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THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND  
NATIONAL REVIEW

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VOLUME X.  
JULY TO DECEMBER .



*TORONTO*  
ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.  
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THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 10.]

JULY, 1876.

[No. 1.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. \*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

*Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.*

BOOK I.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER XX.

PETER SCONE CONSIDERS HIMSELF SLIGHTED.

THE adjourned inquiry into the death of one Adam Halfday, late brother of the Order of St. Lazarus, took place on the following morning, and did not occupy much time, or arouse a great deal of curiosity. Mabel Westbrook gave her evidence calmly, and in a few words related the fact of a large sum of money being due to Adam Halfday, and of her special mission from America to pay it into his hands. He had died from excess of joy, and the county newspapers in due time made out their sensational paragraphs concerning it, with more or less exaggeration of the details.

Adam Halfday was buried that afternoon in the quiet churchyard of Datchet Bridge, with Brian and Dorcas for chief mourners.

Mabel had desired to be present, but she was far from strong; yet the morning's duties had wearied her more than she had bargained for, and she was content to sit at the window of her room and watch the funeral party pass into the churchyard.

It was a strange funeral in its little way, and the villagers and their children marvelled at the stern face of the grandson, and wondered why he looked to right and left of him so much, as if expectant of an interruption to the service, or of a mourner who might be present somewhere in the background, and whom he was anxious to discover. He had not shed one tear over the coffin of his grandfather that those who watched him could perceive. "A rare hard bit of stone that man is," more than one worthy soul at Datchet Bridge declared later in the afternoon. He had more feeling for the living than the dead, for when the excit-

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able Dorcas, who was sobbing and wailing as though she had lost all that had made life dear to her, pressed to the grave's verge with faltering steps, he drew her arm through his for her support.

There was a third mourner in the churchyard, or at least one man who had craved a holiday, and come his score of miles to do honour to the funeral of old Halfday, and the restless eyes of Brian noticed him amongst the crowd. When the funeral was over this man lingered in the churchyard, watched the process of filling-in the grave, and being naturally loquacious, told the sexton and his man a great deal of Adam's life and his own. He was in the middle of his narrative, when Brian Halfday, having seen his sister to the inn, returned to the graveside, touched the man's arm, and drew him reluctantly away.

"You have had enough of this surely, Peter Scone?" he asked.

"I always said I would see the last of him. I promised myself that I would," replied Peter, shaking his skeleton's head to and fro, "and I have done it. I left early this morning in Simpson's pigcart on purpose to see the end of him."

"I have to thank you for coming all this way," said Brian.

"He should have been buried in the Hospital," said Peter Scone, "and I ought to have had my black wand and walked before him, and the brothers should have followed in good order, and all things been straight and proper. Poor Adam has been cheated out of a fine funeral for a very so-so affair, mind you, Master Brian."

"I could not have given him a grand funeral, Peter, had I had the inclination."

"Hasn't he died rich somehow?" said the old man querulously. "Hasn't he come into lots of money?"

"Who told you?"

"The people about here."

"No one else?"

"No one else."

"You have not heard anything of this before to-day, or before your arrival here?" asked Brian, still doubtfully.

"No. Who was to tell me anything about it?"

"You will know in time."

"You might have called and told me yourself, Master Brian," said Peter, in the same aggrieved tone of voice. "I was an old

servant of your grandfather's. I knew him when he was a young man; I knew him when he was rich and proud, and hard and hateful; and when he was poor and disagreeable—awfully disagreeable."

"Do you remember his son—my father?"

"I should think I did," was the answer. He was a weak ninny, was William. A poor wisp of a fellow, whom nobody cared for. Nobody missed him, but his wife, when he slipped away from Penton one fine morning."

"How many years is that ago?"

"In the winter of 18—, some sixteen years since," Peter answered promptly. "I mind the time well, because he came to my house the night before, and borrowed three pounds five of me. Ah! I had money to lend then—those who get rich by Adam's death will perhaps remember what Bill Halfday owes me."

"They shall do so, Peter," said Brian; "one good turn deserves another."

"Just as one bad turn deserves another," added Peter maliciously.

"That creed is not taught you at St. Lazarus," said Brian.

"It is taught me by a good many things in this world," replied Peter Scone, nodding his head slowly and emphatically, "and what St. Lazarus teaches me is neither here nor there. The man who vexes, wrongs, or slights another must expect vexation, wrong and slight in his turn—that's what I say, sir."

"Then you are too old a man to say it," answered Brian; "think of it again when you get home, Peter, and are at your prayers."

"I'll think of it again over a glass of rum and water if you like," said the old man, with a leer that would have become Silenus on his face.

"You can have what you please."

"Thank you, Master Brian. It has been a dry sort of funeral; not that I have a right to complain," he added, coming to a full stop to express his final opinions on the subject, "for I was not asked to follow Adam. No one asked me—nobody thought of me—not even Dorcas, who has often hidden in my room out of the way of Adam and his crutch, which he did throw about a good deal in his tantrums—not even Dorcas Halfday."

"There has been trouble here, Peter; we

have hardly had time to think of anything."

"I dare say—I dare say," said Peter half incredulously, "it is not worth speaking about, any more than I am worth thinking about. I am an old man, and past my time altogether. Why should anybody trouble himself concerning me?"

"Come, Peter, you must not make a grievance of this," said Brian heartily; "it did not strike me that you or any of the brothers would care to follow my grandfather to his grave, and I did not think that you and he had been particularly good friends even."

"We weren't good friends," answered Peter; "he wouldn't be good friends with anybody. But as an old servant of his firm—head cashier was I, Master Brian, before you were born—he respected me as much as he respected anybody at St. Lazarus. And that's not saying a great deal," he added, after a moment's further reflection on the subject.

They had passed from the churchyard across the road into the inn by this time, and Peter Scone made straight for the bar, and gave his order for rum and water to the landlady.

"This gentleman will pay," said Peter; "having come into property, he will stand treat to-day, Mrs. Bennett."

"Let him have what he likes," said Brian to the landlady.

"You'll drink with me?" asked Peter of our hero; "you are not too proud to drink with me, I hope?"

"I am not in the mood for drinking, Peter."

"Feel too much in the stirrups, perhaps?"

"I am not elated at my fortune," said Brian; "I am tired and dispirited, in fact."

"Drink's good for that kind of complaint, I have heard," replied Peter Scone; "you'll take one glass with me, surely?"

"No, I can't drink now," said Brian very firmly.

"Your good health, then, Mr. Halfday," said Peter, gravely surveying Brian over the rim of his glass of rum and water.

"Thank you."

"I was going to say, 'and long life to you,' but I can't recommend long life. It's a mistake, and a failure," Peter observed; "it's a heap more of disappointments and

slights when a man's grown too weak to bear it—that's what long life is."

He drank his rum and water after propounding this new theory, and said—

"I'll be going back by the carrier, like a mouldy parcel, in half an hour or so. And talking of parcels, I'll take mine, Mrs. Bennett, if you'll be good enough to give it me, and the flowers too."

"Here they are," said the landlady, passing over the bar a large brown-paper parcel, neatly fastened together, and a bouquet of hothouse flowers of considerable proportions.

Brian regarded the articles with some degree of astonishment.

"What are you going to do with these?" he asked.

"I was told to give them into Miss Westbrook's hands with Mr. Angelo Salmon's compliments. They're books for her to read, and this," holding up the bouquet, "was cut this morning from the Master's conservatory. It's a beauty, ain't it?"

"It is an odd time for a man to send flowers," said Brian frowning.

"They are not for you," replied Peter quickly, "I am to give them to Miss Westbrook."

"The waiter will show you the room. You will find Dorcas there also," said Brian.

"I shall be glad to shake hands with Dorcas—a fine, high-spirited girl she is. I always liked her," was Peter's comment here; "she wouldn't have been too proud to drink my health, I know," he muttered to himself.

"You need not stay too long with Miss Westbrook," said Brian, "she is not well to-day."

"Oh! I'll take care," was the querulous reply; "I won't trouble her too long with my society, depend upon it. And yet," he added, "I could talk to her for hours about old times—her father and her grandfather—and all I know about them, couldn't I? That James Westbrook, when he got rich, might have thought of me a bit. I was a faithful servant to an unlucky house, but nobody ever thinks of me."

"You'll find Miss Westbrook up-stairs," said Brian, moving to the door of the inn, and, looking anxiously up and down the road, finally proceeding at a smart pace, and for half a mile, along the highway to Penton.

Suddenly he turned and walked as quickly back to Datchet Bridge.

"He has played me false, as I felt he would do last night," he said, "and I may learn of his treachery at any moment. If he had not stolen away like this! If I could only see him now!"

At the inn again, and glancing upwards, as if by instinct, at the window of Miss Westbrook's sitting-room. On the little table in front of the window was a vase with Angelo Salmon's bouquet already installed therein; he could see it very clearly from the roadway, and it turned his thoughts in another direction with singular celerity.

"That Angelo Salmon's a big fool," he muttered.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BUSINESS POSTPONED.

A MAN with a wonderful sense of his own importance, or a man readily disposed to take affront, was Peter Scone, the senior brother of St. Lazarus, for Brian had scarcely delivered himself of his uncomplimentary criticism on the unoffending Angelo, when Peter emerged from the inn into the roadway, with a very sour expression on his withered countenance.

"I'm going back now—and the sooner the better," he said to Brian, as he tottered by him.

"The carrier's cart is not in sight yet."

"I can walk down the road and meet it, I suppose," he snarled forth.

"Certainly. I will go with you," said Brian.

"I don't want any company," replied Mr. Scone; "talking's bad for me at my time of life."

Brian Halfday took no notice of this hint, but walked on by the side of the old man.

"What has the carrier charged you for this journey, Peter?" he asked.

"Two-and-sixpence, because I'm a friend."

"I don't like your coming to the funeral at your own expense," said Brian, "and if you will allow me to pay your fare, I shall be obliged."

"I am too poor to say no," answered Peter.

Brian placed half-a-crown in the man's

hand, which closed upon it, and disposed of it in a side pocket in his liberty-coat.

"Thank you," said Peter; "when the family comes into its rights, I hope the money I lent your father will be paid back, with interest."

"I have no doubt it will," said Brian; "my father is in England, and you will see him shortly."

"Your father—in England! Now to think of that."

"It's not worth thinking about at present," was the answer.

"Oh! but it is," cried Peter, "for I don't see my way so clearly to my money now."

"Why not?" asked Brian earnestly.

"Your father was not a man to pay anybody when I knew him," said Peter.

"When I was a lad he left Penton. I only have a misty recollection of him at that time," said Brian mournfully; "a faint impression of a little kindness and a great deal of neglect stands for 'father' in those days. What kind of man was he, Peter?"

"Well, he was a better temper than the rest of you," said Peter frankly; "he took things easily, and let things go by him in an easy fashion, too."

"Careless?"

"Yes."

"But honest? A man of some degree of principle?"

"I don't recollect any principle in him," answered Peter, "and I don't fancy there was a great deal of honesty in making off with my three pounds five."

"That was a loan."

"For a few days he said, but then Bill Halfday always was a liar."

"I am sorry to hear it," murmured Brian.

"Speaking the truth was quite out of your father's line. I dare say he took after *his* father, whose waspish tongue is still at last," he said, pointing to the churchyard. "Ah, well, you are a queer family, and none of you too civil. There's bad blood in the Halfdays."

"Yes, we're a bad lot," assented Brian.

"And as for that Dorcas," cried the old man, suddenly remembering a recent indignity which had been proffered him, "if I ever forgive her, I wish I may die!"

"Has she said anything this afternoon to disturb you?" inquired Brian.

"Has she said anything that is kind, or

gentle, or respectful, do you think? Is it her way?"

"Sometimes," replied Brian; "not very often."

"She told me I was wearying the lady with my talk—that I was all talk—and had better be gone. That I had made the lady cry speaking of her father and grandfather,—as if a woman could not cry without melting away. She—she actually said," he added, trembling with passion, "that she would take me by the shoulders and put me out of the room, if I did not go. The like of 'at to me! You hear—you hear how I have been treated—I, who have been jolted to pieces in a carrier's cart coming to see the last of Adam!"

"You must not mind Dorcas," said Brian kindly, "she says more than she means when the ill temper is in her—and that is only like humanity in the lump, Peter. The lady—Miss Westbrook—is easily fatigued. She is recovering from an illness—a severe shock to her system—and Dorcas is very careful of her."

"So it seems!"

"What did the lady say to the books and flowers?" Brian asked carelessly.

"That she was very much obliged to Mr. Salmon. They're the words, I think, but your hateful sister has almost put them out of my head," replied Peter, "and that it was very kind of him to think of her."

"Ah! yes," said Brian, "but perhaps he could not help that. Good day, Peter. A pleasant journey back to Penton."

The carrier's cart was in sight, and Brian Halfday turned and marched rapidly away from it, passing into a side lane which led to the Downs, up which he ascended to his own cottage quickly and persistently. Here he walked to and fro in a restless, wild-beast fashion until nightfall, when he locked the door again and went down to the inn at Datchet Bridge.

At the inn a message awaited him. Miss Westbrook would be glad to see him for a few minutes.

"She should have gone early to rest to-night," he said. He went up-stairs, however, and knocked at the door, and her soft voice from within bade him enter. He passed into the room, and found Mabel in the chair where he had left her last night. There was a faint but friendly smile of welcome for him as he entered.

"Where is Dorcas?" were his first words.

"She has gone to lie down; she is tired out with the excitement of the day."

"She is easily excited," answered Brian.

"I am unwilling to intrude upon your grief this evening, Mr. Halfday," Mabel said; "but I was uncertain whether your duties in Penton might not take you to the city before I saw you again."

"Madam, I have no great grief at my heart," confessed Brian; "no sorrow that weighs me down, so far as Adam Halfday is concerned."

"Why have you kept away from us all this time, then?" asked Mabel half reproachfully, half curiously.

"I did not think I should be missed; I have been to my house on the Downs," was the reply.

"You left me last night in suspense," said Mabel, "and before you go away, I wish to speak of Dorcas, and of——"

She stopped as Brian raised his hand.

"Let us leave business till to-morrow," he said candidly; "I have not the heart for it to-night."

"You will hasten away to-morrow morning without listening to my arguments," said Mabel.

"I think not," he replied; "I shall not be pressed for time."

"I have an idea, Mr. Halfday, that you are postponing this out of consideration for me," she said; "if so, it is a mistaken kindness, for I am well and strong to-night."

"I may have more news for you to-morrow."

"More news! Not bad news, I trust?"

"I am waiting for a message from Penton, and I think the morning will bring it to me," he answered, and Mabel was too quick not to read the evasion in his words.

"It is bad news," she exclaimed; "now, what has happened to cast me into shadow again? Is there never lightness or brightness to come to me in England?"

"I do not say bad news," replied Brian; "but it concerns the money in Penton Bank, and——"

"Oh! the money, the money," she cried scornfully; "why do you strong, hale men think so much of money, or believe its loss or gain to be the misery or happiness of life? I was taught better than that in my American home."

"I hope so," answered Brian.

"I do not want it back. I should be glad if you would never say a word concerning it again," she said. "There can be no friendship between us whilst this money question is for ever rising to the surface."

"Yes; we quarrel about that," was the slow reply.

"If it were lost to-morrow, it would not give me one minute's concern, save for yourselves."

"For Dorcas and me?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"I do not see;—but there, there, this is business after all, and I would get away from it," said Brian.

"Now, please do not begin to walk up and down the room, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel entreatingly; "you have no idea how it fidgets me."

"I beg your pardon," Brian replied. He had reached the window by this time, and was facing Angelo Salmon's big bouquet in the vase upon the table. He scowled at it, as he came to a full stop.

"Young Salmon must have fancied you were going to the opera to-night," he said suddenly.

"Are you fond of flowers?" was Mabel's quiet response.

"In their seasons, and in proper places," he replied.

"They add sweetness and beauty to a lady's boudoir at all times."

"Do you call this three-cornered room a boudoir?" said Brian disparagingly.

"Scarcely; but it was the best refuge that could be found for me at Datchet Bridge. I shall always remember it gratefully."

"May I ask the reason?"

I have met much kindness in this part of Pentonshire, and I have friends, I hope."

"If you are charitable enough to consider me a friend, Miss Westbrook, I will ask you to reserve your judgment till to-morrow," said Brian mournfully.

"Oh! that dreadful morrow—which never comes, however. What next?"

"You will distrust us Halfdays again; and it is natural that you should," said Brian; "you do not know how you will despise us all presently!"

"You are in a morbid frame of mind to-day, and that is natural also. You have lost a——"

"Relation," said Brian, interrupting her; "but I have said already, I do not mourn

for him. Had he been a better man, a kinder or an honest one, I might have grieved bitterly."

"You are of an unforgiving disposition."

"I don't know," he replied; "people say so, I believe. I am hard enough."

He recommenced his perambulations, and Mabel said—

"You are anxious to be gone, I perceive. I will not detain you further, if there is no chance of talking of business to-night."

"I am in an unsettled mood—restless and savage and discontented. I own it," cried Brian.

"But you will not tell me the reason? You keep me in a suspense which will rob me of my sleep," said Mabel.

"No, no; don't say that," said Brian, very solicitously now; "there is nothing to distract you. It's only the money, after all—and you don't care for money?"

"Not a bit," was the frank confession.

"And I am thinking the worst of some one whom I may be suspecting unjustly," he continued.

"Dorcas?"

"No."

"Mr. Angelo Salmon?"

"Confound Angelo Salmon!" said Brian irritably; "what put that milksop into your thoughts again?"

"Mr. Halfday!" exclaimed our heroine.

"I beg pardon—I apologize—I am very rude to you; I forget I am in the presence of a lady," stammered Brian. "I am totally unused to ladies' society; I am a bear—let me go away to my den on the hills."

"Yes, you are seriously disturbed to-night," said Mabel, thoughtfully regarding him, "and it will be well for you to get home and rest, Mr. Halfday. You are unwell?"

"I never was better in my life," he answered, "but I have offended you by my roughness?"

"Not at all," said Mabel, "for I think I understand you."

"I had no right to speak slightly of Mr. Salmon; I forgot myself. He is a friend of yours," said Brian, "and a genuine, simple-hearted fellow, I have every reason to believe. There, is that the *amende honorable*, Miss Westbrook?"

Mabel smiled assent.

"Then I will go home before I commit

myself further by saying something absurd and unnecessary. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Halfday. You do not wish to see your sister?"

"She is asleep, I think you told me?"

"Yes."

"I will not disturb her," he said. "Neither will you let any one else disturb her, Miss Westbrook, I am sure."

"What do you mean?"

"Some one might ask to see her," said Brian musingly; "it is not unlikely."

"The some one of whom you have spoken?"

"Yes."

"She is not fit to see any one to-night," said Mabel; "she has been completely borne down by her grief."

"Yes," said Brian, "I did not give her credit for having so much affection for the old man. Good-night again."

"Good-night," she repeated; "have you any books at your house on the Downs?"

"Not any. Why do you ask?"

"You may be indisposed to sleep, and some of these volumes——"

"May assist me," he concluded for her, and with one of his rare smiles flickering over his face.

He walked to the open packet of books which Mr. Salmon had sent that day by the carrier and Peter Scone, stooped, read the titles on the backs, and said contemptuously—

"Trumpery novels, and weak-minded verse. No, thank you."

"Here is a volume of the Rev. Gregory Salmon's sermons," said Mabel drily, "you will find that more solid reading."

"I'll take that," said Brian, seizing the book: "it will be solid enough for any mortal man, I have no doubt. It never struck me that Gregory Salmon had an original idea in his head, and here's a whole book full of ideas!"

"You do not like the Master of St. Lazarus?"

"He is a ——" Brian paused, his knit brow relaxed, and his eyes became full of a new softness; "he is a friend of yours, Miss Westbrook, and I have not a word to say against him. For the third time, good-night."

He bowed and left the room.

"That is a very singular young man," mused Mabel, after he had withdrawn,

"and he will take a long time to understand."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE LETTER FROM PENTON.

AT eight o'clock the following morning, Brian had left his home, and was at the post-office at Datchet Bridge, a little shop which combined with the postal duties of Her Majesty's Government, the sale of groceries, tobacco, and haberdashery to the natives of the district. Letters for the tenant of the house on the Downs had always to be called for at the post-office, it being no man's mission at eighteen shillings a week to carry letters to the outway habitation perched amongst the hills.

The morning's mail had arrived, and there were letters awaiting Brian Halfday, as he had anticipated. The postmaster passed them over the counter with a "good morning, Mr. Halfday," to which Brian took no heed in his eagerness to receive news from his native city. He snatched at them unceremoniously, and walked to the door of the shop, on the threshold of which he came to a full stop.

There were half a dozen letters for him, five appertaining to business at the museum, and the sixth enclosed in a long blue envelope, which he tore open eagerly. His was a face certainly dark with displeasure as he read, from beginning to end, the epistle for which he seemed to have been waiting. When he had finished the perusal of it, he turned to the first page and read it carefully through for a second time, the furrows deepening in his forehead, and the thick black eyebrows drooping ominously over his eyes.

"It was to be expected of him," he said as he folded the letter, and became aware that a gentleman was facing him on the grass-grown path, and waiting politely for his leisure.

"Good morning, Mr. Halfday. I am very glad to meet you," said Angelo Salmon.

Angelo was neatly, even trimly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, and four inches of spotless shirt-cuff displayed beyond the wrists of his coat. He wore patent boots, and straps to his trousers, and had

evidently paid considerable attention to his general "get up" that morning. A beau of Bond Street could have scarcely looked more resplendent by the side of this dandy of Datchet Bridge.

"Good morning," said Brian, gruffly.

"I thought I would not interrupt you whilst you were reading your letters, Mr. Halfday," Angelo continued, "but upon my word I am very glad to meet you, as I have said before."

"Have you any business with me this morning?"

"Not any. But I thought you could tell me how Miss Westbrook is to-day, how she got over all the excitement of yesterday, and then, you see, I need not trouble her for an hour or two longer."

"I see," said Brian, as he put the letter in his breast-pocket, and buttoned his black coat carefully over his chest.

"I never remember suffering so intensely as I did yesterday," Angelo Salmon went on, "sick headache, and a pain in the chest all day."

"You're bilious," Brian remarked.

"Oh dear, no, Mr. Halfday, it was pure anxiety concerning that young lady whom I have the honour to call my friend," said Angelo; "she had taken so strong an interest in your grandfather, and his death was so terrible a shock, and then this inquest, and she so weak. They might have postponed the inquest six or eight months, don't you think? and given Miss Westbrook time to come round, and take change of air, and so forth. There was no occasion for hurry."

"Did you arrive here this morning?" asked Brian abruptly.

"No, late last night. I came disguised lest any one should recognise me and tell her I was in the village."

"And give her another terrible shock—yes," said Brian.

"I had promised to keep away till the inquest was completed. I had given my evidence some days since, but I could not rest a moment after four o'clock yesterday afternoon, so I came here," said Angelo. "I called on the landlady of the inn last night, and she told me Miss Westbrook had seen you after the funeral, which I hope you enjoyed—I mean, which I hope went off very well—that is, without anything particularly afflicting, you understand."

"It went off very well, thank you,"

answered Brian drily. "Which way are you going?"

"I am going towards the green, I think," replied Angelo with hesitation, as if doubtful of his future steps.

"I am going in the other direction," said Brian very decidedly.

"Indeed," said Angelo, with a little start, and his face flushing very red. "Ah! I am afraid I'm in the way, and so soon after your bereavement too?"

"Yes," muttered Brian, "you are too soon."

"But you have not told me how Miss Westbrook is."

"Getting strong rapidly."

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Angelo. "I am really much obliged to you, too, Mr. Halfday, for this good news."

"Why it should be good news to you in particular, I scarcely comprehend," asked Brian sharply, "unless you have a greater right to thank Heaven for her better health than anybody else?"

"No sir; no greater right," said Angelo.

"I trust that there is nothing in my manner which has suggested that I have. I would not for the world have such a question asked of me again," he added with less confusion and more dignity.

"Upon second consideration, Mr. Salmon, I am sure I had no right to ask it," said Brian, more gently; "but your manner was peculiar, and I—well, I am in one of my worst tempers this morning!"

"I am sorry to hear it. Your manner also struck me as peculiar, if I may be allowed to say so," said Mr. Salmon, "for when I saw you here, a few days ago, it suggested itself to me—almost suddenly, as it were—that I should like to know more of you."

"You are very kind," said Brian, becoming grave again.

"I mean, to see you more often—or rather to see if I could gain upon you by degrees, and become almost your friend. You would be surprised to hear I have not a friend in the world out of my own family."

"Indeed."

"People do not take to me very readily," added Angelo sadly, "or I do not take readily to other people. I hardly know which."

"Friends will play you false, or borrow your money—you are better without them," was Brian's misanthropic advice.

"Have you not any friends?" inquired Angelo.

"I find my friends in my books, and they never betray me."

"Yes; but apart from books——"

"Apart from books I have no friends."

"She said so."

"Who said so?" asked Brian, turning suddenly upon his companion; "who has dared to speak of me as friendless. Dorcas?"

"Miss Westbrook and I were speaking of you a few days since, that is all," replied Angelo; "and Miss Westbrook certainly said that you appeared to her to be a desolate young man."

"It's an odd word—desolate!" said our hero thoughtfully; "but it is pretty close to the truth."

"I happened to allude to myself in some way; I scarcely remember in what way now," Angelo continued, "but I know Miss Westbrook said that she thought I should be the better for a male friend who was strong-minded, and manly, and fearless, and all that."

"And she recommended me?"

"Or some one like you," replied Angelo; "I know she mentioned you as a firm, self-reliant man."

"She compliments me," said Brian, more thoughtfully than ever.

"It is at my expense a little," added Angelo, with a feeble little laugh; "but I don't mind that. I know I'm more like a great girl than a man; they think so at home, I fancy. But chambers in town, and travelling to America, have done me a great deal of good lately. I seem to know the world now."

"It is a bitter knowledge very often," replied Brian, "and I would not follow it too closely in your place. As for friends—they will be no good to you. As for myself, I am of a different sphere, and unfit for you."

"I do not quite understand."

"I have not time to explain," answered Brian.

"I am detaining you," said Angelo very quickly; "probably I shall see you again before I drive Miss Westbrook to Penton."

"Oh! does she leave to-day?"

"I don't know. I am going to ask her if she feel well enough to undertake the journey," said Angelo; "my father and mother, and myself, don't like the idea of her remaining in this place."

"Will she return to the Hospital as your guest?"

"I hope she will—for a few days at least."

"I shall see you again, I dare say," said Brian; "good morning."

Angelo re-echoed his "good morning" as Brian walked away from him. He went slowly and in a purposeless way towards the village green, whilst the curator dashed on at almost a headlong pace towards the churchyard.

"That man is softening," muttered Brian, as he strode on; "heaven and earth, what a friend to recommend to me! If Miss Westbrook had been in better spirits, I should have thought she had been jesting with us both."

He turned into the churchyard, and then stopped suddenly, with his hand upon the wicket gate. Mabel Westbrook was there; she was standing by the new grave wherein all that remained of Adam Halfday was buried.

"It is as well there—perhaps it is better there—that she should hear the news," Brian said as he went towards her.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

BY THE GRAVE OF ADAM HALFDAY.

MABEL WESTBROOK was too deep in thought to notice the presence of Brian Halfday in the churchyard, until that gentleman was close upon her. Then she turned and saw him.

"It is kind of you to come here, Miss Westbrook," Brian said in rapid tones, "but I scarcely comprehend the motive for it. *He* was no friend of yours—he was an enemy to your family."

Mabel had extended her hand towards him, but he did not see it, or affected not to see it—it was doubtful which—and, with a slight heightening of colour, the hand fell back to her side as she replied.

"Should I bear him malice now?" she asked.

"No, no—but why do you come to his grave?" rejoined Brian; "what is the use of it? where is the necessity?"

"I thought I would come," said Mabel; "I can scarcely explain the reason, except

it is that my dead grandsire's wishes lie very close to my heart still."

Brian lost his temper at once over the old subject.

"You have no right to regard them," he cried, "based as they were upon a wretched mistake. It is your duty even——"

"Do not begin again, please," said Mabel, interrupting him; "everything is settled between us. I am going to take back the money, and there is an end of the complication."

"There is no end to it, Miss Westbrook," answered Brian, "and that is why I must speak to you in this place. It is most fitting that here you should learn what a hateful, despicable, mean, money-grasping, grovelling race we are."

Mabel shrank at his intensity of utterance, at the bitter vehemence with which this tirade against his race was hissed forth.

"The news for which you waited has reached Datchet Bridge?" she asked curiously.

"Yes."

"And it is bad news?"

"It is bad news, indeed," said Brian,

"Is that why you would not shake hands with me just now?" inquired our heroine.

"I was unworthy to touch you, madam," answered Brian, in deep humility, and with a strange tremor in his voice; "I have betrayed your trust in me—I have taught my own father to be your enemy—I have robbed you!"

"Oh, this is the money question again, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel; "well, please explain for once and for ever. 'Your own father!' what does that mean?"

"I saw him the night before last," replied Brian; "he stepped across my waking life again, like the grim spectre that he is, and I told him of the money like the fool that I was!"

"Your father—yes, that is strange," murmured Mabel; "but could you have kept him in ignorance of the truth, and was it worth the effort?"

"I might have bided my time—I should have waited for a while—I should have left him to discover the facts for himself," said Brian. "I might have done a hundred things save put in his hands the weapon with which he strikes you down."

"I am not stricken down," said Mabel, who had turned somewhat pale, "only you

alarm me—you, you look so fiercely at me; it is your father of whom you are speaking, remember."

"He is a villain."

"Still his son should not be the first to declare it to a stranger."

Brian paused, and looked down.

"I accept the reproof, Miss Westbrook," he said; "you are more of a Christian than I am—I have been ill-taught and ill-trained, and this is the result."

"Shall we go away from here?"

"I would prefer your remaining for a few minutes, but you are tired."

"No, I am not tired," Mabel answered.

"I will not rave in this mad fashion again," said Brian, "but I have been deceived, and I have helped towards my own deception. My first thought was of you, madam, when he stood before me in his rags and squalor, and of the power that he would exercise by right of birth to claim the money paid in error to my grandfather. I trusted him too quickly; I was anxious he should hear the truth from my lips before a distortion of it should raise vain hopes in his heart, and I sought to bind him by an oath to keep his promise of restitution."

"You did not?" asked Mabel anxiously.

"No; I would not listen to him when I saw the look upon his face in the starlight," answered Brian. "I knew what was to follow before I received this letter."

"From him?"

"From *his solicitor*," said Brian contemptuously, as he opened the letter, which he had taken from his pocket. "I will read it to you."

"But——"

"It will not take a moment," said Brian; "it is brief enough."

He dashed through the epistle in his old rapid way, but it is uncertain if Mabel Westbrook followed him completely:—

"288 Cloister Street, Penton,

June, 18—.

"Sir,—I beg herewith to inform you that my client, and your father, Mr. William Halfday, has entrusted to me the entire management of his affairs, and the procuring for him the necessary letters of administration to the estate of his father, Adam Halfday, late of this city, and of the Hospital of Saint Lazarus, adjacent. I am further desired by Mr. William Halfday to inform you that he intends to act fairly and

equitably by all those who do not needlessly interfere with a matter which he leaves entirely in the hands of his legal adviser and

"Your obedient servant,

"RICHARD EVERSHAM.

"Brian Halfday, Esq.,

"Datchet Bridge."

"Here is the gauntlet thrown in my face, and I must fight," said Brian, as he tore the letter into fragments, and scattered them over his grandfather's grave.

"Can you not trust to what your father says?" asked Mabel.

"Trust that man," exclaimed Brian indignantly, "who has already deceived me, and who is weak enough to think his silly promise of fair dealing can juggle me at the eleventh hour like this. Trust him, madam! I will fight him to the death as though he were my bitterest enemy. I will make him prove he is William Halfday; I will dispute his claim inch by inch in a court of law, and, granted that he is the William Halfday of sixteen years since, I deny his right—he, a vagabond and a deserter from his family—to take that money, which his own father would have never left to him. I will ask you to support me by your story of how the money was placed in Penton Bank, and then I will tell this poor weak mortal's history afterwards."

He pointed to the grave, and Mabel said—

"You would be acting very unwisely, Mr. Halfday. I know nothing of the law, but I am wise enough to see the impossibility of your resisting your father's claim to the estate."

"Here, on his father's grave, I swear——"

"No, no," cried Mabel with alarm; "if you have any respect for me don't say another word. You are angry, and know not what you are doing. In resisting this claim you will bring about your ruin."

"I do not care for that."

"Let him have the money; it will come in due course to Dorcas and you," Mabel said; "let it drift away for ever, rather than that any act of mine should create enmity between a father and his children. I came to help the Halfdays—it was a promise to a dying man; don't say that, despite the utter failure of my mission, you will add to my regrets by a foolish course of action. I ask you not, for my sake."

"For your sake, Miss Westbrook, I would

venture a great deal, and sacrifice much. But it is for your sake I would act in opposition to this scheme," he answered.

"I shall want all your courage and assistance in another direction—not in this."

Brian looked at her with surprise before he said—

"I am completely in the dark."

"You must remain so for a while, although I am not successful in my mysteries," said Mabel, smiling at his bewilderment. "But I have had letters this morning also, and they influence my whole after-life."

"For the better, I hope."

"I have to wait a second communication, and then I may come to you as to a friend in whose good faith I can rely."

"It is all for the worse, I am afraid," said Brian moodily, "or you would not seek advice and help from me. Surely you——"

"Don't guess," said Mabel very quickly; "I would rather you did not think of this at present. I should not have spoken if it had not been that you were anxious to fight a hopeless battle for me, at a time when in a fairer contest you might be of invaluable assistance."

"I trust I may."

"Till then, let there be peace, and judge not this William Halfday—your own father—too harshly in this matter yet. Let the money go to him, and await the result of his inheritance."

"That is your wish?"

"I wish it with all my heart."

"I will wait," said Brian, "but not in any hope of his doing justice to you. You have rewarded the wrong-doers, and you should consider me as one of them."

"Why you would make me rich, if you could."

"With your own money—what a benefactor!"

"Shall we go away from the churchyard now?" asked Mabel, "or do we misunderstand each other still?"

"I don't know if I understand you," said Brian, very earnestly regarding her, "or if you will not for ever remain a mystery."

"As a woman always is," said Mabel almost saucily.

He took no heed of her interruption; he went on in the same deep, earnest way—

"But this I know—that you have been thoughtful and unselfish, and that your rights have been sacrificed to wrong and ra-

capacity without a protest on your side against it."

"I promised——"

"That as long as you lived you would see after us Halfdays," said Brian; "enrich us, study us. Now let one of the family promise something in return."

"Oh! no more promises," cried Mabel; "you are so quick to resolve, that I don't know what you may say or do."

"Very little on this occasion, Miss Westbrook," said Brian mournfully, "save to re-echo that promise of your own, and with a stronger reason for it. It is said in Penton that I am an irritable, half-made visionary, an obstinate and hard brute, a man with no consideration for the opinions of his fellow-men when they clash with his own. Well, I promise from to-day to sink my individuality, my crotchets, my pride, my convictions, everything, when they are opposed to yours. As long as *you* live, I am your slave in very gratitude, and you may command me how you will. And commanding me not at all, seeing me no more, passing away as it may appear to you for ever, I, Brian Halfday, will still be dreaming of you, planning what is best for you, watching you, so long as you are living on this earth. I take this right from to-day, without claiming any right of friendship with it, or deeming myself worthy to be thought your friend, and I swear it on the grave of this poor sleeper."

"It is a foolish promise," said Mabel, "and I am undeserving of it. I—I wish you had been silent."

"You do not trust me yet?"

"I do; but oh! you are so strange a man. I am afraid of you," she said timidly.

"I have raved too much," replied Brian gently; "will you forget it, and take my arm back to the inn? You are trembling, I think?"

"Perhaps I am not so strong as I ought to be," she said, taking his arm, and walking slowly away from the grave.

"And you trust me at last?" asked Brian.

"Shall I give you a proof of it?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you my new mystery?"

"If you will."

"I came to England a rich woman—to-day I am a poor one."

"Ha! This is the bad news, and you have let me——"

"Why, you are going to reproach me already?" said Mabel, laughing at him.

"Your pardon—but for God's sake tell me what has happened."

"There have been money failures in America, and my American securities, that is my fortune in the bank of which my father was a principal—collapsed completely yesterday."

"Great Heaven!"

"What will become of me after the storm is over, I don't know," she said; "something from the wreck will float to shore, perhaps, and, if not, I must look out for a new home or a rich husband."

"Here is Angelo Salmon coming towards us," said Brian Halfday in a low tone.

"Poor Angelo," responded Mabel Westbrook.

"I will leave you," said Brian, "I have not finished all my work at Datchet Bridge."

"I shall see you again before I leave?" she asked.

"You go to-day, then?"

"Yes."

"To the Hospital—or the Mitre?"

"To the Hospital. It is less expensive," she said, laughing again.

"You bear misfortune lightly, Miss Westbrook," said Brian, "but then you are young, and do not know what misfortune really is."

"Yes, I do," was the reply; "but then I cannot fret over the loss of my money. I care for it as little as you do."

"I am very fond of money," answered Brian; "it is a failing of the respectable family to which I have the honour to belong."

"It is a big story!" she replied.

She smiled brightly as she left him and went towards Angelo Salmon, who was waiting at the gate, a mute, curious, but resplendent being. Brian stopped and saw the meeting, the friendly greeting of Mabel, the pleased and blushing countenance of the young man whom she addressed. He did not move until they walked away together—he raised his felt hat in salutation to them as they looked back at him, and Angelo Salmon elevated his own silk castor in the air. Then he turned and went off at his customary railway-train rate of progression.

"Yes; it is as long as she lives!" he said again.

## BOOK II.

## "A FALLEN FORTUNE."

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SALMONS HEAR THE WORST.

TEN days later in the life of Mabel Westbrook, in the fair, bright summer weather which had come to Penton, the full details of a fallen fortune reached her whom it most concerned. It was the old story of the money market. There had been a terrible panic, a commercial crisis, a collapse, and Mabel Westbrook's inheritance had been swept away in the storm.

