

THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

WHICH OF THE TWO ?

CHAPTER III.

THE GYPSY'S VISION.

Vallandano de los Corahani paced backward and forward through the dark apartment several times.

Though he seemed unconscious of the presence of any one, an old woman and two children were fastening their quick glances upon him, as they sat upon two blocks of wood in the centre of the room.

"Callees!" he said, as he halted and faced toward them, "I am in trouble, my brother, Don Gomez, the knight of Badajoz is in much danger!"

"Ca," cried the hag, "is he the man who conquers the Carlists? Is he the friend of the Scse,—the well-wisher of the Caloré?"

"He is the child of the Xeres de la Errontera." The crone clasped her hands together, and remained for sometime looking earnestly at Vallandano, then she said in a husky voice,

"Mother Corahani told this in his *baji* years ago, looking at the cold stars. Ah, the Chabi is a wise Caloré; but she lost her *ro* like me, by the Busné. Ca, none could *hokkacar* like her *ro*, and none tell *baji* like the Chabi Corahani."

The Callees arose, and clasping each others hands they commenced a low wail in the Caloré tongue, that strange dialect of the Spanish and Portuguese gypsy, then, throughout all Spain, forbidden to be spoken, on pain of death.

They continued singing for sometime, in the same low, measured strain, and from the oft-repeated word *Busné*, thrown out in their most spiteful manner, one would conclude the import of the song to be the invocation of curses upon their nemies, by whom the *chabes* had lost their father, and the crone her husband.

At length the younger Callees sat down again, and the old woman approached the gypsy, who was so busied in the reflections of his own mind, that he had paid no attention to the solemn chant.

"Caloré," she said, in a sharp voice, "what does my brother propose to do? He seems determined upon a certain thing. Let him speak, that Cardeji's spouse

Dianega may advise. Dianega has lived more years than Vallandano has months! More than a hundred summers have come and gone since I was as old as you! These chabes were born in sorrow; their parents and their grandparents have I seen to sink into the cold earth by the great persecutions of the Busné; and I only am left. I have listened to the wisdom my forefathers taught me, in the dim years that are past. I have hearkened to the teaching of the God of the Caloré through every night of my long life, now so near its close! I have signs shown me in the winds, and the eternal writings of the stars are given to me to explain their mysteries and to read their warnings. Listen, then! Last night I could not sleep, I went out to gaze at the cold moon, and to think of my dead *ro*, dead so long ago. Signs were shown me there; I saw a lady, noble enough to be of our own pure blood, mounted upon a serpent that turned to the right or to the left, just as she willed. She laughed, and sang, and was merry, and she breathed defiance on many a brave knight, who sought to woo her, blinded by her beauty, seeing not the dragon, until too close, when a blow of the serpent's tail felled them like oxen stretched for slaughter, and they became food for the gluttonous demon, whilst the lady loudly laughed and caressed the beast. But the damsel held a twig of olive, which the dragon might not reach, or death would come to the lady. She exulted over a down-trodden victim, and the dragon seeing his chance, seized the bough and in an instant he was alone, alone with his slimy wrinkles, and the lady was far away in a deep, tangled wood, amid poisonous plants and still more poisonous reptiles. Thus was she left to perish.

"But a wolf was entranced by her beauty, and he gave her a home in the far mountain where splendor reigned; but playing him false she eloped with his younger brother, whom she ate up when she became hungry, and then she became a fiend and flew about destroying peace from land to land, and from home to home. She fought with the dragon, but could not vanquish him. The gods had helped her and they had assisted the serpent, so one was unable to destroy the other. Then they both went away, and they go about now, sometimes in the mountains of the Busné, and sometimes in the deserts of the Arabs.

"The Moors know them well," then stepping quite close to Vallandano, and elevating her voice, she shrieked, "Caramba! and one of them is at the posada of the *Beng!*"

Vallandano seized the old woman by the hands, and cried with deep emotion:

"*Garacia*, when all is ready, I will do as I have promised, I will marry the dark-haired *chabi* beauty, for I perceive she is fair as the queen of the night. Yes, mother Dianega, I will be her *ro*, she shall be my *romi*, if what you now tell me prove true."

"*Requiescio*, but the posada of the *Sese Beng* does now contain the accursed dog of a Busné or mother Dianega of the Chardi Moors will never read *baji* again, never see another sun, but die—yes, die!

"*Caramba, I never yet read wrongly!*"

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CHAPTER IV.

THE GERMAN TRAVELLER.

I.

"Diabola, señor! a German Don is in the house, and the hostess telling me she is sure he is a staunch admirer of Don Carlos, and wishing to treat him well desires to lodge him in the room at the end of this vile place!"

"What say'st? To interrupt us?"

"But, señor, these wretched *charlataneries* are always very bad and insulting. You must know, señor, that you are not at your own beautiful seat where every thing goes exactly as you order it; but in a miserable place where, taking advantage of the disordered state of regal affairs, these hounds exercise supreme sway over all classes of society from the plebs to the king. So we have but one choice; this thing is desired by our hostess, and obey we must, or be turned into the street. Oh, that I had the monster Isturitz by the throat! But, señor, what word?"

"Parbleu! how wretched a thing this! what is he?"

"The dame says a fine German traveller!"

"He is not of high rank, I venture, mon ami?"

"*Que se io*, how should I know?"

"*Eh bien*, such is the lot of mortals, such the way with *posadas*, and submit to them, I suppose we must, if we will insist in stopping at such wretched places! *Oui, mon ami*, let him come!"

It was evident from the haughty expression that stole over the face of Don Nunez de Castanello, as the German traveller was ushered into the room by the short hostess, that he was deeply annoyed at this intrusion. As for his companion, he merely scowled through his lowering eye-brows, and silently bit his lip in vexation.

"A cowardly set of dogs those Germans?" said Don Nunez in an under breath, "a rascally set, but I must see what this milk-faced Dutchman is like, she said he was a Carlist?" then aloud:—

"Señor, this a wretched night?"

The plump, red faced and red haired stranger, approached the table without any embarrassment whatever, and seizing a wine glass poured its contents upon the floor, then filling it with the choice Madeira that graced the board, said as he raised the glass to the light:

"*Ganz so; aber hier sind wir!* quite so; but here we are!" He smiled blandly as he replaced the goblet upon the board, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the two Spaniards opposite him.

"Herr Spaniards! I wish a long life to Don Carlos Quinto."

Señor Olibanzo drew his dagger, and seemed ready to spring upon the German, as the latter individual straightened himself up, by which exertion his cloak

was thrown aside, and disclosed a heavily armed person, instead of the inoffensive German, with whom they supposed they were dealing.

The Spaniards exchanged quick glances; Don Nunez turned pale, and señor Olibanzo permitted his weapon to return to its sheath. What the termination of this meeting might have been is difficult to conjecture, had not the German turned quietly upon his heel, and followed the hostess across the apartment or corridor toward the adjoining room, with an air of *nonchalance* that would have astonished an amateur, leaving the surprised followers of Don Carlos, wondering at the strange character who had so mysteriously intruded upon their privacy.

II.

"Did you ever see such a splendid apartment, señor, in all your days? The great Don Carlos slept in this very room not three weeks since—a fine gentleman is Don Carlos, señor!"

"I sincerely hope you have thoroughly cleansed the whole apartment!" came to the lip of the strange man, but recollecting the power of the hostess he only said:

"The great Don Carlos! I am, indeed, fortunate!"

As she retired from the room, he heard her mutter to herself: "Ave Maria, but the cavalier is overjoyed; so, I will charge him double for the delight of sleeping on the couch once occupied by Don Carlos."

III.

"Yes, señor Olibanzo, thanks to gold and good management, the affair is all settled. I have sent a host of men to the mountain to search for the señorita, and they, of course, will find her, be she dead or not."

"I must say, señor, that this is altogether an ugly business! I don't like it from some cause!"

"By the great Abdel, I never suspected you of possessing a chicken's heart, I look upon you as a sort of mental Hercules, and I am sure this is only a mad freak, come fill your glass, señor; I am sure it will pass away." Olibanzo stroked his beard for a few moments thoughtfully. He was the possessor of small black eyes, which sparkled incessantly with a malicious light, when excited; and his appearance would, I think, at that time, have suggested to the physiognomist, that he was not the person to be entrusted with anything in which such a question as honor or honesty was involved.

They conversed for some time in a low tone, but as the deep breathing of the German told them they were free from observation or from listening ears on his part, they threw off their reserve, and were soon retailing for mutual edification, important news relative to state movements and resolutions, whose success depended chiefly upon secrecy for the present, as their spirits were stimulated by the immoderate use of French and Spanish wines. Olibanzo was comparatively sober,

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but his friend and adviser, scrutinizing his follower, with an air of satisfaction, saw from two to half a dozen Olibanzos dancing all about the chair where he knew his disciple to be seated; but Don Nunez was too well acquainted, too much experienced in this species of optical illusion to be frightened by such apparitions.

