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ROSE-BELFORD'S
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G. MERCER ADAM.

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1882.

THE TRUE IDEA OF CANADIAN LOYALTY.

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

IN the November number of this Magazine a distinguished writer, eminently qualified for the task both by the nature of his studies and by his peculiar opportunities for observation, undertook to discuss the question whether Canadian loyalty was 'a Sentiment, or a Principle.' The discussion, as it seemed to me, opened somewhat abruptly, no attempt being made to define what was meant by 'Canadian Loyalty.' Yet, that such a definition was highly necessary is obvious enough, and has moreover been illustrated in a somewhat singular way. In glancing over the index to the Magazine for the half year just closed, I find the article to which reference is made quoted under the title of 'Is *Loyalty to Canada* a Sentiment or a Principle?' Here is a transformation of the most significant kind. 'Loyalty to Canada' is a much more definite thing than 'Canadian

Loyalty,' which, if capable of being interpreted in the same sense is also capable of being interpreted in one widely different, namely, the Loyalty of Canada to the Parent State. This in fact is the sense in which the term is used throughout the article, nothing whatever being said about the duty of loyalty to Canada. Understanding then Canadian loyalty in this sense, and not in the sense so oddly suggested by the index, Mr. Todd proceeds to enquire whether it is 'a Sentiment or a Principle,' and concludes that it is the latter, not the former. The aim of the following pages will be to show that Canadian loyalty, if understood in the sense of loyalty to Canada, is—whether sentiment or principle or both—the one thing which it is of the greatest importance to the future of this country to strengthen and promote; but that, if understood in the sense adopted by Mr. Todd, it repre-

sents a virtue which the march of events has, for years past, been more and more rendering obsolete.

A word, however, before we proceed on this question of sentiment or principle. We may be sure of one thing, and that is that whatever Canadian loyalty in either of its forms is *not*, it *is* a sentiment. Loyalty, the world over, is a sentiment; any virtue that it possesses arises from that fact; for loyalty which is simply a perception upon which side one's bread is buttered is not deserving of the name. Mr. Todd himself speaks of Canadian loyalty as a 'feeling,' and maintains that, as such, 'it possesses both depth and reality.' Yet the object of the article seems to be to show that it is not a sentiment or feeling but a 'principle.' The truth is that it is both a sentiment and a principle, and that there is no contradiction between the two. It is a sentiment in its essential nature, and a principle as being a source and rule of action.

The important question, however, is whether Mr. Todd has placed before the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY a true idea of Canadian loyalty. According to him it consists in a strong desire and determination to preserve the present colonial *status* of Canada. To be loyal as a Canadian is to wish to maintain Canada's present relation to Great Britain and to the British Empire as a whole. To be disloyal, therefore, would be to wish to disturb that relation, either by making Canada entirely independent or by attaching her to some other political system. Loyalty is a duty and a virtue; it is something which no one can reputably disown; therefore it is the duty of every Canadian to strive to maintain the existing connection between Canada and the Mother Country. Only those who either are indifferent to duty, or who have very mistaken ideas of duty, can countenance any effort or scheme to disturb the *status quo*.

Now these, I respectfully submit, are not self-evident propositions; and

yet, strange to say, the able writer whose name has been mentioned makes no effort to prove them. He thinks it sufficient to try and give an historical explanation of what he takes to be the dominant, and all but universal, feeling of Canadians towards the political system under which they are living. He assumes an abounding loyalty of the type above described—a loyalty to Great Britain—and then sets to work to show how the feeling was developed. His illustrations unhappily hardly serve even the purpose for which they are intended, far as that falls short of the proper scope of any general discussion of Canadian loyalty. The chief point made is that Canada was settled in part by U. E. Loyalists, men who failed to sympathize with the resistance made by their fellow-colonists of America to the tyranny of King George the Third, and who, either voluntarily or upon compulsion, forsook their homes and sought refuge under the British flag. The force, however, of this argument is greatly weakened when we are expressly told that the great majority of these would willingly have remained in the United States, sacrificing their allegiance to Great Britain, if the odium into which they had fallen with their neighbours had not made life there unendurable. A thousand citizens of Boston, we are assured, though opposed to the Revolution, declared that they 'would never have stirred if they thought *the most abject submission* would procure them peace.' One can read this over several times without being profoundly impressed by the 'loyalty' of these thousand citizens. That being compelled, in spite of their readiness for abject submission, to seek homes in another country they should have carried thither a strong aversion to the land that had cast them out, is quite conceivable; the difficult thing is to suppose that they should furnish to their adopted country any very admirable type of loyalty, unless by

loyalty we mean the mere habit of submission to arbitrary authority. If these were conspicuous 'loyalists' then perhaps their successors of to-day would be equally prepared for 'the most abject submission,' if a majority of the people of Canada were to decide in favour of independence. I do not say that they would; it is Mr. Todd who somewhat infelicitously forces upon us the suggestion that they might.

When, therefore, Mr. Todd speaks of 'our forefathers' having 'deliberately preferred the loss of property and the perils incident to their flight into the wilderness rather than forego the blessings of British supremacy and of monarchical rule,' we are compelled to remind him that, according to his own express statement, this was not the case. They were prepared to let British supremacy and monarchical rule go by the board, if only their fellow-citizens would have pardoned them their lukewarmness in the great struggle. 'Their only safety,' we are told, 'was in flight.' 'They sought refuge in Canada and Nova Scotia from the hardships to which they were exposed in the old colonies because of their fidelity to the British Crown.' We may therefore infer that had the colonists in general been a little more magnanimous or forbearing to the non-sympathizing minority, the latter would never have trodden the wilds of Canada, or furnished an argument for Canadian loyalty as understood by Mr. Todd.

When the foundation of an argument is defective the superstructure is apt to be a little shaky; and so we find it in the present case. As the loyalists did not carry into Canada so consuming a zeal for 'British supremacy and monarchical rule' as a sentence above quoted would lead us to believe, so neither did they bring into Canada or transmit to their descendants, so lively a perception as the writer of the article imagines, of the benefit of a connection between

Church and State. In the Province of Ontario, which perhaps owes most to their influence, the tendency for a long time past has been steadily away from every form of church establishment. The secularization of the Clergy Reserves—not referred to by Mr. Todd—was one signal example of this; and the withdrawal of government grants from all denominational colleges was another. The general feeling throughout the Province of Ontario is that religion needs no kind of state patronage, and that it is quite as safe—not to say safer—under the American system which Mr. Todd so much deplors as under the British or any other which gives it official recognition. As a political indication, the fact that Ontario took the lead in dispensing with a second chamber in her local legislature is not without significance.

The word loyalty calls up many ideas, but the more we examine it the more clearly we see that the largest element in it is the element of fidelity upon the part of an inferior to a superior, or of a lesser to a greater power. We do not talk of the loyalty of Great Britain to Canada. If in any relations between the two we were to speak of Great Britain having followed a 'loyal' course of conduct, the loyalty in that case would be towards some high standard of national duty conceived as equally binding upon great states and small. We speak of the 'loyal' observance of a treaty, and there again the loyalty is towards an abstract conception of right and equity, that conception ranking in our moral estimation far above the mere expedencies of the hour. Canada or any other country could thus loyally fulfil an obligation, whether contracted towards an equal, a superior or an inferior power. But when loyalty to England is spoken of the idea that comes to our mind is not the loyal fulfilling of engagements, but fidelity as of a person to a person, and, it must be added, of a dependent

to a patron or protector. And, just as in personal relations, this feeling is only justified where services are rendered by the stronger to the weaker which the latter is unable to render to himself; so, between countries, an occasion for loyalty only arises when the stronger community does that for the weaker which the weaker is unable to do for itself. In such a case the stronger country has a right to expect that the weaker will show a due appreciation of the benefits it derives from the connection, and will brave perils rather than forsake its protector in an hour of trial. We must, however, assume that the services rendered by the stronger power are rendered disinterestedly. If a state plants a colony in some distant land, and there seeks to control its commerce in its own interest, without regard to the interests of the new settlement, I fail to see that it can justly claim the loyalty of the latter. I do not think that any loyalty was due from Ireland to England in the days when England was oppressing, in every possible way, Irish trade and industry. The loyalty of the American colonies survived, as it seems to me, by many years any equitable claim of the Mother Country to such a feeling on their part. There are those, no doubt, who admire a loyalty that no injustice can quench; but there are others again who see in loyalty carried to such a length only a servile lack of self-respect, and who would rather have in their veins the blood of 'some village Hampden' than that of a 'loyalist' who offered in vain 'the most abject submission' as the price of remaining in a country that, *without his aid*, had vindicated its liberty.

If, therefore, Canada is now 'loyal' to England what are the circumstances, what are the facts, that give significance, that give *raison d'être*, to its loyalty? Is it that Canada is dependent upon England, and being dependent ought to be at once humble and faithful? This cannot be admitted,

for not only is the idea of Canada's dependence upon England disowned by very many here in Canada, but it has been distinctly disowned by representative Englishmen, and by none more distinctly or emphatically than by the present Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone. In proof of this I would refer to the discussion that took place in the British House of Commons on the 28th March, 1867, upon the application of the Canadian Government for a guarantee of a loan of £3,000,000 stg. for the building of the Intercolonial Railway. Upon that occasion we find the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. (now Sir Charles) Adderley, who moved the resolution proposing the guarantee, making an almost abject apology for doing so. Here I must be permitted to quote (Hansard, Vol. 186, page 736):—'Mr. Adderley said that, in moving the Resolution of which he had given notice, not one word would fall from him approving in the abstract of guarantees of Colonial Loans. He had always thought that they were a feature of the worst possible relations between this country and the Colonies, bad enough for this country, but still worse for the Colonies. He sincerely hoped that this Colonial guarantee would be the last proposed to Parliament, or, if proposed the last that Parliament would be disposed to grant. * * * The only way (page 739) of making the new Confederation independent of the United States was to construct this important railway (the Intercolonial) which would enable Canada to develop itself, and *rely entirely upon her own resources*. * * * The Confederation (page 743) would take away the *languor of dependence upon England* which had hitherto paralysed the divided governments.'

Mr. Adderley spoke as member of a Conservative Government; but he was followed by Mr. Aytoun, the Liberal member for a Scotch borough, who moved the rejection of the guarantee as unsound in principle and

unfair to British taxpayers. Mr. Thos. Cave, member for Barnstaple, denounced the whole thing as 'a colossal job,' and, with reference to Mr. Adderley's remark that the proposed Railway would render Canada entirely independent of the United States (not a very acute remark, it must be confessed) said that he did not see what interest England could have 'in so entirely severing the Canadians from the United States. He thought the safety of that country consisted in friendly communication with the United States.' Be this as it might, 'It would be better to have the whole onus of its defence thrown upon Canada itself. If, instead of giving £3,000,000 with a view of separating it from the United States, we were to give £10,000,000 to join and unite them it would be more patriotic.' Did these sentiments provoke a perfect storm of indignation in the House of Commons? By no means; nobody was moved to indignation at all, and Mr. Gladstone who followed did not think it necessary to do more than repel the insinuation of jobbery that Mr. Cave had (of course most unjustly) thrown out. As regards the significance to be attached to the proposed guarantee, he said (page 752) that, 'far from considering it as an expression of the will and readiness of any government of this country or of Parliament to undertake additional responsibility with respect to the ordinary work of the defence of the Province of Canada, he placed on it *an exactly opposite construction*, and, but for that opposite construction, he should find it impossible to justify the proposal now made. He looked on this guarantee as auxiliary to the great work of Confederation, the purpose of which was the development of the resources of the colonies, and, along with that, the gradual and speedy development of their self-reliance.' England had long occupied, he went on to say, a false position in regard to colonial defence,

shouldering our burdens and doing our thinking for us just as if these colonies 'were not inhabited by an intelligent and free population.' The way to escape from this false position was 'to give a higher civil and political position to these communities themselves.' The only officer in the colonies appointed by the Colonial Secretary was the Governor; and Mr. Gladstone believed that 'if it were the well-ascertained desire of the colonies to have the appointment of their own governor, the Imperial Parliament would at once make over to them that power.' The British North America Act had been passed 'with a promptitude which, *if it had been a measure affecting ourselves*, would have been precipitancy.' This was, however, 'an acknowledgment of the title of these colonies to deal practically with their own affairs,' and it was hoped that the result would be 'the development along that great extent of territory of a *stronger sense of political existence*, more self-reliance and more self-reliant habits.' England had herself in the past weakened the self-reliance of the colonies by too visibly taking them under her protection; and the way to remedy that was now 'to raise their political position to the very highest point, in order that with that elevated position their sense of responsibility may also grow. The system of vicarious defence—the system of having the burden of its frontier defence borne by another—*enervates and depresses the tone of the country in which it prevails*; and its withdrawal is necessary in order to bring the country to the full possession and enjoyment of freedom.'

Then followed Mr. Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, who objected (page 760) to the guarantee precisely because it was represented as being 'auxiliary to Confederation.' The British North America Act had been passed with the expedition commented on by Mr. Gladstone, just because Parliament felt it was a matter with which it had

only the most formal concern ; and that being the case, Mr. Lowe wholly failed to see why that measure should be followed by a pecuniary guarantee which was a matter, not of formal, but of real concern to the British people. Such a guarantee, moreover, was calculated to teach Canadian colonists the very false lesson that England took 'a peculiar interest in the manner in which they chose to regulate their internal affairs and their relations with the United States. Now that we have given them self-government, let them manage their affairs their own way, and do not let us make ourselves responsible for the manner in which they regulate their internal or foreign relations. The management of our own affairs is quite sufficient for us, without mixing ourselves up in matters with which we have no concern, and over which we do not for a moment profess to exercise the slightest control.'

Now, what is my object in making these quotations ? Simply to show how wide of the mark it is to pretend that there is anything in the relations subsisting between Canada and England to call for or justify the kind of 'loyalty' which Mr. Todd assumes to be burning in Canadian bosoms. The men who speak with the most authority in the British Parliament disclaim wholly the idea of any dependence of Canada upon Great Britain, and equally disclaim the idea that Great Britain is prepared to recognize such a relation of dependence on the part of this country. Mr. Gladstone touched the quick of the matter when, after saying that the Imperial Parliament would willingly allow the colonies to name their own Governors if they wished, he went on to observe that even more than this had already been granted in the liberty accorded to the colonies of taxing British goods. 'If there is one thing,' I quote the eminent statesman's own words, 'which we are entitled to insist upon as a limit to

colonial self-government, it is that British merchandise should enter these provinces on certain terms ; but, instead of that, the assent of the Queen has been given to acts imposing duties of 10, 15, 20, and 25 per cent. upon products of English industry entering Canada.' This gives us the key of the whole situation. Colonies are planted for purposes of trade, and so long as they can be made subsidiary to the trade of the parent state, so long does the latter prize and value them. On the other hand, just as they begin to have separate interests of their own, and practically to consult those interests, does the interest which the parent state take in them dwindle, until it gets down to the point indicated in the debate of which the above are some of the most significant portions. For Canada to choose her own Governor—or, I suppose, for that matter, President—would be a small thing in the eyes of the present British premier, compared with taxing British goods, even as they were taxed in the year 1867. It should be remarked, too, that Hansard gives us no intimations of dissent upon the part of the House at large from any of the sentiments advanced, even from Mr. Thos. Cave's suggestion that it would be a good thing for England to pay us \$50,000,000 to go and join the United States. The only statement that called forth cries of 'No !' 'No !' was one that fell from Mr. Lowe, to the effect that, in creating the Confederation, England would be credited with trying to set up on this Continent a rival power to the United States. Upon this point honorable members were very anxious to clear themselves ; but when Mr. Lowe asked what England had to do either with the internal affairs of Canada *or with her foreign relations*, there was no movement, no sensation, no interpellation, no expression of surprise. Let it be remembered, too, that this debate probably took place in the presence of the Canadian delegates who had been

sent to London to arrange the details of Confederation, and who had for months been doing their best to interest members of the government in the affairs of Canada. To what extent they had succeeded let the facts declare.

Will it be said that a change has since come over the feeling of the British public in regard to the colonies? If so, I should like to see some distinct evidence of it. The British public and British representative men would have to push want of interest and sympathy almost to the point of brutality if, in spite of the effusive character of Canadian loyalty, as officially and conventionally expressed, they absolutely refused us, on their part, any answering expressions. But where, I ask, are the signs that Great Britain desires any closer union with, or larger responsibility for, Canada now than she did at the time of that debate? Must we not conclude that as the causes which brought about the feeling then manifested have been in steady and progressive operation ever since, the indisposition of England to assume any responsibility for Canada of a nature to call forth loyalty on our part as its fitting return is greater to-day than at any previous period?

Is any one to blame for this? As well ask whether any one is to blame for the fact that the chicken that has learnt to take care of itself in the barn-yard ceases to cause solicitude to the old hen. As well ask who is to blame for the fact that the grown-up son founds a family of his own, and rules that family according to his own will and judgment. As well ask who is to blame because the ripe pear drops from the tree. Had things come to such a pass between Canada and England as they did between the thirteen American colonies and England, we might well ask who was to blame; for things could not get so far wrong without somebody being seriously to blame. But at present let us be thankful nobody is to blame. The course

of events, the healthy development of this country, has brought us where we are to-day; and let us be thankful that we are where we are, and that the sufficiency of Canada for the burdens and responsibilities of complete self-government have been recognized in so high a quarter as the Parliament at Westminster. For this, and nothing less than this, was the meaning of that debate; this, and nothing less than this, has been the thought expressed, tentatively and even furtively I grant, in so many articles in the London press, but particularly in *The Times*, during the last fifteen years,—those articles which every one here assured us were so far from reflecting the sentiments of the British people, but which some of us none the less took to heart as precious indications of the duty that Canada had to face. I have said that nobody is to blame. Alas! I must retract that so far as to say that Canada has herself been a little to blame in being so slow to read the signs of the times, or to draw the lessons which practical men in England were drawing from the political and commercial development of these North-American colonies. What Mr. Gladstone said was quite true: 'England had been our nursing mother too long.' What Mr. Adderley said was quite true: 'There had been on our part a certain "langour of dependence" upon the Mother Country.' What Mr. Lowe said was quite true: 'England has nothing to do with controlling, or even representing, to the world a country the political system of which is so fully developed as that of Canada.' 'She is of age; let her speak for herself,' was the sentiment, if not the precise expression, of the acute member for Calne. We have been to blame in allowing the organ of a purely conventional opinion to persuade us that what meant everything meant nothing, and that what meant nothing—namely, the expressions of interest extorted from British politicians by our persistent and al-

most pathetic 'loyalty'—meant everything.

However, there is not much harm done. To have moved too slowly in such a matter is better than to have moved too fast. There exist no impediments at the present moment to the most amicable and cordial relations between Canada and the Mother Country; only, what the latter desires, and is quite right in desiring, is that Canada shall offer, not her loyalty—that is too much—but her friendship as an independent state. To have on this Continent a nation bound to her by the strongest ties of sympathy and good will, a nation whose institutions would, in the main, be hers, and that would be disposed to throw whatever influence it could exert on the side of any reasonable claims she might make, would be a real and, one would judge, important advantage to Great Britain; while the knowledge that she could not be attacked on Canadian territory would take an immense burden and responsibility off her shoulders. Those who look favourably upon Canadian independence are sometimes asked what grievance they have against the Mother Country. We have no grievance; far from it, we feel that we have every reason to cherish the warmest feelings towards that country, and we do cherish such feelings. We hold (if I may venture to speak for many who I know share the views expressed in this article) that the public policy of England to-day is governed by higher moral standards than that of any other nation of the world. We consider our country fortunate in having learnt in the British school; and our hope is that when the people of Canada shall have relieved the Parent State of all responsibility on their behalf, they will show the world that their education has been a good one, and that if they have not got on in all respects as fast as certain more highly stimulated communities, they have at least learnt a few im-

portant things well. Grievances! the idea is preposterous. Would England ask us what we had to complain of if we were respectfully to suggest that the time had come for us to start upon an independent career of our own? Imagine such a question being asked by the House of Commons that listened either approvingly, or else with indifference, to the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe, to say nothing of Mr. Cave.

Then if England does not want our loyalty, if, as Mr. Lowe said, Englishmen have enough to do to mind their own affairs; if, as Matthew Arnold puts it, England, like the fabled Atlas, is already staggering under

'The too vast orb of her fate,'

to whom, to what, is our loyalty due,—on what altar can we profitably lay it? Ask the index to the last volume of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, and it will tell you that what Mr. Todd might have discoursed upon, but did not, was 'Loyalty to Canada.' Here, where we have our home, here in this land whose resources it is ours to develop, and which it may be ours to raise from weakness to strength, from obscurity to honour in the eyes of the nations, here we may find ample scope and exercise for all the loyalty of which our natures are capable. Let us then, as we considered some time ago what loyalty to England on the part of Canada meant and implied, consider now what the loyalty of Canadians to Canada means and implies. It means that we desire the separate national existence of our country. It means that we value our institutions, and would grieve to see them replaced by others of a different order and growth. It means that the distinctive life of Canada and the distinctive character of her people are dear to us. It means that this is our home and that as such we cherish it. It means that we see in our country the elements of future greatness, and that

we have confidence in the ability of Canadians to deal wisely with the splendid trust committed to their hands. It means, in a word, that we feel there is a place in the family of nations for Canada, and that our ambition is that she should fill it.

Considering the matter further we find that whereas there is little or nothing we can do by way of giving a practical turn to our loyalty to England, there is everything to do when we once make up our minds that what is needed is loyalty to Canada. Not a day passes over our heads without bringing us opportunities of doing something directly or indirectly for the good of our common country. The true patriot is not he who swaggers over what his nation can do, or who waxes eloquent over its vast extent of territory, its boundless resources and its unimaginable future; but he who labours practically, in however humble a sphere, to advance its interests. Every honest vote cast is a service to the commonwealth. To pay honest dues to the Government, to do honest work for it at an honest price, is a better proof of loyalty than to make loyal speeches or to drink loyal toasts. If the practical good sense and good feeling of our people had not taught them better there would by this time have been in their minds an almost complete divorce between the ideas of loyalty and the general idea of good citizenship; seeing that loyalty, as presented to them, was almost wholly a thing of phrases and vague sentiment. As it is, there is no doubt that Canada has suffered much from the weakening of the idea of loyalty consequent upon the uncertainty existing as to its proper direction or object. The effort to sit on two stools generally results in sitting on neither. The loyalty heretofore preached was loyalty to Great Britain; the loyalty demanded by circumstances, but never preached, was loyalty to Canada, as a country destined to enter sooner or later on an inde-

pendent career. The result has been a lack in Canada of that public spirit which depends for its development upon a 'strong sense of political existence,'—to recall an expression used by Mr. Gladstone. This lack nearly all thoughtful Canadians feel: it constitutes one of the leading differences between Canada and the neighbouring republic, where public spirit has been developed in an eminent degree. To take but one illustration. We have two cities in Canada of considerable population and wealth. In many respects we feel that we can be proud of them; but in neither does there exist such a thing as a public library accessible to all classes. Yet, in either city, a very small percentage subtracted from the superfluous wealth expended upon private residences would have provided such a library, and done away with what has often been felt as a reproach. Upon this point, however, it is needless to insist. It is vain to look for a healthy growth of public spirit so long as the position of Canada is as indeterminate as it is to-day. If there have been any recent grounds for encouragement in this respect, it is because something in the air tells us to prepare for the better destinies awaiting us in the future.

I am not forgetful that the foremost statesman of Canada has recently denounced all our aspirations towards a change of political status for Canada as 'veiled treason,' and has avowed his preference for annexation to the United States, if independence were the only alternative. That opinion will carry great weight; but the question is one which interests too intimately every Canadian, whatever his position in society, for any weight of authority to be wholly conclusive. We must all think this matter out for ourselves, and shape our conclusions under the gravest sense of responsibility. Canada must belong, we are told, either to the British system or to the American system. Strictly speaking, however, there is no 'British

system' for Canada to belong to. There is a kingdom of Great Britain which Canada can continue to make responsible for her foreign policy, or rather whose foreign policy—without having any voice in the matter—Canada may bind herself to follow and accept the consequences of ; but there is no such organization of the British empire as a whole as there is of the different states of the American Union, and consequently there is no British 'system' in which Canada can claim to have a place. Mr. Blake's suggestion of an Imperial Federation aims at creating such a system ; but the idea is characterized by Sir John A. Macdonald as wholly impracticable. We are told that as a separate country we should be obliged to raise 'the phantom of an army and navy ;' but it was no phantom of an army at least that British statesmen plainly intimated to us in the debate referred to, we should have to raise if we wished Great Britain to assume any responsibility for our defence. What did Mr. Gladstone mean when he said (*u. s.*, page 752). 'If Canada is to be defended, the main element and power in the defence must always be the energy of a free people fighting for their own liberties. That is the centre around which alone the elements of defence can be gathered ; and *the real responsibility for the defence must lie with the people themselves.*' Would a phantom army meet this requirement ? I hardly think Mr. Gladstone would say so. The lesson drawn by Mr. Gladstone from the Fenian invasion was that Canada should 'take on herself, as circumstances shall open themselves, the management and control of her own frontier,' not only as 'a means of raising her position in the world by the fulfilment of her duties of freedom,' but 'as an escape from actual peril.' He did not mean to say 'that in the event of the occurrence of danger, the arm of England would be shortened, or its disposition to use its resources freely

and largely in aid of the colonies would be in the slightest degree impaired ;' only he wished the colonies to understand distinctly that henceforth they were to bear their full share of peril, responsibility and expense.

That is just how the matter stands. Instead of our connection with Great Britain freeing us from responsibility, and enabling us to dispense with phantom armies, it would rather seem that to meet what the present Premier of England has laid down as a most just and reasonable condition of that connection, we should have to raise a very real army, or at least have a very real and effective military organization, in order to be prepared to furnish 'the main element and power' in our own defence.

It is unfortunately the opinion of many that the experiment of complete self-government in Canada would not be worth trying ; and not a few, probably, will be found to echo the sentiment that annexation would be preferable. To my mind, this seems to argue a low estimate of the value of the institutions we now enjoy. If there is no special virtue in them, and if our civilization has no characteristics worth preserving, then, no doubt, annexation *might* be preferable. The opinion, however, seems a reasonable one, that, considering how different our political education has been from that of the people of the United States, and considering that, if our connection with Great Britain is severed, it will be with the heartiest good will on both sides, and on our side with not a little of the regret that arises in the heart when the vessel's prow is turned from the land we love, it would be in every way advantageous that we should abide in our lot and manfully try to work out our own destinies in our own way. The people of the United States have abundance of territory, and have all the political problems on their hands they can satisfactorily grapple with. What their system needs is consolidation and com-

pression, not extension with added strain. Here we are, indeed, but four millions and a half to day; but it does not yet appear what we shall be. To ask for annexation would imply that we do not hold ourselves competent to manage our vast heritage of fertile soil and noble rivers, of forests and mines and harbours. Is it so? Let the youth of Canada answer.

And, as they answer, let them tell us also how they understand 'Canadian loyalty,'—whether in the antiquated sense of continued dependence upon an overburdened Parent State, or in the new sense of earnest devotion to the land that has borne us, of respect for its institutions and faith in its future.

AN ADVENT HYMN.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

HE comes!—as comes the light of day
 O'er purple hill-tops far away!
 No sudden flash of new-born light
 Darts through the darkness of the night;
 But even while our waiting eyes
 Are looking for the glad surprise,
 We find that,—ere we know—the day
 Clear on the hills and valleys lay!

He comes!—but not to outward sight
 With herald angels, robed in light,
 And choirs celestial, ringing clear,—
 Yet comes He still, in Christmas cheer,
 In loving thought, in kindly deed,
 In blessings shared with other's need,
 In gentle dews of peace and love
 That drop in blessings from above.

Nor only where the minster towers
 Bear high their fretted marble flowers,
 And vaulted aisles, with echoes long,
 The chants of ages past prolong,—
 But 'neath the humblest pine roof reared
 'Mid stumps of virgin forest, cleared,
 The Babe, who in the manger lay,
 Is near to bless the Christmas Day.

CHANGES AND CHANCES.

He comes! a monarch, now as then,
 To reign within the hearts of men,
 In humble thoughts of penitence,
 In comfort known to inward sense,
 In consciousness of sin forgiven,
 In love, the earnest here of heaven,
 In all things pure and just and true
 The Christ to-day is born anew.

And though in human form no more
 We see Him as He walked of yore,
 At even on the hill-side grey,
 Or in the city's crowded way,
 Still may we see Him, dim or clear,
 In every heart that holds Him dear,—
 In every life that owns His sway,
 The Life Eternal lives to-day.

Yet still His waiting Church below
 Looks onward to the brighter glow,
 When all the faint and scattered rays
 United in one lambent blaze
 Shall crown the holy brow that bore
 The crown of thorns and anguish sore,
 And His own ransomed earth shall ring
 With anthems to her conquering King!

 CHANGES AND CHANCES.

BY "PAUL."

CHAPTER I.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BANKING hours are over in the city, and the clerks are all going home. Every one turns up his trousers and coat collar, and shakes out an umbrella, if he has one, on the step, for it is raining heavily. Those who have no umbrella stand on the door-step for a quarter of an hour, looking at the dripping telegraph wires overhead, as though to get used

to the wet look of everything, and at last run for an omnibus. The rain and dust and smoke on the large plate-glass panes of the bank windows form a sort of black mixture, not quite mud, and not quite water, that drips from the great marble window sills on to the stone flags of the pavement below. At last the old caretaker comes to the door, and is preparing to shut up for the night, when the manager passes out. He, too, turns up his coat collar and trowsers, and puts up a silk umbrella. He turns to the caretaker with the words 'I hope that we are not going to have a wet night, Tim.' Old Tim 'hopes not, indeed, sir,' and the bank manager walks briskly down the street. He does not go far before he hails a cabman, and desires to be driven to the railway station.

Mr. Stocton is a man of about fifty-odd years of age. He is a sharp-featured man, though with a kind expression on his face, and his mouth indicates great firmness and decision of character. He has been a close man of business, has worked hard all his days, and now, while only in his prime, he has gained the reward which many others never obtain till the sands of life are nearly run.

He seats himself in one of the rear carriages of one of the trains that stand ready to start, in the great dépôt. The train on the next track further over starts out with great puffing and ringing of bells, and waving of signals, and saying of good-byes, and noise and bustle, and the last belated traveller rushes wildly for the last coach, and is trundled in, and his valise thrown on anyway after him, by the porters — and the train is gone. The departure of this train gives Mr. Stocton more light to read the newspaper, as he waits patiently for his own to start. At last, when all the dripping passengers have come in with their dripping umbrellas, and have taken their seats, and piled their valises away, and rendered the air in the carriage hot and moist,

the train moves out. It goes with the same puffing and bell ringing and good-byes, and bustle and hurry and porters which were incident to the departure of the former one. As the train draws out of the station, the rain beats against the windows and almost obscures the view. The drops rapidly chase each other down the window pane, each one following the one before it like the railway trains, running behind each other, catching up, passing, running on side lines, switches, cross-over tracks, hurrying, making new lines, blotting out old ones, but all trickling down to the same termination.

Now the train passes through a short tunnel, and then under a dark bridge, which renders the tail lamp of the train visible. Then out through the busy streets, crossing a small bridge over a low street choked with carts and heavy drays, past a high stone wall that seems to slap the beholder in the face — it is built so close up to the track. By-and-by it passes with increasing speed close to the back of a row of high red-brick houses, where some children were playing on the high steps. Then some more high stone walls and wooden fences, a bridge or so more, some cross streets, and the view begins to get a little clear. A church can be seen at a short distance, and occasionally a garden in front of some isolated house. People out in the suburbs turn and look at the train as it passes with more interest than do those in the city. Fewer houses and more green fields fly past, for the train is fully under way now. Mr. Stocton tries to get a sight of the paper before the next tunnel, for it has been impossible to read with any comfort since the train started. They fly past a station which looks to the bewildered passenger like a confused mass of chimneys, and gables, and railway signals, and people and horses and carriages. After half-an-hour's run the train stops at the village of Hawthorne, where Mr. Stocton gets out. He is met by a phaeton,

but there is nobody in it except the coachman, for it is still raining. Mr. Stocton gets in and is driven off, while the train flies on, leaving nothing behind but a fading cloud of smoke, which seems to be beaten down and rolled along the ground by the pelting rain.

At last the phaeton pulls up at the gate of a fine old country house—a good, comfortable, substantial building, but with no architectural beauty about it. The coachman gets down to open the gate while Mr. Stocton holds the lines. As the carriage comes in through the gate, a little girl runs out on the steps and is ready to welcome her father as he alights.

‘Well, Gracie, you weren’t down at the station to meet me to day,’ he said, as he kissed her.’

‘No, papa dear,’ she said with a laugh, ‘why, it was raining; it’s been raining all day, and I couldn’t even go out to play.’

‘Oh, well, you’ll have lots of fine days yet, dear, we must have rain sometimes, you know.’

‘Yes, but I like it all to come on Sundays,’ she called after him as he went into the house.

Gracie was Mr. Stocton’s only child: her mother dying while she was young, she had been confided to the care of the housekeeper, who had lived the best part of her life in the family. That evening at tea Mr. Stocton said,

‘Gracie, I’ve been making arrangements for you to go to school in town, what do you think of that?’

‘Oh, I like it very much,’ said the child, eagerly. ‘Will I be a boarder and take my own blankets and pillows, and all that?’

‘Well, we’ll see about getting you some in town, so you won’t exactly have to take any,’ said her father. ‘But tell me, never mind what things you will have to take, how do you like the prospect of going away from home?’

‘Mrs. Jackson won’t have any more trouble about my lessons,’ she said,

with a sly glance at the house-keeper.

‘That will be a very great relief, of course,’ laughed Mr. Stocton, ‘but come, Gracie, you are evading the question, how will you like to leave me?’

‘Oh, well, I’ll see you often, papa, dear, and you can come and visit me when you are in town.’

‘Perhaps you are more sorry to leave Harry Northwood than to leave me, aren’t you?’

‘Oh, Harry will be going up to school, too, pretty soon, and I’ll go to all the cricket matches and wear his colours, and, oh, it’ll be just splendid.’

‘Well,’ said Mr. Stocton, ‘I’m glad you are so pleased to go —.’

‘But where am I going to?’ interrupted Gracie.

‘To “Waverley House,” I think, my dear, I like it the best.’

‘Oh, that’ll be splendid, I like “Waverley House,” I’ve heard such lots about it,’ and Gracie fairly clasped her hands for joy.

‘I hope two weeks will be long enough for you to get Gracie ready, Mrs. Jackson,’ said Mr. Stocton, rising, I think the school re-opens in two weeks.’

‘Only two weeks more,’ cried Gracie, ‘and then “Waverley House,”—oh, I wish it would stop raining, I want to tell Harry so much.’

Next morning after breakfast Mr. Stockton took the early train to the city, and was quietly sitting reading the paper in his office by half-past ten. Gracie was reading by herself in the library at home when some one outside whistled a sort of call; without looking up, she whistled a reply, and putting away her book ran to the window.

‘Aren’t you ready yet?’ called out Harry Northwood, when he saw her at the window.

‘Yes, I’ve only got to put on my hat; have you got the boat?’

Harry nodded an affirmative, showing the bow of a toy yacht under

his arm. The two children were soon on their way to the beach, Gracie with the yacht, and Harry with a spade over his shoulder, and a garden trowel stuck in his belt after the fashion of an Italian brigand's dagger.

'I couldn't come over yesterday it rained so,' Harry said as they went along.

'No, I didn't expect you, I couldn't go out either. Oh Harry, I'm going to school in two weeks.'

'Going to school,' Harry repeated slowly. 'Who said so?'

'Papa did; it's all settled, I'm going to be a boarder, and take my own things, and have a trunk all my own, and I'll get my name painted on my trunk. Which ought I to get, "Grace" or "Gracie," put on it.'

'Oh "Gracie" is the best, I think,' said Harry, 'or G. Stocton, that sounds well.'

'It sounds so like a man,' said Gracie, 'that's the only thing.'

'Yes, it might be your father, you know,' he assented; 'but are you really going in two weeks?'

'Yes, in two weeks, but that's a long time yet; it will be awfully dull for you when I'm gone,' she added with the characteristic outspokenness of childhood. Harry admitted that it was no fun sailing a boat alone, because when you blew the boat over to one place, it wasn't pleasant if you had to run round and blow it back again.

The tide had just turned, and the water was beginning gradually its creep up the long flat beach, when the children came to the shore.

'See there, Gracie, look at that long hollow in the sand there, if we dig a canal and let the water in, we can sail the boat better!'

'Yes, we can both work at it too, as you have the trowel.'

'Old Williams would be awfully mad if he knew I had the trowel,' said Harry. 'I took it out of the conservatory, without asking him, this morning.'

'Well I'm glad you brought it any-

way, or I'd have nothing to dig with,' said his companion.

Both children set to work with a will, and soon a canal was dug which allowed the water to fill up the hollow, and the yacht '*Tiger*' was successfully launched.]

'Williams says "*Tiger*" is the best name for a yacht,' Harry explained.

After some time they got tired of sailing the '*Tiger*,' and went home for dinner. In the afternoon the children went to the rocks, as Harry wanted to put a new mainmast in his yacht. They worked busily away all afternoon, until Gracie said it was time to go to the station, for they would meet the carriage there, when papa came home, and all go up together. The children clambered over the rocks, playing a sort of hide-and-go-seek as they went in shore over the long low-lying bed of rocks that stretched away out to sea, and terminated in a steep cliff, that was never wholly covered, even when the tide was in.

At last just as they had nearly got off the rocks, they came to a large fissure between two great flat stones, where the water was only a foot deep between them, and indeed the rocks were hardly a yard apart. Harry with a bound gained the other side, and called to Gracie to follow him.

'I can't jump, Harry,' she said.

'Why not?' he asked, 'it's not too far.'

'No, but I've only got shoes on.'

'Well, what matter?' said Harry, 'shoes are just as good.'

'Yes, but it will hurt my feet,' she said timidly.