The bad news reached Mabel in the morning—it was waiting for her at the breakfast table, and the stout heart of the little woman, "who did not know what misfortune was," as Brian Halfday had told her, throbbed not with any extra pulsation as she broke the seal of the envelope. She read her letter very carefully and coolly, and then smiled across the breakfast-table at the Reverend Gregory Salmon, who was reading his newspaper with his eyes screwed round the corner at her.

"Good news from America?" he inquired, as he met Mabel's glance.

"No, bad news," said Mabel; "some people would say very bad news."

Angelo Salmon and his mother turned towards Mabel full of interest and sympathy at once.

"Did you say bad news, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Salmon, always easily discomfited. "Oh! I am very sorry. Nobody ill, nobody hurt, I hope!"

"Only somebody heavily hit—is not that the correct phrase, Mr. Salmon, to express certain trouble?"

"I believe so," said Angelo. "It might mean an offer of marriage from a gentleman deeply impressed; he would be 'heavily hit,' Miss Westbrook, you know."

"Poor fellow—yes, he would indeed," replied Mabel Westbrook laughing; "well, my letter contains no sentiment, and only one hard fact."

"You are not going to leave us," exclaimed Angelo, and his colour actually faded away at the suggestion.

"Have I not trespassed on your kindness too long?" she rejoined.

"Impossible," said the enthusiastic Angelo.

They had been ten happy days to him, ten days to be looked back at for ever, with the woman he loved a guest in his father's house. They had been ten days too much for the rest of his life, but he was not aware of that at the present hour; he felt only suddenly miserable and desolate at the bare thought of his happiness vanishing away.

He had been a quiet, grave, unobtrusive young man during Mabel's stay at the Hospital, and no one was aware of the deep draughts of pleasure which he was taking down by wholesale into his heart at the mere sight of Miss Westbrook, and in the simple consciousness of her being near him, and regarding him as a friend. He was too timid a man to allow the evidence of his affection to escape—too much afraid of the consequences which might ensue from any precipitate step on his part. If he were rash, he would assuredly lose her, and if he waited patiently, somebody would certainly walk off with her under his nose, and hence all before him was uncertainty, despite the satisfaction of the present hour. And now the hour was closing for him, and Mabel Westbrook was going away; he was sure of it by her answers.

"It is bad news, indeed, that will take you from us, Miss Westbrook," said the Master of St. Lazarus politely.

"I wonder whether it will take me back to America," said Mabel, thoughtfully.

"For a trip?" inquired young Salmon, nervously.

"For good."

"I—I thought your idea was to—to settle down in England?" Angelo asked in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, but ideas change rapidly in a world that spins round rapidly too," answered Mabel; "and if I have my living to get, I must go back to old friends and old associations, and find my best chance amongst them."

"My dear madam," said the Reverend Gregory Salmon, "you don't mean that—"

"That I have lost all my money," said Mabel very phlegmatically, "yes, I do."

"I am amazed—I am sorry—I am dreadfully shocked," remarked Angelo's father; "dear me, now, who could have possibly foreseen this!"

"I have been waiting for the full particulars during the last ten days," said Mabel, "and here they are."

She passed the letter to Mr. Salmon, who took it from her.

"Ten days ago, you knew it then?" said Mr. Gregory Salmon.

"I knew that my grandfather's bank had stopped payment; that big honest bank to which he had pinned his faith so firmly. It is as well," she added, "he died before the crash came."

"But there will be something saved from the ruin?" inquired the chaplain.

"I have grave doubts of receiving a half-penny," replied Mabel.

"Bless my soul, it is most extraordinary," continued the Reverend Gregory Salmon, crumpling his newspaper together violently in his excitement, "and to think that with this terrible catastrophe hanging over your head for the last ten days, Miss Westbrook, you could talk and sing and treat matters lightly; it's amazing to me. I should have had a fit with suspense—I must have gone off to a better world."

"Probably I shall feel more sorry in good time," replied Mabel, "but the loss of the money is no affliction to me yet. I have have been nominally in possession of it for three months; literally speaking, never in possession of it at all. It is not like losing a fond hope or a dear friend."

"Hopes and friends, young lady, will follow the money," prophesied the Reverend Gregory Salmon.

"False hopes and false friends only—and the sooner the better," said Mabel, shrugging her shoulders.

"Ahem! yes. Of course in a world like this—But dear, dear me, it is so very extraordinary! For ten days to know this and to keep it a secret from us—excuse my retiring into the study for a few minutes to peruse your letter. I am utterly bewildered."

Mr. Gregory Salmon bustled out of the room with one fat white hand pressed to his forehead; had the calamity of the money loss been his own, he could scarcely have displayed more surprise and excitement. Mabel Westbrook went to the window of the room, sat down, and resumed the fancy-work upon which she had been engaged at an earlier hour that morning. Angelo Salmon, pale and with his mouth half open,

remained at the table; Mrs. Salmon, after a moment's consideration, followed Mabel to the window.

"My dear child," she said, putting her little fat arm round the slender neck of the girl, "you do not know how sorry I am!"

"Yes, I do," answered Mabel, smiling up at her.

"You will trust in Gregory—Mr. Salmon, I mean," she said; "he is a far-seeing, clever man, Mabel, and will know what is best for you."

"I think I have made up my mind to trust in myself, being a conceited young person," said Mabel; "but there, I will tell you presently. I am very busy now."

"Purse-knitting too," said Mrs. Salmon cheerily; "that does not look as if you had given up all hope."

Mabel laughed merrily, but did not reply. Mrs. Salmon continued her protestations of sympathy and attachment, and Angelo stared across at the speaker in the same vacuous way. Presently a servant entered to inform Mrs. Salmon that her husband desired to speak to her in the library for a few minutes, and then the elder lady withdrew, the breakfast-table was cleared, and Angelo rose, stretched his long limbs, and walked slowly towards the recess of the window where Mabel Westbrook was ensconced.

"I can't tell you all I feel about this, Miss Mabel," he said, stammering a great deal during his address, "or how it takes me off my guard like—and floors me, if you will not object to so vulgar an expression. For I am floored completely."

"Like your poor father," said Mabel drily.

"Yes, he is very much upset; is he not?"

"Very."

"He will not get over the shock quickly," said Angelo; "he is an excitable man, and the surprise has been a great one."

"My life has been passed lately in surprising people," said Mabel, thinking of Adam Halfday, "and you English people are so completely interested when money is in question."

"You speak as if you were a foreigner," said Angelo.

"I feel more like a foreigner to-day than usual," answered Mabel, "and less of the English girl that I fancied I might grow to be."

"I don't quite understand you," Angelo remarked; "but—"

"Please don't try to understand me," said Mabel interrupting him, "it will not do for a gentleman of your position in life to make a study of a lady who has no visible means of subsistence. Your father will prove this more clearly to you."

"Oh! Miss Westbrook——"

Here he stopped, as her musical voice rippled off into pleasant, unaffected laughter at his astonishment.

"You will think me a very bold young woman to tell you this," said Mabel, "but misfortune has the privilege of speaking frankly sometimes."

"If any——"

She would not allow him to continue. He was obedient to her commands, and a look controlled him into silence.

"I want you to do me a favour," she said.

"Certainly. Anything—everything," he answered with alacrity.

"I want you to go for a stroll across the meadows for an hour or two."

"With you?" he asked timidly.

"Oh! no," she replied, "I am busy this morning, and cannot afford the time for a long walk, which would do you a deal of good."

"I am really quite well, Miss Westbrook, I assure you," was his reply.

"You are pale," said Mabel.

"Yes—but——"

"And I wish you to go very much."

"Yes—but—will you not tell me why?" were the words he contrived to stammer forth at last.

"Not this morning," said Mabel, shaking her head.

"When I see you again, then?"

"When I see you again—very likely."

"I don't mind getting out of your way, or going anywhere you wish," said Angelo, "of course not. Still I should like you to understand before I go this morning——"

Once more, the inexorable Mabel cut him short in his oration.

"It is impossible that this important business will allow me to understand anything fresh just now," said Mabel quickly.

"That's it!" exclaimed Angelo with renewed excitement, "I knew you were grieving and suffering, and—and so on."

"Not I," said Mabel confidently.

"And I did want to say, that having a fortune in my own right, from my poor deceased grandmother, and not knowing what to do with one-twentieth part—What's this?"

Mabel had put the purse which she had been making into his hands, wherein she left her own hand warmly and confidently.

"Something to keep your money in," she said, laughing again, "will you take it for my sake?"

"Have you been really making this for me?"

"Yes—it is not much of a keepsake—I should say, a present, is it?"

"I will treasure it all my life, Miss Westbrook."

"You can't do that, because it will wear out too quickly," said the practical Mabel, "and now good morning. Thank you for all you would have said in the way of offering me a loan, if I had the time to 'negotiate' one, as the phrase runs. Yes," she added in a different and more earnest tone, "thank you very heartily for such kind thought of me, Angelo."

She withdrew her hand from his and left the purse within his grasp instead, and he walked slowly from the room, as he knew that she wished him to do. He walked in dreamland nevertheless, and his heart—his secret heart—was light, not heavy, for all the money losses which had come to Mabel Westbrook. She seemed nearer to that heart now, and she had called him Angelo for the first time in his life—and life was surely brightening and becoming something that he could comprehend more clearly, in its new solemnity of love and responsibility of care.

As he went across the quadrangle towards the archway beyond, he looked towards Mabel at the window, who smiled brightly and waved her hand towards him—even kissed her hand to him in a light, graceful fashion, that was French-like in its way, although more English in its honest impulse.

"God bless her," said Angelo, "I am glad she is not cast down by her trouble. I will take her for a drive this afternoon."

## CHAPTER II.

### CHANGE OF TACTICS.

GOOD Mrs. Salmon found her lord and master still a prey to excitement in

the library, whither a forced retirement had not conduced to any of that composure of which he had gone in search. The Master of St. Lazarus was curled up in his arm-chair with Mabel's letter in his hands.

"Did you want me very particularly, Gregory?" asked Mrs. Salmon as she entered, "because I hardly like to leave poor Mabel at present."

"Yes, I do. Poor Mabel indeed!—a pretty nice mess we have made of this poor Mabel business," he groaned forth.

"Why, what have we done?"

"Acted like a couple of fools, Mrs. Salmon," said her husband. "But will you shut the door, and sit down for a moment?"

"Certainly, Gregory."

Mrs. Salmon closed the door, and took a seat which her husband had indicated by a somewhat imperious wave of his hand. She waited for his communication, and her round blue eyes and half-open mouth gave her a stronger resemblance to her son at that time.

"We have been very indiscreet, Mrs. Salmon," continued her husband; "we have believed this young woman's statements as to her position in life, and we have been deceived."

"I don't remember her making any statement, Gregory, and if she had—"

"My dear, don't interrupt me," said the Master, "at all events, you and I and Angelo have become, as it were, on terms of intimacy with Miss Westbrook, who, after all, is penniless."

"Poor thing!"

"Who after all may be an adventuress, Mrs. Salmon—a long-headed, designing young woman."

"I will never believe that," said his wife firmly; "I don't think, Gregory, you can look me in the face and say that that's your conviction."

"Mrs. Salmon," said the Master, "I don't know what my conviction is. Here is a stranger, clever and fascinating we will grant, who meets with Angelo in America, sees how weak and trusting a young fellow he is, becomes his friend, arrives with a letter of introduction from him, settles down in our circle, confuses us with a cock-and-bull story—for presumably it may be a cock-and-bull story—of restitution to Adam Halfday, is made our guest, and then tells us one fine morning that she is as poor as a church

mouse, and has kept that fact from us for the last ten days."

"She wished to be sure of the truth, Gregory."

"She wished to remain here and ensnare our Angelo, that's the only truth I can see, ma'am," affirmed the Rev. Gregory Salmon. "Here is a poor, young, handsome, sharp woman, and a rich and impressionable young man, and we, like two fools, have, without a single inquiry, done our best to throw them together, and make a match of it."

"Oh, Gregory, don't be so harsh and uncharitable. You can't think all this—I'm sure you can't," said Mrs. Salmon, bursting into tears.

"I have said, Mrs. Salmon, that I do not know what to think," replied her husband, speaking very slowly and deliberately now; "but I am a man in my right senses, and the whole matter strikes me, at present, as an ingenious and elaborate plan, most skillfully carried out. But there is no occasion to make that noise over it, Mrs. Salmon, that I can possibly see."

"Mabel is such a dear g—g—good girl," sobbed Mrs. Salmon.

"Yes—a very dear girl to us, if we don't keep our eyes open," replied her husband, "and that is all I will ask you to do, madam. Miss Westbrook," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper, "must be got out of this house as soon as we can gracefully do it—she must return to America, if possible, and as quickly as possible—and I will take upon myself to put Angelo on his guard. There is no harm done; the mine has been sprung before its time, I think. I will answer for Angelo's good behaviour under these trying circumstances, if you will get that young person out of the establishment."

"Do you mean to-day?"

"To-day!" echoed Mr. Salmon, "of course I mean to-day."

"Oh, dear, I don't see how to manage it."

"One woman can always talk to another. Tell her we are afraid she must feel herself in a false position among us now—say something kind of course, but be very firm, and hint that I have thought it for the best also, and after serious consideration of the circumstances which have arisen. You may tell her I am sorry too—and you will not hint in any way that we have the least suspicion of her."

"I haven't," said Mrs. Salmon.

"And you may leave Angelo to me. Thank Heaven, he is a character that I thoroughly understand, and completely influence. His weakness of disposition has been to us a trial before this," said the Master, "but, after all, it proves a blessing. He is a child, and to be talked out of a fancy like a child."

"Yes—that's true," assented the wife, "but I would not say a word against Miss Westbrook to him."

"I would not say a word of disparagement of Miss Westbrook to any living soul," affirmed Mr. Salmon, who had a bad memory, and regarded his better half from a soulless point of view, like a Mahomedan.

Mrs. Salmon shed a few more tears over Mabel's new position in life, but she was not prepared to argue the point very deeply with her lord and master. The reverend gentleman had a strong will of his own, and she had never had any strength of purpose to boast of. She was a passive female, with a good but flabby heart, and disputes and troubles were out of her way, and distressed her too much to face with philosophy. Perhaps it was all for the best that Mabel Westbrook was to leave the premises—she was certainly poor now—and Angelo's position could always secure him a bride from one of the best families in the country. She was very sorry, nevertheless, and it was all very dreadful, and she had grown fond of Mabel, but probably it was the wisest course to get her out of the house.

"Have you left Angelo alone with Miss Westbrook?" asked Mr. Salmon suddenly.

"Yes, I have."

"Go back, please, and tell him that I want him," said Gregory, "it will not do to leave those two together. God bless me, I should not wonder if he has not already offered to lend her all his money."

And this was not very far from the truth, as the reader is aware.

Mrs. Salmon departed, and in two minutes reappeared.

"Angelo is not with her, Gregory," she said; "one of the brothers tells me that he has just gone across the meads."

"I'll follow him and settle this at once," cried the energetic Master; "a few words will do, and they had better be said, for all our sakes."

"Well—perhaps they had," assented Mrs. Salmon with a sigh.

The Reverend Gregory Salmon was following in his son's track a few minutes afterwards. It did not take long to discover the young man. Angelo had given up at the second meadow, and was lying, full length, on the grass, under a big elm tree, and in company with three thoughtful cows who had got there also out of the heat of the sun. They moved politely and sedately away as the Master of St. Lazarus arrived, but Angelo did not perceive the movement or the cause of it. He was far gone in his own dreamland, and unaware of the presence of his father. He was face downwards, with his elbows in the grass, and his hands clutching his well-shaven cheeks, and before him lay a purse, bright with steel and gold beads, and which was evidently the object of all his attention and admiration. Romance had opened out to him, when grim Reality threw its shadow across the path of his rejoicing.

"Angelo," said Mr. Salmon.

"Ah! father, is that you?" said Angelo, sitting up and quickly putting his purse out of sight.

"Yes, it is I. I have come for a little serious talk with you, my son."

"Concerning Miss Westbrook?" said Angelo quickly.

"Yes. What made you think so?"

"I don't know," answered Angelo; "perhaps because I can't get her out of my head, and fancy she must be in everybody else's. I am glad it is about Miss Westbrook."

"Are you, though?" said the father, "why?"

"I don't care to speak about anything or anyone else."

The Reverend Gregory Salmon eyed his son somewhat doubtfully.

"You will not like my way of speaking of her perhaps, Angelo," he said, "but you will not misinterpret my reason for it."

"I hope not," answered the son.

"Shall we walk across to the next field?"

"If you like."

Angelo rose and joined his father.

"Proceed," said Angelo, with a gravity and firmness for which his sire was wholly unprepared, "and you will be careful what you say, for her sake—and my own."

(To be continued.)

## EVENING IN EARLY SUMMER.

THE brightness of the day is past,  
 And azure clouds give place to gray,  
 The twilight shadows gather fast—  
 Come, let us watch the "parting day."

See in the west, where linger yet  
 The glories of the sunset sky,  
 Purple and gold and crimson met,  
 Now blend their colours, fade, and die.

The shadowy light grows fainter still ;  
 Soon will be hidden from our sight,  
 The lovely face of Nature, till  
 She fresh appears with morning's light.

The air is fragrant with the breath  
 Of sleeping flowers, on which the dew  
 Lies lightly, as a snowy wreath  
 Hangs from the crest of mountains blue.

Each little bird has sought his nest,  
 Hung in the whispering leaves among,  
 Save one who, e'er he takes his rest,  
 Warbles for us his evening song.

Sweet summer day, thy loving task  
 Is ended with a perfect grace ;  
 While in thy sun the flowers bask,  
 Each hour new beauties we can trace.

But needful night, with restful calm,  
 Enfolds each bud in dewy bliss,  
 And sweet they sleep in fragrant balm,  
 Till wakened by the Sun-god's kiss.

The winds are hushed, the river rolls  
 In placid waves which murmur low ;  
 It is an hour when sainted souls  
 Might leave their heaven and walk below.

Oh ! sainted soul of one most dear,  
Where art *thou* amid these realms of space ?  
While we with desolate hearts are here,  
Art looking on the Father's face ?

Art walking in the streets of gold,  
While we must tread life's rugged ways,  
And all our days and years be told  
Ere we may win thy perfect peace ?

So still and holy is this hour,  
We feel thee near, and almost see  
The brightness of that distant shore  
Reflected from the crystal sea.

Now over all the silent land  
Cometh a calm, a stillness deep ;  
While darkness, with a noiseless hand,  
Robeth our mother earth for sleep.

Rest well, green earth ; may angels keep  
Kind watch and ward o'er thee and all  
Thy many children while they sleep,  
Guarding that nothing ill befall.

Rest well, dear one, with snowy crown  
Of lilies twined about thy head ;  
Ere long we too shall lay us down  
Beside thee in thy narrow bed.

Oh ! may I, when my life is done,  
And darkening shadows gather near,—  
When lower, lower sinks the sun,—  
Then may I view without a fear,

The night of Death draw on apace,  
When fades the last expiring ray ;  
Then blessed angels take in peace  
My soul to dwell in endless day !

## FORCE AND ENERGY.

BY GRANT ALLEN, B.A.,

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**D**URING the last fifteen years the views of scientific men with regard to the relation between the powers of the universe have been growing constantly clearer. The labours of Mayer and Helmholtz in Germany, and of Joule, Grove, Thomson, and Tyndall in England, have led gradually up to the differentiation of force and energy; while Dr. Balfour Stewart's little work, in the International Scientific Series,\* has embodied the latest developments of thought upon the subject in a popular and comprehensible form. But even that valuable book has hardly carried out the differentiation to its furthest limits, or given a final definiteness to the conception of those antithetical notions with which it deals. The mistiness appears not to have lifted itself fully out of the mental horizon; the concept of the two great powers which divide the universe seems not to have been realized and assimilated in all their separation and antagonism. Perhaps a pair of definitions, given by two of our best-known authors, will make this more apparent than pages of criticism. Professor Tyndall says, "Let us employ, generally, the useful and appropriate term *energy* to denote the power of performing work."† And so, too, Dr. Balfour Stewart, almost echoing his language, "Let us define by the term *energy* this power which the rifle-ball possesses of overcoming obstacles, or of doing work."‡ These are the only definitions of energy given in either volume; and I think every reader will feel that there is in both a certain lack of con-

ciseness and scientific rigour, due, not indeed to any want of those qualities in their authors' minds, (for it is hardly necessary for me to add my meed of admiration to the world-wide fame of those great thinkers), but to the present unsettled and transitional state of scientific opinion upon the subject. I trust, therefore, it may not be unbecoming for one who is not a physical specialist to jot down the aspect in which this question presents itself to his mind.

The conclusion to which all late speculations seem to point is this. There are two powers in the universe, of opposite nature to one another—force and energy. Of these, force is attractive, or *aggregative*; and energy repulsive, or *disjunctive*. Both are indestructible; or, in other words, the sum total of each in the kosmos is always a fixed quantity. But while force (or aggregative power) remains always inherent in, and inseparable from, each atom of ponderable matter; energy (or disjunctive power) is capable of being transmitted from one atom of matter to another, or from matter to that hypothetical imponderable substance which we call æther. As a result of these properties, it happens that the dynamical formula for the kosmos, in its existing phase, is this: force is aggregating ponderable matter, immediately round certain centres of unknown number (the stars), and ultimately round the common centre of all solar and sidereal systems; while energy is being dissipated through imponderable æther; this process being locally interrupted or retarded wherever the energy dissipated (as radiant heat and light) from one mass is intercepted by the surface of an adjacent mass, on which it initiates sundry changes, known as storms, ocean currents, chemical reaction, organic life, &c.

Such are, briefly stated, the main proposi-

\* "The Conservation of Energy." I may as well acknowledge here, once for all, my obligations to this volume, without which the present paper would probably never have been written.

† "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion," 2nd edition, § 154, p. 140.

‡ "The Conservation of Energy," p. 13, § 18.

tions which it is proposed in this paper to expand and justify. And the point to which I would call special attention is the conception of energy as a *disjunctive* power, counterbalancing force, and co-operating with it, to produce that perpetual rhythm of phenomena which we observe in the universe around us.

Before proceeding, I must beg the reader to observe that throughout this paper I invariably use the words "force" and "energy" in the senses above assigned to them; and that when I wish to express the notion of that property which they both possess in common, of initiating or destroying motion, I employ the neutral term "power."

Force, then, can act either between masses, in which case it is called gravitation; or between molecules, in which case it is called cohesion; or between atoms, in which case it is called chemical combination. There is yet a fourth case of force, called electrical combination, of the exact nature of which it would be premature to say much. Opposed to these are four forms of energy—that between masses, due to their tangential motion, and called centrifugal power; that between molecules, called heat; that between atoms, called chemical separation; and that between the positive and negative electricities, called electrical separation.

Furthermore, energy has two states, the one called potential, the other kinetic: potential energy is that of passive separation; kinetic, that of active movement. Each form of energy—molar, molecular, atomic, electrical—is capable of assuming either the potential or kinetic state. Potential molar energy is seen in a stone perched on a mountain-top; kinetic molar energy, in the same stone when falling. Potential molecular energy is seen in two molecules in a state of tension; kinetic molecular energy, in the same molecules rapidly vibrating: potential atomic energy in two atoms of different sorts in a state of chemical freedom; kinetic atomic energy in the same atoms rushing into union under the influence of chemical affinity. And similarly with electrical energy. Again, the sum of the two states is constant; that is, whenever potential energy disappears, an equivalent amount of kinetic energy replaces it, and *vice versa*.

The following scheme will make this classification immediately apparent:—

B. ENERGIES OF DISJUNCTIVE POWERS.	
(a.) POTENTIAL, or PASSIVE.	(b.) KINETIC, or ACTIVE.
Molar separation. ( <i>Visible energy of Position.</i> )	Molar motion. ( <i>Centrifugal power.</i> See.)
Molecular separation.	Molecular motion. ( <i>Heat.</i> )
Atomic separation. ( <i>Elements in a free state.</i> )	Atomic motion. ( <i>In the act of combining.</i> )
Electrical separation. ( <i>In the Leyden jar.</i> )	Electrical motion. ( <i>In the electric current.</i> )
A. FORCES or AGGREGATIVE POWERS.	
1. Molar attraction. ( <i>Gravitation.</i> )	
2. Molecular attraction. ( <i>Cohesion.</i> )	
3. Atomic attraction. ( <i>Chemical affinity.</i> )	
4. Electrical attraction.	

Now a kosmos composed entirely, viewed on its dynamical side, of force alone, could possess no motion, no change, no life. It would consist simply of an aggregation of atoms, packed around a common centre in a perfect sphere, every atom chemically combined with those for which it had affinity, and every molecule cohering perfectly to its neighbours on every side. Supposing such a kosmos, endowed with aggregative power only, for a moment to exist, or to be suddenly created, in a state of nebulous diffusion, then it must, by the laws of its constitution, gravitate to its common centre; and as no counterbalancing power is present, *ex hypothesi*, to prevent its doing so immediately, there seems no reason to doubt that it would arrange itself into a single spherical cohering mass in the shortest period at which gravity could act.\*

On the other hand, it is obvious that a kosmos consisting entirely of atoms endowed with energy (of the potential kind) would be in a state of perpetual separation, molecular, chemical, and electric. There would be no

\* I say *spherical* advisedly, as centrifugal power, which causes actual gravitating masses to assume the oblate spheroidal shape, belongs to the opposite, or energetic class of powers.

force to draw together the various elements of which it would be composed. It would, therefore, though more diffused, be as changeless as that endowed with force alone.

But in the kosmos as actually existing, we find both these powers side by side, producing a constant re-arrangement of particles according to a certain definite plan. Force is perpetually aggregating matter round many subordinate centres, and ultimately (as I shall endeavour to prove further on) round a single galactic centre; while energy is being dissipated into surrounding space. How this re-arrangement takes place is our next consideration.

Energy being equivalent to separation, the law of the conservation of energy amounts to this: that the sum total of separation in the kosmos is always the same, whether that separation be between masses, molecules, atoms, or the positive and negative electrical factors. If two masses stand apart from one another, as the earth and the sun, or a ten kilogramme weight suspended by a string, and an iron plate beneath it, they possess potential molar energy, in virtue of such separation. If the earth fell into the sun, or the weight upon the iron plate, heat would be generated proportionate in a known ratio ( $J$ ) to their masses and their previous separation; that is, molecular separation would take the place of molar. Now, intermediate between these two forms of energy would be the kinetic state, which is thus seen to be the mode through which one form of energy is transformed into another, and through which, as we shall see hereafter, all the energy now possessed by ponderable matter is being transformed to imponderable æther. The exact amount of one kind of energy, which is equivalent to a certain unit of another kind, is a question for mathematical physicists, and has been fully dealt with by Mayer, Joule, and Thomson. The point to which attention is here directed is this, that *some* kind of separation invariably replaces another.

The primordial form of all energy is potential energy of visible position, or, as it might be better termed, of passive separation. But energy in this form is essentially unstable. Force tends to draw together any two bodies, however placed; and unless it be counteracted by some form of kinetic energy, will do so immediately. If we throw up a stone into the air, when it has reached

the dead-point, it possesses energy of visible position: but it does so only for an indivisible portion of time; force begins at once to draw it downward again. Only when another form of force, such as that of cohesion, balances gravitation, as in the case of a rock perched on a mountain-top, or a weight suspended by a string, is energy of visible position lasting and stable. Now, all sidereal bodies in the universe are similarly situated to the stone in the air: by virtue of their separation from one another, they possess energy of visible position. But if they possessed that kind of energy only, they would rush together at once, and the molar separation would be transformed into molecular; in other words, they would assume an enormously high temperature, and a greatly diffused state. Some other kind of energy, then, must be keeping them asunder. What is this? I think the consideration of the solar system will give us the solution. Here we see a large central mass, the sun, and a number of minor masses, the planets. These latter all possess energy of visible position relatively to the sun, in an ascertained ratio of their mass and their distance from it. Suppose they were at rest, and were to fall into it, then their energy of position would be transformed into heat, or molecular separation. But they are not at rest: they possess a kinetic energy, which prevents them from falling into the sun, and this is centrifugal power. Now the question arises, "How did they get this centrifugal power?" Obviously not, as some people seem to think, from their rotary motion. This is a curious *hysteron proteron*. If I twirl a ball on a string round my head, the ball possesses centrifugal power; but it got that energy from my hand which twirls it. The sun, however, does not twirl the planets. The energy makes the rotary motion, not the rotary motion the energy. Whence, then, did it come? The answer to this question leads us into the very heart of our subject. In order to arrive at it, we must glance at the history of the kosmos from its earliest manifestations.

Whatever metaphysical view we may adopt regarding the origin and nature of the universe, all modern positive science agrees in commencing its phenomenal history at a stage when it consisted of a congeries of diffused nebulous atoms. Whether there were or were not an eternity of earlier

stages is a question with which we have now nothing to do, though I may touch upon it in another connection further on. Taking the universe, then, in this its earliest ascertainable stage, all the energy it now possesses in various shapes was then potentially present in the diffused and separate state of its atoms, as energy of passive separation; while all the force it now possesses was then existent, as at present, in the tendency with which every atom was endowed to unite chemically and mechanically with every other. And in this higher generalization of the indestructibility of power, are united the two subordinate ones of conservation of energy and persistence of force. It will now, perhaps, be evident in what sense the primordial form of all energy is that of visible position. The atoms of the universe may be supposed to have originally stood off from one another in a state of mechanical, chemical, and electrical separation. But this state could only have existed for a second. Whether we regard the universe as having been thus created, or as so existing through the agency of previous and hitherto incomprehensible conditions—and I allow that we have here reached the utmost verge of our intellectual horizon—we cannot but suppose that the force with which it was endowed would at once begin to act upon its atoms. An aggregation would thus necessarily set in towards certain common centres, a point for whose mathematical bearings I can only now refer the reader to Laplace\* and for whose wider philosophical reasons I must direct him to Mr. Herbert Spencer's chapter on the Instability of the Homogeneous†. If, now, we take one of these separate aggregations into which the differentiating kosmos would divide itself—say our own solar system—we shall see that as the atoms of which it was composed clashed against one another, under the influence of the force of gravitation, and chemical and electrical attraction, a large part of their potential energy would assume the form of heat: that heat, in fact, the unradiated remnant of which is now being given off by the sun, and, more slowly, by the molten nucleus of our own planet. But a portion of the energy thus metamorphosed would remain as kinetic molar energy; which, as the

mass gradually changed from the spiral to the spheroidal condition, would assume that definite direction which we know as centrifugal power. It is not necessary to trace the evolution of the planetary bodies through its various stages; it will be clear that each nebulous ring, as it was left behind by the retreating nucleus, owed its separation to the centrifugal energy thus generated; and this will be equally true, whether we accept the theory of Laplace in its naked form, or in the modified shape given to it by Mr. R. A. Proctor. Thus, then, both the existing heat of the sun and planets, and the centrifugal power which causes their various rotations, with those of their satellites, is derived from the original energy of passive separation, variously modified by surrounding conditions.

It will now, I think, be evident to the reader that neither masses nor molecules (and we may probably infer that the same is true of atoms and electrical factors) can retain the separate state, except by means of actual motion, which in the case of masses is rotary, and in the case of molecules is supposed to be vibratory (though there are certain reasons, too long for parenthetical insertion, which lead some physicists to suspect that it is rotary in *all* cases). Two masses or two molecules freely suspended in space will rush together at once and assume the closest possible union, unless actual motion, either of centrifugal power or of heat, prevent them. We shall see hereafter that both motions are tending perpetually towards extinction, relatively to the bodies in which they exist, through communication of their energy to the surrounding matter, or to the ætherial medium. For the present we must direct our attention to a still wider application of the foregoing principles.

What is thus true of our system as a whole, and of the various molecules composing it, will in all probability be equally true of the kosmos at large, towards which the solar system may be said to bear somewhat the same relation as that borne towards itself by such a system of atoms as we call a molecule of protein. The various sidereal bodies composing our galaxy possess energy of visible position in virtue of their separation from one another. But if they possessed that form of energy alone, they would rush together in the shortest period at which gravity could act, would transform

\* "Système du Monde, vol. ii. chap. x.

† "First Principles," 3rd edition, chap. xix.

it all into kinetic molecular separation or heat, and would begin radiating off that heat (for reasons which we have presently to examine) into surrounding æther. That they do no so can only be explained, it seems, by supposing that what is true of each solar system is also true of the galaxy as a whole : namely, that all the bodies composing it are prevented from falling together by a spiral or rotary motion similar to that which is set up in each aggregating nebula or solar system, and due to the same causes. This *à priori* hypothesis is rendered all the more probable by observations on proper motion, especially that of double and multiple stars, which show, *à posteriori*, that such motion is, in some cases at least, a *vera causa*, and one which we know otherwise to be quite adequate to counteract, while it lasts, the attraction of each mass upon the other.

But if energy and force are both indestructible, how comes it that matter is gradually settling round common centres, and ultimately round a single kosmical centre? The answer to this question is to be found in the yet shadowy relations between matter and the unknown *something*, æther. No atom has any tendency to be deprived of any portion of its force. But every atom tends always to change its potential energy into kinetic, and to part with a portion of its kinetic energy to every other atom with which it comes in contact. If two masses, call them A and B, possessing mutual energy of position, be left free to act, they will rush together ; but their molar energy of passive separation will be replaced by molecular energy of actual motion or heat. However, this transformed energy will not all continue to exist within the limits of the now united body A B, to which it originally appertained. The molecules, rapidly vibrating, will come into contact with other molecules, either of adjacent material bodies, such as the atmosphere, or of the ætherial medium ; and they will impart to these molecules a portion of their motion, which will thus be diffused on every side into surrounding space. The particles of the body A B, being deprived of that form of energy which kept them asunder, will draw closer and closer together, under the influence of force (called in this aspect cohesion) ; and if the process be not interrupted from without, by the integration of fresh energy, it will continue until the

body is deprived of all its energy, and occupies the minimum of space, if any,\* into which its molecules can be packed.

Similarly with a centrifugal power. Any body revolving round another in virtue of this energy (say the earth round the sun) is constantly coming in contact with molecules of æther, to which it imparts a portion of its energy, which is thus radiated off into space. For each measurable unit of energy so lost, the earth approaches a proportionate unit nearer the sun, under the influence of gravitation ; and if this process be not interrupted from without, it will continue to communicate its energy and to approach nearer and nearer, until it finally has lost all its centrifugal power, and glides (not falls) into the sun. It is true that, as has been suggested, this energy may be from time to time recruited by meteoric showers, and similar accelerating causes ; still, as all these are finite in number, it will none the less happen that any body so situated will ultimately have communicated to the æther all its energy, and will gradually unite with its primary. Upon this point, again, more hereafter. Enough has been said to show that in this case, too, energy will ultimately be transferred from matter to æther.

As to chemical and electrical separation, the two remaining forms of energy, they, being of the potential class, are evidently of their very nature unstable and fugitive. They are usually produced by artificial means, and can only, for the most part, be artificially preserved, often with great difficulty. If nature be allowed to work freely, chemical elements in an uncombined state will almost invariably combine with other elements for which they have an affinity, and less stable compounds will be exchanged for more stable ; while again the positive and negative electricities will always rush together, unless forcibly prevented. In either case, as they change from the potential to the kinetic state, the separation which before existed between the atoms of the electrical factors will re-appear as heat ; which will as usual be radiated off into space. We thus see that every kind of energy tends to change from the potential to the kinetic

\* I add this saving clause for those who hold Bosovich's theory of points, or Sir William Thomson's vortex-rings, on either of which theories we must suppose that the matter would be crowded out of existence.

state, and then to pass away from matter into æther, in the act of generating ætherial undulations, which are carried off presumably *ad infinitum*, through the inter-stellar and extra-galactic spaces.

To render these conceptions clearer, let us apply them briefly to the existing state of our own solar system, with special reference to the planet on which we live. Here we have a central mass in a state of radiant heat; that is, of rapid molecular kinetic energy, caused by the precipitation of atoms out of which it has been aggregated. As these atoms have collected round their centre, their energy of passive separation has been exchanged for that of heat. The rapidly vibrating molecules are now, and have ever been, constantly giving off to the surrounding æther waves of energy, which are passing away into the space on every side in ever-widening concentric spheres. Simultaneously with this loss of energy, force is perpetually drawing in its skirts and lessening its diameter. Some ninety odd millions of miles away from it is a lesser mass, of about  $\frac{1}{1,100,000}$ th of its volume. This lesser mass was once, like the greater, a source of radiant heat; but now it has radiated away the greater part of the energy from its superficial molecules, though those of its centre are still probably in rapid motion of heat, and occupy far more space than they would do in a state of quiescence. Of course this central energy is still escaping, though slowly. On the surface, as energy has radiated, force has built up most of the atoms into compound molecules, and most of the molecules into solid coherent bodies. But a minute portion of the energy which is ever escaping from the sun in the above-mentioned concentric waves, falls upon that part of the earth's surface which is from time to time turned towards it in the course of each diurnal revolution. Here it occupies itself in working out local separations, which slightly counteract the effect of those forces which have been slowly engaged in aggregating the matter of the earth. Falling upon the atmosphere, it causes separation of its atoms of the nature of heat (though by convection only); and hence result the phenomena of that enlargement of its volume which is known to us through trade winds, monsoons, &c. Falling upon the ocean, it prevents it, in tropical and temperate latitudes, from freezing or assuming the aggre-

gated solid state; and it raises large masses of its surface, as vapour, to a considerable height; which masses, there losing their energy once more by radiation, are again precipitated on the surface as rain. Falling on the solid land, it exhibits its separative power, by disintegrating the stable compounds which it finds there, and either reducing them to their elements, or rebuilding them in less stable combinations; among the most noticeable of which are those composing animal and vegetable organisms. Finally, falling upon the molecules of matter in certain special conditions, it produces that electrical separation, the reaction from which is known to us as thunder and lightning.