"Santa Josia! where is the despatch of Don—Don Carlos? I had it this night."

"It is not here, señor; but the German dog, I am sure, has seized it!"

"Garcia! the fiend has frustrated a victory!"

"The *demon*! but this shall frustrate him!" cried Olibanzo, clutching the jewelled hilt of his dagger, "the wretch shall die like a dog. But he is well armed. To our apartments for our pistols!"

"As you say," said Don Nunez.

They had scarcely left the room, their footfalls still coming back upon the ear, when the German's door was softly opened, and with a noiseless tread the stranger approached the board.

He took a copious draught of the sparkling liquid, then administering a small colorless powder into the silver flagon, he paused in a listening attitude: but as no sound of returning footstep was heard, he watched the powder until it was all dissolved, then, with the same, stealthy step he glided back to the partitioned room, and was soundly snoring with his eyes wide open, his hand grasping his knife, as the occupants of the corridor made their reappearance. They filled each his goblet and drank, then one glass more for the purpose of steadying the nerves, and then they laid their weapons upon the table, two knives and two pistols, as they glanced first toward the inner room, then at each other; but they did not see the dark cunning eyes of the stranger gleaming upon them like two balls of fire through the slightly-parted doorway.

CHAPTER V.

ANTONIA.

When señorita Antonia awoke, it was with a start as from a frightful dream.

She had fancied herself in the clutches of a gigantic monster, which had borne her away from the earth into the great space so near to the great sun, that she was almost blinded by his beams.

She had seemed quite contented, so long as she saw not his face, and so long as he did not harm her; but suddenly turning her from the sun, and placing his awful visage so close to her own face that she felt his scorching breath upon her cheek, he imprinted a fiery kiss upon her brow. With renewed strength, and an activity that would have surprised her under ordinary conditions she uttered a wild cry and wrenching herself from his grasp, darted away from him.

She expected to be pursued, and

"Fear lent wings to her speed;"

but the demon only cursed her and vanished into the opening of a volcano. She did not look at him as he poured his imprecations upon her, for she had read somewhere that were she to do so, she would instantly be turned into stone; so she closed her eyes and fled through space at the rate of many thousand leagues per minute. While thus darting about the heavens in her flight and fear, she alighted suddenly upon a comet, and was borne on its luminous surface over millions of leagues. As she was gazing, one day, at its six great tails extending for an infinite distance behind it, it was convulsed in one of those dreadful eruptions, of which we may sometimes dream, but never comprehend, on account of the vastness of the conception, and our own limited imagination. The particles of the brilliant body, now that an event had occurred changing its entire nature, sending its detached portions away in all directions, by spontaneous action, were gleaming with numberless hues and lights, as they flew past her.

She was also falling, now without the power of stopping her speed, or of turning her course, which caused her to believe she was within the attraction of gravity of some planet. She was about to close her eyes, and reconcile herself to her fate, as calmly as possible, expecting to behold, perhaps the rings of dread Saturn, appearing through the deep gloom below her, when the majestic form of Orion rose before her, holding the bloody skin of the lion high above his head. But she was falling past him; so, without hesitation, she reached forth her hand and seized upon one of the three brilliants of his glittering belt, he looked down upon her and she awoke.

So softly did this happen, that, as she gazed on the surroundings, so strange and sudden, she did not realize the fact that she had been sleeping, and only wondered by what magic, Old Orion had placed her in such a fairy-like apartment. She even looked all about her, expecting to see his shining belt and his still brighter eyes, in some part of the room; but in his stead she saw a black-haired, dark-eyed child, robed in purest white, with a wreath of pale roses on her brow. The child was evidently watching her, for as the señora opened her eyes, she glided softly to the bed side, and with a sweet smile presented an offering of many flowers, strewing them over the lady's face and arms, and indeed the whole couch.

"What may I do for my lady?" she asked in a soft musical voice.

"Where is—where is your grandfather—or your father, or the one who brought me here, little one?"

"Whom does the señora mean?"

"The man with the starry belt. To whose belt I caught when falling, falling—oh, so far!"

"The lady dreams! I am flesh like her; you are, we both are, near your own old home. Our friends will send my lady home, and that soon, so soon as you are well, but I fear the señora must not talk for she has been very ill."

"No, I am not ill! See, I can rise! but if I am near my home, where am I?" and she pressed her hand again upon her forehead, "am I now upon earth, or am I in the moon!"

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"Does not my lady remember how she came here? Does she not remember her cavalier?"

A convulsion seized the lady at the mention of a name which brought back to her mind a recollection of sorrow. There came a dim vision of Don Nunez de Castanello, then a demand to fulfill the last testament of her father from señor Olibanzo, a spirited refusal, a storm. Then came an attempt to escape—a capture—then threats—then a letter from the valet of Don Nunez, offering her a chance of escape. Then came another flight—then a confused mass of ideas and faces, and all manner of dangers besetting her; two men pursuing her; she had a remembrance of rocks, her horse unmanageable, a vision of a young cavalier pursuing; then a frightful abyss—the sharp report of a carbine; then—but she could remember no more. Where was she? yes; she had a vague remembrance of Orion, and of a fiend, but that was all, and she gave up the attempt and tried to rise; but her strength failing her she fell back upon the couch, and the gypsy child took one of her hands.

"Please, my lady, do not attempt to rise. Believe me, you have been very ill, and will become so again if you attempt it. My grandmama says you will be soon well, but here is some Madeira wine, taste it, my lady, and you will be better!"

She raised the tiny goblet to her lips, and took a swallow, but it seemed to choke her and she motioned it away. She seemed to revive soon after, and looking in the dark-haired child full in the face, said: "But where is your grandmama of whom you speak? Can I see her, for I wish to know how I came here, and where I am?"

"The señora will allow me to explain: a noble cavalier pursued your horse for hours and hours among the mountains, and when, at last, you fell from your horse he brought you here, fearing you were dead. So you will see, my lady, how you came here, and you have now been ill—been unconscious for three hours."

"But where am I?"

"My lady, I fear, is not strong enough to hear, she is among those who will be friends to her, if she will allow them, although she may not always like to say she is a friend to them!"

"Speak, child! tell me where I am! Friends! how strangely the word sounds in my ears!"

"Señorita—, wait until to-morrow, my lady will then be better and stronger."

"Tell me now, I beseech; for it will drive me mad if I do not know—if I do not know now, but you hesitate?"

"Fearing lest you be sorry you pressed me to tell you, what you have heard! You fell from your horse in the mountains, the cavalier brought you to my grandmama's lodge in a swoon. He could not have brought you far, else he would have taken you to Cordova; but, my lady, is not in Cordova, where can she be?"

"I am then still in the mountain, and may be yet dreaming."

"Yes; you are still in the mountain, and among those who will save you. Who can there be among those living in the mountains who would befriend and save you?"

"Alas, I know not! There are but gypsies and brigands living in the mountains, but even there I must be content. Yes, child, more contended than among my enemies!"

"My lady is not among brigands; but my grandmama is here, and my señora can see her, but my grandmama is dark and ugly, and I fear my lady will be frightened!"

"O yes; let me see her, she has done so much for me!"

The curtain moved and mother Corahani entered the apartment.

"Well, how does my daughter to-day?"

At a sign from the Caloré the little girl retired, and she commenced looking with a self-satisfied air at her charge, though with a kindly expression beaming from her dark eyes. She was probably much pleased with the convalescent appearance of her patient, or it might have been the prospect of receiving a large sum of money from Don Gomez for her success, that caused her to take unusual pains to acquaint the señora with a great many strange stories, that were flying unchecked over the land, relating to all classes, and yet interesting none.

"It has been four score years and ten since I was a *chabi* of your age, daughter, four score and ten. Much sorrow and misery I have seen in my long day, and I can sympathize with all who suffer. You are young and I am old. You have no husband and were never married. I have been a *romi* and a mother, but my *ro* was killed by our enemies, and my children have all died around me, all but this one, my grand-child; and we live alone,—all alone, by ourselves, only when my friends come to see me on matters of Egypt. Ah, this is a strange land, a strange life! You have seen misery, daughter! You have no fond parents to mourn your sorrows with you, or to share your griefs. You are alone; but you will not always be so! I looked at the stars last night, and I saw your fate written in the eternal heavens! I was born under Mars, my daughter, and as I gazed, my ruling star, described one circle in the dark sky and fell, eclipsing the red star of my birth. So I am not long for these rocks, and now my great sorrow is—when my gray locks bleach on the cold rocks—what will become of my *chabi*!"

(To be continued.)

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SONGS OF A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

4.

FROM WITHOUT.