Harry looked round for a piece of plank, but could not find any. 'You had better try and jump, Gracie,' he said at last, 'I can't find anything.' The water had only become a little deeper, but each wave as it rolled in, splashed on the loose stones, and made jumping appear a very formidable undertaking. 'Come Gracie, we can't stay here all night, I'll stand on this spot and catch you by the hand.' After a moment or

two of hesitation, Gracie stepped back and made a sort of running jump, and got over, leaving her shoe stuck in the sand, between the rocks, at the same time getting her foot quite wet, and her frock splashed :

'Oh, Harry! I've lost my shoe,' she cried despairingly; 'what will I do?'

'I don't know; mind you don't take cold,' Harry said, by way of consolation.

'Yes, that's what I'm afraid of.'

'Wait a moment and I'll see where it is.'

Harry stooped down on his hands and knees, and tried to reach the shoe, which was stuck fast in the sand that had gathered in the break between the rocks. It was too far down for him, and he was compelled to take off his own boots and stockings and go into the water to get it, one or two of the waves rolling up over his clothes and wetting him as he did so.

'Oh, Harry, thank you so much! But you are quite wet.'

'That does not matter much,' he said, bravely. 'I can stand it better than you.'

'But what shall I do, Harry, I can't put on my wet shoe?'

'Put on my boots and stockings; they're dry,' he said, 'and then you'll be all right.'

The change was soon made, and off they set towards home, Gracie with Harry's boots and stockings on, and he walking beside her with bare feet, her dry shoe and stocking stuffed in his pocket, and the wet one hanging over his shoulder.

'I won't have any fun on the sea-shore when I'm at school,' she said, after a pause.

'No, that's a pity, but you'll get used to doing without it; everybody can get used to a thing after a time.'

They walked on some time in silence, then Harry said rather suddenly:

'Of course you'll marry me?'

'Oh, yes?' she said, in a matter-of-fact way, 'when I finish school.'

'Well, I've got to go to school myself some day, and I'm going to ask to be allowed to go when you do.'

They reached the station; and, in a few minutes, Mr. Stocton arrived by the train, and the whole party drove off together. He was very much surprised to see the odd plight the children were in, but patted Harry on the head and called him a brave little fellow. When they got home, Mr. Stocton sent his phaeton on to 'Hartgrave Manor' with Harry, which was about a quarter of a mile further on, although the boy protested that he could run home in two minutes.

Harry teased to be sent to school, and Sir Gannett Northwood, who had been thinking the matter over for some time past, and who had previously decided it, was apparently easily won over. Harry could hardly sleep the night he was told he was to go, and was up and over to tell Gracie all about it long before breakfast. Harry was in his turn quite undecided as to what name he would have on his trunk, for he was certain to get one of his own now. 'I don't like Henry, it sounds as though I was naughty. Nobody ever calls me Henry, except when I'm in a scrape,' he said.

At length the day for departure drew on. Sir Gannett had made arrangements long ago for his son, so he had no trouble in entering him at school now.

Harry was allowed to have Gracie over to take tea with him the evening before their school life was to begin. Years afterwards they could both remember this evening. Tea was served in what was still called the nursery, and the children had tea by themselves. Harry thought Gracie looked particularly pretty that night, and he told her so. She had a white dress with a little white apron tied with pale pink ribbons, and her hair was fastened with a bow of the same colour. She wore also two pink rosebuds, and the

similarity of colour quite took Harry by storm, though he would probably have been unable to say exactly why he liked Gracie so much that night. After tea Harry showed her his own trunk with his name painted on it in large letters, and all the things he had to take with him. They were allowed to come down to see Sir Gannett at dessert. He had dinner alone that evening in the library as his wife had not been feeling well, and had not come down. A fire had been lighted in the old open fireplace, for the day had been cold and rainy. Sir Gannett talked to them a little while and then giving them each a final bunch of raisins, let them play hide-and-go-seek under the table and round the old suits of armour, and behind the thick, dark curtains. The baronet, as he sipped his wine watched them playing in that old room, with its quaint furniture, watched them dancing in and out among the high dark chairs, saw them, like laughing sprites mocking the flickering fire-light with their gambols, as they played with the antique curiosities. He smiled quietly to himself to see little Gracie, almost weighed down beneath a battered and war-scarred helmet, whose iron casing had never before protected such golden locks, or through whose rusty vizier no such bright blue eyes had ever looked till then. A pretty picture—little Gracie using a long sword-scabard as a spear, and Harry looking down over the high back of a huge arm-chair, with face of mock alarm at the daring warrior below. The father smiled as he heard her call upon his boy to surrender his castle and his life, and musing to himself of days long gone by, wondered if the changes and chances of this changing world would ever make their play a reality. Would he ever surrender to her his castle and his life? Would he *ever*,—for things change; but the dancing shadows mimic the children at their play.

CHAPTER II.

NEW SCENES.

THE Northwoods and the Stoctons were not intimate. They had lived in the quiet little village of Hawthorne for many years; in fact, their estates joined. Each entertained for the other a very great respect, yet they were never what would be called intimate. Mr. Stocton was hard-working and devoted to his business, and had few pursuits or pleasures apart from it; while his neighbour, though of a retiring disposition, had been compelled, when younger, to mix more with the gay world, on account of his wife, who was decidedly a woman of fashion. It was perhaps well for him that she forced him to come out into the world a little, for had he been left to himself it is more than probable that a few years would have found him a confirmed recluse.

School life for Harry and Gracie was very different from what they had both looked forward to, though they were quite happy in their new employments, after the first few weeks had dragged over. Harry was at school at Harrow, while Gracie was at 'Waverley House,' a boarding-school of high repute, situated in one of the suburbs of London. The children, therefore, saw nothing of each other except during the holidays, and Gracie often spent the best part, if not the whole vacation, with some one or other of her school friends. Mr. Stocton was glad of this, for as she grew older he felt that home, without a mother or any society of his daughter's age, must often make it very lonely for her.

We need hardly follow the children through the various experiences of school life; suffice it to say that Harry had entered on his university career about the time that Gracie had finished her education and had come home for good. Mr. Stocton had determined

to give his daughter the advantages of foreign travel after she had finished school. With this end in view, he had made arrangements with a lady who was going to take charge of a small party of young ladies on the Continent. She was going to travel with them, and study with them when abroad, and as the party was to be gone for several years it was very probable that the young ladies under her charge would receive a species of education perhaps more serviceable in after-life than that afforded by Girton College or Newnham Hall. Grace was delighted at the prospect, for she was passionately fond of travel; and as it was quite impossible for her father to have gone with her, or spare the time requisite for an extended continental tour, she was quite satisfied with the arrangement.

Grace and Harry had met seldom since they left Hawthorne at the beginning of their school-days, but the same firm friendship had been kept up. A friendship, though at present decidedly Platonic, had yet enough of old association about it to quite frighten Lady Northwood when she saw them walking home from church, a day or two before Grace left with her party for the Continent. There was, however, little cause for alarm, had any one been able to overhear their conversation, which consisted entirely of school and college experiences.

It was during the Christmas vacation just before Harry had completed his course at the University, when he was staying with a friend of his in London, that an incident occurred which made a great impression on him. He and his friend had been invited to a very quiet dinner one evening, and only one or two had dropped in after to enjoy the music.

'For goodness' sake, Helsingfors,' Harry said to his friend, as they joined the ladies after dinner, 'who was that girl you took down to dinner. I've been envying you all the even-

ing. See, there she is at the piano.'

'Oh! that is Miss De Grey. She is just splendid, and awfully pretty, as you can see.'

'Yes, indeed, she is! I'll get introduced to her at once.'

'Yes, do,' said Helsingfors. 'She knows a girl in that party with whom your friend Miss Stocton is travelling, and will be able to tell you all about her.'

Harry lost no time in seeking the hostess, and in being presented to his *enamored*, as Helsingfors afterwards called her. Harry, who was usually very self-possessed, found himself positively awkward as he sat down beside her at the piano.

'I like that valse of Chopin's you were playing very much,' he jerked out. 'Chopin is my favourite——'

She interrupted him with a pleasant laugh.

'Why, Mr. Northwood, you don't mean to say you can't tell the difference between Beethoven and Chopin?'

Harry felt more hopelessly muddled than ever, and floundered through some kind of an explanation, which was not particularly clear. Miss De Grey soon put him at his ease by entering upon a topic of which Harry was never tired talking.

'Your friend is such a clever fellow,' she said.

'Yes, indeed,' Harry eagerly assented; and, finding his tongue a little more under control, he launched out in praise of the young viscount.

'You stand about as high in his estimation as he seems to stand in yours,' she said, as Harry finished an account of the way in which the last boat-race had been won for their college by his chum.

'Why, you don't mean to say that Helsingfors has so little to talk about as to say anything about me,' he replied.

'It was not because he had so little to say, certainly; and after what he told me, you may know I was sur-

prised to find that Mr. Northwood should make a mistake in anything concerning music.'

'Oh, well, I sometimes lose the composer in the performer—Helsingfors could not have told you that?'

Harry felt that he was blushing just a little as he said this, and was half glad and half sorry when it was out, though it was nothing very much to say, he thought.

'Well,' she said, with mock demureness, 'I must certainly thank you for that; if I interpret myself rather than the composer, my playing needs a good deal of attention yet; I will be more careful another time if you are listening.'

Harry thought it was all, somehow or other, very cleverly turned against him, though he could hardly tell how. He begged for one sonata before they went home, which was, however, played by some one else, Miss De Grey declaring that Mr. Northwood did not appreciate her playing in the least.

Harry talked all the way home about his new acquaintance. He told Helsingfors, in confidence, how wretchedly awkward he had been, when first introduced, and asked whether she had noticed it.

'Oh well,' says Helsingfors, 'I said something for you at dinner, so even if she did, it won't hurt you.'

'Why, what made you do that? I talked away about you, I must have tired her to death.'

'Yes, most likely you did.'

'Oh, but my dear fellow,' said Harry, 'it was because I could think of nothing else, I mean, but how did you come to—'

'Why I saw the way you were looking at her across the table, nothing very marked, of course, but still I knew you would likely want to be introduced, so I cleared the way for you, that's all, but you ought to have rewarded me better than by making her actually hate my name,' his friend said, with a laugh.

'Well, you are the queerest fellow I ever met, Helsingfors, you have a good deal of insight into human nature.'

Harry did not go straight to bed that night when he went to his room, but sat with his feet on the fender looking at the fire, and thinking of Helen De Grey. He went over the events of the night, felt his shyness come over him again, as in imagination he again encountered the first glance she gave him. He thought seriously over that speech he made to her about the music, and wondered over and over again what she thought, and whether he ought not to have said it. On the whole he felt pleased he had said it, but if he had to do it all over again he did not think he would have gone so far. When he had finished, he remembered lots of places where he could have said much better things than had come into his head at the time. It seemed to him that he had let so many chances for saying clever and witty thing slip by unimproved, that he wondered very much if she had not thought him a downright fool. It was very strange, he reflected, that so many things came to him when he had no use for them, and so few when he had. He went on after this to imagine scenes and circumstances in which he and Helen De Grey were the chief figures. He made up conversations between them in his mind. He imagined her as saying ever so many different things, and he imagined himself as answering them with the wisdom of a Solon. Indeed, so engrossing did his reverie become, that he was startled, on looking at his watch, to find it was a quarter past two, and he had come up to his bedroom at midnight.

The afternoon following, Helsingfors and Harry Northwood strolled into one of the city clubs, where, through the kindness of his friend, Harry's name had been put up as a visitor. They went up-stairs to one of the smaller smoking rooms. The only oc-

cupant of this room was a young man, apparently a few years Harry's senior. He had a handsome face, with keen, dark eyes; a black moustache hardly concealed a mouth which indicated great decision of character. He was one of those individuals who was accustomed to think and act on the moment—two things seldom combined. Endowed with a woman's intuition, he had a clear judgment, which seldom led him astray. Yet he had withal a pleasing manner, and a frankness which made for him friends among both sexes.

Helsingfors nodded pleasantly to him, and at once introduced Harry.

'St. Cloud, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Northwood.' Harry shook hands with St. Cloud, whose off-hand manner had already quite won him. Cigars were speedily produced and lighted, St. Cloud insisting that his were superior to any in England, and therefore deserving of a fair trial by Helsingfors and Mr. Northwood. The three were soon chatting pleasantly, and St. Cloud proposed that if the others had nothing particular to do that evening, they had better stay and take dinner with him at the club, and then wind up by going to the theatre. The proposition was readily agreed to, as Helsingfors said there was nothing on earth to do at home that night.

The arrangement was, therefore, carried out, Harry returning home very much pleased with his new acquaintance.

CHAPTER III.

GETTING ON.

THE spring was pretty well advanced, and the world was preparing to exchange the heat of the city for the cool of the sea-side, to lay aside the routine of daily life at home, for the routine of daily life abroad, perhaps the more irksome of the two.

Harry had come up to town on business for the day, when, as he turned the corner on the way from his hotel, he met Helsingfors.

'Well, old fellow,' exclaimed the latter, as he caught sight of Harry, 'where did you spring from? Staying in London and you didn't look me up, that's too bad.'

Harry explained that he was only up for the day, and would be going back in the evening.

'Where are you all going for the summer?' asked Harry.

'Oh, I don't know, somewhere or other on the Continent, I suppose. Where are *you* off to?'

'Oh, I think I may go to the sea-side for a short time, but I'm not by any means sure.'

'Now, my dear fellow,' said Helsingfors, with a quiet smile, 'you are quite sure, and you know you are. Why your *enamorata* is going to the sea-side this year, with the whole family, so you will have a chance of getting to know them all.'

Harry moved uneasily while his friend was speaking, but managed to stammer out, 'Oh, well, now that you tell me, perhaps I'll go.'

Helsingfors continued to chaff him about his not being sure whether he was going or not, until Harry was fain to acknowledge that he had heard in a kind of an indefinite way where Helen was going.

The De Greys had only gone out of town a few days when Harry Northwood packed up his things and set out in the same direction. The morning after he arrived at the watering-place where they were staying, he felt considerably relieved at catching sight of Helen's figure among one of the groups on the beach. When he went back to his hotel he stumbled on St. Cloud, who seemed very glad to see him, but wondered why he had taken this place above all others to spend the summer. Harry manufactured some reason or other on the spur of the moment, and asked St. Cloud the same question.

St Cloud in his turn made some evasive answer, and by mutual consent the subject dropped.

In the afternoon Harry went out for a stroll on the beach. He passed the crowd of bathing machines drawn up along the shore, and turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of the owners to enjoy a dip. He walked on for some length of time, absorbed in thought, and did not notice that he had got some distance from the more frequented part of the beach, till, stumbling over a piece of stone, he partly turned round, and at a little distance saw Helen De Grey. She was sitting with her back to him, leaning against a couple of rocks which, making an angle, formed a very comfortable support. She had been reading, but had laid down her book and was looking out to sea, with that kind of quiet enjoyment which often steals over one in the contemplation of sky and water. She looked round as Harry approached with a pleasant smile of recognition. He shook hands, and his surprise at meeting her at this watering-place, of all places in the world, seemed quite natural. He seated himself beside the rocks against which she was leaning.

'I came out here,' she said, 'with the avowed purpose of reading, but my eyes are so continually wandering from my book to the sea and the sky, that at last I stopped reading altogether.'

'Yes, one would rather enjoy nature alone,' said Harry; 'I do all my reading indoors.'

'Are you a lover of nature, then?'

'Yes, very much indeed,' he said, 'though I do not go in for sketching or painting, or anything of that sort.'

'Don't you, indeed? Why I should have thought you were the very one who would be a most enthusiastic painter.'

'Oh,' said Harry, laughing, 'I haven't got long hair or sunken eyes, have I?'

'No,' she said; 'if they are the re-

quisites for a good artist, I have them, I think, to perfection.' After a pause she said, somewhat suddenly:

'Oh, dear, where is Ion gone?'

'Is Ion your dog?'

'Yes; he is my greatest friend; I have had him since he was a pup, and I am really quite attached to him, and I think he is to me.'

Harry had no doubt of that in the world. He whistled once or twice, and soon came a rapid pattering of feet, and a moment later a splendid greyhound bounded out of the wood and came up and licked his mistress's hand. Harry could not help admiring the splendid animal. It was full grown and in perfect condition. The beautifully formed limbs told of a matchless speed, and the intelligent look in the soft eyes spoke of a sagacity little inferior to that of a human being. He patted Ion kindly on the head, for he had already taken quite a fancy to the dog.

'I suppose that Ion is your constant companion!' he enquired, as they strolled back towards the hotel.

'Yes, indeed,' said Helen. 'I am quite glad of his company, for I often go to visit an old woman who lives in a cottage about a mile further on, whose little daughter I met wandering alone on the beach. The old woman is a widow, and her son is a stoker or fireman, or something, on the railway that passes through the place, and they live near the bridge, close to the track.'

'Yes, that is some distance from the hotel,' said Harry.

'It is about a mile and a half, I think, and sometimes, if I am a little late in getting away, it gets quite dark on the way home; but I am not afraid of anything here, you know; papa wanted to send some one for me, but I would not let him, while I have Ion.'

Harry frequently looked out for Helen when she visited the poor old woman, or when she went for a quiet read on the rocks, and waylaid her on the road home. The first few times he did so as if by accident, and ap-

peared quite surprised at meeting her, but after a while he made no secret of the fact that he was on the look out for her. As she made no objection to his doing so, it was not to be wondered at that he never missed a day when she was out, but would wait most patiently for her, till the time for coming home. Once or twice he met her as she was going out, and walked with her as far as the old woman's cottage. On these occasions he walked on to the bridge, which was about a hundred yards further on, and waited there till he saw her come out of the cottage. Ion, who had become quite friendly with him, would lie at his feet while Helen was in the cottage reading for the old woman. Once or twice St. Cloud had joined her in the walks home, before Harry met her, but it had only occasioned a momentary disappointment, and he did not think of it again.

There was dancing once a week at the hotel where they were staying, but it was a very harmless amusement, as the orchestra stopped playing at half-past eleven punctually. One evening during one of these weekly dances, St. Cloud and himself had danced several times with Helen. It was nearly half-past eleven when Harry led her out on the verandah, and brought chairs near an open window, so that they not only could enjoy the moonlight on the water before them but see the dancers inside. It was one of those glorious nights when the moon, high in a clear dark-blue sky, traced a silver path, leading out over the waters of the quiet ocean to the unknown world beyond. Harry thought as the moonlight fell on Helen's face, that he had never seen anything more beautiful. There was a sort of sadness of expression that peculiarly delighted him, and he felt a quiet pleasure in her presence. Helen was gazing out over the sea, as was her wont, and silently enjoying the scene. Harry did not feel disposed to say anything to disturb her, and observing this, she laugh-

ingly told him that she hoped he was not becoming melancholy. Harry was assuring her that his feelings were quite of a contrary nature, when St. Cloud came suddenly upon them. He begged their pardon, but asked Helen for one more turn. Helen made some excuse at first, but St. Cloud persisted, insisting that she had promised, so she at length reluctantly complied. As she turned to lay aside her shawl, St. Cloud said to Harry in a low voice, and with a smile—

'Northwood, we seem to be rivals to-night.'

Harry said, 'Yes it seems so,' as pleasantly as he could, but yet it seemed as though there was a little too much truth in it, and St. Cloud's manner, while certainly frank and pleasant, did not altogether please him, he could not tell why. He did not exactly know what he did feel, but a sort of indefinable desire rose up within him, as he saw Helen and St. Cloud pass into the dancing-room together—a desire some way or other to stop St. Cloud, and bring her back. Harry walked up and down the gallery once or twice while the dance was going on, dissatisfied with himself for giving way to a feeling of anger when St. Cloud took her off. He said to himself that he had no right to control her, and that she ought to be able to dance with whom she liked, and when she liked. Yet it pleased him to think that she had not wanted to go, whether she was tired of dancing or wished to enjoy the moonlight or perhaps, it was just possible—no it could not be of course, yet the thought would come whether or no,—that she might like him a little, and if she was tired it was very unfortunate that St. Cloud had disturbed her. That brought him back to St. Cloud again. He thought St. Cloud ought to have had perception enough to have seen that she did not want to go. But then, in all fairness, he ought to have put himself in St. Cloud's place, and as Helsingfors had often said, he ought

to allow a little for human nature. St. Cloud liked her as much as he did, perhaps more, and had he not just as good a right to dance with her? Yet no matter how he looked at it, he did not altogether like what St. Cloud had said, or the way he said it, or something about it—'Northwood, we seem to be rivals to-night.'

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON.

THE 'Season' had now fully opened in London. Helsingfors' family had returned, and were living in one of the fashionable suburbs. The De Greys were not far off, while Harry and his mother were living in a remote neighbourhood, yet still sufficiently near to be in what may be called the fashionable district. Sir Gannett, however, could not be persuaded to come to Town this season, but preferred the retirement of 'Hartgrave Manor' to the gaiety of London life. His wife had decided to stay in London, for a short time, without her lord and master, but, considering that too long an absence from him would probably provoke remark, she had reluctantly agreed to go home after the first four weeks, consoling herself, however, with the thought that by so going she might be better able to persuade him to come back with her, or that her return without him, towards the close of the season, would not be noticed.

Mr. Stocton had taken a house in Town, and was anxious to let Grace go out into society.

Grace was well connected on her mother's side, and therefore found no difficulty in gaining admission to the charmed circle of pleasure-seekers which is termed Society. Under the chaperonage of her mother's sister, she appeared at her first ball. Mr. Stocton did not design Grace to grow up

a woman of fashion, but had nevertheless taken a common-sense view of the case. He had given her the best education, together with several years of foreign travel, under the guidance of a controlling mind, which had moulded her character and developed the resources of intellectual enjoyment by the study of nature and art in their highest and noblest forms. Upon these stays Mr. Stocton relied to keep his daughter from becoming frivolous or devoted only to the butterfly life of fashion. He had, however, taken means to bring her out into society, for he believed that the only hope of salvation from what he dreaded was not to be found in a life of seclusion and retirement, under which his daughter would, in all probability, have chafed and fretted, causing her to go to greater lengths when the restraining influence was removed, as it would be some day, in the ordinary course of events.

It must not be imagined from what has been said respecting Grace's school life and subsequent course of practical instruction, that she had returned to England a *blue stocking*, or that she looked down on home customs and manners with an air of condescending endurance so often produced by foreign travel. She had returned only to prize England more, and to value it on account of her long absence. She had grown quite tall when abroad, and now that she had returned, her handsome face, free from the slightest affectation, seemed to win all hearts.

It was at one of a series of brilliant entertainments with which the season opened, that Grace was standing in the hall waiting for her chaperone to appear, when Harry came out of one of the dressing-rooms. He came to where Grace was standing, and quietly edging his way close to her, asked her to keep him a couple of vales. Grace promised, of course.

'Oh, Harry!' she said, 'if your friend, Miss De Grey, is here to-night do point her out to me, for you know

I have not seen her yet, though I have often heard of her from Maggie Morton, and since I have come back to England her praises have been in everybody's mouth.'

Helen De Grey was undoubtedly the reigning belle this season. Her tall and commanding figure, her jet black hair and eyes, her deep rich complexion, and above all her graceful manner, would attract attention, and command respect from all ranks.

Dancing had just begun and Harry was about to lead Grace to the ball-room, when Helen entered the room where they were.

'There she is,' said Harry. 'That's Helen De Grey, don't you think she is handsome?'

Grace was quite charmed with Helen's appearance, and said that she liked her face exceedingly. She laughingly told Harry that she did not wonder that he should have fallen in love with such a girl. Harry protested that he had not done anything so foolish, and changed the subject.

At last the ball was over, and one by one the guests began to depart. The music ceased, and the players were busy packing up their instruments and collecting their music. The dance was over with all its happiness and unhappiness, with all its brightness for some and all its dulness for others, with all its coldness and stiffness, with all its well-bred rudeness, with all its truth and falsehood, all its hopes and fears, all its love and longing, all its thousand temptations to wrong, all its hard struggles for the right. Like the great world without, it has its inner life, below the tinsel and show and sham, that must not be laid bare. Below the gaudy exterior there beats the same heart, with the same feelings, overlaid, perhaps, with a veneer of polished manners, but the same for all that.

The following morning as Harry and his mother were sitting at breakfast, talking over the events of last night, a letter was brought in. It bore the Hawthorne postmark, and

was addressed in his father's hand to Lady Northwood. Harry handed it to his mother. The letter ran as follows:—

'MY DEAREST MARY—I need hardly tell you what you know was impending. My speculations have turned out as we have for some time past had reason to fear they would. I have therefore mortgaged the "Hartgrave estate," with all the furniture, as it stands, for its full amount. As you know, we have yet enough to live on very comfortably, these reverses need not make any difference in your enjoyment, only we will have to give up the Manor, which has been in the family for the last century, for I see no other way of discharging the liability. There will not be any immediate necessity for change, so you need not tell Harry about it till I have seen you. I shall look for you at the end of your allotted time. As I am anxious to talk matters over with you, if you come home any sooner than originally proposed, I shall be glad, as I am a little dull here now without you. With affectionate remembrances to Harry, I am, my dear Mary,

'Your ever devoted husband,
'GANNETT NORTHWOOD.'

She folded the letter up and returned it to the envelope again without giving it to Harry to read.

'I will go home sooner than I expected,' she said. 'Your father writes me that he is lonely, and wishes that the time for going home were come, so, although I have only been here for two weeks, and although I will miss everything by going, yet if your father is so lonely, I think I ought to go.'

Harry said nothing, but thought that probably his father was getting a little fidgety in his old age, and ought to have some one to look after him.

The following day therefore he saw his mother off by the train for Hawthorne, and promised to take a run

down in a couple of weeks and cheer his father up a little. Lady Northwood was anxious to know the state of affairs more exactly than her husband's letter had informed her. Fortunately, it turned out that there was no immediate cause for alarm. Sir Gannett's income remained intact, and was secured to him, though the liabilities he had incurred, owing to some ill-advised speculations, were more than he could meet out of his income, without drawing on the invested principal. This Sir Gannett did not wish to do, but had borrowed the money from Mr. Stocton on a mortgage of his property in the village of Hawthorne. The interest was only nominal, for Mr. Stocton, knowing that the property would become his after the expiration of the term of years, had no desire to press heavily on his more unfortunate neighbour.

CHAPTER V.

A CASUS BELLI.

IT was a dreary night towards the close of February, snow and rain were falling together, and freezing as they fell. One side of every post in the street seemed coated with a sort of varnish which gave them the appearance, not of common weather-stained wood, but of polished mahogany. The shop windows were covered with a thick coating of frozen sleet, whose corrugated surface diffused the light, and rendered it less dazzlingly brilliant to the eye. Far away from the gaudy shop windows, one of the mansions in the fashionable west end was brilliantly lighted this stormy night. The blinds were drawn down, and a soft radiance fell on the cheerless scene without. Ever and anon the wheels of some carriage ploughed through the slush, making little canals and rivers in the snow and mud, as it rolled up to the hall

door. Umbrellas were quickly put up by footmen, and dainty feet hurried up the steps into the warm light of the door, that was flung wide open as each new comer arrived.

Up stairs there was a hum of voices; glad greetings were exchanged and cold and formal recognitions stiffly given. The crowd laughing and talking going down stairs on its way to the drawing-room, had its contrast in the stream of shrouded and over-coated beings unrecognizable in cloaks and clouds and wraps, that hurried up stairs, stopping nowhere, but following one another in quick succession to the various dressing-rooms.

The musicians were just beginning to scrape their instruments into tune for the night's work when Harry Northwood arrived. He was announced by a stentorian-voiced footman as Mr. Nurthword, but his name was sufficiently familiar to the lady of the house and to most of those present to render the mistake harmless. After he had spoken to the hostess he elbowed his way to the centre of the knot which surrounded Helen, and entered his name on her programme. He then made his way to Grace; flitting from group to group, he edged his way to the centre of each, making engagements for the evening.

One of his first dances was with Helen, the room was not unpleasantly filled, for a good many had not begun to dance yet. The orchestra had just begun one of those enchanting vales of Waldteufel; airs, so insuperably connected in the mind with happy evenings, bright faces, the flitting of graceful figures, thronged stairway and galleries, quiet retired nooks, soft looks and softer words, and the thousand and one shining ripples on the silver sea of beauty and pleasure. Harry felt his heart almost bound within him as the music began. He pressed his way through the circle near the door, and led Helen to the centre of the room and began to dance. They

seemed to start as if by magic, for both were thoroughly practiced in the art. It seemed to Harry as he guided his fair companion in and out, in the mazes of the dance, avoiding a flowing train here, missing a pair of broad, black shoulders there, deftly gliding past all obstructions, ever mingling, yet ever alone—it seemed to him, as she followed him everywhere, responding almost to his very thoughts, to be a mimic picture of the future he longed for. A future in which, while they mingled in the world around them, they were ever alone. A future in which she followed, trusting the guiding to him, moved with him, thought with him, lived for him. How he wished that it might be realized some day. At the close of the dance Harry led his partner back to Mrs. De Grey, and surrendered her to Helsingfors for the next dance. Harry could not help envying his friend just a little, as she glided off; but he was glad that it was not with St. Cloud.

‘Oh, Harry,’ said Grace, as he came up to claim his dance, ‘let us not dance, I’m quite tired after the last.’ Harry consenting, they passed into the conservatory. They sat down under the spreading branches of some rare exotic, while a fountain opposite diffused a delicious coolness about. ‘I am so glad that this was your dance, Harry,’ said Grace, when they were comfortably seated opposite the fountain, ‘because I did not want to dance, and I knew you would not mind.’

‘Certainly not,’ replied Harry, ‘Do you know, Grace,’ he said, after a pause, ‘I’ve often thought it is just delightful to have one or two people you know pretty well at one of these large dances, so that a fellow is not on the strain all night with people he does not know very well, and perhaps doesn’t care about.’

‘Yes, said Grace, ‘and after all, out of the great number one meets, how very few we really like.’

‘That is true,’ Harry replied; ‘but,

Grace, when we consider it, we are not called upon to give them anything but a little formal politeness, you know: no real friendship is necessary.’

‘As it is, we waste too much friendship on people unworthy of it,’ Grace rejoined.

Harry thought there was no reason to waste it, if it had been properly bestowed on the right people in the beginning. But Grace did not agree with him altogether in that, for she thought that persons ought not deliberately to set themselves to force a friendship; it should come naturally, and if true, it would outlast everything. Harry smiled as she finished laying down her premises, with all the incontrovertibility that attaches to a woman’s logic, when she is simply stating what she believes herself.

‘You must believe in platonic friendships then!’ he said.

‘No,’ I do not,’ she answered, decidedly. ‘A platonic friendship cannot last, it will either degenerate into coldness, or deepen into something more than mere friendship.’

Harry was on the point of saying, ‘well, our friendship has not degenerated, nor has it deepened into anything else;’ but there was something in the way Grace had spoken that checked him. A thought flashed through his mind, was it possible that on her side, at least, the friendship might deepen into something more? What little things words are, and yet what a difference even the lightest of them can make. Already Grace was in a different position to him. He wished that she had not said that, at least so earnestly; yet he could not let the matter remain just where it was. He must have the doubt her words had raised in his mind satisfied. Could it be possible that she cared for him? He said to himself that he was very foolish to think of it again, but he could not let the matter rest.

Harry knew that he would only find it out by implication. He knew,

also, that he could not force from her anything she did not choose to tell. Moreover, he was sure that if he found it out it would only be by some little trifle, nothing in itself, but with, perhaps, a hidden meaning. She might only be trying him, while concealing her own purpose. Harry felt as if he were doing wrong, but the thought of Helen seemed to force him on. He contrived to keep the conversation in the channel into which it had so thoughtlessly fallen, weighing everything, that he might know what he longed for, yet dreaded to hear. At last, the dance was over. Grace had not said anything further to lead him to suppose that he had been right, and he was tempted to think that he had been too hasty in his suppositions, when, as they turned to go, Grace pulled a small pink rose from one of the bushes which grew in the conservatory, and, handing it to him, said, 'Harry, we have talked pretty freely about friendship; this is to show you that our friendship has, at least, not degenerated into ——.' Harry felt the blood rush to his face as he took the flower.

The music had begun again, as Harry hurried back to the conservatory alone. The rose was in his hand as he came to the place where she had picked it. Harry knew now for certain what he had wanted to know. The remark she had made had been one that might have been made to any one. Nay, he had himself often said things much more serious than that, with no more apparent meaning attached to them; but there had been something quite different in this case. No, her words were, in themselves, nothing. But words are often only intelligible when read with their accompanying context of manner. Her words were nothing; yet there had been something in Grace's manner that told Harry he had not guessed amiss. He had not responded to her in any way yet. How could he, in all honour? Was he giving up the

substance for the shadow? He had not spoken to Helen yet. Why had he been so determined to find it out? He had found out, but the truth had made him miserable. It seemed strange; Grace whom he had known so long and liked so much, that she should now appear before him in this new light, only to vanish and leave him to his regrets. He held up the flower, a little pink rose-bud that she had given him as a token that their friendship had not at least degenerated into coldness. But what did that mean? The perfume seemed only to remind him of the chance of happiness he had cast out of his hands. Perhaps the devotion of a life wasted! Lost! The thought almost maddened him; he must know his fate with Helen this very night.

He looked at his card, he was engaged to Helen for this dance, but how could he meet her as he was. He seemed to grow dizzy, as he held his hand to his aching brow. He opened the door of the conservatory and stood on the step outside for a moment to compose himself before going in. The night was dark, and the rain and snow were still falling. He stood there fully five minutes before he felt calm enough to return to the ball-room. At last, summoning up courage, he hurried through the crowded rooms. The dance was half over when he met Helen standing with her mother near one of the doors. Harry apologized for being late, but told her that it was impossible for him to come earlier. It seemed a good omen to him, that she had waited for him, for he knew that she could easily have gone off with some one else, as he had not been there when the dance began. Harry begged Helen to come into one of the rooms up stairs; he was tired of dancing, he said. Helen complied, and he led her into an alcove, curtained off from a small ante-room. It was lighted by a rich Chinese lantern, suspended from the ceiling, though a ray of light came in between the cur-

tains from the room without. 'What a lovely little room,' said Helen, as he drew back the curtains to let her pass in.

'Yes,' he said, 'a sort of Holy of Holies, since you are here.'

'Are you not afraid to follow me then?' she asked, looking back at him with a smile.

She seemed so beautiful to Harry as she stood between the curtains, as if to prevent him from entering. 'No, I would follow you anywhere,' he said earnestly. Helen smiled again as he took a seat opposite her.

'What makes Mr. Northwood so very complimentary to-night?'

'Ah, Miss De Grey, believe me, I am not complimentary, I always mean what I say, at least in speaking to you.'

'Then there are people to whom you say things that you do not mean?' she asked.

Harry stumbled through some answer to the question, bit his lip, pulled back the curtain, and seemed for the moment to be thinking of something else.

'Why, Mr. Northwood, what has happened to you? You don't seem yourself to-night.'

Harry looked up suddenly, and said, 'Why, what have I been doing that is different from my ordinary behaviour?'

'Well,' said Helen, 'to begin with, you were very late, and you came to me rather hurriedly, and looked as if something had gone wrong with you, and then you did not want to dance, so we came up here, and you say such extraordinary things so unlike yourself,—and further,' she added, as she noticed his serious expression, 'if I may extend the indictment a little more, I would say, you are now destroying that very pretty little rosebud in your hand.'

'At the mention of the rosebud, Harry started involuntarily, he felt the colour mount to his cheeks. 'You are right, I am not myself to-night,'

he said, 'I feel as though I had left something undone, unless I speak to you, even though you know it already, for my whole life has long ago told you what I have now to say. But I must tell you now. Helen, I love you devotedly. I love you madly. I cannot live without you.'

'Is that what he told her?' Helen said in a clear, cold voice that startled Harry, at the same time spreading a large fan across her face, concealing everything but her sparkling eyes. She shot a quick glance at him, and turning round Harry found himself face to face with—St. Cloud.

Harry started back in dismay, but instantly recovered his composure on seeing Helen leaning back in her chair, and fanning herself with an air of the utmost unconcern. 'Not a bad story Mr. Northwood, and you must finish it for me some other time,' she said quietly as if nothing had happened. Harry felt grateful to her from the bottom of his heart. St. Cloud did not know what to make of it all, at first. He had come in search of Helen, for the next dance had already begun, and had arrived on the scene just in time to hear Harry declare his love. Cleverly as it had been done, St. Cloud's penetration told him that it was not a story to which Helen had been listening, and a feeling of gratification came over him that he had at least prevented her from giving a reply which might have sealed his own fate before he had a chance to speak for himself. While St. Cloud undoubtedly admired Helen for the coolness and cleverness she had shown, still the whole occurrence disquieted him, for it seemed as if he himself had somehow had a narrow escape.

Helen returned to the ball-room on Harry's arm, where St. Cloud claimed his dance, and they went off. Poor Harry was even in a worse state of mind than ever. He felt that he had spoken plainly and to the point with Helen, but she had been unable to

give him any answer. He was tortured with the thought that St. Cloud might, perhaps, have seen through the *ruse* and have understood all that he had said. He did not know how much of the conversation had been overheard, for St. Cloud's approach had been unperceived. But it was likely, Harry thought, that he had not stood behind the curtain listening or he would not have appeared at the time he did. Be that as it may, and Harry had his misgivings as to which way it was; certain it is that his restlessness did not abate, but rather increased. He felt as if intoxicated as he went out again to the conservatory, and, opening the door, stood on the step in the very spot where he had been only a short time before. The night was as dark and rainy as ever, but Harry did not heed the night, so absorbed was he in his own wild, restless thoughts. After a few minutes the intense excitement passed off, and reasoning the matter over quietly to himself, he felt that he must lose no time in looking out for an opportunity of getting Helen's answer, without which he felt he could not rest.

St. Cloud, not a little fluttered by the discovery he had made, led Helen to the refreshment room, as much for the purpose of collecting his thoughts and of forming his opinion as to the exact state of the case, as of anything else. He occupied a little more time than was actually necessary in getting her an ice, but excused himself on his return for his tardiness. As he handed it to her she dropped her card. St. Cloud picked it up, but glanced over it as he did so. He noticed that Northwood's name was not on it for any of the dances yet to come, while his own he knew was on again three or four dances lower down. He instantly resolved what course to adopt.