And here we see how it is that energy, really equivalent to disjunctive power, has come to be considered chiefly from the purely anthropomorphic point of view, as that which "performs work." Being ourselves small collections of atoms, bound together in unstable combination, on the outer crust of the earth, we direct our attention chiefly to those little changes which are effected amongst its superficial molecules. We see that if it were not for this reflected energy, borrowed from the sun, hardly any changes would take place upon the earth. A very few unusual phenomena, such as those of earthquakes, volcanoes, and geysers, are due to the slow escape of the earth's internal energy, and the consequent collapse of the superficial crust through the force of gravitation. But all the common phenomena of every-day life—winds, rivers, combustion, animal and vegetable growth—are due to the energy which falls upon the earth from the sun. Thus the practical consideration of energy as that which performs work, overlies the theoretical consideration of it as separative power. But if we look closely into the matter, we shall see that force is just as much requisite for the performance of work as is energy. In a single-action steam-engine, the gravitation which pulls down the piston when it reaches the dead-point, is as necessary as the heat which elevated it to that point: and the attractive force of chemical affinity which draws together the atoms of carbon and oxygen, is as necessary as the energy of passive separation which before divided them, or that of molecular motion into which it is transformed in the boiler: in short, in every case it

is the interaction of the two powers which performs the work.

What, then, becomes of the energy which is intercepted by the earth on its transit through space? Is it retained here permanently, or does it, like other energy, tend to be diffused through the ætherial medium? In answering this question we must remember three points: first, that its total quantity is relatively small (only  $\frac{1}{100,000,000}$ th of the whole amount emitted); second, that it affects only the superficial molecules; and third, that a large amount of it is immediately returned, and only a small portion works changes of a chemical, electrical, or organic sort upon the earth. Every twenty-four hours the heated sides of the world are turned away from the sun to the comparatively unenergetic æther on the remote side, and give off the greater part of the heat they have received during the day. In Sahara, where few organic changes occur, and there is little vapour of water in the atmosphere to retain the heat, the whole amount received during the day is transferred so rapidly at night, that ice has been known to form. Elsewhere the heat is also given off, though less conspicuously. But a small remnant of radiant energy has been transformed during the day into energy of visible and of chemical separation, in the decomposition of certain stable compounds, which reappear in the unstable forms of hydrocarbons and other constituents of living organisms, and are raised in the plant, the tree, and the animal, to a position of visible elevation above the mass of the earth. Organic life, then, must be viewed as a local interruption of that process of integration which force is everywhere bringing about on the earth, the solar system, and the kosmos at large. And here I must venture to differ, with all deference and humility, as a scholar to a master infinitely his superior in knowledge and grasp, from Mr. Herbert Spencer, to whom I need hardly acknowledge my obligations, so obvious are they throughout. Mr. Spencer regards the living organism as an instance of integration: I must rather consider it as an essentially transitory case of disintegration. Solar energy unlocks the elements bound together by chemical affinity in the atmosphere, the rocks, and the water; lifts them up to a height of visible elevation above the earth's surface, and endows them with actual motion of sap

and blood, of limb and muscle. Let us see in detail how this is effected, remembering always that energy exists in chemical elements in a state of separation; while, in the state of combination they have yielded up their energy, and are locked together by the force of affinity. If we were to shut a man up in an air-tight room for twenty-four hours, and supply him with food; at the end of that period, when he had eaten all the food and breathed all the air in the room, it would still contain all the chemical elements which it originally possessed. Yet the man could not continue to live for an indefinite period under such circumstances. And why? Because life is a manifestation of energy; and though all the matter is there still, all the energy has been given off as heat, and is being radiated into space. Carbonic anhydride, a relatively stable unenergetic compound, now replaces the free oxygen of the atmosphere and the comparatively unstable carbon of the organism. The energy of chemical separation, which they possessed in their uncombined state, has been dissipated as molecular motion.\*

In order to re-energize the elements and continue the man's life, vegetables must be introduced into the room: solar energy must be allowed to act upon them; that energy must, in their leaves, once more deoxidize the carbonic anhydride; or, in other words, produce energy of chemical separation between the carbon and the oxygen: the man must eat and digest the vegetables, and a second time combine the carbon with the freed oxygen: heat, and all the phenomena of animal life, must thus be produced, and so on *ad infinitum*. But a perpetual renewal of energy is necessary for the continuance of these processes. The leaves of the plant fall and are withered; decomposi-

\* Or rather, some portion of it; for a part is retained in the compound form, as "latent heat." When we speak of stable and unstable compounds, we mean those which have retained relatively small or large amounts of energy. So much is occasionally retained, that a very small extra integration of energy is sufficient to overcome the affinities. Becquerel found instances where compound bodies, "whose constituents were held together by feeble affinities, such as iodide of nitrogen, were decomposed by the vibration occasioned by sound." (Grove, "Correlation of Physical Forces," 4th edition, p. 133.) So the formation of an unstable from a stable compound is a case of the integration of energy; while, in the passage to a stable from an unstable one, energy is dissipated.

tion sets in ; the unstable compounds give place to more stable ones ; and the contained energy is liberated as heat, to find its way at last to that interstellar limbo, whither all the energy of the kosmos is tending. Similarly with the animal : it is perpetually disintegrating and giving off its chemical constituents in more stable forms ; heat replaces the chemical separation ; and that heat, like the other, goes off to increase the "great waste-heap" of the universe. And, sooner or later, plant and animal die : the elements composing them are set free ; new compounds are formed : and again the energy is dispersed into space. But day by day new energy is imported from the sun to effect the same changes over again : and day by day the old energy, that has done its work here, is turned loose upon the æther, to diffuse itself for ever towards infinity.

But not quite all of it at present. Some small portion remains here, locked up for a time in air and water, in wood and coal, as potential energy of the atomic kind. We may explain this peculiar fact by the analogy of molar energy in a stone. If I lift a stone to the top of a wall, it may either topple over at once, in which case its potential energy is converted first into kinetic molar (actual motion), and then into heat ; or it may, if placed in equilibrium, stand there for an indefinite period, its energy remaining all that time of the potential sort, because the force of gravitation is counterbalanced by that of cohesion. Somebody must give it a push before it can tumble off. Just in the same way, energy may separate chemical compounds, and build them up into the isolated forms of diamond or charcoal, of pure iron or free oxygen : and then these bodies, possessing energy of chemical separation, may remain in that uncombined state for a considerable length of time, under favourable circumstances. A piece of pure phosphorus is in the condition of the stone left to support itself in the air : the moment it comes into contact with oxygen, it combines with it, and gives off its chemical separation as radiant energy. But a piece of charcoal is in the condition of the stone perched on the wall ; it will not combine with the oxygen if left to itself. So, when you bring together the free oxygen and the charcoal and ignite them, you do something which is in some way the analogue of pushing over the stone ; and then force draws

together the two into carbonic anhydride, while the energy is given off again as heat. Thus, sooner or later, even in these exceptional cases of stored-up energy, force ultimately wins the day, and the disjunctive power follows all its kind through the æthærial medium. Just at the present stage of the world's history, we are busily engaged in so dispersing the vast stock of energy laid up for our use in the carboniferous period. The sun's rays at that time de-oxidized large quantities of carbon and hydrogen, built them up into trees, and left in them a store of energy in the form of chemical separation. When these trees fell, they would in ordinary circumstances have decayed ; that is, would have united with the atoms around them for which they had affinities, and have given off their energy to surrounding space. But, falling under water probably, they were isolated from any free oxygen with which they could combine, as is now the case in the bogs of Ireland ; they were then compressed under superincumbent strata ; and have thus been preserved to our day as "bottled sunshine," constituting vast reservoirs of available energy.

But if combustion be essentially a body parting with its energy under the force of chemical attraction, how comes it that before combustion can be set up, fresh energy from outside must be integrated ? As the carbon and oxygen are placed in juxtaposition, why do they not immediately combine in the case of coal, as in the case of animal organisms ? This seeming paradox may be explained again by the analogy of the stone on a wall ; its potential energy cannot be converted into kinetic, unless energy from without, such as a push with the hand, or a puff of wind, give it a start. Otherwise, it is not brought within the sphere of possible action of the force which affects it, namely, gravitation. Now we must remember that chemical affinity is a force acting only through very small distances. Let us illustrate this by the case of cohesion. If a piece of iron be left freely suspended in the air, it will fall to the earth under the pull of gravity, no matter what distance may separate them ; because gravity is a force which acts through relatively *great* spaces ; but if two pieces of iron be placed together, they will not cohere unless absolutely smooth, because cohesion is a force which acts through relatively *small* spaces. If, how-

ever, we heat the two pieces, then the motion of their molecules brings them into such close contact, that as they cool down they cohere perfectly. Similarly with coal and oxygen; we may suppose that they never approach near enough to one another to come within the sphere of their mutual attractions. But when we bring them under the influence of heat from another source, we may imagine that the atoms are so far agitated as to come within that sphere; and then they rush together with that immense disengagement of radiant energy with which we are so familiar in our grates. It is just the same with the decomposition of organic matter. Meat in winter, though very unstable, does not decompose, because there is not a sufficient amount of molecular motion to bring its atoms into close connection with those in the atmosphere for which they have affinities; while in summer it rapidly decomposes, because solar energy overcomes its weak affinities, and thus brings it within the sphere of new ones. And so again, in every chemical reaction we know that a certain amount of heat is required before any compound, however unstable, will yield up its existing combination and form a new one. In short, in every case of relatively stable potential energy, there must always be an integration of new energy from without, in the kinetic form, before the contained energy can be liberated.

All the energy possessed not only by living organisms, but also by the water and air of our earth (either in the form of "latent heat" or of chemical separation), is now seen to be due to solar radiations. When we say that the atmosphere is a mechanical mixture, and not a chemical compound, we mean that the atoms composing it are still in their separate energetic state: when they combine, they yield up most of their energy, and the force of chemical affinity lock them together.\* And this will explain the interesting fact, shown by Professor Tyndall in a series of beautiful experiments,† that while the heat-absorbing capacity of the elementary gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, is *nul*, or very nearly so, that of their com-

pounds is very great. Oxygen and nitrogen, mechanically united as atmospheric air, show no absorption of radiant heat; whereas the same atoms, chemically combined as nitrous oxide, absorb it as 355 to 1; while ammonia absorbs as 1195 to 1. These facts, translated into terms of energy, I conceive to mean that the elementary gases in their state of separation, having already a high specific energy, are incapable of integrating the radiant heat from other bodies; whereas the compounds, having given off energy in the act of combination, are in a position to receive it from other sources. We have consequently no reason to doubt that when the solar energy has all been radiated into space, and none any longer reaches the earth (supposing that epoch to arrive before the earth's orbital motion has brought it into the sun), not only will organic life cease, and water assume the solid form, but the atmosphere, too, will yield up its energy, and be precipitated as a solid mass, under the influence of the absolute zero of temperature,—that is, the total absence of energy.

And here I would point out that all these transformations suggest a single general conception which has been hitherto overlooked. It has been usual to speak of kinetic energy as if it were the normal form, and of potential as if it were a peculiar modification; in short, energy has been identified with *motion* rather than with *separation*. We shall see, however, if we look more deeply into the question, that kinetic energy is only the transitional stage by which energy is transformed from one of its states, molar, molecular, atomic, or electrical, into another; and, viewed still more comprehensively, it may be regarded as an incident in the transference of energy from ponderable matter to the ætherial medium. In the original diffused state of matter, it possessed universal potential energy of every sort—that is, actual separation of masses, molecules, atoms, and electrical factors: in the final aggregated state, matter will possess no energy of any sort, but will have handed it all over to the æther. Kinetic energy (motion) will have been the vehicle by which, through radiation and ætherial friction, potential energy (separation) will have been handed over from the one to the other.

Finally, I shall examine two passages from a couple of our greatest scientific

\* I say *most*, not *all*, because of course they retain a small amount at any temperature above the absolute zero.

† "Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat," Memoir II., § 5, seq.

writers, in order to show that confusion of thought has actually resulted from the neglect of the conception of energy as essentially *disjunctive*, which is advocated in this paper. I choose them purposely from the very deepest thinkers, not in any spirit of carping criticism, but as slight slips which I may have the good fortune to correct. And I choose the second of the two, because it leads up to the final question of all, an answer to which may be fairly expected here,—To what end is all this kosmical process tending? Is the universe bound on the road towards an all-pervading and eternal stagnation, or towards a new birth of countless evolutions, to be repeated through endless cycles of infinite time?

Professor Tyndall says, "I have seen the wild stone-avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down the declivities, with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen snow-flakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce, from aqueous vapour, a quantity, which a child could carry, of that tender material, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone-avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."\* Now, any one who reads over this passage carefully, will see that it expresses the exact opposite of the real fact. The aqueous vapour in its uncondensed state did indeed possess the amount of energy which Professor Tyndall mentions, but this energy was not *exerted* in the formation of the snow; on the contrary, it was *liberated* and turned loose upon space. To raise the snow to aqueous vapour again, would require a fresh integration of the same enormous amount of energy: it is in the production of the vapour, therefore, not of the snow, that energy is exerted. Force turns vapour into water, and then into ice, when energy is liberated: energy turns the ice back again into water and vapour.

The second passage which I shall examine, is from that profound and encyclopædic philosopher who has been the first in the history of our race to attempt the vast task of systematizing the whole circle of existences, mental and physical, past,

present, and future,—I mean Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is this passage which suggests the question above alluded to,—What is to be the final fate of the material universe? Kant, the predecessor of Laplace in the nebular hypothesis, finds in each system of worlds, (I quote for brevity's sake the admirable *résumé* of Professor Huxley†), "indications that the attractive force of the central mass will eventually destroy its organization, by concentrating upon itself the matter of the whole system; but, as the result of this concentration, he argues for the development of an amount of heat which will dissipate the mass once more into a molecular chaos such as that in which it began." Mr. Herbert Spencer has worked out this idea with his usual thoroughness and perspicuity in his chapter on Dissolution.‡ I can only find room for a short part of his argument, and must refer the reader for details to Mr. Spencer's own pages. After quoting Helmholtz's calculation § of the heat-equivalent for the energy of actual motion and visible position possessed by the earth relatively to the sun, he says, "from ethereal resistance is inferred a retardation of all moving bodies in the solar system,—a retardation which certain astronomers contend, even now shows its effects in the relative nearness to one another of the older planets. If, then, retardation is going on, there must come a time, no matter how remote, when the slowly diminishing orbit of the earth will end in the sun; and though the quantity of molar motion to be then transformed into molecular motion will not be so great as that which the calculation of Helmholtz supposes, it will be great enough to reduce the substance of the earth to a gaseous state."||

Now it is plain that the orbit of the earth can only diminish just in proportion as the centrifugal energy which it possesses is given off to the retarding æther; the retardation being in fact the converse side of the transference of energy. For each unit of energy transferred, the earth will approach a proportionate unit of space nearer the sun. By the time, then, that all the earth's energy has been dissipated, except the

† "Lay Sermons," p. 240.

‡ "First Principles," 3rd edition, chap. xxiii.

§ "Popular Scientific Lectures," English translation, p. 178 (American Edition).

|| "First Principles," 3rd edition, § 181, p. 528.

\* "Heat a Mode of Motion," § 181, p. 155.

small amount that is just sufficient to keep her revolving round the sun, she will be separated from his surface by a minimum of space. It is true that friction against the photosphere, or collision against his surface, as when a cannon-ball grazes the surface of water, might not improbably reduce the earth to a gaseous state; but Mr. Spencer's argument would demand, as will be seen from the next paragraph, that not only the remnant of centrifugal energy, but also the original energy of position, should be so converted; which is clearly impossible, that energy having been already communicated to the æther. In fact, the "dissolution" thus contemplated would only be local and temporary; as the sun would at once begin to radiate off the heat thus added to his total, and to draw in his skirts to a corresponding extent. So that the ultimate aggregation is really accelerated by this apparent exception: for the energy which would have been but slowly dissipated as centrifugal power by friction, is rapidly dissipated as heat by radiation.

Mr. Spence, however, continues his argument a little farther on, in relation to the galaxy generally. "If so relatively small a momentum as that acquired by the earth in falling into the sun, would be equivalent to a molecular motion sufficient to reduce the earth to gases of extreme rarity; what must be the molecular motion generated by the mutually-arrested momenta of two stars, that have moved to their common centre of gravity through spaces immeasurably greater? There seems no alternative but to conclude, that it would be great enough to reduce the matter of the stars to an almost inconceivable tenuity—a tenuity like that which we ascribe to nebular matter."\* And after a further development of this idea, he sums up the question with reference to the kosmos at large as follows: "If stars concentrating to a common centre of gravity, eventually reach it, then the quantities of motion they have acquired must suffice to carry them away again to those remote regions whence they started. And since, by the conditions of the case, they cannot return to these remote regions in the shape of concrete masses, they must return in the shape of diffused masses. Action and reaction being equal and opposite, the mo-

mentum producing dispersion must be as great as the momentum acquired by aggregation; and being spread over the same quantity of matter, must cause an equivalent distribution through space, whatever be the form of matter."† Now this would be true enough if we conceived the stars as gravitating towards one another in straight lines, unrestrained by any energy of centrifugal power (though, even in this case, part of their energy would be dissipated as ætherial friction, and thus after an infinite number of cycles, the same result which we are contemplating would be brought about). But we have already seen reasons for believing that the sidereal bodies are prevented from rushing together by centrifugal energy. As in the solar system, then, so too in the galaxy, before the various bodies composing it could aggregate, they must have dissipated all their energy, and when they meet at their common centre, they will probably unite with a minimum of shock, quite insufficient to produce any very violent disintegration of their molecules. They cannot possibly have communicated their energy to the æther, and yet retain it in their own masses. So that the general conclusion to which we are led is this: aggregation by means of force can only take place after energy, having passed from the potential to the kinetic state, and then from matter to æther, has been dissipated into space: in every solar system, and in the sidereal system generally, all bodies are slowly dissipating their energy and aggregating round their common centres; and when, in each system, and in the kosmos as a whole, such dissipation is completed, there will be left a central inert mass of ponderable matter, reduced to its least possible dimensions (if any), surrounded by a space filled with æther, through which waves of energy are being propagated to infinity.

The only hypothesis upon which I can suppose Mr. Spencer's theory of dissolution, followed by re-evolution, to be true, is one which may seem at first sight a little grotesque, but which will serve better to illustrate my meaning than any other I know of. For clearness' sake we will confine our attention to our own solar system, and will suppose that no other exists. We will then imagine the space in which it moves to be exactly

\* "First Principles," § 182, p. 533.

† *Ibid.*, p. 535.

spherical, and to be bounded by a perfect reflector of energy. We have here a "closed system," such as is nowhere known to exist in nature. All the space inside this hollow reflecting sphere is filled with æther. The radiant energy given off by the sun and planets as they cool, and the energy communicated to the æther by the planets in the course of their gradual approximation to the sun, pass outward through this æther toward the reflecting sphere. Meanwhile, the matter aggregates, first round the minor centres of the planets, and then finally round the centre of the whole system, the sun. At last, all the matter has been packed into a minimum space in the very centre of the sphere, and all the energy is coursing through the æther, and surging against the reflector which confines it. Here it is once more driven back, and begins to set inward again in waves of ever-increasing density toward the centre. Arrived once more at the surface of the now solid globe, which contains the de-energized matter of the system, it sets up disjunctive motion of its molecules and atoms, until it has a second time expanded it to its original dimensions. As soon as all the energy has been re-integrated, and the matter has assumed the nebulous state, we may conceive the reverse process to commence, and a new evolution to succeed. And so the alternate rhythm might continue unaltered from eternity to eternity.

Now, manifestly absurd as this hypothesis is when applied to our solar system, it is possible that something analogous to it may be true of the galaxy at large. If we regard space and æther as absolutely infinite, then we have no alternative but to suppose that energy will go on for ever coursing through the boundless void; but if we imagine the æther to float in empty space, and to be limited in extent, then we might suppose the outer verge of æther to act as the imaginary reflector of the preceding paragraph. Or we might fancy space as filled with many galaxies, each floating in its own æther, and each undergoing a similar rhythm. In that case, we might picture to ourselves the waves of energy from each galaxy as clash-

ing at their contiguous edges, in a sort of meeting of the cosmical tides, and thence turned back again toward their centres as before. But any such speculations involve the concepts of infinite space and time, in dealing with which we deal with symbols which cannot be rendered into terms of consciousness, and on which, consequently, no reliance can be placed.

I set down this last fanciful speculation for what it may be worth, as many would not willingly give up the belief in a perpetual alternation of evolution and dissolution. But, for my own part, I must confess that when I reflect upon the limitations of our conceptive faculty, the relativity of our knowledge to our nervous organization, and the consequent necessity which we are under to represent to ourselves all the modifications of the kosmos in terms of our sensations; when I consider our absolute ignorance of the real nature of an atom, of the relation between matter and æther, and of the mode by which energy is propagated through the intellectual medium; it seems to me that we have done quite enough, when we have traced out in phenomenal symbols the evolution of the kosmos from its state as a diffused energetic nebula, to its state as a concentrated de-energized mass; and that any inquiry into its earlier or later modifications, if such there were or will be, lies beyond the range of our existing faculties.

In conclusion, I shall only add, that some errors and misconceptions at least are to be found, no doubt, in the preceding pages. It could hardly be otherwise, when the ground to be covered was so vast. I trust, however, that they will be forgiven by those who may detect them, if the general views enunciated here be found correct. To original experimental researches I make no pretence; I only generalize upon the data furnished by others. But I have endeavoured to systematize what seemed to me scattered and nebulous. I trust my paper may be accepted in this light, as giving a clearer conception of the real relations between the great powers which form its theme.

## BALLADS OF THE SCAFFOLD.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR., ST. JOHN, N. B.

LESS than forty years ago, a public execution was looked upon by the vulgar masses of society as a diverting spectacle—a free exhibition to which all might attend, as one goes to a theatre or visits a circus. The affair was well advertised through the columns of the local newspapers, and on the morning of the day set apart for the “hanging,” lumbering waggons and huge carts from the outlying districts might be seen coming into town laden with spectators dressed in holiday attire, and armed with hampers well provided with solid and liquid nourishment, the latter element predominating largely. These vehicles with their living freights were on the ground, occupying available territory in full view of the ghastly instrument of death, and within hearing of the dull sound of the carpenter’s hammer, as he drove his nails deep into the rafters, and uttered his ribald jest, long before the grey morning mist had lifted, and the sun appeared to warm the cold, dark earth. As the hours sped by and morning broke, additions came rapidly to the convened concourse, the preparations on the gallows were completed, the hollow sound of the death-bell fell like a knell upon the air, the condemned criminal tremblingly marched to his doom, and the coarse crowd below for the moment ceased its loud laughter, and jostled and swayed about like a mighty ship battling with the busy waves. Then, after the customary “dying words” had been uttered by the doomed man, and the hangman had finished his work, and a lifeless body hung in full view, the excited people indulged in riotous disturbances of the peace, and in the face of death enacted the most horrible scenes, unequalled since the days of the monster Jeffreys.

Fortunately for civilization, public executions have in a measure been abolished. They never were calculated to check crime, nor intended as fearful examples to the populace. Drinking, blasphemy, fighting, and bloodshed have been the result, and low jests and vile profanations have been among the

attendant evils which always characterize the exhibition of the executioner’s finishing stroke to the wrong-doer’s career. The crowds assembling in earlier days were invariably composed of the members of the lower ranks, though at times, in rare instances, men of mind and intellect were found enjoying this propensity with them to the fullest extent. Thus, we hear of the celebrated wit and humourist, George Selwyn, who died about eighty years ago, a famous man in his day, and the companion and friend of such men as Horace Walpole, Lord Carlisle, Henry Lord Holland, Lord Abergavenny, and others of equal power and brilliancy, actually enjoying public executions. Selwyn’s passion for these spectacles amounted to a mania, and numerous well-authenticated anecdotes are related of him anent thereto. At one time, when Lord Lovat lost his head, Selwyn, having attended the decapitation, was rallied on his want of feeling by a party of ladies, to whom he gave excuse: “Why,” said he, “I made ample amends by going to the undertaker’s and seeing it sewed on again.” This was a fact, and it seems all the more surprising, because Selwyn was a man of rare benevolence and tenderness of nature. His wit was of the most subtle character, and his humour was always distinguished for its delicacy and polish. Horace Walpole, in 1750, writes of this curious gentleman as one “whose passion it was to see coffins, corpses and executions.”

When that great statesman, Lord Holland, distinguished alike for his marvellous blunders as well as for his varied and brilliant attainments—a man resembling the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, in some respects, and in other features appearing like the intellectual Fox—lay upon his death-bed, he uttered, perhaps, one of the neatest *bon-mots* on record *à propos* of Selwyn’s ruling passion. Being informed that George had been inquiring for him, he said to his servant, “The next time Mr. Selwyn calls, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am

dead, he will be glad to see me." When Selwyn went to a dentist's to have a tooth drawn, he dropped a handkerchief on the floor as the signal for the work to begin.

Of course, as was the custom in old times, when every event was marked by the work of the poet and the poetaster, like, in our day, everything, whether it be a dinner to a noted individual or a supper to a special embassy, a poem must be read on the occasion and an oration be spoken. The executioner sang his songs, and the penny rhymester sold his ballads, and terrible inflections and halting rhymes they were. These poems and ballads have been handed down from generation to generation, and in several instances are typical of the age in which they were penned. Thus those of the Elizabethan era and before it are of such a nature as to render them unfit for quotation. In later days, however, there is nothing beyond a coarseness and crudeness of style to be found in these ballads of the scaffold. They usually give short biographical sketches of the condemned, with an epitome of the deed committed, and a few moral reflections at the end, thrown in for the guidance of the depraved, and as a warning to all evil-doers.

Ainsworth, in one of his historical novels, represents the executioner of the epoch described in the tale as sitting in his lonely room in the Tower, sharpening his axe and crooning to himself, in his old, curious, tuneless way, a little death-song, a sort of requiem for the departed. A famous man was this same executioner—a royal beheader—a man who had taken off the heads of many noted and historical personages. The night after poor ill-fated Lady Jane Gray lost her head, the old man sang, half meditatively, in his room, as he polished his glittering axe—

"Lady Jane laid her head upon the block,  
Quietly awaiting the fatal shock;  
My axe, it severed it quite in twain—  
So quick and true, that she felt no pain."

And here is the epitaph of another finisher of the law, the man who is supposed to have cut off the head of King Charles the First for thirty pounds sterling, all in half-crowns; Richard Brandon was his name:

"Who do you think lies buried here?  
One that did help to make hemp dear.  
The poorest subjects did abhor him,  
And yet his king did kneel before him;  
He would his master not betray,

Let he his master did destroy,  
And yet as Judas—in records 'tis found,  
Judas had *thirty pence*, he *thirty pound*."

Brandon inherited his office from his father, who in turn received his wretched position from Derrick, a creature who gave his name to a kind of crane, employed by sailors principally, for suspending and raising heavy weights. Derrick accompanied Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, to Cadiz, on an expedition. While there he committed some outrage and was condemned to death, but Essex pardoned him at the last moment, and he was restored to liberty. By a singular revolution of fortune, when Derrick, through the instrumentality of Essex, became Court hangman, it subsequently became his duty to decapitate his preserver and patron. A contemporary ballad, called "Essex's Good Night," represents the unfortunate nobleman as saying to Derrick:

"Derrick, thou know'st at Cales I saved  
Thy life— \* \* \* \* \*  
As thou thyself can testify.  
Thine own hand three-and-twenty hung,  
But now thou seest myself is come;  
By chance into thy hands I light;  
Strike out thy blow, that I may know  
Thou Essex loved at his good-night."

In "Hudibras" we find this epigram on the execution of Hugh Peters, by Dunn, who succeeded the Brandons. Dunn was followed by the notorious Jack Ketch, whose name, as we find in Macaulay, "has during a century and a half been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office:"

"Behold the last and best edition  
Of Hugh, the author of sedition;  
So full of errors, 'twas not fit  
To read, till Dunn corrected it;  
But now 'tis perfect—ay, and more,  
'Tis better bound than 'twas before.  
Now loyalty may gladly sing,  
Exit rebellion, in a string;  
And if you say, you say amiss,  
Hugh now an Independent is."

So much for the poesy of the executioner.

The poetry of the scaffold requires, in this connection, some mention. I have by me a number of the most singular and curious ballads ever published. These were picked up, or bought from hawkers and ballad-mongers who prosecuted their calling at the foot of the gallows. They form quite a motley and quaint collection, and might ap-

propriately enough find room in a second volume of curiosities of literature. Here is one descriptive of a brutal crime committed, like Eugene Aram's, in a lonely wood. The victim was a young girl, and her murderer was a man who had hitherto borne an unsullied reputation. He had held a high professional position, and was a member of an old and very much esteemed family; and when the story of his guilt was told, it struck a pang into many a heart. The whitened bones of the skeleton of the murdered girl were by accident discovered by some coloured children, in the forest, half-hidden by tangled brushwood; and the evidence, circumstantial at first, by the merest accident turned at a breathless and decisive moment, and broadly revealed the murderer in full light. He was adjudged guilty, condemned to die, and soon after was executed. The ballad-mongers had struck off a batch of verses, and they were sold about the streets and hawked from door to door. I quote a few verses:—

“Come now to me, both one and all,  
A story I'll relate,—  
The sorrow it is to us all,  
The truth I now must state.

“Some negroes going through the wood,  
For berries were intent,  
In hopes of finding some for food,  
Onward their footsteps bent.

“Nor could we judge their great surprise,  
When bones lay on the plain—  
There, right before their wondering eyes,  
A human being slain.

“They there concluded not to tell,  
For fear they'd come to harm,  
But did come out which happened well,  
Tho' causing much alarm.

“Then officers went out from town,  
Intent to find some clue,  
And through the day they also found  
A child was murdered too. ¶

“The bodies had been some time dead,  
Because the flesh was gone,  
Or else some foxes had been fed,  
Which could not then be known.

\* \* \* \*

“Toward evening they prepared for home,  
With what remains they found,  
And to the coroner made known  
How they were scattered round.

“The court was opened; oh! how sad,  
How mournful was the sight—  
The fragments on the table lay,  
Of bones so spectre-like.

\* \* \* \*

“And now his trial-day has come,  
And crowds do go to hear;  
Their eyes are fixed upon the one  
A murderer's name does bear.

“The sentence was that he must die  
For the deed that he has done,  
The day is drawing very nigh  
On which he's to be hung.

“And now a word to all I'll speak  
And may you list to me:  
All those who the commandments break,  
Let this a warning be.”

The next story of a murder done is that of a young man of much promise and of good abilities, who, led on by intemperance, was tempted to commit a harrowing deed of blood. In a drunken fit he killed his wife, and, maddened by liquor, dashed out the brains of his infant daughter, who lay in the cradle, smiling in its sleep. The plea of insanity was of no avail, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The author of the ballad written in commemoration of the event “reserves copyright and the right of publication.” This is chiefly of the highly moral, reflective tone, and although there are thirty-six verses in all, these few will suffice to show the reader the general scope of the whole. We will open about the middle, where he speaks of the “young man:”

“And he with talent rich and rare,  
A moral life have led;  
Few young men get so large a share  
Of knowledge in their head.

“Esteemed by men his talents were,  
His power to draught design,  
Lost to the world these talents are,  
His plans no more will shine.

“How dreadful, awful, is the thought,  
That genius so bright  
Should expiate the crimes he wrought,  
His life on scaffold's height.

“O young man shun the maelstrom's verge,  
That gently draws you in;  
Till in the vortex of its surge,  
You're lost in shame and sin.”

The reader will appreciate these tuneful utterances. The poet has a happy way of

struggling with words, and making long lines fit short ones.

Most of these *poems* are given to the public anonymously, though occasionally we come across one which bears the name of the bard who wrote it. This one is marred by a little too much poetical license and grammatical elasticity, to say nothing of typographical inaccuracy. It is the song of a girl who "done a fearful thing." We are told :

"She had five hundred dollars too,  
Left by her father it is true ;  
She got the money when in need,  
And then she done the awful deed.

"But little did the poor thing think,  
That she was just upon the brink  
Of death, by one just by her side,  
Whom she supposed her living guide."

Last words were often treasured up, and "confessions" of a murderer were usually sold for twenty-five cents a copy, with a portrait of the criminal emblazoned on a yellow cover on the outside. These "confessions" were generally revised by some one, and had the merit, at least, of being evenly worded, and some attempt at literary excellence was even aimed at by the compiler. I have the confession of a murderer, done into verse. It was never revised, but was printed as originally written. The author occupies a prominent position on the front page, and his face wears a pleased and benign expression, as if he were contemplating the receipts likely to accrue from the sale of his pamphlet. After asking his audience, in much the same manner as Mark Antony addressed the ancient Romans, when they assembled to bury Cæsar, to "lend an ear," until he a "story could relate," he dashes right into his subject, and winds up thus :

"Two long months and better  
He morned within these granit wals  
He bored all with patients  
Till death did on him call.

"He requested to be taken  
All from his native town  
Where his aged parents  
Would not see him hung.

"He walked out upon the galle  
So noble and so brave  
He vews the plesent land around him  
And then he vews his grave.

"He calls his aged father

And takes him by the hand  
Says father, dearest father  
On you i leaves no blame  
It by me own misconduct  
I brought my self to shame."

In concluding this paper, an instance may be given of the work done sometimes by the prisoner in the lonely hours of his solitude. I have a short poem written in a prison by a physician of culture and refinement—a man who enjoyed for many years the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, until in an evil hour he was tempted to do a deed, the penalty of which was death. I can remember the day on which he was hanged, many years ago. It was on a clear, bright St. Valentine's morning. At eight o'clock the death-bell tolled, and a convulsive shudder passed through each spectator. A little later and the body was cut down and delivered for interment to the proper authorities. The doctor was a man who was loved by all; he had a fine literary taste, and shortly before his death he handed to an acquaintance the following verses. They have never been in type :

"Slowly an ancient long grey-beard  
Strolled by a grassy mound,  
With a heavy heart and a feeble step  
A tiny grave he found—  
And on this sward the old man sat—  
And tears fell on the ground.

"The birdlings piped their tender lays,  
And here the ivy clung,  
The murmuring pines took up the strain,  
The poplar tall had sung,  
The gentle weeping-willow wept—  
And there the cypress hung.

"No sculptured slab the story told  
Of one who slept below,  
But an old man bent with the weight of years,  
And locks white as the snow,  
Knelt on the earth and falt'ring sobbed,  
A requiem of woe.

"Wild flowers from a withered hand  
Bloomed on the narrow bed,  
And a broken heart and an aching soul  
Commingled with the dead—  
The darkening sun rolled to the west,  
As onward evening sped,

\* \* \* \* \*

"The stars lit up the purple plain ;  
The old man still was staying  
By the grassy mound of his deathless love,  
And silent prayers seemed saying—  
But when the morning sun arose,  
Death took old grey-beard praying."

## DROWNED.

BY A. W. G., TORONTO.

DOWN in the depths of the tremulous ocean,  
 Rocked in her sleep by its slumberous motion,  
 Dreamlessly, heedlessly, lies my love Edith.

Lulled by the murmur of o'erpassing billow,  
 Seaweed her coverlet, coral her pillow,  
 Guarded and shrouded from view lies my Edith ;

Bride never meant for the ocean's caresses—  
 Rude in its toying with her auburn tresses,  
 Cold in its kiss on the cheek of my Edith !

The ocean is fickle ! It ceaseth not wooing  
 With smiling, with sighing, with treasure out-strewing.

The ocean is false ! And it loveth not any—  
 For can it love well that embraceth so many ?

O swift is the change when its love sees abating !  
 O wild is the might of its merciless hating !  
 Trust not its gentleness, feignèd now, Edith !

Above me the sky holdeth stars, purely gleaming  
 In scorn of the ocean that stole thee, and seeming  
 To miss thee, and search for thee in it, dear Edith ;

A sister of theirs have they lost in thee—greater  
 Is my grief than their grief, for sooner or later  
 Is little to *them* ere they find thee ; but, Edith,

The moments to me are as though Time were trying  
 To stop in its desolate course, and stay, lying,  
 As I would do, lovingly near to thee, Edith.

Ye waters that glisten and glance in the moonlight,  
 Surrender the maiden, who was, as the noon, bright !  
 Hear me, and heed me, and rise to me, Edith !

Still the winds whisper—they bring me no tidings,  
 Still the waves quiver—their smiles are deridings ;  
 Spite them, and through them, I come to thee, Edith !

SOME JOTTINGS ON FREE THOUGHT AND KINDRED TOPICS, FROM  
A PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY GEORGE HAGUE, TORONTO.

THERE are, at times, both confusion of language and cloudiness of conception when the subject of Free Thought is discussed. Free Thought, under one aspect of it, is but another name for indecision. Thought, in this sense, ceases to be free, so far as a particular subject is concerned, when fixed conclusions thereon have been attained. Under another aspect, Free Thought is the power of forming conclusions without constraint from external authority. Considered in this light, all thought must be called free; for, however possible it is for one man to put constraint upon another man's actions, it is beyond the power of any man, or any set of men, to interfere with the freedom of a man's thoughts. It is obviously impossible to make a man think anything, or believe anything, against his will. Our acts or speech can be known and controlled; but thought is purely for the man himself, and it is as impossible to control it by external agencies as it is to know it. Thought, in fact, can only be influenced by thought; spirit by spirit; intellect by intellect; reason by reason; each in its own order. The influence of thought upon thought is various in its degrees, rising from the barest perceptible pressure to irresistible constraint. We speak of an appeal as overwhelming, of an argument as irresistible; and the language is accurate. But for the soul to be thus moved is an exercise of freedom, not an abnegation of it.

It is evident that the practical work of life, to a very large extent, must be the outcome of fixed conclusions. Certain things must either be known, or believed to be true, before we can act. A recluse in his closet may indulge in any airy speculation that pleases him, without either harm or good ensuing. But the moment he enters the stage of practical life, he must act upon definite beliefs and opinions. Even in his condition of a recluse he is not absolutely exempt from this necessity. We cannot,

for example, either eat or drink, without a fixed opinion as to the quality of certain articles of diet. Doubt, followed by its natural consequence, inaction, would speedily result in death. In the very prime and fundamental conditions of life, therefore, a fixed conclusion is essential to our being.