I.

The lamps so lank and ghastly
Are shivering in the street,
And on my face, more fastly
Is borne the blinding sleet

II.

As shelterless I wander
Without, in mist and storm,
The happy fireside yonder
Is blazing bright and warm.

III.

And through the fog more faintly
The casement gleams above,
With light, more pure and saintly,
Where rests the one I love.

IV.

The homeless of the city
Flit by me as I pass,—
A changing crowd of faces
Beneath the shuddering gas.

V.

The children of the city!
The loveless, greedy mart,
That has no mother's pity
Within her stony heart.

VI.

The lost ones of the city!
O love, a fearful sign!
That stained and trampled beauty
Has once been pure as thine.

VII.

The children of the city,
For them whom thus I see,
God grant me deeper pity
With purer love for thee.

5.

LONG DESERTED.

Yon old house in moon light sleeping,
Once it held a lady fair,
Long ago she let it weeping,
Still the old house standeth there;
That old pauper house unmet for the pleasant
village street.

II.

With its eyeless window sockets,
And its courts all grass o'er grown,
And the weeds above its doorway
Where the flowers are carved in stone,
And its chimneys lank and high like gaunt tomb-
stones on the sky.

III.

Ruined, past all care and trouble,
Like the heir of some old race
Whose past glories but redouble,
Present ruin and disgrace
For whom none are left that bear, hope or sorrow
anywhere.

IV.

Lost old house and I was happy!
'Neath thy shade one summer night,
When on one that walked beside me
Gazed I by the lingering light,
In the depths of her dark eyes searching for my
destinies.

V.

There within our quiet garden,
Fell that last of happy eves
Through the gold of the laburnum
And the thickening lilac leaves,
There the winter winds are now sighing round
each leafless bough.

VI.

Haunted house! and do they whisper
That the wintry moon-rays show,
Glancing through thy halls a ghastly
Phantasy of long ago
And thy windows shining bright with a spectral
gala light?

VII.

Vain and idle superstition,
Thee no spectral rays illumine,
But one shape of gentler beauty
I can conjure from thy gloom,
In whose sad eyes I can see ghosts that haunt my
memory.

C. P. M.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE BISHOP MOUNTAIN.

A Memoir of GEORGE JEHOSEPHAT MOUNTAIN, D.D., D.C.L., late Bishop of Quebec, compiled (at the desire of the Synod of that Diocese) by his son, Armine W. Mountain, M.A., Incumbent of St. Michael's Chapel, Quebec.

It is obvious that a new country like the Dominion of Canada must be occupied in "making history," not in writing it: and, similarly it may be said we have to live lives, rather than write them. In the struggles, the enterprise, the forethought, the developments of natural character incident to a new country, are constantly accumulating the materials for many a biographical volume, which will not only instruct but edify succeeding generations. But though working rather than writing has befitted it best, and must be the rule for a long period to come,—it is hardly safe to neglect wholly the compilation and publication of memoirs either historical or biographical, since thus important facts may be obscured, or even lost; and it is well, too, that our young people should be pluming their wings a little, and learning gradually to rise out of that even routine of work into the higher regions of intellectual life.

The volume we have named, and of which we promised sometime ago a more extended notice, is entitled to be regarded, both from its subject and its execution, as an honorable precursor, in its own department, of our Canadian literature that is to be. It lays the provincial Church under no small obligation to its respected author. The Church must ever instinctively feel a more special interest in those who have assisted in laying her foundations; and assuredly he can have but little knowledge of the Church of England in this Province, and even less concern for her, who does not at once acknowledge the claims of the late Bishop of Quebec, to the grateful remembrance and veneration of every intelligent member of our communion.

The Bishop's family is of French extraction, having settled in Norfolk on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. He was born at Norwich, England, 27th July, 1789—his father being incumbent of St. Andrew's in that town. In 1793 his father was consecrated the first Bishop of Quebec, whither he at once removed, and where was spent the boyhood of the future Bishop. Under the training of a private tutor, he gave early and decided promise of those literary tastes and varied acquirements for which he was afterwards distinguished. At sixteen he left for England, and, after further preliminary studies, entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1808.

In 1811 he returned to Canada, and pursued his studies with a view to holy orders under the guidance of his father. He was ordained Deacon in 1812. The following year he accompanied his father on an Episcopal visit of the U. C., and most interesting to us at the present day are the notices which have been preserved of the incidents and means of travel. Think of leaving Quebec on the 22nd July, and reaching Kingston on 8th September! of being driven back to

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Kingston when in sight of Niagara! At this time there were in Lower Canada but eight clergymen, besides the Bishop, and of the whole nine four bore the name of Mountain. Soon after Mr. Mountain's ordination as priest in 1814, and his subsequent appointment as Lecturer of the Cathedral, he accepted a charge at Fredericton. Before setting out, he was married to the lady, who proved a help indeed to him till near the end of a long life. While at Fredericton he received an epistle of admirable advice. All the younger clergy would be gainers by observing Bishop Mountain's advice to his son: "I do not wish you to be a hard student, I ask you to be a regular one." After three years Mr. Mountain returned to Quebec, where his assistance was now more especially needed, as his father had gone to England to arrange if possible for relief from his Episcopal duties. At Fredericton, as may be supposed, Mr. Mountain left the most agreeable impressions, which a whole generation did not suffice to wear out. And now, as Official of the Diocese, he began his missionary labors which never ceased till he entered upon the eternal rest.

In 1821, being appointed Archdeacon, his labors became if possible more onerous. He was the special patron and friend and refuge of the poor of Quebec, especially of the destitute emigrants. He was the first to explore the most obscure and inaccessible settlements of Lower Canada, and to speak to them of Christ and the Church; of his patience of toil and privation, of cold and hunger in these holy and well-remembered labors, the memoir furnishes numerous details, on which a good Christian, and especially a good Priest, will dwell with pleasure and profit. The cheerfulness with which he bore, not merely the inconveniences, but, what to his natural refinement was much worse, the moral and physical repulsiveness of the situations in which he often found himself, furnishes a model for every devout imitator of the Great Exemplar. In prose and verse, in irrepressible ejaculation or in the natural, graceful, affectionate outpourings of epistolary correspondence within the domestic circle, which never, under any circumstances, seems to have been omitted,—he expresses the glad, thankful resignation of a humble follower of the Holy Jesus, and never forgets that he is the minister of the great Master. The Archdeacon returns in true missionary style from Gaspé Bay, canoeing and walking by turns—though perhaps we should deduct from the likeness "the *Cicero* in one pocket which balanced the Bible in the other." The Archdeacon describes his appearance, on his arrival at Metis, as being very little like that of a "dignitary." Lame, from a sprain which he had met with on the march, and tattered, "a long staff made out of an old canoe paddle in my hand, the scratches of my skin seen through the holes in my trowsers and stockings, without a neckcloth, my clothes soiled by the march, my shoes tied with twine, and my trowsers confined at the ankle to prevent their catching in the branches, with pins and strips of cedar bark. To this equipment was afterwards added a colored handkerchief round the knee, to prevent the enlargement of a very serious solution of continuity to which pins had been repeatedly applied with little effect." Add to this real hunger—and we have no mean picture of missionary hardships.

During the episcopate of Dr. Stewart, who was consecrated in 1826, he was the good bishop's "right hand," fully trusted by him, and as fully deserving of trust. Bishop Stewart had previously to his consecration endeavored to induce the government to divide the diocese, and place the archdeacon over one of the new sees, but in vain. Thus his labors went on, knowing no change but from severe to severer, especially during cholera epidemics, from which Quebec suffered so much, and in which the Archdeacon chiefly bore the burden and heat of the day.

In 1836 he was appointed to assist Bishop Stewart, under the title of Bishop of Montreal; and in the following year, on the decease of Bishop Stewart, had to assume the charge of the original undivided diocese. He endeavoured frequently to transfer the rectory to other hands; but finding it could not be done without losing its revenues to the church, it was thought better to retain it, while he appropriated its emoluments to the furtherance of the church of Quebec. How faithfully, and tenderly, and discreetly he reprov'd, as Archdeacon, an unprofitable clergyman," may be seen in p. 166. ff.; and it is exactly of a piece with his paternal manner, in the higher office of Bishop.

His abundant labors were not confined to his own enormous diocese, but extended to the Red River Settlement, whose apostle he became in a manner, and where his single visit did much to build up the Church, by the exhibition of episcopal zeal and fervent piety. In 1839 the diocese of Toronto was set off, and in 1841-42 he established the Church Society of Quebec, which has ever since been, under God, the chief support of the Church. The next great work of his life was the foundation of our University—a work for which the whole English population of Lower Canada owe the good Bishop and those who associated with him as principal co-operators, a debt of gratitude, which, we trust, will be acknowledged for ages to come, and as duly paid. The foundation stone was laid 18th September, 1844.