When the dance was over and Helen had returned to her chaperone, St. Cloud had time to decide upon the best means of carrying out the resolve he had made. He stood where he

could see her till she was taken off again; fearing that Northwood would make his appearance and speak to her in the interval. 'An awkward thing,' he said to himself, 'if I have to act the detective and keep an eye on her for the rest of the night.' St. Cloud felt that although he was terribly in love with Helen himself, yet he dare not speak to her of it at present. He was a man of strong passions, and with a determined will, thoroughly unscrupulous, he would let no obstacle prevent him from attaining his end. He was roused at what seemed to him the eminent danger he was in of losing what had now become to him the object of his life, and he determined at all costs to prevent Helen from accepting Harry Northwood. He was in possession of all the facts, and there was yet time.

Knowing that his rival was a great friend of Miss Stocton he determined to make use of that fact, to the furtherance of his own designs. But how? It would not do to tell Helen that there was anything more between them than a strong friendship, and have his story treated as an absurdity. He must have something sure to go upon. It was a game of life and death, he felt, and he must not hazard his chances of success by any false step. He had long suspected what Harry had only found out that evening; Grace's regard for her old playmate; for he had watched them closely when together, and moreover he had not failed to discern the decided uneasiness manifested by Harry's mother on such occasions.

St. Cloud was thinking of this when Helen, leaning on Helsingfords' arm, passed out of the room. He saw Harry at the end of the hall, eyeing the couple intently. An impulse seized Harry that he would briefly explain to his friend the position of affairs, and ask him to allow him a few minutes. This he felt sure Helsingfords would do. He took a few steps forward and was on the point of speaking, when

the thought flashed through his mind that if he precipitated matters, all might not turn out as he hoped it would. He stood still, irresolute, for a moment, and then it was too late. St. Cloud understood the meaning of the few steps forward, and it nerved him to immediate action. He hurried off in search of Grace Stocton. After some little search he found her. A long, tall, dry-looking fellow with a prominent nose, and an eye-glass had just made his excuses for having to go home early, and without the pleasure of his dance. St. Cloud begged to be allowed to take the tall, dry-looking gentleman's place, and after a turn or so in the ball-room he led her to the very room where he had so unceremoniously disturbed Harry and Miss De Grey. 'It is the only way of finding out—the only way,' he said to himself, as they went up-stairs, 'and if she happens to say *Yes*, I need only keep it up for a month or so, and after all it won't be such bad fun.'

The dance was over, and St. Cloud was bringing Grace down stairs again. 'It is because there is someone else more fortunate than I; that this great happiness is denied me?' he said sadly. 'Mr. St. Cloud,' Grace answered, blushing crimson, 'I am deeply sensible of the honour you have done me, but oh, believe me, it can never be as you have asked; you have guessed the truth, but do not speak to me further. I have told you my secret, believing, that at least for the sake of the love you say you have for me, that you will respect my confidence.'

A momentary feeling of shame crept over St. Cloud's face as he parted from her. She looked so unhappy at the prospect of the sorrow he had said she was bringing upon him. She had tried so hard to tell him gently and without paining him, that the dream of his life (his own words) could never be realized. He inwardly despised himself, but he had gone too far to retract

now. Yes, St. Cloud felt a momentary pang of regret at the perjury of which he had been guilty. In vain did he try to quiet his conscience, by repeating to himself 'Love is like madness, all things are forgiven it.' He had wilfully trampled upon that innate sense of right and wrong that we all possess—all, even the worst of us, for we are all alike, in that we were made by the same Almighty hand, though all different, for we were not each formed in the same mould.

But St. Cloud had as yet only accomplished half of his design. It was not hard to guess of whom Grace had spoken. He gloried in his power, and the terrible use he could make of it against his rival; it would help him to gain the prize he had set before him, but what a price he had paid for it! He felt almost certain of success, but he had lost honor and self-respect.

As the time drew near, St. Cloud almost dreaded to meet Helen, for he felt almost ashamed to meet her. But he was not to be beaten now. A little bit of scandal; a sly innuendo; a lie; and the burning cheek and flashing-eye of the haughty girl beside him, told he had succeeded. Helen remembered Harry's agitated manner, so different from his usually calm and quiet bearing. With this evidence before her, she could not doubt what she had been told.

Northwood had been on the look out to see Helen, but no opportunity had presented itself. He felt miserable and wretched, but determined not to let the night go over without knowing his fate. By and by the guests began to go, first by twos and threes, then more followed quickly, till the whole of the gay scene seemed to be rapidly dissolving, leaving the brilliant rooms empty and bare. St. Cloud waited in the hall below to see Helen as she passed out, and to make sure that even at the eleventh hour his rival would not be able to outwit him. Harry was standing on the

opposite side of the hall from St. Cloud, whose presence there made him feel uneasy. Helen and her mother came down stairs together. Mr. De Grey, who had been waiting for them below, offered his arm to his wife, and they went out followed by Helen. Almost at the same moment Harry and St. Cloud approached her from different sides.

'May I have the pleasure of seeing you to your carriage?' asked St. Cloud. Helen gave him a gracious smile.

'Helen,' said Harry, almost in a whisper, 'have you nothing to say to me?'

She finished saying something to St. Cloud before she turned round and said aloud, 'No, Mr. Northwood, I have not.'

Poor Harry was staggered for the moment. 'Oh, Helen, you must have something to say, let me know one way or other—' Helen turned again towards St. Cloud. 'For God's sake, Helen, give me some answer, yes or no,' said Harry, in utter despair.

Helen turned upon him an angry look, as she replied in a low voice, 'I will give you an answer since you desire it.—No!'

'Oh, Helen, what—what does this mean—why—' stammered Harry.

'Mr. St. Cloud has kindly offered to see me out,' she replied coldly, and passed on to the carriage.

Harry was utterly bewildered for a moment; he seemed quite stunned. St. Cloud said an elaborate good-night to Helen, as the carriage drove off. He came up to the steps and was crossing the verandah, when Harry strode out to meet him. Stung by Helen's cold manner, rendered utterly beside himself by her inexplicable and point blank refusal, with the bitter memory of Grace and the rosebud she had given him, he was in no mood to meet this man.

St. Cloud smiled blandly as he saw Harry stand trembling and excited before him. 'So,' exclaimed Harry, 'you not only have the meanness to

play spy and eavesdropper, but you have the audacity to interrupt me when I choose to speak to Miss De Grey.'

'Take care, Northwood, you are excited about something; you are not yourself,' he said, again smiling, this time a little maliciously.

'I know what I am saying, St. Cloud,' Harry replied, angrily; for the cool look and manner of the other exasperated him.

'Indeed?' rejoined St. Cloud, with aggravating coolness.

'St. Cloud, you are no gentleman, or you would not act as you have done,' cried Harry, giving way to his passion.

'What damnable impertinence, Northwood,' exclaimed St. Cloud, his eyes flashing as he spoke; 'I will make you repent this.'

Blind with rage and disappointment, Harry stepped quickly forward, and struck St. Cloud a violent blow on the forehead that sent him reeling against one of the pillars of the verandah. St. Cloud recovered himself, and was in the act of springing forward to return the blow, when the door opened to allow some other visitors to depart. It was Grace and her aunt. Harry shrunk into the darkness, and stood behind one of the pillars of the porch. St. Cloud, who was standing directly opposite the open door, turned round, and, tossing his hair slightly, as though blown by the wind, he contrived to press one of his dark locks down on his forehead to hide the mark of his adversary's knuckles. He bowed pleasantly to Grace and aunt as he passed in. As he passed Harry, he muttered, 'I will be revenged on you yet, Northwood, if it takes a thousand years.'

Harry paced up and down in the darkness some time before he could show himself in the light. He did not see St. Cloud again in the dressing-room when he went in, so he concluded he had gone. He hurriedly put on his

wraps and went down stairs. As he gained the street some bachelor friends of his asked him to come round to their rooms and smoke a pipe with them, but Harry declined, and, dismissing the carriage that waited for him, walked off slowly in the rain and sleet through the dark and cheerless streets of the great city.

CHAPTER VI.

TRYING TO FORGET.

HARRY NORTHWOOD did not go straight home that night, but wandered through the streets, sometimes walking with a feverish energy, anon dragging along with a slow uncertain step, till the gradual approach of the gray dawn warned him to be getting home. Thoroughly wet and uncomfortable, he crept up-stairs, and, changing his suit, he packed up a valise, and sat down to the table to write. He wrote to his father, saying he was going over to Wales for a few days, as he was not very well, excusing himself from going home, and saying that he would probably return to London in a few weeks. He enclosed his address, and sealed the letter up. He then wrote a long letter to Helsingfors, telling him the whole story of how he had been refused by Helen, and telling him the way in which she had done so. He omitted saying anything about his encounter with St. Cloud; he enclosed his address, asking him to write, but not to mention the occurrence to any one, just yet. Having completed these letters, he threw himself on his bed and tried to rest a little, till breakfast time, but he could not sleep.

When breakfast was over he left word that he would probably be away for some weeks, and directed where letters were to be forwarded. He had decided upon going to Wales, because he wished to get somewhere away from

London. He had not chosen Paris, for he wished to be quiet; but had picked out a retired little village somewhere on the coast of Caernarvonshire, almost at random, for he desired to be alone for the present till the wretchedness he felt should have, in a measure, worn off.

He was out all day, as he had to see about several things before leaving. It was quite dark when he arrived at a small town on the west coast of Caernarvonshire, and took a room at the quaint old inn for the night. Want of sleep on the previous night, together with the troubled state of mind he was in, made Harry forget his sorrow in a sound sleep, which lasted till late the following morning. When he woke he was a little confused to find himself in a small room with nothing but a couple of chairs, a washstand, a bureau and the bed upon which he was lying. He remembered the occurrence of the night before, but it seemed like a year ago. He felt much older, and could hardly rid himself of the feeling that some dear friend had died. When he had at length roused himself to dress and had come down stairs, he found that he was just in time for dinner. In the afternoon he strolled out, and began looking for lodgings. This occupied him all the afternoon, as it was not easy to find quarters exactly to suit him. Harry was surprised when night came on, but remembered that his hours had been somewhat irregular the last couple of days.

Next morning he dropped back into the ordinary routine of daily life. He breakfasted at the usual hour, took a walk along the sea-shore now so cold and bleak, and returned to dinner with the same feeling of loneliness which had so completely taken possession of him. In the afternoon he went in the opposite direction. Walking along the road he came across the railroad track, by which he had come to the village the evening before. The wind was humming discordantly in the telegraph wires over head,

humming the monotonous story of work and toil and sorrow, on that great Æolian harp of commerce.

He walked on still further, absorbed in his meditations, till he came opposite an old church. It was nearly all covered with the branches of some creeping plant, which in summer would have thrown a mantle of living green over the old gray stones. But now the branches hung shivering against the cold wall, in the chill February breeze. The door of the church seemed to be unlocked, so Harry turned out of the road and passed up between the long row of sentinel tombstones that seemed to guard the consecrated ground on either hand. The door was open, as he had thought, for the sexton's wife was sweeping out the gallery, and a fire had been lighted for her, so that the church was not cold. Harry explained to the woman that he desired to look at the church, as he was a stranger. The old woman in the gallery replied that he was very welcome indeed to look at anything that might interest him in the church, which was dingy, she admitted, although her old man and herself did their best to make it look clean for Sundays.

The church was a pretty little structure, Gothic, of the early perpendicular style, built probably about the close of the reign of Edward III. The gallery which the old woman was engaged in sweeping out was a comparatively modern innovation in the church, and had been put up part of the way along the two sides, to match the cramped old organ loft which was of perhaps a little greater antiquity. Harry amused himself looking at the numerous tablets which adorned the walls, covered with uncouth inscriptions, many of them in the now almost unintelligible Gothic letters which require such unlimited patience and hard study to make out. He could not help wondering as he read the inscriptions on tablets to the memory of men who had died hundreds of years ago, whether

they had ever experienced sorrows and trials such as he was called upon to endure now. He thought that some day it would be all over with him, as it was with them. He thought how a busy, active life, full of anxiety, care, trouble, a little pleasure, full of longings and strivings and hopes and fears would one day be represented by two dates cut on a marble slab in some quiet church. The emptiness of life seemed to come upon him with a new force as he looked on the tablets around him. How vain those records! Death striving for a memory among the dying. A life with all its nobility and meanness, all its love and hatred, marked only by the dates of birth and death—a record left by earth's ephemera.

Harry was much interested with the details of the church itself. The large, high windows were filled with handsome stained glass panes. Whatever may be said against the perpendicular style of architecture, the square divisions of the windows undoubtedly favour, to a certain extent, pictorial representations on the glass. He noticed the great number and variety of the canopies and canopied niches; some occupied by statues of saints, some left vacant, as though their occupants had become tired of standing for ever with their backs against the sloping sides of their niches, and had spread their wings and flown.

The following day, at about the same hour, Harry set off again for the old church. It had pleased him with its quietness; and the lonely look of the deserted building seemed to suit his state of mind. As he approached it this afternoon, fearing that he would be unable to get in, he thought he heard the sound of music. He stopped to listen. Somebody was playing the organ in the church. Harry went softly up to the porch, and tried the door. It was not locked, he opened it and crept quietly in, that he might not disturb the musician. He went into a large, straight-

backed, square pew, surrounded with high, red curtains. Drawing the curtains a little aside he looked curiously towards the organ-loft. The figure of a young girl could be seen on the high old-fashioned organ-stool. She had her back to him, and seemed to be absorbed in what she was playing. She had laid her hat on the seat beside her, disclosing a mass of raven black hair. She was playing Bach's well-known composition, 'My Heart Ever Faithful,' and as Harry listened he seemed to grow calm and quiet. That feeling of restlessness, as at the loss of some dear friend, passed off, and he listened in silent rapture. The organ was old, but many of the stops were good, several being of recent date, were well suited both in tone and power, to the church. Harry could not help remarking that she played with great ease, and displayed a very cultivated taste in the selection of the stops.

When the music was finished she called out to some one behind the organ, 'That will do to-day, thank you,' and immediately afterwards a little boy, who had been engaged in blowing the bellows, clattered down stairs and was off. Harry thought he would slip out unobserved and return when the young lady was gone. He stepped towards the door of the pew with the utmost caution. He stumbled over a hassock as he went out and upset several large prayer-books.

'Is that you, George?' called out the young lady from the gallery.

Harry came out in some confusion from behind the curtains and said, 'I beg your pardon, I am sure, for this intrusion, but as I was passing outside I was attracted by the music, and came in to listen. My presence would probably have been unnoticed had I not knocked down these books in getting out.'

The young lady was a little taken aback at the sudden appearance of the stranger, though she was pleased with his courteous bearing. She hoped

he had not been very much disappointed with the playing he had heard.

Harry assured her that the last piece she played had charmed him exceedingly, as he knew it well, and had always liked it. She tied up her music and came down stairs.

As she was passing out, Harry enquired if there would be service in the church on Sunday.

She told him, 'on Sunday afternoon, only; the morning and evening services are conducted in the church in the village, but as use always preserves a building in better repair the Rector had services here on Sunday afternoons.'

Harry expressed his desire to attend one of these afternoon services, and asked who was the clergyman in charge.

'My father, Mr. Morton, is the Rector of this parish,' answered the girl.

'Indeed, then I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Morton?' Harry asked in some surprise.

'Yes,' she said with a smile.

'Miss Maggie Morton?' he asked.

'That is my name,' was the reply.

'I know you very well by name, Miss Morton,' he said, 'though you will not very likely know me. I have often heard a great friend of mine speak of you—Miss Grace Stocton, of Hawthorne. I am Mr. Northwood, and am also from Hawthorne.'

'Oh, indeed, your name is familiar to me too; Miss Stocton has often spoken of you; she and I were on the Continent together you know.'

A little more was said in the way of mutual recognition, and Harry asked permission to accompany her to the village, as it was growing dusk. He offered to carry her music, and very soon they were chatting pleasantly of the places and persons they both knew. They parted at the Rectory, Harry being quite delighted with his new friend, whose acquaintance he had made that afternoon by chance, and in a somewhat romantic manner.

Maggie was the eldest of a family of five, though the others were all much younger than herself. She was not what would be called pretty, but she had a good face, all her features were regular and well formed. Her expression was that of gentleness and amiability, while her large, thoughtful eyes had a depth of truth in them that made the beholder look more than once at her face. Her wavy hair was drawn off her brows, disclosing a high, intellectual forehead, evidently inherited from her father.

While Harry remained at Thorn-dale he saw a good deal of the Mortons. Being very fond of music, he begged to be allowed to go to the church on Maggie's practice days. The first few times he went, he sat down stairs listening to what she played, but as time went on she permitted him to accompany her to the organ-loft, and even at times to manage the stops for her. This Harry soon became very proficient in, for although unable to play the organ himself, he soon learned the nature and quality of the stops. One very sweet combination of stops of which he soon became fond, he playfully termed his *vox humana*, and made her use it, for some pieces when ever she played. Harry found not only solace, but occupation in this pursuit, and sometimes he would even forget his unhappiness while listening to the rich tones of the organ.

He liked the somewhat matter-of-fact way in which Maggie dealt with everything, and admired the practical good sense with which she was endowed. He enjoyed the winter evenings at the rector's fireside, all was so cheerful and comfortable. The old drawing-room, with its large warm fire and circle of bright faces, could not fail to attract him, while the open hospitality and genuine kindness shown him was very agreeable to him. The whole family had taken quite a fancy to the quiet, grave, young gentleman who had suddenly made his appearance among them. The rector

liked to talk over church matters with him, and was pleased to find that he was of the same school of thought as himself. But all this kindness could not all at once restore Harry to his former cheerfulness. He had not spoken to anyone of the cause of his visit to Thorndale, or how he had chosen the village at random in looking over the railway time-table the night before leaving London. He felt as if his life had been blighted, and time alone could restore him to what he had been before.

When he returned to his lodgings, one afternoon, he found a telegram from his father awaiting him. It stated that Mr. Stocton had died suddenly at Hawthorne, and telling him to come home for the funeral at once. Harry went over to the Rectory with the news, and to say good-bye to the family, though he promised to be back again in the course of a few days. The next day he left the village of Thorn-dale, and went up to Holyhead, where he caught the fast train commonly known as the 'Wild Irishman,' and was whirled away to London. Having a few hours in the metropolis, he called to see Helsingfors. Catching the afternoon train, he was soon at Hawthorne, driving along the well-known road towards his father's mansion.

The funeral of the wealthy banker was attended by the whole neighbourhood, and many came down from London to pay their last respects to his memory. Harry did not see Grace at all, for she would not see any one, although Lady Northwood had called twice. Harry was not sorry that he did not see her, though he sympathized fully with her in her terrible bereavement. He seemed to be able to feel for others much more of late, and he was touched by what, a short time ago, he would have passed over with indifference.

Sir Gannett Northwood, whose income, although ample for his small family, was not able to buy back his magnificent inheritance without

trenching too seriously on the principal, told Harry the difficulty he had been in, explaining that he had used the only means in his power to extricate himself. He blamed himself for the speculations in which he had invested his money, and implored his son to forgive him for having thus robbed him of what ought rightfully to have belonged to him. Harry was of course very much surprised at the news, and also that it had been kept from him until now, but his father's distress at having taken from him the old estate quite overcame him, for though he was sorry for the loss of the beautiful property which he had always expected to possess, yet he could not bear to see his father blame himself for the ill luck of his ventures.

The three sat up late in the old library talking over their plans for the future. Neither Harry nor his father would hear of taking up their residence in London, so it was at length decided that they should take a cottage somewhere in the south of France, and thus enjoy the seclusion that Sir Gannett so much desired. He made it a *sine qua non* that his son should accompany him, so Harry at last consented.

A week after the funeral of Mr. Stocton the Norwoods left Hawthorne, and delivered into the hands of strangers the old homestead that had sheltered their ancestors for generations back. Harry wrote to Thorndale, telling the Mortons of his unexpected departure for France.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHANGES AND CHANCES.

ABOUT a year and a half had flown over since the events narrated in the preceding chapter took place. Sir Gannett had become quite at home in his pretty little cottage in the south of France, and even his

wife had become partially reconciled to her exile, though she sometimes indulged in some gentle regrets at being so completely 'out of the world.'

The first signs of spring had begun to appear when Harry one day rather startled his father and mother by saying that he purposed going back to England. This determination awakened all his mother's desire to go too, but she was at length persuaded not to go, by the promise that her husband would take her to Paris for a visit. She was the more easily reconciled to this arrangement, for she felt confident that when they were safely in Paris it would not be so hard to tease Sir Gannett into coming over to England for a few weeks at least.

Harry called to see Helsingfors as he passed through London on his way to Thorndale, but could only be persuaded to stay a couple of days. He heard from his friend that Helen was still unmarried, and also that rumour said it was not St. Cloud's fault that she was so. Harry could not help feeling gratified that St. Cloud had not been [the fortunate one, though he was surprised that she had not been married before this. He did not go down to Hawthorne, though he knew the family to whom the house had been rented, as he felt he would not care to see strange faces in the old familiar place.

He found things very little changed at Thorndale, though he had been away more than a year and a half, when he came there. It seemed as if he had only left it yesterday. The Mortons were all very much surprised and delighted to see him, for he had not written to say he was coming. The Rector was as glad to see him as ever, and hoped that he would make something of a visit now, and not run off as unceremoniously as he had done before. The only difference that Harry could notice in the family was that Maggie's younger sister, Fanny, seemed to have quite grown into a young lady. Fanny was undoubtedly

the prettiest of the family. Her good nature and handsome face had won for her many devoted admirers in the village. Maggie still continued her organ practices at the old church, and it seemed as if no time at all had intervened when Harry found himself again listening to 'My Heart Ever Faithful,' and managing the stops for her while she played.

It was at one of these practices, and some weeks after Harry had returned to Thorndale, that he said to Maggie as he was beside her at the organ, 'What a beautiful ring that is, you wear on your left hand.'

'Yes,' she said, 'it was one my mother gave me when I was going away off on that trip on the continent, you know. Is not pretty?' she took the ring off, as she spoke, and handed it to him. It was a very handsome Turquoise ring.

'My mother told me that by an old superstition Turquoise was supposed to preserve the wearer from all bodily harm, so that is why she gave it to me when I was going away,' she continued. 'Father said if there was any truth in the old superstition he hoped it would shield me from "all dangers ghostly and bodily," as our church service says.'

'And so it has,' said Harry, 'I feel more like believing such old superstitions when I see one of them verified.'

'You may keep the ring till I am finished playing, and see if it will preserve you from all danger, till then,' she said laughingly.

'There is one danger which it has no charm to ward off,' he said as he slipped the ring on his little finger.

'And what is that, pray?' she asked.

'One that I do not dread, yet one from which there is no escape,' he answered. Maggie turned away her head and began playing.

When the practice was over, and the little bellows-blower had clattered down stairs and was gone, and Maggie had just settled up her music,

Harry took the ring off his finger and said, 'Will you let me wish the ring on for you?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'but how long before your wish can be realized?'

'That depends,' he said, 'I could not tell you that, unless I told you the wish itself.'

'Oh, if you once tell your wish you cannot get it,' Maggie said.

'I cannot get it unless I do tell you the wish,' he replied, looking at her, full in the face.

'You had better not tell me,' she said, looking down and blushing slightly.

'Well, give me your hand till I wish it on.'

She held out her hand without looking up. As Harry slipped the ring slowly on her finger, he said, 'I only wish to be like your Turquoise ring, and ever through the changes and chances and dangers of this world be your guard and shield.' There was a pause for several minutes; but she she did not withdraw her hand from him, when he had finished speaking.

It seemed as if the old church looked brighter to them, and the old tablets on the wall less gloomy than before, as they stood together in the light of the setting sun as it streamed in through the rich stained glass window, tracing its fairy colours on the wall.

London was as full of busy life and gaiety as ever, though the return of spring had brought round the bustle and excitement of preparation for going to the country. Helen had gone out to dinner once more, before turning her back on London, and feeling thoroughly tired she sat down by herself behind a large Japanese screen, with a sigh of relief, dreading the advent of the gentlemen, who were still down stairs. She had not enjoyed herself at dinner, and was consoling herself with the thought that she would have a little quietness, while tea and coffee were being handed round.

Presently two old dowagers came and sat on a sofa, on the other side of the screen. Helen could hear what they were saying, though she was concealed from view. She felt too tired to move and not at all desirous of losing her comfortable and retired position. So she fanned herself, and tried not to hear what was being said. The two old ladies were evidently continuing a conversation which had been begun elsewhere. One of them said, 'So that was the reason that young Northwood left London so suddenly nearly two years ago. And you are quite sure that he had not paid Miss Stocton any particular attention after all?'

'Oh quite sure,' replied the first speaker, 'I had it from the very best authority, a very great friend of his.'

But Mr. St. Cloud told me himself that Mr. Northwood had really proposed to Miss Stocton the very same night that he did to Miss De Grey, but that she heard of it in time and would have nothing to do with him.'

'All a great mistake, my dear,' replied the other, 'Mr. St. Cloud may have reasons for saying what he did of young Northwood, for his own attentions to Miss De Grey stopped rather suddenly, not so very long ago.'

'Is Miss Stocton married yet?' inquired the first speaker again.

'No, not yet, and it is very extraordinary too, for her father left her a good deal I am told.'

Helen had scarcely breathed during this conversation, and she was glad that she was behind the screen. It was all clear to her now; the great mistake she had made. All that Harry had said to her had been honest and true, but she had been blinded; blinded till that moment by the base insinuations of another. She had given him no chance to deny what slanderous tongues had said, but had cruelly decided the case against him, without even hearing him. St. Cloud's treachery was clear, and she was heartily

glad that she was so well rid of him. But that did not make matters right; it did not right the wrong done to Harry. The more she thought of it, the more she wondered at herself. All the old feelings of strong friendship and regard, so long repressed, came back again with renewed force. His manner, so misconstrued that night, his look, his words to her, came back again as she sat behind the Japanese screen. She remembered everything that had happened on that night when she had, woman like, listened to the voice of the deceiver, and had answered him so proudly and disdainfully. A conscientious and high-spirited girl, she determined at once, cost what it would, to see him and explain all. If he felt now as he had then, she might hope that he would still be to her what he had been then. If not, she must only endure the consequences of her own rash conduct. Helen's strong sense of justice told her that this was no time for half-measures. She had grievously wronged one who had given her the purest love; and, hard and mortifying as it no doubt would be, it was her duty to make some reparation. When the gentlemen appeared Helen lost no time in learning the whereabouts of Mr. Northwood from Helsingfors, who was not a little surprised at the newly-awakened interest which Helen showed for her old lover.

The following day, therefore, saw Helen at Thorndale. She had enquired for Harry at his lodgings, but he was not in. She was, however, directed to the old church where Harry had left word he was going. As Helen came towards the old church she felt sure that she saw Harry on ahead of her, though she could not be certain, for she had not seen him for so long. He reached the gate, and without looking round, walked up the path to the church door. Helen was on the point of calling out to him, but contented herself by hurrying after him. When she reached the church

door she opened it slightly and looked in. All was still; she pushed the door open and glided inside. She caught sight of a girl's figure in the organ-loft opposite, and heard footsteps on the gallery stairs. Without knowing why she did so, she slipped noiselessly into the very pew in which Harry had been concealed on his first meeting with Maggie, and drew the curtains across.

Looking up at the gallery, in a moment more she saw Harry come forward and affectionately greet the girl who was standing by the organ. Helen could not see who it was, for her back was turned. 'I've got the ring,' he said, 'and you won't mind my wishing this one on, will you?' He took from his pocket a little case, and opening it disclosed a beautiful sapphire ring.

'Oh, what a beauty,' she cried, turning round to the light to examine it. Helen saw that it was her old friend and school mate, Maggie Morton, and a strange feeling crept over her, as she watched the pair in the gallery. Helen would not have believed that she could have felt so agitated, had anybody told her what she would witness in that old church. She seemed condemned, against her will, to be an eavesdropper, yet there was no escape without making her presence known, and this she dare not do now.

After Maggie had examined the ring, Harry offered to put it on her finger. Maggie held out her hand, and Harry, placing the ring on the third finger of the left hand, said, 'Will you let me say to you what King James I. said to the Earl of Salisbury when presenting him with a diamond ring?'

Maggie nodded, and Harry continued, 'The love and affection with which I give you this, is, and ever shall be, as the form and matter of the ring, endless, pure and perfect.'

'How pretty,' said Maggie, 'I will ever look on it in that light, Harry, but it is more to me than any King's or Emperor's ring ever could be.'

'Well,' said Harry, 'I have given you the saying of a king, let me say from myself, that like the ring, my life holds one gem only, shining by its light alone, and counted as nothing worth without it.' Was his love less true to Maggie, even if a thought of Helen crossed his mind, as he gave the ring?

Helen could hardly credit the evidence of her senses. She had learned that he had truly loved her, only to see that love given to one more worthy. She drew the curtains close and held her breath as they passed down the aisle. Helen felt it was all over now, for ever. Harry was telling Maggie that he had to hurry up to the station to meet the train, as he was expecting some important papers to be brought down to him from London. Maggie laughingly told him that she had promised her father to drive a short distance into the country to see some poor parishioners, but that she had made him promise to call for her at the church, as she did not want to miss this appointment in the old church. Maggie pulled out her watch and said her father ought to call for her in a few minutes, so they walked down to the gate together.

Helen crept softly out of her place of concealment and looked after them, as they stood at the gate together in the bright sunshine. Scarcely had she reached the middle of the aisle, when she was aware of some one standing behind her. She turned round, and there stood St. Cloud. Helen was completely staggered at the presence of this man, here and at such a time. St. Cloud smiled blandly at her astonishment, and remarked playfully, and not without a touch of derision in his tone, 'an interesting spectacle we have witnessed this morning, Miss De Gray.' Helen bit her lip to keep back the mortification and anger she felt. 'Interesting all the more,' continued St. Cloud, 'since we have nothing to do with him now.' The last words were emphasized, and

Helen felt her heart sink within her, as she realized that he read the motive for her strange visit to Thorndale.

'You have followed me here,' she said, in a low voice.

'I have,' answered St. Cloud, coolly. 'I would follow you the world over, that you know.'

'If you do not leave me instantly, I will call Mr. Northwood to my assistance,' said Helen with raised voice and flashing eyes.

'Northwood is otherwise engaged,' he said mockingly.

Helen looked at him; his coolness quite throwing her off her guard for the moment. St. Cloud saw his opportunity. 'Oh, Miss De Grey, you must know my real motive for following you here; what I said in jest is only too true. I cannot be happy without you; you have said No, but let me entreat you to listen to me. I see you know all now, oh forgive me, but I could not lose you, I cannot give you up. Oh if you only knew how I love you, how I worship you, you might give me some little hope: Helen, I entreat you, I implore you, do not drive me utterly to despair.' Helen was not prepared for an appeal like this. Before her stood the haughty St. Cloud, apparently quite crushed and humble. She could not doubt the sincerity of his words, and she felt pity for him. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the unhappiness she had caused him, but what could she do? It was a hard struggle, but by a herculean effort she mastered her weakness.

'Mr. St. Cloud,' she said, as she drew herself up proudly, 'I have already given you my answer on this subject, and I will never alter that decision.'

CHAPTER IX.

SHADOWS.

OFF for the continent again; a short visit to his father and mother in the south of France; then on, farther than ever from England, Harry Northwood reaches Rome, a broken-hearted man. When the cup of happiness had been raised to his lips, it had been dashed from his hand, by the arch-destroyer. Maggie Morton was dead. Driving from the church, her heart beating high with happiness, ever gazing fondly at the sapphire ring, which had just been placed on her finger, she had been taken away. Crossing the railway track—the maddening shriek of the approaching train—the plunging of the terrified horse, that the groom could not manage—a headlong rush and plunge—and all was over for ever, and sadness and sorrow had settled on the little village of Thorndale.

They had laid her quietly to rest beside the old church which she had always loved. A newer marble gleamed white on the old wall inside. A newer one cut with a clearer stroke than those of by-gone days, but telling the same tale of unutterable sorrow that had cut deep into the marble heart of this poor world in all ages—a sorrow that cannot be healed.

They had left her his sapphire ring. Harry loved to think of it on her hand still. As he wandered alone under the dome of deep, dark, blue in the peerless Italian nights, he used to look up at the silent stars, shining on him out of the infinite depths. Over and over again he counted the six bright stars of Virgo, and thought as he looked at the beautiful star Spica, glittering forever like a dazzling brilliant on the Virgin's hand, as she holds the sheaf of wheat, how the gem he had given, was now, like it, on his lost one's hand forever, and she, too, was in heaven.

The days passed slowly and wearily for Harry, for nothing could comfort him, time alone could heal the wound. He had received letters full of sympathy and comfort from Helsingfors and Grace, and Helen. He had not expected that Helen would have written to him, but she had done so, and he prized the letter for its kindness and genuine sympathy.

The days passed slowly and wearily, but the ceaseless flow of time kept steadily on, it was now nearly two years since the melancholy accident which had driven Harry from his native shore had happened. He had spent much of his time among the art treasures of the Eternal City, and though he was himself no artist, he would spend hours together, gazing at the paintings by some great master, or stand before the marble figure of some great giant-god of old. One day when he was in one of these galleries, he strolled from room to room, half forgetting where he was till his attention was attracted by two figures at the end of the long corridor from him. He moved slowly towards them, but without any special interest. They were evidently, from their dress and manners, English; and had in all probability been lately married. Harry looked at them some moments, when suddenly a well-known gesture from the lady sent a thrill through his whole frame. He could not be mistaken—no, he would have known that movement anywhere. It was Helen! Harry did not know whether to speak to her or pass on. He moved on, still irresolute, when the sound of his footsteps caused them to turn round.

Instantly Helsingfors came forward and warmly greeted his old friend, and turning round presented him to his wife. Neither Harry nor Helen had ever met since that memorable night in London. He had not even seen her since then. She was very little changed, at least so Harry thought as he looked at her there. This meeting could not fail to bring

forcibly to their minds the time when they had last parted. Though Harry knew that her manner to him that night had suddenly changed, and though he felt certain that her refusal of him had been brought about by some hidden cause which he had never been able to unravel; he, nevertheless, had given her up from that night. He thought that she could not have cared for him very much, and had schooled himself to believe it. There may have been a tinge of sadness in his greeting as the memory of the past came over him, but he would not suffer himself to dwell on it now. It was past forever.

Helen hardly knew how to meet Harry at first, for she was married now. She had seen him once in the old church at Thorndale, but he did not know of it. She had learned his true character then, only to find he had forgotten her, in the possession of a truer love. She was free then, but he was not; now their positions were reversed. Conquering whatever feelings his sudden appearance before her, under these altered circumstances, had called forth, she frankly extended her hand. Harry took it, but only as a friend, for it could never be his now.

Helsingfors and his wife were making some little stay in Rome. There were a good many other English families there at the time, and besides they were enjoying themselves thoroughly. Helen had always been fond of travel, though she had not had much opportunity for gratifying her taste in this direction. They were going to a special service to be held in St. Peter's that same evening, and Helsingfors hoped that Harry would be able to go with them. It seemed so like old times as the three walked through the streets to the church. It seemed to Harry as if at least the long repressed wish of his life had been fulfilled as he knelt beside Helen under the dome of that grand old church. It almost seemed

to be true ; but that she leaned on another's arm as they came out.

Harry told them that he was contemplating going out to America, for he was tired of Italy, and he hated France. England, he said, was out of the question. Helsingfors at first tried to rally him, thinking that he was perhaps a little in the blues, but Harry was not to be persuaded out of his determination. He intended to visit his father and mother, and sail, if possible, direct from France, without going over to England.

At last the time of his departure arrived ; Helen and her husband were there to see him off. He was not sorry when it was all over, and he was off again. His unexpected meeting with Helen had perhaps been good for him, but yet he felt as if he would rather it had not happened. He had sometimes indulged the hope that some day he might have found out the cause of Helen's strange treatment of him. He had some way or other associated Helsingfors with aiding in the discovery, but he knew now that it could never be. It was as well for him that he did not know, for it would have only added to his unhappiness, without doing him any good. Do what he would he could not help dwelling on the past with all its gloomy reminiscences. He remembered so well the first time he had met Helen. How he had sat up half the night thinking of her. How he used to watch for her on the street, and how he felt fully repaid by only a bow and a smile. He remembered it all, and how he was leaving her for ever, and setting out for another world.

Sir Gannett and Lady Northwood were very much astonished to hear of Harry's determination of going to America, and tried hard to dissuade him from it, but nothing could make Harry change his mind. Time flew on and the day for him to embark had almost arrived, when a letter came from his father's lawyers in London informing them that the tenants who were

now living at 'Hartgrave Manor' were leaving, and had consequently given up their option of retaining possession. Harry was somewhat put out at the news, and earnestly intreated his father to go over and take possession of the old homestead. But Sir Gannett had settled down where he was, and could not be moved. His wife would have liked to have returned, as it would have been a great step towards beginning again the life of gaiety and fashion which she had been so reluctant to give up. After much fruitless arguments and a few tears on the part of Lady Northwood, Harry was compelled to telegraph that he would be in London in a few days. He had, therefore, much against his will, to give up his passage to America in the French steamer, and start immediately for England.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

UP through France ; across the Channel with all its tediousness and rough weather, and sea-sickness ; whirled away up to London, through rain, into drizzling fog, it is not to be wondered at that Harry was a little depressed in spirit when he reached the great metropolis. He had been wondering whether he would have time to go and see Grace while in England. Early the following day he appeared at the lawyers' offices.

After business had been concluded, Harry left the office, saying that he didn't know but he hardly thought he would go down to Hawthorne in the afternoon. He had really no time for that.

