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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1881.

ONTARIO FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW:

A CONTRAST.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

THE settlement of Ontario, known as the Province of Upper Canada, or Canada West, up to the time of Confederation, began in 1784, so that at the date I propose to make a brief survey of the condition and progress of the country, it had been settled forty-six years. During those years—no insignificant period in a single life, but very small indeed in the history of a country—the advance in national prosperity, and the various items that go to make life pleasant and happy, had been wonderful. The muscular arm of the sturdy pioneer had hewn its way into the primeval forest, and turned the gloomy wilderness into fruitful fields.

It is well known that the first settlers located along the shores of the River St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinté, Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie, and that, at the time of which I speak, this coastline of a few hundred miles, extending

back but a very short distance, a long narrow strip cut from the serried edge of the boundless woods, comprised the settlement of Canada West as it then existed. Persistent hard-work had placed the majority in circumstances of more than ordinary comfort. Good houses had taken the place of log cabins, and substantial frame barns that of rude hovels. Hard fare and scanty raiment had given place to an abundance of the necessaries of life, and no people, perhaps, ever appreciated these blessings with more sincere thankfulness and hearty contentment. The farmer was a strong hardy man, the wife a ruddy, cheerful body, careful of the comforts of her household. One table sufficed for themselves and their servants or hired help. Meat was provided twice and often thrice a day; it being more a matter of taste than economy as to the number of times it was served. Fruit was abundant and

every matron prided herself in preserving and putting away quantities of it for home use, and dispensed it liberally, so that at this time the world was moving smoothly with the people. The changes that had been brought about by their industry during these years were marvellous: an immense tract of wilderness had been reclaimed, and waving fields and fruitful orchards occupied its place. It may have seemed to them, and indeed I think it did to many, that the sum of all they could expect or even desire in this world had been attained; while we who remember those days, and look back over the changes of fifty years, wonder how they managed to endure life at all.

It is true that the father, more from the force of habit than necessity, perhaps, continued to toil in the field, and the mother, moved by the same cause, and her maternal anxiety for the well-being of her family, still spent many a long hour at the loom. The son, brought up to work, followed the plough, or did battle with the axe, making the woods ring with his rapid strokes, and pictured as he reared a nest for himself in the unbroken forest behind the homestead, where the girl of his choice figured as the central charm, and the daughter who toiled through the long summer's day to the monotonous hum of the spinning wheel, drawing out and twisting the threads that should enter into the make-up of her wedding outfit, were all contented and happy. The time and circumstances in which they were placed presented nothing better, and in their estimation, the world had little more to offer than they already possessed.

It is more than probable that if we, with our modern notions and habits, could to-day be carried back into a similar condition of life, we would feel that our lines had fallen in anything but pleasant places. The flying years, with their changes and anxieties, like the constant dripping of water on a stone, have worn off the rough edges that wounded and worried during their pro-

gress, and only the sunny spots, burned in the plastic memory of younger days, remain.

The old homes, as I remember them in those days, were thought palatial in their proportions and conveniences, and so they were beside the old log houses, which often still remained as a reminder of other days, but had been converted into the base use of a cow stable, or a shelter for waggons and farm implements during the winter. They were, with very few exceptions, wooden structures, clap-boarded, and were painted either yellow or red. The majority, however, never received any touching up from the painter's brush, and as the years rolled on became rusty and gray with the beating of winter storms and the heat of the summer's sun. The interior rarely displayed any skill in arrangement or design. The living rooms were generally of goodly size with low ceilings, but the sleeping rooms were invariably small, with barely room enough for a large high-posted bedstead, and a space to undress in. The exterior was void of any architectural embellishment, with a steep roof pierced by dormer windows. The kitchen, which always seemed to me like an after-thought, was a much lower part of the structure, welded on one end or the other of the main body of the house, and usually had a roof projecting some distance over on one side, forming what was called 'the stoop.' In very many cases, the entrance to the spacious cellar where the roots, apples, cider, and other needs of the household were kept, was from this through a trap door, so that in summer or winter the good wife had actually to go out of doors when anything was required for the table, and that was very often. It really seemed as though the old saying of 'the longest way round is the soonest way home' entered not only into the laying out of highways, but into all the domestic arrangements. Economy of time and space, convenience, or anything to facilitate or lighten labour, does not ap-

pear to have occupied the thoughts of the people. Work was the normal condition of their being, and, as we see it now, everything seems to have been so arranged as to preclude the possibility of any idle moments. At the end of the kitchen was invariably a large fire-place with its wide, gaping mouth, an iron crane, with a row of pothooks of various lengths, from which to suspend the pots over the fire, and on the hearth a strong pair of andirons, flanked by a pair of substantial tongs and shovel. During the winter, when the large back-log, often as much as two men could handle, was brought in and fixed in its place, and a good forestick put on the andirons with well-split maple piled upon it and set ablaze with dry pine and chips, the old fireplace became aglow with the cheerful fire, and dispensed its heat through the room. But in extremely cold weather, it sometimes happened that while one side was being roasted, the other was pinched with cold. At one side of the fireplace usually there was a large oven, which when required, was heated by burning dry wood in it, and then the dough was put into tin pans and pushed in to bake. Sometimes the ovens were built on frames in the yard, and then in wind or storm the baking had to be carried out doors and in. Every kitchen had one or more spacious cupboards; whatever need there were for other conveniences, these were always provided and were well filled. The other rooms of the house were generally warmed by large box stoves. The spare bedrooms were invariably cold, and on a severe night it was like undressing out of doors and jumping into a snow-bank. I have many a time shivered for half-an-hour before my body would generate heat enough to make me comfortable. The furniture made no pretensions to artistic design or to elegance. It was plain and strong, and bore unmistakable evidence of having originated either at the carpenter's bench or at the hands of some member of the family, in odd

spells of leisure on rainy days. Necessity is axiomatically said to be the mother of invention, and as there were no furniture makers with any artistic skill or taste in the country, and as the inclination of the people ran more in the direction of the useful than the ornamental, much of the domestic needs were of home manufacture. I have a clear recollection of the pine tables with their strong square legs tapering to the floor, and how carefully they were scrubbed. Table covers were seldom used, and only when there was company, and then the cherry table with its folding leaves was brought out and the pure white linen cloth, most likely the production of the good wife's own hands, was carefully spread upon it, and then came the crockery. Who can ever forget the blue-edged plates, cups and saucers, and other dishes whereon indigo storks, or something approaching a representation of them, and mandarins glided airily over sky-blue hills in their pious way from one indigo pagoda to another. These things, I have no doubt, would be rare prizes to Ceramic lovers of the present day. The cutlery and silver consisted mostly of bone-handled knives and iron forks, iron and pewter spoons. On looking over an old inventory of my grandfather's personal effects not long since, I came across these items: 'two pair of spoon moulds,' and I remembered when quite young, of melting pewter and making spoons with these moulds. Cooking was done in the oven and over the kitchen fire, and the utensils were a dinner pot, tea-kettle, frying pan and skillet. There were no cooking stoves. The only washing machines were the ordinary wash tubs, soft soap, and the brawny arms and hands of the girls, and the only wringers were the strong wrists and firm grip that could give a vigorous twist to what passed through the hands. Water was drawn from the wells with a bucket fastened to a long slender pole attached to a sweep suspended to a crotch. Butter was made in upright

churns, and many an hour have I stood with mother's apron pinned around me to keep my clothes from getting spattered, pounding at the stubborn cream when every minute seemed an hour, thinking the butter would never come. When evening came, we were wont to draw around the cheerful fire on the hearth or at the kitchen table, and read and work by the dim light of 'tallow dips,' placed in tin candlesticks, or, on extra occasions, in brass or silver ones, with their snuffers, trays and extinguishers. Now we sit by the brilliant light of the coal oil lamp, or gas. Then coal oil was in the far off future, and there was not a gas jet in Canada, if indeed in America. The making of tallow candles, before moulds were used, was a slow and tiresome task, and like the churning, though it came much less often, yet when it did come, it was trying to the arms and patience. Small sticks were used, about two feet long, upon each of which, six cotton wicks, made for the purpose, were placed about two inches apart, each wick being from ten to twelve inches long. Then a large kettle was nearly filled with hot water, upon which melted tallow was poured. Then two sticks were taken in the right hand, and the wicks slowly dipped up and down through the melted tallow. This process was continued until the candles had attained sufficient size, when they were put aside to harden, and then taken off the sticks and put away. It required considerable practical experience to make a smooth and even candle in this way, and to have them burn evenly—a sputtering candle was an abomination! The cloth with which the male members of the family were clad, as well as the flannel that made the dresses and underclothing for both, was carded, spun, and often woven at home, as was also the flax that made the linen. There was no sewing or knitting machines, save the deft hands that plied the needle. Carpets were seldom seen; the floors of the spare rooms, as they were called, were painted almost

invariably with yellow ochre paint, and the kitchen floor was kept clean and white with the file and sanded. The old chairs, which, for comfort, modern times have in no way improved, were also of home-make, with thin round legs and splint-bottomed seats, or what was more common, elm bark evenly cut and platted. Many a time have I gone to the woods in the spring when the willow catkins in the swamp and along the side of the creek turned from silver to gold, and the clusters of linwort nodding above the purple-green leaves in the April wind, and taken the bark in long strips from the elm trees to reseat the dilapidated chairs.

If the labour-saving appliances were so scanty indoors, they were not more numerous outside. The farmer's implements were rude and rough. The wooden plough, with its wrought-iron share, had not disappeared, but ploughs with cast iron mould boards, landsides and shares, were rapidly coming into use. These had hard wood beams, and a short single handle with which to guide them. They were clumsy awkward things to work with, as I remember full well, and though an improvement, it was impossible to do nice work with them. Indeed, that part of the question did not receive much consideration, the principal object was to get the ground turned over. They were called patent ploughs. Drags were either tree tops or a square wooden frame with iron teeth. The scythe for hay and the cradle for grain, with strong backs and muscular arms to swing them, were the only mowers and reapers known. The hand rake had not been superseded by the horse rake, nor the hoe by the cultivator; and all through the winter, the regular thump, thump of the flails on the barn floor could be heard, or the grain being trampled out by the horse's feet, and then the rattle of the fanning mill announced the finishing of the task. Threshing machines and cleaners were yet to come.

It will be seen from what I have said that both in the house and out of it work was a stern and exacting master, whose demands were incessant, satisfied only by the utmost diligence, and it was simply by this that so much was accomplished. It is true there were other incentives that gave force to the will and nerve to the arm which enabled our forefathers to overcome the numberless arduous tasks that presented themselves and demanded their attention daily throughout the year. All the inventions that have accumulated so rapidly for the last twenty years or more, to lighten the burden and facilitate the accomplishment of labour and production, as well as to promote the comfort of all classes, were unknown fifty years ago. Indeed many of the things that seem so simple and uninteresting to us now, as I shall have occasion to show further on, were then hidden in the future. Take for example the very common and indispensable article, the lucifer match. Its simple method of producing fire had never entered the imagination of our most gifted sires. The only way known to them was the primitive one of rubbing two sticks together and producing fire by friction—a somewhat tedious process—or with a flint and bit of punk, a fungous growth, the best of which for this purpose is obtained from the beech, and a heavy jackknife. Gun flints were most generally used. One of these placed on a bit of dry punk, and held firmly in the left hand, while the knife with its closed blade, the back of which brought in contact with the flint by a quick downward stroke of the right hand, produced a shower of sparks, some of which falling on the punk would ignite, and a fire was produced. In the winter, if the fire went out, there were but two alternatives, either this or a run to a neighbour's house for live coals.

There were many superstitious notions current among the people in those days, and many an omen both for good

and evil was sincerely believed in, which even yet in quiet places finds a lodgment where the schoolmaster has not been much abroad. But the half century that has passed away has seen the last of many a foolish notion. A belief in omens was not confined to the poor and ignorant, for brave men have been known to tremble at seeing a winding sheet in a candle, and learned men to gather their little ones around them, fearing that one would be snatched away, because a dog outside took a fancy to howl at the moon. And who has not heard the remark when a sudden shiver came over one, that an enemy was then walking over the spot which would be his grave, or noticed the alarm occasioned by the death watch—the noise made by a harmless little insect in the wall resembling the ticking of a watch—or the saying that if thirteen sit down to table, one is sure to die within a year. Somebody has said there is one case when he believes this omen to be true, and that is when thirteen sit down to dinner and there is only enough for twelve. There was no end to bad omens. It was bad luck to see the new moon for the first time over the left shoulder, but if seen over the right it was the reverse. It is well known that the moon has been supposed to exercise considerable influence over our planet, among the chief of which are the tides, and it was believed also to have a great deal to do with much smaller matters than this. There are but few who have not seen on the first page of an almanac the curious picture representing a nude man with exposed bowels, and surrounded with the zodiacal signs. This was always found in the old almanacs, and indeed they would have been altogether unsaleable without it, and the weather cast. How often have I seen the almanac consulted as to whether it was going to be fair or stormy, cold or hot, and the mother studying the pictures when she wished to wean her babe. If she found the change of the moon occurred when

the sign was in Aries or Gemini or Taurus, all of which exercised a baneful influence on any part of the body above the heart, she would defer the matter until a change came when the sign would be in Virgo or Libra, considering it extremely dangerous to undertake it in the former case. The wife was not alone in this, for the husband waited for a certain time in the moon to sow his peas, that is if he expected a sure crop. He also thought it unlucky to kill hogs in the wane of the moon, because the pork would shrink and waste in the boiling. The finding of an old horse shoe was a sure sign of good luck, and it was quite common to see them nailed up over the door. It is said that the late Horace Greeley always kept a rusty one over the door of his sanctum. To commence anything on Friday was sure to end badly. I had an esteemed friend, the late sheriff of the county of —, who faithfully believed this, and adhered to it up to the time of his death. May was considered an unlucky month to marry in, and when I was thinking of this matter a number of years later, and wished the event to occur during the month, my wish was objected to on this ground, and the ceremony deferred until June in consequence.

It is said that the honey bee came to America with the Pilgrim Fathers. Whether this be so or not, I am unprepared to say. If it is true, then there were loyalists among them, for they found their way to Canada with the U. E.'s, and contributed very considerably to the enjoyment of the table. Short-cake and honey were things not to be despised in those days, I remember. There was a curious custom that prevailed of blowing horns and pounding tin pans to keep them from going away when swarming. The custom is an Old Country one, I fancy. The reader will remember that Dickens, in 'Little Dorrit,' makes Ferdinand Barnacle say 'you really have no idea how

the human bees will swarm to the beating of any old tin kettle, &c.'

Another peculiar notion prevailed with respect to discovering the proper place to dig wells. There were certain persons, I do not remember what they were called, whether water doctors or water witches, who professed to be able, with the aid of a small hazel crotched twig, which was held firmly in both hands with the crotch inverted, to tell where a well should be sunk with a certainty of finding water. The process was simply to walk about with the twig thus held, and when the right place was reached, the forked twig would turn downwards, however firmly held, and on the strength of this digging would be commenced in the place indicated. A curious feature about this was that there were but very few in whose hands the experiment would work, and hence the water discoverer was a person of some repute. I never myself witnessed the performance, but it was of common occurrence.