The Bishop both here and in England, made a gallant stand in defence of the Clergy Reserves, no defence could be more determined, faithful, or better conducted; but though in vain, the good Pastor is none the less entitled to grateful recollection. In 1850 he had the gratification of again seeing his diocese subdivided, by the erection of the See of Montreal.—Bishop Mountain choosing with his usual humility, the poorer, harder, less populous diocese of Quebec. The accounts given of the Bishop's visit to the Magdeline Islands at this time are exceedingly interesting, and enhance our veneration for his Christian zeal. But as it would be impossible to enter into details of the Bishop's work, we shall here give the summary of the increase of the Church in Lower Canada during the fourteen years which had elapsed since the Bishop's consecration, from 1836 to 1850 (Vide last page of mem. 284.)

1836-1850, Clergymen ordained for Lower Canada, 77.

Clergymen adopted or introduced, 10.

Number of Clergy in new diocese of Montreal; 17 in 1836: 48 in 1850.

Number of Clergy in new diocese of Quebec; 17 in 1836; 38 in 1850.

Increase in Lower Canada, 52.

Number of Churches in new diocese of Quebec; 1836, 21; 1850, 56.

Number of Churches in new diocese of Montreal; 1836, 21; 1850, 60.

Increase, 83, of which 9 were built to replace old ones.

Number of places at which confirmations were held in 1836, 36; of which 19 were in the new diocese of Quebec: in 1850, 95, of which 47 were in the new diocese of Quebec, increase 59.

Thirty-four students had been admitted to Bishop's College since its opening in September, 1845, of whom 18 had been ordained.

Two new Sees had been erected in Canada since 1836, and one in Rupert's Land, to which Bishop Mountain carried the first Episcopal ministrations. p. 284.5.

A deeply interesting chapter is the account of the Bishop's endeavors to establish Synodical action. He met with a painful and unreasoning opposition to many of his movements; but it is pleasant to think that he overcame them all and more pleasant to think of *him* he overcame by reason, patience, and Christian meekness. By overcoming them thus, he has left no rankling sense of wrong, no hatred, or legacy of mischief for another generation. The Diocese of Quebec may at this moment be regarded as a model of Christian unanimity.

To the combined influences of age and most exemplary toils, the good Bishop at last succumbed. A visit to Labrador, with a view to establish a mission there for "the poor of the flock," was thought to have seriously undermined his constitution. This was in 1861 when he lost his admirable father; and in 1863, on the Feast of the Epiphany, after a week's illness, he peacefully departed this life—"not afraid," as he said, "to die; for I know in whom I have believed." No testimony of affection and respect which the whole community could give was wanting at his decease. Beyond as well as within the Church, the testimony is complete.

Thus passed away from a life of ceaseless labor, the most exemplary of prelates "He fought the good fight, he finished his course." "His record is on high," but it is also in the memory of the faithful. If he was apt to be yielding in common matters, he was immovable when principle was concerned. He never allowed clamour or misrepresentation to influence him, where the integrity of the faith or worship of the Church was at stake. Without being a profound theologian he was a thoroughly well-read divine; and living before the days of Ritual, he was affectionately and constantly desirous of having all things done "decently and in order," according to the highest standard in use; and, as a matter of fact, the diocese of Quebec, is at this moment, in some important particulars, which we could name, a-head of any Canadian diocese. The Bishop could not be called a *great* preacher, but it may well be doubted if many of those so called, ever surpassed him in real impressiveness and effect, and surely that is the *real* test of greatness in a preacher. In his written discourses, as may be seen from the published volume, his style is polished and sometimes elaborated, but it is occa-

sionally too involved and parenthetical. In his extempore sermons, it was singularly easy and natural, full and flowing. But whatever the form of his discourse, he never lacked earnestness and unction. Even unimpressible people, we fancy, could never forget the holy energy of persuasiveness which the faithful man displayed in the pulpit. All admit that the Bishop was a man of elegant taste and scholarship. His memory was intensive, and he was apt at quotations from English or classic authors, especially the poets. In poetical composition he had no inconsiderable skill, and many of his effusions may be read with much pleasure. Indeed the whole Mountain family seems to have possessed much poetical sensibility, appreciation of external nature, combined with general cultivation and religious principle. It is impossible to read the partially quoted correspondence of the volume, without feeling this. That such a family should entertain for the Bishop the profound respect and love which they so amply express, is a most powerful testimony to his great excellence of character. He was remarkable for his abstemiousness—in common, it is said, with all the Mountains. His gaunt venerable figure could not fail to convey this impression. But, in our opinion the great glory of the good Bishop rested mainly upon the religious devotion of his character, and it is as one of the *saints* rather than of the prelates that he will be remembered. In this character has he bequeathed the memory of his episcopate as a precious legacy to the diocese of Quebec—nay, to the whole church. Who ever spent a day with the Bishop without feeling that he was in an atmosphere of holiness? Who ever witnessed even the hilarity of the Bishop, and it was not unrequent, without perceiving that it was the mirth of a saint, and relaxation of a soul that could never part with its holy reverential sense of a present God and Saviour? Surely any church-man in any part of the world, may give God thanks for the proof of the might of his grace in degenerate days, which is furnished in a *foot-note* in this volume, “When he heard that the delay in the appointment of a Bishop of Sierra Leone, arose from the difficulty of finding any one willing to run the risk of laboring in a climate which had already proved fatal to more than one occupant of the See, he wrote to the secretary of the S. P. G. to enquire whether that difficulty had been surmounted. If this had proved not to have been the case, he told me (what no one else ever knew during his life) that he intended to offer himself for the post, that he might “wipe away that reproach from the Church of England,” p. 257. This for an old Bishop more than sixty years of age! God will surely continue to bless and prosper the work of so faithful a servant, and we may expect to find the fruits of righteousness abound for many a day in a diocese favored with the life and labors of so devoted a soul.

The memoir from which we have compiled the meagre particulars of this paper, is very full—it is indeed a storehouse of interesting matter, respecting the early days of the province, a sort of ecclesiastical history from the first beginning of the Church here, as well as a complete picture of a beloved and venerated Bishop and a most saintly man. It is written with reverential care, and with great good

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taste. Against the latter not a solitary offence can be adduced—surely no common praise, when an admiring son is the biographer.

We sincerely hope the memoir will have as wide a circulation as can reasonably be expected for one so voluminous. Expressing our own sense of obligation to the accomplished biographer, we would suggest the great desirability of an abridged edition, adapted for circulation amongst the bulk of our lay people throughout the province; for we are convinced that it would be most helpful to the promotion of sound religious principles, of increased attachment to our Church, and of more fervent piety.



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THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

CONTRASTS.

I.

A little while in peril and pain,
 Praying out in the pitiless rain,
 Under the shadow of bitter ban,
 Out of the glitter of human light,
 Scoffed at and scorned by merciless man
 He wore life's harness and wag'd its fight,
 Till the Dawning come and angels read
 His name with the names of righteous dead.

II.

A little while in pleasure and pride,
 And worldly longing and lust beside,
 With parlance holy and saintly face
 And crafty guise and cunning deceit,
 Caress'd and courted in public place
 He bore life's honours golden and sweet;
 But the tearful angels never read
 His name with the names of righteous dead.

DAVID DORAN.

TO ———

I.

I'll call thee Eloise. Such eyes as thine
 With fatal beauty marred
 The peace of Abelard,
 And dimmed with human love the light divine,
 That lingers near Religion's holy shrine!
 O ghostly eyes, you burn into my soul,

II.

Each one a living coal
 From off Love's altar! Fall O silken lashes,
 And shade me, like a screen from their control,
 Ere all my warm delight is turned to ashes!

III.

Oh! no; I cannot bear the shade; burn on,
 And let me slowly perish with sweet fire,
 Myself at once the victim and the pyre;
 I die of cold, when that dear heat is gone!

J. TEMPLE CARNE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I.

The sun is high on the hill,
 The lambs are flocking below,—
 Thou gentlest lamb, thou fairest sun,
 Would I could see thee now.

II.

In vain! she answers not.
 Farewell, if that must be!
 In vain! the lattice still is closed:
 She sleeps, yet dreams of me.

C. P. M.

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FLYLEAVES FOR VACATION TOURISTS.

At this season when the citizens of the Dominion are sending so many representative men, boys and young ladies, to pay a summer vacation visit to the old mother land, it may not be without use to give a few hints drawn from long experience as to one or two matters not to be learned from guide books.