He walked along the street absorbed in thought. He would like to see 'Hartgrave Manor' again, before he left England ; but then he could not spare the time, he thought. He went into the office of the Cunard Steamship Company and secured a passage

to New York for as early a date as possible. He then decided to spend the remaining few days at his disposal in visiting Thorndale again. As he strolled on, a poor girl suddenly came up to him, and asked him to buy some flowers. He would have passed on without noticing her, but she held up the flowers before him, a small bouquet, with a pink rose bud in the centre. Harry was startled, and looked down. The pale face of the girl attracted him, and he bought the flowers from her. He looked at them as he walked on, a pink rosebud in the centre; it reminded him of Grace Stocton. He had not seen her for so long, and she had written him such a letter, full of sympathy and kindness in the hour of his heaviest trial. He would run down to Hawthorne that afternoon, and see that everything was right, and perhaps, if he had time, he would walk over to see Grace. He suddenly felt uneasy lest Grace might not be living there now. He turned back and went hurriedly to his lawyer's office. He learned that Grace was living in her old home with her aunt. Reassured, he went out, and, hailing a cab, desired to be driven to the railway station.

Out through the dark, dingy old city, crowded and choked with poverty, and darkness and filth, glides the train. Past the stone walls, behind the high red-brick houses, away from the crowded streets, through the black tunnels, the train glides on—out into the pure free country air. The dark clouds seem to have cleared away, and all is sunshine and beauty, as the train flies on in its tireless race. Harry steps out on the familiar station platform at Hawthorne once more. Everything looks the same as it used to, except that a new porter asks him if he has any baggage. A new porter—old Shackels must be dead, then, Harry thinks, as he walks up the road.

Harry remembers almost every stone in the old road as he walks along; all his childhood comes back to him again.

He catches sight of the high chimneys of the Stocton's house through the trees as he goes on. At last he passes the house. No little Gracie runs down the carriage-drive now, and there is no one on the verandah, though Mr. Stocton's old rocking-chair, with the wide arms that he and Grace used to play on, is standing there. Harry passes on, debating in his mind whether or not he has time to call in and inquire for Grace, after he has seen what he has to see at his old home. He could not tell what his time would be taken up with, for he has nothing to do there, or why he has not time to call and see Grace now, if he wants to, only he says several times to himself as he goes along, that he has not time to go in just now, so he goes on down the road away from her house.

'Hartgrave Manor' at last. The old lodge-keeper, the same one that was there when he was a boy, greeted him as he came in, for all the servants had stayed at the place, even after it had passed away from the Northwoods. The old man was so glad to see Master Harry again, that Harry felt quite repaid for having made time to come down to Hawthorne. He went into the old house and took a hurried look into the library and dining-room. The old butler, too, was quite pleased to see Master Harry after so many years, and Mary Anne could hardly believe her eyes seeing Master Harry back there again in the old house. Harry was quite pleased to find that they were so very glad to see him. He complimented Mary Anne on the very tasteful arrangement of a magnificent bunch of flowers that stood on the table.

'So very good of you,' said Harry, 'to get those for me.'

'We didn't expect you home till to-morrow, Master Harry,' said Mary Anne; 'and, besides, it was Miss Grace put them there; she has been over to see if everything was right against you came back,' she added, with a smile.

Harry thought that now he must really make time to go over and see Grace before he went away, but said nothing.

He strolled out into the garden alone. Everything was in order, and looking as if he had been expected. As he walked down the path leading round beside the house, he thought he saw a figure coming towards him, but it was getting dusk, and Harry was not sure about it. He turned to retrace his steps, and walked very slowly, but the figure did not overtake him. He became curious to know who it was, so turned and went forward. In a moment he came opposite her; it was Grace Stocton.

After the surprise of the meeting was over, Grace explained that she had not expected him back till next day, for his lawyer had telegraphed to Hawthorne, and had therefore come over to see that the servants were getting things to rights for him. Harry asked Grace to come into the house for a few minutes, for as it was getting dark he would walk back with her to her house. They wandered through one or two of the rooms, and then into the old library.

'Well, Grace,' said Harry playfully, as they stood by the window, 'so you take enough interest in a fellow to see that they have things all right for him when he comes home?'

'Yes,' answered Grace, 'but you were not expected back till tomorrow, or you would not have known.'

'That does not make it any the less kind in you,' he said. 'Oh, Grace, you take too much trouble for a fellow like me, I don't deserve it.'

'I have not taken any trouble,' she said, 'and I must think you deserve it, or I would not do it.'

'Do you remember what you once said to me about friendship?'

'Yes,' she answered, drawing back into the shadow that he might not see her face.

'Grace, if you go on as you have,

you will make my friendship change in one of the ways you spoke of then.' She did not answer, but drew back a little further. 'It will deepen into something stronger.' Still she did not answer.

'Grace,' he said, speaking more quickly and looking at her straight in the face, 'you know me pretty well by this time. Your sympathy for me in my great sorrow, and your great kindness are the only things that have cheered me these last sad years. You know my life and what I have gone through; oh let me ask you, let me say to you, that if it is possible that any of the old friendship you used to have for me remains, can I dare to ask if you would trust your future happiness to one whose life of devotion and love is but a poor tribute to, and will ill-repay the true hearted kindness you have always shown to him; though all unworthy?' He hands her the rose-bud, that he had brought from London; the rose that had brought her so close to him.

There in that old library, with its quaint old furniture, and its curious old men in armour, he surrenders to her his castle and his life, as he gives her the rose. Her blue eyes were moist with tears, as she takes it from him. They sit together, in the shadow of the curtain, speaking of happy days of old. Harry reminded her of how he had got her shoe out of the water for her, one day on the beach, and Grace tells him how brave she thought he was then. Harry speaks of the promises they made each other, long ago, as they were coming home, and how they were now to be fulfilled. Harry asked her if she had ever thought of them afterwards, and Grace says, 'yes.'

Harry wonders if Grace had ever felt the same for him, through the long and changeful years that have intervened, as she did then, and Grace falters:

'Always.' Yes, she had always loved him, with a steady, unchanging

love, and that thought sinks deep, deep into his very soul.

He draws her to the window, the stars are out. Harry points to his own bright star looking down from heaven, as they stand together in its light. 'Ah, Grace,' said Harry, 'what changes and chances this world has

had for us, since we played in this room together, so many years ago.'

'No, Harry,' she said softly, 'with an over-ruling Providence, guiding the affairs of this world, there may have been, and there yet may be, many and great changes, but there are no chances.'

THE KINGFISHER.

BY CHARLES LEE BARNES, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

WHEN the summer's bright and tender sunbeams fill the land with splendor,
 In his robes of blue and purple, and his crown of burnished green,
 Lone the kingfisher sits dreaming, with his dark eyes brightly gleaming,
 While he peers for chub and minnows in the water's limpid sheen.

And he haunts the river's edges, oozy flats, and rustling sedges,
 Till he sees his prey beneath him in the waters clear and cool ;
 Then he quickly dashes nearer, and he breaks the polished mirror
 That was floating on the surface of the creek or hidden pool.

Where the nodding reeds are growing, and the yellow lilies blowing,
 In our little boat we slowly glide along the placid stream ;
 And we know he's coming after, by the music of his laughter,
 And the flashing of his vesture in the sun's effulgent beam.

Well he knows the alder bushes, and the slender, slimy rushes,
 And the swamp, and pond, and lakelet, and the ice-cold crystal spring ;
 And the brooklet oft he follows through the meadows and the hollows,
 Far within the shadowy woodland, where the thrush and robin sing.

Oh, he well can flutter proudly, and he well can laugh so loudly,
 For he lives within a castle where he never knows a care !
 And his realm is on the water, and his wife a monarch's daughter,
 And his title undisputed is on earth, or sea, or air !

THE TRUE BASIS OF LEGISLATIVE PROHIBITION.*

BY GEORGE W. HODGSON.

AN article which appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for November, on the 'Taboo of Strong Drink,' has ably presented the case against prohibition. But the reasons for the other side are so many and so strong, that a weaker advocate may venture to hold a brief in its favour. The question is certainly one which will more and more occupy public attention. It is a question that ought, in the interests of all parties, soon to be decided in one way or the other. If the liquor traffic is one that the country should and will permit to continue, then those who are engaged in it have a right to demand that they may know where they are and what they may do, and that they shall not be embarrassed by the feeling that their business may at any day be declared illegal. On the other hand the friends of prohibition must feel that the 'Scott Act' is only tentative and temporary. It is excellent as giving a vantage ground from which, when public opinion is ripe, to move on to a better position, for a good general may seize a position which he does not expect to hold very long, because he knows that from it the very citadel of the

enemy can be successfully attacked. It is undeniable that a law is inconsistent and illogical, which allows breweries and distilleries to be in full blast, and to pay full taxes, and yet will not permit them to sell their manufactures within, it may be, a hundred miles from where they stand. Local option is well enough, when applied within certain limits, but such a matter as the liquor trade of perhaps a whole province is too important an affair to be arranged or disarranged piecemeal by a series of local plebiscites; and sooner or later Parliament must decide the question as a whole. But the law is excellent as a temporary measure. It allows experiments to be made on a small scale and under favourable circumstances. If they succeed they are strong arguments for a general, consistent, logical, prohibitory law; while if prohibition would work all the mischief its opponents imagine, better that it should prove its own injuriousness within limited areas.

But while experience is solving the question in a practical way, it will not be useless to discuss it theoretically: this paper is offered as a contribution to such discussion. I am quite prepared to agree with a great deal, I might say with most, of what is contained in Mr. Crofton's paper; though in some important instances it appears to me that his analogies do not hold good. But his arguments, however sound in themselves, seem to me quite to fail of their effect, for they are not directed against the valid reason for prohibition.

* [In Mr. Crofton's article on "The Taboo of Strong Drink," to which this paper is a reply, a misprint occurs, which creates a false sense, and may, therefore, expose the writer to the imputation of flippancy or presumptuousness. "Is it comprehensible, is it *credible*," Mr. Crofton wrote (p. 495) "that Jesus should not by one explanatory word have prevented," etc. For the italicised word the compositor substituted "creditable," and we regret that the error should have been overlooked. The correction may not be out of place here.—Ed. C. M.]

Is prohibition a question either of morals or religion? Except in so far as morals and religion indirectly enter into the decision of all questions, I think it is not. Let it be granted then that for the law to forbid personal vices, which affect only him who commits them,—that to ‘protect a man against himself’—is ‘meddling legislation,’ and therefore inexpedient and hurtful. Let it be granted that ‘it is generally wiser in legislation to leave out the consideration of the endless and complex indirect claims of society.’ It is also true enough that no moral improvement has been effected in an intemperate man who does not get drunk only because it has been made impossible for him to do so.

Still further, the Christian religion enjoins upon all its members temperance in all things, and therefore, of necessity, temperance in the use of intoxicating liquors. It may be remarked in passing, that temperance in drink is something more than not getting drunk, and that many a man who has never been drunk in his life may yet hereafter be condemned as intemperate. But let this go. As for total abstinence, speaking with all deference to many earnest temperance workers, I cannot see that it is anywhere commanded; but I believe that every Christian is at perfect liberty to make it the rule of his own life, and would act wisely in so doing if he can. But it is a voluntary act, and he who chooses this way should not condemn one who does not choose it. On the other hand some persons talk very absurdly about the total abstainer ‘giving up his Christian liberty.’ He does nothing of the kind. He exercises his Christian liberty by choosing to practise a particular act of self-denial either for his own good or for the good of others. He has a perfect right to do this, and while he should not try to make his acts or his conscience a law to others, he certainly may resent the sneer about the loss of

liberty coming from one who has used his liberty to choose the easier and more pleasant way.

This admission makes it unnecessary to discuss the biblical meaning of the word ‘wine.’ One would imagine that ‘be not drunk with wine’ settles that, as far as the New Testament is concerned, even if any could bring themselves to suppose that Timothy’s ‘often infirmities’ would be much helped by unfermented grape-juice.

If, then, prohibition is based upon neither moral nor religious grounds, upon what does it rest? Is it not purely a question of political expediency? What is a more legitimate consideration for a statesman than whether any particular industry, any particular trade, is on the whole more injurious than beneficial to the country; and if he decide that its ill effects outweigh any possible good effects, why should he not prohibit it? If he sees the resources of the country wasted, its available man-power (if one may coin a term) enormously diminished, pauperism and crime greatly increased by a certain traffic, what possible reason is there why he should not forbid it? If the ill effects were at all confined to those who do wrong, they might be left to enjoy their sorry liberty and have their claim allowed that they must not be ‘protected against themselves.’ If the ill results to others from the intemperate man’s conduct, were in any sense indirect, the statesman might decline to meddle with the endless complexities of indirect results. But when he sees immediate consequences injurious to ‘person and property’ and hurtful to the whole common weal directly resulting from a traffic which has never been free from these consequences, why should he hesitate about putting a stop to it?

Now it may be said this is the usual style of the temperance fanatic. You are asking that, because a minority abuse their liberty, the liberty of all should be curtailed. Let it be granted

that only a minority abuse their liberty. But if it be a fact, that the evil directly resulting to the *whole community*, from the conduct of this minority, outweighs any possible advantage that the community can gain from unrestricted liberty in this particular, would it not be a wise act—would it not evidently be a general gain—that this liberty should be surrendered by all? It appears to me that the question narrows itself down to this particular issue, or, at least, that this is the first and main issue. If it can be shewn that the facts are as above stated, then prohibition becomes an act of enlightened policy; but if this cannot be proved, then the statesman is perfectly right to relegate the matter back to the teachers of morals and religion with a sharp reprimand to them for having tried to persuade him to do their work.

But, now, how can a proof of this be reached? Chiefly by observation and, to some extent, by induction.

What then do we see? It is unnecessary to dwell upon the terrible evils in the train of drink: it would be hard to exaggerate them. The blighted hopes, the wasted, ruined lives of the victims; the keen agony, or the dull heart-broken despair of mothers, fathers, wives, children; the heartless neglect or the brutal cruelty of the drunkard—these, too common as they are, need no rhetoric to describe their horrors. And it is not the intensity alone of these evils that startles us. How wide-spread they are? What town, what village, what country-side is free from them? How hard, throughout the length and breadth of the land, to find a family to which shame and sorrow have not been brought by the drunkenness of, at least, one of its members.

Now, make the most liberal allowance that any reasonable man can ask, for whatever of comfort and pleasure the moderate use of intoxicating drinks can give to the temperate. Place in one balance all the good that can be

claimed for strong drink; in the other, all its terrible, well-known evils. We may leave the decision, as to which is the heavier, as safely to a non-prohibitionist as to a prohibitionist.

Or put the case in another way. Suppose that prohibition could be fully and completely enforced throughout the whole country. Its opponents will say that this is impossible; but grant it for the sake of argument, and suppose that word were to go out to-morrow that a prohibitory law, certain of enforcement, would at once go into operation. Would not that announcement cause more joy and happiness from one end of the land to the other than almost any other conceivable news? It is difficult—nay, impossible,—to imagine the result. The intense relief the country would experience would be such as one feels who awakes to the consciousness of safety after a horrible nightmare.

Why then should not a statesman give the country this relief? What law of political economy forbids him to banish a trade whose evils so far outweigh all its possible good?

It has been admitted that this is not directly a question of religion. But here the statesman might well appeal to the force of Christian precept. He might, pointing to the mass of evil which he is striving to destroy, ask every Christian man—not to give up his liberty—but to use that liberty for the noble purpose of willingly sacrificing a pleasure (innocent it may be) of his own, for the sake of conferring so great a benefit upon so many others.

But, supposing a prohibitory law expedient, can it be enforced? This is, certainly, an important question. But we are not going to be caught by Mr. Crofton's dilemma. It is necessary to distinguish between two kinds of law. A cursory glance at the statute-book will shew that some things are forbidden because they are wrong, others are wrong only because they are forbidden. Blackstone clearly points out this distinction shortly after he has

given the definition quoted by Mr. Crofton ; he says, speaking of things in themselves indifferent : ' These become either right or wrong, just or unjust, duties or misdemeanors, according as a municipal legislature sees proper, for promoting the welfare of society and more effectually carrying on the purposes of civil life.' As he afterwards says, there are *mala in se* and *mala prohibita*. Now it is an exaggerated use of language to speak of *positive* laws as always ' constituting crimes.' Murder, arson, and theft are forbidden and punished because they are crimes. But to catch fish out of season, to light fires in the woods at certain times of the year, to allow one's cattle to roam at large, such matters as these, some of greater, some of less importance, are offences against law, yet it would be strained language to speak of any punished for one of them as ' convicted of a crime.' The more highly organized society becomes, the larger becomes the number of ' indifferent' actions which are regulated or forbidden for the public convenience. A good citizen would obey the law about these for conscience' sake, even though he may not see their necessity and may be striving for their repeal ; they are not matters of criminal law.

It concerns our subject to observe another great difference between natural and positive laws. Difficulty of enforcement can never be an objection to the former ; it may be to the latter. If society is to hold together it dare not repeal its laws against murder or theft, even though murderers and thieves should be often unconvicted. Quite otherwise is it with a positive law. If there is no probability of its enforcement, do not pass it ; if when passed it proves powerless, repeal it. But it does not by any means follow, that were it passed and enforced, it would ' sap the sanctity and majesty of the law' because conviction under it would not involve the same consequences that a conviction for an un-

disputed crime involves. If this is to be a rule, many most useful laws with penalties annexed must be swept from the statute book.

But to return to the question, can prohibition be enforced. Well, it has never yet had a fair trial. No country as a whole has ever enacted prohibition ; particular localities of a country have tried it with a greater or less measure of success. But then liquor was being legally imported into and manufactured in the greater part of that country. What could or could not be done by absolute prohibition (of course the necessary exceptions for medicinal and other purposes are assumed) has never yet been tested. Is not the possible gain worth the risk of the experiment ? Prohibitionists believe that it is.

If a prohibitory law should be the genuine expression of the convictions of the great majority of the people, it could be enforced, otherwise it could not be, and would do more harm than good. There are not wanting symptoms that the tide of public opinion is setting strongly in the direction of prohibition. The tendency of the legislation of the past twenty years (I speak with reference chiefly to the eastern part of the Dominion) has been in the direction of making the license laws more and more stringent. It is not improbable that, in Quebec, the great influence of the hierarchy may be thrown in favour of prohibition. The large majorities obtained in many districts in favour of the Scott Act have their significance, though undoubtedly this significance is diminished by the fact of so many voters having in some districts kept away from the polls. But it is a very strong assumption (I think a very unlikely one) that the greater part of the ' inert majority' were anti-prohibitionists. Had they had any strong feeling about their liberty being taken away they would not have been inert. In some cases (I speak of this from personal knowledge) the very

absence of opposition made it difficult to awaken enough interest to induce voters to come forward. Many then canvassed replied in effect, 'I would go and vote for the Act if I thought my vote was wanted, but you are sure to carry it without me.' The strong presumption is that a considerable proportion of the 'inert majority' do not feel that a prohibitory law would in any way harrass or trouble them. They either are total abstainers or would have no objection to become so. With the liquor dealers as a class they have no sympathy. They will obey the law if passed, though they may not give themselves much trouble to put it in force, particularly when they are quite sure that it can be carried without their help.

It must not be forgotten that the struggle for the abolition of every abuse has been carried on in spite of many prophets who foretold the failure of the attempt. The slave trade and duelling (may bribery at elections be put in the list of past abuses!) were at one time thought necessary and good, afterwards objectionable but necessary still, always impossible to be abolished. They disappeared and left the *doctrinaires* busy demonstrating the impossibility of their disappearance. Time plays sad havoc with many well-balanced theories. In view of the fact of so many asserted impossibilities having proved quite possible, prohibitionists will not be wise if by prophecies of failure they allow themselves to be frightened from a bold attempt to overthrow a giant evil. The experiment of prohibition may fail, but the rewards of success are so many and so great as to make us willing to run the risk of what, at the worst, would be a noble failure.

Certain other objections need not detain us long. The fear that to remove this temptation from among us would make our morality limp and nerveless is surely a very idle fear. Whatever it may once have been, this world is now no Garden of Eden with

but one forbidden fruit. If the vice of drunkenness were made impossible to-morrow there would still be left an ample supply of wickedness to exercise all the virtue of the most vigorous moral athlete.

The asserted analogies between prohibition, sumptuary laws, and religious persecution, will hardly bear examination. Their superficial likeness suggests a misleading comparison.

Religious persecution when not directed against opinion alone, deals with conduct on account of the spiritual or eternal consequences supposed to result from it. These consequences being wholly outside of the range of the legislator's action, his interference is unjustifiable. Prohibition is an attempt to prevent temporal ills. To discuss whether it can or cannot prevent them is perfectly fair, but to rule it out of court by putting it in the list with religious persecution is manifestly unfair. Would anyone call the suppression of Thuggism or the Suttee or polygamy religious persecution? If they were interfered with *because* they sprang from false beliefs, the charge might be made. But when the legislator says these practices are to be stopped on account of the injury they do the country, they are to be forbidden to the Christian and the non-Christian alike, on grounds wholly unconnected with the religious belief of either, he frees himself from the charge of religious persecution. If, then, practices which spring from religious beliefs may yet without the odium of religious persecution be prohibited, providing such prohibition is on the ground of the temporal injury they cause, *a fortiori*, as the liquor traffic certainly does not spring from any religious belief, its prohibition on account of the injuries it causes to the community is as unlike religious persecution as anything can well be.

Sumptuary laws attempted to deal with one particular evil, extravagant expenditure. Enormous as is the waste of money caused by drink, this

is the least of its resulting evil ; were it the only one, the prohibitionist had better cease his efforts. But, unfortunately, he knows too well that the vast amount of money wasted is as nothing in comparison with the waste of that which no money can buy. There is much temporal good and evil incommensurable with money.

Besides the general questions of the expediency and possibility of prohibition, Canadian legislators must consider what special elements are brought into the problem from any special circumstances of our own country, and they will not allow themselves to be misled by arguments drawn from the experience of countries quite differently circumstanced from our own. That there is little drunkenness in Southern countries may be true, but it by no means follows that this is so because wine is freely used ; nor will it do to conclude that if you can get the inhabitants of a Northern country to drink wine or beer, it will ensure or promote their sobriety. I have not within reach the evidence taken before the House of Lords Committee on this subject, and it is some years since I have read extracts from it ; but, unless my memory fails me, the evidence there given as to the effects of beer shops in English villages would dispel the illusion that some well-meaning people cherish, that where nothing but beer is drunk no harm can be done. It is with us as with all Northern nations, the most of our drinking is of distilled, not of fermented, liquors. Would it be too much to say that, leaving out a small wealthy class, of those of our people who drink anything intoxicating, eighty per cent. drink only spirits, and of the remainder, fifteen per cent. drink more spirits than fermented liquors ? Is it not true that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the man who begins with anything like a free use of fermented liquors ends with the free, if not the exclusive, use of distilled spirits ? If this is so, the question is for us very much simplified. The por-

tion of those confining themselves to fermented liquors is so small as scarcely to affect the question. It seems hardly worth while to try, as Senator Almon's amendment would attempt, to legislate such a class into existence. Allusion has been made above to the habits of the wealthier classes ; it is quite too much to assume that they occupy an exceptionally high position as regards sobriety. Mr. Crofton speaks of ' the proscription of intemperate drinkers among the upper classes,' it is fair to say that he adds ' and self-respecting people of all classes.' But even still, special prominence and credit are given to the upper classes. Now how far these may be their due in England few of us have an opportunity of judging. If society novels and society newspapers give (which may well be doubted) a fair picture of their habits, there is plenty of room for improvement among them. But looking at our own country, he certainly would not be a friend of the upper classes who would flatter them into a belief of their own sobriety ; and if those below aim at no higher degree of temperance than what they see above them, their standard will be low enough. It is not merely that in every profession, in the highest ranks of society, men are to be seen whose intemperance is evident and extreme, and yet who are far from being therefore proscribed ; but that form, that worst form, of intemperance which shews itself by habitual drinking and treating at all times and on all occasions is as common with high as with low. That the circumstances are somewhat more refined in one case than in the other does not affect the real question. Intemperance is as discreditable a vice, is as great a sin, in the men who drink Chateau Margaux at \$5, as in those who have to be content with kill-sodger at 20 cents a bottle. If, which is very questionable, the members of the upper class, have, as a class, done anything for temperance, they have done and are

doing far more against it by encouraging the false opinion that intoxicating drinks are a necessary accompaniment of a high class social entertainment. All honour to the men, who in high position, having the courage of their opinions, brave the social discredit and endure the social inconvenience of refusing to countenance this false idea.

But these are side issues apart from the main one: let us come back to that. Grant that no man can be made moral by an Act of Parliament; that religion does not enjoin total-abstinence; that men are not to be protected by laws from the consequences of their own misconduct; that the abuse of anything by the few is not a sufficient reason for interdicting its use to all; that indirect consequences are not to be guarded against by special legislation; grant all these, and there still remains the question—*Does the evil directly resulting to the whole community from the liquor traffic outweigh any possible good coming from it?* If this question can be answered in the affirmative, it gives the true basis for pro-

hibition, and the statesman may say that it is expedient and right that a prohibitory law should be passed, and the possibility of its enforcement be tested in the only satisfactory way—by experiment.

Meanwhile, the advocates of prohibition will take the Scott Act as an instalment of what is due to the country. They will put it in force where they can, and work it as effectively as they can. They expect that time will show that what good it may do is owing to the measure of prohibition it gives; that where it may fail, such failures will be due to the fact that the principle of prohibition is not logically carried out. They do not intend to remain always where they now are. But they will not, if they can help it, allow their position to be carried by assault, or undermined by Boulton or Almon amendments. When they move it shall be at their own time in battle array, with colours flying, and it shall be to rush to the attack which will give them secure possession of the very citadel itself—Complete Prohibition.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY ESPERANCE, YORKVILLE

I lay down in the orchard grass,
 Where stranger footsteps could not pass,
 Beneath the bending trees;
 The laden apple-boughs o'erhead,
 The grass of emerald for a bed
 On which I lay at ease.

Lulled by the murmuring of the breeze
 That swayed the unresisting trees
 With gentle hand,
 I lay and watched the western sky,
 Where snow-capped clouds were drifting by
 In ether-land,

Till o'er my slothful brain and eye
 A drowsy sense of lethargy
 Began to creep;

Down fell my eyelids o'er my eyes,
 Shut out the smiling summer skies
 And—did I sleep ?

Some subtle sense of someone near—
 Oh, who can make the mystery clear,
 Or who explain ?
 Warred with my sleepiness until,
 Against my comfort and my will,
 I woke again.

The boughs were silent overhead,
 The western sky was flushing red
 With sunset light,
 Between me and the blushing blue,
 A stalwart form shut out the view
 Of coming night.

No need to tell me *who* ! The name
 Immediate into utterance came,
 And up I sprang ;
 Blushing that he had caught me so ;
 When through the silence, sweet and low,
 His laughter rang.

Before his blue eyes smiling light
 Vexation *had* to take its flight,
 And I laughed too ;
 And then he paid me with a kiss
 For all that he had done amiss,
 With interest too.

The western sky had paled to gray,
 The sunset flush had passed away,
 As homeward bound,
 Beneath the bending apple-trees,
 Where he had found me stretched at ease,
 Our way we wound.

The western sky had paled to gray,
 And night had superseded day,
 But what cared I !
 The *dearest* sunshine that I *knew*
 Shone still within his eyes of blue ;
 My brightest sky.

And, with his presence, all content,
 I had not mourned the banishment
 Of all beside !
 His loss *alone* could move my tears ;
 My hope of hopes for future years :
 To be his bride.

STRAY THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

BY J. E. COLLINS, TORONTO.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is now about three years ago since I was present at a meeting held by a dozen or more of those who 'loved literature for its own sweet sake,' which meeting resolved, there and then, to found a club, whose object would be to concentrate the leading thought of the community in which they lived and shed it back again on all who sought it. Correspondence was at once invited, and with a benevolence worthy of the Pickwick Club, we advertised in the newspapers that our club should consider it a favour to receive questions on literary subjects and answer the same without charge. We furnished the answers, the stamps and the paper. The arms of our club was a sprig of bay, gathered on the top of Mount Olympus; the motto was *Sapere aude*. I was secretary, and through my hands came all the letters addressed to the club. We held meetings twice in the week and discussed these questions, the chairman putting each to the club as I read it; a discussion following in such lines as to bring out the opinions or the information sought. When the discussion ended, the question was given to some member, or two members, of the club to answer and to forward to the inquirer. The knowledge we had, whatever its extent or its character, seemed like unto a secret that worries the possessor while he keeps it, and only gives pleasure as he tells it. So constituted was our club, that I believe, like Malebranche, had it all the knowledge of the world

in its hand, it would elect to let it go for the pleasure and the longing of the chase. Next to the pleasure we had in gathering knowledge was that of spreading it abroad again. Questions came from every part of Canada, and upon every current topic in the world of thought and letters; and when I left the club the questions had reached many hundreds, of every one of which I had kept a copy. These questions now lie before me, and I have proposed to answer them according to my feeble light, to print the question and the answer, and, from several of such, to make a paper, and to furnish a series of these papers to the CANADIAN MONTHLY: for, imbued with the spirit of my *Sapere aude*, I wish to let the little I know be known, or, to borrow a phrase from Addison, to 'print myself out' before I cease. Therefore, without further ado, I shall commence my series under the title of

STRAY THOUGHTS AT RANDOM
STRUNG.

WAS HAMLET MAD?

(a) *To Sapere aude Club*:—Would you please state whether you think Hamlet was essentially mad, or mad only in craft? (b) What proof can you offer for either contention? C. F., HALIFAX.

It is quite clear that Hamlet was not essentially mad, and that he is a mere actor in the play. It is likewise clear that there was a purpose for this madness. Hamlet's father had suddenly died, and strange rumours about his death were whispered among the people. Then, immediately

after the king's death, Hamlet's mother marries the new king, young Hamlet's uncle. A suspicion of foul play is now strong in the prince's mind, and he credits not the story about his father's death, that, sleeping in the orchard a serpent stung him. In the midst of his speculation he is informed by the guards that his father's spirit has left its tomb, and in the dead of night walks abroad through the castle. He watches for the hour the ghost appears, and sees it. From the ghost he hears the story of the murder; and it asks him to avenge his death. He, therefore, vows revenge, but the road to vengeance bristled with royal daggers. Thenceforth young Hamlet's ruling thought *seems* to be to avenge his father's 'most foul and unnatural' death; but does it not occur to him who has read between the lines that Hamlet was ambitious? and that he felt the crown his uncle wore belonged to him? And Hamlet knew that the rival of a crown is never safe near the poignards of the king. Yet the twofold incentive of revenge and right was strong, and Hamlet saw that the same stroke which would avenge his father's death would give him the crown. He therefore hid himself in the madman's guise, in his own words 'put an antic disposition on,' and brooded over his course of action.

These are, however, mere assertions of the facts, and may not gratify the sceptical who have no belief in any other than internal evidence. That is easily furnished, but before giving it let us look at Hamlet in the two aspects, the one—where it is imperative for his own sake, and the sake of the ends he seeks that he should be 'mad;' and the other where there is nothing to gain by this counterfeiting: and if we find him only and always in the former mad, and only and always in the latter sane, then is his sanity proven beyond a question. But we find him in the former case among the king's friends, who were his

enemies, and he is mad, always mad; in the latter case we find him communing with himself or talking to his trusty friend Horatio, and he is not alone sane, but a sound philosopher, with a rare and accurate conception of things, an exquisite fancy, a warm and poetic imagination. Let us take his own words to his tried and true friend, Horatio, by whom he would not be misunderstood, for proof:

'Swear.'

'Here as before, never, so help your mercy.
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That you at such times seeing me never
shall
etc., etc.

And lest the sceptical doubt even Hamlet's own asseverations of his sanity, let us take his converse where he is off his guard. Who has not treasured up, that has ever read those words of his to Horatio, when the latter, overpowered by his affection, exclaims for want of something else to say:—

'O, my dear Lord,'

'Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from
thee
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the
poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost
thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast
been, etc., etc. * * * *

And blessed are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: give me that
man
That is not passion's slave and I will wear
him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts
As I do thee.'

And who has not stood in reverence before the almost god-like conception of the very depths of human character, and human passions, with all its loves and weaknesses, that has read this soliloquy:—

'To be, or not to be, that is the question,—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to
sleep,—

No more :—and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's
the rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprise of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.'

If this indeed be madness, we should like to see the printed soliloquy of him who says so. We all know this passage, when his emotions and his thirst for revenge wrought themselves into a fantasy.

' 'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out
Contagion to the world. Now, could I drink
hot blood, etc.'

But these are not all ; read every line he utters in soliloquy, and before those he trusts, and you have the great griefs of a great mind, and the pungent truths of a deep thinker and a close observer. Before his foes, while his intentions lie beneath the surface, his talk is often incomprehensible, though one admits that if what he says is madness, there is 'method in it.' Once, indeed, he found it to his purpose to throw off his 'guise, and that before his mother. His appeal to her better nature is not

more piteous than his own plea for sanity.

'Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep
time.

And makes as healthful music ; it is not mad-
ness

That I have uttered ; bring me to the test
And I the matter will reword, which mad-
ness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of
grace

Lay not the flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness
speaks.'

The other portion of the question asked is this :

What are the main-springs of Shakespeare's genius, and what is the leading idea in the play of Hamlet ?

Shakespeare was a close observer of the numerous phases of human nature, and hence in a fit of ecstasy a great admirer has applied to him the un-metaphysical term of 'the Myriad-minded.' Shakespeare dropt his plummet to the bottom of every passion, gauged every emotion and took the exact measure of the most insignificant foible. When he wrote of eclipses he dipt his pen in the gloom of the universe, and he caught and reproduced the speech of the elements. The babble of the brook was a language he understood, and the flower on the way-side and the trees of the forest were friends with whom he had a community of sentiment. When he wrote, myriad conceptions begotten of the realities of his observations came trooping up before him, and waited till he fettered them in his magic lines. His mastery of expression was absolute and illimitable ; he seemed to know words by intuition, which appeared to fit into their places of their own accord ; and above all he had a wealth of imagination, to one side of which was a faultless philosophy and to the other side a store of richest poesy and sentiment. As an observer Shakespeare differs from and excels any other poet that has ever been born ; and taking one not so great as himself, yet hardly less, the immortal author of *Childe Harold*, we find the

distinction widely drawn. When Byron wished to paint a being full of woes, and on the abyss of despair, he sought out himself in his solitude and painted a Manfred on the brink of the Jungfrau. Byron found all his materials within himself; his own character was as a box of paints for his brush. He found the gloom of the misanthrope, the gaiety of the mountain boy, the philosophy of the sage, the dark passions of the Corsair, and the vices and virtues of a Don Juan. But while Shakespeare often drew from his own feelings, and though his 'matter nature be,' he went abroad and studied character in all its phases. His mind was as the glass in the artist's camera that seizes and reproduces to nature's perfection the image before it. Shakespeare's mind was a great store-house of ideas, begotten of nature, outside himself, and it was out of these ideas he wrought his immortal plays.

The person in his play is the mere dress of his idea; he clothes Political Cunning in a Cassius, Jealousy in an Othello, Avarice in a Shylock, Ambition and Remorse in a Lady Macbeth, and Hesitation in a Hamlet. This hesitation is the core of the play of Hamlet; a great dreamer, a deep thinker, but no actor; an unfinished character, always going to do, but never doing, and letting this tide pass, resolving to take the next. It is we who put off till to-morrow what we should do to-day, who are Hamlet; and to rebuke Procrastination the 'Royal Dane' twice 'burst' his ceremonies, and Shakespeare wrote the play of Hamlet.

INDIAN SUMMER.

To Sapere aude Club:—Could you explain to me what is meant by Indian Summer, when it comes, and the causes for it?—SYLVANUS, Fredericton Suburbs.

It is just three years ago since a member of *Sapere Aude* and myself left our city abode for a few days' shooting. Late in the afternoon of

the second day after setting out, foot-sore and weary, we came upon an Indian village situate in a small clearing a short way in from the edge of a forest, and near the bank of a beautiful river. The sky looked unpropitious. Huge banks of surly, leaden-coloured cloud gathered all over the sky, and a cold, gloomy wind began to pipe from the east. We pitched our tent on the edge of the forest, and in front of the door built a fire of huge pine logs. As we lay in our tent, after night had fallen, listening to the too hoo, too hoo, of the night owl and the peculiar storm-presaging song of the 'saw-whet,' and heard the sorrowful souging of the wind in the pines, two dusky forms slid noiselessly into our camp. They belonged to the village, and were Milicite Indians. They asked us for tobacco, which we gave them, and with a grunt of satisfaction each filled his pipe and began to smoke in silence. My companion broke the stillness of the camp. 'This,' said he, 'is a dismal night in the wood; why do the owl and the saw-whet cry?'

'Storm come,' said the Indian; 'snow to-morrow, so much,' pointing to his ankle to indicate its depth.

'Bad weather to shoot, I suppose?' said I.

'Not much; to-morrow come Ingen Summer; four or five days very fine now.'

'What is Indian Summer?' I said, determined to get the Indian's own definition of it.

'First, *long* summer,' with much stress on the word in italics, 'then fall, then cold weather, then some snow, and then Ingen Summer,' said the Indian. 'Must be cold some days, snow one day before Ingen Summer,' he added by way of further explanation. And then, in the laconic form which Indian narrative always takes, one of them related that long ago, before the white man came and took their lands, the Indians speared fish through the summer months, and

when the cold and blustering days came on, when the wind piped and the snow fell, the Indian restrung his bow and repaired his arrows. On the morning after the snow-fall he sallied out for game of bird and beast. His 'Summer' then had come, and calling it in white-man's phrase, summer, long after the invader had come, the latter adopted the term and called the spell of fine weather in the late fall 'Indian Summer.' And before Samuel de Champlain landed on these shores it was customary among many Indian tribes to marry the dusky maiden only just as Indian Summer was ushered in, and to celebrate the marriage by a hunt through the forest, and by a feast on the first spoils of the chase. The Indian talked for how long, I know not, but both slid out of the camp after we had dropped asleep; and when I awoke our fire had gone out, the wind piped louder through the forest, and the ground and trees were white with snow. I gathered my blanket closer about me and slept again, and was only awakened by my companion when the sun was an hour in the heavens. As the Indian had foretold, snow had come, and Indian summer had followed it; the trees were dripping, and, as the Indian had also said, the snow-fall was about to the ankle. Three or four days of delicious weather followed, and when the heavens began to look surly again, we hastened home, and related, among other things, to the club what we had learnt about Indian summer. A little consideration of the subject explained the phenomenon readily. It is well known that as solids change into liquids, a quantity of heat is consumed which is not annihilated, but becomes latent in the liquid body, or is, in other words, the force which keeps the body in liquid form. Put a pot of snow upon the stove and you convert it into water, only after the expenditure of a certain quantity of heat. This heat is not lost, but becomes latent in the water. Now, if that water be changed

back again to snow, it follows that the heat stored up in it is again released. Take another example: Throw water into unslaked lime, and intense heat is at once given forth, for the water uniting with the lime, and becoming a solid, gives off the heat stored within it. In the late autumn the air is saturated with water-vapour; but with the first snow-fall this water-vapour is changed into snow, and at once all the heat within it is released. If every ton of snow that falls sends as much free heat into the air as would be evolved from the consumption of an eighth of a ton of coal, fancy the quantity free in the air of a district in the autumn, in which there is a snow-fall of five inches. This, then, is why the air is usually so warm after an autumn snow-fall, and this accounts for 'Indian summer.' It may be added that, conversely, in the spring, we have 'raw and gusty' days when we look for more genial weather, because the ice and snow are changing into liquid and robbing the air of its heat.

