Adelante*, the ex-gipsy chief, gave so powerful and impressive a rendering of the death-scene in the second act, as to receive an enthusiastic call before the curtain at its close.

Miss Lotta's success in her particular

line has, as might have been expected, produced a host of imitators. Two of these, Miss Minnie Palmer and Miss Annie Pixley, recently appeared at the Royal here. Miss Palmer, who came with a play called 'Our Boarding School,' has little but her beauty and her sweet singing voice to recommend her. She has few of the virtues and most of the vices of the original whom she copies; and to her borrowed stock of the

latter commodity she has added some native to herself. Miss Pixley, however, is an actress of a different order. Her *Miss*, in the dramatisation of Bret Harte's well-known story, is a genuine child of nature, and, barring a few touches of self-consciousness and some other trifling blemishes, as unstudied as it is delightful. The imitator here, has far surpassed her original.

## THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

Little Nellie was looking at some pictures of wild animals when Mr. Jorkins called, and appealed to that gentleman to explain one of the pictures. 'That is a wild boar,' said he, and the little lady looked at it thoughtfully and replied—'It doesn't look like you, does it, Mr. Jorkins?' 'I hope not,' responded the guest. 'Why?' 'Because,' said the artless infant, 'mamma said, when your card was sent up, "There is that old bore Jorkins again!"'

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never goes rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy.

Lady: 'But tell me, Miss Jenkines, why you are not satisfied,'—Governess: 'Well, the fact is, madam, I should be perfectly contented to stay if Master Tommy were not so plain, but I am afraid of his being taken for my little boy some day, when we are out walking, and that would be so very unpleasant!'

Macready was one of the most careless actors at rehearsals, and was often an enigma to the country actors. At one time he was playing *Virginius*, in which his natural and colloquial style threw the actors off their guard. One in particular imagined the 'star' to be addressing him in familiar conversation. For instance, the lines—

'Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in?  
Or will you do so?'

were spoken very naturally, and the actor replied. 'Oh, I don't mind, Mr. Macready! Just as you like—the way they do it in London.' Another instance occurred when he was rehearsing *William Tell*. The line was, 'Do you shoot?' 'A little,' was the answer; 'but I don't fancy them cross-bows, Mr. Macready, though I'm fond of a gun.'

It is related that Archdeacon Denison was once closely pressed in an argument, but was evidently resolved to die hard; and at length his antagonist, a virtuous engineer of the Smiles ideal, lost patience at the regular warfare of the Archdeacon. 'Look here, sir,' he exclaimed despairingly, 'do you acknowledge that two and two make four?' 'I am not prepared to make an admission of that importance,' replied the Archdeacon, 'till I have given the subject the maturest consideration. Sometimes it is supposed they make twenty-two.'

In a Connecticut district school, a few days since, a little boy six years old was seen to whisper, but denied doing so when reproved by the teacher. He was told to remain after school, when the teacher, trying to impress upon his youthful mind the sinfulness of not speaking the truth, asked him if they did not tell him in Sunday-school where bad boys went who told falsehoods.

Choking with sobs, he said : ' Yes, marm, it's a place where there is a fire, but I don't remember the name of the town.'

A Glasgow minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, ' My good woman, do you not go to any church at all ?' ' Oh, yes, sir ; we gang to the Barony Kirk.' ' Then why in the world did you send for me ? why didn't you send for Doctor Macleod ?' ' Na, na, we wadna risk him. De ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus ?'

The late Charles Lever, when Consul at Trieste, accompanied his daughter on a visit to London. Lord Lytton, hearing of his arrival, invited him to dinner. ' Ah, Lever,' said he, greeting him, ' so glad you were able to come ! You will meet your chief—Clarendon—then Minister for Foreign Affairs. But Lever had omitted the formality of applying for leave. ' I fear I must retire,' he replied, making for the door, which at that instant opened, Lord Clarendon being announced. After shaking hands with the host, his lordship espied Lever before he could make good his retreat.—' Ah, Mr. Lever, I didn't know you were in England ! I didn't even know you had asked for leave.'—' No-n-no, my lord,' stammered the witty novelist ; ' I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship to come and ask for it in person !'