We will suppose our traveler to be a young man—old people know their way about and do not want our help—and ladies, as a general rule, are limited in their powers of traveling and sight seeing by the conventionalities and proprieties by which, as by guardian dragons, their fair faces or ample fortunes are protected. We will therefore suppose the case of a young gentleman who has just passed a creditable examination for his first year's work at one of our Canadian Universities. He has also, if you please, just been "up" at the military school, and the company of brave fellows, of which his father is captain, have given three cheers on hearing that his name appears in the list of first class certificates. But he has been, on the whole, rather hard worked, and it is the "governor's," very sensible conviction that the best thing he can do is to give the boy such a complete change of scene and occupation as is to be got from a first visit to England. It will be dull for his younger brothers who will miss him at their camping-out parties and fishing excursions, there will be loneliness on the croquet ground among the hoops, (we use a technical expression peculiar to the game, and do not allude to the sacred feminine environments,) and a pleasant voice and strong arm will be missed at many a picnic and boating expedition. But then how soon he will return, and if he is a sensible fellow, quite as heart whole as when he left; certainly he will see nothing in all his travels to surpass the beauty and the esprit of the wood nymphs and river naiads of the Eastern Province.

Touching the sea voyage we have no advice to offer, save in one particular, and that is, not to get sea-sick. Of all remedies, the best we know is a firm resolution not to be sick, a disposition to enjoy the voyage, and as far as possible at the outset to keep on deck. And rest assured the trip is pretty sure to be pleasant, the monotony of sea life is the only kind of monotony that does not fall upon us, and on board ship, people are apt to unbend and become sociable, more than it is in the nature of the civilized human being to do on terra firma. Then the voyage across the Atlantic is just of the right length, to make things pleasant, without giving people time to get tired of one another and to be driven for amusement to form coteries and quarrel with each another. On arrival at Liverpool, it is usual to breakfast at the Adelphi—and the breakfasts at the Adelphi are undeniable—and then proceed at once per train to London. Contrarywise we counsel a stay of at least one day in Liverpool, and a visit to the docks, to the market and to Birkenhead, during this sojourn we would say, especially avoid dining at a hotel; go to a restaurant, half confectioner, half dining room, in Lord street. One can get a far better dinner there than at a hotel, with half the trouble and expense. In traveling by railway to London, it is well to bear in mind that the check

system does not prevail; to save the trouble of having to go to the luggage van every time we change carriages, a hint that a remuneration may be expected will generally make the guard attend to the safety and due transfer of impedimenta. The refreshment stations on this line are proverbially bad, with the exception of the one at Wigan. When landed on the London railway platform, we advise our friend to take a hansom cab and drive at once to the new "Monster" hotel, at Charing Cross. These large hotels, of which there are about four or five in London, are not dearer than the older and better known houses, and are far superior in accommodation, attendance and comfort. That at Charing Cross has the most magnificent site in London, and is also the most central, being situated at the confluence of the three main arteries of the great city, in Trafalgar Square. As to sight seeing, there is no occasion for us to make any suggestions. Before leaving Canada one gets well "posted up," in what is to be visited in the way of public buildings, picture galleries and national monuments. But there is one point on which we venture to make a suggestion, that is, the way in which to see not only the "sights" of London, but London itself. In order to do this, one entire day should be given to walking about the streets of the West End, another to the city east of Temple Bar, and a third might not unprofitably be devoted to the life of the lower class population in Lambeth, Whitechapel or Welborn. Of the latter regions the one which will strike a Canadian most forcibly is the "New Cut" Lambeth. He who would see the "New Cut" aright, should visit it on a Saturday night, and about nine of the clock, when the working class to whom the "New Cut" is at once a Regent street, a Burlington Arcade and a Covent Garden market, are congregated in fullest force to do their Sunday marketing. The "New Cut" is a long street extending from Blackfriars bridge to the Westminster bridge road; on either side of it are shops of a nondescript character, teeming with old furniture, pictures, hic et hoc, and nondescript articles of every kind from a Venetian cut glass goblet to a Peabody rifle. As the streets approach Lambeth, these shops alternate with low taverns, gin palaces and pawnbrokers, the vendors of all kinds of vegetables, crockery, furniture, and such refectations as eel soup, baked potatoes, and penny ices, no longer confine themselves to the streetshops, but seem to have overflowed into the street itself, where they sell their wares from stalls and costermonger's courts, amid a scene of clamour and overcrowding very strange to Canadian eyes. Slums of a like kind are rife about Holborn and the region of Hatton Gardens. There the ignorance, misery and vice of the metropolis seems concentrated, there the women are most squalid, there the street children are most neglected, there the gin palaces and pawnbrokers shops flourish most of all. We say the children look neglected; unhealthy or unhappy, they do not appear,—as a general rule, children seem to flourish in London. We have often observed when it might happen that a barrel organ, pest of more aristocratic regions, chanced to be heard in one of the courts of Leather lane, or Crown St. Soho, the troops of little ones who seemed to arise out of the very gutters—babies who could scarce

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walk, wondrous little girls holding infants hardly smaller than themselves ; it seemed to be their great delight to join hands and dance in time to the music, and more than once we have been compelled to admire the good nature of Mr. Babbage's enemies in staying on in a place where no pennies were to be expected, in order to play for the children's pleasure. The visitor to any of these slum-districts of London, will ask what the Christian Church has done for their redemption. For the last three hundred years, a certain number of churches have been built, in which after providing seats for the respectable classes who could afford to pay for them, the meanest and least comfortable are left for any chance poor who may care to stray into them. These churches were open but once a week. At that very time on the one holiday when the working man was most strongly tempted to go forth to the parks and suburbs, in search of his weekly allowance of fresh air, and were he to enter the church the bare uninviting service destitute of music, decoration, or anything else that could give it heartiness or beauty, were not likely to attract him to repeat his visit. Better days have come. The gorgeous fane at Hatton Garden, is but a specimen of what has been done in many other poor quarters of London. Every seat in this large church is free to all comers. The magnificent choral service is daily attended by numbers of the poorest class.

For the benefit of those who in that region of moral and physical filthiness could scarce find a spot where to kneel and pray undisturbed, the church doors (over which is the inscription "free for ever to the poor of Christ") stand open night and day.

SUNFLOWER.

Deep night is brooding o'er the sky, my love is far away;
 No love! no light! I faint and die; I live because I pray.
 The stars look down with icy eyes, the moonbeam's silver sheen,
 Frosts all the death-struck valleys where I tower above the green.

Through all the dreary time of night I hear the solemn call
 Of wave to wave that dies upon the deadly waterfall:
 Through all the dreary time of night I breathe with bated breath,
 And shudder when the dew comes down and speaks to me of death.

But when the Eastern sky grows bright with blood and gold and fire,
 When the grey clouds before the sun rise higher yet and higher,
 I turn my buds to heaven above, my death chill fades away,
 I think of thee, dear guiding star; I think of thee, and pray.

Earth claims me, keeps me, holds me down, and yet my buds have birth,
 From that high power that reigns by Love, in Heaven and in Earth.
 Earth claims me! when the love of Heaven brings up the welcome day,
 I laugh at Earth's vain claims and turn from her to Heaven, and pray.

Earth has her transient loves; the one true deepest love is given
 To those who draw their life and light from that great Love in Heaven.
 I turn my blossoms Heavenwards, and when I look above
 Forget all chilling doubts and fears, and know but one thing—Love.

J. J. I.

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MY FIRST LECTURE ON ELECTRICITY.

What a multitude of speculations and guesses do we hear from time to time as to the nature of the Electric Telegraph, and the subtle mysterious fluid that is perpetually flashing through fabulous distances, and without the least regard to time, messages of greeting and of grief, tidings of weal and of woe !

I remember once to have heard a respectable old lady, well read in other matters, declare her conviction that the wires of the telegraph must be hollow, and that the messages having been written neatly on slips of paper and compressed into small pellets, were driven by some curious and ingenious adaptation of atmospheric pressure from end to end of the tubes ; I have known others possessed with the idea that some one *pulls the wires*—but the majority of people whom I have met, and especially of the dwellers in these parts where telegraph poles have not yet been planted, live in a sort of perpetual puzzle upon the subject, and if they hink about it at all, are troubled by intense haze and mistiness.

"Why," said I to myself, one cold dreary day as I drove along by the shore of "the Gulf," wondering, among other things, whether our winter loneliness would ever be mitigated by "daily news" and "telegrams," only an hour old, instead of the rather stale provision with which we are fain to content ourselves—"why," said I, "should I keep my little spark of *electric light* under a bushel ? A few of the dwellers by the 'mournful and misty Atlantic' will be all the wiser for a lecture, however elementary, on electricity and the telegraph ; I shall have them in the school-house ; I shall explain some of those phenomena that will be as wonderful here as they were elsewhere in the days of Franklin, and I shall beat *him* in one respect, for I shall talk about the Telegraph ; then I shall give shocks ; I shall take sparks from noses ; I shall ring bells ; I shall astonish the natives ; I shall"—but here I stopped ; my castle was going up rather fast, and the somewhat depressing reflection immediately succeeded—that I was not possessed of a single piece of apparatus—neither a battery, nor a telegraph, nor an electrical machine, How I wished that there was a "Polytechnic Institution" within a hundred miles or so, from which I could supply my wants ; how many recollections returned of a certain shop window, against the panes of which I frequently flattened my nose in the marvel-loving days of my youth, where machines and gargon-heads of hair, and cannon to be discharged by a "*spark*," and magnets, great and small, caused in me an intense hankering, which was only occasionally and partially gratified : but this was of no avail. I must now manufacture my own apparatus, if I am to have any ; the difficulties are great, without doubt, thought I, but not insurmountable.