To object to a philosophy of life such as Christianity is, and to a rule of living such as it lays down, in the name of Free Thought, is a *non sequitur*; shall I say, an absurdity? It would be just as reasonable to object, on the same ground, to the conclusion that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. The demonstration of this in the geometry of Euclid is a conclusion that binds the mind. After arriving at this, thought, so far as it is concerned, is no longer free. Looking at any conceivable system of philosophy, we may object to it on the ground that it is not reasonable, not proven, or not true; or we may suspend our conclusion pending an examination. But to object to it on the ground that its adoption will prevent freedom of thought, can only indicate that little thought has been exercised in stating the objection; for such an objection would lie against any conclusions on any conceivable subject. The object of thought should be to arrive at truth. But when truth is arrived at, the mind is bound by it. For the very act of receiving truth implies that this thought, and no other—this conclusion and no other—is to be received. Truth, like *noblesse, oblige*. When, therefore, a system of life and morals is declined on the ground that thought should be free, at all times, and on all subjects, the conclusion is inevitable that it is not truth that is sought by the objector.

If such an indifference to fixed conclusions were carried into the practical concerns of life, it would put a stop to living.

Men could not buy and sell. They could not eat and drink ; they could not take medicine when sick ; they could not marry nor give in marriage. In every one of these some practical conclusion must be reached before action is taken. Doubt is not an unpleasant state of mind when we are not called upon to act. But in the sphere of action, doubt is horrible. And all experience shows that the only rational course for a man to pursue, in either the secular or spiritual sphere, is that of Tennyson's friend—

" Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true :

" Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

" He fought his doubts, and gather'd strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
*He faced the spectres of the mind,  
And laid them ; thus he came at length*

" *To find a stronger faith his own.*"\*

Doubt, in fact, either in temporal things or in spiritual, when carried to its legitimate consequence, results only in death. Free Thought, therefore, is properly only a way-station in the journey where truth is sought as the end. When truth is attained, the function of Free Thought ceases.

It has been objected to Christianity that the life which it inculcates and develops is based on the recognition of the natural evil of humanity, of the necessity of a radical change by Divine interposition,—call it "spiritual machinery" if we will,—of the fact that such an interposition has taken place, and of the availability of this machinery to every man who needs it. It is particularly objected that this machinery is to be laid hold of by faith, and that, according to Christianity, any efforts of humanity to elevate itself are futile. That the whole scheme of a man's life, and his whole future destiny, should hang upon his acceptance or rejection of certain doctrines, is said to be unreasonable, not to say unfair. Faith, or its opposite, cannot have such consequences. Let us examine these objections

in the light which practical contact with the world throws upon them.

The faith upon which so much stress is laid in the Christian system, largely consists of confidence in a person—not simply in the reception of bare doctrine. The same faith which we have in men, in the secular sphere, is, in the spiritual sphere, applied to the chief and prince of men, the God-man, Christ Jesus. This is the faith that is asserted to carry virtue and power ; and in the workings of this subtle spiritual mechanism the intellect and the will are equally active. Hence this faith has a moral quality. Personal confidence, when exercised in the secular sphere, is one of the most potent factors of life. That all modern commerce rests upon it is evident. The infinitely multiplied operations of finance rest almost wholly on what is called "credit." But credit is nothing more than the exercise of faith by one man in another. Such faith, in fact, is the mainspring of civilized life. As civilization is developed, the sphere of faith is enlarged. The savage needs some small degree of faith even for his mode of life. But as savagery and mere solitaryism disappear, and men rise to the exercise of the arts of government and commerce, they have more and more need of the co-operation of their fellows, and of the exercise of faith in them. The sphere of actual personal knowledge, and personal ministry, becomes more and more circumscribed. Every step in this development is a step resting more and more on faith in man, and finally almost the whole platform of life has this foundation. Faith in the men that serve us, or whom we serve ; in those who gather and prepare our food ; in those who furnish for us clothing and dwellings ; in those who take care of our money, and in those to whose care we commit ourselves when travelling in regions unknown to us ; the faith by which we ride in vehicles whose motion we cannot control, sail in ships whose construction we never witnessed ; take medicine, which for aught we know, may kill ; sign documents which may ruin us ;—this faith in man, I say, is so potent, so penetrating, so far-reaching, so constant, that life could not be passed without it for a single day.

Were we to engage in the difficult and often delusive work of self-introspection, we might sometimes doubt whether we had as much of this faith as is asserted to be neces-

\* " In Memoriam, xcv. "

sary. But when we examine other men—a much easier thing to do—we judge a man's faith by his actions. Does he lodge money with Bullion the banker? He has evidently faith in him. Does he sell goods on credit to Smith the storekeeper? He undoubtedly trusts him. The practical test of faith, no matter whether its sphere is secular or spiritual, is always action. In secular life, as in spiritual, faith without works is dead; that is, it is not. The thing supposed to be faith is a mere pretence, and sensible men would laugh at the assertion of its reality. The ground of faith in men (which is an entirely distinct mental operation from belief in records) is generally testimony confirmed by experience. I want a physician. My friend A. recommends B., stating that he has found him skilful and attentive. His testimony is the first, but it is only a slight element of faith. If I make the trial, and find from experience that B. is a veritable healer, and no sham, my faith assumes a very positive and definite shape. I have confidence in him; and this faith is my salvation, so far as this life is concerned. For all disease has in it the seed and potency of death. In this business of life-saving, there is a double operation. There is, first, the skill of the physician, the fruit of long accumulations of observation and study—a wealth-fund of experience. But to make this available for me, there needs on my part such an amount of confidence as will result in placing myself entirely in his hands, renouncing my own opinions. For a physician can bear no mixture of operations. If my life is to be saved, there must be an entire abandonment of any method except the physician's. No benefit can come without self-renunciation. I must die to self and live through my physician, or I cannot be saved.

In Christianity, or, to speak more definitely, in Christianity as revealed in the New Testament, this principle of confidence is made the foundation on which the whole superstructure of the Christian life rests. The "faith" of the New Testament is the putting of the soul entirely into the hands of the Divine Physician, and He, like the physician in the secular sphere, demands the renunciation of self, and the surrender of the soul to Him in order to salvation. The enormous potency of an entire casting of the soul upon Him is apparent at a

glance. For this is to appropriate to one's self all the faculty and power which He possesses. In His office of Priest and Mediator, He first puts the soul on a right foundation with the Divine Judge. Then, whatever of spiritual influence is required to reanimate a dead spiritual faculty and form a new man of pure and noble purpose—that also is found in Him. "Virtue" flows from Him. "The light is the light of men." And this operates rationally and philosophically. The influence that Socrates exerted over Alcibiades and Xenophon in his own measure, that influence does the Lord Jesus Christ exert over them that trust in Him in His measure. The difference is less of kind than of degree. Christianity is culture in itself, and it proceeds to build up the edifice of a true and noble character by assimilation to a perfect model. "We behold as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, and are changed into the same image from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord." The "edification" of the New Testament is the building up, on Christ the foundation, of a character in which everything that is virtuous, honourable, and of good report, is manifested. The Christian man, possessing first this certain and all-powerful principle of faith, adds to it the generic quality of goodness, then knowledge, then self-government, then patience, then right worship of the Deity, then love to the brethren in particular, and finally love in general.\* If this is not a true soul-culture, the thing does not exist. It has adequate reasons, and proceeds by adequate methods. And, thus proceeding, many have come to know with Tennyson—

"That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

In this culture, knowledge plays an essential part. Ignorance is not the mother of Christian devotion; it is the mother of superstition only. Lies and imposture will flourish in its rank soil, but not such truth as was taught by Christ and His apostles, and is taught by those who hold fast by their teaching now. This truth is embodied in a series of writings which are now gathered, as a whole, into the book called the New Testament. These writings may be studied by men of culture in the form in

\* II Peter, i, 5, 6, 7.

which they were originally written; and it may be fairly claimed that men of culture shall so study them before criticising them. Such study would require careful attention, and careful attention would undoubtedly save them occasionally from palpable mistakes.\* Certain it is that those who have studied it most constantly, and have most thoroughly wrought it into the fabric of their life, have most confidence in it. It was said by the Great Teacher, that if any man would do the will of God, he should know of the doctrine whether it is divine or human. And in matters of morals and conduct, this is the only method that yields results worth noting. To a certain extent all practical science rests on the same principle. So does all legislation. But it is certain that those who have put Christianity, as revealed in the New Testament, to a practical test, are so fully satisfied that they would rather part with life than with it. Years of experiment, in all the varying circumstances of life, only confirm their faith. They may doubt when young. To pass through a process of intellectual doubt is a common experience amongst young men, even while holding to Christianity as a practical rule. But it is almost invariably the case that, with increasing experience of life, enlarged knowledge of men and things, and a wider acquaintance with the world and themselves, the things which once perplexed their reason and staggered their faith are seen to be parts of a great harmonious whole, instinct with the deepest and truest wisdom. The universal regret amongst Christians (here one may appeal to knowledge) is, that they have not more fully and unreservedly followed it. And the universal testimony is, that in those

\* For example, in an article in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the parable of the Unjust Steward was referred to as showing an approval by the Saviour of roguery and chicanery. A man of literary culture, reading the parable, even in English, would scarcely fall into the mistake of confounding the "lord" referred to in the 8th verse with the narrator himself, the Lord Jesus Christ. Certainly, if he read carefully, and as a literary man, he would see that it is the lord or master of the steward that commended him, not the Lord Jesus. In modern language he would have said, "Although the rascal has cheated me, I cannot but commend his forethought." To represent the parable as indicating approval of roguery by the Lord Jesus Christ, is a violent straining of its language. One may add, also, with much sadness, that it indicates a bias that is painful to witness.

times when the soul has rested in it most confidently, and followed it most implicitly, there has been most light, and virtue, and fruit.

The question of Miracles is simply a question of a personal and conscious power, operating for an adequate reason. That there is Force is indisputable. That this force, in its ultimate form, is one, and stable, and homogeneous, is a conclusion reached by the profoundest thinkers of the advanced school of to-day.\* If this stable and homogeneous force is conscious, then it is competent to produce the results we call miracles. One of these thinkers,† repudiating the Scriptures as a revelation, has nevertheless reached the conclusion that the power of the Universe is "a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Here is a conscious personality operating for an end which none but such a personality could appreciate. Now, whether this conclusion is true or false, it is certainly impossible to prove it not true. Any negative is difficult of proof; but of all negatives this is the most impossible (if such an expression may be allowed), to prove that the power of the Universe is not conscious. In the face of a vast amount of positive evidence in the affirmative, to prove absolutely and scientifically that consciousness is not one of the modes of the ultimate force of the Universe, implies a knowledge far beyond that of any human intellect. The intellect that knows enough to prove that, is an intellect to be worshipped. But if the conscious personality of the power of the Universe cannot be disproved, then miracles *per se* cannot be disproved. And the *rationale* of Biblical miracles is this—that they are the working of the conscious power of the Universe for an adequate reason. The Being—the mysterious I AM—whose essence is represented as unknowable,‡ but whose relations are revealed, is represented as "a Power working for righteousness." And the distinction between this and the doings of Jupiter or the gods of Olympus is that the latter are not so represented. It is not pretended that they work for righteousness. They are magnified men, and, truth to say, they are such men as we should be sorry to

\* Herbert Spencer. "First Principles," chap. xiii. § 115.

† Matthew Arnold.

‡ Job c. xi., 7, 8.

admit into our homes. Certainly we do not want incarnations of Jupiter or Venus in our drawing-rooms, or of Mercury and Bacchus in our counting houses. We get them, unfortunately, at times; but they are our grief. But the miracles of the Scriptures are for righteousness. Retribution for wrong-doing, the carrying on of a purpose of planting and establishing a people who should be ruled on righteous principles; the healing of the sorrows and wounds of humanity,—these are the purposes of the great works that are represented to have been wrought by the "Power." The *rationale* of every event is not always clear, but the purpose is plainly revealed. And these miracles were not a setting aside of the *laws* of nature, for the very essence of the sign, or marvellous work, is that the properties of matter meanwhile remain unchanged. Else there would have been no wonder at all.

An alleged historical event may be disproved by the testimony of credible men, having no interest in the denial, who were on the spot at the time and saw nothing of it. Or it may be disproved by the demonstration of its impossibility. The latter kind of disproof, however, cannot be satisfactory without being absolute. The reasoning must be strict and mathematical to be conclusive. As to disproof on the ground of improbability, this is an extremely unreliable method. History is full of improbable events. Our own times have been fruitful—on both sides of the Atlantic—in events that were antecedently improbable in a very high degree. It is always (says a French proverb) the unexpected that happens. No one can read Whately's book on the non-existence of Napoleon without a conviction that no argument from improbability can lie against Scripture history.

Now, of the two methods of disproof, we have no record of any Scripture miracle being disproved by the first. § No credible

§ It is extremely unsafe to infer that events of a religious character did not happen, because ordinary historians make no reference to them. The preaching of Moody and Sankey in London, last year, made some little commotion, and one would have thought it an event to leave an impression even in a secular chronicle; but the summary of events for 1875, in the London *Times*, elaborate as it was, made not the shadow of a reference to it. How easy, a century hence, to infer that it was a mere myth!

witnesses who were on the spot at the time have testified that these things did not come under their observation. And alleged disproof by the second is most incomplete. It mainly rests on the supposed absolute uniformity of nature. But the absolute uniformity of nature cannot be proved scientifically. A high degree of probability is all that can be attained. The argument is as fatally defective as the proposed defence in an assault case; against the testimony of the one man who had seen the deed done, the defendant said he could bring five hundred who would swear that they *had not*. And the ordinary uniformity of the operations of what we call nature is not impugned by the Scriptures. This uniformity is strongly asserted and fully illustrated in Scripture itself. But the word uniformity, as used by sceptical reasoners in this connection, is a misnomer. What is really meant, if we analyze the thought, is the blindness, or deadness, or absence of a conscious will, from nature. This certainly cannot be scientifically proved. As to the narrative of the flood, if reasoners would pass by mere human comments, (and commentators are sometimes mere learned fools) and go to the word itself, they would find both adequate power and adequate reason. And the impossibility of specimens of all the species of animated nature being housed within the ark, can only be proved when it can be demonstrated that genera and species were as numerous four thousand years ago as they are now. No man who has any scientific knowledge, and is aware of the difficulty that besets the question of genera and species, will assert that this can be proved. The whole human race are represented as being at that early age confined to the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris; and certain it is that all our *knowledge* (using the word advisedly) of the races that now people the earth leads us finally up to that region as the centre of dispersion. That region was the whole inhabited world of the time, and there is nothing in the narrative to contradict the supposition that only that region was submerged. A depression of the country between the Persian Gulf, and the Black and Caspian Seas, combined with continuous rain, would account for all that is described. The waters of these seas would unite. The land would gradually disappear, and even the top of Ararat

would be no more seen. The description of the phenomena is that "the fountains of the great deep"—evidently the sea—were "broken up," and "the windows of heaven were opened." On the supposition of a conscious Power working for righteousness, we have all the forces requisite for the production of these phenomena, and an adequate reason for their exercise.\* As to the difficulty of getting the animals into the ark, considering the impossibility of proving the absence of adequate power to impel them, we may remember that it is also impossible to prove that their numbers rendered it impossible. The same reasoning will apply to the falling of the walls of Jericho. It is not disproved by the testimony of men who were there at the time, and it cannot be proved impossible. An inaccurate reader of the narrative has stated that the Scriptures represent Rahab as escaping, notwithstanding she was in her home on the wall at the time. Closer attention would have prevented this mistake. The narrative states that Joshua had sent forth the woman, and got her away.

There is this finally to be said. The miracles of Scripture are fruitful in the highest instruction. The narratives themselves have been proved, and are now being proved, to work for righteousness. There are eternal principles underlying them, and vast numbers of persons now living can testify that their lives have been consciously influenced for good by lessons drawn from these events. The writers of the *Fortnightly* and the *Westminster* probably do not know this; and very naturally; for these things take place in a society in which they never mix. Their world is another sphere altogether. As one of themselves wrote some years ago:† "These things cannot be surely deduced, as is too often fancied, from certain fixed rules and principles which may be learned *à priori*; they depend in a great measure on observation and experience, on knowledge of the world, and of the characters that move and act there." Now, the men of this school do not and cannot live in the religious world; for which reason, to quote further from the same author, "whole spheres of observation, whole branches of character and conduct, are almost inevitably closed" to them. They

might be inclined to doubt, therefore, that the lessons deducible from Bible miracles were appreciably affecting the lives of thousands of people now living. But no one who has mixed much in the religious world could doubt it for a moment.

And this leads on to another branch of thought. The longer a man lives, the more thoroughly does he appreciate the saying, that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. And this saying may be expanded into the realm of thought, for certainly, as we live longer and acquire a wider range of observation, we see how true it is that one-half the world does know what the other half *thinks*. And if we are ready to learn by experience, we come to be more careful of assertions about men and things of whom we have not the knowledge which comes by actual contact. Writers will sometimes talk incautiously of "the world's opinion," or the "sentiment of the age," or the influence of "modern thought," imagining, honestly enough, no doubt, that the circle of men and books in which they revolve comprises all of "the world" or "the age," or of "modern culture" that is worth caring for. But as experience and observation are enlarged, they usually become more and more chary of committing themselves to assertions respecting "the age," or "the world," or "the universal sentiments of mankind." For travel as we will, we only live and think in a little world of our own, after all. It is only a very few things that any man really understands. Even such a fearful book-devourer as John Stuart Mill only digested a few things out of the enormous masses he read, and there were whole realms of life, which cannot be got at by reading books, of which it is evident he knew nothing. In Herbert Spencer's great work, where he lays down with so broad and firm a hand the principles of his new philosophy, there is a chapter on religion. Nothing can be more marked than the difference between this chapter and those in which he treats of Force, Space, Time, and Evolution. In these he treads with the step of a giant; in the other he is feeble, commonplace, and most inexact. There is scarcely a page in which one who has made religion a special study in its complicated developments, would not have to mark sentence after sentence with "not true" or "not proven." The reason for the difference is evident enough. Nothing is more common

\* The above, of course, is simply a suggestion of what is possible, amidst other possibilities.

† Greg, "Literary and Social Judgments."

than for literary men of eminence—even such as the famous old philosopher of Chelsea—to be marvellously ignorant of the life of the world at their very doors, while they take a most perfect grasp of the life of past centuries. Carlyle was wonderfully appreciative of the Puritan life of Cromwell's days, and put a very broad seal of approval on it. Yet this is a life which has now, and has long had, in its essential principles, thousands of counterparts in the men and women of his own city. He declared, however, that this life was dead in these modern days, and mourned over the fact. In this he spoke according to his light. Of the religious life of the London of this day, he is, to adopt a mild word, singularly unappreciative. If one were to use a phraseology as vigorous as his own, we should have to say, blindly ignorant.

Men of a certain literary school are fond of saying that "the age" is becoming increasingly sceptical. Scepticism, it is said, prevails in all literary circles, and has penetrated even to the august purlieus of the peerage. Even a Duke has written a book in disparagement of Christianity. Men in these days do not hesitate to *avow* their unbelief. Religious ideas are becoming increasingly weak in their hold upon the best minds of the day, and the time is apparently approaching fast, when none but very young men and old women will cling to the Bible as a divine revelation, or to Christianity as a supernatural system. Yet, along with all this, we find numbers of men, not at all deficient in power of vision or range of observation, to whom this present working world is an age of extraordinary religious force, both of belief and action. The world, as they see it, is becoming filled with religious books. No mortal man could read a quarter or a tenth part of the ever-advancing multitude. They pour from the press in England, Germany, and the United States in an increasing stream, and constitute a whole literature in themselves. Yet the immense majority of them are avowedly mere satellites revolving round the great central sun, *The Book*, which is in itself a religious microcosm. To read even the Christian periodical literature of the day would far more than occupy the time of any one man. Religion—that is, the Christian religion, in its many developments, more or less true and pure—seems to them the grand force and chief factor of modern life. And un-

less observation and experience wholly deceive them, that development of it which is represented, say by Moody and Sankey, is proving itself 'the power of God' to the salvation of multitudes. The agencies at work in London alone have lifted up many thousands of men and lads from rags and misery to cleanliness, industry, and intelligence, during the last twenty years. These are the invariable concomitants of earnest Christianity, as many observers know it. In speaking thus, the observer might be thought somewhat enthusiastic. But he is, at any rate, speaking of the world in which he lives. He may be presumed, therefore, to understand it. And if, out of many observers, one such, of mature years, were asked whether religion—that is, the Christian religion—is more of a dominant force now than formerly, say forty or fifty years ago, or whether its influence is on the wane, he would certainly reply that religion appeared to be enormously more influential now than in his younger days. The extent of the awakening of the dormant force of religious life in the Church of England alone has been incalculable, and not in one school of thought only, but in all. Religious thought, culture, and life within the Establishment in England is inconceivably more potent at the present day than it was thirty or forty years ago.\* An observer might fairly ask—When were there so many men and women in the highest walks of life taking an active part in church life and church work as now? When were so many peers of the realm known as earnest Christians? And certainly these men are no simpletons. The Duke of Argyll is unquestionably on as high an intellectual level as the Duke of Manchester. Mr. Gladstone's culture might be put beside that of Mr. Frederick Harrison, and not suffer much by the comparison. If scepticism is bold, religion is certainly very bold too. It manifests itself in a thousand ways entirely unknown in former days. It was never more bold, more daring, more self-sacrificing (especially among those who work apart from the ordinary spheres of the

\* This awakening is not confined to the Establishment or to England. The very fact of such a cultured community as Edinburgh being so moved by Moody and Sankey proves the existence of an extraordinary amount of religious susceptibility, along with such culture.

church life) than at present. Those forces of Christian philanthropy which go down to the depths to rescue men from the slums of vice are marvellously aggressive and marvellously successful in these days. Such an observer might call attention to the fact, that in Canada itself there are at the present moment more than a thousand lads, an immense majority conducting themselves well, all of whom have been rescued from the lowest depths by the force of Christian benevolence, set in motion by one devoted lady. And the force was simply and purely Christian, and of the strictest evangelical type. Illustrations, however, need not be multiplied. The truth appears to be that every phase of life takes on in these days a more pronounced form. Whatever view we may take of the relative positions of good and evil, it is certain that if evil is prominent and bold, the forces of goodness are so too.

One or two more jottings and I have done. One of the most curious instances of this want of appreciation of the thoughts of other people has been furnished in a recent comparison between Aristotle and Ezekiel. Aristotle, it is said, would be almost perfectly at home in modern life; Ezekiel would find himself in another world. Now, there is no more certain fact than this, that the teachings of Ezekiel's prophecy are potent forces in the lives of multitudes of people in England and America to-day. The prophet, if living, would find himself read in thousands of churches, and could, in

them all, listen to teaching based on his own stirring appeals and trenchant denunciations. And if the rugged old man were here in person, he would find abundant scope for his powers of reproving evil and exhorting to righteousness, in the daily doings of the stock exchange, the clubs, the taverns, and many other scenes of modern life. Aristotle's influence on modern thought, after all that has elapsed since the time when he held undisputed sway, would be exceedingly difficult to estimate. But it is certain that if he would find himself at home at the Athenæum; Ezekiel would be equally at home in the Churches. He probably might not approve of all he saw, and it might do some good, here and there, to have an Ezekiel testifying.

Modern culture is a very large word. It is enormously diversified both in substance and in form. All the educational forces and agencies of the day must be included in it. All literature has a reasonable claim too. And certainly the multiplied teaching agencies of Christian churches ought not to be excluded. If anything less than this is meant by modern culture, then the word is used in a non-natural sense; some technical and narrow signification is attached to it. The school represented, say, by the *Westminster Review* or the *Fortnightly* cannot claim to include the whole compass of modern thinking. If modern culture be considered under the figure of a circle, sceptical thought is certainly only a small arc of it.

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### THE CREEK.

WHISPERING, plashing, rippling, dashing  
 Merrily over its pebbly bed,  
 Its mimic cataracts foaming, flashing  
 In golden gleams from the sky o'erhead;  
 Drooping elms and bending beeches  
 Glass themselves in its limpid stream,  
 As it seemeth asleep in shadowy reaches,  
 Where ferns are waving and herons dream;  
 Yet ever onward the creek runs free,  
 Singing the song that it sang to me.

In the fragrant breath of the dewy morning,  
 Merrily soundeth its woodland song,  
 Catching the light, as if darkness scorning,  
 In meshes of gold it dances along ;  
 Over the pebbles, in happy gushes,  
 The wavelets are hurrying, crystal clear,  
 And it sings to the child, 'mid the long, tall rushes,  
 A song that he stops from his play to hear,  
 And falls asleep in a happy dream,  
 To the lullaby of the woodland stream.

With a pensive murmur its song is flowing,  
 When the noonday heat stills the morning breeze,  
 In ripples soft, through the rushes going,  
 And blends its song with the whispering trees.  
 To the maiden who sits by its margin, dreaming,  
 It murmurs the notes of a sweet love-song,  
 And her face with a smile and a blush is beaming  
 At the name it breathes as it glides along ;  
 Till love and thought and fancy seem  
 Lost in the song of the tireless stream.

In the shades of evening, so fast descending,  
 Still murmurs the stream to the evening breeze,  
 While the trembling shadows are o'er it bending,  
 And the dusk steals down from the clustering trees.  
 The old man sits where the shadows quiver  
 Solemnly over the dusky stream ;  
 And he seems to hear, in the tiny river,  
 The echoes of life's long fevered dream ;  
 And it whispers to him of the mighty sea  
 Whither both are tending—the stream and he.

So, ever rippling, whispering, plashing,  
 O'er its pebbly bed it murmurs along,  
 Dark in the shade, in the sunlight flashing,  
 And ever singing the same low song.  
 So it sang to the Indian, as there he wandered,  
 Chasing the deer in its coverts dim ;  
 Perchance he heard, as he stood and pondered,  
 The Spirit's voice in its murmur'd hymn.  
 So it sang till the child grew to white-haired age,  
 Till the maiden had turned o'er life's last page,  
 Till her dream had faded in long-dried tears,  
 And its memory passed with the passing years ;  
 And still, like Time's river, it ceaseth never,  
 But, full of Life's present and echoes past,  
 It seems to sing of the great forever ;  
 Yet it finds its home in the ocean at last,  
 And hushes its tiny, troubled song  
 In that mighty music, so grand and strong,  
 Where all earth's tones seem to mingle calm  
 In the solemn rhythm of the ocean-psalm.

## AROUND LAKE ONTARIO :

## NOTES OF A HOLIDAY CRUISE.

BY F. F. MANLEY, M.A., TORONTO.

OUR hopes and strength had been buoyed up through a toilsome Easter Term, and finally through a weary month of Examination, by the expectation of that long and pleasant excursion which had been *in prospectu* for almost a year. The practicability of the scheme had been first discussed while on an expedition of the same character, though of smaller dimensions, at a similar time in the preceding year. Making a crew of four, we at length determined that it was quite within the bounds of moderation to attempt what some people might imagine not only perilous, but impossible, viz., a cruise around Lake Ontario in an open boat of eighteen feet keel. The question naturally arose, "How do we intend to subsist while on the journey?" This was finally settled by our determination to camp on shore each night, and procure provisions sufficient to last until our next landing; and this method of procedure was afterwards found to be highly satisfactory.

All things were at last in readiness to start. And here I may be allowed to give a short description of our frail craft, as she left the dock of her builder, at nine o'clock on the morning of June 29th. She was about 19 feet in length from stem to stern, and belonged to that class of boats known as "Double Luggers"—that is, carrying one square or "lug" sail at the fore, and another, of nearly the same size, at the mainmast. Both masts were capable of removal, and as the sails were made much too large for the size of the boat, they could be quickly "reefed," which reduced their size about one-fourth. At the bow was the quarter-decking, under which could easily be stored that portion of the "stock in trade" which required to be kept dry. Of this may be mentioned one good-sized tent, the requisite bedding, four large overcoats, and the valises containing the

changes of clothing, including the "paper collar" and those other little items which tend to complete the ubiquitous "Sunday clothes," while here and there might be seen protruding a ponderous volume of Macaulay, or a less weighty duodecimo containing the terrific breathings of Huxley or Nicholson, not forgetting the yellow covered "Shakespeare," or the tin-encased pack of "fifty-tuos," wherewith to beguile equally our critic, our fossil-hunters, or our living authority on the drama and whist! Also encased in a neat tin was our "Chart of the Lake," which we were fortunate in procuring before we started, and which, being perfectly correct, was found a most valuable assistance while coasting. There was also on board a good gun, which, however, as game was very scarce, we had little occasion to use. The saucepan, tin cups and plates, knives and forks, &c., completed the cargo in the fore part of the boat, not omitting a few groceries, such as tea, sugar, pepper, and salt, and also twelve loaves of Toronto bread, which, when well cared for, keeps moist for seven days at least; the whole being covered completely by a large macintosh overcoat. Glancing now towards the stern, we first notice two large valises (water-proof), each containing a change of clothing for two; besides ammunition, fishing tackle, and other small items for which there could be found a place. In the stern itself, from beneath the tiller-seat, could be seen an iron handle, which being followed up would ultimately bring you to a frying-pan, light and well-made, and afterwards known as the "Mainstay of the Republic." Beside it, and quite out of danger, reposed a good railway globe lantern, for which, as well as the macintosh, we had to thank a friend at home, who, if possible, would have gladly accompanied the expedition. There were also at hand two pairs of oars, with which we all became very well

acquainted before we again reached home, since, as the boat was comparatively light, rowing for an hour or two was considered nothing worse than exercise.

Having set sail from Toronto, we determined on making the port of Whitby as soon as possible, and the prospects were that we should arrive about noon, as we were sailing under a fair wind. But off Scarboro' Heights we were for half an hour becalmed, and then the breeze freshening suddenly, compelled us to take, for the first time, to the reefs. As the wind still increased, we sailed under the reefed foresail very comfortably, and without incident, until off Frenchman's Bay, when, hunger making its appearance, we fell to the small lunch which had been happily prepared at home, and which was now none the less happily disposed of. As we had been sailing during this performance, we were now in sight of our port, which we made about one o'clock, and soon succeeded in pitching our tent on a strip of land separating the harbour from the Lake. And now the cry was "dinner," and for dinner we quickly prepared; and here we made our first, and, as it proved, very auspicious forage, for at the first farmhouse at which we arrived we were luxuriously regaled with milk, and sent on our way rejoicing at the thoughts of a dozen fried eggs and a few slices of that fine ham which we had brought from home. Before the foragers arrived at camp, our cooks had the tea made and the ham almost fried. I say "our cooks," for we seemed to have come to the tacit understanding that two should act as foragers, while the other two should attend to the culinary department. Thus, with the ham and eggs, together with well-made (?) tea, milk, and bread, we made, as each confessed, a grander meal than we had ever made before. Then came the question as to washing the dishes. This we accomplished—turns being taken each day, and the operation taking place at the close of each repast.

As we wished to visit Whitby, we agreed to stop here over-night, and in the cool of the evening to walk to the town, a distance of two miles; so, after tea and a plunge into the Lake, we set out for town at about seven o'clock; while one remained to take care of the camp, as he stated,—in reality to have a sound sleep, in which state we found him on returning at ten o'clock. Our chief

object in visiting the village was to send home news of our safe arrival, which was necessitated by the strong blow we had experienced on the trip down. Having succeeded in filling the post-box with our four postal-cards (of which we had laid in a plentiful supply), and in purchasing a few luxuries in the shape of beef-steaks and strawberries, we retraced our weary steps campwards, and were soon wrapped in the gentle arms of Morpheus.

The expectations we had formed as to sleeping under canvas were more than realized, for, notwithstanding the novelty to most of us, we could not have slept better had we been at home. As long as we kept ourselves perfectly dry, there was not the slightest trouble to fear from the cool night air; and as we always took the precaution to spread on the ground the sails of the boat, and over these the macintosh, covered finally with our great coats, the danger from that quarter was entirely obviated; and happening at Whitby to strike on a fine piece of tenting, our first night's experience was highly satisfactory.

Our original plan had been to rise always with the sun, and set sail as early as possible, in order to take advantage of the fine, soft land breezes, lasting from about eight o'clock in the evening till that time in the morning. We followed out this plan at Whitby, but I am sorry to say that as each succeeding day added its length to our log, we became more and more negligent in this respect. Having taken farewell of Whitby, we intended, if possible, making Bowmanville harbour on the next run. At first, the wind being light, we hardly expected to do so, but towards noon the breeze rose considerably, and enabled us very easily to pass the port of Oshawa; and, rounding Raby Head, the highest piece of headland we met during the cruise, to come in to Port Darlington, by which name the harbour of Bowmanville is known. The wind continuing fair, it was thought advisable to take advantage of it, and proceed on our cruise, which we did, until off Newcastle, when the sea became so high that we concluded to run for shore and have dinner. We were not very fortunate in obtaining a camping place, as the harbour itself, above the wharves, is lined with marsh on both sides, so we were compelled to row back along the shore of the lake for a short dis-

tance, where, in the face of a very high surf, we ran on the beach, and succeeded, though not without some difficulty, in obtaining a fair landing. We—that is, the half of the crew known as the “foragers”—then set off for something of a substantial nature, while the “cooks” prepared what we had on hand already. After looking in vain for Newcastle, we were at last rewarded by the sight of a tavern, near the dock, to which we instantly repaired. At this port we saw the remains of the ill-fated *Sphinx*, lying at ease in the harbour, completely rigged, and looking quite seaworthy, if she had never been so before; so much so that we would have gladly exchanged our craft for her. After procuring some good cheese and miserable crackers at the inn, we returned to obtain relief from the ham and a few eggs, off which, with our cheese and tea, we made a first-class dinner. Not intending to stop in so barren a district, we had not pitched our tent, but had hastily constructed with the sails a small awning in one of the fence corners, under which we could comfortably enjoy our noon-day siesta. After whiling away the remainder of the afternoon with Shakespeare and a hand or two at euchre, and finally by an apology for a supper, we thought it high time, as the sea had sufficiently abated to permit a launch of the boat, to proceed on our way, which we did about six o'clock, knowing that we could easily make Port Granby, the port of Newtonville, in an hour or two. It was on this trip that sickness first appeared in the person of one half of our foraging party, but being only a slight affair, he soon recovered enough to join in the chorus around the camp fire, as well as the grand chorus around the dinner table.

Hitherto our craft had been leaking slightly, and we attempted to remedy this after landing at Port Granby, by sinking her in about three feet of water near the end of the dock, in order to close up any seams that may have been started by allowing her to stand for some time in the sun. After filling her with water, and tying her securely to the dock, we went to bed expecting to find in the morning our boat entirely recovered from her indisposition. But alas! we had forgotten one essential point—that the mail steamer passed along in the morning not far from shore, sending quite a swell towards the beach. Unhappily, in

the dead of night, our craft experienced this test of her stoutness. When we awakened in the morning we found that, apparently, each great wave of the swell caused by the steamer had dashed the bow of the boat against the woodwork of the dock, and that the front piece was knocked off, leaving the framework of the keel altogether bare, so that we expected she would leak, and cause a homeward turn to our trip already. We at length recovered the piece which had been broken off, floating near the end of the dock, and also found that she did not leak at the injured spot after all; so that the breakage only proved a matter of defacing her personal beauty, and perhaps a slight decrease of her speed. After breakfast a start was made for Port Hope, which could only be reached by rowing, as we deemed it inadvisable to strain the boat by sailing till, with the assistance of a boat-builder, we had discovered her real injuries. After a very pleasant row of two hours we arrived, at about 8 o'clock, and pitched a temporary camp at the bottom of the cliff, on the shore, about one mile east of the harbour. It was agreed that the “chief cook” and myself should take the boat into the harbour for repairs. This we set about doing, and were soon “steaming” up that narrow strip of water which flows through the town, being greeted here and there with the cry of, “Where’s the beak of that boat?” or “Cobourg Lobsters!” The meaning of the last remark we have not yet been able to discover, but we attributed it to the rivalry subsisting between these brotherly towns.

After a good deal of trouble (it being Dominion Day, and every one enjoying themselves), we found the only boat-builder of which the town could boast. After eyeing our hulk, he thought he could patch her up in two or three hours, which turned out to mean six. However, he made a good strong job, and one with which we were entirely satisfied. A few hours were spent “doing the town,” by the end of which time we expected the boat would be finished; but this not being the case, we marched homewards—that is, campwards—laden with provisions, and perspiring very freely. After dinner the “assistant cook” and “forager” were despatched to bring home the boat, but they were so long detained that it was nearly dusk before we started for Cobourg. Soon after leaving,

there was every appearance of a coming storm, and when opposite Gull Island it was thought advisable to land and camp for the night; and having found a suitable spot it was not long before we were settled down for the evening. A scanty supper was soon prepared, and we were quickly wrapped in our blankets for the third night; and although the trains passed not more than fifty yards from our tent, we were no more disturbed by their thunderings than by the steamer which passed a mile from shore.

We hoped to make Cobourg bright and early in the morning, and then to proceed towards Presqu' Isle in the evening. However, we were again counting our chickens too soon, for we had forgotten that our chronometer had been broken while winding-up at Port Hope, and required "fixing," and that jewellers might not be more punctual than boat-builders in fulfilling their business promises. Owing to some time being lost on account of the rain of the previous night, Cobourg was not reached till about ten o'clock. On arriving, I was deputed to carry the watch to the town watchmaker; while there, to procure an abundance of fresh bread, and the same to bring back to the boat, which would await me at the wharf. This was accomplished, and we then set sail for the nearest landing-place down the coast, where we were to land, and procure dinner at the nearest farm-house. After this, having frequently visited Cobourg before, I remained in charge while the rest proceeded to inspect the town and to bring back the chronometer. And here I cannot help saying that if the jeweller whom we employed cannot repair a watch better than he did the one in question, he had better betake himself to higher latitudes, where they do not use such articles, for after this it never ran for more than five hours at a time. This state of things might have been endured had we nothing but daytime, but we had our fair proportion of night, and no one was found willing to volunteer to awaken just at the moment when the "chrono" desired to be again wound up, for perhaps the sixth time in twenty-four hours. The result was, that it often took a rest for two or three days at a time, and we sailed and performed our duties by nature's clock—the sun. After dinner we had a treat in store, which was to call on a good old south-of-England farmer,

with whom I had always stayed while near Cobourg; and his farm being close to the shore, we had been looking forward to the visit. Three of us set out, leaving the second cook to take care of the camp, and after walking about half a mile arrived at the farm-house, when we found that our would-be host and his wife were both on a trip to New York. We were consequently thrown upon the hospitality of the daughter, which was found none the less sincere and profuse. We regaled ourselves for a time on the best of the land, in the shape of bread and cream and cider, for which the farmers of Devonshire are famous; and to complete the destruction, we carried off four bottles of splendid four-year-old, which for excellence could only be compared to champagne. Thus laden we arrived at the camp, and as evening was approaching, and being somewhat behind our anticipated distance for four days' sailing, we at once made ready for going on our way. The wind, which had been till this time quite fresh, now suddenly died away, and we had no alternative but a muscular row of an hour or two. The night drawing on faster than we expected, we had not gone more than three miles before we were compelled to run ashore and pitch our tent for the night.