LONGFELLOW OR TENNYSON? ETC.

To Sapere aude Club: Which is the greater poet, Longfellow or Tennyson? and wherein do they differ? . . . CLARA, ST. JOHN, N.B.

The first portion of this question is unfair, because it is unanswerable. There is no way of estimating which is the greater, because the one is as different from the other as sunshine is from darkness. It would be unfair to ask which is the more beautiful, the vale of Chamouni or some 'full-fed river winding slow by herds upon an endless plain?' Both are unlike, and there is no scale in which you could throw the two that would indicate which has the greater absolute beauty. You can only compare like with like; you cannot compare Tennyson with Longfellow any more than you could a balmy autumn evening with a black-winged thunder storm. One enjoys the one most, another enjoys the other. Comparison is out of the question, unless there be some standard indepen-

dent of both, to which both may be compared. Some like 'Maud' well, but others like 'Evangeline' better; but such whims of fancy are not even constant. Fancy is like the restless sea, now revelling in the storm and again lolling drowsily in the calm. Variety is the spice of life, and gloom brings sunshine, as sunshine brings gloom. What pleases us to-day will pall upon our senses to-morrow. We blow hot in one breath and cold in another. The same immortal writer, in two of the sweetest little rills of song in the English language, says :

'Hence loathed melancholy,'
and

'Hail divinest melancholy.'

We want *both* the poets, because we love them both. We want the sunshine now from the one, and then we want the 'dreary gleams about the moorland' from the other. We turn from book to book as we change from mood to mood. Take 'The Bridge' and read it, and then look back into the vanished pleasures, and even the cares which are golden fringed, of your own life, and say if it be in the power of song to write another 'Bridge.' The charm that is in its opening lines is without a name :

'I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.'

Read the 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' and, thinking of the mariner upon the stormy main 'in the midnight and in the snow,' tell us who has ever, or who can ever, put more nature into another shipwreck? Or, standing on the shore when the storm rages, tell who can excell these lines :

'She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.'

And it is like coming in from the scene of the storm and the shipwreck, and finding a peaceful haven, to read the concluding lines :

'Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and in the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the Reef of Norman's Woe.'

We all have in our lives some rainy days, as we have those gloomy ones in autumn, when the moaning winds send a shiver through the house, and strip the trees of their foliage. But what hand that has ever touched the lyre has exceeded, upon this subject, these lines of Longfellow?

The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary,
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall.

Be still fond heart, and cease repining
Beyond the clouds is the sun still shining.'

Who that has ever felt his bosom full to overbursting of an undefinable grief, and filled with a yearning for some nameless balm, does not see himself in this delicious gem?

'I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me *some* poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care
And come like benediction
That follows after prayer.

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as quietly steal away.'

But a score of others might be cited at random, each peerless in its own realm; each song being like unto a little flower that is the perfection of its kind. No; in the departments where Longfellow labours, no poet from Homer down has excelled him. He that has written must be judged by what he has written, as he who does not write is to be judged by what he has not written. It does not belong to the answer which I am endeavoring to give.

vouring to give to say how Longfellow would have fared in deeper waters. It is enough to know he has never been seen beyond his depth.

So, too, with Tennyson. In his own realm of song he is without a rival. His book is like a casket of gems, each gem priceless and without peer. To take examples we draw at random. Where has ever the hauteur and pride which has naught but birth to boast of been more effectively rebuked than in 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere?' It is the yeoman who tells the fairy—

'Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good!
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

Tennyson retires out of the world while he sings many songs, and he brings you to where the converse of the soul runs like a smooth stream; you hear sweet voices, and see spiritual creatures. If your mood be a 'dreamful drowse,' a happy expression for this state which I borrow from a little gem by the gifted young author of 'Orion,' list you to the songs of his 'Lotos Eaters' whom you do not see, but whose strains seem to come to you as distilled music from over the languid sea. Where is there more passionate, heart-felt repining than that of him who wanders around Locksley Hall in the 'early morn,' brooding over the past? And what in song has ever better shown the bootless woe of him who bemoans what fate has fixed and the long years have sealed, or who tries to quell the fever-flame of passion by philosophy? He is one moment a stoic, the next an abject. Now he will tear out the passion though his heart be at the root, and then he bursts out when a voice whispers comfort—

'Comfort! Scorned of devils; this is truth
the poet sings
That a sorrows crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.'

Who has ever read the 'Talking Oak' and not come away smitten with

its grace and beauty, no less than with its pathos? When was ever so beautiful a benediction invoked on man or tree, in Dryad-days or modern times, than that which Walter bestows on the oak after it has told him his tidings of his love?

'O, rock, upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow.—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep!

Had ever monk, even in the days when through the cloister groves angels were seen bearing the Holy Grail, such a conception of that 'blessed vision' as has our poet? What other pen could draw another such Sir Galahad or breathe such imagery as this?

'When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride:
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censers swing,
And solemn chants resound between.'

Or anything so mysteriously, indefinitely lovely as the ministrations to the wandering knight?

'Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.

The poet stands in solitude in presence of the mighty sea, and a tide of emotional grief swells his bosom.

His story were long to tell, but here is the matchless, impersonal way he tells it :

'O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under their hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break.
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.'

But I must stop; my answer is swelling out to a volume. From the quotations made, this is shown: that every subject each has touched, each has adorned; but, as I have already stated, the roads of the two lie in different directions. The nearest answer to the question asked is, that, according to the weight of opinion, Tennyson has more power than Longfellow; that his imagery is often more gorgeous; his thought of greater depth, and his subjects more subtle. But nature is not the less nature when the zephyrs whisper than when the thunders roar, or less seen in

'The meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,'

than in the lofty oak. Many super-

ficial critics of Longfellow flippantly talk of the weakness of his verse, as if they would have him, like Dr. Johnson, make his 'little fishes talk like whales,' or make a little brook thunder like Niagara. Longfellow has not often dealt with the stronger passions, but nature in her simple, charming attire he has wooed, and won too; while some of his ballads on slavery are unmatched for their touching and beautiful sympathy. Many of Longfellow's songs are legends and translations, and many of them descriptive, while Tennyson's are often concerned with some complex or subtle phase of human character. It is true, next to Byron, and Pope, and Shakespeare, Tennyson's volumes furnish already more current and apt quotations than any other; but this is because the poet, in uttering world-wide truths, is dealing with those phases of human action which the world every day recognises. Yet the circle that reads Tennyson is small indeed to that which reads Longfellow, though some will consider this a compliment rather than otherwise to the Laureate. Be all this as it may, the one wears the laurel with credit to this New World of ours, and the other maintains poesy at high-water mark in England.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

ONCE more our earth is white and clean,
Once more are hid the green and rose;
The verdant fields, the flowers we loved,
Are underneath the winter's snows.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

And hid are all unsightly things ;
 The city's streets and lanes are fair ;
 And pleasantly the sleigh-bells ring
 Out on this icy Northern air.

The kindly snow hath covered up
 The bare brown earth to keep her warm ;
 While in her mighty breast asleep,
 The seeds of life lie safe from harm.

Down in deep dells where violets hide
 On little graves but newly made,
 Where some dear lambs lie side by side,
 The pure white snow is softly spread.

One vast white plain the prairie shines,
 Almost too dazzling to behold,
 Till sunset falls, then are its snows
 Alight with crimson, blent with gold.

Now speed the skaters o'er the ice,
 On shining steels they seem to fly,
 Now here, now there, they glide and dart,
 And so the happy hours go by.

While those who love the snow-shoe tramp,
 In merry parties scour the plain,
 The early moon her silver lamp
 Hath lighted e'er they turn again.

But, hark ! what sweet far sounds are those ?
 Which to the happy tired ones tell
 The hour has come to seek repose—
 St. Boniface's vesper bell.

Now home they hie, and, welcome sight,
 The well-filled board and smoking urn,
 The glowing fire and cheerful light,
 All greet the loved ones' safe return.

O golden hours of sunny youth,
 Too swift ye speed beyond recall ;
 'Tis well, thou Hope, and Love, and Truth,
 Remain a heritage for all,

To cheer our wintry age, and gild
 With sunset gleams life's fading ray,
 Till breaks the morn that knows no night,
 Resplendent ever shining day.

RUNNING-WATER NOTES.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I DOUBT if it were a magic bird, as told in the legend, that sang Saint Felix out of the memory of his generation: it is quite as likely that, having traced some river or small stream to its head-waters, he lingered listening to the drop that wears away the stone, and so fell into a half-century reverie. Running water is the only true flowing philosopher,—the smoothest arguer of the perpetual flux and transition of all created things, saying:—

‘All things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow as a stream.’

It is itself a current paradox. It is now here at your feet, gossiping over sand and pebble: it is there, slipping softly around a rushy cape; and it is yonder, just blending with the crisp spray of the last wave on the beach of the lake. Its form and colour are but circumstances; the one due to marginal accident and the momentary caprice of the wind; the other, to the complexion of the sky or to overhanging umbrage. Who can say but that its beginning and its ending are one,—the water-drop in the bosom of the cloud?

We readily consent that the Muses had their birth and rearing in the neighbourhood of certain springs and streams. This was a wise provision for their subsequent musical education, since it was intended, no doubt, that they should gather the rudiments from such congenial sources. The Greeks left us no account (as they well might have done) of the technical drill

pursued by the nine sisters. However, we may suppose that they wrote off their scores from the fluent dictation of their favourite cascades and streams, and that they scanned, or ‘sang,’ all such exercises by the laws of liquid quantity and accent. Perhaps at the same time, the better to measure the feet and mark the cæsural pauses, they danced, as they sang, over the rippled surface of the stream. Nor did the Muses alone love springs and running-water, but it would seem that the philharmonic societies of their descendants have had their haunts in like localities: or was it mere chance that Homer shou’d have lived by the river Meles (hence Melesigenes): that Plato should have had his retirement

‘where Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream;’

or that Shakespeare, to all time, should be ‘the Sweet Swan of Avon?’

Consider the vocality and vocabulary of the water: it has its open vowels, its mutes, labials, and sub-vocals, and, if one listen attentively, its little repretend of favourite syllables and alliterations. Like Demosthenes, it knows the use and advantage of pebbles, and has, by this simple experiment, so purified its utterance that nowhere else is Nature’s idiom spoken so finely. What a list of onomatopoeic words we have caught from its talkative lips! *Babbling*, *purling*, *murmuring*, *gurgling*, or some of the adjectives borrowed from this vernacular; and some have even heard the ‘chuckling brooks,’—an expres-

sion which well describes a certain confidential, *sotto voce* gayety and self-content I have often heard in the parley of the water.

From time to time, musical virtuosos and composers, fancying they had discovered the key-note of Niagara, have given us symphonious snatches of its eternal organ harmonies. Some time, it may be that all these scattered arias, with many more which have never been published, will be collected and edited as the complete opera of the great cataract! Less ambitious, I have often tried to unravel the melodious vagaries of a summer stream; to classify its sounds, and report their sequence and recurrence. I shall not forget how once, when I was thus occupied, a small bird flew far out on a branch overhanging the water, turned its arch eye on me, then on the dancing notes of my music lesson, and poured out a rippling similitude of song that was plainly meant as an æolian rendition of the theme, or motive, running through the water. I was under double obligation to the little musician, since, in addition to its sweet and clever charity, it put me in possession of the discovery that all of Nature's minstrels are under the same orchestra drill, and capable, at pleasure, of exchanging parts. There was once a naiad (own daughter of celestial Aquarius), who, as often as the rain fell and the eave-spouts frothed and overran, used to come and dance under a poet's roof. It was a part of her pretty jugglery to imitate the liquid warble of the wood-thrush, bobolink, and other pleasing wild-bird notes. No matter how far inland, any one who lives by the 'great deep' of a dense wood may hear the roar of the sea when the tide of the wind sweeps in on his coast. Shutting my eyes, I could always readily hear in the crackling of a brush fire in the garden, the quick and sharp accentuation of rain on the roof.

There are certain English and Old English appellatives of running water

which one would fain transplant to local usage on this side the Atlantic. How suitable that a swift, boiling stream, surcharged with spring rain, should be called a *brawl*, or a fine sun-lit thread of a rill embroidering green meadows a *floss*, or any other small, unconsidered stream a *beck*! In New England you shall hear only of the *brook*, and past an indeterminate meridian westward, only of the *creek* (colloquially deformed into 'crick'). Indian Creek is a sort of John Smith in the nomenclature of Western streams. Rocky Rivers and Rocky Runs are also frequent enough.

Where streams abound, there, for the most part, will be found sylvan amenity and kindly, cultivated soil. The Nile alone saves Egypt from being an extension of Sahara. Without some water-power at hand, cities may not be built, nor industries and arts be pushed forward: yet I should say no site is hopelessly inland if there runs past it a stream of sufficient current to carry a raft. There is maritime promise in the smallest rivulet: trust it; in time it will bear your wares and commodities to the sea and the highways of commerce. The course of a river, or of a river tributary, suggests a journey of pleasure. Notice how it selects the choicest neighbourhoods in its course, the richest fields, the suavest parts of the woods. If it winds about a country village, with picturesque white spire and houses hid to the roof in greenery, it seems to have made this deflection out of its own affable and social spirit. The dam and the mill-wheel it understands as a challenge of its speed and agility, and so leaps and caracoles nimbly over them. All bridges which it passes under, it takes as wickets set up in sport.

The motion of water, whether of the ocean billow or of the brook's ripple, is only an endless prolongation or reproduction of the line of beauty. There are no right angles in the profile of the sea-coast or river margin; no rectangular pebbles on the beach or in the bed

of a stream. The hollow chamber in which the oyster is lodged might have been formed by the union of two waves, magically hardened at the moment of contact; coloured without like the ooze of the earth, within like the deep sea pearl. The fish conforms in shape and symmetry to its living element, and is, in this respect, scarcely more than a wave, or combination of waves. It moves in curves and ripples, in little whirls and eddies, faithfully repeating all the inflections of the water. Even in the least detail it is homogeneous; else, why should the scale of the fish be scalloped rather than serrate? As to colour, has it not the vanishing tints of the rainbow; or might it not be thought the thinnest lamina pared away from a pearl, a transparent rose petal, the finger-nail of Venus?

It is not improbable that the fish furnished the first shipwright with some excellent suggestions about nautical architecture. This shipwright, who was both idealist and utilitarian, had observed the length and slenderness of the fish; its curved sides and tapering extremities, corresponding with the stern and prow of his subsequent invention; also, the fins, which he at first reproduced in rough-hewn paddles, prototypical of genuine oars. Then, perhaps, a paradoxical notion dawning upon his mind that aerial swimming and aquatic flying were much the same things, he added to his floating craft the wings of the bird as well as the fins of the fish; and soon thereafter began to take the winds into account, to venture out on the broad seas; and finally discovered

'India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane.'

The scaly appearance of a sheet of water wrinkled by the wind has already been noticed by another. It needed only this slight suggestion to point out to me the glistening broadside of an old gray dragon sunning himself between the banks. Do Dolphins inhabit fresh water? Just under

the surface, at the bend of the creek, I see a quivering opalescent or iridescent mass, which I take to be a specimen of this rare fish, unless, indeed, it should prove only a large flat stone, veined and mottled by sunbeams shot through the thin veil of hurrying waters. Equally suggestive are those luminous reflections of ripples cast on that smooth clay bank. Narrow shimmering lines in constant wavy motion, they seem the web which some spider is vainly trying to pin to the bank. They are, properly, 'netted sunbeams.' Water oozing from between two obstructing stones, and slowly spreading out into the current, has the appearance of a tress of some colourless water-grass floating under the surface. I was once pleased to see how a drift of soft-brown sand gently sloping to the water's edge, with its reflection directly beneath, presented to the perfect figure of a tight-shut clam-shell,—a design peculiarly suited to the locality.

In cooler and deeper retirement, on languid summer afternoons, this flowing philosopher sometimes geometrizes. It is always of circles,—circles intersecting, tangent, or inclusive. A fish darting to the surface affords the central starting point of a circle whose radius and circumference are incalculable since the eye fails to detect where it fades into nothingness. Multiplied intersections there may be, but without one curve marring the smooth expansion of another. There are hints of infinity to be gathered from this transient water ring, as well as from the orb of the horizon at sea.

Sometimes I bait the fish, but without rod or hook, and merely to coax them together in small inquisitive schools, that I may study their behaviour and their medium of communication. In this way I enjoy the same opportunities for reverie and speculation as the angler, without indulging in his cruelty or forerelish of the table. I discover that the amusements of the minnows and those of the small birds are quite similar, with only this differ-

ence: that the former, in darting and girding at one another, make their retreat behind stones and under little sand bars, instead of hiding among the bushes and tilting over thistle tops. It would seem that fish are no less quick in the senses of hearing and seeing than the birds themselves. They start at your shadow thrown over the bank, at your voice, or at the slightest agitation of the water.

'If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there
again.'

When they first came up in the spring, I thought they looked unusually lean and shadowy, as though having struggled through a hungry hibernation. They were readily voracious of anything I might throw to them.

There were fish taken under my observation, though not by line or net. I did not fish, yet I felt warranted in sharing the triumphs of the sport when, for the space of ten minutes or more, I had maintained most cautious silence, while that accomplished angler, the kingfisher, perched on a slightly elm branch over the water, was patiently waiting the chance of an eligible haul. I had, meanwhile, a good opportunity for observing this to me wholly wild and unrelated adventurous bird. Its great head and mobile crest, like a helmet of feathers, its dark-blue glossy coat and white neck-cloth, make it a sufficiently striking individual anywhere. No wonder the kingfisher is specially honoured by poetic legend. I must admit that whenever I chanced to see this bird about the stream it was faultless, halcyon weather. I occasionally saw a sandpiper (familiarily, 'walk-up-the-creek') hunting a solitary meal along the margin. I had good reason, also, to suspect that even the blackbird now and then helped himself to a *bonne bouche* from the water. Then, did I not see the fish, acting on the 'law of talons,' come to the surface, and take their prey from the life of the air?

This was the fate in store for many a luxurious water-fly skimming about the sunshiny pools, like a drop or bead of animated quicksilver. The insect races born of the water, and leading a hovering existence above it, had always a curious interest for me. What, for instance, can be more piquing to a speculative eye than to watch the ceaseless shiftings or pourings of a swarm of gnats? Is there any rallying point or centre in this filmy system? Apparently there are no odds between the attraction and repulsion governing the movements of the mid-geet nebula, and I could never be satisfied as to whether unanimity or dissent were implied. Nor could I quite justify by my ear the verse which says,

'Then, in a wailful choir, the small gnats
mourn
Among the river shallows,'

since, although I could vouch for the vocal powers of a single gnat humming with unpleasant familiarity, I have never detected any proof of concerted musical sound among a swarm of these notes. Yet I doubt not the poet is right.

There is a larger species of mosquito (not the common pest), which I should think might some time have enjoyed religious honours, since, when it drinks, it falls upon its knees! A flight of these gauzy-winged creatures through a shaft of sunlight might conjure up for any fanciful eye the vision of 'pert fairies and dapper elves.' Of the dragon fly (which might be the inlaid phantasm of some insect that flourished summers ago), I know of no description so delicately apt as the following:—

'A wind-born blossom, blown about,
Drops quiveringly down as though to die;
Then lifts and wavers on, as if in doubt
Whether to fan its wings or fly without.'

Where is the stream so hunted down by civilization that it cannot afford hospitality to at least one hermit muskrat? The only water animal extant of the wild fauna that was here in the red man's day, he will eventually have

to follow in the oblivious wake of the beaver and otter. It is no small satisfaction that I am occasionally favoured with a glimpse of this now rare 'oldest inhabitant.' Swimming leisurely with the current, and carrying in his mouth a ted of grass for thatching purposes, or a bunch of greens for dinner, he disappears under the bank. So unwisely are his motions, and so lazily does the water draw after him, that I am half inclined to believe him a pygmean copy of some long extinct river mammoth. Oftener at night I hear him splashing about in the dark and cool stream, safe from discovery and molestation.

Hot, white days of drought there were in the middle of the summer, when, in places, the bed of the creek was as dry as the highway; vacant, except for a ghostly semblance of ripples running above its yellow clay and stones. The fountain of this stream was in the sun and heated air. Walking along the abandoned water-road, I speculated idly about the fate of the minnows and trout. Had they been able, in season, to take a short cut to the lake or to deeper streams, as is related, in a pretty but apocryphal story, of a species of fish in China, fitted by nature to take short overland journeys?

Much might justly be said in praise of the willow. Its graceful, undulating lines show that it has not in vain been associated with the stream. It practises and poses over its glass as though it hoped some time to become a water nymph. Summer heat cannot impair its fresh and vivid green,—only the sharp edge of the frost can do that; and even when the leaves have fallen away there remains a beautiful anatomy of stems and branches, whose warm brown affords a pleasing relief to November grayness.

At intervals I met the genius of decorative art (a fine, mincing lady) hunting about the weedy margin for botanical patterns suitable for reproduction in æsthetic fabrics and paper

hangings. She chose willow catkins, cat-tail flag; the flowers and feathery afterbloom of the clematis, golden-rod, and aster, and showed great anxiety to procure some lily pads and buds that grew in a sluggish cove; but for some reason, unknown to me as well as to the *genii loci*, she slighted a host of plants as suggestive for ornate designs as any she accepted. She took no notice of the jewel weed (which the stream was not ashamed to reflect, in its velvet, leopard-like magnificence); nor had she any eyes for the roving intricacies of the green-brier and wild-balsam apple. She also left untouched whole families of curious beaked grasses and sedges, with spindles full of flax or silk unwinding to the breeze.

It is nothing strange that the earlier races of men should have believed in loreleis and undines, nixies and helpies. I cannot say that I have not, myself, had glimpses of all these water-sprites. But the watered green silk in which the lorelei and the undine were dressed was almost indistinguishable in colour and texture from the willow's reflection; and the nixie was so often hidden under a crumbling bank and net-work of black roots that I could not be sure whether I caught the gleam of his malicious eye, or whether it was only a fleck of sunshine I saw exploring the watery shade. About the kelpie I am more positive. When the creek was high and wrathful under the scourge of the 'lime storm,' it could have been nothing else than the kelpie's wild, shaggy mane that I saw; nothing else that I heard but his hoarse, ill-boding roar.

In this season of the year, I became aware that our stream, like the Nile, had its mysterious floating islands, luxuriant plots set with grass and fern and mint (instead of lotus and papyrus), and lodged upon pieces of drift washed down by the spring floods. All summer securely moored in the shallow water, they were now rent up by the roots, and swept out of all geographical account. Snow-like accu-

mulations of whipped-up foam gathered in lee-side nooks where the current ran less strong, remaining there for many hours together, like some fairy fleet riding at anchor. When the stream had fallen, I often found this accumulation deposited on the sand in a grayish-white drift, dry and volatile as ashes, dispersing at the slightest gust. It suggested that some strange, unwitnessed rite of incineration had been performed there.

When the winter had come in all power, and had driven nature down

into her garrison of clods, and had laid siege thereto with frost-fire and sword, the philosopher of whom I have spoken could still, at times, be heard in the drear silence of snowy fields and snowy air. He had nothing to say that could not fitly have been said in the ear of summer. Moreover, there was nearly always one clear crystal window of his dwelling open sunward, looking through which I could see his bright and mobile countenance, unperplexed by weather changes. — *Atlantic Monthly.*

TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

HARK ! is't thy step, New Year ?
 With sure but stealthy pace thou aye dost come ;
 And in thy train are gladdening gifts for some ;
 O haste thee, glad New Year !

Too swift thy step, New Year !
 The past had gathered friends from many lands,
 And thou dost come to part their clasped hands :
 Alas, *so* near, New Year !

' O haste ! ' ' Delay ! ' New Year ;—
 Two prayers together rising up to Heaven :
 Trust in the answer ; is it not God-given ?
 Meet bravely the New Year !

Welcome the new, New Year !
 O clear-voiced Truth, lead in the coming morn ;
 And gentle Charity, our lives adorn :
 Hope lives in the New Year !

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH ART.

BY JULIA ALEYNE, BURLINGTON, VT.

PART II—HOGARTH.

IN the last paper we endeavoured to show what was the condition of the Art world of Great Britain at the beginning of the eighteenth century. But the closing years of the previous one produced a genius of such originality and power as to render, in succeeding ages, the name of British Art an epithet of most honourable import. For the first time an English painter had taken brush in hand to mark out a path of his own, instead of emulating the achievements of Verrio and Laguerre as his predecessors had done. For the first time an attempt was made to break through the conventions of traditions and imitations, and to establish a genuine and national style of art in England; when, following these connoisseurs of the beginning of the art, all at once 'from among these painters of ceilings and manufacturers of goddesses arose a prophet, with a commission to deliver—urgent, violent and terrible—to the dissolute, careless world, then rolling so fast on its downward way.'

To Hogarth therefore belongs the honour of having been the founder of English painting, as he was the first great original master, 'who,' we are told, 're-opened the obstructed path to nature for his cotemporaries and successors, and down this cleared path so long hidden by a growth of sham sentiment and honest incapacity, he was followed more or less intelligently by all the great English masters of the eighteenth century, who, however, instead of treading directly in his footsteps,

turned from side to side, garnering new truths, and observing fresh beauties, which each recorded in his own peculiar language. He filled the place in English art which Fielding and Smollett filled in English literature. Although by some considered a mere caricaturist, we know that he was in reality a powerful preacher of great truths, a rebuker of folly, and a commender of virtue and modesty.' Horace Walpole says, if catching the manners and follies of an age, as they rise, 'if general satire on vices, and ridicule familiarized by strokes of nature and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière. It was character, the passions, the soul that his genius was given him to copy; his strength lay in expression, not in colour and chiaro-oscuro. He knew well the truth of Horace's maxim, 'ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plurimumque secat res,' and he made ridicule of his vocation.

There was nothing harsh or misanthropic in it. 'It was the ridicule of Addison, kindly rebuking faults which it half excused.' He himself tells us, that he deliberately chose the path in art that lay between *the sublime and the grotesque*, and in this wide region he has certainly achieved an unparalleled success. 'Sometimes, indeed, he goes beyond his aim,' says Dr. Trusler, 'and in the earnestness of passion reaches the height of the sublime; but often on the other hand, he falls into cari-

ature, from the fact that he seems to have an especial attraction towards the grotesque forms of the human face.' A celebrated authoress has pertinently remarked, that Hogarth was born in an age which needed *moral teaching* above all other needs. The century was ill at ease; the epoch of fashionable folly, town scandal, wits, coffee-houses and theatres had just set in, after the stormy political struggles, by which English society had been convulsed during the beginning and middle of the seventeenth century. The Georges were sitting upon the English throne, blustering and storming, and losing no opportunity of asserting their independence, while Sir Robert Walpole stood steadily at the helm of state, really governing both the king and his kingdom.

But although Sir Robert Walpole was a most efficient statesman, and his general course liberal and enlightened, yet in character he was most unprincipled. There never was a period of greater political corruption than during the administration of this minister. Sycophancy, meanness, and hypocrisy were resorted to by the statesmen of the age, who generally sought their own interests rather than the welfare of the nation. Louis XIV. was dead, and the Regent and the Abbé Dubois were making history one long scandal in Paris, and freely squandering the people's money for their own purposes. The wits of Queen Anne's reign were as usual congregating at Button's Coffee-house. Addison, Steele, Bolingbroke, Swift, Gay, Pope, and Congreve, were the leading spirits of the age. Addison was writing *The Spectator* and satirizing the fashionable follies and bad taste of the age, while the London world was on tip-toe of expectation about these remarkable papers. Bolingbroke, as usual, the great leader of the Tory party, was charming London society with his brilliant conversation and fascinating manners. Gay was making himself

distinguished, writing his 'Fables' and his 'Beggar's Opera.' Swift was convulsing his circle of admirers by his wit and sarcasm. Colley Cibber was printing his works on royal paper. Pope was living in his beautiful villa at Twickenham, the friend and companion of Bolingbroke, occasionally dabbling a little in South Sea Stock, the explosion of which too soon put an end to his visionary schemes of wealth; while Prior was busy satirizing Dryden in his charming fable of 'A City Mouse and a Country Mouse.'

But, although one of the most brilliant epochs in English history *intellectually*, yet the state of corruption into which the English people had sunk *morally* was something fearful.

Wickedness had got to be rampant; vice and profligacy had taken the place of the stern simplicity and virtue of the Roundheads. As we have said, the century was ill at ease, and what ailed it most was vice. The very thoughts of the virtuous were tinctured in spite of themselves by the phraseology and usages of pollution.* The age was depraved, and not only depraved—it was openly unclean, we are told. Even the innocent and virtuous used language and were cognizant of facts which the most depraved have nowadays the grace to hide from the world. Good women and innocent maidens discussed without any scruple of delicacy or attempt at secrecy the shocking adventures going on around them. Morality, as we understand it nowadays, does not seem to have had any existence. Most people behaved badly, and never thought of being ashamed of it.

To stay this tide of corruption; to battle against the profligacy and degeneracy of the age, was the work of this great master mind. This man, William Hogarth, on whom such a singular office devolved, 'the only prophet-painter ever produced,' we are told, 'was not a person whose character

* Mrs. Oliphant.

would have made such an office probable.' Born in London in 1697, of an honest but obscure family, this son of a Westmoreland schoolmaster, who had settled in the metropolis as a corrector of the press, and had lived chiefly by his wits, William Hogarth grew up—his biographer tells us—a gay, careless, good-natured sort of a fellow, without any great delicacy of perception or fineness of feeling, but with eyes wide open, that could not help seeing the evil around him; with a strict sense of morality, and with remarkable powers of observation; and combined with these a faculty of faithfully rendering what he saw equal to the power. A man of such a character, with a mind strongly prepossessed in favour of a rigorous morality; quick-sighted, shrewd and practical; not so much shocked by the wickedness around him as practically convinced of the necessity of putting a stop to it, in the interest of humanity, might be supposed to find work readily to his hand. He saw what there was to be seen, and it was his work to scourge it, which he did so effectually that generations since have thanked him for the service he did to morality. He knew that the vice and folly of his day were very shameful vice and folly, and not caring whether he gave offence or forfeited favour, he never flattered, nor palliated guilt among the aristocracy, 'but came down with the blow of a sledge-hammer on the profligacy of the times.' The incident which first revealed the bent of his genius was quite amusing! One day, during his apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble, he went with two or three of his companions to Highgate on a little excursion. The weather was warm, and they went into a roadside ale-house and called for beer. Some persons who had previously entered were already growing quarrelsome over their cups. One of them received so sharp a blow upon the head from a quart cup that he put on an awfully rueful countenance, which Hogarth sketched on his

thumb nail on the spot. The result was a most amusing caricature, which when handed around the room restored all parties to good humour. Upon another occasion, a woman who was quarrelling with one of her companions in a cellar, filled her mouth with brandy and dexterously squirted it into her antagonist's eye, in the presence of Hogarth, who immediately sketched the scene. The cleverness with which he turned these incidents to account sufficiently indicate the line of art in which he was likely to succeed.

When still quite young, Hogarth was apprenticed to the silver-plate engraver, Ellis Gamble, and was principally employed in engraving arms and monograms. But this kind of life did not suit him by any means, for all this time his head was filled with the allegorical paintings of Thornhill and Laguerre, at Greenwich and at St. Paul's, and his utmost ambition was to become a 'historico-allegorico-scriptural painter, and make angels sprawl on covered ceilings and fawns blare their trumpets on grand staircases.' However, he remained with Ellis Gamble till he was about twenty-one, when he renounced silver engraving for engraving on copper. With Gamble he learned to draw, and fired by the ambition of emulating Laguerre he acquired the use of the graver and pencil. While still an apprentice he amused himself and others by drawing caricatures. These sketches were probably oftener monstrosities than caricatures, but they were the stepping-stones to a facility and power which ranks his name with the greatest satirists of modern times.

About this time Sir James Thornhill opened an academy at St. Martin's Lane, for studying from life, and Hogarth became one of the earliest pupils of the King's sergeant-painter. His proficiency was not so great as to cause his fellow-students any pangs of jealousy; indeed it was below mediocrity at first; nor would he ever have attained to much eminence as a

painter, says Dr. Trusler, if he had not learned to penetrate through external form to character and manners. His progress was fair, however, although it did lack brilliancy. Domenichino is said to have been called by his companions 'the ox,' and yet he proved in the end that an ox even might have sufficient talent to eclipse every scholar in the school. Hogarth says, 'as soon as I became master of my own time I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper,' and one of his biographers tells us that he supported himself at this early period of his life 'by engraving arms and shoppills.' For some time he worked for booksellers, and engraved plates and illustrations for books. An edition of *Hudibras* afforded him the first subject suited to his genius; his illustrations of that and of *Don Quixote* are still preserved, though both works are far inferior to those that were to come. In the meantime he had learned to use the brush as well as the pencil and graver, and he soon acquired considerable employment as a portrait painter. He possessed great facility in seizing a likeness; the only drawback was in the fidelity with which he painted.

An amusing anecdote is told of his painting the portrait of a nobleman remarkable for his ugly features and deformity. The picture was a triumph, and not only expressed the outward hideousness of the peer with remarkable fidelity, but also, probably, the groveling soul within. Disgusted with the picture the nobleman refused to pay for it. Hogarth insisted in vain, and after numerous unsuccessful applications had been made for payment, the painter resorted to an expedient which he knew must arouse the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card:—'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was arouse for him, he is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, there-

fore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man, Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise on his Lordship's refusal.'

It is hardly necessary to add that the picture was immediately paid for, and committed to the flames.* To Hogarth his sitter was a character whose oddities or eccentricities he could not help seizing. 'I found by mortifying experience,' he says, 'that whoever would succeed in portrait-painting must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gray's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him.' The first print he published was one called 'the Taste of the Town' or 'Burlington Gate,' which is simply a satire upon the times, and shows the disgust of the artist at the fashionable follies and at the taste of the English people in running after Italian artists and singers.

But before proceeding to describe this print, we must say a few words about some of the connoisseurs of the age. In those days there flourished two now nearly forgotten celebrities, Kent, the architect, painter, decorator, upholsterer, landscape-gardener and friend of 'the aristocracy'; and Sir James Thornhill, art-referee in general. Sir James was a worthy, pompous, magnifico, who had wit enough to discern the young painter's capacity, and condescended to patronize him. Kent was considered quite a Don in the art world, and he became so remarkably popular, and acquired such a reputation for taste, that he was consulted on almost every topic, and was urged to furnish designs for the most incongruous objects. He was consulted about picture-frames, looking-glasses, barges, dining-room tables, garden chairs, cradles; and so imperious was fashion that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their *birthday-*

*Dr. Trusler.

gowns. One he dressed in a petticoat, decorated with columns of the five orders; the other like a bronze in a copper-coloured satin with gold ornaments.

His celebrated monument of Shakespeare, in the Abbey at Richmond, is said to be preposterous. Lord Burlington became his patron, gave him apartments in his own house, and through his interest procured the artist employment in various works. Through the favour of Lord Burlington, and the patronage of the Queen, he was made master carpenter, architect, keeper of the pictures, and, after the death of Jervas, principal painter to the crown. Yet his paintings were mere daubs: his portraits bore little resemblance to the persons who sat for them, and the colouring was worse than that of the most errant journeyman to the profession. In most of his ceilings his drawing was as defective as the colouring of his portraits and as equally void of merit. * He was at best best but a 'wretched sciolist'; but, as we have said, for a long time he directed the taste of the town. He had at last the presumption to paint an altar-piece for the church of St. Clement Danes.

The good parishioners—men of no taste at all—burst into a shout of derision and astonishment at this remarkable performance. Hogarth, happening to see the picture, forthwith saw a subject for his pencil, and proceeded to 'take off' the daub. He came out with an engraving of Kent's masterpiece, which was generally considered an unmerciful caricature, but which he himself declared to be a perfect copy of the picture.

It was Hogarth's first declaration of war against the connoisseurs. The caricature made a noise in the world; the parishioners grew more and more indignant at such a daub being imposed upon them, till at last the Bishop of London interfered and ordered the removal of the obnoxious

picture. Kent's masterpiece descended into an ornament for a tavern. For many years it was to be seen at the 'Crown and Anchor' in the Strand: then it disappeared and faded away from the visible things extant.* In his prints for Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' also, Kent's faults are glaring. There are figures issuing from cottages not so high as their shoulders; castles, in which the towers could not contain an infant, and trees which are mostly young beeches, to which Kent, as a planter was accustomed, says Horace Walpole. To compensate for his bad paintings, however, he was a good architect, and the inventor of landscape gardening. Walpole says 'Mahomet imagined an elysium, but Kent created many.' The partiality of Lord Burlington, however,—who was considered a man of taste in painting and architecture—gained Kent many favours, which of course excited the jealousy and envy of his brother artists—especially of Sir James Thornhill. Sir James was also greatly the fashion; he was the successor of Verrio, and the rival of Laguerre in the decoration of the palaces and public buildings of England—for which mural decorations he was paid by the *square yard*. Sir James's greatest work is the ceiling of the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. In this great hall designed by Sir Christopher Wren, we can look on a cloudy Olympus extensively furnished with gods and goddesses crouching round William and Mary, Anne and Prince George. His demands for painting the hall, however, were contested, and although La Fosse received £3,000 for his work at Montague House, the old British Museum, Sir James, besides his dignity as member of Parliament for his native town of Weymouth, could obtain but the forty shillings a square yard for painting the cupola of St. Paul's. Thus he did not grow rich through the patronage afforded native

* Horace Walpole.