And so, soon afterwards I set to work. My first look-out was for a bottle sufficiently large and strong for a *cylinder*. This I diligently sought out in all the shops in our village, but without success.

I then tried the stores in the next village, and at length I set my eyes upon a desirable article. The owner, evidencing a love of science, not suspected before,

but only latent from want of opportunities of development, nobly emptied the coveted jar of the supply of *magnesia* which was intended to dose the infants of the place for a year or so—he would hear of neither recompense nor reward, and all I could promise him was a *shock*. A friendly blacksmith assisted me in punching the bottom out of this bottle; a well-disposed carpenter made me a *stand*—the rest I managed myself. A small supply of *amalgam* and a few sheets of *tin-foil*, had remained by me for some years, so I soon got my *rubber* mounted, and my *prime conductor* also; the latter insulated by being fastened with sealing wax into an empty castor-oil bottle. So far so good; the machine worked well; sparks came forth: one step towards the *lecture* had been gained.

In getting up a *leyden jar*, I had some difficulty. A kind lady emptied her preserved peaches from a nice-looking glass jar, and gave it me as soon as she knew what I wanted; but, alas! it proved too thick. A friend, living sixty miles off, sent me an excellent jar by the "Courier;" but his carefulness was not equal to his kindness, and so, from bad packing, the jar was broken into small pieces before it reached me.

At last, however, I found the very thing I wanted; it stood on a shelf in a distant store, and was filled with nutmegs. The ingenuous youth who "presided" had only to hear that I wanted it to give shocks: "Ah!" said he; "yes, I remember getting shocks when I was in Jersey: my! how my elbows tingled. Certainly, you must have it; the nutmegs will do very well in a box."

In this way I got on famously. Every one who could assist me did so.

I had only to pronounce the word "*electricity*," and jars, wire, copper, zinc—anything in the possession of my neighbors—was placed at my service. A needle telegraph was my next object. Two pieces of watch spring, pierced, magnetised, surrounded by a coil of covered wire, and mounted on a pivot in a little box, answered admirably.

Two cylinders of copper, and two of zinc, composed my not very formidable *battery*. One of the copper cylinders had been part of a kettle; the other had formed part of the sheathing of the good ship *Ideal*, which struck, and, I may add, *stuck*, on the rocks quite close to our village, about a year before; and the zinc had been procured from Quebec, for the purpose of rendering water-tight the house of the worthy fellow who sacrificed a good strip of it to the cause of science!

In a few weeks my apparatus was as perfect as it was likely to be; it was meagre, no doubt; but still there had never been the like in the place before, and novelty is everything in such a case.

My telegraph worked marvellously: on the face of the box I had placed a dial, showing how many *deflections* to the left made *A*, and how many signified *B*. The *commutator* was a stumbling block, but a little ingenuity and sealing wax, with a trifle of copper wire, enabled me to overcome that difficulty. Then the machine was powerful enough to charge the *leyden jar* in about twenty turns of the handle. I rehearsed the shocks upon some small boys, to make sure that

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all was right. I rang my bells; I made the pith balls jump about vigorously; and a pair of dancing figure performed between two tin plates, only the man *would* dance on his head, though I took every pains to restrain this irregular tendency.

At length I felt strong enough to announce the coming *lecture*. A notice, written in a bold style, and tacked up in a few conspicuous situations, answered for advertisement.

Our Secretary-Treasurer, when deploring the want of cash to pay the school-teacher's modest stipend, grandiloquently declares that "money is not the *circulating medium* here; but neither are the columns of weekly or daily papers our advertising *medium*; ours is a much simpler and less expensive, if less effective method.

In this case, at least, it was successful.

On the appointed evening, the school-house was crowded. I had, during the day, arranged my telegraph wires along the walls; so, when I arrived in the evening, I had only to hang up my telegraph, place my battery, charged with salt and water, (for want of acid), *under* the table, and my machine and its *adjuncts upon* the table, and all was ready.

I am not about to inflict the *lecture* upon my readers, to the majority of whom it would be nothing new. Suffice it to say that I began as I believe all lecturers from the highest to the humblest, begin with, "ελεκτρον"

I "moved on" then to Franklin and his *kite*; made a few pleasant remarks about a feather bed being the safest place in which nervous people may abide a thunderstorm. I then gave a hint or two about frictional electricity, negative and positive, conductors and non-conductors.

But here I perceived the interest was beginning to *flag*, so I adroitly changed the subject to *galvanism*, introduced by the famous story of the *frogs*, which the illustrious discoverer was about to have cooked for his dinner, when their spasmodic contortions pointed the way into a new world of science. It was not difficult to lead my hearers on to *Oersted* and the deflection of the needle, and thence to the Telegraph and the wonderful cable, which had but a short time before united the Old and the New Worlds. Then I tried to explain galvanic action, the nature of the battery, oxygen, and hydrogen; but I quickly perceived the propriety of proceeding to experiment: so I deflected the needle of the telegraph in different directions, much to the delight of the lookers-on. "Now," said I, "you shall see a message sent; watch the needle!" So I spelt out—"Quebec, schooner Trial, Cap. Bass, arrived. Now, as Captain Bass was sitting within a few feet of the instrument, and as the message was the very one he would gladly send to his native village on the completion of every successful trip, he quite appreciated the performance, and the delighted audience was highly demonstrative. Having excited sufficient interest, as I supposed, in the Telegraph, by relating some cheerful anecdotes concerning its proved utility in catching *thieves* who had endeavored to escape by *express trains*; also, having dwelt upon the satisfaction

to be derived from an immediate knowledge that "flour has fallen," and "fish is going up," I endeavored to give some account of the electrical machine and its appurtenances.

And here, I must confess, I experienced not a little disappointment; to be sure, I was only a tyro in lecturing, or the mischance could not have happened. The night was very cold, and, of course, the cylinder and other glass articles became very cold also; and on carrying them into the warm room, the steaming breath of the crowd was quickly condensed on the glass; so, when I prepared to "manipulate, I found, to my chagrin, that there was something wrong—the bells would not ring, the pith balls moved feebly, and the dancers absolutely refused to budge, and an incipient murmur of disappointment (which, however was quickly suppressed by the rest of my well-disposed and most indulgent audience) issued from some Philistines in the darkest corner of the room. My presence of mind did not entirely fail me, however; I dexterously rubbed up my cylinder with a silk handkerchief; I discarded the bells and dancers as a bad job, and applied myself vigorously to charge the leyden jar, which I had failed to accomplish before. I was again beginning to fear that the lecture would come to an abortive conclusion, as no electricity showed itself, when, incautiously placing my hand where I ought not to have placed it, I received a shock which dispelled my apprehensions, though the sensation, which I very much dislike, was only balanced by the pleasure of knowing that the affair was not to end in a *fizzle*.

Then the fun commenced in reality. This was something all could enjoy. Half a dozen at a time held hands and touched the jar, according to directions, and received the *shock*, and went off rubbing their elbows, to the great amusement of the others. At last I had electrified nearly the whole assembly, and had got a pain in my own elbow from grinding out the electric supply. Then, having formed an insulating stand by placing a piece of board on three tumblers, I took sparks from numerous noses; and with this last experiment, and a few words expressive of the hope that this, though the *first*, would not be the *last* "Electric Telegraph" we should see in Cape Dove, the proceedings terminated, and all went their ways rejoicing.

Such was my first lecture on Electricity. My difficulties, such as they were, were in a great measure overcome by a little perseverance, and I enjoyed an ample return in the knowledge that I had given an evening's amusement, as well as a few new ideas, to a number of people who were very grateful for the little trouble I had taken.

I will not be so bold as to say to others, go and do likewise; but I would wish to convey a hint to the effect that even a very elementary knowledge of a science may be utilised in this way, in lonely districts, where there is little to break the monotony of the dreary winter, where lecturers are few, and where critics do not flourish.

In such places the undisguised wonder at what is *new*, the pleased attention, and the respectful good humour of his audience, will be sure to reward the Lecturer.