Next morning, after breakfast, it was decided to take advantage of a beautiful breeze, to make a good run. We lost no time in setting sail; and running straight before the wind, determined to make Presqu' Isle before we again landed. The breeze, after an hour's sailing, became quite a stiff wind, and still rising, necessitated at first the reefing of the sails, and shortly afterwards of running under a reefed foresail. We thus passed Grafton and Colborne, though at too great a distance to obtain a fair idea of their appearance, except that there seemed to be a good deal of shipping going on at the latter port. About one o'clock we reached a fine beach in Shoal Bay (as it was called on our chart, although no one in the neighbourhood recognised the name)—a fine piece of water between Presqu' Isle proper and the mainland, about two miles in length from east to west, and a mile wide from north to south. Here we determined to obtain a good dinner, if we should have to walk a mile to purchase it. However, we fell in with a nice farm-house at about half that distance

from the boat, where we obtained, at nearly our own price, eggs, milk, and bread; also a promise of more bread as soon as it should come from the oven. After dinner, and a good rest under a temporary covering from the fierce sun, we returned to the house at evening, when we were further delighted to notice, carefully placed in a shining tin beside the bread, some fine white cakes, which the good lady of the house kindly offered to let us have, still desiring us to mention our own price. As a general rule, the farmers, and their wives or daughters, with whom we had to deal, were very much of the same style as the lady in the above instance, always very kind, and fully appreciating the fact of our being far away from home, and (as we were often told) from "maternal care;" in fact, often so kind as to put themselves to inconvenience, and then absolutely refuse to receive any compensation. Sometimes they would have us take the last pound of butter or the last loaf of bread in the house, saying they would have churned or baked at such a time whether we took it or not. Of course, we met with others who were, I was about to confess, more than our match; but they generally, in one quarter of our crew at least, "caught a tartar." These we took great delight in annoying. One woman, for instance, wanted twenty-five cents for a pound-and-a-half loaf, and although we were very badly in want of bread at the time, we told her we would sail to Montreal for it sooner than submit to her imposition.

But, resuming: towards evening we settled down to row across the bay to Presqu' Isle Bluff, and as there was not a breath of wind, we accomplished this in about an hour, part of which was consumed in searching along the shore for a good landing-place, which was at length found on the east side of the Bluff. This island, called the Bluff, seems to be formed of stratified rock, which crops out on the lake side, and is covered with a rich dark soil, affording a good field for the agriculturist, which we found had been happily taken advantage of; as, on landing, we were not more than ten feet from a beautiful field of peas, while the whole place was equally well cultivated. We were not long in finding out the proprietor of this fine farm, who received us with the greatest of welcome and hospitality, requesting us to come up and make his house our

own; at the same time introducing us to his wife, who was as full of welcome as himself. This spot seemed the most comfortable of any we had yet visited; the inmates had been married only a few months, and looked none the less happy, and it was not long before we were quite at home. Towards evening we received a visit in our tent from our host and hostess, who came laden with cakes, just baked, butter, and some maple syrup procured from the fine maple bush we saw on the other side of the Bluff. In return we offered them of our best, which was, luckily, our remaining stock of Cobourg cider; and after spending an hour or so in homely chat, they bade us adieu. Being rather early for turning in, the remainder of the evening was whiled away with songs, accompanied by the flute, which was our only available instrument of music; said songs being composed chiefly of choruses, one of which would, if written, appear somewhat like the following:—

"In Springfield mountains there did dwell  
A lovely youth, I knew him well,

With a

Humble, bumble, snickery grin,  
Nosey, lincum boo."

After this preliminary verse, any one was at liberty to add some remarkable feature of this "lovely youth," the sketch again terminating with the previous chorus.

It was now Saturday morning, and a heavy rain had set in, which compelled us unwillingly to remain still longer the guests of our friends of the Bluff. They nevertheless were loud in their invitation to remain over Sunday, adding, that it was so seldom they saw any visitors, that our arrival, although unannounced, was a source of great pleasure; the kindness of which remark we could thoroughly appreciate, as four very hungry *voyageurs* could easily create a panic in any average farm-house larder; and as our host stoutly refused to be in any way required for his attentions, we were, to say the least, in very peculiar circumstances. To make matters worse, a violent sea from the east set in, which entirely precluded the idea of our getting away. While talking with our host, we discovered, much to our surprise and delight, that the piece of land separating the Bay of Quinté from the lake on this side was only a mile in width, and

that we could easily obtain a portage across, and not only avoid sailing around the broken coast of Prince Edward county, but enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Bay, from Trenton to Picton. After taking a farewell of our friends, and expressing a hope that we might yet have the pleasure of returning their kindness, we set sail on Sunday morning, thinking that a further stoppage on the Bluff would be trespassing on good nature, and wishing to reach Brighton in order to attend church. After a beautiful sail around Presqu' Isle proper, passing the fine lighthouse there, we found ourselves in Presqu' Isle Bay, the natural harbour of Brighton, (the entrance to which is well defined by buoys), and as soon as possible pitched our tent on a beautiful piece of meadow-land at the north end of the Bay. Towards evening we rowed across to Brighton, leaving our tent locked as best we could, hoping to reach a church. After having procured some bread, and sent home news of our safe arrival, we returned to camp, and were soon sound asleep.

"Off to the Portage!" was the cry, bright and early, next morning; and off we started. Unfortunately, however, after a brilliant run of about ten miles we found ourselves, to our intense disgust, in the south end of Weller's Bay, at Consecon, when we should have been at Carrying Place, in the northern portion of the Bay, where the Portage was, and which we had foolishly passed an hour before. The journey was speedily retraced, and our boat was soon on a farmer's waggon which we were lucky enough to procure at once; and thus, for the sum of one dollar, we were safely set down in the waters of Quinté. The native who transported us was very loud in his asseverations regarding the necessity of a canal at this point; but whether for his country's good, or because it would certainly pass through his farm, is a question into which it would be impertinent to inquire. Mr. Biggar, the member for the county, whose residence we passed on the road, stated he was using his best endeavours to draw the attention of the Government to the point in question. It was the generally expressed opinion of the crew, that had the people of Chicago such a chance of advancement and progress close to their very doors, they would not wait for Government, but would dig the canal themselves in a month.

The reader may now picture us sailing on a fair wind down the Bay of Quinté, admiring the beautiful and changing scenery of Prince Edward County—now an orchard covering twenty acres, then a field of grain as level as a table-cloth, and a magnificent bush in the background; the whole forming the surface of a beautiful declivity, commencing at the water's edge, and extending back as far as could be seen. Passing Trenton, with its great saw-mill puffing out its white smoke against a blue sky gathering for a storm, and other mills along the Bay, surrounded by their millions of feet of lumber ready for shipping; and passing just astern of the yacht *Dauntless*, with its pleasure party, we knew we could not be far from Belleville, at which we arrived after another half-hour's sail, finding a good camping ground a mile and a-half beyond the town. Having pitched our tent, we rowed back to the town, arriving about eight o'clock p.m. However beautiful Belleville may have appeared by the light of day, we were not at all enamoured of it at night; for on landing we ran into something which might, by a lively stretch of imagination, be called a "wharf," but the like of which it would be difficult to find, for of all the muddy entrances to a place, we seemed to have dropped on the worst. After a short walk around the town, during which we gathered a stock of provisions, we set off for our boat, and it was not long before we were snugly ensconced in that movable mansion which was now fondly called "home."

Next morning we paid another visit to the town, and then, returning to the tent, whiled away an hour or two by a little trolling, but without much success. We were expecting that any moment the storm, which had been brewing for the previous two days, would burst upon us. And burst it did at last, resulting in one of the grandest sights of the kind we had ever witnessed. First, betaking ourselves to the tent for shelter, the next business was to cover the bedding in the middle of the tent with the macintosh; and, knowing that we should most certainly be soaked, we adopted the novel and not always practicable expedient of relieving ourselves of all our clothing, and placing it in the heap which we intended to keep dry. The storm broke more fiercely than could have been imagined. No sooner would a flash light

up the surroundings, already nearly as dark as night, than the accompanying roar would peal so close that we expected every moment to see the tent-pole struck by the lightning. But, with such terrific strength, the storm could not last long, and it cleared away in about five minutes, having in its march blown our tent inside out, and twisted the pole to the ground, notwithstanding that our united strength was exerted in its behalf. The rain continued for some time, but did not deter us from procuring a grand supper, on the comfort of which we passed a very pleasant night, rising at four o'clock as if nothing had happened to hinder our progress.

Sail was set at 5.30, and direction taken down the Bay under a fair wind, passing Shannonville, and Mill Point, at the mouth of the Napanee River. Here, the Bay taking a decided turn backwards towards the south, the wind, which had before been fair, became a stiff side one, and its effects were duly experienced as it came in gusts down the hill sides which line the coast of Prince Edward county. The result was the boatswain's cry, "All hands at the reefing point!" We had been sailing for two days without the correct time, which was at length procured by hailing the wheelsman of the schooner *Sassacus*, of Oswego, as we passed astern of her, tacking up the Bay towards Belleville. Landing for the last time on Prince Edward county to take dinner, we enjoyed a delightful plunge from a temporary wharf at which vessels call for cordwood; and here was also relished the first feast of wild raspberries, which we found almost of the size and flavour of garden berries; thus increasing the golden opinions already formed of the county as an agricultural district. Settling sail again, Fredericksburg, about twenty-six miles west of Kingston, was reached, and being satisfied with the day's run, we were soon under cover and sound asleep. We were up next morning before the sun, in quest of provisions, and aroused some of the neighbouring farmers from their slumbers, for which we were not at all thanked, being told to obtain provender next door, and so on, until we happened to espy an old gentleman, an earlier bird than his neighbours, and who therefore "caught the worm," if our slight purchase of bread, milk, and eggs might be so called. We were cordially invited to a seat beside him on a fence,

while his men were milking the cows; and after telling him some of our adventures, and listening to a few of his own, we struck our bargain, and went our way once more in peace. The purchases were soon converted into breakfast, which was none the less enjoyable for the morning's walk, and soon after the sails were set against a light head wind, which, freshening and shifting to the south-west, enabled us to enjoy the sail immensely along Amherst Island, as far as Bath. Opposite to this town we made a landing on the Island for dinner, a portion of which we soon procured near at hand from a good farmer's wife whose friendship was larger than her means, and who would only consent, after long pressing, to receive payment for a dozen and a-half of eggs which she had gathered up. After our appetites, which were becoming keener with every additional mile, had been satisfied, and a nap indulged in, we proceeded, hoping to make close to Kingston that evening; but after sailing till about six o'clock, the wind died quite away, when it was decided to try a little trolling, taking turns at the oars. Thus we succeeded, while passing the Three Brothers Islands, in hooking two or three fine bass.

After taking a little refreshment on board, we rowed quietly along, seeking a landing-place, till about 9.30 o'clock, when one was found, not greatly to our liking, but satisfactory under the circumstances, for we had nearly given up the hope of finding a retreat, and were expecting to pass the night in the open air, on the boat. As the islands were now becoming numerous, owing to the rocky nature of the country, we experienced more difficulty in landing than heretofore, so it was decided henceforward always to effect that part of our duty before sunset. Rainy weather next day precluded the idea of an early start, and some time was spent in fishing, which was very good in this part of the lake. The rain clearing off, we set sail, or rather rowed, to Kingston, a distance of about three miles, passing on our left the Asylum and Penitentiary, and finally putting into the mouth of the Rideau Canal. Here we left the "sloop" in charge of a boatman, and went up to the city. Being five o'clock, there was not much time to spare in order to get away that evening; but as very little time was required to see all to be seen in the "old stone city," we set

about laying in a fresh stock of provisions, and about seven o'clock proceeded to our camping-place on Wolfe Island, which was soon reached, thanks to a stiff S.W. breeze.

Next day Pitt's Ferry was reached, a village further down the river, on the north channel—that is, between the mainland and Sir John or Howe Island, one of the largest of the "Thousand;" and it was deemed advisable to spend the Sunday there. The farm on which we landed belonged to a gentleman with whom we soon became quite at home. Next morning he drove us to church, and during the drive told us that the Prince's Prize, the highest graduating reward from the University of Toronto, was at that time on his table at home, having been won by his nephew, who, sad to relate, had since died. We had little expected to meet this remembrance of our *Alma Mater*, far away on the banks of the grand old St. Lawrence, among the rocks and channels of the Thousand Isles, and the recollection turned our minds for the instant to the many like rewards which may now be found, from the Atlantic shores of the Southern States to our own wild and unsettled Manitoba, and we thought of their deserving winners, some of whom had already found an early grave, while others were struggling manfully in the troubled sea of life, bringing credit alike to themselves and to their University.

While here we came to grief, inasmuch as our frying-pan dissolved the partnership hitherto existing between itself and the handle. Luckily our host turned out to be a very Cyclops in his way, possessing a small forge and other volcanic appliances, by the aid of which the pan and handle were reunited, and we were sent on our way rejoicing. Under a stiff breeze we were not long in making Gananoque, always enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Islands, through multitudes of which we were now passing. Their real beauty can be appreciated only by the sufficiently near approach which can be obtained in a small boat. Rockport was next passed, a small village on the Canada side, opposite Alexander Bay on the other; when the wind blew a gale, compelling a run into a small bay in Grenadier Island.

Our next run was for dinner, and noticing a neat white house on the Island, it was of course expected to be the very place wanted. Accordingly, the writer, in his capacity of "chief forager," was detailed to negotiate

for victuals, which he at once proceeded to do. Knocking at the door with characteristic modesty, the request was given to enter, when he delivered his small oration for bread, &c. But he was not to meet a Joseph in this land of Egypt, for he was at once face to face with a woman whose Yankee proclivities shone clearly out on her face.

"I don't make a business of selling bread!" said she, with the usual accent, emphasizing the word "selling."

"You're very kind, indeed," was the reply, "but I would rather pay for it."

"Waal, if you get any round here, I kinder guess you rather will pay for it!"

"Thank you; produce the provender," said I, fumbling at the same time for the "lucre."

She produced a pound loaf and demanded twenty-five cents. This was going too far, so, opening the door, the "chief forager" inquired of the crew if they would "go" a quarter for that loaf? The expected answer was received, and the bread accordingly replaced on the table unbought. We were soon glad that we had not squandered our means in riotous living, for we met a "lady," on the Canada side, quite the reverse of our late American friend, and were soon in the midst of a hearty dinner, camping on the mainland near the end of Grenadier Island.

Next morning, Brockville and Maitlandville were passed; and Prescott, the turning point of our career, was reached about four o'clock. We then went across the river to about two miles beyond Ogdensburgh, where we pitched our tent, expecting to remain two days. The following morning we walked in to Ogdensburgh, leaving the "White House," as we now termed the tent, to the mercy of the wide world. The two "cooks" walked to Fleckville, not far from the city, in order to call on a friend who had been expecting their arrival every day, leaving the "foragers" to view the sights, which having been done, the ferry was taken to Prescott, opposite, where we expected to find letters. Having procured these and devoured their contents, we saw Prescott at a glance, and again returned to Ogdensburgh, surprised to mark the striking difference between the two places. Prescott seemed dead, or if alive, only kept so by its being the junction of the Ottawa Railway with the Grand Trunk; while its rival across the

river, although much the younger place, and enjoying no greater natural privileges, seemed all activity and life. Nearly all its streets are avenues, and its business places beautiful indeed, everything appearing so clean and tasteful, that for once we had to confess we were ashamed of Canada, and more particularly of Prescott. Another heavy thunderstorm came on in the evening, but we managed to keep dry, though not without the loss of a good deal of sleep. In the morning we started off, intending to keep the north shore as far as Gananoque, in order to purchase there a stock of provisions. On leaving Prescott the wind was dead ahead, so we were compelled to take a turn at the oars until the wind should shift. In due course we reached Brockville, where we landed to make purchases. The wind having abated, it was deemed prudent to row for a short distance, keeping for a time to the American shore. Shortly after leaving Brockville (and we were loath to leave so beautiful a place), the monotony of our labour was relieved by a hunt. Towards evening we noticed an old duck paddling along the river with her progeny of ducklings at her heels, seemingly learning how to behave themselves on their future element. We expected quite an easy conquest, but by the aid of feet and wings they completely defied our most strenuous endeavours, and finally made good their escape; the result of the chase causing no little chagrin, especially to the oarsmen. Tired with the exertion, we joyfully hailed a camping-place, in a small bay in the river, called Put-in Bay. Here we remained for the night, and having smoked the mosquitoes from the tent, were soon fast asleep.

The next morning we spent in renovating our disordered and disintegrated apparel, which duty, by dint of perseverance and loss of blood, we succeeded at last in accomplishing to a passable extent, and after a grand plunge in "Father St. Lawrence," we again took the line of march towards home. Grenadier Island was now passed on the south side, the north having been taken previously. Looking for a place where we might procure dinner, we espied what we thought, though with a slight misgiving, a suitable one. But our appetites were keen, so we steered boldly for what turned out *not* to be a farm-house. Upon coming close

enough to shore to be heard, we inquired of a youth, who from his auburn locks might have "fired the Ephesian dome," if we could obtain anything to eat there, never for a moment supposing that our motives could be misunderstood; but judge of our surprise when he introduced a "child of larger growth," who politely informed us that they had just finished dinner (comforting intelligence), and had nothing left but a few crusts, to which we were quite welcome. The young lady of the place, coming upon the scene of action, saw at a glance how matters stood, and, after apologizing, politely replied that they had just arrived, and not having their cooking apparatus in working order, were none too well supplied with provisions themselves, but that we might procure some at the next island. Having forgiven Brother Jonathan for his sister's sake, we began to gaze at one another's personal appearance, and to tell the truth our loose manner of dress was not calculated to elevate us in the opinion of the neighbouring community, so we made the best of the small stock of provisions we had on board. Shortly after, we fell in with an island covered with large blue and black whortleberries, the excellence of which we were not slow in appreciating, thus attempting to make amends for the meagre previous meal.

We then set sail for Rockport, which we had passed on the down journey, hoping this time to be able to procure some provisions there; but after inquiring at every place in the village and finding nothing, we set sail, and found a small store on the north shore, where we gladly purchased a good supply of bread, crackers, eggs, &c., and at once proceeded to camp on one of the many small islands which are clustered in that part of the river. Next morning, the wind being very light, and dead ahead, we rowed as far as Gananoque, about eight miles distant. This we performed in about two hours, greatly enjoying the beautiful scenery, which is grander here than at any other part of the river. Our course was next towards Wolfe Island. The river at this point is very wide, Sir John's Island lying between the north channel (that by which we had gone down) and the middle channel, in which we now were, though, thinking there were only two channels, we concluded that we were sailing in

the southern; thus mistaking the south shore of Sir John's for that of Wolfe Island. Before the result of our error had assumed any gigantic proportions, we, being rather dubious, made inquiries of an approaching pleasure-boat, and found, to our dismay, that what we had taken for the American mainland was, in reality, the north shore of Wolfe Island; and that instead of being in the southern channel, and thus keeping to the American shore, we were in the middle one, and making straight for Kingston, which place we were doing our best to avoid. The result was that we were forced to beat backward to the eastern extremity of the Island, and the wind having died away, we rowed, in order the more easily to make a pleasant landing-place, and a good camping-ground for Sunday. After much trouble the latter was obtained, and we landed, though with difficulty, on account of the shallow water and the prevalence of small rocks. We were again fortunate in meeting a very hospitable owner to the territory, a man most of whose available time was spent in ferrying passengers from the Island to the mainland and back. We were rather surprised to hear from him that the whole of Wolfe Island belongs to Canada, as it is at least three miles from our side of the river, and not more than one from the other; but we were told that, on account of the channel of deep water, the boundary falls below the Island. It seems to be a beautiful piece of land, very fertile, and the largest of the Thousand Islands, everything combining to render it much to be desired by any nationality.

On Monday morning another terrific storm was experienced, the violence of the wind making it necessary to turn out and brace up the tent, which, by means of ropes, we succeeded in doing. The storm subsiding, we once more slept, and about 9.30 a.m. set out with a fair wind to round Cape Vincent, and sail once more on our old friend, Lake Ontario. As we passed quite close to the dock at the Cape, the backwash formed a heavy chopping sea, which we were afraid might produce some trouble; but the good craft *Nancy Bell* weathered it out, and we were not long in making a point on the Cape known as Tibbett's Point, where there is built a very strong lighthouse, which, from its prominence, must be a great boon to navigators in that part of the river

and lake. We now again had recourse to our old companion, the chart, which had been lying idle, but not forgotten, for two weeks in its tin case; and passing the light, made for Peninsular Point, after rounding which we had a splendid run to Sackett's Harbour or thereabouts, having noticed at a distance the Duckling Isles and another group called the Galloos. Here we camped for dinner, at a point near a farm-house. Starting again, we made Stony Point, landing about eight o'clock near the fine lighthouse, which is quite an ornament to the place. Next morning we were obliged to obtain provisions from the lighthouse keeper, as there was no other house in sight; and we learned that we were not a great distance from Oswego. We soon started with a fine wind, keeping about a mile from the shore, which here runs nearly north and south for twenty miles, thus forming one of the most peculiar coasts on the lake. The land for the whole distance terminates at the shore in lofty white sandy cliffs, with here and there small openings leading into an inland bay, of the existence of which one would not without landing become aware, as they were never more than fifty yards broad, though often leading into bays of at least three square miles in extent. These bays, or rather lakes, consist chiefly of fine marshes, with a small river, whose course could easily be detected. The largest of them is called "Big Sandy Bay," into which the increasing wind forced us to make our way, not knowing whether there was, at the opening, water sufficient to float the boat. The breakers could be distinguished rolling over the bar formed by the constant wash of the lake, and only one narrow spot of about six yards in width seemed to offer any hope of a safe passage. It was accordingly thought advisable, while one managed the sails and another the tiller, that the other two should undress and be prepared for any emergency, in order to prevent the capsizing of the boat, should she go aground. However, no accident happened, and we had the pleasure of seeing her ride safely through, and enter the deep water beyond. Landing, we took dinner and tea, and towards evening rowed across to "Nine Mile Point,"—that is, nine miles from Oswego. On this trip we were forced to trust solely to the pole-star and compass, as it became quite dark, and we were now striking across Mexico Bay, formed

by the coast here making a sudden turn from due south to nearly west, and were completely out of sight of land. The Point was reached and tent pitched about 11.30 p.m., and having rowed altogether about eight miles, we were quite ready for a good spell of sleep. An early rise next morning was dispensed with, owing to the lateness of the hour of retiring. However, sail was set about 10.30; but alas! on empty stomachs, this being the first landing-place we had yet struck, at which we could procure no provisions, on account of the scarcity, not of the victuals, but of the victuallers. An oasis was soon reached, where our exorbitant appetites were appeased, and we once more set sail with cheerful faces, "westward in the path of the setting sun." The wind veered round to the S. W., and blowing rather stiffly, we were forced to put ashore and remain till nearly noon. We obtained a rich treat of wild berries at this resting-place; but this was more than counterbalanced by one of our number getting a badly bruised face by tripping over an old, half-buried log. Having thoroughly regaled ourselves at this inviting spot, we rowed for about three miles, in order to reach a good landing-place for dinner; the which having been got through, we headed for Oswego.

This place was reached at six o'clock, and our toilet having been thoroughly attended to in the boat, we were quite ready to "do the town;" at the same time inwardly thanking our stars that evening would lend its welcome aid in sheltering our not too luxurious *tout ensemble* from the scrutinizing gaze of the Oswego populace. We always had an idea that Toronto possessed at least two very fine elevators; but on entering the Oswego river we had to confess that in this respect Toronto was literally nowhere; for rising—I was about to say to the clouds—on either side, were a dozer of these useful but ugly structures. The "Metropolitan" was pouring forth its contents into the hungry-looking barges, with which the river seemed to be packed; the "Merchants'" receiving a fresh supply from a propeller, only too glad, one would imagine, to give forth its cargo that it might add another foot or two to its already gigantic stature; and the "International Farmers'," so vast as nearly to take one's breath away. Our craft was soon moored alongside the crib-work which lines both sides of the river, and

left with her "cargo" in charge of a boy, who was also caring for a schooner, under whose stern our "giant" was securely hidden from hungry eyes. We were soon in the heart of the city, or town—its bustle certainly classing it with the former; its size with the latter. Purchasing the necessary stores, admiring the fine draw-bridge which crosses the river in the centre of the town, writing home touching our safe arrival and returning to the boat, passed an hour away very easily. Our intention was to reach a camping-place as soon as possible, being now half-past nine; but noticing, on again entering the lake, that a fine land breeze was springing up, it was determined to make the most of it. So we sailed, enjoying the beautiful moonlight, till about 12 o'clock, when Nine Mile Point was reached, that being its distance west of Oswego.

Next morning, the 23rd July, we set sail, and with a light wind made about eight miles along the coast, and rested till evening, expecting to meet with another land breeze. Having made a hearty meal, and enjoyed a good sleep, towards nine o'clock the anticipated breeze began to be felt; and under its influence we reached Little Sodus Bay. It was 12 o'clock next day before another move was made, when, with a fair and not too heavy wind, we were enabled, by sailing all the afternoon, to reach a small place called Pultneyville. We had now passed, along the coast, Little Sodus, Blind Sodus Port, and Big Sodus Bay, the former and latter of which seemed to present excellent harbour advantages, especially Big Sodus, where a white and a revolving light mark a narrow and well-sheltered passage into an expansive bay beyond. Supper was procured at Pultneyville after a little trouble. The gentle land breezes were then again invoked, and advantage was taken of them until 1.30 a.m., when we arrived about a mile east of Charlotte, the port town of Rochester, at the mouth of the Genesee river, and two miles west of the entrance to a large but unnavigable body of water known as Ironduquet Bay—having sailed in all about fifty miles, the longest run yet made in one day. The next morning, the 25th, with a stiff wind from the south, the Genesee mouth, with its two piers, each 2,000 feet long, was reached. By rowing, we arrived at Rochester about 12 o'clock.

Here we expected the long looked-for letters from home, whence we had not heard since leaving Prescott.

After thoroughly enjoying the many beautiful sights of the clean and well-built city, and laying in a good stock of necessaries, we took the street cars to the head of Lake Avenue, where we had left the boat in charge of a boatman. We were then about 200 yards below the Falls, which are really beautiful, they alone well repaying us for the visit. The wind had now strangely gone round to the north, and we were thus again compelled to row to get to the mouth of the river. Its scenery is truly magnificent; the hills rising to an enormous height on each side, and being covered with lofty, thickly-foliaged trees. Having again arrived at Charlotte, we purchased a supply of bread and, what at this time was a great treat, some beefsteaks. Then, having viewed the smelting works carried on there on a very large scale, we once more set out along the coast, and reached Braddock Point at about eight o'clock, and at once proceeded to camp, plainly seeing the approach of a storm. We were no sooner in ship-shape than a heavy shower of rain came on, and with it a far worse visitor, in the shape of a huge swarm of mosquitoes. Against these relentless and bloodthirsty foes every remedy was tried—the tent being filled with smoke—but all to no purpose; which was not surprising, for we were found to be encamped not far from the edge of an immense marsh, the usual swarming-ground of these pests. The storm soon abated, and it was decided, although 11 o'clock, to set sail rather than remain to be eaten alive. By the light of the moon, which now came out in full, we started for a more auspicious landing-place; but the marsh extended along the shore for about eight miles, separated from the lake by about a quarter of a mile of sand beach. As this was our first Sunday on the water (it being now 2 a.m.), we were anxious to go ashore as soon as possible; but the barrenness of the coast rendered the design impracticable. In fact, it was 7 o'clock before a spot with the slightest chance of approach was discovered. Here we cooked and ate breakfast, and again set out, to reach, if possible, a settled and accessible locality.

This was at length found at a point called the Devil's Nose—a very appropriate termination, the reader will no

doubt think, to the Sunday morning's work. We had by this time left our enemies, the mosquitoes, twenty-three miles in the rear, and succeeded in making a landing on a piece of sand stretching back from the water about twenty yards, to the base of a continuous cliff, twenty feet in height, indented here and there with openings—the outlets for small streams after a heavy rain or thaw. With this bleak spot we were destined to become thoroughly acquainted. After pitching the tent—which, owing to the looseness of the soil, was a difficult task—a hearty meal was indulged in; and then, to make amends for the rest lost to us through the mosquitoes on the previous night, it was resolved to take a noon-day *siesta*. This having been indulged in, the next thing on the programme was tea, rendered very agreeable by provisions procured at a large farmhouse about half a mile from the shore. On the evening of the 26th we were again visited by a slight touch of sickness, the captain, *alias* the chief cook, being this time the victim; but with the best nursing afforded under the circumstances, the dreaded visitor was soon driven from the camp, with the hope that he had paid his last visit for the cruise. The next day was ushered in by a strong wind, and consequently a heavy sea, from the north, completely crushing any hopes of an embarkation that day, which later on was rendered more disagreeable by a heavy fall of rain. This state of affairs unhappily continued during the next two days; the sea becoming so high on the evening of the 29th, as to compel us to erect barricades and dykes, in order to prevent the flooding of the tent. Having gathered together all the logs and loose wood near the beach, these were covered with sand, and we thus at length succeeded in arresting the onward career of the now tremendous waves. It was out of the question to move the tent. We were placed exactly at the base of the cliff, which barred further retreat in that direction; while a removal to the summit would have been exceedingly hazardous owing to its exposed position. There remained then nothing but a steady fight against the waves. We could not, however, have been blockaded in a more auspicious neighbourhood; for we here met the most hospitable people it had yet been our good fortune to visit. They frequently, if not always, refused to take compensation for the provisions with

which they loaded us on our several foraging expeditions. We were thus placed, in one respect, in a very uncomfortable position, for it was next to impossible to revisit where we knew similar treatment would result; and we were thus compelled to scour the locality for quite a distance around, in our endeavours to discover a fresh market. So, in the midst of the greatest plenty we were more stinted than at any other stage of our progress; verifying the saying as to being killed by too much kindness. Next day, the 30th, we set sail about 6 p.m., and succeeded in reaching within two miles of a small but excellent harbour, known as Oak Orchard, the port town of Albion, on the Erie Canal and N. Y. Central Railroad. Here we were again compelled by the weather to remain for the whole of the next day. On August 1st the sea was very high in the fore part of the day, but the wind going down completely towards 3 p.m., we were glad to take to the oars. The next trip landed us in a beautiful orchard, where we put in from a storm, and remained the night.

We were now fast approaching our well-known Niagara district, and could almost sniff its welcome atmosphere. While sojourning during the Sunday, we were regaled by the owner of the territory with a stock of revenue tales. How a lugger was wont to come from Darlington laden with rum, and how by a series of plots the officer of the revenue was hoodwinked and the liquor safely landed. A grand Sunday repast was here enjoyed, consisting of ham, eggs, green peas, and cherries,—the latter two courses being culled from the adjoining fields and orchards. As our cash had gradually become low, more had been telegraphed for at Oak Orchard, and we now found ourselves reduced to a solitary dollar,—the last of its race. It was thus with doubtful minds that we proceeded, in quest of provisions, toward the nearest domicile,—the manor-house of the farm on which we were camping. The question “Could we get some milk and eggs?” was answered by a joyous “O yes!” and then our souls were at ease; for out came the milk in the largest black tin, the eggs in a handkerchief. “What would they be?”—hoping that our friend the proprietor would now appear and set our palpitating hearts at rest. “Forty cents!” Oh, mighty dollar!

Monday was hailed with delight, for it brought a wind which carried us past Golden Hill, past Yates's Pier, to within 27 miles of Niagara, and we camped that night—petrels as we had been before, owls as we were then—on a high bluff. The following day brought us to within four miles of the Niagara River, and on Wednesday Niagara was visited; for here it was expected we should receive the required remittances from Toronto. But we were doomed to disappointment, so after posting letters a start was made for Beamsville, where we were certain to obtain an increase of funds. We came up at the old pier opposite Beamsville, and leaving the boat in charge of the first mate, proceeded as rapidly as possible to the post office of that illustrious village.

“Any letters for F——r?”

“Of what ship are you, Capt. F——r?”

“The *Nancy Bell*.”

“Registered letter for you!”

Being now fully supplied with “the necessary,” it was found, strange to say, that there was no time left for its use; for it was now the 5th of August, and we were to be in Toronto on the 7th. To accomplish this feat entailed the most difficult performance of the whole cruise; but we had accustomed ourselves to look upon 50 miles as a mere nothing, so it was decided that the task should be performed at all hazards, and—that the circumnavigation might not be broken—that the coast must needs be kept within sight until our arrival in port. With a head-wind, the first stretch of the journey was accomplished by rowing; and thus,—rowing when necessary, sailing when possible,—passing Port Dalhousie, giving Hamilton a wide berth, landing for refreshments near Oakville, and keeping close to the shore for the rest of the course, Toronto—good old Toronto—was reached at about six in the evening.

We thus arrived home after a cruise of nearly six weeks, during which time about 700 miles had been traversed, and grand old Ontario girdled in a manner as interesting as it undoubtedly was novel. The voyagers were, of course, very proud to be able to state, both to those who had prognosticated success, and to those who had at the outset been very dubious as to the result, that during the whole trip not a gallon of water had been shipped over the

gunwales of the gallant little craft. It is to be hoped that this may prove a pioneer excursion to many of our Toronto youth who have leisure to spare during the summer months, and that the time may be as pleasantly spent by them as it was by the crew of the *Nancy Bell*.

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AT THE WEIR.

BY ALICE HORTON.

○ DAPPLED salmon, swimming from the sea,  
 To seek the rest where quiet waters be,  
 Have any told thee of the strife that lies  
 Between thee and thy calmer destinies?  
 Of weirs to scale and many a baffled leap,  
 Before the rest is gained where quiet waters sleep?

Sweet is the sailing up the summer-stream;  
 Behind, the sea is lying like a dream;  
 Far, far behind, the cruel, crested waves  
 Tumble and riot in the old sea caves;  
 But thou—deem not thy trials over-past,  
 There is to come a fiercer than the last.

Thou hast to learn the pain of vain endeavour,  
 The pain of those that strive, and fail for ever,  
 The pain of those that fall on stones, and cry  
 O weary, weary striving—let us die!  
 We are too bruised and spent to rise again,  
 Sweet is the rest,—for those who may attain!

Attain? And are there those? Then why not *thou*?  
 Die not, poor fish, but venture bravely now;  
 Rise to the leap, and so forget thy pain,  
 For true endeavour shall not be in vain!  
 Ah, bleeding, conquering, now I see thee glide  
 By willows, weeping on the river-side.

## SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. R. CORSON, ITHACA, N.Y.

AMONG the many "isms" that, in the general fermentation of thought and opinion, have risen to the surface, Spiritualism seems to some, in spite of its millions of representatives, the most repugnant. The two great powers that rule the civilized world, Science and Religion, unite in deriding it; there is no derogatory epithet they are not ready to bestow upon it, partly from a certain condemnation *de parti pris*, and partly from a sense of loyalty to a time-honoured piety and its stereotyped belief; and yet, despite its repeated *exposés*, the obnoxious thing grows in strength, spreads its doctrines in all parts of the globe, and gives to the world a new and already vast theological literature. Surely this fact alone ought to command to some extent the serious attention of the observer of the moral phenomena of the present day.

It is not the least surprising that a phenomenon that comes in such "a questionable shape,"—so *en-dehors* all propriety, all orthodox opinions of what should constitute spirit-life,—should be so stigmatized and defamed.

In every great prophetic epoch of history, sacred and profane, we find the Herod-principle endeavouring to crush the revolutionary idea born within its realm. Lowly independence, defying in its simplicity the arrogance of human wisdom, has ever been a thorn in the flesh of the learned world, and all redemptive movements have had to suffer the crucifixion that was to vitalize their cause. Spiritualism, however, in these better days, has had all the chances of growth any new movement could desire. The rebuffs it meets with occasionally are amply compensated for by generous acknowledgments and signal successes; and though in many quarters it still calls forth a smile of pity or contempt, it stands, nevertheless, a recognised power in the eyes of some of the ablest thinkers of our time. Its future is therefore in its own hands; it must stand or

fall according to its own inherent truth and consequent vitality, and its adaptiveness to the spiritual and moral growth of the individual and of society.

Among the strong testimonies in its favour, appears, in the October number of the *Westminster Review*, 1875, the following:—

"Religions are not made, they grow; their progress is not from the enlightened to the vulgar, but from the vulgar to the enlightened. They are not mere products of the intellect, but manifest themselves as physical forces too. The religion of the future is in our midst already, working like potent yeast in the minds of the people. It is in our midst to-day with signs and wonders, uprising like a swollen tide, and scorning the barriers of Nature's laws. But however irresistible its effects, they are not declared on the surface. It comes, veiling its destined splendours beneath an exterior that invites contempt. Hidden from the prudent, its truths are revealed to babes. Once more the weak will confound the mighty.

"Spiritualism will establish, on what professes to be ground of positive evidence, the fading belief in a future life—not such a future as is dear to the reigning theology, but a future developed from the present—a continuation, under imposed conditions, of the scheme of things around us.

"From the unexampled power possessed by this new religious force of fusing with other creeds, it seems likely, in the end, to bring about a greater uniformity of belief than has ever yet been known."