The clergyman in a certain town having, as the custom is, published the banns of matrimony between two persons, he was followed by the clerk reading the hymn beginning with these words, ' De-luded souls that dream of Heaven !'

The *London Times* says :—' If the affairs of the world were brought to a sudden close at this moment, it would be a curious matter of speculation how many people would be even with their work. One ingenious person did, we believe, attempt such an estimate, and his conviction was that, taking into account the few cases of superhuman excellence in which people would be in advance, we should, on an average, be found to be a quarter of a year behind-hand all round, alike in work and in income.'

It is an affecting sight, says the *Boston Transcript*, to see two young men-only

about twenty or twenty-five years of age, in soldier's blue upon our streets turning a hand-organ and collecting nickles on this gala day. It is all the sadder when it is remembered that the war closed fifteen years ago, and that at the time when those veterans suffered and bled for their country they could not have been more than five or ten years of age.

' Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer ?' asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. ' Yes, my friend,' replied the man of quills. ' A considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the nob to the right.'

Talleyrand wrote a lord who had bored him : ' Dear Lord Blank,—Will you oblige me with your company on Wednesday next at eight o'clock ? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever people, and do not like to be the only fool among them.'

A Farmer in a village in Hampshire, was invited to attend a party at the squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said : ' Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night ? Were not the quartettes excellent ?' ' Why, really, sir, I can't say,' said he, ' for I didn't taste 'em ; but the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat.'

A small girl in her first school experience, said : ' Mother, you told me the other day that the ocean was big, but it says in my reader that two drops make the ocean.' Both parents protested that there was some mistake, and asked her to consult the mysterious text-book again. ' Well, mother,' said she the next day, ' I was right. The reader says, " Drop added to drop makes the ocean."'

' I was at church to-day, and enjoyed it greatly.' ' An !' said his pious landlady. ' I am glad of that. I didn't see you, though. On which side did you sit ?' ' Ahem—yes—ahem !' stammered the disconcerted Jones ; ' I sat on the—outside.'

' I don't see how there ever came to be so many words in the world !' exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling-lesson. ' Why, sis,' said her brother, ' they come through folks quarrelling. Then, you know, one word always brings on another.'

The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

The eyes of the multitude are not strong enough to look upon the truth, and, generally, where they blink most there is most truth.

Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and unless she is unlike all other women, she will exert all her energy to conquer you.

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

Drop by drop falls into the clear well-spring of youth the bitter water of experience; and there is no filterer this side of the grave that can restore the old purity.

Man is never wrong when he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

Quaint old Fuller says: 'Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.'

Lord Chesterfield heard it remarked, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. 'True,' said the earl, 'and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at.'

'If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?' said a sceptic to a clergyman. 'Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?' was the caustic reply.

Men of power are seldom wordy or diffuse—they indulge not in decorative trappings of rhetoric—but by a few bold master-strokes, give determined expression to the essential and central idea, to which all minor thoughts are subordinate.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of

your life. They appear so when they are passing—they appear to be so when we look back to them—and they take up more room in our memories than all the years which succeed them.

Sir J. Mackintosh asked a deaf and dumb pupil, in Paris: 'Doth God reason?' He replied: 'To reason is to hesitate; to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, foresees all things, knows all things; therefore, God doth not reason.'

A man of an exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance that he had an acute pain—a little sharp pain, not bigger, seemingly, than the point of a pin. It's amazing, he continued, 'don't you think it is? What do you suppose is the cause of it?' 'Why really, I don't know,' replied the other, 'what part of you should be subject to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul.'

The female heart may be compared to a garden, which, when well cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits, and flowers to regale the soul and delight the eye; but, when neglected, produces a crop of the most noxious weeds—large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of women, though undiminished in power, will be like the diamond of the desert, sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral habit.

The Editor of the Fort Plain *Register*, proud of the telephone connecting his house and office, shouted to his wife, 'Mr. Skidd will dine with us to-day,' and, turning to the prospective guest, said, 'Now you can say a word to her; but as he was about to do so, the words came distinctly, 'Tell him we don't keep a restaurant on washing day.' Skidd made no excuse, and went to an eating-house.