* Mr. Ireland.

talent. However he received a great price for painting the Hall at Blenheim, and, for the embellishment of Moor Park, he received £4,000. He was descended from an aristocratic family, and in time was enabled to buy back the family estate at Weymouth. He was knighted by George I., and stood in high favour for many years. Sir James and Kent were rivals, each considering himself a connoisseur in the art world; and 'if extent of surface is to be taken as a test of ability in painting, Thornhill certainly excelled both Kent and Sir Godfrey in his mural decorations.' This prosperous school of art has long been in hopeless decay. One sees the remains of it only in hair-dressers toilet saloons, and provincial music halls. Old Montague House is no more; Timon's villa has vanished; Doctor Misaubin's house in St. Martin's lane, the staircase of which was painted by Clermont, the Frenchman, who asked 500 guineas for his work, is not now in existence. 'Examples of this florid, truculent style are becoming rarer and rarer every day. Painted ceilings and staircases yet remain in some grand old half-deserted country mansions, and in a few once gorgeous merchants' houses, in Fenchurch and Leadenhall, now let out in flats as offices and chambers.' One can still feast one's eyes on the painted ceilings of Marlborough House and Hampton Court Palace staircase, and in Greenwich Hall, as we have before remarked; but stucco and stencilled paper-hangings have taken the place almost entirely of those allegorical decorations. Even the French, who are so fond of ornament, and who still occasionally paint the ceilings of their palaces, seem to have given up almost entirely such excessive decorations, and 'merely paint a picture,' we learn, 'in which the figures are attenuated vertically instead of sprawling down upon you isometrically upside down.'

But it was at this time—during the reign of George II.—that architecture

revived in antique purity. Horace Walpole rates Kent highly as an architect, and calls him 'the restorer of the science.'

The Queen employed Kent, and sat to Zincke. The King, it is true, cared little for refined pleasures, but Queen Caroline was ever ready to reward merit, and wished to have her reign illustrated by monuments of genius. She enshrined Newton, Boyle and Locke. Pope *might* have had her favour, and Swift did have it till insolent, under the mask of independence, and not content without domineering over her politics, she abandoned him to his ill humour.*

Such was the state of the art world in 1727, when Hogarth came out with his celebrated satires; the first of which, 'The Taste of the Town,' or 'Burlington Gate,' we have alluded to above. This print appeared in 1723, and was the satirist's first essay in that branch of art—in which he afterwards achieved such success. On a show-cloth, on one side of the print, is the portrait of George II. and also that of the Earl of Peterborough, who offers Cuzzoni, the Italian singer, £8,000, and she spurns at him. Had Cuzzoni and the other performers been English instead of Italian, it is probable that they would not have called forth so strongly the painter's wrath, since it was more the fact of foreigners being preferred to Englishmen that seemed to annoy him.† A celebrated authoress has told us 'that these were the days of rampant nationality, when an Englishman thought himself equal to three Frenchmen, and when even so impartial a mind as that of Hume recognised with surprise and benevolent satisfaction that Germany was a *habitable* country.'

While crowds are pouring to masquerades and opera, in this print, a waste-paper dealer wheels across the foreground of the picture a wheelbarrow full of the neglected works of

* Horace Walpole.

† Dr. Trusler.

English dramatists, in which Shakespeare ranks no higher than Congreve. The state of art is symbolized behind by a statue of *Kent*, who stands erect on the summit of Burlington Gate, supported by reclining figures of *Michael Angelo* and *Raphael*!

This print took the fancy of the public, and became so popular that it was pirated, and Hogarth lost the large sum he should have received. It was probably to conciliate the favour of Sir James Thornhill, whose academy he was attending at the time, and whose young daughter he was so much interested in, that Hogarth had so severely ridiculed his rival, Kent. He had pilloried 'the Corinthian petticoat man' in the parody of the wretched 'St. Clement Dane's altar-piece,' and thus had a fling at him besides in Burlington Gate, which was probably the most acceptable compliment he could pay a vain pompous man like Sir James Thornhill.*

It was while attending the academy of Sir James that he saw and fell in love with the pretty daughter of that artist. As the young lady returned his affection, the result was that Jane Thornhill ran away with the painter, and they were secretly married in the year 1730. Hogarth was a poor artist at this time, struggling on in comparative obscurity, working hard to get a living, and naturally Sir James was very angry at this imprudent step, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter. Her mother, however, was their friend during this trying period, and by her advice Hogarth placed some of the pictures of his first great series—the 'Harlot's Progress'—where Sir James would see them. Sir James was much interested, but learning by whom they were painted remarked: 'The man who can produce such pictures as these

can also maintain a wife without a portion.' The battle was nearly gained, however, for soon after he took the young couple to his heart and home, and lived happily with them until his death. Before Hogarth's marriage his conversation pieces had begun; he could not depend entirely upon book illustrating or uncertain portrait-painting, and while casting about for his fit work—with dim suggestions of it floating in his brain—the ambitious project crossed his mind of attempting historic painting. He tells us, 'without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I painted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history-painting. On the great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital I painted two scriptural stories, the "Pool of Bethesda" and the "Good Samaritan," with figures seven feet high.' The result of this attempt by no means fulfilled his expectations.

These vast compositions served to show that sacred art was not in Hogarth's line, and that he had nothing to do with the grand and heroic. He saw that some new attempt must be made to strike out an individual path; he felt himself thrill with power and the capacity for doing something original, and in this state of doubt his attention was attracted by a novel idea. 'I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style,' he says, 'totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I, therefore, wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further, hope that they will be tried by the same tests and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not *often been* delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable.' The painter, we may suppose, saw a new opening for his power 'which men not

* Dr. Trusler says: That this satirical performance, Burlington Gate, was drawn at the instigation of Sir James Thornhill, out of jealousy, because Lord Burlington had given Kent the preference in painting Kensington Palace.

trained to the heights of the nymphs and goddesses' could appreciate, and therefore turned his attention to the novel idea of painting and engraving modern moral subjects, 'a field not broken up in any country or age,' he says. This resolution produced 'The Harlot's Progress,' 'The Rake's Progress,' and 'The Marriage à-la-Mode,' all of them very remarkable and original works.

It was soon after his marriage that Hogarth commenced his first great series, 'The Harlot's Progress,' which brought him before the public as a man of remarkable genius. When the prints appeared they were beheld with astonishment; a subject so novel in the idea, so marked with genius in the execution, excited the most eager attention of the public. The third scene in these remarkable paintings proved a decided hit, and at a Board of Treasury held a day or two after its appearance, one of the Lords exhibited a copy of it, calling attention at the same time to a striking likeness of Sir James Gonson, a celebrated magistrate of that day, well known for his vigour in the suppression of brothels. * From the Treasury each Lord repaired to the print-shop for a copy of the picture, and Hogarth rose into high fame. Over 1200 subscribers entered their names for the plates immediately, according to Dr. Trusler. So popular was the series that a pantomime founded on them, was represented at one of the theatres, and imitations were copied on fans and other equally indispensable articles of coquetry and fashion. It was also represented in a ballad opera, entitled 'The Jew Decoyed.' At a time when England was very inattentive to everything relating to art, so anxious were all ranks of people to see how this little story was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the origi-

ginal published by permission of the author for Thomas Bakewell. 'The Harlot's Progress' is a story in picture-writing of exceeding interest. It carries us step by step through the history of a fair young girl, from the time she is first tempted, gradually through the various scenes of her disgraceful and wicked career, to the time of her death. The story commences with her arrival in London, where she is introduced to Colonel Francis Chartres,* the debauchee in the first painting of the series already distinguished by Pope. He leads on by artful flattery and liberal promises, till becoming intoxicated with dreams of imaginary greatness, she falls an easy victim. A short time convinces her of how light a breath these promises were made; deserted by her lovers, and terrified by threats of an immediate arrest for debt, after being for a time protected by one of the tribe of Levi, she is reduced to the hard necessity of wandering the streets. Chilled by biting frost and midnight rain, the repentant tear trickling down her cheeks, she endeavours to drown reflection in draughts of intoxicating liquors. This, added to the contagion of low company, completely eradicates every seed of virtue.† Her death is simple tragedy, dreadful—not pathetic; we pity and are horrified, but cannot weep over her sad fate. The funeral is also full of interest, and in the white neck-clothed clergyman, Hogarth has satirized the profligacy of the clergy, with the intention of showing that 'though many go forth, few are sent.' Hogarth has been called the biographical dramatist of domestic

* That Chartres was a monster of avarice and a marvel of impudence; that he was condemned to death for a dreadful crime, and only escaped the halter through the interest of friends; that he was a cheat, a gambler, a usurer, and a profligate; that he was accused while living, and that the populace almost tore his body from his remote grave in Scotland, are facts too well known to be recapitulated.

† Dr. Trusler.

* Sir James Gonson is now forgotten, but in those days the stern Middlesex Justice was a man greatly feared by the dissipated rioters and debauchees of the times.

life, in all these scenes we see such a close regard paid to things as they *then were*, so that his prints became a sort of *historical record* of the manners of the age. Charles Lamb says, 'his pictures are not so much painted, as they are *written with the brush*, in strong plain characters, often conveying terrible meanings.' 'Other

pictures,' he says, 'we look at ; his prints we read.' 'The Harlot's Progress' was followed by another series, 'The Rake's Progress,' but this was not so popular as the first, although in many respects it was said to have been superior in interest and in artistic skill.

(*To be continued.*)

CONFESSIONS.

A SERIES OF SONNETS,

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

I.

YOUR hair is brown o'erlaid with gold, I know,
 On the right side a wave, a droop divine,
 Tempts my fond fingers rashly to entwine
 Their longing in its warmth and bronze-hued glow.
 I know, too, the quick toss with which you throw
 That weight of wavy brownness back—the sign
 That you are tired—and whiter far than mine
 (Tho' I'm not dark), your forehead's mount of snow
 Appears. O marks of wormwood and of gall !
 I know them, too,—five furrows made by Care
 And travail of high thought and all unrest ;
 (*You were not happy on your mother's breast*)
 All this I know of you, and yet—I swear
 I never looked at you to learn it all.

II.

I never looked that you could see—but yet
 (You have forgotten) once you stooped to find
 My thread and thimble—O, I have no mind
 For sewing—have no patience—and forget
 To keep the things upon my lap—*Please let*
Me help you—you should have a bag rose-lined
To hold such stuff—you knelt and tried to wind
 The cotton you condemned ; our shoulders met,
 I flamed, and feasted with my eyes, for there,
 One moment burnt into my consciousness,
 I saw the weary beauty of your brow,
 I saw the brown tints radiant, and now
 I know I shall not rest until I press
 My face against the glory of that hair.

III.

I shall not try to write about your eyes.
 I have not thought about them. I have heard
 That they are brown, and now my heart is stirred
 To quicker beating—O, I must be wise,
 I *cannot* think about them. But the prize
 That most I long for, more than loving word,
 (Though that I pray for, too, why he, your bird,
 Lives on your daily petting, and the song dies
 Within his little throat if you refuse
 Your notice or caress), yea, more than bliss
 Of loving word and more than hand-pressed hand,
 Far more than clasped in arms of love to stand—
 Is once to find you sleeping and to kiss
 Your sleeping eyelids. This prize do I choose.

IV.

O for the magic of some Grecian girl !
 Simantha-like to melt a waxen ball
 And with wild words and whirling wheels to call
 Upon my lover ! O for length of curl,
 For satin shoulders and for teeth of pearl,
 For warm white breasts that softly rise and fall
 Like her's—that Vivien's—who did creep with all
 Her sweetness into Merlin' arms and furl
 His beard around her beauty—I forget,
 We are not lovers. What should magic do
 For me who hardly dare to call you friend ?
 Nor will I be your Vivien, but defend
 Myself from my rash self and sadly go
 Through life as in the days before we met.

V.

And are you sorry to have known me ? So
 You spake one evening. I could not say *Yes*.
 I could not tell whether to curse or bless
 My life you came. I think I told you *No* ;
 Which did not mean that I was glad, although
 You thought I meant some gladness to confess.
Not sorry is not glad. A sweet distress
 Is in my heart ; I am not happy. No,
 And yet I were unhappier without
 Your friendship. Better too I must have been
 Since I have known you ; we are told to crush,
 Deny, and mortify ourselves—no blush
 Of love must ever on my face be seen—
 My portion, Love, in love to love, yet doubt.

THE MENTAL HOSPITALITY OF THE SCOT.

BY REV. ROBT. CAMPBELL, M.A., MONTREAL.

THE recent publication of Mr. Rattray's 'Scot in British North America' affords fresh evidence of the eminent adaptedness of the people of North Britain for colonial life. Surly Samuel Johnson—'Ursa Major'—thought he was hitting the Scot, for whom he had no very strong partiality, hard, when he said 'that the high road to London was the finest view a Scotchman ever saw.' Other ill-natured persons have sought to poke fun at 'the land of the mountain and the flood' and its inhabitants, by remarking that 'it is a fine country to leave.' Such innuendos are meant to reproach the Scot for the ease and readiness with which he is able to tear himself away from his native land. Yet it is not every man that makes a good emigrant: certain high qualities are demanded to fit one for becoming a citizen of any country in which his lot is cast. Mental hospitality is the first of these requisites, and it is found in an eminent degree in 'the Scot abroad.' My object in this paper is to endeavour to make this point clear.

A man's trying to lift himself by his own waistband is the stock illustration of futility. It may seem an equally impossible task for a Scot to attempt the diagnosis of the characteristics of the Scot. The undertaking would appear more proper to a representative of another nationality, from whose point of view the Scot would be entirely objective. I might, perhaps, plead that though descended in a double line from Diarmid O'Duine, I am so far qualified to perform the part of an outside observer, since I

was born 'furth' of Scotland. Any one with a head on his shoulders who has been brought up in the clear atmosphere of Canada, where so many races are found side by side, and are, therefore, easily contrasted, ought to be able to discriminate between them and hit off the salient qualities of each.

It is not necessary, however, to concede that a Scot is disqualified for analyzing the peculiarities of his countrymen on account of his inability to get beyond himself. A man may be inspected from within as well as from without; and I have the warrant of Scottish Philosophy for claiming that consciousness may take note of what is purely mental. Buckle falls foul of this characteristic of the school of thought of Hutcheson and Reid. He charges it with being 'Deductive,' as if it was purely speculative, as opposed to the Baconian method of induction from observed facts. The champions of 'the Philosophy of Common Sense' are far from accepting the Englishman's description of it as correct. They claim that their system does rest on facts, but then these facts are gathered by consciousness—are to be discovered by inquiring after the internal operations of the mind itself,—rather than by forming conclusions from its external products. Backed up, then, by Scottish Philosophy, myself a Canadian Scot, and so qualified to look at the question half subjectively and half objectively, I proceed with my venture.

The first thing demanded by a severe logic would be, 'Who is the Scot?' And it must be confessed that when

we consult history and ethnology, we are very much at sea for an answer.

There was an admixture of peoples going on for centuries to produce the Scots of to-day. We have in them a blending of the Anglo-Saxon, the Norseman, the Gael, the Teuton, the Fleming, and the Welshman. Our countrymen have derived something from each of the elements which have gone to compose the nation as we know it. The Scottish people are composite, not homogeneous, and this fact accounts for many of their peculiarities. They unite the fervour of the Welshman with the sturdy independence of the Dane; the poetic sensibility of the Celt with the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon—the loyalty of the Highlander with the love of freedom that characterized the Briton. These component elements, hidden in the organization of the Scot, sometimes discover themselves in the most astonishing ways. Hence the singular phenomena of a ploughman poet, a shoemaker botanist, a stonemason geologist and journalist, and a weaver philosopher, and each of them among the first of his age. The several elements named were thrown into the caldron of time together, and the product has been the Scotsman who resembles no one of the parent stocks more than the others, but is a new type of man. The process was a fusing, not a forging one. The miscegenation has been complete. Different races came into the mint of Scotland have come out of it with a stamp that is distinct from that of any other people. The typical Scotchman has not only physical features by which he is easily known, but he has also mental and moral qualities that mark him clearly out from other nations. He is a stalwart man in every sense of the word. Possessed of physical energy, he is equally active in mind and in body, joining to an intense love of freedom a high moral feeling.

Facts show that the Scottish race is, perhaps, the Jew alone excepted, the

most cosmopolitan in the world. The Scot has a capacity for accommodating himself to his surroundings, that is shown in no other nationality. This may be in part traceable to the heterogeneous elements that have united in his production; he is kin to so many races that he is at home wherever he goes. But it is probably his mental constitution, chiefly, that qualifies him for becoming a citizen of the world, rather than his physical organization — if, indeed, the two things do not mutually imply each other, and, therefore, ought not to be separated. Mental hospitality is a distinguishing characteristic of the Scot. Any intellectual greatness which he has achieved has been owing to his receptiveness. He has been as ready to admit ideas from without, and impress upon them the mint of his own mind, as he has been to absorb the different stray representatives of the several races that have at various times taken up their residence in his neighbourhood. He has not refused entertainment to truth, come to him in what guise it might, or from whatever quarter. This is the mental quality which has made him a welcome citizen of all countries. He has intellectual as well as industrial thrift, gathering food for thought on all hands; and his mental digestion is good, so that he assimilates that which he takes into his understanding, and turns it out of his mind new-coined and stamped Scottish. His attitude, indeed, seems occasionally inconsistent with this mental hospitality which is claimed for him. He may be questioning and debating with those from whom he is gathering the raw material of his thought; but that is his method of getting at and testing the truth: while apparently resisting, he is absorbing all the time. Now, I believe, he has not got credit for this marked characteristic—susceptibility to all currents of thought that are moving in the atmosphere in which he dwells. To those who do not know him intimately, but come across him

only casually, the true inwardness of his nature does not appear. His air of rugged independence, his assertive self-respect, his want of gush, make him seem to the undiscerning a disagreeable fellow; and withal a narrow bigot, full of conceited prejudices, who is unwilling to be taught. It was some such estimate of him that was formed by Buckle, a man utterly incapable of understanding him—indeed, utterly destitute of insight into human character—and, therefore, the last man that should have attempted to deal with questions involving the exercise of the true historical faculty. Very different was the conception of the Scot which the late Dean Stanley held; a man as well qualified by those historical instincts which he possessed in so eminent a degree, and by sympathies which put him *en rapport* with his subject, as Buckle was ill-qualified. To him the Scot was an interesting study: those sermons and books and kirk-session proceedings, the reading of which the matter-of-fact Buckle avers was so distressing to him, afforded vast entertainment to the more discerning and humorous Dean. The historian of 'Civilization,' whose pet aversion was the Scottish ecclesiastic, wished to convey the notion that the people of the north were a priest-ridden and ignorant rabble, in the middle of the seventeenth century. There never was a greater mistake. At least, from the days of the Reformation onwards, the ecclesiastics of Scotland reflected the minds of the people, instead of ruling them with a rod of iron. Never was there a sermon preached that was not severely criticized. John Knox made the Scots a nation of readers and thinkers; and the prerogatives which a democratic church government gave them they made use of to the utmost. They asserted always their right to judge of the quality of the preaching which their ministers delivered. And no tougher reasoners could anywhere be found than among the peasantry of Scotland; so that they were the last

people who were to be pitied on account of the oppression under which they laboured from the dominancy of the clergy. The clergy were of the people, did what the people demanded of them—in the matter of long prayers and sermons and severe discipline as in other things. That the Scottish people could handle skilfully, in private, the themes which they heard discussed from their pulpits even Mr. Buckle admits, when he says that after 1725, 'the spirit of trade became so rife that it began to encroach on the old theological spirit which had long reigned supreme. Hitherto the Scotch had cared for little except religious polemics. In every society these had been the subject of conversation.' They were and are a people of intense convictions. What they believe, they believe with their whole heart. They held the divine authority of the Scriptures, and certain prominent principles which lie on the surface of the Bible, and which the common people called 'fundamentals.' 'Gang o'er the fundamentals,' said the auld Scotch U. P. wife to the genial Norman MacLeod, before she would hold further parley with him. But they debated every inch of ground beyond those lines. Any superstructure reared on these 'fundamentals' had need to hang well together, or their inexorable logic would pull it to pieces. The sneer of Buckle is therefore quite out of place when he says: 'The bigotry of Scotland is ill-suited to Protestantism.' But in proportion as they were wide-awake against fallacies and follies, they welcomed truth, come whence it might, whenever they recognised it. Cousin somewhere charges British philosophy with being insular. This may be true of the southern portion of the Island, but it is certainly not true of Scotland. John Bull is apt to think that he has nothing to learn from other people. Buckle was the very impersonation of this feeling. He began his work by assuming that the standard of civilization was to be

found in England. 'In England,' he remarks, 'civilization has followed a course more orderly and less disturbed than in any other country;' and, again, 'our civilization has been preserved in a more natural and healthy state.' One reason of the difference in the temperament of the two nations is that the English had, for hundreds of years, little to do with the continental races, except when they went to war with them. But the Scots had a friendly intercourse with the European nations for centuries, and drew no small amount of inspiration, especially from France, which was long her ally. Learned Scotsmen were to be found wandering over the continent visiting all the celebrated schools of Europe from the earliest times. The language of Scotland bears many traces of the close friendship that subsisted between her and the nations of Europe. The music of our country still more clearly illustrates the readiness with which the Scottish people received influences from abroad, appropriating them, and stamping them with a national character. Scottish music is a style by itself; and yet experts in these matters tell us that every so-called ancient Scottish air has been borrowed from France or Italy. The Scottish school of philosophy has, perhaps, drawn less from outside sources than any feature of her national life and distinction, and yet Hutcheson, its founder, was an Irishman, and David Hume resided many years in France before formulating his system.

It is in the department of religion especially, however, that Scotland has shown the readiest disposition to receive aid and light from all quarters. The knowledge of the Gospel first came to her across the Channel from Ireland. Buckle has dwelt upon the earnest manner in which Scottish preachers impressed upon their countrymen lessons derived from the Old Testament Scriptures. And there can be no doubt of the immense influence which the course of Jewish

history had upon both public and private affairs in Scotland. That very act of Andrew Melvill's which so appalled the Englishman to contemplate, the taking of James V. by the sleeve and calling him 'the Lord's silly vassal,' was, no doubt, inspired by the commendable courage displayed by Nathan when he brought home to King David's conscience the turpitude of his sin, by telling him, 'Thou art the man!' We have it on the testimony of another distinguished Englishman, Matthew Arnold, 'that the tendency of Old Testament teaching was on the whole to make for righteousness;' and there can be no question that the remarkable integrity of the Scot, his deep moral sense, has grown out of the close application to his conscience of the precepts of Moses. Here, again, the moral as well as mental sensitiveness of the Scot to the influences with which he is brought into contact is clearly seen. Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart, the pioneers of the Reformation in Scotland, caught the contagion on the continent, and carried it with them over into their native land. John Knox, too, who was a greater statesman than he was a divine, and who by planting a school as well as a church in every parish, contributed more than any king or queen that ever ruled the land to make Scotland what she is and has been, borrowed much of his system of church government from Geneva—a system which, though it guaranteed to the people their rights, and taught them the art of self-government, yet did not rest on their authority. The authority did not originate with themselves, but was from above, and they were, therefore, indoctrinated into the principle of respect for their rulers in both Church and State; and all along their history since, while asserting their freedom, they have been a law-abiding people, holding governments to be from God. It was only when their allegiance to the King of Kings came

into competition with what they believed they owed to their earthly sovereign, that they turned their backs upon the latter. They told Queen Mary that if she only allowed them a free gospel, she might count upon their fidelity to her throne and person.

And then, the ill-informed have very erroneous views as to the attitude of Scotland towards the rest of Protestant Christendom. Scotland's aim has been to realize catholicity, and to promote unity, on the basis of the fundamental principles of the reformed faith. It was to the pertinacity which the Scottish leaders displayed, in the middle of the 16th century, that we owe the only religious uniformity that has ever prevailed over the Protestantism of England, Ireland and Scotland—based upon the Westminster standards—as Dean Stanley so manfully and candidly pointed out in the last paper that he wrote. The English Parliament desired a political alliance between the two kingdoms, because they needed the help of the army of their northern neighbours; the Presbyterian leaders of Scotland said, 'Yes, we are willing to send you an army to help you to settle the affairs of your earthly kingdom, but at the same time we are still more concerned about the settlement of the affairs of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. And the Solemn League and Covenant was the immediate result—with the Confession of Faith, and the Directory for Worship, and the form of Church Government and the Catechisms, as the fuller result. It is alleged that these documents were dictated to the English divines by the representatives of Scotland who were present and assisting at the counsels in Westminster Abbey. No one who has given the subject any attention will repeat such an observation. It is true Scottish opinions were backed up by Scottish thews, and Baillie shrewdly observed that the military situation had a great influence in hastening or retarding certain portions of the Assem-

bly's work. But that is a very different thing from saying that the Scots' army bought the judgment of that venerable and learned Synod, or that they committed themselves to views which their consciences did not approve. All through the negotiations for securing uniformity the Scottish Commissioners conducted themselves with becoming modesty, and always exhibited a generous and accommodating spirit. More than once Henderson, their chief, by his tact and wisdom, got the Westminster divines out of a tight place. He was the champion of toleration in small matters, provided an agreement could be arrived at on important points. When the Presbyterians and the Independents got arrayed against each other, Henderson it was who suggested the appointment of a Committee on accommodation. But the chief evidence that the Scots did not get everything their own way at the Westminster Assembly, is the fact that they found fault with not a few conclusions arrived at, and yet surrendered several points to which they attached importance. In this again they displayed their mental hospitality. In a paper from the Scottish Commissioners, which was laid before the English Parliament, as well as before the Westminster Assembly, regarding the acceptance of the Directory for Worship and the form of Church Government, they point out, 'That from their zeal to uniformity according to the Covenant, having parted with some lawful customs universally practiced in that Kirk ever since the first reformation of religion, they, by their several acts,' etc., etc. Baillie tells us that the Scots ministers were accustomed to bow in the pulpit and make use of the *Gloria Patri* at the end of their lessons. They also desired to keep the office of reader in the Church, they wished the Apostles' Creed to be included in the exposition of the Catechism, and they also would have liked a belief in baptism to be

inserted in the declaration of the principles of the Church. They were wont to have two prayers before the sermon in their religious services. Herle and Nye, on behalf of the English, objected to the reading of short sentences to communicants at the Lord's Table, while the Scots, and especially Rutherford pleaded, for the continuance of this custom. And we know that on the question of the independence and supremacy of the spiritual courts, which Scotland had always demanded, the English laymen in the Assembly, backed by the voice of Parliament, carried the day in opposition to the Scots. Baillie and his colleagues from the North thought the Shorter Catechism too long for children to master. Yet in spite of these objections taken by the Scots, and objections too, it will be seen, lying generally in the line of maintaining uniformity with all other Protestant churches—to their credit let it be noted—the standards approved of at Westminster were unanimously adopted by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and ratified by the Scottish Parliament—facts that surely prove a generous desire to be in accord with the rest of Protestant Christendom. We know what the fate of the same Westminster documents was in England and Ireland; so that Prof. Masson, in his 'Life of Milton,' justly remarks:—'In God's providence it seemed as if the great Assembly, though called by an English Parliament, held on English ground, and composed of English divines, with a few Scotchmen among them, had existed and laboured after all mainly for Scotland.' Not that the people of the North needed the Englishmen's help in this business. The old Scottish Confession of the first reformation was a noble confession; at this hour some of its utterances are referred to by continental writers on symbolism as rarely noble. Yet the Scottish church of the second reformation set aside that grand old Scottish

Confession in favour of the Westminster Confession of Faith, an evidence surely of mental hospitality. Equally powerful testimony of their willingness to accept anything better than what they had, come whence it might, was the fact that they laid aside their old Psalter at the same time as their own Confession, and adopted Rous's version of the Psalms which the Westminster Assembly had approved—that rugged collection so full of grand sentiment tersely expressed, which is yet so highly prized and dearly beloved by Presbyterians. It, too, was a gift from England to Scotland—the Scots preferring it to a collection prepared by one of their own ministers, Zachary Boyd, for the sake of keeping in line with the rest of Great Britain and Ireland. In short, they accepted and appropriated whatever commended itself to their judgment and conscience, without bigotry or prejudice. And I think I am justified, finally, in observing that the facility with which Scottish Presbyterians pass over into other Protestant communions, while the people of those other communions do not reciprocate—a fact of which Presbyterian clergymen might reasonably complain—leads up to the same conclusion, that their mental hospitality qualifies them for adapting themselves to their surroundings more easily than most people.

With this mental and moral outfit which we have derived from our fathers, we, representatives of the Scottish people in the Dominion of Canada, ought to strive to fill worthily the place which God's providence has assigned us in this new land, as Mr. Rattray has shown our compatriots have done in bygone days. By maintaining the same intellectual receptiveness that has characterized our race in the past, and above all that sensitiveness of conscience and moral earnestness which will lead us heartily to embrace truth wherever we find it, and to do the things which we know

to be right, we shall be still made welcome, as our fellow-countrymen have been, wherever they have shown themselves, on the burning sands of Africa, on the marts of India, or on the plains of America. Meantime, we shall do well to call up the memories of our country. It is, no doubt, well meant advice we get, when we are told that as soon as we set foot on the virgin soil of Canada, we ought to forget that we are Scotchmen. At the same time such advice could only come from one who has no past worth cherishing. There is a show of wisdom in it; but it is as shallow as it is specious. No man can blot the past from his memory or pluck it out of his heart, and he would be a fool if he would, even if he could. Life is prosaic enough at the best, especially in a new country like ours, and in a utilitarian age; but it would be still duller if we were forbidden to cherish recollections of the days of old. What would man be without sentiment? Yet sentiment must have materials to feed on. This new land, especially our own Province of Quebec, is not without stimulating memories of its own. We are proud of our Champlain, our Laval and Maisonneuve, our Montcalm and Wolfe. We would draw inspiration from their heroic zeal, and perseverance, and patience, and hopefulness. But the record is a comparatively short one, and the supply of materials for stirring thought and emotion which it furnishes is limited. Scotland, however, the land of our sires, teems with facts and fancies, and yields an inexhaustible fund of resources for imagination to dwell on, and for reflection to occupy itself with. We shall find it health-giving to allow thought to roam over the varied and far-extending region opened up to us by Scottish story. Of course, there are traditions and traditions; as well as uses and uses to which traditions may be put. Poets love to dwell on the glo-

ries of the feudal times, when at the call of a Roderick Dhu—

‘Instant, through copse and heath, arose,
Bonnet and spears, and bended bows,—
And every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife,’

It may be very pleasant to let imagination sport itself with such scenes, but no sane man would wish those times back again. They who would restore the days when clansmen counted themselves honoured in being permitted to follow the MacCailein Mor into scenes of strife and plunder, would probably be speedily disenchanted by a touch of the quality of the treatment which the chieftain of old dealt out to his vassals. It is the veriest moonshine to hanker after those times; and if fondly held traditions were to have the effect of setting us absurdly dreaming about bringing back the feudal age to Scotland, or even of seeking to separate her destinies from those of England, then the sooner we blotted them from our memories the better. And I am glad to believe that while Scotsmen love no other land so well as ‘Caledonia stern and wild,’ their attachment to it is held under the control of common sense. But while we would not have the scenes of Scottish history re-enacted, we are free to draw inspiration from them, at once for the liberalizing and adorning of our minds by sentiments of chivalry and patriotism, and for the shaping of our conduct in this new land, which has been given us to dwell in. Speaking of what our fathers achieved, Mr. Rattray, in his ‘History of the Scot in B. N. A.,’ has well said, ‘The thorny path was trodden through blood and tears, that we might enter upon the heritage to till and enjoy it.’ The past is ours, and we shall remain children all our days, unless we make use of its lessons. Mr. Rattray again remarks, ‘The stimulus necessary in the initial stage of colonial progress must be drawn from older lands.’ The cherishing of the

memories of the Mother Country is no-wise inconsistent with the feelings we owe to 'this Canada of ours.' We are all at one in holding that our first duty is to 'the land we live in.' And it is worthy of our heartiest emotion. The past history of this country has been on the whole creditable; its institutions are almost everything that could be desired; and its future is full of promise. Let us, then, give ourselves up to promoting the welfare of the Dominion, as we are able. Love of the land of our fathers will rather help than hinder us in our endeavours to build up a new nationality in this western world. He who has recollections of an honourable and virtuous and cheerful home in his father's house is not less likely, on account of such a standard before him, to succeed in erecting an honourable and virtuous and cheerful home for himself, when he sets up house on his own account. I have remarked that we have not an extended past in Canada, the recollection of which might stimulate us to attempt great things; but that is a lack which every new year that passes over us will go to supply. 'Nationality is a growth and not a spasm or gush.' It is coming on fast with us, and God-speed it. We have only to look back upon the history of the land to which we owe our origin, to see what men will do and dare on behalf of their country. No nationality has produced a larger crop of patriots than the people of Scotland; and to love and labour for his country is one of the lessons, 'writ large,' which each of us ought to learn from our fathers. Modern thought, by its searching analysis, would reduce patriotism and every other virtue to forms of selfishness;

but if love of country is selfishness, it is, at least, selfishness sublimated. Our lives are largely made up of associations—first those in which our childhood was spent; then the surroundings of our youth, and afterwards the places we carve out for ourselves in the world. Our universe is confined to our personal experience and surroundings, and it is a blessed feature of our nature that we get attached to them—we live in the past which they afford, and are wonderfully satisfied with them, as memory calls them up in after days. Love of home and love of country grow out of our experience; and if it is true that attachments are conditioned by experience, we cannot be cosmopolitan, caring for all lands and all persons alike, because our habitation on earth is bounded, and our personal knowledge of countries and institutions is limited. Until man becomes an angel, and is able to go where he wills, habit will make him care for his surroundings, and so he will cherish with fondness his own kindred and country.

A right reading of the history of Scotland ought to teach us to desire and promote the fusion of races already found in Canada, or that they may hereafter be attracted to our shores. The remarkable product of the commingling of peoples in Auld Scotia, to which attention has just been drawn, may well encourage us to look forward to the time when Englishmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Scotsmen shall be merged into a new Canadian race, a people combining in themselves the excellencies of these several nationalities, but from whom all their failings will be eliminated.

THE TRYSTING-PLACE REVISITED.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., TORONTO.

ON city mart and garden
 Night falls at last—
 With frosts which fierce winds harden—
 As pacing fast,
 I seek the trysting-place
 To which no tryst gives grace
 For me to-night, who face,
 Alone, the Past !

The Past—whose dream was Pleasure,
 Whose waking, Pain—
 Youth's haste—and Manhood's leisure
 Of penance vain !
 Such thoughts, wild-woven so
 Were mine a week ago ;
 Such, pacing to and fro,
 I weave again !

But thoughts no longer aimless
 Nor painful now,
 Since beamed on me that blameless
 Benignant brow,
 Since where faint lamps resist
 The dreary winter mist
 You came to keep your tryst,
 Your troth avow.

You came, a pure hope hidden
 From bygone years,
 You came, a joy unhidden
 By sordid fears !
 So may your presence prove
 A gift from God above :
 Whom Passion learns to love,
 Whom Love reveres.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT DUBLIN.*

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMY AND TRADE.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S ADDRESS.