The people of to-day will no doubt smile at these reminiscences of a past age, and think lightly of the life surroundings of these early pioneers of the Province, but it must not be forgotten that their condition of life was that of the first remove from the gaping bush and the log cabin. Luxuries in the higher sense of the term there were none; but there was abundance, and it was so widely different from the struggle of earlier years that they were contented and happy. No people on earth, says Mr. Talbot, in 1823, 'live better than the Canadians, so far as eating and drinking justify the use of the expression, for they may be truly said to "fare sumptuously every day." Their breakfast not unfrequently consists of twelve or fourteen different ingredients, which are of the most heterogeneous nature; green tea and fried pork, honeycomb and salted salmon, pound cake and pickled cucumbers, stewed chickens and

apple-tarts, maple molasses and pease-pudding, gingerbread and sour-crout, are to be found at almost every table. The dinner differs not at all from the breakfast, and the afternoon repast, which they term "supper," is equally substantial.'

The condition of the Province in 1830 could not be otherwise than pre-eminently satisfactory to its inhabitants. That a people who had been driven from their homes, in most cases destitute of the common needs of ordinary life, should have come into a vast wilderness, and, in the course of forty-six years; have founded a country and placed themselves in circumstances of comfort and independence, seems to me to be one of the marvels of the century. The struggles and trials of the first settlers must ever be a subject of deepest interest to every true Canadian, and, as an illustration of the power of fixed principles upon the action of men, there are few things in the world's history that surpass it. It must be remembered that many, nay most, of the families who came here had been, prior to and during the Revolutionary war, men of means and position. All this they were forced to abandon, and they came into this country with empty hands, accepted the liberality of the British Government for two years, and went to work. Providence smiled upon their toils, and in the year of which we speak they had grown into a prosperous and happy people.

The social aspect of the people had changed but little. The habits and customs of early days still remained. Their position, as well as the laborious and active lives which they led, was one of exigency. The absorbing desire to succeed kept them at home. They knew but little of what was passing in the world outside, and it is more than probable that they cared less. Their chief interest was centred in the general welfare, and each contributed his or her share of intelligence and sagacity to further any plans that

were calculated to promote the general good. Every day called for some new expedient in which the comfort or advantage of the whole were concerned, for there were no positions save those accorded to worth and intellect. The suffering or misfortune of a neighbour, as well as his enjoyments, were participated in by all. Knowledge and ability were respectfully looked up to, yet those who possessed these, seemed hardly conscious of their gifts. The frequent occasions which called for the exercise of the mind sharpened sagacity and gave strength to character. Avarice and vanity were confined to narrow limits. Of money there was little; dress was coarse and plain, and was not subject to the whims or caprices of fashion. The girls, from the examples set them by their mothers, were industrious and constantly employed. Pride of birth was unknown, and the affections flourished fair and vigorously, unchecked by the thorns and brambles with which our minds are cursed in the advanced stage of refinement of the present day.

The secret of their success, if there was any secret in it, was the economy, industry and moderate wants of every member of the household. The clothing and living were the outcome of the farm. Most of the ordinary implements and requirements for both were produced at home. The neighbouring blacksmith made the axes, logging-chains and tools. He ironed the waggons and sleighs, and received his pay from the cellar and barn. Almost every farmer had his work-bench and carpenter's tools, which he could handle to advantage, as well as a shoemaker's bench; and during the long evenings of the fall and winter would devote some of his time to mending boots or repairing harness. Sometimes the old log house was turned into a blacksmith shop. This was the case with the first home of my grandfather, and his seven sons could turn their hands to any trade, and do pretty good

work. If the men's clothes were not made by a member of the household, they were made in the house by a sewing girl, or a roving tailor, and so also were the boots and shoes by cobblers of the same errant stripe. Many of the productions of the farm were unsaleable, owing to the want of large towns for a market. Trade, such as then existed, was carried on mostly by a system of barter. The refuse apples from the orchard were turned into cider and vinegar for the table. The skins of the cattle, calves and sheep that were slaughtered for the wants of the family, were taken to the tanners, who dressed them and returned half of each hide. The currency of the day was flour, pork and potash. The two first were in demand for the lumbermen's shanties, and the latter went to Montreal for export. The ashes from the house and the log heaps were either leached at home and the lye boiled down in the large potash kettles, of which almost every farmer had one or two, and converted into potash, or became a perquisite of the wife, and were carried to the ashery, where they were exchanged for crockery or something for the house. Wood, save the large oak and pine timber, was valueless, and was cut down and burned to get it out of the way.

I am enabled to give a list of prices current* at that time of a number of things, from a domestic account

	1830	1880
*A good horse.....	\$50 00	\$120 00
Yoke of oxen.....	75 00	100 00
Milch cow.....	16 00	30 00
A hog.....	2 00	5 00
A sheep.....	2 00	5 00
Hay per ton.....	7 00	12 00
Pork per bbl.....	15 00	12 00
Flour per cwt.....	3 00	3 00
Beef.....	3 50	6 00
Mutton.....	3 00	6 00
Turkeys, each.....	1 50	1 50
Ducks, per pair.....	1 00	1 00
Geese, each.....	80	80
Chickens, per pair.....	40	40
Wheat, per bushel.....	1 00	1 08
Rye.....	70	85
Barley.....	50	1 00
Peas.....	40	70

book, and an auction sale of my grandfather's personal estate, after his death in 1829. The term in general use for an auction then was vendue.

Vegetables were unsaleable, and so were many other things the farmer finds a ready market for now. The wages paid to a man were from eight to ten dollars, and a girl from two to three dollars per month. For a day's work, except in harvest time, from fifty to seventy-five cents. Money was reckoned by £. s. d. Halifax currency, to distinguish it from the pound sterling. The former was equal to \$4 00, and the latter, then as now, \$4 87.

Clocks were not common. It is true in most of the better class of old homes a stately old time-piece, whose face nearly reached the ceiling, stood in the hall or sitting-room, and measured off the hours with slow and steady beat. The most common time-piece was a line cut in the floor, and when the sun touched his meridian height his rays were cast along this mark through a crack in the door, and thus the hour of noon was made known. A few years later the irrepresible Yankee invaded the country with his wooden clocks and supplied the want.—My father bought one, which is still in existence (though I think it has got past keeping time), and paid ten

	1830	1880
Oats.....	\$37	\$36
Potatoes.....	40	35
Apples.....	50	50
Butter, per pound.....	14	25
Cheese.....	17	17
Lard.....	5	12
Eggs, per dozen.....	10	25
Wood, per cord.....	1 00	5 00
Calf skins, each.....	1 00	1 00
Sheep skins, each.....	1 00	1 00
West India molasses.....	80	50
Tea, per pound.....	80	60
Tobacco.....	25	50
Honey.....	10	25
Oysters, per quart.....	80	40
Men's strong boots, per pair.....	3 00
Port Wine, per gallon.....	80	2 75
Brandy.....	1 50	4 00
Rum.....	1 00	3 00
Whiskey.....	40	1 40
Grey cotton, per yard.....	14	10
Calico.....	20	12
Nails, per pound.....	14	4

pounds for it; a better one can be had now for as many shillings.

The kitchen doors, which were very often divided in the middle, so that the upper part could be opened and the lower half kept closed, were the general entrance to the house, and were usually provided with wooden latches, which were lifted from the outside by a leather string put through the door. At night, when the family retired, the string was pulled in and the door was fastened against any one from the outside. From this originated the saying that a friend would always find the string on the latch.

Carriages were not kept, for the simple reason that the farmer seldom had occasion to use them. He rarely went from home, and when he did he mounted his horse or drove in his lumber-waggon to market or to meeting. He usually had one or two waggon-chairs, as they were called, which would hold two persons very comfortably; these were put in the waggon and a buffalo skin thrown over them, and then the vehicle was equipped for the Sunday drive. There was a light waggon kept for the old people to ride about in, the box of which rested on the axles; the seat, however, was secured to wooden springs, which made it somewhat more comfortable to ride in. A specimen of this kind of carriage was shewn by the York Pioneers at the Industrial Exhibition in this city. I have a clear recollection of the most common carriage kept in those days and my first ride in one. I was so delighted that I have never forgotten it. One Saturday afternoon, my father and mother determined to visit Grandfather C——, some six miles distant. We were got ready, that is to say, my sister and self, and the 'yoke' was put to. Our carriage had but two wheels, the most fashionable mode then, and no steel springs, neither was the body hung upon straps. There was no cover to the seat, which was unique in its way and original in its get up. Neither was there

a well-padded cushion to sit on or back to recline against. It was nothing more nor less than a limber board placed across from one side of the box to the other. My father took his seat on the right, the place invariably accorded to the driver—we did not keep a coachman then—my mother and sister, an infant, sat on the opposite side, while I was wedged in the middle to keep me from tumbling out. My father held in his hand a long slender whip (commonly called a 'gad') of blue beech, with which he touched the off side animal, and said, 'haw buck, gee-long;' the 'yoke' obey and bring us safely to our journey's end in the course of time. Many and many a pleasant ride have I had since in far more sumptuous vehicles, but none of them have left such a distinct and pleasing recollection.

The houses were almost invariably inclosed with a picket or board fence, with a small yard in front. Shade and ornamental trees were not in much repute. All round them lay the

'Boundless contiguity of shade,'

but it awakened no poetic sentiment. To them it had been a standing menace, which had cost the expenditure of their best energies year after year to push further and further back. The time had not come for ornamenting their grounds and fields with shrubs and trees unless they could minister to their comfort in a more substantial way. The gardens were generally well supplied with currant and gooseberry bushes. Pear, plum and cherry trees and the orchard were close at hand; raspberries and strawberries were abundant in every new clearing; the sap-bush furnished the sugar and maple molasses, so that most of the requisites for good living were within easy hail.

The first concern of a thrifty farmer was to possess a large barn, with out-houses or sheds attached, for his hay and straw, and in which to protect his stock during the cold and stormy

weather of fall and winter. Lumber cost him nothing save the labour of getting it out; there was therefore but little to prevent him from having plenty of room in which to house his crops; and as the process of threshing was slow it necessitated more space than is required now. The granary, pig-pen and corn-crib were usually separate. The number and extent of buildings on a flourishing homestead, inclosed with strong board fences, covered a wide area. But the barns, with their enormous peaked roofs, and the houses, with their dormer windows looking out from their steep sides, have pretty much all disappeared or have been transformed into more modern shape.

It would be difficult to find much resemblance between the well-ordered house of a thriving farmer of to day and that of half a century ago. In the first place, the house itself is designed with an eye to convenience and comfort. There is more or less architectural taste displayed in its external appearance. It is kept carefully painted. The yawning fireplace in the kitchen, with its row of pots, has disappeared, and in its place the most approved cooking-stove or range, with its multifarious appendages, is found. On the walls hang numberless appliances to aid in cooking. Washing machines, wringers, improved churns, and many other labour-saving arrangements render the task of the housewife comparatively easy, and enable her to accomplish much more work in a shorter time than the dear old grandmother ever dreamt of in the highest flights of her imagination. Her cupboards are filled with china and earthenware of the latest pattern. Pewter plates and buck-handled knives have vanished, and ivory-handled cutlery taken their places. Britannia metal and pewter spoons have been sent to the melting-pot, and the iron forks have given place to the nickel and silver ones. The old furniture has

found its way to the garret, and the house is furnished from the ware-rooms of the best makers. Fancy carpets cover the floor of every room. The old high-posted bedsteads which almost required a ladder to get into, went to the lumber heap long ago, and low, sumptuous couches take their places. The great feather tick has been converted into the more healthy mattress, and the straw tick and cords have been replaced by spring bottoms. It used to be quite an arduous undertaking, I remember, to put up one of those old beds. One person took a wrench, kept for that purpose, and drew up the cord with it as tight as he could at every hole, and another followed with a hammer and pin which was driven into the hole through which the end passed to hold it, and so you went on round the bed until the cord was all drawn as tight as it could possibly be. Now a bedstead can be taken down and put up in a few moments by one person with the greatest ease. The dresses of both mother and daughters are made according to the latest styles, and of the best material. The family ride in their carriage, with fine horses, and richly-plated harness. The boys are sent to college, and the girls are polished in city boarding schools. On the farm the change is no less marked. The grain is cut and bound with reaping machines, the grass with mowing machines, and raked with horse rakes. Thrashing machines thrash and clean the grain. He has machines for planting and sowing. The hoe is laid aside, and his corn and root crops are kept clean with cultivators. His ploughs and drags do better work with more ease to himself and his team. He has discovered that he can keep improved stook at less expense, and at far greater profit. In fact, the whole system of farming and farm labour has advanced with the same rapid strides that everything else has done; and now one man can accomplish

more in the same time, and do it better, than half a dozen could fifty years ago.

Musical instruments were almost unknown, except by name. A stray fiddler was about the only musician that ever delighted the ear of young or old in those days. I do not know that there was a piano in the Province; if there were any their number was so small that they could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Now, every house in the land with any pretension to the ordinary comforts of life, has either a piano or a melodeon, and every farmer's daughter of any position, can run over the keys with as much ease and effect as a city belle. Passing along one of our streets not long since, I heard some one playing in a room adjoining a little grocery store. My attention was arrested by the skill of the player, and the fine tone of the instrument. While I was listening, a couple of ladies passed, one of whom said, 'I do wonder if they have got a piano here.' 'Why not,' said the other, 'the pea-nut-man on — street has one, and I don't see why every one else shouldn't have.'

I think all who have marked the changes that have taken place during the half century which is gone will admit that we are a much faster people than our fathers were. We have jumped from change to change with marvellous rapidity. We could never endure the patient plodding way they travelled, nor the toil and privation they went through, and it is a good thing for us, perhaps, that they preceded us. Would it not be well for us occasionally to step aside from the bustle and haste which surrounds us, and look back. There are many valuable lessons to be gathered from the pages of the past, and it might be well, perhaps, were we to temper our anxiety to rise in the social scale with some of the sterling qualities that characterized our progenitors. Our smart boys now-a-days are far too clever to pursue the paths which their fathers trod, and

in too many cases begin the career of life as second or third-rate professional men or merchants, while our daughters are too frequently turned into ornaments for the parlour. We know that fifty years ago the boys had to work early and late. West of England broadcloths, and fine French fabrics, were things that rarely, indeed, adorned their persons. Fashionable tailors and young gentlemen, according to the present acceptation of the term, are comparatively modern institutions in Canada. Fancy for a moment one of our young swells, with his fashionable suit, gold watch, chain, and rings; patent leather boots, kid gloves, and topped off with Christie's latest head-gear, driving up to grandfather's door in a covered buggy and plated harness, fifty years ago. What would have been said, think you? My impression is that his astonishment would have been too great to have found expression. The old man, no doubt, would have scratched his head in utter bewilderment, and the old lady would have pushed up her specs in order to take in the whole of the new revelation, and possibly might have exclaimed, 'did you ever see the beat?' The girls, I have no doubt, would have responded to the mother's ejaculation, and the boys, if at hand, would have laughed outright.

My remarks, so far, have been confined altogether to the country settlements, and fifty years ago that was about all there was in this Province. Kingston was, in fact, the only town. The other places, which have far outstripped it since, were only commencing, as we shall see presently. It was a place of considerable importance, owing to its being a garrison town; and its position at the foot of lake navigation, gave promise of future greatness. The difference between town and country life as yet was not very marked, except with the few officers and officials. Clothes of finer and more expensive materials were worn, and a little more polish and refine-

ment noticeable. The professional man's office was in his house, and the merchant lived over his store. He dealt in all kinds of goods and served his customers early and late. He bartered with the people for their produce, and weighed up the butter and counted out the eggs, for which he paid in groceries and dry goods. Now he has his house on a fashionable street, or a villa in the vicinity of the city, and is driven to his counting house in his carriage. His father, and himself, perhaps, in his boyhood, toiled in the summer time under a burning sun, and now he and his family take their vacation during hot weather at fashionable watering places, or make a tour in Europe.