W. G. L.

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CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

The Lord Bishop of Montreal has returned to his diocese in good health and spirits. On the occasion of his arrival, an address was presented to him by the clergy of the city. During his Lordship's visit in England, the heavy debt which was on the Cathedral was removed, and now that noble building is ready for consecration. The ceremony is to take place on the 18th of June; the day on which the Synod of the diocese meets. The Bishop of Illinois is expected to preach the consecration sermon. We have received the *Annual Report* of the Montreal Church Society for 1866. The amount raised for the general Missionary work of the Church, during the year was \$5478, contributed in about equal amounts by the city and country parishes. The amount raised in addition for local purposes was rather more than \$65,000, and over \$4,000 have been added to the endowments of the diocese. The society has resolved to seek an act of Parliament merging itself into the Synod. A draft of the Act is given at the end of the *Annual Report*.

The Synod of the Diocese of Quebec meets on the 2nd day of July.

The Bishop-elect of Rochester, the Rev. T. L. Cloughton, late Vicar of Kidderminster, is to be consecrated on St. Barnabas' day. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford; took a first class in classics, gained the Latin verse in 1828, and the Latin essay in 1832, and was elected professor of Poetry in 1852. The appointment is made subject to the right of dividing the diocese and erecting the new See of St. Albans. The House of Lords passed the second reading of Lord Lyttelton's Bill for the increase of the Episcopate, which proposes to erect three new Sees for Cornwall, Southwell, and St. Albans. The Bishops of these Sees will have no seat in the House of Lords, nor will they receive any aid from the State, and yet the Bill proposes to vest the appointment in the crown. The second reading of Lord Shaftesbury's *Vestment Bill* has been postponed for two months, which will have the effect of preventing any Parliamentary interference for a year, at the least. In the House of Commons the attempt to press on the Church rate Abolition Bill was defeated by a large majority.—St. Augustin's, one of the four new Churches being built at Haggerstone, was consecrated by Bishop Anderson, at the request of the Bishop of London. The history of this parish shows the great progress that the Church is making in the long-neglected parts of London. The present Vicar of St. Mary's—the mother parish of the district—when entering upon his charge, in the beginning of the year 1861, found committed to his care 32,000 souls. There was one Church (St. Mary's) and one curate. In the end of that year, he issued an appeal for help. A city Merchant came immediately to the aid of the parish, and by his liberality, two new curates were provided, the church restored at a cost of £5000, and made entirely free. Four new parishes were then formed, legally constituted, and have been for some time at work, each under its own Incumbent; whilst the mother Parish of St. Mary's is served by the Vicar and two curates. Such has

been the progress of the parish since 1860, the communicants have been multiplied more than ten fold; the congregation more than nine fold; above a thousand children gathered daily in the several schools; the clergy instead of two are ten, and for the promotion of church work in the Parish, above £32,000 have been provided.

The annual meeting of the two great church societies were held last month, and were numerously attended. The Society for Propogating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, held its meeting in St. James' Hall, the Archbishop of Canterbury presided. Speeches were made by the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Caernarvon, Mr. Gladstone, and other eminent persons. The Rev. W. T. Bullock, Secretary of the Society, read the Report, which stated there were now in foreign parts, 2,303 clergymen of the Church of England, 517 of whom were supported wholly by the Society. These clergymen were under the jurisdiction of 50 Bishops, in whose dioceses 24 diocesan synods and 4 Provincial synods had been organized. The Society had also maintained during the past year 617 laymen, catechists, readers, and schoolmasters. The total income received in England by the Society amounted to £91,500. The Archbishop also presided at the meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. From the statement respecting the Society's operations, it appeared that during the year, upwards of 857,000 copies of the Bible and Prayer Book had been circulated, besides religious books, tracts, and other publications to the number of 6,097,628. Resolutions were moved and seconded by the Bishop of Oxford, Rev. Daniel Moore, Lord Lyttelton, &c. The Bishop of Salisbury's triennial charge which he delivered at Bridport, occupied three hours and a half, and was devoted mainly to a vindication of the theory of the priesthood in the English Church, and to defining the doctrine of the Real Presence. His Lordship expressed his objection to the proposed Royal Commission on Ritualism.—The Bishop of Capetown has addressed a long letter to the Bishop of St. David's, in reply to certain Passages of that Prelate's charge, in which he had spoken somewhat severely of Bishop Gray's conduct. To the first charge—that the Bishop of Capetown had exercised "an usurped authority"—he asks why the Bishop of St. David's did not raise his warning voice in 1863, "When the Bishop of London, apparently with the consent of the whole episcopate, urged me to pledge myself to try Dr. Colenso, and I held back from committing myself. I made notes of all that took place on those occasions, for my future guidance. All concurred in thinking, as far as I could learn, that action ought to be taken—and taken in the exact way that was adopted." To the second charge—that the Proceedings were marked by a complete emancipation from the rules and principles of English law and justice, and "were most violent and arbitrary," he answers that many of the most learned and eminent English churchmen judged otherwise, whilst the Colonial press testified to the impartiality of the proceedings. That the trial was not a "mockery," as Bishop Thirlwall termed it, because "the accused party was assumed to acknowledge the jurisdiction against which he protested." Bishop Gray quotes Lord

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Romilly's judgment, that Bishops still have "effective jurisdiction," and the recognition of the Privy Council of "Bishop Colenso's Trial." As to the last charge of Colenso being condemned in his absence and had no reply, the Bishop draws attention to the fact that he had no power to enforce attendance, but that whenever there was a doubt, Dr. Colenso had the benefit of it. The Anglo-American Church at Paris, which has been erected near the Exhibition, was opened for Divine Service on St. Mark's day. The Sermon was preached by the Bishop of Pennsylvania. The services are to be alternately, American and Anglican.

In the American Church, three new Bishops have lately been elected. Drs. Beckwith of New Orleans, and J. Freeman Young, were elected as successors to the late lamented Bishops of Georgia and Florida. Dr. Young was for many years Assistant Minister in Trinity Parish, he was also Secretary of the Russo-Greek Committee, and formerly a resident in Florida. Dr. Tuttle, the Bishop of the new Diocese of Montana, was consecrated on the festival of St. Philip and St. James, in Trinity Chapel, New York. The new Bishop took with him four clergymen to his distant field of labors. This is the first real effort of the Church to do anything within the regions of Mormonism. The question of the division of dioceses is under consideration in no less than five diocesan Conventions: New York, Western New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Maryland. Divisions also are talked of being made in the diocese of Massachusetts, Wisconsin, and Ohio, and notwithstanding the proceedings of the last Virginian Convention, hopes are still entertained of a division being made in that large and important diocese.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

* It is recorded of the great Sir Robert Peel, that when visiting Thomas Hood the elder during his last sickness, he congratulated him on never having used his great powers of humor so as to give any human creature pain. The same thing may well be said of Charles Lamb, whose amiable and Christian character appears so constantly in his cheering essays. What a contrast do the humorous writings of Lamb present to the so-called "comic" English Grammars, Histories of England, *et hoc genus omne*, which succeeded him, and, still more, to the ey-

* A beautifully printed edition of Sir J. Herschell's most interesting book. The work of adapting science to the comprehension of the young and of the non-scientific instead of being left to the least distinguished among writers, as it was a generation ago, is now chosen in more than one department by its leading thinker. There Muller's lectures on Languages are a parallel to those of Sir J. Herschell's on Physics. Both great writers are remarkable for the clearness and beauty of their style.

Familiar lectures on Scientific Subjects. By Sir John Herschell. Hill, Montreal.

nical school of humorists of our own day ! We recommend this edition of Charles Lamb's works.* He is a writer whose gentleness and playfulness remind one of Goldsmith and Cowper ; it is not enough to read the essays of Eli without feeling the better and happier for so doing.

Moore's saying, that the verse writers in the magazines of the present day would, a generation ago, have obtained a great name as poets, holds true of none of our serials more than "All the Year Round." In its pages,, Adelaide Proctor's lyrics first appeared, and in the last monthly part is a poem of such remarkable beauty that we needs must quote a few verses :

"Sitting in the shadow, singing
Such a sober song,
Sure thou dost the merry season
And the sunshine, wrong.
Forth among thy venturous brethren
Where great deeds are done !
Only in the wide arena
Is the garland won :
Fame and honors are the garden
Of the bold and strong
Singer, in the shadow singing
Such a serious song.
What if unto thee derision
And neglect belong ?"

"Far above my compeers,
Coul'dst thou lift me now,
Wreathing with their laurels
My triumphant brow—
By my siren singing
Not a soul unmoved
In all hearts enthrone me
Chosen and beloved.
More than Balach professed
To the recreant seer—
All the mighty covet.
And the proud hold dear,
Should not, could not, tempt me,
In a softer strain ;
I must sing my song out,
Though I sing in vain."