Dean Stanley and the Rev. Mr. Haweis might be quoted to the same effect. On the scientific side, meanwhile, Messrs. Crookes and Wallace testify to the genuineness of spiritualistic phenomena. The former owes even his recent valuable discovery of the radiometer to his spiritualistic investigations. While endeavouring to secure evidence of the movement of inert matter

poised in a vacuum, in the presence of a medium, he detected mechanical movements due to the action of light, which led to the production of this little instrument, which not only demonstrates the conversion of light into mechanical motion,\* but by the addition of electrical attachments, forms by far the most perfect photometer or light measurer which has hitherto been produced. In a recent lecture on the subject, the eminent physicist frankly acknowledges the source of his discovery, and is not ashamed to say at the conclusion that "all the results he had exhibited had been obtained in consequence of his examination of an anomaly (Spiritualism) contrary to all ordinary experience. Anomalies were of the utmost value to men of science; they were gateways leading to new researches, and to the establishment of reputations."

All this may prove nothing in favour of Spiritualism, but it certainly goes to show that the subject has excited sufficient interest to engage the attention of men whose scientific reputation is established and unquestioned.

There are, no doubt, many cases in which one or other of our senses may, for the time, testify only to deceive us; but where several persons of recognised integrity of character, sound judgment, and a scientific, not mystic, turn of mind, have so familiarized themselves with the phenomenon as to be able to investigate it in all its bearings, and thus place themselves above the suspicion of having "their faculties suspended by awe," it seems that we are hardly justified in distrusting the evidence of sense in regard to it; for, as remarks a distinguished divine: "In some circumstances our senses may deceive us; but no faculty deceives us so little or so seldom; and when our senses do deceive us, even that error is not to be corrected without the help of our senses."† That, despite the most minute and careful investigations of the subject by scientists of marked ability, the mystery remains still unsolved, is no reason that it is unsolvable. This circumstance goes rather against the

investigator, who may not be using the right means to accomplish his object. We need to employ other means than Tyndall-analysis to penetrate the veil that hides spiritual truths. The application of science to spiritual things is like trying to discover the motive power of a complicated machinery through the Kantian philosophy, instead of using its legitimate instruments—hammers and screw-drivers. Nor are spiritual phenomena likely to be determined by electric batteries, or ropes and cages.

These modes of investigation can at best only serve to establish the honesty or dishonesty of a medium. The communication itself, to be free from suspicion, must, after all, bring its own truth with it. Whatever, therefore, this unknown force, attested by such authorities as the above, may yet be called, it is at present an undeniable force; and if, as Coleridge says, "there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truths as yet below the horizon," were it not better, instead of deriding it, to hold on to it, and "wait in patience for the explanation of the rest?" There is no telling what, in these absurd dark *séances*, may not yet come to light.

It is, however, chiefly the phenomenal side of Spiritualism that shocks conservative religious thought. It is certainly next to an insult to impose upon a devout and rational mind the absurd idea that Divine truths can be revealed to the human race through "prancing and gyrating tables." But to the philosophic mind nothing should be absurd. The question is not whether it is dignified in a spirit to use pieces of furniture to communicate with his brother spirit in the flesh, but whether it is a fact; and if so, our preconceived notions of spirituality will have to give way to it. That "the existence of a disembodied spirit must be supersensual, and that it is impossible for anything supersensual to produce sensible evidence," is undeniable; but it does not follow therefrom that a disembodied spirit cannot, by some means to us as yet unknown, project, under certain conditions and by the power of will, an image, consisting, it may be, of those very "films of matter that evade the touch, and are visible to the material eye, and audible to the human ear." The spiritualist does not believe that the shadow he sees,

[\* Mr. Crookes's conclusion has been questioned by some scientists who have repeated his experiments, on the ground that the motion in question may be due, not to light, but to radiant heat. The objection seems to us futile, radiant light and heat being identical in their physical basis.—Ed. C. M.]

† "Tillotson's Works," Sermon xxvi.

or the rap he hears, is the spirit proper; he allows it to be a mask, an as yet unexplained force exercised upon the air and surrounding objects by means of electric currents or magnetic influences. Intelligent experiments have shown that this communicating force claims to be of spiritual agency; and so long as nothing has yet proved the contrary, it is not altogether unreasonable to credit it as far as it goes.

Much of the absurdity attached to the phenomena vanishes when we examine the belief upon which they are based. The spiritualist believes that "the visible and invisible" worlds are as intimately related as the spirits and bodies of men. The latter is conceived to be the animating soul of the former, from whose vital centre emanate all the mysterious forces displayed in the outward creation. By the law of their relation, their elements commingle, and by the force of mutual attraction their respective inhabitants associate together. All men, and indeed all gradations of form and life in the natural world, are influenced by super-terrestrial causes, and hence all life, as revealed in organic forms, depends on a perpetual influx of vital principles from sources invisible, spiritual, and divine.\* The student of the Swedenborgian doctrine will find that the tenets of Spiritualism are, in the main, the same as those of the Swedish seer. Spiritualists believe in one God, Divine Love and Wisdom, omniscient, self-existent, the Primal Cause from which all things proceed according to Divine order. They generally regard Christ as a natural, spiritual, and divine man, and the Saviour of all those who allowed themselves to be guided by His teachings and His example. They do not believe that the sinful soul is susceptible of a sudden conversion, and experiences a radical change through death. It is what it is, what its earth-life has made it, strong or feeble in good—evil being in their eyes but a negation—and they believe that it is the degree of the soul's assimilation with the divine spirit that will determine its heavenly bliss. In regard to the Bible, they conceive it to be so far the word of God as the Spirit that giveth life can communicate through the imperfect medium of human language; that the divine influx reaches us through imperfect channels; through Moses

in the form of law, through Jeremiah in awful warnings, through David in his Psalms, through the Apostles in practical spiritual truths; but more or less beclouded by the medium and his time, leaving it to the advanced spirituality of successive generations to read the text more and more comprehensively. It is evident that, if a belief which imposes upon the human race the necessity to lead a true life if it would reap happiness hereafter, could become an experimental conviction, it would prove an immense moral lever in the world.

We believe the inspired apostle who declared that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit," and the able expounder\* of this text, who says "that if God's existence be not thrilling in every fibre of our heart, if the immortal be not already in us as the proof of the Resurrection, the law of Duty be not stamped upon our soul as an Eternal Truth, unquestionable, a thing that must be obeyed, quite separately from all considerations of punishment or impunity, science will never reveal these." No; science will not, but love will. Early Christianity held in reserve for its Thomases, signs and wonders; and if in those primitive days the man of weak spiritual apprehension was helped by these outward means, why may not the modern sceptic? Science has demonstrated away from under his feet all ground for a hope in immortality, and leaves him floundering in a sea of probabilities, unmanageable problems, and despairing negations. The Christ-principle is swallowed up in a deluge of scientific claims and literary religion. Before this apotheosis of annihilation, which the vanity of science glories in, what refuge is there against moral lawlessness? Who will the materialist ever persuade that it is noble to work unselfishly for one's race? What human soul can take an interest in a race that has no future? and what is that race good for?

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his article on "The Immortality of the Soul,"† whilst admitting that the Clergy are cornered by the men of science, says that "apart from

\*Frederick Robertson.

† CANADIAN MONTHLY, May, 1876, p. 408.

\* "Rational Spiritualism," by S. B. Brittan.

Revelation there is enough to make a man reflect seriously before he finally determines to act on the belief that there is no hereafter." We ask what is it, if it is not the very thing the spiritualistic theory rests on, that profound wisdom as revealed in the simple confidence of the little girl of Wordsworth's "We are Seven," which puts to naught all the accumulated logic of the present day. But whilst this intuition is strong in some, it is weak in others who crave a more objective evidence. Grant that this objective evidence is encumbered with rubbish: many a pearl has been picked out from a rubbish heap. The miner in search of gold must handle much sand and mud before he finds the coveted metal. The spiritualist puts up with much that is worthless to obtain the least indication of the reality of the Beyond. The husks he is accused of feeding on are to him, in themselves, an indication of the generous grain; and, even were they empty, being hungry he considers it wiser to partake of what he can get, than to fast at the risk of total starvation.

But surely there must be something in

that frank laugh that goes up at our expense from spiritualistic quarters:

"As though they held the corn and left us only chaff,  
From garners crammed and closed, and we indeed are clever,  
If we get grain as good by thrashing straw forever.\*"

But to conclude. The signs of the times are of too portentous a significance to allow the least to be passed by unobserved. Spiritualism, with all its gipsy appearance, may for once read us a true prophecy. Its philosophy and curious phenomena point indubitably to the ultimate absorption of science in religion—in a physical religion, full of realities, such as Swedenborg has so scientifically set forth in his spiritual states, and which, recognising the spirituality of matter, the impossibility of spirit divorced from matter, will, through the (as yet) mysteries of electricity and magnetism, reveal in the end, to the riper mind of the future man, the hidden bonds that unite the apparently perishable to the obviously imperishable.

\* Browning's "Fifine at the Fair."

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## TWILIGHT.

WHEN the sun hath sunk away to his rest,  
Unto earth-mother crept each flower,  
Before the dark hues of night descend,  
And the sorrowful welcome it as a friend,  
Comes the grey, calm, twilight hour.

Like a spirit borne on the sigh of the wind,  
It speaks in a tone sweet, solemn, slow;  
You may listen in vain for a single word,  
For the voice of the twilight is never heard,  
It is only *felt* in the world below.

It comes with a soft and healing touch,  
It lays its hand on the aching brow,  
Like the wind's sweet breath in the leafy bowers,  
Or the moonlight flooding the dreaming flowers  
With its softest, tenderest glow.

Then the day cares have folded their restless hands,  
As tho' even *they* could wanly smile,  
Whilst we put away from us all our pain,—  
Tho' it may wake with the night again,—  
And the heart is at peace for a little while.

## THE LIFE AND LESSONS OF A SPIDER.

BY T. T. J., QUEENSVILLE, ONT.

ALTHOUGH my name is Arachne, I am only a spider. Do not be disappointed at this, kind reader, for heathen mythology declares that I was once what I am not now.

In years gone by I was a fair young virgin in the Province of Lydia. My father's name was Idmon, and our home, the perfection of happiness and peace, was at Colophon. He was celebrated as a dyer of purple, and I seemed to have inherited his ingenuity, perseverance, and skill. The maidens of Lydia delighted in all manner of household work, but I had the honour of being the inventor of spinning and weaving. Others soon copied from me, and a spirit of rivalry sprung up amongst the fair ones of Lydia. However, I soon surpassed them all, and felt happy, joyous and free, as the virgin queen of the maidenly art.

Unfortunately my success made me haughty and disdainful, as is too often the case with favoured maidens. In my pride I became presumptuous. O, if I had only been contented with my unrivalled success, and had not listened to the sweet rippling tongue of ambition! But I was infatuated, and did not know what the wise man had written: "A man's pride shall bring him low." To the astonishment and terror of all my companions, and, in fact, of the whole country-side, I sent a challenge to the great Minerva Athena, goddess of the fine arts, to compete with me at my favourite employment. They tried every means to dissuade me from my rash intention, but I was deaf to every entreaty. Even when the goddess accepted the invitation I did not fear her presence, nor did I for a moment imagine any evil results.

When the time came I felt nervous for the occasion, although the odds seemed to be all against me. We had each our distaff and loom, and I took for my pattern the amours of the gods. After we had woven till the shades of evening were gathering around us, it was pronounced that I was the

victor, the champion spinner and weaver of creation. I felt my bosom heave with pride when I heard these welcome words, and I stood disdainfully watching the angry countenance of the defeated Minerva. Alas, that I should have so completely forgotten myself, and the might of her who had just opposed me! I have no doubt that it was my sinful conduct then, more than the fact of victory, that proved the forerunner of impending ruin. It is one thing to excel in skill, and another to surpass in power. I was champion of the one, but she was mistress of the other. My sun had risen steadily with my ripening maidenhood, until on that day it had stood at its zenith, but, now it was soon to set for ever. Minerva was the goddess of war, and wisdom also, and she soon displayed her shrewdness, as well as the refinement of her cruelty. She had been planning as she sat on the ground, exhausted, beside her broken distaff and shattered loom, whilst I had been exulting as I stood, fanned by the evening breeze, and drinking in the plaudits of an admiring multitude. At last she arose and stood before me. Her black eyes glittered and her lips quivered with half-suppressed emotions of malice and rage, as she suddenly seized hold of my faultless pattern and tore it into a thousand shreds. Then striding up to where I stood, she took a part of my loom and with one stroke felled me to the earth. As my senses were leaving me, I heard the shouts of the multitude, and not knowing whether they were cheers or jeers, I fancied that their approbation of me had turned into loathing and contempt.

When I returned to consciousness I found that I was alone, and that the shades of evening had faded out into the gloom of a starless night. O, how miserable I felt! Struck by the great Minerva, and now the goddess of gods against me! Pride and ambition had been my counsellors, and like Ahithophel of old, when most needed, their suggestions were weighed in the balance

and found wanting. How could I return to my home and the friends of my youth whose counsel I had contemned? My existence was now a reproach to myself, and to die would have been inexpressible gain. Would that she had killed me when she struck me in her irrepressible rage; then the pity of the living would have followed me to my virgin tomb.

I resolved to die. Gathering up the shreds of that fabric so hateful to me now, I twisted them into a strong and suitable rope, intending to make the means of triumph the instrument of my death. Yes, I could not help thinking that I was twining together the fond hopes of brighter days—the transient realizations of triumph, and the burning thoughts of despair into a three-fold cord not easily broken. The deed was soon accomplished. The limb of a blasted oak was a noble gallows-tree. Shrivelled by the withering stroke of the lightning's fork, it was a fit emblem of my blighted anticipations, and of my awakening from my dreams of fame and glory. The gnarled limb, the twisted rope, and the running noose soon ended the brief existence of Arachne.

What followed, when the spirit, houseless and homeless, fled from its earthly abode, must not be told; but Minerva, though unseen by me, witnessed all that happened, and by her immortal touch soon recalled the wandering spirit to its former habitation.

O, cruel, cruel Minerva! Her compassion for me was the fulness of inhuman barbarity. Why did she not let me alone?

When I was once more conscious and able to recline on the ground, she bent over me, and hissed forth, in the fulness of her unrighteous triumph: "Cursed be thou, Arachne, for seeking to contend with me. Hearken to thy fate. Day and night this shall be thy lot, for thou shalt spin thy life away!" She unravelled the rope, and spread it on the limb and trunk of the tree, when it changed into a spider's web. O! how sadly did I regret my rashness when it was for ever too late! I felt a mighty revolution in body, soul, and spirit. My form and beauty, my desires and affections, were all so changed that I could have put an end to my existence again, if it had been in my power. I looked up, and I thought I could see the once beclouded face of Minerva brighten with a look of demoniac triumph, when I lay before her a miserable,

loathsome insect—for Arachne is now only a spider.

Yet with the dawn of my new life came new desires and other enjoyments. As soon as Minerva had left me to myself I put forth the instincts of my new nature, in order to satisfy the cravings of a voracious appetite. The knowledge of the past was so confused, and the tenderness of my feelings so seared, that what I had considered to be cruel in the spider before, I now thought was both right and proper. I could tear the flies into pieces, or suck their life-blood, with pleasure and satisfaction instead of wanton cruelty. My greatest trouble was to catch them. If I had been possessed of wings, or if the flies had had none; if I had had opportunities of seizing them at any other time but on the wing, I should have been a terrible scourge to them. As it was, and still is, I have often been without a meal, and know from hard-earned experience what it is to feel the pangs of a gnawing hunger. I soon found that it was safest to live in some dark corner, where the flies would not suspect my presence, and the broom of the thrifty housewife could not reach me. I soon learned also that I could spin beautiful thread, perfect in its fineness and finish, which was a marvel to myself.

Minerva had triumphed; her words were true. What was before a recreation, now became my daily avocation.

My spinning jenny is wonderful and simple—not at all like those intricate machines that I have seen in factories called by that name. I have lived in many of these busy homes, and must say I rather like them, for the din and dust are favourable to my daily work. And, as I have been sitting watching for a passing fly, I have wondered at the enormous size of the threads made, compared with the minuteness of mine. I have even spun my web beside their finest fabrics, so that they might make comparisons; yet no one ever said: "How far Arachne surpasses us all!" Neither did they see the skill of our Divine Creator in enabling me to weave a finer and more perfect texture than the most consummate ingenuity of man could devise. If I had all the cogs, belts, and pulleys within me that a spinning jenny must have, I should never have made a single gossamer snare to entrap the heedless fly. In place of all that dreadful machinery, I have six spinnerets at the lower extremity

of my abdomen, each shaped like a cylinder, and each enclosing about a thousand tubes. From each of these tubes issues a single strand, which, united with all the others, makes what is seen and known as the spider's thread. For the purpose of uniting them, there are little nipples at the end of my abdomen that yield me a substance like glue. With it I can cement the different strands together. It also enables me to fasten the thread to any substance against which the breeze may have blown it. As an instance of this, let me tell you one of the many adventures that I have had in trying to earn an honest and peaceful livelihood :\*—

Some time ago a naturalist caught me in his garden, where I had spun my web in the bright hope that some of the great fat and lazy flies sporting there might fall to my lot. He carried me, bruised and half dead from fright, into his curiosity-shop of a study, and set me down on a slip of paper. In a little while I mustered courage to look about me. I found to my great dismay that the piece of paper was in a basin of water, and escape seemed impossible. So the thoughtful face bending over me evidently believed, as with a curiosity deepening into interest it watched my every movement. I walked around my prison island, and stretched my arms out as far as I could on every side, but could touch nothing but the water. As the paper sailed about it came to the side of the vessel, and I tried to climb the slippery wall of my dungeon, but found my efforts of no avail. Then I tried another plan, which caused the face above me to pourtray the greatest surprise. I raised myself on my legs, and elevated my spinnerets as much as I could. Then I spun threads which, being quite free at the one end, waved about in the air until they fastened themselves by their stickiness to some books on a stand about twenty inches distant. Finding them all secure, I fastened the other ends to the paper, and embarking on my gossamer pontoon, soon made good my escape. Thus my all-wise Creator has given me a mucilage which has often been my preserver.

For the purpose of uniting the different strands, or of dividing them into two or more threads at pleasure, I use two claws

of either of my hinder feet, which are toothed like a comb for the purpose. The third claw on either foot is used whenever I want to wind up any superfluous thread that I do not need, so that none of it may be lost. In common with all others of spiderdom, I have sufficient material within to make at least six or seven good-sized webs, and to keep them in repair. After that is exhausted, I must either die of starvation or rob some of my younger neighbours of what they may have woven. So that with us wilful waste would certainly make woful want.

I often deplore my helplessness, although it is wrong for me to do so when I consider the other insects around me. The fly has its wings, and the beetle its covering and claws. The mosquito has its blood-sucking bill, and the bee its poisonous sting. But here am I, wingless and stingless, with many enemies and but few protectors. My skin is so tender I can hardly bear to be pressed. My legs are seemingly so imperfectly attached, that the gentlest pull dismembers them, and the one-half of my body is only united to the other by what would appear to be a slender thread. My main defence is a liquid which I can eject from my mouth, and which has the power of paralyzing insects much stronger and far more formidable than myself :—

“ Still I have skill to seize my prey,  
And always food for every day,  
Caught in my airy snare ;  
For helpless as Arachne seems,  
Our great all-wise Creator deems  
Her worthy of His care.”

It has gratified me to think that, even though I am so helpless, I have often been of use to man, the lord of creation.

One instance, I remember, took place years ago, when in my wanderings I happened to be in Scotland. I was living at the time in a little cabin, and had concluded to form my web amongst the rafters. Beneath the chosen spot was a bed, and one day I noticed a soldier reclining upon it. I let myself down a little from the roof by my thread, and then, wanting to reach a rafter some little distance off, began swinging myself backwards and forwards. It seemed that as I began, the Scottish chieftain was watching me and counting my movements. I had a trying time of it, but every swing I made brought me nearer to

\* Taken from the *Family Treasury*.

the beam, so that on the seventh occasion I caught it with a mighty effort, and quietly began my web. It so happened that this soldier had lost six battles in trying to restore Scotia's freedom, and felt like giving up in despair. However, my efforts gave him hope and courage. And as Bruce had never gained a victory before this, so ever afterwards he hardly lost a battle.

Man is said to be born to trouble, and certainly I have been doomed to the same. I have often had to run for my life, and see with sorrow my beautiful web torn from its fastenings by the broom of some meddling housewife. On one occasion I happened to stroll into a house where an over-petted monkey was a great source of danger. He was not content with driving us out of the stable where he was kept, but he would often pull out great stones from the wall to get at us. Seeing the vigilance of this horrid monster, the mistress of the house would let him run up the window curtains, and everywhere, so that we had to beat a retreat altogether, for between the maid's broom and the monkey's appetite we had neither peace nor quietness.

I have been driven about from post to pillar all my life, until I know not where a resting place can be found. Once I thought I had succeeded. It was in a fashionable church, and when I heard the artistic choir and a few others singing—

“O land of rest, for thee I sigh;  
When will the moment come  
That I shall lay my armour by,  
And dwell in peace at home?”

“No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome;  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home!”

I thought I had found my rest, my sheltering place and home at last. My retreat, however, was noticed by a young lady\* who had the kindness not to disturb me. I give the circumstance in her own words, cheerfully forgiving her for calling me a male, when I am still Arachne:—

“Two spiders, so the story goes,  
Upon a living bent,  
Entered the meeting-house one day,  
And hopefully were heard to say:  
'Here we shall have at least fair play,  
With nothing to prevent.'”

\* Alice Clark.

“Each chose his place and went to work;  
The light webs grew apace;  
One on the sofa spun his thread,  
But shortly came the sexton dread,  
And swept him off, and so half-dead,  
He sought another place.

“‘I'll try the pulpit next,' said he,  
'There surely is a prize;  
The desk appears so neat and clean,  
I'm sure no spider there has been;  
Besides, how often have I seen  
The pastor brushing flies!’”

“He tried the pulpit, but alas!  
His hopes proved visionary;  
With dusting-brush the sexton came,  
And spoilt his geometric game,  
Nor gave him time or space to claim  
The right of sanctuary.

“At length, half-starved and weak and lean,  
He sought his former neighbour,  
Who now had grown so sleek and round,  
He weighed the fraction of a pound,  
And looked as if the art he'd found  
Of living without labour.

“‘How is it, friend,' he asked, 'that I  
Endured such thumps and knocks,  
While you have grown so very gross?'  
'Tis plain,' he answered; 'not a loss  
I've met since first I spun across  
The contribution box.'”

However, I was soon forced to leave my peaceful abode, for the time came when the box was to be emptied of its consecrated contents.

It would certainly, to my own mind, be an interesting study to retrace the steps that I have taken through life. On one occasion I had the pleasure of gazing at the Royal family from behind a gilded cornice in their home at Osborne. I also heard Her Majesty read from Scripture a passage during her devotions that struck me as being remarkable:—“The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces.” In fulfilling Scripture, however, the time is not taken into account, and an officious maid, a few days afterwards, nearly put an end to me, as she was brushing the corners, instead of gathering the gossip at the stair-head. I have no patience with this class of humanity, and I can safely infer they have just as little with Arachne. Better, for me at least, if they would leave the nooks and crannies to their natural occupants, and learn how their neighbours are scandalizing them behind their backs.

But a feeling of aversion towards us is

not peculiar to housemaids alone. I hear remarks continually, about the cruelty and barbarity of the spider, which are certainly unmerited. We are as God made us, and we do what He has commanded us. Consequently, the doing of the righteous will of God cannot be acts of savage cruelty on our part. To man God has not given such a law of nature as wanton cruelty, even though all creation is subject to his control. When, therefore, he is guilty of inhuman deeds, he breaks God's law; whereas we, in doing what appears the same, are guiltless, but are daily brought under the same condemnation. Not only so, but man represents the insect world as branding us as paragons of cruelty, if the following conversation be true, which is purported to have taken place in a garden not long ago.\*

"How busy you are this morning," said the butterfly to the spider.

"I am spinning, merely spinning," said the spider demurely.

"How good the spider is. She is just like you, always at work. I found her at home just now, on the rose bush, hard at her spinning," cried the butterfly, to a sage old bee that was gathering honey with all his might.

"Like *me!*" exclaimed the bee. "No, friend, no, I am never idle: I love industry and practise it; so far you may compare me to the spider, but there we part. My labour is spent in preparing sweet food for others; hers is devoted to spinning snares wherewith she catches the unwary for her own devouring. Work and workers are to be judged, not by the skill and pains taken, but by the end proposed. My mission is one of love and life; hers is malignant, and has death for its object."

It may be so, for I do not understand the language of either the butterfly or the bee; but this I know, we are as the creative hand of God made us, and cannot be what we are not. Another instance which fell under my own notice I may give, to show how deep-rooted man's hatred is:†

One day a bee got caught in a remarkably strong web that I had woven in a gentleman's vineyard. I had not looked for such a prize, and felt greatly concerned about the results of my capture. At this juncture,

just as I was ready to spring upon it, the gentleman's son freed the bee and spoiled my web. His father saw it and said:—"How canst thou, my son, so lightly esteem the skill and the industry of the insect as to destroy its toilsome and ingenious work? Didst thou not see the regularity and beauty with which the delicate threads were arranged? How couldst thou, then, be at once so compassionate and so cruel?"

The boy answered, "Is not the ingenuity of the spider mischievous, and employed for murder and destruction? But the bees gather honey and wax into their cells. For this cause I released the bee, and destroyed the web of the spider."

The father praised the judgment of unsophisticated simplicity, which condemned even the brilliant ingenuity that arises out of selfishness, and aims at mischief and destruction. [O, how unjust I felt these words to be, for why should I be judged so when my very life depended upon such a course of action? Let them who reason thus have a care lest they are found charging their Creator with the same condemnation.] "But," continued the father, "perhaps you have yet done the spider injustice. Observe that she guards our ripening clusters from the flies and the wasps, by the web that she spins about them."

"Does she do this," asked the boy, "for the purpose of guarding them, or is it rather to quench her own thirst for blood?"

"Why, really," answered the father, "she probably troubles herself very little about the grapes."

"Oh," said the boy, "then there is no worth in all the good she does without meaning to do it. The good-will is the whole virtue and beauty of goodness."

"Right," said the father, "the thanks for this are due to nature, who knows how to use even mischievous and malignant things for the preservation of the useful and the good." [If I had my maiden voice I should have asked the gentleman if my "quenching my thirst for blood" did not free him in a great measure from having a perpetual Egyptian plague. My so-called mischief and malignancy came from God. I have perverted no law to acquire them; hence this man's reasoning is vain.]

The boy then asked his father why the spider sits so solitary in its web, while the bees live together in sociable union, and

\* Fable in *Leisure Hour*, 1875.

† Krummacher.

work in concert. The spiders might make an immense web by working together.

"Dear child," replied the father, "it is only for good ends that many can enter into friendly alliance. The league of selfishness and malice bears in itself the seeds of dissolution. Wise nature, therefore, will not essay that which men often find by experience to be impracticable and pernicious."

As they returned to the house the boy said—

"I have learned something to-day from that ugly animal."

"And why not?" replied the father. "Nature has placed the malignant side by side with the amiable, the evil with the good, that thus the good may appear the more distinct and beautiful. And thus may men learn something even from the wicked."

What more was said I could not hear, but I felt that I had heard too much. I could not stay in a place where I had been so unjustly reviled. Consequently, after casting a sorrowful look at my shattered web, I left the garden for ever. After a while I became calmer, and reasoned with myself about the man's seeming injustice, and came to the conclusion that he only used the bee and the spider as figures by which to portray the good and the bad amongst men. Nevertheless, I am grieved to know that I and my race are looked upon as terrible monsters of cruelty in the insect world. It was this continual persecution—for it was nothing else—that first induced me to visit other climes. I thought that surely other nations were not our sworn enemies like the whites; but in this I was sometimes mistaken, for, in fact, I was seldom out of hearing of the English language. Like the spider race, you find the speakers of it everywhere.

Shortly after leaving the vineyard I found myself in a low marsh, through which a sluggish stream was slowly forcing its way. The surface of the water was almost covered with a plant called *duckmeat*, and down in the depths I could see the *stargrass* growing with rank luxuriance. As I was passing along, discontented with myself and at variance with all mankind, I saw a pale, reddish spider, about my own size, wearing a close nap of hair along his throat and abdomen, in the very act of plunging headlong into the water. My startled cry arrested his attention, and, as I thought, prevented an act of premeditated suicide. I hailed him, and

would have given him some friendly admonitions, but in a free and easy manner he informed me that he was a diver by profession, and could not neglect his trade.

In the course of our conversation, he told me that he lived on boat-flies, water-mites, and the larvæ of gnats, caddice-flies, and dragon-flies, of which there were the greatest abundance. He pressed me to visit his home, which, to my surprise, I found to be amongst the stargrass at the bottom of the stream; so I had to decline. However, on parting, I promised to return and renew our acquaintance, so pleasantly formed, but in the meantime I could only take up my position on a leaf of the duckmeat and watch his aquatic movements. Almost before my sentence was finished he was off, and all at once, plunging headlong into the water, made little ripples which agitated the leaflets around so that the accuracy of my observations was considerably marred. Nevertheless, I soon caught sight of him bearing a bubble of air at the apex of his abdomen, which he had taken with him as he started, and which looked like silver in the water. I saw him select a suitable place to locate it, and watched him fasten it to a branch of stargrass some two or three feet from the surface. When he came up again for another bubble, I asked him what he was intending to do, but all the reply he gave me as he dived down again was, "Fools and bairns shouldna see half done wark." Determined to see the half-finished work completed, I continued at my post of observation, and was perfectly astonished to see the rapidity with which his visits to the surface for bubbles of air were accomplished. As the air balloon became enlarged he had to tie it by threads which he spun, so that it might not break away from its moorings and rise to the surface. After he had ascended and descended about a dozen times, the air-bell was sufficiently large for his accommodation, and I now saw that all the while he was constructing a home for himself. He wove a covering over the top of it, so as to darken it somewhat, and entering from below turned himself about so that he might be hidden whilst he kept a sharp look-out for game. By-and-by the oxygen in the diving-bell was exhausted by his breathing, and he came up for a fresh supply. I took the opportunity of informing him that I was neither a fool nor a child, for

I had seen his home completed without being made any the wiser by his information. Seeing me a little piqued, he smiled as only a spider can, and proceeded to make amends for his impoliteness before. He told me that he was going to spin a staircase, by which he could ascend and descend with still greater rapidity, and that then he intended spinning several threads from the bottom of his air-cell to the branches and leaves near his home, to act as telegraph wires, by informing him of the approach of any booty or danger. By these threads he would be able to run hither and thither after his prey, and easily secure it. If he felt hungry, he said, he generally carried his victims to his home, but if otherwise he secured them by threads outside, as a supply to fall back upon in case of a dearth in the water.

I was certainly very much pleased with my amphibious friend, and not a little proud when he earnestly besought me to occupy one of these airy prison cells with him. I had to refuse, however; not that I had any objections to him as a mate for life, but I did object to his style of living. And let me here say that I have seen young women refuse on the same score, but with feelings of proud disdain which afterwards changed into those of just regret. Others have accepted a course of life as foreign to their natures as this would have been to me, only to regret the choice when it was impossible to unsay it, just because they would not listen to the words of reason and judgment, but allowed their shifting feelings to lead the van.

But the best of friends must part. The gnawings of hunger reminded me that I had to go, so with a hearty good-bye I continued my wanderings, as if I were a branded child of Cain; and, like a near descendant of Ishmael, I resolved to wage warfare against all those who would unjustly condemn our race as ugly, brutal, and vile.

Not knowing where to go, I resolved to make the noonday sun my guiding star, and so travelled towards the south. Whilst on my long pilgrimage, I was induced on one occasion, through sheer curiosity, to enter a cave somewhere in Southern Europe. To my surprise, I found some spiders living in the perpetual twilight, with frail, delicate, and almost colourless bodies. What struck me the most was that their eyes were very imperfectly developed, showing how nature

can adapt itself to circumstances. Further in, where the daylight never enters, and nothing but night prevails, I found some of my race, totally blind, eking out a precarious living, having long, slender, colourless bodies, and hairy feet which formed delicate organs of touch. This seemed to me to be another instance of the law of compensation, where the want of sight is counterbalanced by the sensitive feelers which those of us who can see do not possess. They seemed happy and contented, however; but it was with a sigh of relief that I gazed on the pure light of heaven once more, for what was their safety was my misery, and what is my delight would be their ruin.

Leaving the cave spiders to pursue their unenviable lot, I continued my rambles southward, and after a time came into the warm, balmy breezes of the torrid zone, where everything grows with wonderful luxuriance, and a profusion of all things is scattered around.

Of course I cannot describe the beauty of the torrid zone. I can only speak of friends I made during my wanderings there, which extended over many years. I found many tribes of the spider race, some of whom were giants in size and strength compared with my own family. I was perfectly astonished at the magnitude and resistance of their webs. In Mexico they are so strong that if a traveller strikes his hat against one hanging above his path it will knock it off. They entangle not only flies and moths, but butterflies; and even small birds have been caught in their enormous meshes. In Senegal they will bear the weight of several ounces, and some people make good ropes of these giant threads. In the island of Java the people often use a knife to cut them out of the way, when, if they had any sense of justice and compassion, they would pass them by.

As an instance of this, let me relate what I saw out in one of the prairies of the Western States.\* Amongst a tangle of vines thickly interspersed with myriads of flowers, a number of ruby-breasted humming-birds were gaily fitting. All at once I saw one of my jumping cousins—called leaping spiders—coming, crouching and crawling, sideways and every way, now hiding himself and now making short springs from one object

\* Howitt's "Boy Hunters."

to another. He was a horrid-looking creature, I must say, covered with dark brown hair, and about the size of one of the humming-birds before him. His sharp, glittering eyes and his two great claws before him gave him a noble appearance, and I pitied the pretty little birds from my heart, who appeared so guileless and yet so careless of danger. Onward he came, watching his opportunities until one of them flew within his reach—then, when the unsuspecting victim was hovering over a flower, with its head deep down amongst its lovely petals, my cousin made a spring that terrified me, and clasped the ruby breast with his great feelers. With a wild, despairing chirrup, the poor bird flew away aloft, trying to carry its destroyer with it. But the great strong thread of my jumping relative was a chain to freedom, even as his great jaws were daggers for the heart. The untimely flight soon ceased, for one end of the thread was fastened to a tree, and as he held the other it rapidly brought his victim to the earth. The little wings forgot to move, and the hungry pincers of my cousin were soon deep in, hidden beneath the ruby breast of his lifeless victim.

Mankind has pronounced this horrible, but I look upon the trampling of a worm in the dust as wanton cruelty surpassing this.

Suppose I were to become a reformer of this so-called bloodthirstiness in our race, and convene an Œcumenical Council, with delegates from the uttermost bounds of spiderdom, what could be more appropriate than that I should repeat to them these lines with deep feeling and solemnity?—

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too;  
But, children, you should never let  
Your angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.”

Why, the jeers that would greet me would be greater than the applause I received as the world's champion spinner.

Suppose, also, that an aged spider—one who had spent his days in solitude and meditation, far away amongst the rocks of some desert waste, and ignorant of the ways of the world—suppose such an one should arise and reply, “Can the Ethiopian change

his skin, or the leopard his spots?” what could I say?

Another feature of my equatorial relations is their gorgeous colours. O, how insignificant and ugly I appeared compared with some of the *cheiras* of the Philippine Islands with whom I associated! I have heard of a deer admiring his antlers in the water, and have seen many a conceited fop and foolish maiden loving their shadow in the glass; but when I saw my dirty brown, hairy, wrinkled body reflected in one side of a calabash of water, with my Philippine neighbour on the other, I felt as mean as if I had been stealing. Many of them are striped alternately with red, yellow, and black; whilst others have white figures on a red background. Some are orange, marbled with brown; others are light green, with white; others yellow, with light brown festoons marked upon them; and many are ash-coloured, with chesnut bodies. These colours, traced in every kind of hieroglyphic upon their gigantic bodies, beautifies, or rather illuminates these gay friends of mine only whilst they live. Their beauty dies with them. As I gazed on one of the most gorgeous, lying on a palm leaf, and ebbing his life-blood away; as I saw the light fade out from his eye, and the rainbow tints from his noble frame, I felt more reconciled to my lot, and could appreciate the old maid's comforting proverb:—

“Beauty's skin deep;  
Ugly's to the bone.  
Beauty soon fades; but  
Ugly holds its own.”

I soon noticed that our Creator had a design in all this. The Philippines have their colour as their protection. Those who live in dark, dingy places would appear far too conspicuous if they were dressed in livid purple or sky-blue or scarlet; their dark-coloured and sombre garbs are in accordance with their habits and homes. My old brown fustian jacket is good for all kinds of weather and for almost every style of living, so that for another reason I am quite reconciled to my lot. Those with beautiful marks of black, yellow, green, and orange live amongst the flowers and evergreen foliage of the trees. So with the others. Their colour indicates where their homes should be. I was very much amused one day when I heard and saw something that terrified a number of them. The sombre ones ran

over the black sticks and earth; the brown ones crouched on withered leaves; and the green ones fled for refuge under the leaves of the nearest flower. This instinct, with us, is as reason and intelligence with man.

One tribe called the Migdales interested me very much. *Migdale Blondii* is the name of the largest. Five inches in length is about the average proportion of this family. The friend with whom I associated was covered with brownish-black hair, and his legs encircled a space of more than half a foot in diameter. His long feelers had sharp hooks provided, by which he could inflict terrible wounds upon the hapless victims that fell a lawful prey to his rapacious appetite. Although sombre in appearance, he was by no means sober in his actions. He did not spin his yarn, nor weave an airy web to be shattered by every breeze. I considered him one of the wise men of the East—a wiseacre of spiderdom—both from his appearance and actions. His black suit, which in some cases has a faded and threadbare look, gave him a sort of professional appearance, and his sharp, business-like manner spoke plainly of jobbing wanted or work on hand to be done. He had a kind of funereal look about him. He remained most of the time in the houses of the natives, running about here, there, and everywhere. White people never took kindly to my friend Migdale Blondii. His erratic movements terrified the nervous and timid, for he was in, out, and about all the trunks, boxes, and bandboxes that the foreigners possessed. They had a wholesome dread of him, because they imagined that with one leap and a slender bite he would send them into another world. But Migdale the Great is not able to accomplish such a feat, for in cases where he has bitten men the inflammation has not greatly exceeded that of a wasp or a mosquito.