We have but little to complain of as a people. Our progress in the last fifty years has been such as cannot but be gratifying to every Canadian, and if we are only true to ourselves and the great principles that underlie real and permanent success, we should go on building up a yet greater and more substantial prosperity, as the avenues of trade which are being opened up from time to time become available. But let us guard against the enervating influences which are too apt to follow increase of wealth. The desire to rise in the social scale is one that finds a

response in every breast ; but it often happens that as we ascend, habits and tastes are formed that are at variance not only with our own well-being, but with those who may be influenced by us. One of the principal objects, it would seem, in making a fortune in these days, is to make a show. There are not many families in this Province, so far, fortunately, whose children can afford to lead a life of idleness. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the richest heir in our land cannot afford it. Still, when children are born with silver spoons in their mouths, the necessity to work is removed, and it requires some impulse to work when there is no actual need. But, fortunately, there are higher motives in this world than a life of inglorious ease. Wealth can give much, but it cannot make a man, in the proper and higher sense, any more than iron can be transmuted into gold. It is a sad thing, I think, to find many of our wealthy farmers bringing up their children with the idea that a farmer is not as respectable as a counter-jumper in a city or village store, or that the kitchen is too trying for the delicate organization of the daughter, and that her vocation is to adorn the drawing-room, to be waited on by mamma, and to make a brilliant match.

(To be continued.)

WOMANHOOD.

BY ESPERANCE.

FROM childhood into girlhood,
 But still the skies are fair ;
 Then girlhood grows to womanhood
 And carelessness to care ;
 And spots are on the Summer sun,
 And shadows everywhere.

The laugh is just as ready,
 The smile is just as sweet,
 The cadence of the ripened voice
 Is harmony complete ;
 But in the steady, serious eyes
 Both joy and sorrow meet.

The glitter of the sunlight
 Upon the dancing waves,
 The wild rush of the waters
 Within their ocean caves,
These do the little children see,
 But not the hidden graves !

The sunshine has its shadow ;
 The waters have their moan,
 And all things in Creation
 Are fashioned to a groan ;
 The children hear the melody,
 But not the undertone !

And this is God's provision—
 How wise we surely know !
 For little brains and bodies
 Must wiser, stronger grow
 Ere they can bear the common lot :
 Man's heritage of woe.

From girlhood into womanhood,
 From dreamland into life ;
 From visions to realities,
 From idleness to strife ;
 From planning to a woman's lot
 As mother, maid or wife.

The years have taught their lesson,
 Nor taught it all in vain ;
 The minor key of sorrow
 Is heard in every strain ;
 And many a careless laugh is read
 As hiding bitter pain.

But e'en as pain is keener
 And shade is darklier cast,
 So is the sun more welcome
 When once the storm is past,
 And every joy is dearer held
 Because it may not last.

For those same years that quickened
 The shrinking nerves of pain
 Made joy a deeper passion,
 And needs it to explain ;

For is it not *one* heart that bears,
Or welcomes, loss or gain ?

The children's hearts are happy
Because devoid of care ;
A woman's heart sings o'er the joy
With reverence guarded there ;
And negative with positive
Can *surely* not compare !

The children's joys are prattled
To all ; both young and old,
With joyous interjections, and
Dilations manifold ;
A woman's joy is far too dear,
Too sacred to be *told* !

Aye, childhood had its pleasures ;
Pure, shadowless and free !
Girlhood its possibilities
Of all that is to be ;
But *womanhood* must pluck the fruit
In ripe maturity !

Then leave to youth its freedom—
For surely that is blest !
Leave maidenhood its visions,
Its plannings unconfest ;
But woman's is the noblest lot,
And woman's life is best !

MADEMOISELLE DE CARABAS.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL, MONTREAL.

IT was rather a peculiar title for a handsome, stately Canadian girl of twenty ; a girl with level black brows, calm gray eyes, and a firm mouth, without the slightest trace of girlish coquetry or affectation ; a being so absorbed by the one engrossing object of her life that she was as unconscious of her surroundings as the most visionary enthusiast.

The name had first been bestowed upon her by a group of young artists

in the small German town in which Berenice Ormerod was pursuing her musical studies under the direction of a celebrated Italian Maestro, who had settled there for no reason that any one had ever been able to discover. The young men, who were representatives of several different nations, had at first been inclined to show themselves very enthusiastic over the girl. Her handsome face, her unwearied devotion to her art, and, above all, her

exquisite voice, had, from her first appearance in Kleinstein, attracted universal attention; but the most skilfully contrived attempts at making her acquaintance always resulted in exasperating failure. Her mother's timid suspicions, Miss Ormerod's own calm, maidenly dignity, were strong safeguards against intrusion, and a year of artful scheming had produced no effect, for not one of their number had established even a bowing acquaintance with the object of their admiration, and the artists were obliged to own themselves defeated. She was haughty—she was cold as stone—she was devoted solely to her art—she was English, which accounted for all her eccentricities, they protested hotly, as they discussed the matter together.

'Tiens, Mademoiselle must really be the eldest daughter of Madame la Marquise de Carabas,' shouted, with a burst of laughter, a young Frenchman, a new arrival, as he listened to an animated recital of his friends' complaints. So, partly in derision, partly in playful malice, they fell into the habit of calling her Mademoiselle de Carabas, and the name clung to her until many of those who met her daily knew her by no other title. The Maestro declared that never had pupil of his equalled Miss Ormerod, not only in the strength, beauty and richness of her voice, but also in docility, perseverance and untiring industry; and he had certainly some claims to be considered a judge, as he had already trained several singers whose enchanting strains had charmed the world. He prophesied a glorious future for the girl, and as she listened to his words in silence, for she was singularly undemonstrative in manner, her cheek flushed and her eyes glowed with a soft fire, which, for the moment, rendered her radiantly beautiful. Few could have guessed that this quiet, reserved girl, with her statuesque face and stately air, was consumed by an ambition as ardent as any which ever inspired a hero or a

conqueror. What mattered it that her fare was plain, her garments worn and shabby, that with unwearied energy she toiled from early morning until late at night? By the power of that divine gift of song, she was destined to rise from obscurity—she was eventually to reign like a queen over an enchanted kingdom, to achieve vague heights of grandeur, which imagination refused to paint in definite colours.

Mrs. Ormerod and her daughter, who always went about together, and appeared to be all in all to each other, came to be very well known by sight to the inhabitants of Kleinstein during their four years' sojourn in the little town, and every fact of their secluded existence was familiar to everyone in the small community. They passed about the streets, never exchanging a word with any one except upon business, the little woman hanging confidently upon the arm of her tall daughter; the girl silent and impassive, the mother, who was nervous, fidgetty and garrulous, always chattering volubly. Noting Mrs. Ormerod's petulant insistence, a stranger would have concluded that hers was the governing spirit; in reality it was Berenice, who originated all their plans, leaving to her mother only the trifling details of execution. The older woman waited upon her as though she were a child, and the girl simply accepted all without question, as unconscious of the care and tenderness lavished upon her as though they did not exist. All her senses were absorbed by the passion which held possession of her; she was unconscious of the charms of affection, the joys of youth, the delights of nature. Her self-confidence was as perfect as her self-control; yet so strong was the habit of reserve that, even to her mother, she never shaped her thoughts in words. It was Mrs. Ormerod who erected airy castles and never wearied of dwelling upon her child's future splendour, yet she was sometimes disturbed by pangs of soul-crushing doubt

to which Berenice was an entire stranger.

The only friend they made in Klein-stein, with the exception of the Maestro, was Robert Howe, a young artist and a countryman. Chancing to lodge in the same house, accident placed it in the young man's power to render the ladies a slight service, which eventually enabled him to make their acquaintance. After satisfying herself that his character and antecedents were irreproachable, Mrs. Ormerod, who was suspicious as well as timid, allowed him to achieve a certain degree of intimacy. An orphan, with no near connections, and having had but little experience of feminine society, Robert Howe was almost extravagantly grateful for Mrs. Ormerod's notice, and before long that lady had adopted the shy, sensitive lad as a *protégé*. To her Robert's friendship was in reality a boon, though she always persisted in ascribing to his side all the advantages of the alliance. Mrs. Ormerod was wont to declare that she was Canadian to the backbone, and Robert was an ally to whom she could express her unmitigated contempt for everything foreign, without any reserve. Her residence abroad had always been a purgatory to her; she could not and would not learn French or German, and in her intercourse with the outside world depended solely upon her daughter. Notwithstanding the differences of climate and customs, she made it a point of conscience to cling tenaciously to all her New World household ways, and was not sorry to have secured a friend who was willing to listen to her complaints. Robert delighted in believing himself an artist, though he had only artistic perceptions and a keen love of the beautiful, without being gifted with any decided power of expression. Having mistaken an appreciative taste for genius, he painted 'prettily,' was a tolerable musician, dabbled slightly in literature, without being able to excel in any art. Having a comfortable in-

come, he was not inclined to use any very violent exertion in order to push his way in the world, and his leisurely *dilettante* pursuit of art, his pleasant, purposeless enjoyment of life, exactly suited his temperament. There was always a great picture to be painted, a wonderful poem to be written, some achievements which, looming mistily in the far future, conferred a flavour of dignity and hopefulness upon an otherwise aimless existence. In the meantime, as a profitable psychological problem, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of his neighbours, and in this case found psychology a most interesting subject, and quite worthy of the undivided attention which he bestowed upon it.

By degrees, through the mother's ceaseless chatter, Mr. Howe learnt the simple history of his countrywomen. Mrs. Ormerod was a pale, wizened-faced little woman, with anxious blue eyes, and thin wisps of straw-coloured hair; it was difficult to realize that she had once been an exceedingly pretty girl, whose pink and white charms had won Gordon Ormerod's heart in a distant Canadian city. Alice Blaine had been a tradesman's daughter, with a small portion and a certain amount of petty ambition; but Gordon was the scrape-grace member of a wealthy and influential family, the only black sheep in the midst of a reputable and prosperous flock. Alice was endowed with wonderful powers of veneration. To her, Gordon was not only a handsome, jovial good-for-nothing, he was also a hero and a saint; his father—good-humoured, worldly-wise old Judge Ormerod—was majestic as Jove, and omnipotent as Cesar; the brothers, sisters, and all the numerous family connections, were superior beings, to be admired and revered at a respectful distance. Adoration so humble is a very subtle incense offered on the shrine of vanity. As the years went on, and the Ormerods learned to know their brother's low-born wife as

the most patient and faithful of victims to the most worthless and profligate of husbands, they condescended to bestow upon her a certain degree of gracious patronage, for which she was pathetically grateful. When Gordon Ormerod died, his widow mourned him with passionate grief, as though she had been deprived of a treasure, instead of being relieved of a burden, and then turned to her only child for consolation. It was the general opinion in the Ormerod family that Berenice was an extraordinary girl, and certainly she differed greatly from her pretty, girlish cousins, not only in the possession of a glorious voice, whose strength, flexibility, and sweetness, astonished all who heard it, but also in a tenacity of purpose and strength of character, rare in one so young. After some hesitation, the Ormerods finally concluded that a veritable swan had found its way into their very commonplace flock. Berenice listened silently, pondered over their comments, and when it appeared to her that the right moment had come, spoke. It was to an old bachelor uncle that she addressed herself. The very best training that the continent could afford would be requisite for the development of her voice; her mother's scanty pittance was miserably insufficient for the purpose; would Uncle Ben advance her the means to carry out her plans? She would repay him, if prosperity crowned her efforts, and no doubt of her ultimate success ever crossed her mind. Shrewd business man as he was, Uncle Ben was impressed by the girl's courage and determination: then what a triumph for the family to count a celebrated *cantatrice* among its members. He finally agreed to allow his niece an income for six years, which would allow her time to complete her studies, and to start fairly in her profession as a singer. 'So you see Berenice's fortune is in her throat,' Mrs. Ormerod would remark, with her nervous hysterical laugh, and Robert Howe always assented, with a sympathetic

fervour which won him favour in the mother's eyes.

Having plenty of time at his disposal, it happened that Mr. Howe spent many hours with his neighbours. Berenice had little leisure, she was unwearied in the pursuit of her art, but at least he could always see her, and sometimes hear her. The conversation was always carried on between the mother and her guest, Mrs. Ormerod, volatile and excitable, Robert languidly interested, the lady passing in swift transition from the heights of exultation to the depths of feeble despair, dwelling upon the glories of the Ormerod family, mourning over her past troubles, or describing, in glowing colours, the splendid destiny of her daughter. The young man sometimes tried to hint at his own hopes, but being modest and, perhaps, over-sensitive, he was easily silenced by Mrs. Ormerod's superior volubility. All her own plans and projects were so much more interesting than those of any other person could possibly be, that she felt no hesitation in cutting Robert short in the midst of his most animated disquisition upon literature or art; and he accepted the rebuff meekly, for did not Berenice sit apart, absorbed in her own thoughts, a being surrounded, in Robert Howe's imagination, by a halo of soft romance and mystery?

It was not until the end of the Ormerods' sojourn in Kleinstein had arrived, and Berenice, accompanied by her mother, acting upon the Maestro's advice, had decided upon proceeding at once to England, that the young man discovered the fact that this girl was the one woman in the world to him. The knowledge awakened him to a fuller consciousness of life than any of which he had ever dreamed, setting all existence to a sound of harmony, sweeter than pleasure, keener than pain. He was naturally sanguine, he perceived that he had no rival; so in silence he cherished his passion, content to breathe the same air, hopeful, yet

asking nothing until the evening before the ladies' departure from Kleinstein, when he was impelled to speak.

Mrs. Ormerod, who had grown more restless and irritable than usual over her packing, had left her daughter and her guest alone together. Berenice sat at the window, her firm, white hands lying idly in her lap, an unwonted flush of colour in her cheek, a curious gleam of emotion in her eyes, which momentarily softened the somewhat stern character of her beauty. Unimpressionable as she was, to ordinary influences, a strange agitation thrilled the girl; she felt that she was leaving the past behind, and advancing into the glorious, uncertain future. She had formed no attachments to any one in Kleinstein; no chord had been struck in her heart to vibrate into consciousness, yet even her unimpassioned nature responded faintly to the sadness of parting. At the thought of separation, a subtle intoxication of feeling overcame Robert, a pleasant tingling ran through his veins, a delightful warmth and brightness mounted to his brain. A sweet, sharp pain shot through him as his passion arose, and mastering his self-control, clothed itself in burning words. Berenice listened like a person reluctantly aroused from a pleasant dream. The amazement and the utter lack of comprehension in her grave eyes daunted him far more effectually than the most bitter words of scorn could have done.

'I am very sorry,' she said, simply, with a sort of white dismay imprinted on her face. Robert would accept of no denial, however, and with tender, imploring eyes, and a shaking, passionate voice, he pleaded his cause. He spoke of a modest home, a happy hearth, a peaceful life. He would be to her mother the most devoted of sons; as his wife he would have power to protect her from the struggle with a harsh and cynical world. He had struck a wrong chord. The girl paled, a faint, scornful smile curved

her lip as she listened. She hesitated; for a second her heart, too, arose to her lips. Should she try to explain to him that the glory of her expectations was more to her than any man's love? that her own dreams had enthralled her with a perilous fascination which she had no power to shake off? But the habit of reserve finally prevailed, and she only told him coldly that she had no love to bestow.