THE two sides of the Atlantic are now no longer aliens to each other. Thanks to the conquests of practical science, and to the unquenchable hopefulness of Cyrus Field, the estranging sea, as Horace calls it, estranges Europe from America no more. Speed and facility of intercommunication, not only unifying the mind of the world, but bringing into far closer partnership than before the producers in all nations, form economically, as well as intellectually and socially, one of the most momentous of the changes with which this eventful age is rife. Would that the happiness of mankind, and the peace, good-will and sense of human brotherhood, which are its ordained conditions, were advancing with a step as rapid as the march of science! Of the various economical questions, that which naturally presents itself first to the mind of one speaking in Ireland is the land question. We can hardly be said to have had on the American continent anything deserving the name of an agrarian movement. With us the landlord and the tenant system, as a general rule, does not yet exist. The tiller is also the owner of the soil. The mass of the land, both in the United States and in Canada, is held in freehold farms, seldom exceeding in extent 160 acres, which is the measure of the original grants, and about as much as a farmer and his family can till. Hired labour is rare and expensive. There are farms and ranches of immense extent in the new States of the West and in California; but they are in the hands of the owners, who are cultivators on a colossal scale, not let out to tenants as they

would be here. Local controversies and even disturbances we have had. There was what was called, with doubtful accuracy, the Anti-Rent Movement in the State of New York, which was a rising attended with some acts of violence against the payments to the Patroons, as they were styled—the semi-feudal lords of the great Van Renselaer and Schuyler estates created in the Dutch colonial times. In Prince Edward Island there was a popular resistance to the insufferable land monopoly of the 16 grantees, among whom the whole island had been parcelled out by a fantastic assumption of sovereignty over the realms of nature on the part of the British Crown, and in the end the grantees were compelled to accept a compromise. The feudal seignories established by the Bourbon Monarchy in French Canada were also found to be oppressive, and were abolished, compensation being accorded to the seigniors. But no one of these cases can be said to have presented a real analogy in character, much less in extent, to the conflict between landlord and tenant in Ireland. Agrarianism in a speculative form has indeed found its way from Europe to the other side of the Atlantic, and the controversy has been stimulated by the Irish agitation. Theorists have advocated the abolition of private property in land, in which they fancy they have discovered the universal source of pauperism. Their reasonings appear to me to be little more than the old tirades against capital in a new dress, and with a specially irrational limitation to the case of capital invested in land. Facts constantly before our eyes tell us that pauperism springs from a number of causes with which no system of land-ownership has anything to do—from idleness, intemperance, disease, changes

* A Paper by Professor Goldwin Smith, President of the Economy and Trade Department, delivered at Dublin, Oct. 7, 1881.

in the course of trade, which often deprive thousands of their bread, as well as from sheer over-population, the frequent existence of which it is ridiculous to deny, and which, in the absence of popular self-restraint, cannot be prevented by any land system, or anything in the power of Government from producing its natural effects. There is plenty of pauperism in great commercial cities, such as Venice, or the old Free Cities of Germany, where land-ownership can barely be said to exist, much less to form a factor of importance in the economical condition of the people. There is comparatively little in rural districts of France, where private ownership of land is emphatically the basis of society, but where thrift, the offspring of proprietorship, reigns, and the increase of population is not great. The theorists of whom I speak propose that the State should heal the social disease by a sweeping confiscation of landed property, and, as they are careful to add, without compensation to the owners. To confiscate one kind of property is to destroy all. It is to destroy the working man's property in his earnings as well as the land-owner's property in his land. It is to break open the savings bank as well as the rich man's coffers. What security can there be for any kind of ownership, great or small, if the State itself turn robber? Supposing even that the system of private property in land were proved to be wrong, the error has been that of the community as a whole; all nations through their Legislatures have sanctioned the system and pledged their faith in every possible form to those who were laying out their labour and money in that way. If the steps of society are now to be retraced, if the rule is to be changed, common justice requires that this should be done at the expense of the community generally, not at the expense of one particular class. Legislative arbitration between conflicting interests whose differences cannot otherwise be settled and whose conflict shakes the State is a different thing from confiscation; it is in itself an evil, because it impairs respect for contracts, the life of commerce and the basis of all prosperity; but when necessary it is moral, and it takes from the nominal owner nothing that he can practically enjoy. Flagrant abuse of proprietary rights may also afford ground for interference, particularly in the case

of land, which is the basis of national existence. Owners could not be allowed to indulge their fancies if their fancies were fatal to production; the institution of property was made for man, not man for the institution of property. But confiscation, in the true sense of the term, must always be an economical blunder, as well as a political crime. It will certainly discourage industry, and therefore it will certainly diminish production. Theorists on the other side of the Atlantic seemed to fancy that the Irish movement was communistic. I ventured to assure them that it was nothing of the kind, and that no one was in fact less of a communist than the Irish farmer; that he was fighting, not against private ownership of land, but to make himself the private owner. I ventured to say that if they approached him with the proposal that his farm should be thrown open to the community, or to humanity at large, they would run some risk of being answered with arguments which would penetrate the thickest skull. Private ownership the cause of pauperism! What else has sustained the industry which has made the land bring forth its fruits? Who would reclaim the wilderness, clear away the forest, pull up the pine stumps, or painfully guide the plough among them, and bear all the hardships of a settler's life, if the land after all was not to be his own? What was it that turned the sands of Belgium into a garden? What is it that has given birth to the inexhaustible wealth of France? That land system must be the best for the whole community which makes the land yield most food. Notoriously, nothing is so stimulating to productive industry as ownership. Agrarian communism would be famine, unless you were to put the whip of the slave-driver into the hands of the Government. Even so, you would never get the harvests which are raised by the French and Belgian land-owners. These extreme theories, however, it is fair to their authors to say, are merely the thoroughgoing expression of tentative and somewhat misty doctrines promulgated by high authorities about the special claims of the State on those whose property happens to consist of land. One illustrious writer suggests that the State might appropriate, not the land itself, but what he terms the unearned increment—that is, everything which is added to the value of the land

otherwise than by the exertions of the owner. But the net of this theory will be found on examination to enclose such a multitude of fishes that it breaks. Unearned increment is not peculiar to land. I buy a pair of boots. Next day leather goes up—here we have unearned increment. Has the State a right to take toll of my boots? Every judicious investment rises in value, even an investment in literary culture, if the public taste happens to improve. Every kind of property is the subject of unearned increment, and also, be it observed, of unmerited decrement, which no one asks the State to make good. It is argued that in land there are natural elements and forces which no man ought to be allowed to appropriate to himself. There are natural elements and forces in everything—in one's coat or hat, which by this rule may be legislated off one's back or head. It is said that Providence has given the land. Providence gives everything, including the sinews and the brain of man. If the land is common, so must be all the products of the land, and we shall be entitled to repudiate our milk bills because the cow grazes on the field. The people, we are told, have a right to live on land. Undoubtedly they have; and that they may live and not starve the land ought to be made to bring forth as much food, and food of as good quality, as possible, which can be done only by giving to the industry of the husbandman the incentive of private ownership. Agrarians point to the common ownership of land which prevailed in ancient communities, and relics of which survive in the village communities of the Russians and Hindoos. This was the rule of barbarism, to which, when it has been discarded by experience, it would be strange to ask civilization to return. It does not appear that in regard to production, which is the essential part of the matter, the Russian Mir is a very bright example. But neither the Hindoo village nor the Russian Mir is a real instance of agrarian communism. They are merely instances of joint-stock property in land. Squat upon the land of a village community in the name of the nation or of humanity, and you will be turned off with as little compunction as if you had squatted on the land of an individual proprietor. There is generally supposed to be some mystery, and as agrarians

think a mystery of iniquity, about rent. Rent is simply what is paid for the use of land. It is not always proportioned to the productiveness of land as certain definitions assume, but sometimes to other circumstances, such as situation. A piece of land which it would not pay at all to cultivate will bring a high rent if it is so situated that it is capable of being used as a place of recreation for the inhabitants of a great city. It happens that in English there are different names for the hire of land or houses and for the hire of a chattel; but in other languages—Greek, for instance—there is no such distinction. That land, by the investment of labour and capital on it, has become productive enough to yield a rent to an owner, besides supporting the cultivator, is apparently no loss to society, but a gain. Unfortunately it has happened, partly through the retention of feudal land laws, that rent has to a great extent been in idle hands. Idle wealth, no matter of what kind it may be, is always an evil both to the possessor and the community. Whether you are a landowner or a fundowner matters not; it is always miserable and ignoble to live in uselessness by the sweat of other men's brows. But the evil can be cured or lessened only by the growth of a higher morality. Agrarian legislation would pluck up the wheat with the tares, for, once more, an attack on any kind of property is an attack on all. It is true land has in some measure provoked these special attacks. It has used its political power for the purpose of keeping itself surrounded with *quasi*-feudal privileges, when the mediæval system, military, political, and judicial, had been long defunct. We are feeling the effects of a reaction against feudalism which runs into the extreme of agrarian communism. In time opinion will settle down to the commercial system, which is the best for production, and, therefore, the best for us all. Mention has been made of the large tracts of land which are in the hands of individual owners in the Western American Continent. Some think that the system is growing, and that it is likely to work, not only an economical, but a social change. If an economical change is produced, a social change will certainly follow; no general law is better known to the student of politics than this. But, from what I can learn, the tendency, as the country becomes more peopled, is to the parcelling out of great holdings. At

all events, we may be sure that the governing principle will be commercial, that the great landowner, if he continues to exist, will be simply a producer of grain on an extended scale, and that nothing like feudal relations or sentiments will spring up on a soil in which feudalism has never been able to take root. From agrarian communism the transition is natural to communism of the more general kind. To all the varieties the American climate is unpropitious, because a large proportion of the people are landowners, and almost all either hold property of some sort or hope to hold it before they die. That brilliant bookmaker, the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon, possessed his numerous readers with the belief that communistic societies occupied a large space in the United States. The space which they really occupy is hardly larger than that which was occupied in England by the Agapemone. There have been, I suppose, some thirty or forty of these curious experiments in all. A few of them have been successful in their way; most of them have failed, and among the failures are all those founded on the principle of Owen, which is Socialism proper, as the idyllic Utopia organized for a summer day by a group of literary men and women at Brook Farm. The law of success or failure is certain, and is easily discerned. Celibate communities succeed; they are not broken up by the conflict of family interests, and, having no children to feed, if they are industrious they grow rich. Thus the Shakers prosper. A celibate association of German enthusiasts in Pennsylvania prospered, and, having become a sort of tontine, was likely to leave its last surviving member a millionaire. The Oneida community prospered while it was celibate and childless; but the union of the sexes having been introduced, though in a strange and revolting way, the community is now breaking up. I visited it some years ago and found its members living very comfortably in their common mansion with all luxuries, including a place of seclusion for practising on the piano, and supported by the revenues derived from their three large factories, in which they employed hired labour of the ordinary kind. It is needless to say that, having a large property, they had ceased to be desirous of making proselytes. Perhaps a religious character and a prophet, who is also a strong ruler, such as Mr. Noyes was in the Oneida

community, should be included among the conditions of success. Such eccentricities obviously can throw no light on any social problem. At most they testify to the existence of a sort of yearning for closer fellowship which may hereafter find gratification in other ways. Mormonism is not communistic. Individual industry and private property are its law. Its peculiarity is the despotic rule of the Prophet, who, however coarse his character, however strange his moral aberrations, must be admitted, in a purely economical point of view, to have been successful, and to have led his people through the wilderness to a land flowing with milk and honey. His followers were to a large extent peasants nurtured in the most enthusiastic form of Methodism, and in whose hearts millenarian reveries were united with the longings of the overworked and the hungry for the improvement of their earthly lot. Mormonism is probably about the last of the religious Utopias; the Utopias of the present day are Utopias, not of religion, but of social science. Of that Socialism which in Europe hangs like a thundercloud over society, emitting such flashes of lightning as Intransigentism and Nihilism, there is, for the reason already given, very little in the United States. There is very little, at least, that is of native origin. The overcrowding, the suffering, the oppressive military systems, the political disturbances of the Old World, send Socialists to the United States, and a few even to Canada. A semi-socialistic constitution was imposed the other day on the State of California by the Sandloters, as the extreme social democracy of San Francisco is called, under the leadership of Mr. Dennis Kearney; but it seems not to have gone into operation, and the star of Mr. Dennis Kearney himself has paled. Property has its old guard in the freehold farmers, who, if it came to anything like a trial of strength, would be more than a match for the socialistic populace of the great cities. Liberty, with the love of which the people are thoroughly imbued, is opposed, as much as property, to Socialism. For Socialism is despotism in the supposed interest of the artisan. It would invest its industrial and social government with powers far more extensive and tyrannical than those which any political autocrat wields, and in killing liberty it would also kill progress. The first problem which a Socialist is called

upon to solve is political. He has first to devise a Government so pure, so wise, and so impartial as to be fit to be intrusted with absolute power, not only over the citizen, but over the worker, and, indeed, over the whole man, a Government the compulsory action of which might be safely substituted for natural motive in the industrial and social, as well as in the political department. His next problem will be how to bring his system into operation. The establishment of an artisan despotism will be resisted to the death by the other classes, and the entrance to social felicity will be through a civil war. Socialists and all who incline that way constantly talk of the State and of its duties. It is the duty of the State, they say, to educate everybody, to form the character of everybody, to provide work for everybody, whether there happens to be work enough or not. Duties can attach only to persons. To the persons composing the Government there attach such duties as may have been imposed upon them by the community, and these alone. The State is not a person or a conclave of persons; it is merely an abstraction, or rather, in the conception of Socialistic theorists, it is the lingering shadow of that paternal despotism which was personal with a vengeance, but of which it might have been supposed that the world had made sufficient trial. In representing society as an organism, physical sociologists have, no doubt, gone too far; a good deal of physical metaphor is being converted into philosophy just now. But the organism view is nearer the truth than that of a personal State, placed outside society, and having society in its charge. Any proposal to parcel out the industrial and commercial world into phalansteries, chimerical as it would be anywhere, is most glaringly chimerical when applied to a continent, occupied in its whole extent by a vast partnership of closely connected industries, and covered with a network of commercial communications; in which, it may be added, the workman is particularly migratory in his habits, and unless he should totally change, his character would not bear the thought of being bound, as the phalanstery would bind him, to a single spot. I think it may be said that meantime an unforced and most salutary communism gains ground in the United States through the increasing sense of social duty on the part of the rich. Not only

that property has its duties as well as its rights, but that the duties are, at least, as great a source of happiness as the rights, is the practical conviction of many a rich American, as the extraordinary number of foundations and the amount of munificence of every description show. In no community, I believe, is wealth held to a greater extent for the public benefit. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the impossibility of spending money on large establishments of servants, in a country where no servant will take orders from another, and also to the absence of titles and other inducements to found a family which compel a millionaire who is desirous of distinction to seek it by becoming a benefactor of the public. But the fact remains the same. You see the rich Americans who come over to squander their lightly-won fortunes in the pleasure cities of Europe, and fancy that these represent the tendencies of wealth in the United States; but you do not see the rich Americans who are living far different lives at home. Trade unionism is not communism. It aims at insuring justice to the workman in the bargain between him and the capitalist who employs him, and at elevating his character and social condition. Those who pleaded its cause in earlier days may, I think, now have the satisfaction of saying that, in spite of errors and faults, it has really served both these purposes, and that, notwithstanding occasional outrages, it has, on the whole, rendered trade disputes more legal and less violent in their character than they used to be in former times. We have now no Luddite riots, though we have still things which are to be deplored. Trade unionism, however, like communism, is an offspring of the Old World imported by emigrants into the United States, where, down to a comparatively recent period, it could hardly be said to exist. The native American is generally too independent to brook the restraints of a union, and he has always felt able to make his own bargain with the employer; nor in a land of self-made men, where almost all the masters have set out in life as workmen, is there the sharp social division which here, I take it, helps to generate and to embitter industrial war. The size of the continent, and the migratory habits of the workmen, to which I have already adverted, are also unfavourable to the organization of compact unions. Bad

unionist outrages were committed by the Molly-Maguire in the mining district of Pennsylvania; but curiosity having led me to the scene, I satisfied myself that the men were foreigners, fresh from the labour wars of the Old World. A few years ago there was a disturbance on a much larger scale and of a more ominous kind, the chief scene of which was Pittsburg. This began with a union or league of unions, but it spread to the tramps and other loose and disorderly characters, by whom, I believe, the worst of the outrages were committed. The necessity was then clearly revealed of having, in a country which is always receiving multitudes of the malcontent and turbulent spirits of the Old World, a sufficient regular force to prevent these immigrants from overturning public order and ruining their own hopes at the same time. Democratic society, however, feeling that it rests on the solid basis of justice, is not apt to endure encroachment on the part of trade unions any more than on that of any other interest or class. The great fact which those who engage in strikes have always to keep before their minds is, that their real employer is not the master, though he pays the wages, but the community which buys the work, and which cannot be driven by any amount of striking to give more than it thinks the work is worth; so that the master may be ruined and the trade may be wrecked before any increase of payment is obtained by the working man. There is no community in which this truth is likely to be brought home to those who strike for exorbitant wages more speedily than in the United States. I should say, however, that in America strikes were more often for increase of leisure than for increase of wages, and if the leisure is even tolerably well employed, this must be regarded as a sign of advancing civilization. I spoke of tramps, or as they would be called in this country, vagrants. It is painful to report that the appearance of tramps or vagrants in increasing numbers has become a subject of anxiety, both in the United States and in Canada. It is difficult to get at the real cause. In the United States, I have heard the opinion expressed that many of the tramps are old soldiers, and that the army which at the close of the Civil War seemed to have melted away almost by magic into the industrial population, has thus after all

come back in another form upon the nation. It is not unlikely, indeed it may be taken as certain, that the habits of many were permanently unsettled by five years of military life. But having been practically engaged in the investigation in connection with the city charities of Toronto, I was led to the conclusion that most of these men were emigrants of restless and wandering disposition. Much, however, must be laid to the account of climate. During the long and severe winter many trades are suspended, and though, during the summer, wages are high, temptations are numerous and providence is not universal, though far more common than might be supposed. Some of the tramps certainly work in summer and beg only in the winter. The nomad after all is not yet wholly worked out of us; the tourist with his knapsack in Switzerland, as well as the gipsy, show that there is still a charm in a wandering life; and there are, perhaps, not a few among these tramps of whom good use might be made if a calling which had in it something of movement and enterprise could be found for them. In the United States, and still more in Canada, where the forests are the greatest source of national wealth, there is urgent need of a forest guard to prevent reckless destruction and especially to save the forests from the fires which, as you see, ravage them in dry summer, and, though sometimes caused by lightning, are usually caused by negligence in leaving camp fires burning, and sometimes even by malice. Some of the tramps might, perhaps, make good forest guards. In Toronto we are about to institute, for the reception of these men, a sort of casual ward, with the indispensable labour test. In the great cities of the New World pauperism is beginning to appear. It is a melancholy fact, and we admit it with reluctance, but we are everywhere looking forward to the necessity of a public provision for the poor. The first step towards this is the union of the different private charities of the city under a central board of administration or reference. In Philadelphia, Boston, and Buffalo, admirable organizations of this kind have been set on foot. It seems very sad that in a young country and in a land of promise the social malady of the old country should have so soon appeared. But we must remember that, though young in years, America is al-

ready old in progress ; she has lived ten centuries in one. Her cities equal those of Europe in wealth and size, and are fast coming up to them in magnificence ; it could hardly be expected that they would be exempted from the fell attendant of urban greatness. After all, the poor quarters of any American city, even the Five Points, at New York, does not approach in size, and hardly equals in squalor, the poor quarters in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow. I went the other day to look at the poor quarter of Philadelphia, and, really, without the help of the friend who guided me, I should hardly have known when I was in it. It is needless to say that political circumstances make this question one of special gravity in the United States. Destitution on a large scale would be fearfully dangerous in combination with universal suffrage. Public education is the sheet-anchor of the democracy, and as to the necessity of maintaining it there is, I believe, no serious difference of opinion on the Continent. Yet even this, like other good things, has its attendant shadow of evil. At least, the general impression is that the system of education in the public schools has something to do with the growing tendency of country people to leave the farms and to flock into the cities in quest of the lighter callings and the social pleasures of a city life. Certain it is that the tendency exists, and that callings of the lighter kind are greatly overcrowded, almost as much overcrowded as they are in England. If you advertise for a clerk or secretary, or even for a shopman, in New York, you will get nearly as many applications as you would get here. It is a fact which men of education who think of emigrating to America are earnestly recommended to lay to heart. The result, as there seems reason to fear, will in time be an educated proletariat of a very miserable and, perhaps, dangerous kind. Nothing can be more wretched or more explosive than destitution, with the social humiliation which attends it, in men whose sensibilities have been quickened and whose ambition has been aroused. People are being led to the conviction that, at all events, the education given in the public schools and at the expense of the community ought to be of a strictly practical character, and that the door should be closed against ambitious programmes, which engender a false conceit of knowledge and supe-

riority to common work. There are, also, some who think that the multiplication of universities and of facilities for taking degrees without any special aptitude for learning or science has already gone far enough. We have not an unlimited market for graduates, any more than there is for shopmen or mechanics ; and the pleasant idea that a youth, after receiving a university education and taking a degree, will go back to common callings and elevate them by his culture has not as yet been borne out by the facts. In connexion with this class of question, it may be mentioned that an attempt is being made to introduce co-operation on an extensive scale into Canada, by the establishment of an association at Montreal, with branches in other cities of the Dominion. It is distributive, not productive, co-operation that forms the object of the association. In truth, the two kinds of co-operation have nothing in common, and the application of the same name to both is practically misleading as well as verbally incorrect ; it makes people fancy that the two things are connected and that, as one of them is feasible, the other must be feasible also. Distributive co-operation is not really co-operation at all ; it is merely a combination of consumers to buy direct from the whole-sale merchants, and thereby to save what had hitherto gone as profit to the retail dealer. Nothing can be more simple or more practicable, and the system is evidently destined to extend itself, at least, in the cities ; for in the country its application is more difficult, though our Farmer's Granges in Canada aim, I believe, at something of the kind. There can be no doubt as to the improvement which the ready-money system enforced in the co-operative stores makes in the habits and condition of the working class. Sympathy is due to the retail tradesman, who finds his calling and subsistence thus imperilled. We cannot wonder at his anxiety or even at his tendency to use his political influence against the advancing foe in that which must appear to him a matter of economical life or death. The suffering of those who have subsisted by the outgoing system is the sad part of many an economical improvement. Hard and cheerless is the lot of many of the atoms in the great body corporate unless they have some interest and some hope in the progress of the whole. The life of a small retail tradesman, however, is,

perhaps, not one of the happiest, or one the reduced sphere of which when the thing is done and the pang is over there will be much reason to deplore. It must in a great many cases be one of extreme uncertainty and of bitter anxiety. Watch any street of small shops; how frequent are the changes and what protracted agonies of failure do those changes often denote. Many who who are now shopkeepers, it may be hoped, will find a less precarious employment as clerks in the co-operative stores. Great houses, such as that of Stewart at New York, already employ a large number of this class, and are essentially applications of the co-operative principle in another form. This case of the retail trader is not the only one of the kind, nor is he the only sufferer by the mighty changes which are going on in the course and the living machinery of trade. Increased facility of communication, especially between the two continents, is bringing the great merchant into the direct relation with the producer in other countries, and superseding a number of intermediate agencies by which multitudes have hitherto made their bread. Of productive co-operation no important instance has fallen under my notice in America. Mere premiums on the success of the business, given to the workmen in the shape of increased wages or in any other shape, while the capitalist retains the control, are instances of friendly and judicious enlistment of the working men's interest in his employer's work, but they are not instances of productive co-operation. In America, besides the ordinary difficulties arising from the want of a capital which can wait for the market and of a guiding mind, an obstacle would in this case again be found in the unwillingness of the mechanic to tie himself to one spot. In France the workman is more stationary as well as more apt in his general character for association and more amenable to control.

To turn to a different class of subjects, though not one unconnected with socialistic tendencies. The Legal Tender Act, putting into forced circulation a flood of inconvertible paper, to which the Federal Government resorted during the Civil War, has been the unhappy parent of a long series of currency agitations which has kept commerce in a constant state of disquietude, and has hardly yet come completely to an end.

It may be presumed that in an assemblage of economists there are few who have any doubt as to the character of that measure. It was in effect a forced loan, not the less unjust and pernicious because it assumed the form of legislative fraud and not of despotic violence. Whatever political lawyers occupying the bench of justice might say, it was a violation on the largest scale of that article of the Constitution which forbids any legislation breaking the faith of contracts. It enabled debtors to rob their creditors of 50 per cent of the debt by paying them in depreciated paper. It demoralized commerce and taught the people, who were too keen-sighted not to understand its real nature, a fatal lesson of dishonesty. It introduced confusion into prices, rendered the value of wages uncertain, and thereby brought on industrial disputes and strikes of which there had been hardly any instance before. It set up that mightiest and most noxious of national gambling tables, the Gold Room of New York. Its authors may plead the pressure of desperate necessity, and may, no doubt, assert with truth that their motives were patriotic, but the character of the measure ought not to be forgotten so long as we are threatened with repetitions or imitations of it. That there were inauspicious precedents for the measure we all know. There was the paper currency of the Revolutionary War, by means of which Washington himself was robbed of his private property while he was saving the country, and the effects of which, social and moral, as well as commercial, were such that Tom Paine, no straightlaced economist, seriously proposed that death should be the penalty of attempting to revive the system. There were the French assignats, which, it is just to say, were, in the first instance, land-script issued in good faith and based on lands really in the hands of the State, though an unprincipled and delirious Government soon began to drink more deeply of the seductive cup. There was also the suspension of specie payments in England at the crisis of the French war—a departure from principle of a mitigated character—yet a departure, and calamitous in its result. It is hardly necessary to say that, even in its strictly financial aspect, the Legal Tender Act was a blunder as well as a crime. In the upshot it greatly increased instead of

diminishing the burden of the debt. Far better would it have been, far better under similar circumstances will it always be, when taxation has reached its limits, to go honestly into the market and borrow at the best attainable rate, however high that rate may be. The transaction will really be less onerous to the nation, while the most precious of all possessions, the national credit, will be preserved. I was in the United States at the time, and to me it appeared that the people, if the politicians had only trusted them, were prepared for the better and wiser course. It is wonderful that, after receiving such a lesson in the use of paper currency from their legislators, and in spite of the plausible fallacies breathed by demagogues into the public ear, the people should have declared for resumption, and for the honourable payment of the debt in gold. Their good sense came to the aid of their integrity, and told them that the forfeiture of the public credit would to a commercial nation be, not only disgrace, but ruin. They have been rewarded by a national prosperity to which history affords no parallel. Yet, as might have been expected, the agitation in favour of an inflated paper currency, greenbackism as it is called, continued, and it found, as everything that has votes will find, allies and advocates among the politicians. Nor is it dead yet, though for the time it has received its *quietus* from the revival of trade, and the patient, feeling the tide of health once more running through his veins, has thrown his patent medicines to the dogs. In Canada during the commercial depression we had a movement in favour of what is called national currency—that is, a large issue of inconvertible paper, which upon the return of prosperity began to subside. If we should be so unfortunate as to have two or three bad harvests, and our farmers should go on piling up mortgage debt as they are doing now, it is to be feared we may hear of national currency again. Not that any one doubts that paper money has theoretic advocates who are perfectly honest and sincere. I could point to Canadians as upright as any men in the world, who are profoundly convinced that it is in their power not only to flood the country with wealth, but almost to create universal happiness, and wipe the tears from all faces by issuing an unlimited number of promissory notes and re-

fusing payment. This is the true description of an inconvertible paper currency. A bank-note is nothing more than a promissory note for so much gold, payable on presentation of the note. All the notes issued under the American Legal Tender Act, and the other Acts of the same description, have, I believe, hitherto preserved the promissory form. If that form is to be discarded, and the simple denomination of a pound or a dollar substituted, as the Fiat money men propose, they will have to tell us what a pound or a dollar is if it is not a certain weight of gold. They tell us it is a certain proportion of the general wealth of the country, on which, as an aggregate, their currency is based. But what proportion? What does the paper sovereign specially represent, and to what will it entitle me? To a sheep, or only to a leg of mutton? To a coat, or only to a pair of shoes? How am I ever to tell what I have in my pocket? This is the first objection, but there is another which is much more fatal. The general wealth of the country is not, like the gold in the Treasury, the property of the Government; it is the property of individual owners; and the State, in giving me a ticket for a portion of it, under the form of a piece of Fiat paper money, would be simply giving me a license to pillage my neighbour. The Government has nothing but the right of taxation, bounded by the necessities of the State. Of course, if it is sovereign and despotic, it can give A an order for B's coat, but in doing so it would be committing an act of spoliation. The gold in the Treasury which, on the face of an honest bank-note, it promises to pay, is its own. These fallacies seem to arise from failure to grasp very simple facts. People when they use paper currency of the ordinary kind naturally enough fancy that they buy with paper. It is needless to say that they do not buy with paper in using a bank-note any more than in using a cheque. In both cases they buy with the gold for which the bank-note or cheque is an order. When a man receives a bank-note there is placed to his credit at the bank so much gold payable on demand. The piece of paper itself has no value, nor can any legislation give it any. No act of Government can possibly give anything value. Government by putting its stamp on the piece of gold assures the taker that it is of the proper weight

and quality ; but the value is in the gold itself. The gold is the real equivalent of the article purchased. Trade, it is said, was originally barter. It is barter still, though a particular commodity is adopted as the standard. Nothing is given except in return for its real equivalent. The gold, I repeat, is equal in value to the article purchased. But this is not always clearly seen, because one of the elements in the value of the precious metals, the principal element, indeed, is not material, but immaterial. At first they were chosen on account of natural qualities, their beauty, their durability, their portability, together with their rarity ; but now, in addition to these, they have the position given them by immemorial, universal, and practically immutable prescription as the circulating medium of the world. The Jacobins tried to change the chronological era, and to make history date from the first year of their Republic. To change the circulating medium of all nations would be nearly as desperate an undertaking. It by no means follows, because value is immaterial, that it is conventional and not real. The value of a diamond, as a material object, is as nothing compared with the value which it has acquired by ages of prescription as an established sign of wealth and social rank. This is a matter of fancy, perhaps ; but the value, while the fancy lasts, is not the less real. Of course, an enormous find of diamonds or gold would destroy the value in either case. I venture to think that even Mr. Mill has not always a perfectly firm hold of these facts. He speaks of money as a ticket, and a mere instrument of exchange. If this were so, perhaps other tickets might be produced at the will of Government. The Fiat money men point to postage stamps as an instance of value put into paper by Government. But a postage stamp is a receipt for a payment made to the Government in gold, in consideration of which the Government undertakes to carry the letter to which the receipt is affixed. Of course, if Government chooses, in virtue of its sovereign authority, to enact that the inconvertible paper shall be accepted in payment of debts—if it chooses, in other words, to issue licenses of repudiation, the paper for a time will have a value with a vengeance. But, as we know, it will be only for a time, even though the Government, like that of France in the Reign

of Terror, should back the currency with the guillotine. The Fiat money men are not agreed whether they will receive their own money for taxes. Those a robust faith say they will, but there are others who have an inkling of the fatal truth. But, as some American said in this discussion, if the Government can print off as much money as it pleases, why does it come pestering me for taxes at all ? About the merits of legal tender with inconvertibility most of us are of one mind. But why should we admit legal-tender notes at all ? Why should people be compelled to take anybody's paper, that of a Government more than that of a private banker or trader, as gold ? If the Government is solvent, no practical wrong is done. But all Governments are not solvent. A principle is broken, the ideas of the people are confused, and the door is open which leads to the downward path. The other day the Canadian Government, finding itself pinched, took power to issue more legal-tender paper. The Government was perfectly solvent, and acted in good faith ; but the measure produced some disquietude, and not without cause. In England commerce has a firm control over currency legislation ; in the communities on the other side of the water it has not so firm a control, and tampering with the currency is the demagogue's favourite game. Perhaps, with reference to America, at all events, one might even go further and ask whether it would not be better that Government should entirely confine itself to its necessary duty of putting its stamp on the coin. Why should it issue bank-notes at all ? Why should it issue bank-notes any more than any other kind of paper ? There is a feeling that it ought to appropriate to itself, for the benefit of the nation, the profits of this particular business. But why of this business more than of discounting, or of lending, or of banking ? Government cannot determine the quantity of paper needed at any moment. Nothing can determine that but the number and extent of transactions. The action of the private banks is regulated by the number and extent of the transactions ; they cannot help expanding and contracting their circulation with the need. The Bank Charter Act has been three times suspended, of course not without the inconvenience and injustice which attend arbitrary intervention, and it seems at periods of

tightness to have the effect of producing a sort of hysterical constriction, which aggravates the evil. Private banks of issue with proper regulations as to reserve and inspection seem to have gone very well through the crisis, both in the United States and in Canada. They are under the law, and we have no reason to apprehend laxity in enforcing the law against them; on the contrary, there is nothing of which the politicians are fonder than bullying the banks. But the Government is above law, and it may be in unscrupulous hands. The money trade, surely, is like any other trade, and falls as little as any other trade within the province of political government. In the ordinary course of commerce, bank-notes issued by a private bank, though not legal tender, cannot practically be refused. This is the ground, and a sufficient ground, for precautionary legislation of a special kind in the case of banks. Other ground it is difficult to see. It must be owned that the stockholders of Joint Stock Banks, in Canada at least, are apt to invite Government intervention by uttering loud outcries when their concerns are mismanaged. But they are like the stockholders of any other companies, and must find their security for honest management in the election of trustworthy directors. If they call for Government intervention against their own officers they may be in some danger of illustrating the fate of the horse in the fable. About the last scene of the currency agitation, for the present at least, seems to be the silver movement. There are strong and sincere advocates of the bi-metallic system on theoretic grounds; but the sinews of the movement I take it are the Greenbackers with the Silver Kings behind them. The commercial world was some time in settling down on gold as the standard; not only silver has been the standard, but iron, copper, and, under pressure of necessity, other articles, such as salt and tobacco. Silver still remains the standard in some countries, to the requirements of which commerce is obliged to bend. But the greatest commercial countries have finally settled on gold, with silver for change. It is for the champions of bi-metallicism to say how any government or convention of governments is to fix and to keep fixed the relative value of two commodities, when the relative rate of production, among other circumstances,

is varying from day to day. So long as silver is merely change for gold, a rough equivalency will suffice. The wealth of England is stored in gold; she is by far the greatest gold owner in the world; and to ask her to go into Congress for the purpose practically of depreciating gold, is to suppose great simplicity on her part. The result of the Bill which the silver men succeeded in carrying through Congress is a mass of silver coin, dollars of the Fathers as the silver men tenderly call them, which nobody will take if he can help it, and in which the salaries of the politicians might appropriately be paid.

Am I to touch the burning question of protection and free trade? If I do, I will be careful of my fingers, and, avoiding theories, confine myself to one or two facts. With regard to the new Canadian tariff, I must say here what I have said elsewhere—it was a measure of fiscal necessity. There was a deficiency which could be filled only by an increase of the import duties, direct taxation in those communities being fraught with social danger, as well as vexatious and difficult of collection. The only tax which is really protectionist, that is, imposed for the purpose not of revenue, but of protection, is the coal tax, laid on in the interest of Nova Scotia, and with a view of securing her adhesion to the general policy. In the selection of the classes of goods there is an attempt to discriminate in favour of England against the United States, which, by the result, appears to have been not unsuccessful. Of course, taxes imposed on the importation of goods of the same kind as those which are made in the country gives what is called incidental protection to the home manufacturer, and the tariff is accordingly welcomed by the Protectionists, who support the Government does not refuse. But there is a rider to the tariff, looking to the mutual reduction of duties by Canada and the United States. The deficit which created the necessity was caused by expenditure for political objects on public works. That the objects were political is not a condemnation, provided the policy was sound. Other things are entitled to consideration besides wealth, as Adam Smith in his defence of the Navigation Laws has emphatically declared. Political economy rests not on any religious principle, but on expediency, which must be enlarged

so as to take in all reasonable motives, and to embrace the future as well as the present. That he is sacrificing, and deliberately sacrificing, the present advantage to larger gains in the future, is the position of the American Protectionist; and, whether the belief as to the future profit be well or ill-founded in his case, we must meet him in argument on his own ground. For my part I see little prospect of a change in the American tariff except through the reduction of the debt, which will diminish the need of revenue. The Protectionist fights hard, the Free Trader is apathetic. I have noticed this in speaking to Western farmers, who would seem to have the greatest interest in Free Trade. The proportion of dutiable articles used by the farmer is not large; he does not spend much in clothes, for his machinery he has paid protection price, but then he has bought it, and the thing is done. Seeing the finances flourishing the people think the system must be good. The promise that by encouraging home manufactures it will draw emigration and provide the farmer with customers on the spot, instead of sending the workman's dinner to him across the Atlantic, seems to them to be sustained by the results. After all, we must remember that the United States are not an ordinary country, they are a continent, producing almost everything in itself. The Americans, in fact, have free trade over a vast and diversified area. It seems better to point out this, and to show how it saves them from consequences which would attend protection applied to a small territory, than to tell them they are a ruined people, when they know that, instead of being ruined, they are about the most prosperous people in the world. There is talk of an Imperial Zollverein, which means, I suppose, free trade between England and her colonies, with protection against the rest of the world. Canada would always be willing to meet the wishes of the mother-country, but she could hardly enter into an arrangement of this kind. Her case is essentially different from that of Australia and New Zealand. She is bound up commercially as well as territorially with the United States, which are her natural market. She has, moreover, a frontier of 3,000 miles, and to keep out American goods she would have to employ a considerable proportion of her population in guarding the

Customs line. As it is, there is smuggling on a large scale.

This paper is unavoidably miscellaneous; and there are two things more which perhaps ought to be briefly noticed. One is international copyright. Literary men in the United States have always been in favour of international copyright, both on general grounds of justice and because, under the other system, they are placed at a manifest disadvantage, a publisher not being willing to pay them for their work while he is at liberty to take the work of British authors without paying. But the publishers have hitherto resisted. Now they have come round, and are pressing the Governments to make a treaty. It is too late. Cheap publishing has received an immense extension in America during the last few years. Not only light literature, but literature of all kinds, including science, and philosophy, can now be bought at amazingly low prices—prices so low that the necessity of public libraries, except for purposes of reference, appears likely to be almost superseded. The American people have entered into a paradise of cheap reading, from which, depend upon it, they will not allow themselves to be shut out. I doubt whether Congress could ever pass the law which it seems would be necessary to give effect to a treaty. Copyright altogether received a severe blow when a large English-reading public came into existence on the other side of the Atlantic beyond the pale of English law. There is nothing for it now, as I believe, but to get, if possible, free trade in books, and in publishing to give up etiquette, and come down to commercial principles. We must print our books, as we would make our cottons, for the market, and not expect the public to give an etiquette price for reading matter more than for any other article. I fear this sounds coarse advice. But, after all, the soul is yoked to the body, and if literature is ethereal, publishing is a trade. It would not be surprising if the question raised by this international difficulty about copyright were some day to extend to the case of patent right also.