In the West Indies the natives are glad to have this tribe in their dwellings, and if they have none they go where they can buy them. I wish the same good sense would actuate the people who live in temperate climates. Tidy housewives hate us with a perfect hatred, and yet cannot understand why the flies are so numerous. I was in a house in the Southern States which was kept as clean and careful as need be. The lady could not see where all the cockroaches came from, and

at the same time waged war against the best means for their riddance. If I had had a human voice when she, with a large negress and a coloured boy, was hunting two Migdales to the death, I should have said, "Woman, spare these spiders. Such heartless cruelty will meet with its own reward. These Migdales are as harmless as I am, and their chief object in coming beneath your inhospitable roof is to extirpate these cockroaches which are so troublesome to you."

Another family of the Migdales displays a wonderful degree of ingenuity in constructing strongholds for times of danger. I got caught in one, and felt under deep obligations to my big brother for his gallantry and skill. I had been noticed by a ravenous bird, and would most certainly have been captured if, in my endeavour to hide, I had not espied a round hole neatly constructed, and about nine inches in depth. The wall was lined with a coarse tissue, but the innermost was like silken paper, velvety and white. In a few minutes a dark figure appeared at the entrance, and the builder and occupant descended. Mutual recognitions having taken place, he let down what appeared to be a lid, and enveloped us in total darkness. This contrivance I greatly admired, as it seemed to be planned with almost human ingenuity. It is made of particles of earth cemented with silken thread, and of course looks exactly like the ground. A silken hinge joins it to the upper side of the hole, so that when it is raised it shuts again of its own accord. To make it more secure, a few little holes are drilled in the lid opposite the hinge on the under side. The Migdales, being furnished with hooks at the end of their feelers, insert them into these holes, and thus bolt and bar their fortresses against any intruder. Scripture is thus literally fulfilled when it says, "The spider taketh hold with her hands."

There is one grand characteristic that ought to be a redeeming feature when the habits of the spider are considered, and that is a mother's love for its offspring, than which nothing on earth can be stronger. The love of mothers among mankind has been known to fail, but that of the spider, never. True to its instinct, it would rather sacrifice its own life for the preservation of its young, than basely desert them to their fate.

In Paraguay the thread of some of the spiders is spun into silken fabrics. About the beginning of the last century a Frenchman named M. Bon undertook to weave some of our threads into cloth. He made some stockings and gloves of what he had collected, and presented them to the King, Louis XIV., and the Academy of Paris. It caused quite a sensation, and what he wrote on the subject was even translated into the Chinese language by the Emperor's command. But the bubble soon burst. To succeed, we should indeed have been spared from motives of greed and not of kindness, but being deprived of our webs, who or what would have been able to give us the flies our appetites demand.

I rejoice that my own thread has never brought gain to man, but to the sufferer it has often given relief. It has staunched the bleeding wound, and indirectly has been the means of saving many from an untimely grave.

And now I must conclude ; my seventh web has been spun. I fervently hope I

have done good by my simple recital of past events,—this good at least, that by endeavouring to show that we are not cruel by nature, and that we do not seek to entrap the thoughtless flies for the gratification of our savage propensities, the minds of the higher creation may be more kindly disposed towards us than before.

“ See yonder web with dew-drops laden,  
Surpassing all the skill of man ;  
No tried expert, no gentle maiden,  
Ever wove as spiders can. .

“ See yonder noble insect mother,  
Dying for her offspring's life ;  
Can lordly man produce another,—  
Maid or matron, mother, wife ?

“ O brand us not with every passion  
Lurking in the human breast !  
We live like every other nation,  
Doing God's supreme behest.

“ Then let us be at peace together,  
Holding sacred Nature's ties ;  
Till power Divine these bonds shall sever ;  
And now adieu,—Arachne dies.”

## CHANGE.

THE river swiftly rushing, with a strong exultant sweep ;  
A dewy morning flushing, and half the world asleep.  
I sit, and wait for my love,  
He called me his “ fair fond dove,”  
Only last night, by the river.

A noon sun brightly glowing, on the orchard's waving mass ;  
A warm wind softly throwing, apple blooms on the grass.  
Oh ! my love and I are glad,  
Never more can earth be sad  
For us, by the dancing river.

A chill mist slowly creeping, under the shuddering sky ;  
The rain clouds wildly weeping, oppress me, as I cry  
Oh ! my love, is this thy grave ?  
Where the rushes slowly wave,  
By the careless, cruel river.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

AN English doctor, who has hitherto delighted himself with experiments on living animals, confessed with apparent nonchalance that he had, in one day, tortured twenty-nine dogs by administering various poisons, endermically and otherwise, with a view of ascertaining the effect of these agents in stimulating the secretion of bile. It is fortunate that in Toronto we can ascertain the effect of certain moral appliances on the party politician, without vivisection or dissection *post mortem*. The public addresses of Sir Alexander Galt, delivered here about the beginning of last month, have had a marked effect in deranging the functions of sensitive party livers. They have, in fact, rendered the hack politician jaundiced and atrabillious. It is, of course, to be deplored that Sir Alexander did not keep himself to himself, or at least to the Province in which he ordinarily resides. As the *Globe* agonizingly inquires, "Let us ask him why he does not take his counsels where they are most needed?" Why indeed? Everything is snug in Ontario between Archbishop Lynch and his organ; why then throw the apple of discord amongst the celestials—Presbyterian and Catholic?

It seems—that is to superficial observers—never to have occurred to the organ that the control of about sixty members of the House at Ottawa by the hierarchy is of some moment to the people of Toronto and of Ontario altogether. Is it not a serious prospect, looming up in the not very distant future, that a little over forty time-servers may manage the entire Dominion, if they will only be subservient to the Bishops of Quebec? Has this Province nothing to do with hierarchical interference with freedom of election in the Province only second to it in importance? The *Globe* is aware of the danger, but is content to ignore it, so long as it can reap its paltry party advantage. There was a time at which that journal indulged in the vilest language, when referring to the ecclesiastics and "religious" of the Roman Catholic Church, and especially those of Irish nationality. Its opinions have undergone no change; but its position and prospects have. We are not fond of retailing

scraps from old newspapers and do not intend to do so now; but of one thing we are sure, that if the dangers pointed out by Sir Alexander Galt should be allowed to pass unheeded by the people of Ontario, as the *Globe* desires, and if Mr. Brown ever finds the Quebec men at Ottawa a phalanx against his party, the wrath and billingsgate of 1853-5 will be as the zephyr to the roar of a blast furnace. In that event, his patron, the Archbishop, will have found other *protégés*, and the game of scurrilous vituperation will be the fashion of the hour. For the present, the barometer is at "set fair" and the best thing the average "Reformer" can do is to nail it there; for if left to atmospheric influences alone it will soon veer about to less agreeable quarters.

Party coquetry with religious denominations is, of all forms of intrigue, the most intolerable and heinous. There is much talk about the evil of coalitions, and the sin of purchasing sectional or class support; but they are venial offences in comparison. At this moment, both parties are vying with each other in soliciting the favours of the hierarchy in Ontario and Quebec. Their high-flown Protestantism and even their boasted love of free institutions have oozed, like Bob Acres's courage, out a. their fingers' ends. Dr. Abbott says that Bacon's moral delinquencies were caused by his losing sight of everything but the great philosophical aim of his life; but for them no such apology can be proffered. To them country is as nothing, when weighed in the balances against party, place, and pelf. Henry of Navarre might have plausibly excused his apostasy on patriotic grounds; no excuse of the kind can be seriously pleaded for them. Whether we look at the complacency with which the "Programme" was received by the Conservatives, or the shameless compact made, and broken, with the Catholic League in Ontario, by the Reformers, there can be no pleasure in the retrospect. In both cases, the manœuvre was a bit of party strategy—a mere matter of bargain and sale. Those who were not ashamed to offer a *quasi* apology for the Pilgrimage riots of last autumn, are harking back, for obvious reasons; and

does any one believe that John Knox would take the "scarlet woman" to his bosom, if there were nothing to be made by it?

Is it not a little remarkable that Mr. Huntington occupies exactly the same platform here as Sir Alexander Galt, and yet that the *Globe* should defend the one and scold the other? Both advise the English-speaking population of Quebec to range themselves beside the French Liberals of that Province, in view of a threatening peril; and yet the former is a saint and the latter an unpardonable sinner. Had Sir Alexander consented to be the Reform nominee in Montreal West, against Mr. Thomas White, would the organ have uttered a word against him? Certainly not. It is only because he declared himself a non-party man, that his past career is raked up and travestied. Had he consented to trot quietly in harness, his old offences might have been "rank and smelt to heaven," but still he could, like M. Cauchon, have been amongst the thoroughbreds of Ottawa to-day. When the organ asserts that it was only after the delivery of Mr. Huntington's Argenteuil speech, dated 30th December, 1875, that Sir Alexander spoke out, it must surely have forgotten the introduction to his letter. At any rate, what advantage could "a Conservative champion" hope to reap by breaking from his party, and recommending an alliance with the *Globe's* own political friends in Quebec? As the *Mail* puts it, he has probably injured no one but himself. The difference between Mr. Huntington and Sir Alexander Galt is by no means in favour of the former: for the one only sought to strengthen his Government and party, whilst the other snapt party ties asunder without regard to consequences.

The organ attempts to wriggle out of its awkward attitude in the matter of Dr. De Angelis, but unless its readers have forgotten what it said on the former occasion, the endeavour will be futile. What did it then mean by expressing regret that Mgr. Bourget had not explained his real meaning earlier? What significance can we attach to these words—"Unless we had been assured, on authority to which *we* are inclined to attach great weight, that such *was and is* Bishop Bourget's meaning, we should have adhered" &c. ? Now it has another story to tell. The opinion of the Roman theologian was "a virtual repudiation" of the pastoral, and it is glad of it. If so, how could it have ex-

pected the Bishop to have condemned himself in advance "some months ago," or have accepted the Roman interpretation as actually being the "meaning" of the pastoral? It might be as well perhaps if the *Globe*, entertaining as it does so much deferential respect for Dr. De Angelis, would send to him both articles, so that people might ascertain what *their* meaning "was and is." Telegrams "on most reliable authority" are not always the most trustworthy; but if it be true, as we were told the other day, that Bishop Bourget has resigned his see and been made an Archbishop unattached, that is to say, *in partibus infidelium*, the organ's second thought was better than its first.

Into the general subject, there is no need to enter at length. Sir Alexander Galt stated fully the whole case with singular clearness and ability. It is said, however, that all the acts of which he complains were done by a local Government, "which has power to act in such matters." Indeed! We should have thought that some of them were of Dominion, and even of Imperial, interest. Is the introduction of the Canon Law a local matter? Or the restriction of the right of appeal to the Privy Council? Or the declaration on the statute-book of a British colony, that "the decrees of our Holy Father the Pope are binding?" If these and other enactments are *intra vires*, matters have indeed come to a serious pass. They are, in fact, flagrant violations of the statute of Elizabeth, cited in the Quebec Act of 1774—the same Act which concedes the tithes and all the other special privileges enjoyed by the Quebec clergy. In the absence of the Minister of Justice, it may not be amiss to call Mr. Mackenzie's attention to them, and to ask whether he does not intend to exercise the veto power without delay. If this be a vain resource, perhaps His Excellency may be advised to send them to Lord Carnarvon, who would make short work of them. In any case a future Guibord dispute will bring their Canon Law within the purview of the Judicial Committee. It would be rather singular if the Provincial Legislature of Quebec could do what the Dominion Parliament has not been permitted to do—bar the right of appeal to the highest court in the Empire.

These local statutes only give a faint idea of the imperious assumptions of the Quebec hierarchy. Dr. Newman, being in England and but a faltering advocate of the Vatican.

decrees, declares that the *Syllabus* is not a binding, because not an *ex cathedra*, utterance. But in the adjoining Province it has been cited in Courts of Justice, as if it were part and parcel of the law of the land. Judge Mondelet, who delivered the first judgment *in re* Guibord, vehemently protested against it. "It only remains," he said, "to express my astonishment that one of the learned counsel for the defence should have pushed their pretensions so far as to cite to the Court the *Syllabus*, in order to sustain a proposition that the competence of this tribunal in the present case is condemned by the Church. It is sufficient merely to note such an assumption to appreciate its value." Since that, the *Syllabus* was quoted in a well-known case by Judge Routhier, sitting on the bench, *in loco Regina*, as binding in Quebec. How often this has been done in the Courts of that Province, in cases of less importance, we cannot pretend to say.

The whole matter lies within very small compass. The Quebec hierarchy look upon Quebec as their peculiar American preserve, in which they may do as they please. They have lost their power in all, or nearly all, the vast region from Mexico to Cape Horn; Quebec, therefore, is to be pre-eminently the paradise of the Ultramontanes. There they hope to find, *mutatis mutandis*, a second Spain, and, in fact, it stands now on a similar footing. The eleventh article of the new Spanish Constitution is a very mild and ambiguous provision in favour of freedom of worship. It will be observed that it does not concede much in the way of toleration, and yet it has been denounced by His Holiness, the *soi-disant* "prisoner of the Vatican," as "violating every right of truth and of the Catholic religion," and as "opening the door to error." The article reads thus: "That the Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the State; that, within the bounds of Christian morality, freedom of religious *cultus* shall be lawful, but no public manifestations other than those of the Church." Now it is obvious that even this limited concession might be rendered entirely nugatory in the hands of a Catholic Nero or Domitian, and, at the best, may be construed so as to prohibit burials, or anything other than private family worship. We were about to add that it would be curious to learn what the liberal Archbishop of Toronto

thinks of the Pope's violent language about so small a matter; but it is not well to be curious when one's curiosity will certainly remain unsatisfied.

Archbishop Lynch, who was present at Sir Alexander's address, hastened on the following day to reply. There is nothing specially worthy of note in his Grace's strictures. The old dish, to which our palates have grown accustomed, was again served up with the inevitable Henry VIII. sauce. As a matter of policy, or rather as a *dernier ressort*, it is perhaps excusable when an ecclesiastic, who cannot meet an opponent on his own ground, drags or tempts him into the quagmire of theology. No one knows better the pitfalls of that treacherous region than the Archbishop; but Sir Alexander Galt had taken care to mark out his ground accurately at the lecture, and therefore the remarks of his critic on that head were but as the whistling of the wind through the gaping crevices of a ruined mansion. It is not true that the Bishops were abused, or that the Church was assailed as a religious institution; on the contrary, the speaker was studiously suave and courteous in referring to them. With the religious convictions of Roman Catholics the politician, *qua* politician, has nothing to do; but when the hierarchy of an important Province systematically set about getting possession of the government, coercing the legislature and forcing it, by sacerdotal pressure, to pass unconstitutional laws, and then impairing freedom and purity of election by ecclesiastical intimidation of the grossest character, the battle becomes a constitutional and political one. On this, which is the true *casus belli*, the Archbishop is discreetly silent, simply because he has no effective argument to advance. That he should take refuge in the old penal laws, or the wrongs of Ireland, is natural, for other shelter for him there is none; but that his Protestant allies should revamp these platitudes, and even charge Sir Alexander with initiating a repressive policy in regard to Roman Catholics in Quebec or elsewhere, is something marvellous.

No religious minority in any empire or kingdom under the sun has ever been treated with more considerate liberality than the million of Catholics in Quebec. They enjoy rights and privileges denied to ever Protestant denomination; and that not, as is falsely asserted, under any stipulation made on their

behalf by France, when she surrendered these miserable "arpents of snow," but by the free and generous goodwill of the Imperial Parliament. Their clergy were emancipated from the irksome control of Bourbon despotism, and now discharge their sacred functions under the benignant sway of British constitutionalism. If Roman Catholics would bethink themselves of it, the recent assaults on the State here and elsewhere are only the outward signs of a re-nascent mediævalism. It is the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, with its two swords and its absurd exegesis of Scripture, which reappears, clad in modern guise, in the *Syllabus*, inspires the bold speech of Cardinal Manning, and even lends a tone of discord to the soft, melodious notes of Dr. Newman. It means despotism in Church and State, with the supremacy of the former over the latter. Our contention is that the cloven foot has appeared and left its unhallowed traces on the statute-book and ballot-box in Quebec. The best proof that all Sir Alexander Galt asserted is true appears in a sop for Cerberus just thrown by the Archbishop of Quebec. The hierarchy find that they have been precipitating matters and propose to take in sail for the present. The new Pastoral forbids interference in elections, by the priests, and, although there are one or two ambiguous phrases, it is ostensibly a reversal of the policy hitherto pursued. And thus a censure is virtually pronounced, not only on Mgr. Bourget, but upon the whole Provincial Council of Bishops, his Grace himself included—a general *peccavimus* all round. It affords a striking sequel to the late election at Charlevoix, at which each candidate appeared in the field backed by a Church dignitary. Of course episcopal pastorals may still trench upon the political domain, and the obnoxious laws remain upon the statute-book, so that very little has yet been effected, if anything, of practical importance. The claim to supremacy still remains; and, even although it be allowed to lie dormant, it may be revived at any favourable juncture. The best safeguard of our constitutional liberties against ecclesiastical encroachments lies in the pluck and power of a free people.

Sir Alexander Galt's first address had for its subject the financial condition of the Dominion. We have no space for even a

sketch of his masterly survey of the present situation, nor is it necessary to attempt it at this late date. The main cause of commercial depression he, in common with others who have treated of the subject, believes to be over-importation—"we have imported more than we can pay for." And therefore, "the true remedy for the general commercial distress is to put the brake on, and stop to a large extent the excessive importations which have taken place." He does not consider that there has been any serious over-production in manufactures, and, therefore, dismisses that as a cause of the depression. The brake has already been applied, for the imports have fallen off considerably; but this, of course, means a corresponding falling off in the revenue. Sir Alexander believes that Mr. Cartwright has underestimated the probable decrease in importations, and, therefore, will be disappointed in his revenue estimate for 1876-7. He urges abstinence from borrowing and retrenchment in expenditure. Believing that no effective reductions can be made elsewhere, the speaker laid violent hands upon our great public works, especially the Pacific Railway and the canal enlargements. Here, as it appears to us, he has gone much too far, and has failed to take into account the recuperative power of the Dominion. In his desponding vein, he seems to have forgotten that the honour of the country is pledged, and further, that the *faînéant* policy he advocates would arrest the progress of the country, check immigration, and defer indefinitely the settlement of the North-West.

On the tariff question, Sir Alexander Galt gives no uncertain sound. His policy is eminently a national policy—not retaliatory but defensive. "Supposing an overplus of production here beyond home needs, our manufacturers naturally look to the American market, which they find closed by high duties, while, at the same time, American manufacturers have, to a large extent, access to our markets. The position is not exactly a fair one." In order to adjust the balance, in some degree, he proposes the adoption of what is termed incidental protection, or, as he prefers to call it, "modified free trade." For Sir Alexander is no protectionist, in the strict sense of the word; on the contrary, he devotes a considerable portion of his address to demonstrating the mischief high duties have wrought in the

neighbouring Republic. His policy is perfectly intelligible to every one who has considered the subject, except perhaps Mr. Mills, whose obtuseness is invincible. In his "brilliant speech" before the London Chamber of Commerce, the member for Bothwell observed, "that of all systems of taxation there is none more objectionable than incidental protection. It imposes the public burdens upon a portion of the community, and many of these are among the poorest." This, of course, was uttered *ad captandum vulgus*; but what does it really amount to? In the first place, it is directed against protection *pur et simple*, and not against incidental protection at all; and in the next, it makes against all customs' duties whatever, when levied on articles in general use. What he means by "a portion of the community," it is difficult to conjecture. We presume that if the duty on refined sugars were increased *ad valorem* its pressure would be tolerably uniform over the entire community. The Dominion revenue is almost entirely derived from indirect taxation, and if the western philosopher desires a complete change of system, he had better say so explicitly.

Mr. Mills would probably feel deeply injured if we failed to refer to a letter of three columns in length, embellished by an aureole of sensational headings, which appeared in a western paper early last month. All the notoriety he desires it is out of our power to give him, but a slight propitiatory offering may be grateful. There is no cause of quarrel between us that we are aware of; but Mr. Mills seems determined to pick one in some way or other. In our May number we animadverted, in fair terms enough, upon the report of the Committee on the causes of prevailing depression, and by doing so have drawn upon ourselves this *brutum fulmen*. Intrinsically, the letter is undeserving of notice; still to gratify the irate member, we shall waste a little space upon it. An innocent remark of ours, which was neither dogmatic, argumentative, nor critical, although Mr. Mills stigmatizes it as both the first and the last, ran as follows:—"We presume the report is looked upon by its author with all the pride of paternity." Now how were we to know that the hon. member was ashamed of his literary offspring? Common courtesy restrained us from entertaining the supposition. Yet it

appears that he was and is profoundly ashamed of it, and would leave it upon anybody else's door-step, if he could safely do so. It is a matter of regret to us that Mr. Mills should have made himself "quite ill," ransacking the Parliamentary library, but that is no reason why he should vent his sick humours upon us.

The objection that the Committee transcended its instructions when it reported a dissertation on the respective merits of free trade and protection comes next. Mr. Mills replies that in 1847, Sir Chas. Wood (Lord Halifax) did not confine himself to the causes of distress, but also reported a remedy, although not instructed to do so. Sir Chas. Wood is not much of an authority, although he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he certainly did not launch into an argument against something which appeared *not* to be a remedy. His report was positive and not negative, like our friend's. But Mr. Mills shall be condemned out of his own mouth: "I would have preferred to have made the report a complete analysis of the evidence taken, but for this there was not time." It is not surprising that the hon. member is ashamed of his report, when he is conscious of having neglected, unavoidably we admit, the real work he was set to do, and of eking it out with superfluous and irrelevant padding. That Mr. Mills has no faith in patriotism, we knew before, and therefore he need not have wasted words on the matter. He is at heart a foreigner, and has no sympathy with Canada or the Empire.

Sir Alexander Galt's address may not have reached the hon. member when he penned his letter, and it contains all that need be said on another point. A comparison of that address, we shall not say with the report, because that is a sore point with Mr. Mills, but with the "brilliant address" delivered at London, will serve to show the difference in point of intellectual calibre between the two men—the one a statesman, the other a sciolist. Mr. Mills supposes that the same fiscal policy is good for ever, without regard to time, place, or external circumstances; Sir Alexander recognises the fact that a tariff which may be appropriate at one period may not be even defensible after a lapse of years, and he is quite unconscious of inconsistency when he advocates a modification of it under altered condi-

tions. Mr. Mills tells us that Herbert Spencer is a free-trader; he might well have added, quite as relevantly, that he is an evolutionist. We made no reference to his economical or biological views at all, and the quotation was made, as the hon. member is well aware, for a very different purpose. Of course, Mr. Mills drags in the protective policy of the United States, as if that had anything to do with the question in dispute. He is still a generation behind contemporary economics, and appears to know nothing of the revolution through which "the hard science" is passing. In conclusion, a graceful compliment is paid to ourselves in a classic couplet. Socrates said that the height of wisdom was to know that we know nothing; Mr. Mills tells us in Latin, that we know nothing, but are not aware of it. We should be sorry to know all that our critic pretends to know, and perhaps it might be as well if he kept it as a cherished secret, locked jealously within his breast. One good turn deserves another, and, therefore, without regard to the context, we present him with a line from the self-tormentor of Terence—" *Tu nescis id quod scis, Dromo, si sapias.*"

Since the prorogation of the Dominion Parliament, four seats in the Commons have become vacant in Ontario. In North Middlesex, the vacancy has been filled by the return of Mr. Scatcherd, his majority being nearly two hundred. In South Wellington, a successor is to be elected in place of Mr. Stirton, now Sheriff of the County. The late member had a majority of about twelve hundred in 1874, and therefore Mr. Guthrie, the Government candidate, would seem tolerably sure of his seat. The only opponent who presented himself was a Mr. McMillan, who appealed to the electorate as "an independent Protectionist and Prohibitionist." Success in the attempt to ride two hobby-horses at once is, to say the least, problematical or, to change the metaphor, there is a predestined fate for those who settle themselves between two stools. Mr. McMillan has since thought better of it, and retired. The two ridings of Ontario are both vacant by the deaths of the late members, Messrs. Gordon and Cameron. The Hon. Malcolm Cameron had been a member of Parliament as far back as 1836, forty years ago. He was, therefore, a historical, if not

a very distinguished, public man. A Liberal from the first, he was a strong advocate of the party-system; and yet, perhaps, no man was ever more eccentric in his notions of party allegiance than Mr. Cameron. He contended with Sir Francis Head in 1836, and with Lord Metcalfe in 1843; was in office with Mr. Baldwin, only to fall out with his chief and appear, out of office, as the first of all the Clear Grits—the "pharasaical brawlers," as Sir Etienne Taché used to call them. In less than two years, however, he was again in office—to which he had no constitutional objection—with his former colleague, Mr. Hincks. Not to follow further in detail his official career, we may observe that Mr. Cameron was a man of many offices, and even served British Columbia long before Confederation. He was bluff, hearty, energetic, and, as party politicians go, scrupulously honourable. But he was not what is called a "safe" man, and the partial failure of his career was the consequence. The horoscope of Jacob's first-born was his: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

The Ontario contests are causing no little excitement, especially that in the South Riding. Prior to the last general election, the seats were held by the two brothers, W. H. and Hon. T. N. Gibbs respectively. The latter had somewhat chivalrously accepted office under Sir John A. Macdonald, when the Government was under a cloud, and was swept overboard in the Pacific Scandal squall. In the North Riding, the adverse majority was ninety-two, and in the South, one hundred and fifty-one. Both gentlemen are again candidates, and therefore the contests excite intense party interest. In the North Riding Mr. Currie is the Government nominee, and in the South, Mr. J. D. Edgar, of this city. We think the latter selection a mistake which perhaps may prove a fatal one. Not that Mr. Edgar is personally objectionable by any means. He is a comparatively young man of considerable ability, of unblemished character, and sterling integrity. The only fault alleged against him appears to be that he has been too faithful to his party, and too zealous in working for it, through good report and evil report. But, on the other hand, he is a non-resident, and enters the arena as a candidate who has been beaten elsewhere more than once—objections that should have no weight at all, but which,

nevertheless. will tell seriously against him. Both candidates are well supported at public meetings, and the contest promises to be an exceedingly close one. On behalf of Mr. Edgar, Messrs. Mackenzie, Cartwright, and Huntington are enlisted, and Mr. Gibbs has engaged the services of Sir John A. Macdonald, Dr. Tupper, and Mr. Thomas White, jr., of Montreal. It would be difficult to foretell the result in these two elections; but we should not be surprised if the South Riding, at any rate, were wrested from the Government. No stronger evidence could be afforded of the degrading influence of party politics than is given here. It seems hardly possible to conceive of a lower depth yet to be sounded than that already reached. In the old Roman times, the noblest tribute that could be paid to a citizen was the Senate's resolution, that he had deserved well of his country; nowadays, in Canada at least, the surest passport to success a public man can hope to give is the paltry declaration that he has deserved well of his party. Without desiring to speak disparagingly, we may safely assert that both Messrs. Edgar and Gibbs have been chosen, not so much because of their abilities, public services, or political principles, as because each has suffered for his party. It is on this account that the chiefs of both factions are mingling with the fray and "furbishing up all the rusty weapons" in their old curiosity shops. The same well-worn themes are again dilated upon; the trite platitudes re-appear, as if they were novelties, and the old scandals are served up, without even a change in the gravy. It is saddening enough, but there seems no remedy for it, so long as politicians will fight without knowing what they are contending for, unless it be place and power.

The annual religious gatherings last month were, in the main, quiet and successful. The Methodist Conferences and other ruling bodies met and dispersed with their wonted order and good feeling. Even Ritualism was allowed to sleep for the time, if we except a slight brush at Toronto, and a more effective movement at Montreal. A canon was introduced in the latter Synod to enforce obedience to a late decision of Lord Penzance—a very moderate proposal certainly. In Canada, there appears to be little danger of any outbreak of the Mackonochie fever to any alarming extent. The clergy are not extra-

vagant in their views, and our young ladies are not much affected with religious hysteria, so that some latitude should be permitted to differing tastes and temperaments. Mr. Gladstone's plea for comprehension in this regard has much greater force here than in England. So long, therefore, as a minister does not offend against the canons and the rubric, he ought to be let alone. In any case, the diocesan is the calmest and most capable judge. The Bishops of Toronto and Ontario are, we believe, High Churchmen, and their brethren of Montreal and London, Evangelicals; yet, in spite of differences in theoretical opinion, they would probably differ little in practice. It is all important to secure peace, so long as this may be done without sacrificing principle, and this may be said without at all sanctioning the servile principle of episcopal infallibility. We entirely sympathize with the Church Association in the good work it is doing, and in some of the embarrassing contests in which it has been involved; at the same time, charity and moderation are virtues not so common in the Christian world that a word in their favour is ever out of place.

If the sessions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada were ordinarily to be as long as that held in June, the Union would seem to have entailed a serious burden upon the Church. There were, however, exceptional circumstances which protracted the sitting, which it is to be hoped will not occur again. The ordinary business was transacted without unnecessary delay, and the prosperity and zeal of the United Church must have been exceedingly gratifying to those who promoted the Union. In point of numbers the first Protestant Church in the Dominion, its progress must be a matter of interest to all the sister churches; and the Bishop of Toronto performed a graceful act when he congratulated the Assembly upon the Union. There was only one speck upon the azure, and that, as it appears to us, should never have been there. The Macdonnell case might have been settled in Presbytery or Synod, and yet, after many days spent upon it in the Assembly, it is hardly settled now. The democratic form of Church government has certainly many advantages, but, in cases of this sort, it is neither expeditious nor satisfactory. A large Assembly, unaccustomed to regularly and well-ordered debate, is sure to

wander off, "in endless mazes lost." Where every unit—we were going to say molecule—is a centre of force, acting under no natural laws, such as prevail in the material universe, the inevitable result is confusion and delay. In the Assembly, motion was piled upon motion till the clerk's table must have groaned under them. Vain repetitions of suggestion and counter-suggestion followed upon each other's heels furious and fast. Theological hair-splittings, such as would have done credit to the soldiers of Loyola, served to show what the order of the Jesuits would be but for the mailed hand of the Superior. What must have been the state of Mr. Macdonnell's brain and pulse, while he was being drawn under the harrow day after day, it is hard to conjecture. Perhaps the process of being "badgered," as Professor Mowat called it, had at last a benumbing effect, similar to that produced on a soldier's back after the first fifty.

Now, if there had been any important principle at stake, after the ample concessions made by Mr. Macdonnell, the case would have been different. Those who protracted the discussion were, no doubt, conscientiously convinced that there was, and their convictions are entitled to all respect. But to ninety-nine per cent. of on-lookers, there appears a woful waste of conscience somewhere. Sir Arthur Helps has observed that "our brother man is seldom so bitter against us as when we refuse to adopt at once his notions of the infinite." Now, there certainly was no "bitterness" manifested against Mr. Macdonnell in the Assembly; far otherwise. Principal Caven, Professor McLaren, and other prominent members were studiously courteous and considerate. But then, on the other hand, there was no question of heresy involved in the discussion at all. Mr. Macdonnell, as explicitly as it is in the power of words to express anything, protested that he held no doctrine at variance with the standards of his Church. He admitted that he was perplexed by doubts; but doubt is not heresy, or there would be few thoughtful men who are or have not been heretics. He repudiated every known form of heresy on this dogma,—restorationism, universalism, and annihilation, and "adhered to the teaching of the Confession of Faith in regard to it, expressed as it is almost entirely in the language of Scripture" But this declaration was no sooner

made than Mr. Macdonnell's censors fastened upon the last clause of the sentence, and urged that it indicated an intention of appealing from the Confession to the Bible. The rev. gentleman went so far as to repudiate any design of that sort. On the other hand, the clause seemed to be an intimation that, since the language in both rule and standard was substantially the same, the doubts which were founded on the statements in the one equally arose even out of the dogmatical definitions of the other. This is true; but then Mr. Macdonnell might have taken the same ground, without inserting that clause at all. In fact, he virtually did so, when he protested his adherence to the Confession and, at the same time, admitted that his "difficulties and perplexities" remained as strong as in September last. With regard to the sermon, Mr. Macdonnell expressed his regret for having delivered it, and his belief that it was no part of the duty of a Minister of the Gospel to hold out a hope, &c. He even consented to bow down to the seventeenth century fetish, and extended his palinode so far as to confess that he had "said very foolish words about the Confession of the Faith; very silly words indeed." Could Nebuchadnezzar have demanded more when he set up that golden image on the plain of Dura? Could self-abnegation—we had almost said humiliation—go further? In his desire to conciliate his brethren and make every possible concession to the majority, Mr. Macdonnell surrendered everything, save his doubts, and they are troublesome companions for an earnest man—obtruding themselves unasked, and not so easily shaken off. "But, then, what business has a man to doubt," some one may ask; "doubt is always the mark of self-conceit or vanity. I have lived for fifty years and never was troubled with a religious perplexity in all my life." Very likely; and if the self-sufficient objector, who has never devoted ten minutes to the duty of searching the grounds of his belief, lives thirty years longer, he will die, carrying with him another pride of a baser sort. Doubt, however, is not heresy, and, after the ample explanations and concessions made by Mr. Macdonnell, and a pledge not again to proclaim his difficulties from the pulpit, the matter might have been allowed to rest. A very disagreeable apple of discord would have disappeared, and the peace and harmony of the Church

might have been restored. It was proposed that no further proceedings should be taken, but that Mr. Macdonnell, after a careful re-examination of his doubts, should hold himself in readiness to give additional explanations, if called upon by the Assembly to do so next year. This, however, seemed to be equivalent to dropping the matter altogether. An amendment was therefore adopted by two to one that the rev. gentleman should report to the Assembly next year, without being called on to do so. It is thus ensured that, if the supreme body shall have become tired of the subject or lukewarm, it will be forcibly reminded of its duty.

Mr. Macdonnell's doubts were not shared by any of the speakers, but he received the sympathies of a number of them. The venerable Dr. Cook, whose opinion on creeds and confessions was very plainly given in a sermon at St. Andrew's Church, justified these doubts in a sketch of the Calvinistic scheme with the doctrine of eternal punishment as an element in it. He then submitted two pertinent queries:—"Did it not appear a ground for doubt and difficulty that under such a Divine constitution man should be sent to a state of eternal torments for the ages he had described, according to Foster? Was it wonderful that any individual man who took these matters into consideration, and connected these dogmas with one another, should have doubts and difficulties?" One gentleman called Dr. Cook's speech "the language of a heathen," but the sting of these crucial questions is drawn from the Confession, and the difficulty can only be got rid of by throwing overboard hyper-Calvinism and the Confession together. The two Mills and many more have been made "heathen" by this creed, and it has not yet done all its deadly work.

The Deputy Minister of Marine appears to have conducted our case, in the matter of the Merchant Shipping Bill, with vigour, if not with success. His memorandum to Sir Charles Adderley would perhaps have been improved by condensation; but it would be ungenerous to be hypercritical, when a public officer shows evident desire to do his duty thoroughly, faithfully, and well. By a cable telegram from the London correspondent of the *Globe*, we learn the net results of his mission. The bill was discussed in the House of Lords on

the 23rd ult., and both parties appear to have agreed, so far as Canada is concerned, with singular unanimity. The Deputy Minister complained that the mercantile marine of Canada is "virtually placed at a disadvantage as compared with foreign ships, by being subject to detentions, inspections, and penalties to which their foreign rivals are not subject." The injustice of this discrimination against the Dominion is ably and forcibly stated by Mr. Smith, and his suggestion is that, to redress the balance, Canadian ships should be subject to no obligations other than those required of foreign ships. The justice of this demand will be apparent, when it is considered that the Canadian ship-owner, who has already complied with the inspection requirements of the Dominion, is thousands of miles away from his ship, when it is undergoing re-inspection in a home port. This view of the case, however, has been unanimously rejected in the Lords, and therefore, we must bide our time in patience. The only concession Lord Carnarvon is willing to make, regards deck-loads. In the original draft of the Bill the Canadian provision on this subject appeared, but was afterwards struck out and an absolute prohibition of deck-loads inserted. The Colonial Secretary has promised that the clause shall be restored, and there, for the present, the matter ends.

The constitutional question, which Lord Carnarvon proposes to leave in abeyance, is, of course, the question of Canadian autonomy in general; not the interpretation of the Confederation Act. Now that we have seen the article from the *Times* on the subject, we are more than ever convinced of the fallacy of its contention. The letter of "Historicus" (Sir William Harcourt) agrees exactly in its general line of argument, with that urged in these pages last month. The *Saturday Review* is of the same opinion, and it accuses the *Times* of having "lately discovered a mare's nest of unusual pretensions." This, however, is a mistake: the "mare's nest" was built at Ottawa by some great constitutional authority or another. The jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament over "Navigation and Shipping" is exclusive, not as against the Imperial Parliament, but as against the Local Legislatures. In Sir Charles Adderley's words: "It is a total mistake to suppose that the Act of 1867 in any way altered the relations

of Canadian subjects to the Imperial Parliament." We possess, in fact, just the same amount of self-government under Confederation as we did before—no less and no more. We agree with the *Globe* that this point is not of much importance *per se*; but it is always dangerous to build one's house upon a sandy foundation; and, if injury has not been done by the fallacy—and it is by no means clear that the decision of the Imperial Government has been wholly uninfluenced by the false pretence—it is none the less desirable that it should be exposed and abandoned.

Affairs at Philadelphia have not made much stir in the world during the past month. The Exhibition is yet far from complete, although it is sufficiently so apparently for any ordinary sight-seer's appetite. Great Britain, with characteristic promptitude, was ready with her department and catalogue to the day, but other nations have been sad laggards. Russia and Portugal are still unpacking, although their courts are opened, but Turkey and Tunis have not so much as taken down their shutters. The jurors have now been five weeks engaged upon their arduous duties, and the foreign judges appear to be gratified at the facilities afforded them, and the attentions they have received. The list of jurors includes many famous European names in science and art, but the same care has not been taken in selecting distinguished Americans. It would appear as though party politics were at work even here to mar and disturb everything. Of course the attendance of visitors has not yet attained its full proportions, the largest number recorded being 31,673 on the 8th of June. The success of the Centennial, however, is beyond peradventure, and will gather strength as the summer months roll on.