'You have a heart of stone,' the young man cried, looking down with eyes that had suddenly grown misty, 'Only promise that if you ever need a true friend you will trust to me?' Berenice sighed. This ardent, unselfish affection rendered her conscious of a void in her own nature, yet she was not very deeply touched by this exhibition of disinterested devotion. The simple nature possessed by one idea made no effort to comprehend the more passionate and complex one, and there was no place in the life of triumph which she had planned for herself, for Robert Howe's love, or friendship. When Robert suddenly clasped one of the slim, white hands, and covered it with warm, passionate kisses, she tore herself from him as though she had been insulted. She turned an ashy whiteness, and then flushed all over her face, her lips quivered, her eyes flashed through hot scorching tears.

'How dare you? oh, how dare you?' she panted; but when the young man, humbled and penitent, faltered his broken excuses, she turned from him with the dignity of a young queen whose majesty had been outraged. After he had gone, however, Berenice, throwing herself upon her bed, wept long and bitterly. She could scarcely remember when she had ever been moved to tears before. She was only a girl after all, and even a chance, roving fancy may acquire a subtle power over a young heart. New chords had been sounded in her nature, novel discords, instead of harmonies, had been evoked, but with a blush of shame for her own weakness, she assured her-

self that fatigue and excitement were the sole causes of her emotion.

Later, when Robert confided his grief to Mrs. Ormerod, depending upon her sympathy; to his amazement his communication was received with a storm of indignation. That he should raise his eyes to her girl Berenice, who, when once her success as a singer was assured, might aspire to marry a duke! Had not Mrs. Ormerod learned by heart a long list of singers and actresses, who had married noblemen? The resentful little woman scolded the young man roundly for his presumption, then sat down and cried with vexation, and the friends parted in sorrow and anger.

The letters of introduction with which the Maestro had provided Miss Ormerod, secured her friends in England. A little circle of admirers collected around the possessor of this wonderful voice, the organ that was to thrill and enchant the world. The most captious could find no cause for objection in style or method, compass or quality,—critical, delicate, discriminating praise was freely bestowed upon it. Among others, the Ormerods had brought letters to a certain lady of rank, who prided herself upon being the patron of musicians. Lady Mary Murray was a kindly volatile, enthusiastic woman, whose protégé of the moment was always perfect until his or her merits were eclipsed by the rising of a new star upon the horizon of Lady Mary's favour. She now assured herself that she had found a *rara avis*, whose magnificent talent was quite beyond dispute, for Lady Mary had already encountered many disappointments, having found several of the swans for whom she had vouched most enthusiastically, turn out only very commonplace geese. She petted Berenice in a gushing affectionate way, which delighted Mrs. Ormerod beyond measure, and appeared to imagine that the fact of her patronage, constituted Berenice her own personal possession, to be dis-

posed of according to her own fancy, and with the most kindly intentions, managed to render herself most disagreeably officious. She chose Miss Ormerod's dresses, introduced her to her own friends, and insisted upon meddling with the minutest details of that young lady's daily life. Someway Berenice's mock title of Mademoiselle de Carabas reached Lady Mary's ears, and she was immensely impressed by the story.

'It was quite too appropriate, too, for no one could deny that her sweet Berenice had quite *l'air d'une grande dame!*' she gushed, adding to her nephew in a tone that was scarcely perceptibly lowered, 'That that was generally the difficulty with those people, it was so difficult to give them an *air distingué.*' Lady Mary herself was a little, fat, red-faced woman, who wore a gray Ulster and a Derby hat, and appeared infinitely more common than her own lady's maid, and when a moment later, she added that genius levelled all distinctions, Mrs. Ormerod was quite ready to believe her. Lady Mary insisted that Miss Ormerod should appear in public as Mademoiselle de Carabas, the title was so deliciously suggestive, so far removed from anything commonplace; but upon this point the girl stood firm, if she was to win fame it should be in her own name and no other.

It had been settled by Lady Mary that Berenice should make her début at a musical party given by a celebrated artist, at whose house the *élite* of musical and artistic London was wont to assemble. Mrs. Ormerod, restlessly nervous and excitable, worried over her own costume and that of her daughter, was troubled by perplexing questions of titles and precedence, was by turns carried away by exultation, or overwhelmed by bashfulness, but Berenice was perfectly calm. From the first her success was assured. It was years since an organ so perfect had been heard, and this girl, who was so destitute of human sympathy, posses-

sed a voice of rare pathetic power. Men and women, cold and polished as marble, softened at the sound of those marvellous strains, it was in the quivering lip, the tearful eye, that Berenice Ormerod, read the assurance of her triumph, a satisfied sense of power swelled her heart, and her only thought was of the dazzling prosperity which, at last, lay within her grasp. She received the homage offered to her, gravely and sedately, like a young queen. If her brain reeled with the glory of success, if the subtle aroma of flattery was sweet as the breath of life, if the wine of existence tingled warmly through her veins, she at least gave no sign of the intoxication. Her mother was frantic with excitement; at one moment she pushed herself boldly into the most prominent position, only to retire shortly in a panic at the sound of her own shrill voice, and to hide herself in the dimmest corner of the room, in a state of abject humility. Lady Mary's nephew was much impressed, not only by Miss Ormerod's voice, but also by her statuesque beauty, and entire self-possession. Mr. Varleigh was rich and idle, he was known as the author of some rather feeble *vers de societé*; like his aunt, he delighted in patronizing talent, and boasted of the acquaintance of every dramatic and artistic celebrity in London. He was very susceptible, very enthusiastic, and not at all accustomed to conceal his sentiments. If Mrs. Ormerod immediately began to erect castles in the air upon the foundation of his ardent manner, it must, at least, be admitted that he had given her some cause. It was a foggy night, with a raw, chilly mist falling as the two ladies drove home through the darkness to their lodgings. Berenice very silent, though her cheeks were flushed like crimson roses, and her eyes shone brilliantly while Mrs. Ormerod after settling the dress in which her daughter should marry Mr. Varleigh, suddenly remembered that Berenice must look higher than any mere

commoner, however wealthy and distinguished, and fell at once into her usual condition of vacillating doubt.

After this Berenice Ormerod lived through her brief period of brilliant triumph. She sang at several select concerts where critical and appreciative audiences hung enthralled upon her notes. The admiration which rewarded her efforts was so hearty and spontaneous, that the sound of criticism scarcely made itself heard. She was the fashion of the hour, and had every prospect of reaping a golden harvest. The newspapers chronicled her movements, great personages noticed her with approbation, invitations poured in upon her; Ralph Varleigh and others of his class, still higher in position, haunted her footsteps. Mrs. Ormerod was tormented by the wildest jealousy of any one who had pretensions to divide public favour with her daughter, but for the time Berenice was blissfully content.

About this time, Robert Howe, impelled by a fascination which he was powerless to resist, followed the Ormerods to England. He had been somewhat doubtful of his reception, but in her delight Mrs. Ormerod appeared to have forgotten their last meeting, and was pleased to find a patient listener to the recital of her daughter's triumphs, while Berenice, softened strangely by prosperity, seemed more simple, girlish, and friendly than she had ever been. The dreams had become realities, and now she lived in the present. With unintentional selfishness, Mrs. Ormerod made use of Robert as she had been accustomed to do in the old days, depended upon his counsel, entrusted him with endless commissions, and even went so far as to confide to him her aspirations regarding her daughter's destiny. The young man was constantly rent by love, jealousy and hopeless yearning. He had no power to tear himself away, though sometimes he rebelled against his fate, deploring the consequences of the affection which had stolen the heart out of his breast,

and robbed his manhood of its strength. No one was so thrilled by Berenice's voice, as the man who loved her, and who endowed it with the pathos of his own suffering.

It happened just then to be wretched weather in London. For weeks the fog hung low over the city, while an east wind, which penetrated the very marrow of one's bones, blew unceasingly. A severe cold, accompanied by slight attacks of intermittent fever, settled upon Berenice. Persevering in all her ordinary habits, with a sort of restless energy, she strove gallantly to cast it off and apparently succeeded, though her face grew thin and her eyes glittered with unnatural brilliancy.

Berenice's training had been especially designed to prepare her for opera, though as yet she had only appeared at concerts. When, however, Mr. Obenstein, the manager of the Royal Opera, expressed a desire to hear this star, who had created a sensation in æsthetic circles, the request was felt to be a decided tribute to Miss Ormerod's power. Mr. Varleigh, priding himself upon his influence with the great man who in his own domain was omnipotent, proposed to bring him to Mrs. Ormerod's lodgings. Robert Howe, having been informed of this momentous interview, brought his friend a quantity of fresh flowers, which he arranged with a grace so artistic, that the shabby lodging-house parlour glowed like a bower of beauty, though both mother and daughter were too much self-engrossed to express any gratitude or even to notice the attention. For the moment, the two women appeared to have changed characters. To Mrs. Ormerod, who had now become habituated to success, this visit merely meant an introduction to fresh fields of conquest; but Berenice, with a deep crimson flush on her thin face, seemed strangely nervous and uncertain. Lady Mary's most gushing rhapsodies awoke no response, and Robert's pleading glances passed unheeded.

The expected guests came in together, Ralph Varleigh entering with an air of tender appropriation, which drove Robert frantic with jealousy. Mr. Obenstein was a keen-eyed little man, with a languid manner, who took in the whole situation at a glance. Not a line of the girl's form, not a movement of her hands, not a fold of her dress, was lost upon him. Beneath the gaze of that cold, calculating eye, for the first time in her life, Berenice's spirits quailed. Every moment of Mr. Obenstein's time being of value, he at once selected the song he wished to hear. Robert Howe sat down to play the accompaniment, the manager standing near, a model of courteous attention. Robert remarked with wonder, that Berenice's hand trembled, it was the first time he had ever detected any trace of nervousness in her. On commencing, she seemed troubled by a nervous contraction of the muscles of the throat; she hesitated, and began again, though only a hoarse, strained sound obeyed her will. Damp drops of moisture gathered on her brow, the music dropped from her nerveless hand, she stood like one paralyzed by sudden dread. Moved by a common impulse, all arose, and with anxious faces surrounded her. Mr. Varleigh uttered some common-place remark in a tone of forced ease, but Robert Howe resented the quietly critical glances of the manager as a personal affront, the dumb anguish of the girl's eyes moved him strangely, he felt a mad longing to shelter her from the curious gaze of the whole world.

'Berenice?' cried the mother, in shrill accents of terror. Berenice stretched out her arms blindly.

'My voice has failed!' she panted, hoarsely. Emotion is infinitely swifter than thought, and there are moments of supreme pain when the most prosaic soul may gain a glimpse of keen, prophetic insight. As she cowered, wild with fear, a vision of the future years, bare and barren, haunted by mocking hopes and memories, passed before

Berenice Ormerod's eyes. She saw herself returning to Canada, a failure, amidst a chorus of pitying lamentations from her relatives, she saw herself a hopeless drudge, toiling for a bare existence. It was only a momentary vision, but it was also a deadly blow, and, with a low cry, the girl fell prostrate at the feet of her mother.

Mr. Obenstein, whose inscrutable manner had never altered, and who was equal to any emergency, bowed himself out, with a profusion of regrets and apologies, accompanied by Mr. Varleigh, who looked grave and shocked.

'That poor girl is done for,' remarked the manager, decisively, as he stopped to light his cigar on the street. 'That is so often the trouble with those very superior voices—they are not to be depended upon. Miss Ormerod's will be of no use to her professionally; it will fail gradually, but surely.' Ralph Varleigh sighed. He knew his companion far too well to doubt his judgment, and he had allowed his fancy to become entangled in a way which might eventually have endangered his peace of mind; but he was young, rich, healthy; the world smiled upon him; he had many interests; his heart was not broken. He immediately composed a copy of verses, containing plentiful allusions to cruel fates and blighted hopes; then he consoled himself by recounting a history of his disappointment to a circle of choice friends at his Club, while he made a very good dinner. The next day Berenice Ormerod's future, in which he had been vividly interested, had already become a thing of the past. After that Miss Ormerod suffered from a severe attack of bronchitis, and when she recovered, her voice had failed completely. The physicians assured her that it might return, but it could never again become the perfect organ it once had been; but in her heart Berenice realized the full extent of her loss. Mrs. Ormerod, after railing fiercely at Fate, settled down into a condition of

passive endurance; but the girl made no moan, shed no tear, and was very stern and silent in the intensity of her despair. People were very attentive and sympathetic to the Ormerods at first, but as the weeks rolled on, bringing no change, it became whispered that Miss Ormerod's voice had failed for ever. Lady Mary found a new prodigy in a negro boy, who played the violin like an angel. Ralph Varleigh went wild over the latest sensation, in the shape of a newly-discovered Irish beauty, who had hair of the genuine golden shade and the most wonderful eyes. Other attractions usurped public interest, and the place which Berenice Ormerod had once occupied in the London world knew her no more.

'Take me away from here. Take me where there will be nothing to remind me of this place,' she implored.

'Shall we return to Kleinstein?' inquired the mother, tearfully.

'No, anywhere but there.' At Kleinstein memory would acquire power to sting like a living thing, the remembrance of her years of labour, hope and self-repression would arise to crush her like a weight. She could imagine the Maestro's look of gentle sorrow, the derision which might greet the failure of Mademoiselle de Carabas. She had once smiled at ridicule with scornful contempt; now she clenched her hands and set her teeth tight to restrain the cry of agony which arose to her lips.

So the mother, always accompanied and waited upon by Robert Howe, the most patient and indefatigable of attendants, carried the invalid away to a sheltered nook in the south of France. Little frequented by English travellers, the small, white town of Amélie-les-Bains lay in a narrow valley, surrounded by lofty, rugged mountains, at the southern foot of Canigon, the third highest of the Pyrenees. When, however, an enterprising party of English tourists penetrated to this retreat, Berenice, who could not endure contact with her kind,

restlessly insisted upon being removed. The Ormerods then found refuge at Palalda, a little Catalan village, perched on the mountain-side, about a mile and a half from Amélie. No foreigner had ever lived at Palalda before, and all the conditions of life were primitive in the extreme. The lanes were merely wide enough for mule-traffic, and some of them were simply flights of rude stairs. They lodged in a cottage clinging to the hill side, owned by a rich peasant proprietor. The view was glorious, and the whole aspect of the place charming. The sky was cloudless; the robins sang incessantly, as though there were not a care in life; the orange-trees glowed with golden fruit; the air was aromatic from acres of lavender growing uncultivated. The sense drank in the view the warmth, the perfume, the joyous sounds, and through it all Berenice Ormerod lay like a stone which Nature's sweetest harmonies had no power to reach.

Their friendly peasant neighbours never wearied of exhibiting a kindly interest in the invalid. The fat, comfortable Curé dropped in of an evening to beguile the tedium by an hour's chat, the dark-eyed children would pause in their play, to gaze after the pretty English lady, the blooming girls, in their close, becoming caps, brought her offerings of fruits and flowers, the men, with their picturesque red caps and sashes, exchanged courteous greetings with the foreigners; but the old people—so blithe and active they appeared, climbing up the steep steps to their homes on the hill side, with heavy burdens balanced upon their heads—looked wistfully, with a sigh, after the dying girl and her mother. Berenice was strangely grateful for these tokens of sympathy. It was a relief to know that these simple peasants felt no curiosity regarding the woman who had failed, they knew only pity for the girl who was looking her last on love and life. Robert was happier than he had ever been since his

acquaintance with Berenice Ormerod had commenced. She was very sweet and gentle to him; they were constantly together; she depended upon his assistance, he imagined that the invalid improved daily, declaring earnestly that it was easy to see that the clear, pure air was working wonders. If only for a few months he might be permitted to call her his own, he would consider himself amply compensated. A new feeling of hopefulness awoke in the breasts of both mother and lover, as they encouraged each other in the forlorn, desperate hope. With a feeling of relief they fell back from the heights of tragedy to the ordinary level of every-day life. Mrs. Ormerod again recounted amazing tales of the grandeur and consequence of the Ormerod family; Robert worked industriously at sketches, each one of which was to be the groundwork of that famous picture which was to take the world by storm, but they had grown strangely tolerant of each other's weakness, and sometimes paused suddenly in the midst of their occupations, with a poignant pang and a feeling of insecurity for which they dared not account.