† "Frederic the Great" is a historical novel, the scenes being laid in the Court of the "Great Protestant" (and "Voltaireian") King. A modern German novel seldom rises to the dignity of of an English translation. This only displays some vigour. The story is well carried out, though far too much *couleur de rose* is thrown over the character of the Infidel pedant, and martinet who plundered Silesia.

* Complete works of Charles Lamb. London : E. Moxan & Co.

† Frederic the Great, with illustrations. Hill, Montreal.

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DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

- I.
1. My first is to each his very first care,
My first and my second is oft joined to *there*,
And tells forth the being of all things that are,
 2. My first take away, a mere unit, mind,
And the rest tells the work, without any blind,
(Of carelessness, anger, or sudden wind.
 3. My third, fourth, and fifth, the three-fourths
are seen
Of a pattern of meekness, well-known, I ween,
A bodily failing, and vessel of sheen.
4. My whole is a name once to mankind of woe,
In peasant or knight making anger to glow,
But now nought save changeless contempt
evermo. I. C.
- II.
- A capital city in Africa,
A mountain in Asia,
A capital city in the United States,
A country of the Eastern Hemisphere,
A bird,
A country of the Western Hemisphere.
The initials spell the name of a country, and
the initials its capital. A. C.

LOGOGRAM.

Who first of all men whom we know
Did strains of solemn music raise.
The instrument of all below
Most used to swell our notes of praise.

Go find the city where the palm,
Near Jordan, most luxuriant grew;

That is my first. Where Abraham
Was nurs'd—this gives my number two.
What Isaac would to Esau give,
When yet he had few days to live.
My fourth was once fair Hebrew's name,
My last his gods and idols vain
When missed (regardless of the shame)
Pursued his daughter to regain.

CHARADES.

I.

My first of all numbers compound
The simplest of all will be found.
My next all the insects that are
Surpasses in industry far.
Though his house he his castle may call
No house my whole owneth at all.

II.

In all your dealings be my first
And happy you will be;
My next when winter's bonds are burst
Floats down the stream to sea.

My whole a word full fraught with fears
With awe the guilty culprit hears.

III.

My first is man's eternal sleep
Which oft doth cause dear friends to weep.
Lest my first should come with rapid pace
Let him keep my second with anxious face.

Then my whole shall click
With its solemn tick
When my first shall touch
The sick man's couch.

K1s.

ENIGMAS.

I.

I am composed of 9 letters:—
 In my 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, is strength.
 My 6, 1 5, 9, is a Chinese vessel.
 My 8, 7, 3, 5, was a notorious murderer.
 And, for the defence of my *whole*,

I am sure that every 9, 7, 2, 1, 8, 9, in the land,
 would go up to the 8, 7, 2, 1, 9, 9's mouth.

THETA.

II.

I am composed of 15 letters:—
 My 12, 10, 9, 15, is a metal,

My 7, 9, 10, 11, 14, 1, is to come,
 My 1, 5, 3, 4, is a testament.
 13, 14, 11, 10, 9, 1, is often hard to bear,
 8, 6, 15, is the Lord of creation,
 And 1, 9, 7, 6, 15, is his consoler,
 My 8, 9, 14, 15, is the Queen of Night,
 And my 9, 10, 2, 13, 14, 15, is a prayer.

My whole gives the name of the discoverer of
 the source of the Mississippi.

MINNIE HARA.

SQUARE WORDS.

I.

1. A plant.
2. An open surface.
3. Repose.
4. To satiate,

THETA.

II.

1. A type of purity.
2. Name of a Lady.
3. A maritime town in Africa.
4. The diminutive of everything.

SALAN SALANCUER.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTICS, &c., IN No. 5 OF "STUDENT'S MONTHLY,"

I. Double Acrostics:—

- (1) Cambridge—Wranglers.
- (2) Toronto—Ontario.

II. Cipher:—

This Cipher is really very simple. We give the
 key together with the solution, leaving the reader
 to decipher it:—

1	2	3													
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M			
4		5	6	7											
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			

"He who solves this Cipher shall be my Knight."

III. Charades:—

Sparrow.

IV. Riddle:—

Erudition.

V. Square Words:—

(1) GHOST	(2) HOMER
HASTE	OMEGA
OSIER	MERIT
STEAM	EGINA
TERMS	RATAN

N.B.—Writers for the "Medley" must send solutions with their contributions.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

To the Editor of the "Student's Monthly."

SIR:—Might I enquire through the medium of your columns why no endeavor has ever been made to form an *Alumnus Association* in connection with the University of "Bishop's College." Certainly its graduates are now sufficiently numerous to warrant such an attempt, with a strong probability of success. And, in my own humble opinion, an Association of this sort, if faithfully supported by its members, would be productive of the greatest benefit to the University

Yours sincerely,

A. B.

We are happy to say in reply to our correspondent, that steps are already being taken by several young graduates residing in the University and in its vicinity, to form an Association of its Alumni. We are sure they will expect to see A. B. at the Convocation in June, when the first meeting will be held.

Ed.

CONVOCAION.

The Annual Convocation, for conferring Degrees will take place on Thursday the 27th inst.

The programme for the day will be as follows:—1 Administration of the Holy Communion, at 7.30 a.m., in the College Chapel. 2, Morning prayer, with sermon, by the Venerable Archdeacon Leach, D. D., at 10.30 a.m., in St. George's Church. 3. Convocation for conferring degrees at 2.30 p. m. Several interesting addresses are expected. 4. Distribution of the School prizes. 5. In the evening the usual conversazione will be held, at which the prizes for athletic sports will be given.

Friends of the Institution are requested to attend without formal invitation.

On Wednesday, business meetings will be held, (1.) of the Corporation of the College at 9.30 a.m., and (2.) of the Convocation, at 2.30 p.m.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE RECTOR.

On the evening of the 20th ult., the rev. R. H. Walker, Rector of the Junior Department of the College, arrived at Lennoxville. He was received upon the railway platform by the entire Staff of the College and School, and the students of the College.

Lining the way on each side of the road, stood the pupils of the Grammar School, with lighted torches, ready to escort the new Rector to the residence of J. B. Paddon, Esq., to whom he is nearly related.

The multitude of brilliant torches, nearly one hundred in number, and the enthusiastic cheering of the students and boys, showed their wish to welcome among them the gentlemen whom the Metropolitan has chosen from among many eminent scholars in England, to be the Vice-Principal of the College, and Rector of the Grammar School. The torchlight procession having attended Mr. Walker to his temporary home, proceeded to the residence of the late acting Rector, the Rev. Dr. Nicolls, where they halted and gave three rousing cheers. On their return—the boys happened to meet Rev. W. Richmond, M.A., whom they cheered lustily. Afterwards, hearty cheers were given the Rev. A. C. Scarth, Ed. Chapman, Esq., bursar of the College, and C. P. Mulvany, M.A., tutor in classics in the University.

Com.

HARROLD ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of the above Association will be held in the College Hall, on Wednesday, the 26th instant, at 8 o'clock p.m. An address will be delivered by one

of the honorary members of the Association, and an Essay read by Mr. E. King, B.A.

Mr. W. H. Mayo, B.A., will open the discussion, the subject being: "Is it the duty of Canadian Churchmen to encourage the formation of Lay co-operative Associations?"

BISHOP'S COLLEGE RIFLE COMPANY.

The following are the Officers of the Grammar School Rifle Company:

Capt. and Drill Instructor, J. B. Hyndman,
Lieutenant..... E. A. W. King,
Ensign,..... C. P. Mulvany.

The above Company was organized in the year 1861—the first Captain being W. A. Yule, at present an officer in the 100th Regiment. Since that time it has prospered well, being always considered a crack Corps, and winning laurels at every Annual as well as Quarterly Inspection. On the 24th May, of the present year, the Company took part in the Field day at Sherbrooke, and were second to none in proficiency of drill and soldierlike appearance. The Annual Inspection of the 53rd Battalion, Sherbrooke Infantry, Col. Bowen, to which

the B. C. R. Co. is attached, took place on the 5th instant, at Sherbrooke, before Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith, A. A. Gen'l. Whilst bestowing much praise on the Battalion and congratulating Col. Bowen on the appearance of the Men, the inspecting officer alluded in the following flattering terms to the College Company: "In all my district I have never seen a company so steady in the ranks, or drill better than the members of the Bishop's College Company. I have often heard of them, but now I have seen for myself; and I shall feel great pleasure in making a most favorable report of them to the Adj. Gen'l., and procure short rifles for the Company, for the Arms they have at present are too unwieldy for the youths; I am sure that their commanding officer does and may well feel proud of so fine a Company." We believe the B. C. R. Co., was, if not *the first*, at least one of the first Corps organized in the Province in connection with a college, and they certainly have maintained a good name throughout.

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We would respectfully request those of our subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, do so as soon as possible.