The last word I have to say is about emigration, and on this subject I wish to be cautious. I do not want, as a citizen of a country which courts emigration, to understate its advantages; at the same time I feel the responsibility of encouraging anyone to emigrate. I

have had to do with emigrants, and I know that all, even those who are destined to prosper most in the end, have to go through a period of despondency and home sickness. This is particularly the case with mechanics and persons of that class, who, finding things not exactly as they are here, think that all is wrong, and lose heart. A labouring man—healthy, hard-working, sober and thrifty—cannot fail, I believe, to do better in the New World than he could possibly do here. For a farmer, taking with him money enough to buy his land and stock, or partly stock if the prospect seems good. But the British farmer, at least if he has reached middle-age, with his fixed habits and ideas, accustomed as he is to all the aids and appliances of a long-settled and highly-civilized country, with the mechanic always at hand to do for him what the American or Canadian does for himself, is hardly the man for the life of a pioneer; he is likely to do better by taking one of the farms in the East which are left vacant by the adventurous Americans and Canadians moving west. Of mechanics I

believe there are nearly enough for the present both in Canada and the United States, though, of course, the increase of the general population is always making fresh openings, especially in the West. Domestic servants are in demand, particularly such as can cook; but they must not expect the same punctilious divisions of household labour which there are here; they will have to follow the general rule of the continent, by mixing trades and doing things which here they would say were not their place. The class of callings which, I must repeat, is over-stocked, almost as much as it is in this country, is the lighter and more intellectual class, such as are commonly sought by the sons of gentlemen and educated men. Let not any man cross the Atlantic in quest of these, for if he does he is not unlikely to be an example, by no means the first, of highly-educated men seeking in vain for the humblest and coarsest employment that he may eat bread. I have only to add that any emigrant, English, Scotch, or Irish, who comes to Canada will find himself among friends.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

NOW when the world is joying with a joy
 That bids all wayward murmurs sink to peace,
 And every heart beats hopeful for increase
 Of good, free from a fleck of base alloy
 Demeaning human kind, as to destroy
 The nobler life whose gaze is upward bent
 Upon Faith's sky, if haply through a rent
 God's light supernal gleam: no paltry toy
 Of playful thought, struck out in meanest strain
 Wilt thou esteem this darling wish of mine
 That what thou cravest as thy richest gain
 May always smile upon thee, thee and thine,
 Till mortal chords close in eternal swell,
 And 'midst th' acclaim thou hear'st the words, 'Tis well.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

‘WHAT a nuisance Christmas is!’ This amiable remark was made by a lady who was evidently selecting Christmas presents with no great relish for the task. And it is a remark which has probably been made, audibly or inaudibly, by more than this speaker! ‘I think it is so nice to remember one’s friends at Christmas’—said another lady, *apropos* of the question of Christmas tokens. The two speakers were representatives of two classes of people and Christmas givers, who, with many varying shades between them, are always pretty distinctly marked,—the people who love to live in the lives of others, and the people who think anything ‘a bore’ that calls them out of themselves, and makes it necessary for them to think of others. Some people have a latent but strong conviction that any expenditure they are called upon to make for others is an injustice, and an oppression to themselves. Of course, to such people, Christmas is a nuisance, since, if they will do nothing else, they find themselves expected, at least, to send Christmas cards to their friends, and even Christmas cards may be felt a burden. Such people, if they were more honest, would not profess to give Christmas presents at all!

But Christmas gifts are like a great many other things,—wedding gifts included—good or bad, according to the spirit in which they are bestowed. When they are given for the credit of the donors, to gratify the spirit of ostentation—or even merely because ‘it is expected,’ or because there is an obligation in advance to be discharged on account of anticipated gifts from others, they lose all the sweet meaning of a gift, to the givers at least, if not to the receivers! When Christmas gifts come to be a sort of unadmitted barter, they lose all the grace of gifts, without the satisfaction of purchase. For it is almost

sure to turn out, as some one has cynically observed, that A. gives to B. something he cares for to get from B. something for which he does not care at all. From which, it may be easily observed, that comparatively few people have what may be called the *genius of giving*—in which is implied not only nice perception and tact, but sufficient consideration for others—their tastes and wants, to understand what will be an acceptable gift for any particular friend—consequently very *mal-a-propos* gifts are often made even by people who are not at all stupid in other things. But it is only those who are not too self-absorbed to live a little in other people’s lives, who can give attention enough to the wants and wishes of their friends to present them with just the thing they were wishing for? In the dearth of ingenuity or attention or tact or sympathy, whichever it may be that is lacking, Christmas cards are a resource for the many perplexed people who like to show their friends that they remember them at Christmas, without too great an expense of money or thought, and who can in this way include a much wider circle of friends in the Christmas greetings. And the really beautiful and artistic designs of many of the cards make it possible to give real pleasure by sending one, apart from the more special pleasure of being remembered at a time when to most of grown up persons the day is apt to have more sad than ‘merry’ associations, and so a token of remembrance from the friends whom life’s changes have left is all the more appreciated. Some very practical people consider even Christmas cards a ‘nuisance’ and a ‘tax.’ Let us hope that they better bestow the price of their alabaster boxes: and, in the meantime, let us be glad that bonds of affection are strengthened and old ties re-knit and lonely hearts made glad by this pleasant Christmas custom in a world wherein for most people the sorrows are apt to overbalance the joys. F.

PROPHECY.

THERE seems to be an instinctive fondness for prophecy in human nature. To prophesy and to be prophesied to, seems to be alike congenial. It does not appear to be at all necessary that there should be any fulfilment, or any signs of fulfilment. After repeated failures, if the prophet is only loud and self-confident enough, people are as ready to believe as ever. The prophetic office so very conspicuous in semi-barbarous times does not seem to wane in importance in civilization. We see the confidence reposed in Vennor's weather predictions, notwithstanding constant failures, and also the ready ear that is given to every interpreter of the Book of Revelations, if only he foretells the immediate end of the world and deals satisfactorily with the marks of the beast and the number 666. A certain class of people take great satisfaction in predictions of England's decline and downfall. I had always thought that this kind of prophecy was enjoyed chiefly by a few snarling Americans like Hawthorne, and Germans like Heine and Hegel with whom the wish was father to the thought; but it seems we have a full-fledged prophet of this description in Montreal. One difference between them, however, is very noticeable. The Continental and American prophets base their predictions on England's vices and depravities, but Mr. Boodle bases his, on her virtues and good qualities. So long as England is rapacious and unprincipled in her dealings with her neighbours, ready to fight with or without provocation, she is great, and going on to a glorious maturity, but as soon as she begins to prefer justice in her domestic and foreign relations; when by the passage of the Reform Bill she extends political rights to a larger class of her citizens she shows signs of decay and old age; when she finds out that she has been waging an unjust war on the South African Boers her 'flag is disgraced by concessions to a victorious enemy.' With a show of italics as if he had made a great discovery, he announces that the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832—the first step in a series of reforms by which England has given equal rights to all classes of her citizens—was 'The first great mark of England's decline.'

It is difficult to understand the state

of mind which could lead any one to such a conclusion from such premises. Mr. Boodle admits himself, after recapitulating a lot of more or less imaginary symptoms of decay, that 'there seems to be no way of accounting for them except on the theory of natural decline.' He is not the first who has been misled by the analogy between the animal and the social organism. There is a very close resemblance, no doubt, in structure and function between the individual and the community; and the modes of working in the one case have thrown much light and illustration on the other. This has been admirably set forth by the greatest philosopher of modern times. But analogies between any two things are never complete at all points; they are never exact copies of each other. Although there are many curious and instructive resemblances in structure and function between the animal and the social organism, it does not follow that because the one has its inevitable period of decay and extinction, that the other has the same unavoidable destiny; and even though any proof could be adduced to this effect, no one can say what ratio there is between the lives of the two. How many decades or centuries in the life of a nation would be equal to a year in the life of an individual. There is no doubt that the earth itself will some time 'wax old as a garment,' but judging from the time it has already been in existence we may infer that there is a period in store for it so enormous in duration as practically to amount to an eternity; and similarly with nations. When we consider how their units are continually renewed by successive generations, how much more independent in their motions they are than those of an animal, it is reasonable to conclude that with favourable conditions, and especially with free institutions, their lives may be continued through long intervals of time. Mr. Boodle's formidable array of the symptoms of England's decay is quite superficial. A few years will overcome the worst of them. Neither the symptoms nor the energy displayed in curing them indicate a decline in the national constitution; nowhere are there any signs of age or weakness. A slight consideration of the parallel between the individual and the community will show that the case is quite the reverse. In the individual organism, youth and manhood are

distinguished by the vigour of the reproductive functions, and old age is accompanied by a diminution or a cessation of these functions. In manhood the life is so vigorous that there is a surplus of energy and material which goes to the formation of new individuals. Now this state of things holds good with England as a nation. Every year her surplus fertility swarms over into her colonies as well as into foreign countries, founding new cities and new communities, and carrying her arts and civilization and language to the farthest parts of the earth. Another distinctive feature in the individual is, that in youth and manhood damages to structure are more easily repaired than in old age. When decay sets in there is a decrease of elasticity in the tissues, and hence the greater difficulty in setting up the healing process. In youth the reparative processes are vigorous and the effects of hurts and bruises soon disappear. We do not require to go any further back than the era which, according to Mr. Boodle, marked the beginning of England's decline, to see that she has a constitution which still possesses very vigorous reparative powers. The Indian mutiny threatened at one time to deprive her of her most valuable territory, but a tremendous effort was put forth, and the rebellion at first so formidable was crushed in a few months. The old evils of administration were swept away and a new era of justice to the Indian people was established. The chronic state of rebellion in Ireland, which Mr. Boodle counts upon as a sure sign of England's decay, is far less difficult to manage than it was at one time; the present crisis in that country gives many proofs of this. Justice is the one thing necessary to cure Irish discontent. Our noble English Premier delivered them from an alien church; he has now delivered them from a rapacious landlordism. And the time is not far distant when the Irish people will recognize that England desires to deal justly with them. Previous to the first Reform Bill, Eng'and governed her colonies in an arbitrary and despotic fashion; they were treated solely as sources of trade, and little heed was taken of their rights as free citizens of the empire; but a change of ideas took place, the right of self-government was conceded to the colonies, the full management of their own affairs was granted them, England

asking for no privilege other than that given to any foreign country; and now her colonies, instead of being in a chronic state of discontent, always on the brink and sometimes actually in rebellion, are peaceful and prosperous communities, a source of strength instead of weakness to the mother country.

At the time of the American civil war, it was thought and hoped by many Anglo-phobists, that the failure of the cotton supply would be the turning point in England's greatness, and many prophets were as confident as Mr. Boodle that there would not be strength enough left in her to resist the tremendous strain on the resources of her manufacturing classes; but every one knows how their predictions were falsified; how all classes came to the aid of the cotton workers and the difficulty was more easily overcome than had been anticipated. Many more illustrations could be given to show that in the parallel between the life of an individual and the life of a nation England is a long way from the decay of old age. The last fifty years have seen great progress made in every thing which promotes the welfare of a nation. Crime and pauperism have relatively to population diminished to a large extent; a national system of education has been established, which promises great results, and what is perhaps of greater consequence, right ideas of what education ought to be have advanced. It is no longer supposed that a knowledge of the dead languages and literatures of antiquity constitutes an education. Nobody but a pedagogue now proposes to throw light on any question of English politics by the opinions of Plato or by a chapter of Roman history. The political opinions and governmental practices of nations, on whom the idea of human rights had not dawned, in which women and children had no legal right to their lives and slavery was the normal state of things, can be of very little use to us; they can form no examples for our guidance. One of the most cheering features of the present day in England, is that notwithstanding the lugubrious forebodings indulged in on the subject, the general loosening of the theological creeds is not attended by any perceptible loosening of the restraints of morality. It is beginning to be recognized by thoughtful minds that morality is something distinct from religion and

that it stands on a different foundation. The large numbers of the working classes in England who have broken away from the churches and formed themselves into secular societies, have not fallen below, but have risen above the average of their class in intelligence and morality. By their experiments in co-operation they are teaching a valuable lesson to all classes of Englishmen, a lesson that may some day solve the vexed problems of capital and labour, the problems which are the most likely to disturb the future peace of England.

J. G. W.

THOUGHTS ON TENNYSON'S 'DESPAIR.'

AS the reader turns from the poems of the early Victorian era to the productions of our contemporary bards he is constantly reminded of the truth of Hallam's saying, that 'literature is a garden of weeds as well as flowers.' Of the earlier singers of the reign, the greater number are now mute; while the Laureate, his voice still strong in age, might say with Matthew Arnold, 'To tunes we did not call, our being must keep chime.' Meanwhile, none of the later poets can be mentioned in the same breath with their predecessors. It is mournful to think how little genuine poetry is now produced. One volume of considerable power, entitled, 'Ballads and Sonnets,' by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has issued from the press during the past year. It is full of prettinesses, and we feel sure that the writer has the soul of poetry in him, but the spirit of the age has been too much for him, and he succumbs without a struggle to our besetting sins of literary epicurism and artificiality.

It is a pleasure to turn from such writers to the leavings of a greater spirit, Verily the 'funeral baked meats' are more palatable than the feasts of the 'marriage tables.' And in more senses than one Tennyson's 'Despair' is but a repast of 'funeral baked meats.' Ghastly and morbid, the confessions of a frustrated suicide, it yet abounds in happy turns of expression, and has here and there some of the golden lines which Tennyson has taught his readers to expect. Such are those that describe the last words and kiss of the wife who suc-

ceeded in effecting what her husband failed to do:—

'Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began!
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man.'

Still more noticeable is the verse describing the mouldering world:

'Why should we bear with an hour of torture a
moment of pain,
If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd
thro' the silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its
last brother-worm will have fed
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks
of an earth that is dead!'

From many points of view Tennyson's poem would repay study, for, like all his poetry, it is full of 'the human heart and the Age,' but the point to which I wish to call attention at present is the significance of the poem, as indicative, with his late volume of ballads and other poems, of a new departure in its author and in English literature. Perhaps the most successful *bon mot* in 'Despair' is the line, 'For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press.' This, to my mind, is very suggestive. It indicates in a satirical way the new readers for whom the poet of the future will have to write, whom Tennyson is addressing in the present poem, and for whom many of the most popular pieces in his late volume were intended. Such especially were the 'First Quarrel,' 'Rizpah,' the 'Northern Cobbler' and the 'Village Wife.' The whole spirit and workmanship of these and 'Despair' differentiates them from their author's earlier work. The 'Princess,' 'In Memoriam' and the 'Idylls,' with their occasional abstruseness, their allusiveness and their ideal representation of life, stand in strong contrast with the directness, the realism, the freedom from allusion of these later poems. Tennyson, in fact, seems to be writing for a different audience. His later poems will please the student less, but will become the favourites of that larger public for whom American humorists write and whose requirements are studied by the modern newspaper. I have heard it said that Tennyson's 'Ballads and Other Poems' is, in some ways, the most popular work he has published. I do not know how far the sale of the volume tallies with this surmise; but it may be safely predicted that its heroic ballads and popular pathos will win their way, as passages for recitation, to a wider public than any of Tenny-

son's more dignified works. However this may be, it is quite evident that the laureate has, consciously or unconsciously, changed his style, abandoning idealistic painting for realistic, and aiming at greater directness and simplicity of treatment. Let us for a moment enquire into the meaning of this. There are two elements that have to be taken into account when we are considering Literary Revolutions. These are brought about quite as much by the widening of the circle of readers, for whom literature comes into being, as by the changes of thought that pass over the atmosphere in which the poet lives and writes. These two elements combine together to form what is called 'the Spirit of the Age.' Thus the literature of a country keeps pace with its social changes, and the transference of power which slowly goes on in the political world is reflected in literature by the changes of subject and style. To illustrate this point: The change from the involved construction of English prose in the 17th century to the comparatively simple style of the 18th century, or, again, the revolution identified with the name of Wordsworth, viz., the revolt from the correct school of poetry to the nature poets of the present century, were both in a very real sense popular changes. A similar revolution is taking place in literature at the present day. It would, in fact, be strange if it were not so, when we reflect on the strides that democracy is making in almost every country in Europe and America. The circle of readers, owing to the spread of education, is widening year by year, and the would-be popular poem in 1881 has to reckon with a very different audience from a poem published in 1837. The reading public of that year was a mere oligarchy compared with the reading public now. And if we consider this state of things attentively, at the same time trying to estimate the effect that the popularization of Science and scientific modes of thought has had upon the imagination, we shall be in a position to appreciate what Tennyson means by the 'new dark ages of the popular press,' as well as to account for the sterility of imaginative and poetical literature at the present day. The Dark Ages of history were the times of ignorance produced by two causes working simultaneously: the influx of a rude, unlettered multitude into Europe before whom the ancient civilization of the

Roman Empire disappeared, and the dominance obtained by the Church over, as well as by reason of, their ignorance. Shall I malign the present age if I say that the civilization of the past, like Boethius of old, is suddenly confronted by new barbarians (I use Matthew Arnold's word) coming from below, and that over these masses unable to appreciate the criticism of 'Literature and Dogma,' Science holds absolute sway; that before science much of the poetry and potency of beauty of the past are melting away, like Shakespeare's fairy land in the cold clutch of time. We can understand at once the natural repulsion felt by poets to materialism and the effect that it produces in their writings. As the world of fact grows more uninviting, they get further away from it; they write for the few about subjects in which the few only take interest, in a language which the few only can understand. Such is the history of much of the poetry of the day. A recent critic thus writes of Swinburne's last volume ('Studies in Song'): 'He appears to have never come in contact with the world; he knows nothing of its sorrows, its delights, its hopes; at least, he cannot identify himself with them and mould them into poems. He, therefore, stands apart, and sings of grief, love, hate, hope and despair as abstract sentiments.' And with a change of subject this is true of most contemporary poetry. Tennyson's sensitiveness to his environment has led him to change his style to address himself to the feelings that actually agitate the great public about him. His last poem may be full of morbid introspection, but the subject is real enough. I regard, then, the present as the beginning of a new era in poetry as in so much else, an era of which the first prophet was one, much of whose writings it is impossible to admire, nay even to tolerate—the poet of democracy, Walt Whitman. 'Of life,' he tells us in an Inscription to his 'Leaves of Grass,' 'immense in passion, pulse and power, *the modern man I sing.*' And Tennyson was undoubtedly thinking of the new life coming from America to regenerate that of the Old World when, in his late volume, he invoked the 'diviner Air' to come 'far from out the west,' and to 'breathe over all this weary world of ours.' Only when this influence is more fully felt and the 'diviner Light' breaks 'far from out a sky forever bright' over the 'ruined world,'

will literature revert to her old glories. And when poets have become accustomed to their environment, and ceased to 'think so brainsickly of things;' when the tyranny of science is overborne, and a new generation invigorated by a di-

viner air and light shall have sprung up; we may hope that the reflections of agnostic monomania will seem no less unfit subject for poetry than the crazes of æstheticism.

R. W. BOODLE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Prince and the Pauper, by MARK TWAIN. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1881.

This new production of Mark Twain has had the advantage of some extraneous advertising in the effort made by his Montreal publishers to secure for it Canadian copyright, on the strength of its author's sojourn in Canada, while an edition of the work for sale in the Dominion was passing through the press. The application was, however, refused, on the plea that the brief visit of the author to Montreal was not a full compliance with the Act which gives the privilege of copyright to those "domiciled" in Canada. This interpretation of the law may be officially justified, though we incline to think that when the Act was being passed the question of "domicile" was made subordinate to the condition that the work for which a native copyright was sought should be printed in the country. Its author, we conceive, therefore, should, so long as the existing law remains in force, have had a copyright—and more particularly so, because he had already secured one in England. While expressing this view, however, we by no means subscribe to the doctrine that what is copyright in England should be copyright here, at least in the case of an alien in whose country no reciprocal privilege is accorded. It may be very annoying to Mark Twain to find cheap Canadian reprints of his books crossing the line and clandestinely underselling the author's high-priced American editions. But it is equally a matter of loss and annoyance to the English author to find the Canadian market glutted with

unauthorized New York reprints of a British copyright. Of course an international treaty applied to literature between the United States and Great Britain, if ever secured, would remove injustice on both sides and do away with the anomalies of the position. But until that is negotiated, Canada, we argue, should have complete control over her copyright legislation, and the absurdity of protecting the literature of other countries, while our own has no like consideration given it, should cease. That we have so long consented to tie our own hands in the matter of reprinting English books in Canada, while our neighbours were royally free to reproduce and send them into the country, has always seemed to us a national fatuity without a parallel. It would seem equal lunacy to give copyright in Canada to American literature while our own and that of England have no similar protection on the other side.

But let us say a word or two of the book before us. 'The Prince and the Pauper,' is a delightful boy's book. It is a highly-sugared dose of English history of the Tudor period, and gives us a form of the legend which has so often appeared in Indo-European folk lore, of the Prince wandering in disguise and unrecognised. As rendered by Mr Clemens, the story is of a little London street arab, beaten and maltreated in a drunken home, but saved from moral evil by the instructions of a good old priest,—one of those ejected from the monasteries of Henry VIII. In a prettily imagined scene this boy is brought into contact with the little Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI. The boys

exchange clothes and, by an accident, the real prince is hustled into the streets, while his comrade is recognised by every one as the true prince. Here and there a few American vulgarisms, which would have been better omitted, crop out; but on the whole the situations are treated with much genial comic humour. The adventures of the true Prince are well conceived; and religious insanity is aptly described in the Hermit. The book is very readable, though in a new vein from that which Mark Twain has hitherto worked. The volume will make an acceptable New Year's present.

Considerations on the Revised Edition of the New Testament. By the Rev. Canon R. W. NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L. Montreal: The Gazette Printing Company. 1881.

This brochure contains a scholarly and well written review of the excellencies and defects of the Revised New Testament; which in the absence of the achievement of a perfect Greek Text, the author accepts as 'a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Scripture.' Dr. Norman has done good service to theological and other students of the New Testament, by inserting in his appendix, first, a 'list of important changes or omissions in the Revisers' text,' and secondly, 'Samples from the Revised edition, of passages where there is an improvement in the way of increased accuracy.' In the latter list of samples, the rendering in the authorised version and that in the revision are put in parallel columns. This gives a great help in estimating the amount of improvement effected. Dr. Norman's remarks on this subject are sensible and well put; but in speaking of the question of Inspiration he seems to contradict himself; at one place, p. 6, maintaining 'plenary Inspiration, and that to alter one word or even one letter would be presumptuous and profane.' This is the old-fashioned verbal Inspiration theory with a vengeance. But if so, how comes Dr. Norman to say that 'the Sacred writers were not passive instruments in the hands of the Holy Ghost,' which is exactly what they must have been if they had such 'plenary inspiration' that it would be profane to alter 'one word or even one letter' of what they wrote? This habit of playing

fast and loose with doctrine is a vice with theological writers, who are too apt to import casuistry into argument. The same disingenuousness, as we think, appears in Dr. Norman's sneer at the admission of a Unitarian member to the Committee of Revision. The italics in the following quotations are ours:— 'There should be a *moral and spiritual* as well as a critical faculty, also one who *examines the living Word as a surgeon dissects an inanimate corpse*, and one who places the Inspired record on a level with any other book, *though I do not apply this to Mr. Vance Smith?* can hardly be said to possess all the necessary qualifications.' If this does not apply to Mr. Vance Smith, to whom does it apply? Dr. Norman is speaking of the admission of a Unitarian member. 'Some,' he says, speaking presumedly for himself and those of his school, 'may regret the presence on the Committee of a Unitarian member.' Now this sub-acid intolerance, the modern survival of the spirit of St. Dominic, may pass unchallenged when confined to ecclesiastical buildings wherein the anathemas of Athanasius, the damnatory, are still recited if not believed; but when it comes into the light of day and enters the arena of literature, such language becomes a fair mark for criticism, with no right to claim benefit of clergy. We therefore feel bound to say that Dr. Norman's contemptuous rejection of Unitarians from the rank of Christians, and his treatment of Mr. Vance Smith's claims to our gratitude as one of the Revision Committee, seems to us in the very worst taste of reactionary ecclesiasticism. The spirit of bigotry which dictates such petty insults to the Unitarian branch of the Christian Church is certainly not in favour with the *laity* of the Church to which Dr. Norman belongs, though it is but too likely to recommend him to his clerical brethren.

Suicide: an Essay on Comparative Moral Statistics. By HENRY MORSELLI, M.D., Professor of Psychological Medicine in the Royal University, Turin, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. 1882.

In addition to maps displaying the geographical intensity of suicide, this book contains over fifty valuable statistical tables, showing the seasons, the

places, the ages, the callings, religions, and other conditions that conduce to self-destruction. Among the interesting facts to be gleaned from the tables are these: suicide increases alarmingly with civilization; it varies inversely to crimes of violence; it is commoner in summer than in winter, and very much commoner among males than females, though widows are more prone to it than widowers. There is a chapter on the influence of race and sex upon the choice of deaths.

The author's main conclusion is that 'suicide is an effect of the struggle for existence and of human selection, which works according to the laws of evolution among civilized people.' And his proposed antidote is to lessen the intensity of the struggle. He therefore endorses the Malthusian theory; but, thinking society not quite ready at present to check population by law, he advises doing this—as well as weakening the motives to suicide—by moral training.

The author's style, we may add, is not particularly lucid, or his translator is sometimes at fault.

The Household Library of Catholic Poets.
Compiled by ELIOT RYDER. Published by JOSEPH A. LYONS, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. 1881.

This prettily bound volume is a collection of choice *morceaux* of authors professing the faith of the Church of Rome, some of whom, as for instance, Alexander Pope, were very lax in their adherence to Catholic orthodoxy. Others, such as Crashaw, James Shirley, and Sir Wm. Davenant, we are hardly accustomed to think of as Catholics; they were Catholics as it were by accident, and their religion does not colour their writings as it does those of Faber, Newman, and Adelaide Proctor. In the interests of literature we feel bound to enter a protest against this practice of classifying writers, whose best work is unconnected with religion, according to the divisions of theological sectarianism; at least we hope to be spared 'Protestant Poetry,' 'The Episcopalian Parnassus,' the 'Methodist Muse,' or the 'Baptist Bard.' However, the volume edited by Mr. Eliot Ryder has the merit of bringing before the public well chosen extracts from some great but little known poets such as Clarence Mangan, and from several meritorious writers of

our own time. Among them a high place may well be given to the really pretty poems quoted from Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Belleville, Ont., at page 131. But why is no extract given from the very beautiful poems of the late Archbishop Murray, of Dublin? Aubrey de Vere deserves the high place given to him, both as a Catholic and as a poet, but the extracts are by no means of his best.

Manual of Ontario Insurance Law; with Notes of Amendments and an Analytical Index; also a list of special Acts of Incorporation, by J. HOWARD HUNTER, M.A., Inspector of Insurance for Ontario. Toronto: C. B. Robinson, 1881.

In this handy and compact Manual we have an admirable instance of the service which a man of education and literary talent can render in elucidating the text of Acts of Parliament, in facilitating reference to them, and, generally, in making plain the dark and devious paths of Legislative Enactment. Those interested in the subject of Insurance, we feel sure, will greatly appreciate Mr. Hunter's labour, and will thank him for the careful analysis he has made of the Provincial Acts relating to Insurance, and for the detailed index he has compiled to assist Insurance men and the policy-holding public in ascertaining at a glance what are the legal provisions of the several Acts of our Local Legislature on this important subject. Mr. Hunter's work is all the more timely now that the Imperial Privy Council has, by a recent decision, affirmed the power of the Local Legislature to prescribe the conditions under which policies of Insurance must be issued in Ontario. The Manual should have a large and ready sale.

Literary Style and Other Essays. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D., Chicago. Toronto: Rose Belford Publishing Company. 1881.

As Mr. Mathews has most justly observed, style which may be defined as 'the art of putting things,' is of the utmost importance to the literary aspirant. The essay before us gives a pleasant disquisition on the leading characteristics of the great masters of style from Bacon

to Lord Macaulay, not very methodically written, and rather calculated to interest those who have already made intimate acquaintance with the authors treated of than to aid the inexperienced student. Also, we consider it a mistake to dwell so much as Dr. Mathews has done on the merits, where style rather than matter is under consideration, of such writers as Bacon, South, Barrow, and the Caroline divines. The quaintness which characterises these eminent men is surely not to be upheld as a model; and the structure of the sentence with all the Caroline divines is

heavy and laboured. Good English prose style can hardly be said to have existed before the age of Addison, and the criticism on the writers reviewed is too desultory, just and piquant as it generally is. We should desire a fuller analysis of the style in each case, illustrated by quotations, and with full directions to the student as to what is commendable and what to be avoided. But both this and the other essays in Dr. Mathew's book are very readable, and will be useful in directing attention to much that is characteristic in our literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

'The Major's Big Talk Stories,' is the title of Mr. F. Blake Crofton's new book, lately published by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., of London. One fantastic chapter (The Major on 'the Giraffe'), made its first appearance in the 'Bric-a-brac' of this magazine. A few others were printed in 'St. Nicholas,' and in some instances widely copied in the juvenile departments of the weekly papers. The escapes and escapades of the Major almost out-Munchausen the redoubted baron himself.

'A Literary History of the Nineteenth Century,' by Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, is announced for early publication in three volumes by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of London and New York.

Mr. John Murray, the London publisher, announces a collection of the speeches and addresses, political and literary, delivered in the House of Lords, in Canada, and elsewhere, by the Earl of Dufferin, our late Governor-General.

Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews, has a new volume in press, entitled 'Aspects of Poetry.'

President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, has just issued a volume dealing with

the late President Garfield's work as an educator, including his speeches on addresses on educational subjects.

Richard Grant White's 'England without and within,' an appreciative and entertaining volume on phases of English life and character, has reached its fourth edition.

The Canada Publishing Co. of Toronto announce a new series of Canadian Readers, prepared by a syndicate of Canadian educators, for use in the Public and High Schools of the Dominion.

Messrs. John Lovell & Son, of Montreal, have ready for issue their comprehensive Business Directory of Ontario and Montreal, a mammoth volume of reference which must be invaluable to Canadian merchants and professional men.

The new volume of the 'English Men of Letters' series, edited by Professor Morley, is DeQuincey, whose memoir has been written by Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh University.

The thirteenth volume of the new issue of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' just published, takes the work down to the end of letter J,—the present instal-

ment covering some important contributions by well known *litterateurs* and *savans*.

Messrs. Putnam, of New York, have just ready a little manual on 'Authors and Authorship,' by Wm. Shepard, which will be found of much interest to the literary novice. It treats of 'the profession of literature, its struggles, temptations, drawbacks and advantages; discusses the relations of authors, editors and publishers; the reasons for the acceptance or the rejection of MSS., the conditions for success, &c., and gives statistics of the sales of popular books, of the prices paid for literary labour, and of fortunes won by the pen.'

The editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly* announces that with the December number the publication reaches the close of its third volume. Of its progress he speaks thus: 'We will not say that the success of the publication has outstripped the expectations of its founder; * * but it will be satisfactory to our friends to learn that the magazine has passed beyond the stage of good wishes, and has, we doubt not, established itself as a permanent and indis-

pensable organ of the profession.' The *Montreal Presbyterian College Journal*, for December, in the following terms, felicitously commends the publication. It says: 'Were we asked to express an opinion on our professional friend, *Canada Educational Monthly*, Toronto, we would put it in a nutshell by adding an *s* to the first word in its title. Comparisons are odious; but we cannot help observing a marked difference between the *Monthly* and several so-called teachers' periodicals that lie on our exchange table.' The good word is well merited.

Messrs. James Campbell & Son, Toronto, lately issued a *Presbyterian Hymn Book*, compiled by a number of competent divines in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, which was at once accepted by the General Assembly for use in the churches. They have now published an edition of the work with the music, which has received high commendation for its excellence and suitability as a manual of Church psalmody for the denomination. The mechanical appearance of both books is admirable.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY FANNIE ADAMS.

HERE at midnight dreary,
My lone heart all weary,
I listen for the bells.
Hark! they now are rhyming,
Merrily goes the chiming,
List to what it tells!

Of a Saviour lowly,
Patient, loving, holy,
Who came an infant, when
Angels hover'd singing,
The joyous tidings bringing,
Peace and goodwill to men;

Of days beyond repining,
When holly and ivy twining,
We deck'd lost walls and vied
Each with each, while blending,
Clear voices glad, and sending
Good wishes for Christmas-tide.

Forever with the pealing,
Vanished forms come stealing,
The sad years backward roll;
Voices long hushed are filling
My lone home, and thrilling
Memory's secret soul.

Friends passed beyond recalling,
Beyond sorrow, weeping, toiling,
We shall meet when ceases pain,
In the glorious, blessed dawning
Of the second Christmas morning,
When Christ shall come again.

Dec., 1831.

THE LITTLE QUAKERESS.

BY RIPPLE.

Brown-eyed Ruth, the Quaker's daughter,
In her dress of simple gray,
Walked beside her aged grandpa
'Mid the garden flowers of May.

Beds of tulips bright and golden,
Hyacinths of every shade,
Pansies, like sweet childish faces,
Looking up to greet the maid.

How they revelled in the sunshine,
While, 'mid clumps of violet blue,
Filling all the air with fragrance,
Glistened still the morning dew.

Then outspoke the little maiden,
Looking at her dress of gray,
'Grandpa can thee tell the reason
Why God made the flowers so gay.

'While we wear the quiet colours
That thee knows we never meet,
E'en in clover or the daisies
That we trample under feet?

'Seems to me a Quaker garden
Should not grow such colours bright.'
Rozuishly the brown eyes twinkled,
While her grandpa laughed outright.

'True it is, my little daughter,
Flowers wear not the Quaker gray;
But they neither toil nor labour
For their beautiful array.

'Feeling neither pride nor envy,
'Mong their sister flowers, thee knows;
Well content to be a daisy,
Or a tall and queenly rose.

'Keeping still the same old fashions
Of their grandmothers of yore:
Else how should we know the flowers,
If each spring new tints they wore?

'Even so the Quaker maiden
Should be all content to-day,
As a tulip, or a pansy,
In her dress of simple gray.'

Once again the brown eyes twinkled:
'Grandpa, thee is always right;
So thee sees, by thy own showing,
Some may dress in colours bright.

'Those whom thee calls worldly people,
In their purple and their gold,
Are no gayer than these pansies
Or their grandmothers of old.

'Yet thee knows I am contented
With this quiet life of ours,
Still, for all, I'm glad, dear grandpa,
That there are no Quaker flowers.'

—From the *Christian Register*.

A ruralist seated himself in a restaurant the other day, and began on the bill of fare. After employing the waiter nearly half an hour in bringing dishes to him, he whispered, as he put his finger on the bill of fare 'Mister, I've et to thar,' and moving his finger to the bottom of the bill, 'ef it isn't agin the rule I'd like to skip from thar to thar.'

The lion is generally regarded as the king of beasts; but the Romans called the ox the *bos*.

Why is it bad for a boy to be given a man's clothes? Because he would be acquiring loose habits.

'Mamma, can't we have anything we want?' 'Yes, my dears, if you don't want anything you can't have.'

Youthful artist (to countryman); 'Might I go over there and paint those trees?' Countryman: 'Paint the trees maister! Don't thee think they look very well as they are?'

'That's what I call a finished sermon,' said a lady to her husband, as they wended their way from chapel on a recent wet Sunday. 'Yes,' was the reply; 'but, do you know, I thought it never would be.'

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. 'By his teeth,' was the reply. The next day, the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. 'I don't want him,' said he. 'He's thirty-two years old.' He had counted the teeth.

In Scotland, the topic of a sermon or discourse of any kind is called by old-fashioned folks 'its grund,' or, as they would say, 'Its grund.' An old woman, bustling into the kirk rather late, found the preacher had commenced, and, opening her Bible, nudged her next neighbour, with the inquiry, 'What's his grund?' 'Oh,' rejoined the other, who happened to be a brother minister, and therefore a privileged critic, 'he's lost his grund long since, and he's just swimming.'

'We remember one evening,' says a writer in the London *Spectator*, 'an Englishman expressing, more forcibly than politely, his abhorrence of the Japanese custom of eating raw fish. It was said in the presence of Mr. Iwakura, the son of the Japanese Minister, and then resident at Balliol College, Oxford. Expressions of disgust were being fluently uttered, when Iwakura interrupted the speaker. "By the way what shall we have for supper? Wouldn't you like a few oysters? I don't eat them myself, but,"—the rest was lost in laughter at the keenness of the repartee.'

IRISH LOGIC (a fact).—Irish groom in charge of trap, asleep (rug and whip stolen). Master: 'Hallo, Mick! you are asleep.' Groom: 'No, sir, I am not.' Master: 'You have been—both rug and whip are gone. The fact of the matter is, you and I part to-morrow.' Groom: 'All right, sir, will oi give you a month's notice, or ye me?'

A stranger riding along the road, observed that all the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman and inquired the reason. 'Guid bless you, sir,' replied the man, 'the wind is so strong hereawa' sometimes that, if we wern't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the figures would be blawn off them clear and clean.'

Biddy (to old Bufkins, who has tried for ten minutes in vain to get his cherished clay to draw); 'Shure, sorr, and it's very sorry I am for breaking it; but how else was I to keep the pieces together if I didn't put the knitting needle inside?

Ord'arily we know from what country; at people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

LESSON FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—'How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?' 'By the teeth?' 'By the teeth? But fowls have no teeth?' 'I know they haven't, but I have.'

A reformed poacher says: 'It is very embarrassing to a man who has some religious friends staying with him to have his big dog, which has been very quiet during week days, begin after breakfast on Sunday, to run to the gun in the corner, and then to his master, and wag his tail and run back to the gun again.'

THEOLOGICAL—Radical: 'Parson, I hear you say that I am dishonest in my opinions.' Parson: 'The reverse, my dear sir. What I did say was, that your opinions would be honest with the 'dis' off.'

THE LOST DAY.

BY GARET NOEL, TORONTO.

We rode one day, 'twas long ago;
And like a happy spirit,
The April wind went to and fro,
Awak'ning sweets to ferret;

For Spring had whispered to the earth
What ne'er to us she telleth;
Our joys have no returning birth
As nature yearly feeleth.

So green the land it was a rest
The weary sight to gladden.
The happy meadows seemed too blest
For human feet to tread on.

The leaves hung lightly on the boughs,
Unwearing by the summer,
And whispered of the west wind's vows
To ev'ry chancing comer;

While, as the birds had found again
The home they loved the dearest,
From budding hedge, from grove and plain,
They sang their loudest, clearest;

And as sweet strangers, half in doubt
If earth would bring them crosses,
The early flowers peeped shyly out
From 'midst their friendly mosses.

We rode a long, a pleasant way;
Fair was the earth, and fairer
The light within us made that day,
Its gift of sunshine rarer.

We murmured, 'lovely is the Spring,'
Nor dreamed that lay within us
A mystery of blossoming
No future years would bring us.

Of words, not many passed between;
For silence seemed the meekest;
But glances something told, I ween,
Of thoughts each held the sweetest.

For poets we that afternoon,
And Love our inspiration;
He quickened us to nature's tone,
And taught us nature's passion.

We felt with all her happy things
Our hearts in unison beating;
A myth seemed human sufferings;
A tale, life's sterner greeting.

And ever, as we onward rode,
In closer chains he bound us,
Until it seemed no common sod,
But fairyland, around us.

Ah! hidden long had been that day,
In chambers nigh forgotten,
When Mem'ry chanced to pass that way
And gathered it unsoughten;

And brought it where, full heavily,
I sat my sorrows keeping;
And, oh! the tears that came to me,—
But it was summer weeping.