The Canadians soon learned to take an interest in all the simple concerns of the village. The pig killing, when horrible cries resounded, and their existed a universal turmoil in the community, all the carnival mummeries, the evening dance in the little 'Place,' where the chief musician played on a pipe, and meanwhile beat time on a tiny drum suspended from his shoulder, while the young people wound through the maze of the Cotillon dance, with a mixture of vivacity and dignity entirely Spanish.

One day there was a wedding in the village. Next door to the Ormerods lived a maker of espadrillos (the sandalled and embroidered white cotton slippers, with hemp soles, worn by the peasants), and his only daughter, the pretty Louison, was to wed the son of a rich farmer in the vicinity. The

church, with Saracen horse-shoes nailed on every available space between the scroll-work of the hinges of its massive doors, stood directly opposite, and Berenice was wheeled in her chair to the window to see the sight. The bridegroom, dressed in a matador's jacket of crimson and gold, had the air of a stage prince; the bride wore a wreath of orange blossoms around the crown of her cap. Old women sat at the church-door, selling artificial flowers to the guests, and stopped the bridal procession by holding a crimson silk sash with gold fringed ends across the steps until the bridegroom placed silver upon the offering plate. As the two came out together, Pierre proud and radiant, the bride with a smile on her lips, though her blooming cheeks were wet with tears, standing upon the threshold of her happy, contentful life, raised her humid eyes to the wasted shadow of the Canadian girl, who stood waiting at the portal of Death. Berenice shivered in the warm sunshine as though with sudden cold.

'Can you understand how terrible a thing it is to realize that you have wasted your life?' she asked abruptly, with harsh strained tones in her voice. Robert's heart was suddenly stilled, its fluttering and throbbing subsided, it sank like lead. It was the first confidence she had

ever extended to him, but Robert Howe stood dumb before her, bound in silence by the weight of his own despair. For the first time, the utter hopelessness of his passion presented itself before him. He was young, his life was strong within him, he recoiled from the inevitable; but the shadow of a life-long affliction had already taught him patience, and he strove bravely to form words of cheer and encouragement.

'I should like to tell you; it may be a comfort afterwards for you to remember,' she said, speaking slowly, with an effort. 'You asked once to be my friend, and you have proved yourself the best and truest friend that ever woman had. I have taken all and given nothing.' For an instant a new rapture tingled, like strong wine, through the young man's veins; the next the pitying glance of the grave eyes recalled to his memory the heart's martyrdom which lay before him. The next morning, just in the gray dawn of the early day, Mrs. Ormerod awakened, with a start and a shiver, from a troubled, uneasy slumber. She immediately perceived that Berenice had raised herself upon her couch.

'And having failed utterly,' the girl said, in a loud and very clear voice; and with that exceeding bitter cry on her lips, she turned her face to the wall, and died.

O! IF we owe warm thanks to Heaven, 't's when
 In the slow progress of the struggling years
 Our touch is blest to feel the pulse of men
 Who walk in light and love above their peers
 White-robed, and forward point with guiding hand,
 Breathing a heaven around them where they stand!

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Book the Fifth.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. EYRECOURT'S DISCOVERY.

THE leaves had fallen in the grounds at Ten Acres Lodge; and stormy winds told drearily that winter had come.

An unchanging dulness pervaded the house. Romaine was constantly absent in London, attending to his new religious duties, under the guidance of Father Benwell. The litter of books and manuscripts in the study was seen no more. Hideously rigid order reigned in the unused room. Some of Romaine's papers had been burnt; others were imprisoned in drawers and cupboards—the history of the Origin of Religions had taken its melancholy place, among the suspended literary enterprizes of the time. Mrs. Eyrecourt (after a superficially cordial reconciliation with her son-in-law) visited her daughter every now and then, as an act of maternal sacrifice. She yawned perpetually; she read innumerable novels; she corresponded with her friends. In the long dull evenings, the once lively lady sometimes openly regretted that she had not been born a man—with the three masculine resources of smoking, drinking, and swearing placed at her disposal. It was a dreary existence, and happier influences seemed but little likely to change it. Grateful as she was to her mother, no persuasion

would induce Stella to leave Ten Acres and amuse herself in London. Mrs. Eyrecourt said, with melancholy, and metaphorical truth, 'There is no elasticity left in my child.'

On a dim gray morning, mother and daughter sat by the fireside, with another long day before them.

'Where is that contemptible husband of yours?' Mrs. Eyrecourt asked, looking up from her book.

'Lewis is staying in town,' Stella answered listlessly.

'In company with Judas Iscariot?'

Stella was too dull to immediately understand the allusion. 'Do you mean Father Benwell?' she inquired.

'Don't mention his name, my dear. I have re-christened him on purpose to avoid it. Even his name humiliates me. How completely the fawning old wretch took me in—with all my knowledge of the world, too! He was so nice and sympathetic—such a comforting contrast, on that occasion, to you and your husband—I declare I forgot every reason I had for not trusting him. Ah, we women are poor creatures—we may own it among ourselves. If a man only has nice manners and a pleasant voice, how many of us can resist him? Even Romaine imposed upon me—assisted by his property, which in some degree excuses my folly. There is nothing to be done now, Stella, but to humour him. Do as that detestable priest does; and trust to your beauty (there isn't as much of it left as I could wish) to turn the scale in your favour. Have you any

idea when the new convert will come back? I heard him ordering a fish dinner for himself, yesterday, because it was Friday. Did you join him at dessert-time, profanely supported by meat? What did he say?

'What he has said more than once already, Mamma. His peace of mind is returning, thanks to Father Benwell. He was perfectly gentle and indulgent—but he looked as if he lived in a different world from mine. He told me he proposed to pass a week in, what he called, Retreat. I didn't ask him what it meant. Whatever it is, I suppose he is there now.'

'My dear, don't you remember your sister began in the same way? *She* retreated. We shall have Romayne with a red nose and a double chin, offering to pray for us next! Do you recollect that French maid of mine, Stella—the woman I sent away, because she would spit when she was out of temper, like a cat? I begin to think I treated the poor creature harshly. When I hear of Romayne and his Retreat, I almost feel inclined to spit myself. There! let us go on with our reading. Take the first volume—I have done with it.'

'What is it, Mamma?'

'A very remarkable work, Stella, in the present state of light literature in England—a novel that actually tells a story. It's quite incredible, I know. Try the book. It has another extraordinary merit—it isn't written by a woman.'

Stella obediently received the first volume, turned over the leaves, and wearily dropped the wonderful novel on her lap. 'I can't attend to it,' she said. 'My mind is too full of my own thoughts.'

'About Romayne?' said her mother.

'No. When I think of my husband now, I almost wish I had his confidence in Priests and Retreats. The conviction grows on me, Mamma, that my worst troubles are still to come. When I was younger, I don't remember being tormented by presentiments

of any kind. Did I ever talk of presentiments to you in the bye-gone days?'

'If you had done anything of the sort, my love (excuse me, if I speak plainly), I should have said, "Stella, your liver is out of order;" and I should have opened the family medicine chest. I will only say now, send for the carriage; let us go to a morning concert, dine at a restaurant, and finish the evening at the play.'

This characteristic proposal was entirely thrown away on Stella. She was absorbed in pursuing her own train of thought.

'I almost wish I had told Lewis—' she said to herself absently.

'Told him what?' my dear.

'Of what happened to me with Winterfield.'

Mrs Eyrecourt's faded eyes opened wide in astonishment.

'Do you really mean it?' she asked.

'I do, indeed.'

'Are you actually simple enough, Stella, to think that a man of Romayne's temper would have made you his wife, if you had told him of the Brussels marriage?'

'Why not?'

'Why not! Would Romayne—would any man—believe that you really did part with Winterfield at the church door? Considering that you are a married woman, your innocence, my sweet child, is a perfect phenomenon! It's well there were wiser people than you to keep your secret.'

'Don't speak too positively, Mamma. Lewis may find it out yet.'

'Is that one of your presentiments?'

'Yes.'

'How is he to find it out, if you please?'

'I'm afraid, through Father Benwell. Yes! yes! I know you only think him a fawning old hypocrite—you don't fear him as I do. Nothing will persuade me that zeal for his religion is the motive under which that man acts, in devoting himself to Romayne. He has some abominable ob-

ject in view, and his eyes tell me that I am concerned in it.'

Mrs. Eyrecourt burst out laughing.

'What is there to laugh at?' Stella asked.

'I declare, my dear, there is something absolutely provoking in your utter want of knowledge of the world! When you are puzzled to account for anything remarkable in a clergyman's conduct (I don't care, my poor child, to what denomination he belongs), you can't be wrong in attributing his motive to—Money. If Romayne had turned Baptist or Methodist, the reverend gentleman in charge of his spiritual welfare would not have forgotten—as you have forgotten, you little goose—that his convert was a rich man. His mind would have dwelt on the chapel, or the mission, or the infant school, in want of funds; and—with no more abominable object in view than I have, at this moment, in poking the fire—he would have ended in producing his modest subscription list, and would have betrayed himself (just as our odious Benwell will betray himself) by the two amiable little words, Please contribute. Is there any other presentiment, my dear, on which you would like to have your mother's candid opinion?'

Stella resignedly took up the book again.

'I dare say you are right,' she said. 'Let us read our novel.'

Before she had reached the end of the first page, her mind was far away again from the unfortunate story. She was thinking of that 'other presentiment,' which had formed the subject of her mother's last satirical inquiry. The vague fear that had shaken her when she had accidentally touched the French boy, on her visit to Camp's Hill, still from time to time troubled her memory. Even the event of his death had failed to dissipate the delusion, which associated him with some undefined evil influence that might yet assert itself. A superstitious forewarning of this sort was a weakness

new to her in her experience of herself. She was heartily ashamed of it—and yet, it kept its hold. Once more the book dropped on her lap. She laid it aside and walked wearily to the window, to look at the weather.

Almost at the same moment, Mrs. Eyrecourt's maid disturbed her mistress over the second volume of the novel, by entering the room with a letter.

'For me?' Stella asked, looking round from the window.

'No, ma'am—for Mrs. Eyrecourt.'

The letter had been brought to the house by one of Lady Loring's servants. In delivering it, he had apparently given private instructions to the maid. She laid her finger significantly on her lips when she gave the letter to her mistress.

In these terms Lady Loring wrote: 'If Stella happens to be with you when you receive my note, don't say anything which will let her know that I am your correspondent. She has always, poor dear, had an inveterate distrust of Father Benwell; and, between ourselves, I am not sure that she is quite so foolish as I once thought. The Father has unexpectedly left us—with a well-framed excuse which satisfied Lord Loring. It fails to satisfy Me. Not from any wonderful exercise of penetration on my part, but in consequence of something I have just heard in course of conversation with a Catholic friend, Father Benwell, my dear, turns out to be a Jesuit; and, what is more, a person of such high authority in the Order, that his concealment of his rank, while he was with us must have been a matter of necessity. He must have had some very serious motive for occupying a position so entirely beneath him as his position in our house. I have not the shadow of a reason for associating this startling discovery with dear Stella's painful misgivings—and yet there is something in my mind, which makes me want to hear what Stella's mother thinks. Come and have a talk about it as soon as you possibly can.'

Mrs. Eyrecourt put the letter in her pocket, smiling quietly to herself.

Applying to Lady Loring's letter the infallible system of solution which she had revealed to her daughter, Mrs. Eyrecourt solved the mystery of the priest's conduct, without a moment's hesitation. Lord Loring's cheque, in Father Benwell's pocket, representing such a liberal subscription that my lord was reluctant to mention it to my lady --there was the reading of the riddle as plain as the sun at noonday? Would it be desirable to enlighten Lady Loring as she had already enlightened Stella? Mrs. Eyrecourt decided in the negative. As Roman Catholics, the Loring's naturally rejoiced in his conversion. But as old friends of Romayne's wife, they were bound not to express their sentiments too openly. Feeling that any discussion of the priest's motives would probably lead to the delicate subject of the conversion, Mrs. Eyrecourt prudently determined to let the matter drop. As a consequence of this decision, Stella was left without the slightest warning of the catastrophe which was now close at hand.

Mrs. Eyrecourt joined Stella at the window.

'Well, my dear, is it clearing up? Shall we take a drive, before luncheon?'

'If you like, Mamma.'

She turned to her mother as she answered. The light of the clearing sky, at once soft and penetrating, fell full on her. Mrs. Eyrecourt, looking at her as usual, suddenly became serious; she studied her daughter's face with an eager and attentive scrutiny.

'Do you see any extraordinary change in me?' Stella asked, with a faint smile.

Instead of answering, Mrs. Eyrecourt put her arm round Stella with a loving gentleness, entirely at variance with any ordinary expression of her character. The worldly mother's eyes rested with a lingering tenderness on

her daughter's face. 'Stella!' she said softly—and stopped, at a loss for words for the first time in her life.

After a while, she began again. 'Yes; I see a change in you,' she whispered—'an interesting change which tells me something. Can you guess what it is?'

Stella's colour rose brightly, and faded again. She laid her head in silence on her mother's bosom. Worldly, frivolous, self interested, Mrs. Eyrecourt's nature was the nature of a woman—and the one great trial and triumph of a woman's life, appealing to her as a trial and a triumph soon to come to her own child, touched fibres under the hardened surface of her heart, which were still unprofaned. 'My poor darling,' she said, 'have you told the good news to your husband?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'He doesn't care, now, for anything that I can tell him.'

'Nonsense, Stella! You may win him back to you by a word—and do you hesitate to say the word? I shall tell him!'

Stella suddenly drew herself away from her mother's arm. 'If you do,' she cried, 'no words can say how inconsiderate and how cruel I shall think you. Promise—on your word of honour, promise you will leave it to me?'

'Will you tell him, yourself—if I leave it to you?'

'Yes—at my own time. Promise!'

'Hush, hush; don't excite yourself, my love; I promise. Give me a kiss. I declare I am agitated myself!' she exclaimed, falling back into her customary manner. 'Such a shock to my vanity, Stella—the prospect of becoming a grandmother! I really must ring for Matilda, and take a few drops of red lavender. Be advised by me, my poor dear, and we will turn the priest out of the house yet. When Romayne comes back from his ridiculous Retreat—after his fasting and flagellation, and Heaven knows what besides—then bring him to his senses; then is the

time to tell him. Will you think of it ?

' Yes ; I will think of it.'

' And one word more, before Matilda comes in. Remember the vast importance of having a male heir to Vange Abbey. On these occasions you may practise with perfect impunity on the ignorance of the men. Tell him you're sure it's going to be a boy !'

CHAPTER II.

THE SEED IS SOWN.

SITUATED in a distant quarter of the vast western suburb of London, the house, called The Retreat, stood in the midst of a well-kept garden, protected on all sides by a high brick wall. Excepting the grand gilt cross on the roof of the chapel, nothing revealed externally the devotional purpose to which the Roman Catholic priesthood (assisted by the liberality of 'the Faithful') had dedicated the building.