The National Convention of the Republican party assembled at Cincinnati on the 15th ult. The ballotings were not so numerous as on some previous occasions, but, as often happens, all the prominent candidates of the party have been passed over for a comparatively unknown man. Blaine, Bristow, Morton, and Conkling were all regarded as having the strongest claims on the party, and in the order named they stood after the first ballot, the ex-Speaker being far in advance of his companions.

Conkling, the President's *protégé*, made very poor running, and can scarcely have received very earnest backing from his chief. During six ballots, eight candidates received votes; but after that a decisive change took place. Morton withdrew; Bristow was withdrawn by Senator Harlan; and the opponents of Blaine concentrated their forces upon Gov. Hayes, of Ohio, who received the nomination. The final vote stood:—Hayes 384; Blaine 351; Bristow 21. Mr. W. A. Wheeler, of New York, was nominated Vice-President by resolution, and the "ticket," thus completed, was received with exuberant demonstrations of enthusiasm, as if it had been expected, and hoped, and toiled for all along.

The Republican nomination somewhat disturbed the plans of the other band of party intriguers at St. Louis; but at the last moment we learn that Gov. Tilden has been nominated by the Democrats on the second ballot. There is greater significance in this vote than in that which elected Hayes on the Republican side. The latter was elected by a bare majority vote; but the Democratic rule requiring two-thirds of the Convention, troublesome as it often is in practice, ensures, on the whole, unanimous action through all sections of the party. The nomination of Mr. Tilden is an *aufklärung* in American politics. It means a sweeping out of all the cobwebs and dirt of the past eight years, the end of military rule and the return to just principles of government. The Democratic party, being out of power, evidently mean to elevate the standard of purity; their course in power would, we presume, be like that of others who have made war on the same path. The platform deals in some fearfully strong generalities, as, for example, when it says—"we denounce the financial imbecility and immorality of the party which, during eleven years of power, has taken from the people in federal taxes thirteen times the whole amount of legal tender notes, and squandered four times this sum in useless expense, without accumulating any reserve for their redemption." And then, speaking on the crucial point, the Democrats say, with needless iteration, by way of preamble, that the dominant party "has made no advance towards resumption," but, on the contrary, "has obstructed resumption by wasting our resources and exhausting all our surplus in-

come; and while annually professing to intend a speedy return to specie payments, has annually exacted fresh hindrances." On the platform, as a whole, we shall have some remarks to offer hereafter; meanwhile there is some significance in the fact that the "hard-money" platform was accepted by a vote of 651 to 82. Gov. Tilden's nomination was, after all that has been urged against him, a singular proof of the persistence of moral principle. No party has been tainted so seriously with moral delinquencies as this. It bears on its brow the marks of political and municipal debauchery, and in the crowds belonging to "Boss" Kelly or Controller Green, who travelled as far as St. Louis to fight the reforming spectre, we hope to see the dying struggles of the corrupt time. How far their efforts availed to maintain the control of their party may be briefly told in the record of votes. On the second ballot under the two-thirds regulation, Gov. Tilden received 535 votes, 43 more than were necessary for a choice. Hendricks, the dubious, was left with 60, and Allen, of Ohio, the inflationist, with only 54.

The European nations are in a waiting attitude at present, with eyes turned Eastward, and their internal concerns, therefore, attract but little attention. Everywhere a stagnation in home affairs is coupled with a tense and painful interest in matters abroad. The Imperial Government pursues its humdrum course in careless security, and the Liberal party, under the conservative leadership of Lord Hartington, is still disunited and impotent. Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's nephew and biographer, introduced his resolutions in favour of assimilating the county to the borough franchise—a reform which Mr. Disraeli will probably snatch from his grasp in a session or two—and was defeated by a majority of one hundred. Of course the Opposition was all sixes and sevens. Messrs. Gladstone and Bright voted in favour of the resolutions; Mr. Lowe spoke strongly and voted against them; whilst the Marquis of Hartington, leader of the party, and Mr. Goschen absented themselves. Still the Liberals show some signs of life. Lord Granville made a stirring speech when laying the corner-stone of the City Liberal Club, and the meeting of the Political Eco-

nomy Club was important on more accounts than one. In the first place, it showed the vast change which is passing over the views of economists. It is evident that discontent amongst the disciples of the orthodox views is rapidly assuming form. Of the foreigners who have given expression to this dissatisfaction are M. Laveleye, of Belgium, M. Léon Say, Finance Minister of France, and Herr Roscher, of Germany; in England, Mr. Norman, the senior member of the club, Mr. Walter Bagehot, and Mr. Cliffe Leslie. Mr. Bagehot was not there, nor were Stanley Jevons, Bonamy Price, and Henry Fawcett. It is evident that economics are being rapidly revolutionized. Mr. Gladstone delivered a notable speech at this meeting, which, taken in connection with a recent magazine article, would seem to indicate a new departure. In the latter he spoke of "the possibly chilling shadow of national establishments," and in the address he expressed an opinion against endowments. The expression quoted was employed when speaking of the United States and the Colonies, and may merely have been a rhetorical flourish; but his remarks on endowments are capable of a very extensive application. Mr. Gladstone was thinking of Church endowments perhaps, but not of these alone. His scheme would embrace endowments ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational, public or private. This would be disestablishment on a scale not contemplated by the opponents of the State Church, and certainly would not be accepted by them. They would let the Established Church alone, rather than consent to its demolition on terms like these. The new departure, if such it be, would in fact carry Mr. Gladstone clean out of sight.

The Eastern question, which is absorbing the anxious attention of Europe and America, entered upon a new phase last month. The Softas or so-called theological students of the mosques, backed by the army and the chief pashas, dethroned the Sultan or Khalif, Abdul Aziz, and placed upon the throne the heir, his nephew Murad V. It is said that the latter is made of rather poor stuff, and that he was only induced to come out of his cellar by the persuasive eloquence of a pistol. Many causes have been assigned for the deposition of the

late Sultan. The chief cause was undoubtedly his obvious incapacity to rescue the country and the faith from the perils that environ it. Sunk in sloth and debauchery, he had long ceased to be a power in the State. His subserviency to the Russian Ambassador, Ignatieff, and his refusal to part with a portion of his treasure to pay the army are also alleged as the immediate causes of the revolution. Then followed his rather suspicious suicide. That his death was a foregone conclusion is certain. Deposed Sultans seldom live long, and according to Mohammedan law, it would be no crime to put him to death, if Murad, the Khalif, thought a prolongation of his life dangerous to the faith. It is quite possible that the wretched man may have been compelled to open the veins of his arms, on pain of suffering death in a more terrible form; but that a nerveless, worn-out debauchee, such as he was, should commit suicide is almost incredible. The effect of this revolution on the insurrection remains to be seen. The War Minister is a stern Mussulman, and the policy of the new Government must in appearance be a stern one, or the new Sultan will fail to satisfy those who placed him there. All, however, will be in vain; the Turkish Empire is rotten at the core and no earthly arm can save it from dissolution. The Mohammedan, wherever he sets his foot, sooner or later brings decay, dissolution, and death. If any one doubt it let him read the painfully interesting picture of Persia, by Mr. Arthur Arnold, in the *Contemporary Review*. Let him think of the tyranny and barbaric cruelty

that caused the revolt; let him picture Bulgaria with its tens of thousands slain by the Bashi-Bazouks; let him survey Turkey, socially, financially, morally, or politically, and he will admit that she is irreformable. The Powers appear to be waiting for something, although for what it is doubtful to say—watching each other and permitting matters to drift whither they will. In the face of the prospect of an outbreak between Servia and Turkey, which to all appearance nothing can prevent, the alliance of the three Emperors appears to have gone to pieces. Whether there be any truth in the reported “melancholia” of the Czar or not, much of the difficulty must be traced to his vacillating temper. He is constitutionally a man of peace, and yet, when the crisis comes, he must obey the traditions of his house and empire. Above all, Austria must be checkmated in the subtle game she is playing; for if the Hapsburgs once succeed in supplanting Russia in the affections of the Slavs, the Muscovite dream of a southern capital on the Bosphorus is over. The policy of Great Britain has at length been partially exposed. The rejection of the Berlin note, the magnificent fleet in the Mediterranean, the strengthening Malta and Gibraltar—all seemed to point to an Anglo-Turkish policy. Earl Derby protests that this notion is unfounded, and his words seem to sound like the death-knell of Musulman power in Europe: “No one supposes the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire possible, if the Christians become permanently disaffected.”

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE: Sketches of Travel from Lake Ontario to Lake-Winnipeg. By J. C. Hamilton, M.A., LL.B. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

We can cordially recommend this work, because it contains, in a concise form, a graphic and interesting account of the scenery, resources, and present condition of Manitoba and the adjacent country, such as is to be found nowhere else. Moreover, although it contains a vast amount of practical information of great value

to the intending settler, it is by no means dry and heavy, as such books are apt to be. Mr. Hamilton appreciates the advantage of combining the *dulce* with the *utile*—the attractive with the substantial—and he has contrived to combine them with skill and judgment. It is unnecessary, even if it were practicable, to give any detailed account of the various matters treated of, since a large part of the work appeared originally in the form of letters to one of our principal journals. Still we shall endeavour to give some idea of its scope and char-

acter, the more especially because there is a large amount of supplementary information of a valuable kind not published in the newspaper. The author has a keen relish for the beauties of natural scenery, and an observant eye for all the features, animate or inanimate, of the country through which he is passing. Without any affectation of scientific accuracy, he has contrived to give an interesting account of the fauna and flora of the country from Duluth and Moorhead to Winnipeg. The descriptions of scenery on the line of the Northern Pacific and on that tedious voyage down the Red River are well done; and so is the ride from Winnipeg by the Stone Fort to the great lake. There is scarcely a topic on which information is desirable which is not touched carefully, and with all possible fulness. The greatest pains have evidently been taken in gleaning information from all quarters, and it is brought down into the present year.

The chapters especially useful for the settler are very satisfactory—on soil, climate, land regulations, forest culture, minerals, fish, domestic animals, &c., with all necessary instructions to the settler. Those on the civil government, on education, on the Indians and half-breeds and the white population, are equally good. There is no effort to be exhaustive, but all that most people will care to know is told without unnecessary verbiage. The history of the old Companies is given in one chapter, and an account of our treaties with the Indians in another. Mr. Hamilton does not conceal his conviction that we have been cheated in the settlement of the boundary question, there as elsewhere, by the United States. He has also his own opinions about the Pacific Railway and other subjects of general Dominion interest. The recent settlements on a systematic scale of the Mennonites, the Icelanders, and the Danes are referred to. The first are on the Red River between Moorhead and Winnipeg, the second on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and the third are to be placed by Lake Manitoba. There is a chapter on the redoubtable grasshopper, with illustrations, which will be of interest to many who are beyond reach of the plague. It appears that he can be got rid of in a settled country like the "Prairie Province," if the people will only combine to fight him out.

There is only one subject to which we can refer particularly, and that is, the position of the Hudson Bay Company in the settled country. It is quite obvious that it lies an incubus upon Manitoba, and will prove more and more, as population flows in, a serious obstacle in the way of progress. This is a Dominion question which must be faced before long. So long as the monopoly lasted—that is, up to 1870—the Company systematically lied about the resources of the country, and now that the iron bands have been loosened, the land grant inconsiderately given in part payment for rights to

which the Company was never entitled, is a cause of trouble in the heart of Winnipeg itself. Let us quote a paragraph which is made clearer by the plan of the city given in the work:—"Between the barracks and the heart of the city is a large tract. . . . It contains twelve hundred lots, of which quite one thousand are vacant; yet the city is spreading out in other directions, and even along the Portage road, beyond this tract. This seems anomalous. Let us ask the cause. We are told, 'Oh, that is the Hudson Bay Company's property—they ask more than other proprietors; in fact, value their lots as highly as good residence property in Toronto, and annex terms as to improvements, so people buy and build elsewhere.'" Thus, in the very centre of the seat of Government, this hoary monopoly not only enjoys "the unearned increment" in the value of land, the result of settlement and the public works, but virtually shuts out the settler altogether. In short, as Mr. Hamilton observes, "they hold their lands in the exclusive spirit of persons whose interest it is to drain the country's resources, and not of those having a desire to develop its agricultural and other permanent interests." It is gratifying to find that the Mounted Police are working so efficiently; and in connection with the vast territory they protect, we ought not to omit mention of the generous notice—obituary, we are sorry to say—of the Rev. George McDougall, the faithful Wesleyan minister who perished in the snow only a few months since—the friend of the Indian and the tried servant both of his Church and of the State. The maps and engravings are good, especially the invaluable map of the Province and all the circumjacent country far to the north and west; indeed the entire "get up" of the work is highly creditable to the publishers.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS. By Harriet Annie Wilkins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1876.

This collection of poems is prefaced by the Rev. W. Stephenson, of Hamilton, who tells us of Miss Wilkins, that "there is a delicacy, a beauty, a tenderness, together with a rich hue of thought pervading almost all she has written." We do not find this assertion borne out as fully as might have been desired in the volume itself, unless it be in the particular of tenderness, which it may claim as its chief merit. The tone and intention of the poems are admirable, but their execution is faulty, and their actual merit not very remarkable. Many of them suggest a possibility which none of them fulfil. Like most ladies who commit their sentiments to verse, Miss Wilkins carries too far the principle of *poeta nascitur, non fit*, and deprives the talent she may possess of the very

necessary adjuncts of correctness of metre and accuracy of grammar. While there are in this volume frequent passages of not a little melody, we have failed to find any poem which runs smoothly throughout, while many of them set at defiance all attempts at scanning. That entitled "Beautiful Lilly" has but one very noticeable *faux pas* in the metre, and is perhaps as graceful and pleasing as any in the book. Abrupt transitions from one tense to another, which are of continual occurrence, are less mystifying only than the occasional absence in a sentence of any verb whereupon to ring these changes. After a slip like "The hand of *they who* . . . sweep round," we were not altogether unprepared for

"That hand had signed the mystic cross  
Whose voice was speaking now."

Most of Miss Wilkins's similes are decidedly conventional, and her metaphors we greet as old acquaintances, except a few such as that of "Eternity's lake," which is not happy in its suggestion of limitation. As representative of several similar instances, we may cite this delightful bit of confusion :—

" . . . to cool our parching lips with fruit  
That grows around the tree of life's best root."

A great deal of the poetry is of a sacred character, and there are several martial pieces, which are not the most successful in the volume. Canadian subjects receive due attention, and local ones are by no means neglected. The typography is so good throughout that we hesitate to throw on the usual scape-goat, the compositor, the responsibility of the Rev. W. Stephenson's awkward remark that he "can speak *equally definite* as to such MSS." as he has examined.

THE PRIME MINISTER. By Anthony Trollope. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

Mr. Trollope boasts the distinction, if it be a ground for boasting, of being the most prolific living writer of fiction, Miss Braddon only excepted. Over his lady rival, he possesses the advantage of being what is technically called "moral." Not that he is averse from painting a villain, or introducing a sensational catastrophe now and again; but he does not live and move in an atmosphere redolent of conjugal infidelity and secret poisoning. There is nothing in his novels to which Mr. Podsnap could object, as likely to be offensive or harmful to "the young person." Moreover, he is *facile princeps* as a delineator of love and love-making; and the wonderful power of invention displayed in turning the kaleidoscope of the tender passion, and presenting it in a hundred patterns cunningly differentiated, forms one of

his chief attractions. It follows, almost as a matter of course, that he is prodigal of match-making; the fragrance of orange blossoms is unceasingly offered, like subtle incense, to the presiding deity of marriage. In all female ways, feelings, and modes of thought and action, Mr. Trollope is a *savant*, and what is more wonderful still, he is perfectly at home in the recondite mysteries of female attire—the toilet has nothing to reveal to him which he does not know already. Considering that he can hardly have enjoyed exceptional advantages, like Achilles at the court of Lycomedes, his skill in these matters is a rare gift, possessed by few of his sex. His novels have always been, and will doubtless continue to be, prime favourites with the fair. In the novel-reading body politic, woman suffrage not only prevails but dominates, and, therefore, Mr. Trollope will never fail so long as he charms the majority of the electorate.

The present work is graphic and interesting, as all the author's writings are. His characters are incisively drawn, each asserting its individuality, instead of running into one another like colours badly mixed and badly laid on. He possesses, unfortunately, too great a facility of composition, and that is the cause of most, if not all, of his faults. Almost at the outset we begin with a marriage, and at the end we have two—all which is agreeable to the fitness of things. Virtue is rewarded, especially the virtue which, of course, ranks highest—constancy in love. Vice receives a rather violent punishment of the Carker type, and everything turns out "as nice as can be." Mr. Trollope is not the only writer of fiction who threads his books one after the other on a string, like pearls or acorns, as the case may be. Now, although not a bad thing perhaps for author or publisher, to a reader these constant references to previous "chronicles" are annoying, because she (or he) is sure to feel that something has been missed which ought to be known. Not that this novel is incomplete in itself. It is by no means necessary to know the antecedents of the Duke and Duchess of Omnium, Lizzie Eustache, Phineas Finn, Mrs. Finn, or any of the moving figures; still we believe the practice may be carried too far, and sometimes we are inclined to think that it would be better to kill off all these people in a Jacobin sort of way, and begin again in a new world.

We are not going to tell the plot of the story, because it would be cruel to spoil any one's sport. An odious character, one Ferdinand Lopez, a greasy Jew of Portuguese extraction, is the heavy villain. Melonotte, in a previous work, was a sort of Baron Grant, but Lopez, who, without capital, dabbles in guano, Guatemalan shares, and bogus companies, has nothing attractive or interesting about him except his handsome exterior, and that we must take for

granted on Mr. Trollope's word. The political intrigues which are the main feature of the book are skilfully interwoven with vivid pictures of social life in the upper crust of society. Mary Wharton, in another sphere, secures the reader's sympathy in spite of her perversity, first in insisting upon marrying the wrong man, and then in shilly-shallying about marrying the right one. The Duchess, Lady Glen, as she is familiarly called, finds her way to the universal heart, in spite of her giddy, thoughtless nature, so thoroughly warm-hearted, prettily impetuous, and vivacious she always is. The male characters are of the usual type, from the vacillating Duke, the Prime Minister, down to that chivalrous exemplar of the chief virtue we have mentioned, Arthur Fletcher. The scenes at Gatherum Castle, the Silverbridge election, and at Wharton, are all good, and the novel altogether is refreshing summer reading.

OLIVER OF THE MILL. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. Canadian Copyright Edition. Dawson Brothers, Montreal. 1876.

The number of Canadian editions of choice English works is a significant indication, not only of the enterprise of our publishers, but also of the growth of our reading public. The Canadian publishers of Mrs. Charlesworth's last work, "Oliver of the Mill," have done a good service to the country in giving a wide diffusion to a book so pure, so high-toned, so earnest, and teaching, in a fresh and vital way, lessons that all need to learn.

"Oliver of the Mill" is hardly to be read merely as a story, but rather as studies from life, showing the relation to human needs, cravings, and aspirations, of those great central truths which Christianity has most fully brought to light. There is no speculation, or reference to speculation, in it. Its phases of life are out of the region of "intellectual difficulties." The earnest and single-minded writer draws her teaching from those heart experiences which are common to all, and in which true religion finds its perfect work. The story is one of what is called "humble life," the fundamental needs, joys, and sorrows of which are, after all, so little different from those of a so-called higher sphere. The two Olivers, father and son, are the central figures, unless we add the Quaker grandmother, Mrs. Crisp, who is perhaps the most salient and best-drawn character in the book. Her outside severity, or rather rigidity, combined with real heart-kindness, is well marked, and the cause of the seeming inconsistency is explained in words which have been true of many an otherwise admirable Christian character:—

"Her opinions and feelings were many of them narrowed and stiffened by early pressure

from without, instead of being freely expanded from within. This want of early expansion of heart and mind caused her the loss of many touches of feeling and thought that would have moulded her strong nature with more beauty and delicacy. Yet, true in Christian principle and feeling, she lived to win the respect and regard of those who knew her; though her influence over others was not what under freer and fuller training it might have been." It might be questioned whether Mistress Crisp was ever conscious of an error or mistake in herself; her upright, blameless life, her kindness and consistency, were faultless. It might almost have been wished that she could commit a fault and feel that she had; her strong nature would have been opened and softened by that sense of failure."

The two Olivers, however, are by no means so faultless, though we are shown how the discipline of life for each was at once the result and the corrective of their differing defects. The history of the younger Oliver's childhood is the most pleasant and life-like portion of the book, for the author's specialty seems to lie in drawing child-life, and the pictures of little Oliver, Baby Meg, and Aleppo the dog, are fresh and charming. The few outside characters—the Caxtons, Dame Truman, the village schoolmistress, Mistress Tibby, and the others who fill in the picture of rural life—are naturally sketched; while around all is the English rural landscape, the castle, the mill, the yellow harvest fields, the rich green woodland, the river murmuring over its stony bed, "hill-sides clothed in the massive foliage of summer, throwing out from their dark background the glory of harvest; or softer hill-sides, where the white flocks were feeding, and verdant pastures with cattle; blue hills in the distance, of which no details were seen, yet giving the beauty of form and hue."

One of the most interesting characters in the book is the old Jew pedlar, Benoni, and nothing is more touching in the whole story than the episode which shows his deeply-rooted and rigid Judaism giving way to the softer, warmer light of Christianity, under the influence of the simple, forgiving faith and love of a little child. Benoni's internal history is closely entwined with that of Oliver, as indeed it had been previously entwined with that of Oliver's mother, the noble and pure-hearted Naomi, whose early death seems to cast a hallowing shadow over the first part of the book.

"Oliver of the Mill" will hardly be as popular as "Ministering Children," the author's first work; but is both more natural and more readable than the one that followed it, the "Ministry of Life." It is by no means free from faults; its construction is rather involved, at least in the first part; there is a little too much formal, and sometimes trite, moralizing; and the treatment is occasionally awkward and

inartistic to a surprising degree for a writer of Mrs. Charlesworth's fame. But these defects are far more than counterbalanced by the living lessons of faith, hope, and love in which its pages abound—lessons which the author must herself have learned in the hard school of life, before bringing them forth to help other scholars in the same school; and we are sure that no thoughtful and earnest reader can rise from its pages without feeling refreshed and strengthened for the conflict between good and evil in which all must bear their part.

THE ALDINE: The Art Journal of America.

New York: The Aldine Company; Toronto: Virtue & Sons.

It has frequently and justly been charged against the people of the United States—and we fear the accusation would be equally true of the people of this country—that their energies have been too exclusively directed to the pursuit of wealth. There are not wanting indications, however, that they are becoming alive to the truth that "man cannot live by bread alone;" and not the worst of these signs of a better state of things is the evident growth of a love for art of the purest and best kind. The fact that the departments of the Exhibition at Philadelphia which draw the greatest crowds are the galleries of painting and other works of high art, is proof of a determination to make the most of by far the finest collection

of art treasures ever gathered together on this continent. Another, and even more promising indication of this growing desire for art culture, is the wonderful success attained by the superb American Art Journal, *The Aldine*, so named after Aldus, a Venetian art printer of the 16th century. It is now in the ninth year of its existence, and has already achieved a position and a degree of excellence of which any country might be proud. In its beautiful pages we find examples of all schools. Europe is represented by Doré, Corot, Gerome, Meissonier, Lejeune, and others; America, by Van Elten, J. D. Woodward; Rosenthal, De Haas, Moran, Hows, Smillie; and among Canadians we find Verner, to whom full justice is done in a fine full-page engraving of a Canadian river scene, with Indians shooting a rapid—a subject highly characteristic of this artist. The engravings are all in the highest style of art, and are often so beautiful and so exquisitely finished as to induce the belief that absolute perfection has been reached, and that it is impossible to advance further in the art of representation in mere black and white. Since the beginning of the year the journal has been published in fortnightly numbers of 50 cents each,—a remarkably small price, considering the nature of the contents; and those who wish to possess a handsome series of volumes for their drawing-room tables, from which to draw an inexhaustible fund of delight and instruction, cannot do better than subscribe to *The Aldine*.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S paper, in the *Contemporary Review*, on "The Courses of Religious Thought," is an ingenious puzzle, the solution of which he promises to give hereafter. Confining himself to Christendom, the writer proceeds to classify religious opinion and no-opinion. But before doing so, he makes some prefatory remarks, as he observes, partly apologetic, partly admonitory. The apology is written chiefly by way of propitiating the *names* of J. S. Mill; the other is a rather fanciful exposition of the difference between principles and opinions. Then follow "the five main schools or systems"—the Ultramontane, the Historical, the Protestant Evangelical, the Theistic, and the Negative Schools, the last including no less than eight subdivisions—Scepticism, Atheism, Agnosticism, Secularism, Revived Paganism, Materialism, Pantheism, and Positivism. Now, although Mr. Gladstone would probably take shelter under the word "rude,"

which he applies to his division of principles, still it evidently takes unwarrantable liberties with the canons of classification. Is not the Papacy "historical" as well as the Greek, Old Catholic, and Anglican communions? Are not all the first four classes "Theists?" Is it true that the Protestant Evangelicals deny that there is a visible Church in the ordinary sense of the term? When speaking of Papalism or Vaticanism, "this singular system," as he here terms it, Mr. Gladstone is on well-trodden ground; yet he deals fairly enough with it. There is a touch of unwonted humour in this sentence: "To the common eye it seems as if many articles of Christian belief had at first been written in invisible ink, and as if the Pope alone assumed the office of putting the paper to the fire, and exhibiting these novel antiquities to the gaze of an admiring world." The eight "besetting causes of weakness" in Papalism are, hostility to mental freedom, in-

compatibility with modern civilization, pretensions against the State, jealousy of the use and circulation of Holy Scripture, the *de facto* alienation of the educated mind, detrimental effects on the comparative strength and morality of the States in which it has sway, and its tendency to sap veracity in the individual mind. As between the Historical and Evangelical Schools, Mr. Gladstone evidently inclines, as he has always done, to the former; yet he does no injustice to the Evangelicals. He is even coldly tolerant of the Theists, although he has "quitted the zone" in which he can alone feel comfortable; and when he comes to the Negatives, he feels like a negro transplanted from Tanganyika to the Pole. Mr. Arthur Arnold's paper on Persia has been referred to elsewhere. It is exceedingly interesting as a picture of Mohammedan savagery and decrepitude. The description of the Shah's palace, with its globe with literally emerald seas, its diamond England, India of amethysts, and Africa of rubies, and all the wealth in pearls and gold distributed elsewhere, ends in the anti-climax, that to "prevent rain or snow entering this and other halls of His Majesty's palace, cotton sheets are hung, covering the sides open to the weather. Outside all is darkness, extortion, cruelty, oppression, misery in every shape."

Mr. Pollock's paper on "The Drama" is a long but most valuable paper on the subject. It is in the main historical, giving a very lucid account of the English, Spanish, and French drama, the last especially interesting because it contains a detailed account of the plays of Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, Dancourt, and Octave Feuillet. Sir John Lubbock, in a paper on "Elementary Education," pleads the claims of physical science to a place in the curriculum, and ridicules grammar and history, the latter in trenchant style. Prof. Lewis Campbell gives another instalment of his essay on New Testament revision, in which he descends into minutiae. He is generally a conservative on the subject, loath to sanction alteration where a decent apology can be offered for the *laissez faire* policy. Not that he is rigidly orthodox by any means, as he shows in more places than one. As when (p. 95) he calls the theory of verbal inspiration "a superstitious feeling;" or where (p. 96) he objects to the "poor and shuffling policy" of levelling just up to the spirit of the age. On this he remarks: "The Biblical critic ought, of all other men, to be most aware that what was once great in his subject has become small, and that what is now whispered in the ear in closets will ere long be proclaimed upon the housetops." These are bold, true words. Then again, treating of the chapter-headings in The Song of Solomon, and also in Psalms xciii. and cix., he inquires, "How long must a strain of interpretation which no clergyman

would now venture to adopt in preaching to an educated congregation be allowed to impress the minds of simple folk who read the Bible for themselves?" Finally, in speaking of the marginal dates, Prof. Campbell observes: "The first impression on the eye of the child in reading Scripture is not easily shaken off, and the 4004 at the beginning of our Bibles may have had an incalculable effect in fostering the long quarrel between science and revelation. Do we really mean, in the present state of knowledge, to base chronology on the lives of the antediluvian patriarchs?" We wonder if Prof. Campbell ever subscribed his name to the Confession of Faith?

Miss Swanwick's paper on "Evolution and the Religion of the Future" is thoughtful and moderate, its writer ranking herself outside all Mr. Gladstone's five schools, and as belonging to the Free Christian churches. She is no mere Theist, for she believes in Jesus and in Scripture; but like Mr. Clodd, whom she quotes, there seems to her a common progressive movement in all religions. The great principle underlying the doctrine of Evolution, she observes, "is that throughout the universe there has been a continual unfolding;" in short, each link in the vast chain of human development is connected with every antecedent link, and would have no significance if we could suppose the continuity to be broken. The mental and spiritual development of the individual is only the progress of the race *in petto*. This is illustrated by a brief sketch of the Greek, Buddhist, Parsee, Hindoo, and Hebrew religions. The writer, finally, while rejecting most orthodox dogmas, especially the "fiercest"—"the eternity of hell-fire"—finds in the teaching of Jesus the fundamental truths of religion. The second part of Mr. Fairbairn's monogram on Strauss commences with an account of the desperate conflict precipitated by the publication of the *Leben Jesu*. Strauss had the combative instinct strong within him, and he was not very particular in his choice of the weapons he employed—the Damascus blade or the Irish shillelagh came alike to him. But, in fact, a man can hardly be expected to be picked in his words when he is compared with Judas; "like the devil, without conscience;" "without a heart, or had one like Leviathan;" "as firm as a stone and hard as a piece of the nether millstone," &c. His defence, however, was, in the main, a softening of his original—in short, he was apologetic in both senses of the word. He published a third edition of the *Life*, in which he retracted so much as to undermine the mythical theory and set about attempting a reconciliation. In consequence he was invited to a professorship of theology at Zurich, but was compelled to resign summarily, through clerical hostility. Then all his concessions were thrown to the winds, and he launched upon the unknown sea, drift-

ing away towards "The Old Faith and the New," his final work. Dr. Abbott's reply to Mr. Spedding is of the bitterest kind. Certainly on two points—Bacon's treatment of Essex, and his giving judgments in Chancery at the dictation of Buckingham—the doctor appears to have the best of it.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a review of "The New Domesday Book," by the Hon. E. L. Stanley. He proves beyond question that half the soil of England is owned by not more than 4,500 persons, allowing for double entries. The division of land in Scotland is also considered, the general conclusion being that "the welfare of the country demands that land should be freely bought and sold." The writer advocates the assimilation in all respects of real to personal property; the prohibition of settlements of land on all unborn persons; and the abolition of the game-laws, or at least their very great restriction. Mr. Horace White contributes a paper on "The Financial Crisis in America," which is rather historical than suggestive. These periodical disasters he regards as resulting entirely from speculation, and as peculiarly Anglo-Saxon disorders. Mr. Bridges' "Early Autumn on the Lower Yang-Tze" is a graphic and lively sketch of Chinese life in and about Shanghai. The domestic life, agri-

culture, and religious habits of the Chinese are sketched with a free hand, the background being the gorgeous scenery of "the flowery land."

Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes "An Agnostic's Apology," in which he attempts to give to all men a reason for the no-faith which is in him. Those who believe in God and immortality, not to speak of revelation, he styles, by a twist in phraseology, Gnostics. His creed is briefly this, that outside the phenomenal world we can know nothing with certainty. He points at some length to the extraordinary dilemmas to which the "Gnostics" are reduced in attempting to show a sure foundation for their so-called spiritual knowledge, and enlarges also upon the innumerable diversities of opinion existing amongst them. "The Gnostics," he says, "are at least bound to show some ostensible justification for their complacency. Have they discovered a firm resting-place, from which they are entitled to look down in compassion or contempt upon those who hold it to be a mere edifice of moonshine? If they have diminished by a scruple the weight of one passing doubt, we should be grateful: perhaps we should be converts. If not, why condemn Agnosticism?" The other papers in the number are of mere local interest.

## FINE ART.

### EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THIS Society, now in the fourth year since it received its baptismal name, having taken possession of its new rooms on King Street, is to be congratulated upon having at last acquired also a permanent local habitation. That it has a long and prosperous career before it, there is every reason to believe; and that its present quarters, commodious and suitable as they now are, will, before many years have elapsed, be found too contracted for the expansive growth of their occupant, we also hope and believe. The Exhibition given during the past month was, it is stated, the most successful yet held in every material respect—in the number of subscribers to the Art Union, in the number of visitors to the Exhibition, and in the number and value of the sales. In the Exhibition itself, the improvement was not so marked. The water colours undoubtedly were, on the whole, in advance of those of any previous year; but the oils have been surpassed in one or two former exhibitions, a falling off probably due to the Philadelphia Exhibition having attracted a number of the best pictures of the year. Under these circumstances it might be well to hold another Exhibition in the fall, when the paintings now at Philadelphia

could be exhibited alongside the best of those comprised in the recent Exhibition.

Taking the Exhibition as a whole the most striking thing which forced itself upon the notice of even the casual observer, after a general survey, was the woful lack of ideas. With few exceptions—the number of which might almost be counted on the fingers of both hands—the whole two hundred and thirty were simply sketches from nature, undoubtedly faithful and meritorious for the most part, but still mere bits of scenery—field, wood, rock, and water. Now, M. Taine is no doubt right when he declares that the fundamental idea at the bottom of all art is imitation. But it is none the less true that imitation is not of itself sufficient, otherwise a wax figure by Madame Tussaud would be a finer work of art than the Venus of Praxiteles. A man might have the hand of a Michelangelo for drawing, the eye of a Titian for colour, and that of a Rembrandt for *chiaro-oscuro*, and yet be little better than a mere mechanical manufacturer of pretty pictures. At the back of the eye which sees and the hand which executes, there should be a heart to feel and a brain to conceive. These are the supreme necessi-

ties, and their absence or presence makes the difference between a mere copyist and a Raphael—between a writer of smooth-flowing verses for a lady's album and a Tennyson.

In a community where art culture is yet in its infancy, it would be absurd to look for elaborate works in figure subjects. The necessary educational appliances do not exist here, nor does the market for their sale. But it is not necessary to go to the works of Turner for proof that sea-pieces, landscapes, and delineations of animal life afford an ample range for the exercise of the highest mental qualities of the painter—poetic insight, imagination, ideality, and humour. Any doubt on this point would be at once dispelled on turning over the pages of a volume of the *Aldine*, and seeing there the wealth of ideas lavished upon this class of pictures. An illustration taken from the recent exhibition here will make our meaning plain. Prominent among the oil paintings was a sea-piece by Mr. Verner (No. 31), showing a large vessel in full sail under a stiff breeze, making her last tack for port. The catalogue gives the title "Homeward Bound," which tells the story at once. The idea conveyed is that of labour accomplished, of difficulties and dangers overcome, of the welcome haven reached at last, and of rest and recompense fairly earned. A poetic glamour is

thrown around a commonplace incident of commerce, which compels the spectator to linger musingly in front of the canvas. The effect is heightened by the evening sun, which having also performed its appointed task, is sinking to rest, also "homeward bound," to its couch beneath the sea, on whose waves its horizontal rays cast a weird and ruddy glow. The sentiment is similar to that conveyed in Turner's well-known "Fighting Temeraire," though there the subject is more poetical. Mr. Verner's picture is very well painted, though not better than some others of his—for instance, Nos. 25 and 50—but it is the only one of the whole twelve or fifteen exhibited by him which has been illuminated by an idea, and for that reason is by far the most interesting to the spectator. It would, of course, be nonsensical to expect that every picture painted should be inspired by an idea. The reproduction on canvas of a beautiful or striking landscape may call up feelings similar to those created by the scene itself. But surely it is not unreasonable to hope that a moderate proportion—one-third or one-fourth—of the works exhibited annually by the Society, should give evidence that mind and soul, as well as eye and hand, have been at work in their creation.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Among recent Canadian publications, the most noteworthy are: a copyright edition of Mrs. Charlesworth's last novel, "Oliver at the Mill," published by Dawson Bros. Montreal; "The Prairie Province," by J. C. Hamilton, M. A., and a reprint of Anthony Trollope's last novel, "The Prime Minister," both published by Bedford Bros. All these works are noticed at length in our Book Review Department. Dawson Bros' reprint of "Daniel Deronda," has reached Part V., "Mordecai." In this portion indications are given that the hero will turn out to be of Jewish blood, and we understand that this will actually be the case.

Messrs. Harper Bros., have sent us a number of their recent issues, including reprints of Merivaille's "History of Rome," and Cox's "History of Greece" in their "Students Series;" a finely illustrated manual of "Comparative Zoology," by James Orton, author of "The Andes and the Amazon;" a popular account of "Early Man in Europe," by Charles Rau, being a reprint of six articles which recently appeared in *Harper's Magazine*; a revised edition, in two volumes, of Prof. Draper's masterly work, on "The Intellectual Development of

Europe;" and a reprint of Mr. Gladstone's latest venture, "Homeric Synchronism: The Time and Place of Homer," being an attempt to fix the date of the Trojan War, and to link that event with contemporaneous history.

We are in receipt from Appleton & Co., of New York, of a reprint of another of the admirable series of "Science Primers," the present instalment being on "Botany," by J. D. Hooker; and a pamphlet on "Paper Money Inflation in France: how it came, what it brought, and how it ended," by Andrew D. White.

In England, as usual at this season, there is a dearth of new issues. The most important are: Lord Amberley's posthumous work "An Analysis of Religious Belief," from the press of Messrs. Trubner; the fourth volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," (from Bok to Can.) containing an article on "Canada," by Prof. Daniel Wilson; and the sixth volume of the "Speaker's Commentary," dealing with Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Minor Prophets, and finishing the portion of the work which relates to the Old Testament.

[ERRATUM—The quotation on p. 39, line 10, in the right hand column, should read: "The Light is the life of men."]