But the convert privileged to pass the gates left Protestant England outside, and found himself, as it were, in a new country. Inside The Retreat, the paternal care of the Church took possession of him ; surrounded him with monastic simplicity in his neat little bedroom ; and dazzled him with devotional splendour, when his religious duties called him into the chapel. The perfect taste—so seldom found in the modern arrangement and decoration of convents and churches in southern countries—showed itself here, pressed into the service of religion, in every part of the house. The severest discipline had no sordid and hideous side to it in The Retreat. The inmates fasted on spotless table cloths, and handled knives and forks (the humble servants of half-filled stomachs) without a speck on their decent brightness. Penitents who kissed the steps of the altar (to use the expressive Oriental phrase) 'eat no dirt.' Friends, liberal

friends, permitted to visit the inmates on stated days, saw copies of famous Holy Families in the reception room which were really works of Art ; and trod on a carpet of studiously modest pretensions, exhibiting pious emblems beyond reproach in colour and design. The Retreat had its own artesian well ; not a person in the house drank impurity in his water. A faint perfume of incense was perceptible in the corridors. The soothing and mysterious silence of the place was intensified, rather than disturbed by soft foot-steps, and a gentle opening and closing of doors. Animal life was not even represented by a cat in the kitchen. And yet, pervaded by some inscrutable influence, the house was not dull. Heretics, with lively imaginations, might have not inappropriately likened it to an enchanted castle. In one word, the Catholic system here showed to perfection its masterly knowledge of the weakness of human nature, and its inexhaustible dexterity in adapting the means to the end.

On the morning when Mrs. Eyre-court and her daughter held their memorable interview by the fireside at Ten Acres, Father Benwell entered one of the private rooms at The Retreat, devoted to the use of the priesthood. The demure attendant, waiting humbly for instructions, was sent to request the presence of one of the inmates of the house, named Mortleman.

Father Benwell's customary serenity was a little ruffled on this occasion, by an appearance of anxiety. More than once, he looked impatiently towards the door ; and he never even noticed the last new devotional publications laid invitingly on the table.

Mr. Mortleman made his appearance—a young man and a promising convert. The wild brightness of his eyes, and the premature emaciation of his cheeks, revealed the incipient form of brain disease, which begins in fanaticism, and ends not infrequently in religious madness. His manner of greeting the priest was absolutely ser-

vile. He cringed before the illustrious Jesuit.

Father Benwell took no notice of these demonstrations of humility. 'Be seated, my son,' he said. 'Mr. Mortleman looked as if he would have preferred going down on his knees—but he yielded, and took the chair.

'I think you have been Mr. Romayne's companion for a few days, in the hours of recreation?' the priest began.

'Yes, Father.'

'Does he appear to be at all weary of his residence in this house?'

'Oh, far from it! He feels the benign influence of The Retreat; we have some delightful hours together.'

'Have you anything to report?'

Mr. Mortleman crossed his hands on his breast, and bowed profoundly. 'I have to report of myself, Father, that I have committed the sin of presumption. I presumed that Mr. Romayne was, like myself, not married.'

'Did I tell you that he was not married?'

'No, Father.'

'Then you have committed no sin. You have only made an excusable mistake. How were you led into error?'

'In this way, Father. Mr. Romayne had been speaking to me of a book which you had been so good as to send to him. He had been especially interested by the memoir therein contained of the illustrious Englishman, Cardinal Acton. The degrees by which his Eminence rose to the rank of a Prince of the Church seemed, as I thought, to have aroused in my friend a new sense of vocation. He asked me if I myself aspired to belong to the holy priesthood. I answered that this was indeed my aspiration, if I might hope to be found worthy. He appeared to be deeply affected. I ventured to ask if he too had the same prospect before him. He grieved me indescribably. He sighed and said, "I have no such hope; I am married." Tell me, Father, I entreat you, have I done wrong?'

Father Benwell considered for a

moment. 'Did Mr. Romayne say anything more?' he asked.

'No, Father.'

'Did you attempt to return to the subject?'

'I thought it best to be silent.'

Father Benwell held out his hand. 'My young friend, you have not only done no wrong—you have shown the most commendable discretion. I will detain you no longer from your duties. Go to Mr. Romayne, and say that I wish to speak with him.'

Mr. Mortleman dropped on one knee, and begged for a blessing. Father Benwell lifted the traditional two fingers, and gave the blessing. The conditions of human happiness are easily fulfilled, if we rightly understand them. Mr. Mortleman retired perfectly happy.

Left by himself again, Father Benwell paced the room rapidly from end to end. The disturbing influence visible in his face had now changed from anxiety to excitement. 'I'll try it to-day!' he said to himself—and stopped and looked round him doubtfully. 'No, not here,' he decided; 'it may get talked about too soon. It will be safer in every way at my lodgings.' He recovered his composure, and returned to his chair.

Romayne opened the door.

The double influence of the conversion, and of the life in The Retreat, had already changed him. His customary keenness and excitability of look had subsided, and had left nothing in their place but an expression of suave and meditative repose. All his troubles were now in the hands of his priest. There was a passive regularity in his bodily movements, and a beatific serenity in his smile.

'My dear friend,' said Father Benwell, cordially shaking hands, 'you were good enough to be guided by my advice, in entering this house. Be guided by me again, when I say that you have been here long enough. You can return, after an interval, if you wish it. But I have something to say

to you first—and I beg to offer the hospitality of my lodgings.’

The time had been when Romaine would have asked for some explanation of this abrupt notice of removal. Now, he passively accepted the advice of his spiritual director. Father Benwell made the necessary communication to the authorities; and Romaine took leave of his friends in The Retreat. The great Jesuit and the great landholder left the place, with becoming humility in a cab.

‘I hope I have not disappointed you?’ said Father Benwell.

‘I am only anxious,’ Romaine answered, ‘to hear what you have to say.’

CHAPTER III.

THE HARVEST IS REAPED.

ON their way through the streets, Father Benwell talked as persistently of the news of the day as if he had nothing else in his thoughts. To keep his companion’s mind in a state of suspense was, in certain emergencies, to exert a useful preparatory influence over a man of Romaine’s character. Even when they reached his lodgings, the priest still hesitated to approach the object that he had in view. He made considerate inquiries, in the character of a hospitable man.

‘They breakfast early at The Retreat,’ he said. ‘What may I offer you?’

‘I want nothing, thank you,’ Romaine answered, with an effort to control his habitual impatience of needless delay.

‘Pardon me—we have a long interview before us, I fear. Our bodily necessities, Romaine (excuse me if I take the friendly liberty of suppressing the formal “Mr.”)—our bodily necessities are not to be trifled with. A bottle of my famous claret and a few biscuits will not hurt either of us.’ He rang the bell, and gave the necessary directions. ‘Another damp day!’

he went on cheerfully. ‘I hope you don’t pay the rheumatic penalties of a winter residence in England? Ah, this glorious country would be too perfect, if it possessed the delicious climate of Rome!’

The wine and biscuits were brought in. Father Benwell filled the glasses, and bowed cordially to his guest.

‘Nothing of this sort at The Retreat!’ he said gaily. ‘Excellent water, I am told—which is a luxury in its way, especially in London. Well, my dear Romaine, I must begin by making my apologies. You, no doubt thought me a little abrupt in running away with you from your retirement at a moment’s notice?’

‘I believed that you had good reasons, Father—and that was enough for me.’

‘Thank you—you do me justice—it was in your best interests that I acted. There are men of phlegmatic temperament, over whom the wise monotony of discipline at The Retreat exercises a wholesome influence—I mean an influence which may be prolonged with advantage. You are not one of those persons. Protracted seclusion and monotony of life are morally and mentally unprofitable to a man of your ardent disposition. I abstained from mentioning these reasons, at the time, out of a feeling of regard for our excellent resident director, who believes unreservedly in the institution over which he presides. Very good! The Retreat has done all that it could usefully do in your case. We must think next of how to employ that mental activity which, rightly developed, is one of the most valuable qualities that you possess. Let me ask, first, if you have in some degree recovered your tranquillity?’

‘I feel like a different man, Father Benwell.’

‘That’s right! And your nervous sufferings—I don’t ask what they are; I only want to know if you experience a sense of relief?’

‘A most welcome sense of relief,’

Romayne answered, with a revival of the enthusiasm of other days. 'The complete change in all my thoughts and convictions, which I owe to you——'

'And to dear Penrose,' Father Benwell interposed, with the prompt sense of justice which no man could more becomingly assume. 'We must not forget Arthur.'

'Forget him?' Romayne repeated. 'Not a day passes without my thinking of him. It is one of the happy results of the change in me that my mind does not dwell bitterly on the loss of him, now. I think of Penrose with admiration, as of one whose glorious life, with all its dangers, I should like to share!'

He spoke with a rising colour and brightening eyes. Already, the absorbent capacity of the Roman Church had drawn to itself that sympathetic side of his character, which was also one of its strongest sides. Already, his love for Penrose—hitherto inspired by the virtues of the man—had narrowed its range to sympathy with the trials and privileges of the priest. Truly and deeply indeed had the physician consulted, in bygone days, reasoned on Romayne's case! That 'occurrence of some new and absorbing influence in his life,' of which the doctor had spoken—that 'working of some complete change in his habits of thought'—had found its way to him at last, after the wife's simple devotion had failed, through the subtler ministrations of the priest.

Some men having Father Benwell's object in view would have taken instant advantage of the opening offered to them by Romayne's unguarded enthusiasm. The illustrious Jesuit held fast by the wise maxim which forbade him to do anything in a hurry.

'No,' he said, 'your life must not be the life of our dear friend. The service on which the Church employs Penrose is not the fit service for you. You have other claims on us.'

Romayne looked at his spiritual ad-

viser with a momentary change of expression—a relapse into the ironical bitterness of the past time.

'Have you forgotten that I am, and can be, only a layman?' he asked. 'What claims can I have, except the common claim of all faithful members of the Church on the good offices of the priesthood?' He paused for a moment, and continued with the abruptness of a man struck by a new idea. 'Yes! I have perhaps one small claim of my own—the claim of being allowed to do my duty.'

'In what respect, dear Romayne?'

'Surely you can guess? I am a rich man; I have money lying idle, which it is my duty (and my privilege) to devote to the charities and necessities of the Church. And, while I am speaking of this, I must own that I am a little surprised at your having said nothing to me on the subject. You have never yet pointed out to me the manner in which I might devote my money to the best and noblest uses. Was it forgetfulness on your part?'

Father Benwell shook his head. 'No,' he replied; 'I can't honestly say that.'

'Then you had a reason for your silence?'

'Yes.'

'May I know it?'

Father Benwell got up and walked to the fireplace. Now there are various methods of getting up and walking to a fireplace, and they find their way to outward expression through the customary means of look and manner. We may feel cold, and may only want to warm ourselves. Or we may feel modestly confused, and may be anxious to hide it. Father Benwell, from head to foot, expressed modest confusion, and polite anxiety to hide it.

'My good friend,' he said, 'I am afraid of hurting your feelings.'

Romayne was a sincere convert, but there were instincts still left in him which resented this expression of regard, even when it proceeded from a man whom he respected and admired,

'You will hurt my feelings,' he answered a little sharply, 'if you are not plain with me.'

'Then I *will* be plain with you,' Father Benwell rejoined. 'The Church speaking through me, as her unworthy interpreter—feels a certain delicacy in approaching You on the subject of money.'

'Why?'

Father Benwell left the fireplace, without immediately answering. He opened a drawer, and took out of it a flat mahogany box. His gracious familiarity became transformed, by some mysterious process of congelation, into a dignified formality of manner. The priest took the place of the man.

'The Church, Mr. Romayne, hesitates to receive, as benevolent contributions, money derived from property of its own arbitrarily taken from it, and placed in a layman's hands. No!' he cried, interrupting Romayne, who instantly understood the allusion to Vange Abbey—'No! I must beg you to hear me out. I state the case plainly, at your own request. At the same time, I am bound to admit that the lapse of centuries has, in the eye of the law, sanctioned the deliberate act of robbery perpetrated by Henry the Eighth. You have lawfully inherited Vange Abbey from your ancestors. The Church is not unreasonable enough to assert a merely moral right against the law of the country. It may feel the act of spoliation—but it submits.' He unlocked the flat mahogany box, and gently dropped his dignity: the man took the place of the priest. 'As the master of Vange,' he said, 'you may be interested in looking at a little historical curiosity which we have preserved. The title deeds, dear Romayne, by which the monks held your present property, in *their* time. Take another glass of wine.'

Romayne looked at the title-deeds, and laid them aside unread.

Father Benwell had roused his pride, his sense of justice, his wild and lavish instincts of generosity. He, who had

always despised money—except when it assumed its only estimable character, as a means for the attainment of merciful and noble ends—he was in possession of property to which he had no moral right; without even the poor excuse of associations which attached him to the place.

'I hope I have not offended you?' said Father Benwell.

'You have made me ashamed of myself,' Romayne answered, warmly. 'On the day when I became a Catholic, I ought to have remembered Vange. Better late than never. I refuse to take shelter under the law—I respect the moral right of the Church. I will at once restore the property which I have usurped.'

Father Benwell took both Romayne's hands in his, and pressed them fervently.

'I am proud of you?' he said. 'We shall all be proud of you, when I write word to Rome of what has passed between us. But—no, Romayne!—this must not be. I admire you, I feel with you; and I refuse. On behalf of the Church I say it—I refuse the gift.'

'Wait a little, Father Benwell! You don't know the state of my affairs. I don't deserve the admiration which you feel for me. The loss of the Vange property will be no pecuniary loss in my case. I have inherited a fortune from my aunt. My income from that source is far larger than my income from the Yorkshire property.'

'Romayne! it must not be.'

'Pardon me, it must be. I have more money than I can spend—without Vange. And I have painful associations with the house, which disincite me ever to enter it again.'

Even this confession failed to move Father Benwell. He obstinately crossed his arms, obstinately tapped his foot on the floor. 'No!' he said. 'Plead as generously as you may, my answer is, No.'

Romayne only became more resolute on his side. 'The property is absolutely my own,' he persisted. 'I am

without a near relative in the world. I have no children. My wife, if I die before her, will be amply provided for. It is downright obstinacy—forgive me for saying so—to persist in your refusal.’

‘It is downright duty, Romayne. If I gave way to you, I should be the means of exposing the priesthood to the vilest misinterpretation. I should be deservedly reprimanded, and your proposed deed of gift would, without a moment’s hesitation, be torn up. If you have any regard for me, drop the subject.’

Romayne refused to yield, even to this unanswerable appeal.

‘Very well,’ he said, ‘there is one document you can’t tear up. You can’t interfere with my making another will. I shall leave the Vange property to the Church, and I shall appoint you one of the trustees. You can’t object to that.’

Even rigorous Father Benwell was now at a loss for any further expression of honourable protest. He could only plead sadly and submissively for an immediate change of subject. ‘No more, dear Romayne—you distress me! What were we talking of, before this unfortunate topic turned up?’

He filled the glasses; he offered more biscuits—he was really, and even perceptibly agitated.

Noticing this unusual expression of feeling, Romayne began to regret that he had not more gently expressed his intentions to his sensitive and excellent friend. If he could have looked into the priest’s mind, he might have become reconciled to his own abruptness.

In offering the hospitality of his lodgings, the Vange property had been the object which Father Benwell kept in view. He had gained the victory for the Church, without (to do him justice) thinking of himself; like Romayne, he cared nothing for money, for its own sake. The necessity that now remained was to make the victory secure. He had resisted the

temptation to accept the deed of gift in Romayne’s lifetime. The restoration in that form—while there remained a possibility of an heir being born to the estate—would, under those circumstances, have led to a public scandal. On the other hand, a testamentary legacy (especially in the absence of an heir) would be an unassailable proof of the testator’s attachment to the Church of which he had become a member. Still, even with those prospective advantages, adverse chances might lead, as things were, to a revocation of the will—unless some serious obstacle could be placed in the way of any future change of purpose on the part of Romayne.

Father Benwell had long since made up his mind as to the choice of an obstacle. The agitation which he betrayed had its origin in his own keen sense of the perils that threatened him, in safely setting the example up. Under astute encouragement, Romayne had become a Catholic, and had pledged himself to restore the Vange property. Under astute encouragement, there remained one more act of submission—serious, and even formidable, in the consequences that it involved—into which it was now necessary to lead the new convert. Even the Jesuit’s steady nerves were shaken by the prospect before him.

Romayne sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. Father Benwell, walking up and down the room, was the first to break the silence.

‘What *was* it I had to say to you?’ he resumed. ‘Surely, I was speaking on the subject of your future life, and the right employment of your energies?’

‘You are very kind, Father Benwell. The subject has little interest for me. My future life is shaped out—domestic retirement, ennobled by religious duties.’

Still pacing the room, Father Benwell stopped at that reply, and put his hand kindly on Romayne’s shoulder.

‘We don’t allow a good Catholic to

drift into domestic retirement, who is worthy of better things,' he said. 'The Church, Romayne, wishes to make use of you. I never flattered anyone in my life; but I may say before your face, what I have said behind your back. A man of your strict sense of honour—of your intellect—of your high aspirations—of your personal charm and influence—is not a man whom we can allow to run to waste. Open your mind, my friend, fairly to me, and I will open my mind fairly to you. Let me set the example. I say it with authority, an enviable future is before you.'

Romayne's pale cheeks flushed with excitement. 'What future?' he asked eagerly. 'Am I free to choose? Must I remind you that a man with a wife cannot think wholly of himself?'

'Suppose you were *not* a man with a wife.'

'What do you mean?'

'Romayne! I am trying to break my way through that inveterate reserve, which is one of the failings in your character. Unless you can prevail on yourself to tell me those secret thoughts, those unexpressed regrets, which you can confide to no other man, this conversation must come to an end. You have found a refuge in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Is there no yearning, in your inmost soul, for anything beyond the position which you now occupy?'

There was a pause. The flush on Romayne's face faded away. He was silent.

'You are not in the confessional,' Father Benwell reminded him, with melancholy submission to circumstances. 'You are under no obligation to answer me.'

Romayne roused himself. He spoke in low, reluctant tones. 'I am afraid to answer you,' he said.

That apparently discouraging reply armed Father Benwell with the absolute confidence of success, which he had thus far failed to feel. He wound his way deeper and deeper into Ro-

mayne's mind, with the delicate ingenuity of penetration of which the practice of years had made him master.

'Perhaps I have failed to make myself clearly understood,' he said. 'I will try to put it more plainly. You are no half-hearted man, Romayne. What you believe, you believe fervently. Impressions are not dimly and slowly produced on *your* mind. As the necessary result, your conversion being once accomplished your whole soul is given to the Faith that is in you. Do I read your character rightly?'

'So far as I know it—yes.'

Father Benwell went on.

'Bear in mind what I have just said,' he resumed; 'and you will understand why I feel it my duty to press the question which you have not answered yet. You have found in the Catholic Faith the peace of mind which you have failed to obtain by other means. If I had been dealing with an ordinary man, I should have expected from the change no happier result than this. But I ask you, has that blessed influence taken no deeper and nobler hold on your heart? Can you truly say to me, "I am content with what I have gained; I wish for no more?"'

'I cannot truly say it,' Romayne answered.

The time had now come for speaking plainly. Father Benwell no longer advanced to his end under cover of a cloud of words.

'A little while since,' he said, 'you spoke of Penrose, as of a man whose lot in life you longed to share. The career which has associated him with an Indian mission is, as I told you, only adapted to a man of his special character and special gifts. But the career which has carried him into the sacred ranks of the priesthood, is open to every man who feels the sense of divine vocation, which has made Penrose one of Us.'

'No, Father Benwell! Not open to every man.'

'I say, Yes!'

‘It is not open to Me!’

‘I say it is open to You! And more—I enjoin, I command, you to dismiss from your mind all merely human obstacles or discouragements. They are beneath the notice of a man who feels himself called to the priesthood. Give me your hand, Romaine! Does your conscience tell you that you are that man?’

Romaine started to his feet, shaken to the soul by the solemnity of the appeal.

‘I can’t dismiss the obstacles that surround me,’ he cried passionately. ‘To a man in my position, your advice is absolutely useless. The ties that bind me are beyond the limit of a priest’s sympathies.’

‘Nothing is beyond the limit of a priest’s sympathies.’

‘Father Benwell, I am married!’

Father Benwell folded his arms over his breast—looked with immovable resolution straight in Romaine’s face—and struck the blow which he had been meditating for months past.

‘Rouse your courage,’ he said sternly.

‘You are no more married than I am.’

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was not a sound in the room. Romaine stood looking at the priest.

‘Did you hear what I said?’ Father Benwell asked.

‘Yes.’

‘Do you understand that I really mean what I said?’

He made no reply—he waited, like a man expecting to hear more.

Father Benwell was alive to the vast importance, at such a moment, of not shrinking from the responsibility which he had assumed. ‘I see how I distress you,’ he said; ‘but for your sake, I am bound to speak out. Romaine! the woman whom you have married is the wife of another man. Don’t ask me how I know it—I do know it. You

shall have positive proof, as soon as you have recovered. Come! rest a little in the easy chair.’

He took Romaine’s arm, and led him to the chair, and made him drink some wine. They waited awhile. Romaine lifted his head, with a heavy sigh.

‘The woman whom I have married is the wife of another man.’ He slowly repeated the words to himself—and then looked at Father Benwell.

‘Who is the man?’ he asked.

‘I introduced you to him, when I was as ignorant of the circumstances as you are,’ the priest answered. ‘The man is Mr. Bernard Winterfield.’

Romaine half raised himself from the chair. A momentary anger glittered in his eyes—and faded out again, extinguished by the nobler emotions of grief and shame. He remembered Winterfield’s introduction to Stella.

‘Her husband!’ he said, speaking again to himself. ‘And she let me introduce him to her. And she received him like a stranger.’ He paused, and thought of it. ‘The proofs, if you please, sir,’ he resumed, with sudden humility. ‘I don’t want to hear any particulars. It will be enough for me if I know beyond all doubt, that I have been deceived and disgraced.’

Father Benwell unlocked his desk and placed two papers before Romaine. He did his duty with a grave indifference to all minor considerations. The time had not yet come for expressions of sympathy and regret.

‘The first paper,’ he said, ‘is a certified copy of the register of the marriage of Miss Eyrecourt to Mr. Winterfield, celebrated (as you will see) by the English chaplain at Brussels, and witnessed by three persons. Look at the names.’

The bride’s mother was the first witness. The two names that followed were the names of Lord and Lady Loring. ‘*They*, too, in the conspiracy to deceive me!’ Romaine said as he laid the paper back on the table.

‘I obtained that piece of written

evidence,' Father Benwell proceeded, 'by the help of a reverend colleague of mine, residing at Brussels. I will give you his name and address, if you wish to make further inquiries.'

'Quite needless. What is this other paper?'

'This other paper is an extract from the shorthand writer's notes (suppressed in the reports of the public journals) or proceedings in an English-court of law, obtained at my request by my lawyer in London.'

'What have I to do with it?'

He put the question in a tone of passive endurance—resigned to the severest moral martyrdom that could be inflicted on him.

'I will answer you in two words,' said Father Benwell. 'In justice to Miss Eyrecourt, I am bound to produce her excuse for marrying you.'

Romayne looked at him in stern amazement.

'Excuse!' he repeated.

'Yes—excuse. The proceedings to which I have alluded declare Miss Eyrecourt's marriage to Mr. Winterfield to be null and void—by the English law—in consequence of his having been married at the time to another woman. Try to follow me. I will put it as briefly as possible. In justice to yourself, and to your future career, you must understand this revolting case thoroughly, from beginning to end.'

With those prefatory words, he told the story of Winterfield's first marriage; altering nothing; concealing nothing; doing the fullest justice to Winterfield's innocence of all evil motive from first to last. When the plain truth served his purpose, as it most assuredly did in this case, the man has never yet been found who could match Father Benwell at stripping himself of every vestige of reserve, and exhibiting his naked heart to the moral admiration of mankind.

'You were mortified, and I was surprised,' he went on, 'when Mr. Winterfield dropped his acquaintance with

you. We now know that he acted like an honourable man.'

He waited, to see what effect he had produced, Romayne was in no state of mind to do justice to Winterfield or to any one. His pride was mortally wounded; his high sense of honour and delicacy writhed under the outrage inflicted on it.

'And mind this,' Father Benwell persisted, 'poor human nature has its right to all that can be justly conceded in the way of excuse and allowance. Miss Eyrecourt would naturally be advised by her friends, would naturally be eager on her own part, to keep hidden from you what happened at Brussels. A sensitive woman, placed in a position so horribly false and degrading, must not be too severely judged, even when she does wrong. I am bound to say this—and more. Speaking from my own knowledge of all the parties, I have no doubt that Miss Eyrecourt and Mr. Winterfield did really part at the church door.'

Romayne answered by a look—so disdainfully expressive of the most immovable unbelief, that it absolutely justified the fatal advice, by which Stella's worldly-wise friends had encouraged her to conceal the truth. Father Benwell prudently closed his lips. He had put the case with perfect fairness—his bitterest enemy could not have denied that.

Romayne took up the second paper, looked at it, and threw it back again on the table with an expression of disgust.

'You told me just now, he said, 'that I was married to the wife of another man. And there is the judge's decision, releasing Miss Eyrecourt from her marriage to Mr. Winterfield. May I ask you to explain yourself?'

'Certainly. Let me first remind you that you owe religious allegiance to the principles which the Church has asserted, for centuries past, with all the authority of its divine institution. You admit that?'

'I admit it.'

'Now, listen! In *our* Church, Romaine, marriage is even more than a religious institution—it is a sacrament. We acknowledge no human laws which profane that sacrament. Take two examples of what I say. When the great Napoleon was at the height of his power, Pius the Seventh refused to acknowledge the validity of the Emperor's second marriage to Maria Louisa—while Josephine was living, divorced by the French Senate. Again, in the face of the Royal Marriage Act, the Church sanctioned the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert to George the Fourth; and still declares, in justice to her memory, that she was the King's lawful wife. In one word marriage, to *be* marriage at all, must be the object of a purely religious celebration—and, this condition complied with, marriage is only to be dissolved by death. You remember what I told you of Mr. Winterfield?'

'Yes. His first marriage took place before the registrar.'

'In plain English, Romaine, Mr. Winterfield and the woman-rider in the circus pronounced a formula of words before a layman in an office. That is not only no marriage; it is a blasphemous profanation of a holy rite. Acts of Parliaments which sanction such proceedings are acts of infidelity. The Church declares it, in defence of religion.'

'I understand you,' said Romaine. 'Mr. Winterfield's marriage at Brussels—'

'Which the English law,' Father Benwell interposed, 'declares to be annulled by the marriage before the registrar stands good, nevertheless, by the higher law of the Church. Mr. Winterfield is Miss Eyrecourt's husband, as long as they both live. An ordained priest performed the ceremony in a consecrated building—and Protestant marriages, so celebrated, are marriages acknowledged by the Catholic Church. Under those circumstances, the ceremony which afterwards united you to Miss Eyrecourt—'

though neither you nor the clergyman were to blame—was a mere mockery. Need I say more? Shall I leave you for awhile by yourself?'

'No! I don't know what I may think, I don't know what I may do, if you leave me by myself.'

Father Benwell took a chair by Romaine's side. 'It has been my hard duty to grieve and humiliate you,' he said. 'Do you bear me no ill will?' He held out his hand.

Romaine took it—as an act of justice, if not as an act of gratitude.

'Can I be of any use in advising you?' Father Benwell asked.

'Who can advise a man in my position?' Romaine bitterly rejoined.

'I can at least suggest that you should take time to think over your position.'

'Time? take time? You talk as if my situation were endurable.'

'Everything is endurable, Romaine!'

'It may be so to you, Father Benwell. Did you part with your humanity, when you put on the black robe of the priest?'

'I parted, my son, with those weaknesses of *our* humanity, on which women practise. You talk of your position. I will put it before you at its worst.'

'For what purpose?'

'To show you exactly what your position is. Judged by the law of England, Mrs. Romaine is your wife. Judged by the principles held sacred among the religious community to which you belong, she is not Mrs. Romaine—she is Mrs. Winterfield, living with you in adultery. If you regret your conversion—'

'I don't regret it, Father Benwell.'

'If you renounce the holy aspirations which you have yourself acknowledged to me, return to your domestic life. But don't ask us, while you are living with that lady, to acknowledge you as a member of our communion.'

Romaine was silent. The more violent emotions aroused in him had,

with time, subsided into calm. Tenderness, mercy, past affection found their opportunity, and pleaded with him. The priest's bold language had missed the object at which it aimed. It had revived in Romayne's memory the image of Stella, in the days when he had first seen her. How gently her influence had wrought on him for good; how tenderly, how truly she had loved him. 'Give me some more wine!' he cried. 'I feel faint and giddy. Don't despise me, Father Benwell—I was once so fond of her!'

The priest poured out the wine. 'I feel for you,' he said, 'indeed, indeed, I feel for you.'

It was not all a lie—there were grains of truth in that outburst of sympathy. Father Benwell was not wholly merciless. His far-seeing intellect, his daring duplicity, carried him straight on to his end in view. But, that end once gained—and let it be remembered, not gained wholly for himself—there were compassionate influences left in him which sometimes forced their way to the surface. A man of high intelligence—however he may misuse it, however unworthy he may be of it—has a gift from heaven. When you want to see unredeemed wickedness, look for it in a fool.

'Let me mention one circumstance,' Father Benwell proceeded, 'which may help to relieve you for the moment. In your present state of mind, you cannot return to the Retreat.'

'Impossible?'

'I have had a room prepared for you in this house. Here, free from any disturbing influence, you can shape the future course of your life. If you wish to communicate with your residence at Highgate—'

'Don't speak of it!'

Father Benwell sighed. 'Ah, I understand!' he said, sadly. 'The house associated with Mr. Winterfield's visit—'

Romayne again interrupted him—this time by gesture only. The hand that had made the sign clenched itself,

when it rested afterwards on the table. His eyes looked downward, under frowning brows. At the name of Winterfield, remembrances that poisoned every better influence in him rose venomously in his mind. Once more he loathed the deceit that had been practised on him. Once more the detestable doubt of that asserted parting at the church door, renewed its stealthy torment, and renewed with him as if in words:—She has deceived you in one thing; why not in another?

'Can I see my lawyer here?' he asked, suddenly.

'My dear Romayne, you can see any one whom you like to invite.'

'I shall not trouble you by staying very long, Father Benwell.'

'Do nothing in a hurry, my son. Pray do nothing in a hurry.'

Romayne paid no attention to this entreaty. Shrinking from the momentous decision that awaited him, his mind instinctively took refuge in the prospect of change of scene. 'I shall leave England!' he said, impatiently.

'Not alone,' Father Benwell remonstrated.

'Who will be my companion?'

'I will,' the priest answered.

Romayne's weary eyes brightened faintly. In his desolate position, Father Benwell was the one friend on whom he could rely. Penrose was far away; the Loring had helped to keep him deceived; Major Hynd had openly pitied and despised him as a victim to priestcraft.

'Can you go with me at any time?' he asked. 'Have you no duties that keep you in England?'

'My duties, Romayne, are already confided to other hands.'

'Then, you have foreseen this?'

'I have foreseen it. Your journey may be long, or your journey may be short—you shall not go away alone.'

'I can think of nothing yet; my mind is a blank,' Romayne confessed sadly. 'I don't know where I shall go.'

'I know where you ought to go—and where you *will* go,' said Father Benwell, emphatically.

'Where?'

'To Rome.'

Romayne understood the true meaning of that brief reply. A vague sense of dismay began to rise in his mind. While he was still tortured by doubt, it seemed as if Father Benwell had, by some inscrutable process of prevision, planned out his future beforehand. Had the Jesuit foreseen events? No—he had only foreseen possibilities, on the day when it first occurred to him that Romayne's marriage was assailable, before the court of Romayne's conscience, from the Roman Catholic point of view. Thus far, he had modestly described himself to his reverend colleagues, as regarding his position towards Romayne in a new light. His next letter might boldly explain to them what he had really meant. The victory was won. Not a word more passed between his guest and himself that morning.

Before post-time, on the same day, Father Benwell wrote his last report to the Secretary of the Society of Jesus, in these lines:—

'Romayne is free from the domestic ties that bound him. He bequeaths Vange Abbey as a legacy to the Church; and he acknowledges a vocation for the priesthood. Expect us at Rome in a fortnight's time.'

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

After the Story.

Extracts from Bernard Winterfield's Diary.

1.—WINTERFIELD DEFENDS HIMSELF.

'BEAUPARK HOUSE, June 17th, 18—.

'YOU and I, cousin Beeminster, seldom meet. But I occasionally hear of you, from friends acquainted with both of us.

'I have heard of you last at Sir Philip's rent-day dinner, a week since. My name happened to be mentioned by one of the gentlemen present, a guest like yourself. You took up the subject of your own free will, and spoke of me in these terms:

'“I am sorry to say it of the existing head of the family—but Bernard is really unfit for the position which he holds. He has, to say the least of it, compromised himself and his relatives on more than one occasion. He began as a young man by marrying a circus-rider. He got into some other scrape, after that, which he has contrived to keep a secret from us. We only know how disgraceful it must have been by the results—he was a voluntary exile from England for more than a year. And now, to complete the list, he has mixed himself up in that miserable and revolting business of Lewis Romayne and his wife.”

'If any other person had spoken of me in this manner, I should have set him down as a mischievous idiot—to be kicked perhaps, but not to be noticed in any other way.

'With you, the case is different. If I die without male offspring, the Beupark estate goes to you, as next heir.

'I don't choose to let a man in this position slander me, and those dear to me, without promptly contradicting him. The name I bear is precious to me, in memory of my father. Your unanswered report of me coming from a member of the family, will be received as truth. Rather than let this be, I reveal to you, without reserve some of the saddest passages of my life. I have nothing to be ashamed of,—and, if I have hitherto kept certain events in the dark, it has been for the sake of others, not for my own sake. I know better now. A woman's reputation—if she is a good woman—is not easily compromised by telling the truth. The person of whom I am thinking, when I write this, knows what I am going to do—and approves of it.

'You will receive, with these lines, the most perfectly candid statement that I can furnish; being extracts cut out of my own private Diary. They are accompanied (where plain necessity seems to call for it) by the written evidences of other persons.

'There has never been much sympathy between us. But you have been brought up like a gentleman—and, when you have read my narrative, I expect that you will do justice to me, and to others—even though you think we acted indiscreetly under trying and critical circumstances. B.W.'

2.—WINTERFIELD MAKES EXTRACTS.

11th April, 1859.—Mrs. Eyrecourt and her daughter have left Beaupark to-day for London. Have I really made any impression on the heart of the beautiful Stella? In my miserable position—ignorant whether I am free or not—I have shrunk from formally acknowledging that I love her.

12th.—I am becoming superstitious! In the Obituary of to day's *Times*, the death is recorded of that unhappy woman whom I was mad enough to marry. After hearing nothing of her for seven years—I am free! Surely this is a good omen? Shall I follow the Eyrecourts to London and declare myself? I have not confidence enough in own power of attraction to run the risk. Better to write first, in strictest confidence, to Mrs. Eyrecourt.

14th.—An enchanting answer from my angel's mother written in great haste. They are on the point of leaving for Paris. Stella is restless and dissatisfied; she wants change of scene; and Mrs. Eyrecourt adds, in so many words:—'It is you who have upset her; why did you not speak while we were at Beaupark?' I am to hear again from Paris. Good old Father Newbliss said all along that she was fond of me, and wondered, like Mrs. Eyrecourt, why I failed to declare myself. How could I tell them of the hideous fetters which bound me in those days?

18th, Paris.—She has accepted me! Words are useless to express my happiness.

19th.—A letter from my lawyer, full of professional subtleties and delays. I have no patience to enumerate them. We move to Belgium to-morrow. Not on our way back to England—Stella is so little desirous of leaving the continent that we are likely to be married abroad. But she is weary of the perpetual gaiety and glitter of Paris, and wants to see the old Belgian cities. Her mother leaves Paris with regret. The liveliest woman of her age that I ever met with.

7th May, Brussels.—My blessing on the old Belgian cities. Mrs. Eyrecourt is so eager to get away from them that she backs me in hurrying the marriage, and even consents, sorely against the grain, to let the wedding be celebrated at Brussels in a private and unpretending way. She has only stipulated that Lord and Lady Loring (old friends) shall be present. They are to arrive to-morrow, and two days afterwards we are to be married.

* * * * *

(An enclosure is inserted in this place. It consists of the death-bed confession of Winterfield's first wife, and of the explanatory letter written by the rector of Belhaven. The circumstances related in these documents, already known to the reader, are left to speak for themselves, and the Extracts from the Diary are then continued.)

* * * * *

Bingen on the Rhine, 29th May.—Letters from Devonshire at last, which relieve my wretchedness in some small degree. The frightful misfortune at Brussels will at least be kept secret, so far as I am concerned. Beaupark House is shut up, and the servants are dismissed, 'in consequence of my residence abroad.' To Father Newbliss I have privately written, telling him that the marriage is broken off; he writes back (good old man!) a kind and comforting letter. It all seems

safe, so far. Time will, I suppose, help me to bear my sad lot. And perhaps a day may come, when Stella and her friends will know how cruelly they have injured me.

London, 18th November, 1860.—The old wound has been opened again. I met her accidentally in a picture gallery. She turned deadly pale, and left the place. Oh, Stella! Stella!

London, 12th August, 1861.—Another meeting with her. And another, and worse shock to endure.

I went to visit an agreeable new acquaintance, Mr. Romayne. His wife drove up to the house while I was looking out of the window. I recognised Stella! After two years, she has made use of the freedom which the law has given her. I must not complain of that, or of her treating me like a stranger, when her husband innocently introduced us. But, when we were afterwards left together for a few minutes—no! I cannot write down the merciless words she said to me. Why am I fool enough to be as fond of her as ever?

Beaupark, 16th November.—Stella's married life is not likely to be a happy one. To-day's newspaper announces the conversion of her husband to the Roman Catholic Faith. I can honestly say I am sorry for her, knowing how she has suffered, among her own relatives, by these conversions. But I so hate *him* that this proof of his weakness is a downright consolation to me.

Beaupark, 27th January, 1862.—A letter from Stella, so startling and deplorable that I cannot remain away from her after reading it. Her husband has deliberately deserted her. He has gone to Rome to serve his term of probation for the priesthood. I travel to London by to-day's train.

London, 27th January.—Short as it is, I looked at Stella's letter again and again on the journey. The tone of the closing sentences is still studiously

cold. After informing me that she is staying with her mother in London, she concludes her letter in these terms:

'Be under no fear that the burden of my troubles will be laid on your shoulders. Since the fatal day when we met at Ten Acres, you have shown forbearance and compassion towards me. I don't stop to inquire if you are sincere—it rests with you to prove that. But I have some questions to ask, which no person but you can answer. For the rest, my friendless position will perhaps plead with you not to misunderstand me.'

Inveterate distrust in every sentence! If any other woman had treated me in this way, I should have put her letter into the fire, and should not have stirred from my comfortable house.

29th January.—A day missed out of my Diary. The events of yesterday unnerved me for the time.

Arriving at Derwent's Hotel on the evening of the 27th, I sent a line to Stella by messenger to ask when she could receive me.

It is strange how the merest trifles seem to touch women! Her note in reply contains the first expression of friendly feelings towards me, which has escaped her since we parted at Brussels. And this expression proceeds from her ungovernable surprise and gratitude, at my taking the trouble to travel from Devonshire to London on her account!

For the rest, she proposes to call on me at the hotel the next morning. She and her mother, it appeared, differed in opinions on the subject of Mr. Romayne's behaviour to her; and she wished to see me, in the first instance, unrestrained by Mrs. Eyrecourt's interference.

There was little sleep for me that night. I passed most of the time in smoking, and walking up and down the room. My one relief was afforded by Traveller—he begged so hard to go with me, I could not resist

him. The dog always sleeps in my room. His surprise at my extraordinary restlessness (ending in downright anxiety and alarm) was expressed in eyes, and in his little whinings and cries, quite as intelligibly as if he had put his meaning into words. Who first called a dog a dumb creature? It must have been a man, I think—and a thoroughly unlovable man, too, from a dog's point of view.

Soon after ten, on the morning of the 28th, she entered my sitting-room.

In her personal appearance, I saw a change for the worse; produced, I suppose, by the troubles that have tried her sorely, poor thing. There was a sad loss of delicacy in her features, and of purity in her complexion. Even her dress—I should certainly not have noticed it in any other woman—seemed to be loose and slovenly. In the agitation of the moment, I forgot the long estrangement between us; I half lifted my hand to take her's, and checked myself. Was I mistaken in supposing that she yielded to the same impulse, and resisted it as I did? She concealed her embarrassed, if she felt any, by patting the dog.

'I am ashamed that you should have taken the journey to London in this wintry weather——' she began.

It was impossible, in her situation, to let her assume this commonplace tone with me. 'I sincerely feel for you,' I said, 'and sincerely wish to help you, if I can.'

She looked at me for the first time. Did she believe me? or did she still doubt? Before I could decide, she took a letter from her pocket, opened it, and handed it to me.

'Women often exaggerate their troubles,' she said. 'It is perhaps an unfair trial of your patience—but I should like you to satisfy yourself that I have not made the worst of my situation. That letter will place it before you in Mr. Romaine's own words. Read it, except where the page is turned down.'

It was her husband's letter of farewell.

The language was scrupulously delicate and considerate. But to my mind it entirely failed to disguise the fanatical cruelty of the man's resolution, addressed to his wife. In substance, it came to this:

'He had discovered the marriage at Brussels, which she had deliberately concealed from him when he took her for his wife. She had afterwards persisted in that concealment, under circumstances which made it impossible that he could ever trust her again.' (This no doubt referred to her ill-advised reception of me as a total stranger, at Ten Acres Lodge.) 'In the miserable break-up of his domestic life, the Church to which he now belonged offered him, not only her divine consolation, but the honour, above all earthly distinctions, of serving the cause of religion in the sacred ranks of the priesthood. Before his departure for Rome he bade her a last farewell in this world, and forgave her the injuries that she had inflicted on him. For her sake he asked leave to say some few words more. In the first place, he desired to do her every justice in a worldly sense. Ten Acres Lodge was offered to her as a free gift for her lifetime, with a sufficient income for all her wants. In the second place, he was anxious that she should not misinterpret his motives. Whatever his opinion of her conduct might be, he did not rely on it as affording his only justification for leaving her. Setting personal feeling aside, he felt religious scruples (connected with his marriage), which left him no other alternative than the separation on which he had resolved. He would briefly explain those scruples, and mention his authority for entertaining them, before he closed his letter.'

There the page was turned down and the explanation was concealed from me.

A faint colour stole over her face as I handed the letter back to her.

'It is needless for you to read the rest,' she said. 'You know, under his own hand, that he has left me; and (if such a thing pleads with you in his favour), you also know that he is liberal in providing for his deserted wife.'

I attempted to speak. She saw in my face how I despised him, and stopped me.

'Whatever you may think of his conduct,' she continued, 'I beg that you will not speak of it to me. May I ask your opinion (now you have read his letter) on other matters, in which my own conduct is concerned? In former days——'

She paused, poor soul, in evident confusion and distress.

'Why speak of those days?' I ventured to say.

'I must speak of them. In former days, I think you were told that my father's will provided for my mother and for me. You know that we have enough to live on?'

I had heard of it, at the time of our betrothal — when the marriage-settlement was in preparation. The mother and daughter had each a little income of a few hundreds a year. The exact amount had escaped my memory.

After answering her to this effect, I waited to hear more.

She suddenly became silent; the most painful embarrassment showed itself in her face and manner. 'Never mind the rest,' she said, mastering her confusion after an interval. 'I have had some hard trials to bear; I forget things' — she made an effort to finish the sentence, and gave it up, and called to the dog to come to her. The tears were in her eyes, and that was the way she took to hide them from me.

In general, I am not quick at reading the minds of others — but I thought I understood Stella. Now that we were face to face, the impulse to trust me had, for the moment, got the better of her caution and her pride; she was half ashamed of it, half inclined to follow it. I hesitated no longer. The time for which I had waited, the time

to prove, without any indelicacy on my side, that I had never been unworthy of her — had surely come at last.

'Do you remember my reply to your letter about Father Benwell?' I asked.

'Yes — every word of it.'

'I promised, if you ever had need of me, to prove that I had never been unworthy of your confidence. In your present situation, I can honourably keep my promise. Shall I wait till you are calmer? or shall I go on at once?'

'At once.'

'When your mother and your friends took you from me,' I resumed, 'if you had shown any hesitation——'

She shuddered. The image of my unhappy wife, vindictively confronting us on the church steps, seemed to be recalled to her memory. 'Don't go back to it!' she cried. 'Spare me, I entreat you.'

I opened the writing-case in which I kept the papers sent to me by the Rector of Belhaven, and placed them on the table by which she was sitting. The more plainly and briefly I spoke now, the better I thought it might be for both of us.

'Since we parted at Brussels,' I said, 'my wife has died. Here is a copy of the medical certificate of her death.'

Stella refused to look at it. 'I don't understand such things,' she answered, faintly. 'What is this?'

She took up my wife's death-bed confession. 'Read it,' I said.

She looked frightened. 'What will it tell me?' she asked.

'It will tell you, Stella, that false appearances once led you into wronging an innocent man.'

Having said this, I walked away to a window behind her, at the farther end of the room, so that she might not see me while she read.

After a time — how much longer it seemed to me than it really was! — I heard her move. As I turned from the window, she ran to me, and fell on her knees at my feet. I tried to raise her; I entreated her to believe that

she was forgiven. She seized my hands, and held them over her face—they were wet with her tears. 'I am ashamed to look at you,' she said. 'Oh, Bernard, what a wretch I have been!'

I never was so distressed in my life, I don't know what I should have said, what I should have done, if my dear old dog had not helped me out of it. He, too, ran up to me, with the loving jealousy of his race, and tried to lick my hands, still fast in Stella's hold. His paws were on her shoulder; he attempted to push himself between us. I think I successfully assumed a tranquillity which I was far from really feeling. 'Come, come,' I said, 'you mustn't make Traveller jealous. She let me raise her. Ah, if she could have kissed *me*—but that was not to be done; she kissed the dog's head, and then she spoke to me. I shall not set down what she said in these pages. While I live, there is no fear of my forgetting those words.

I led her back to her chair. The letter addressed to me by the Rector of Belhaven still lay on the table, unread. It was of some importance to Stella's complete enlightenment, as containing evidence that the confession was genuine. But I hesitated, for her sake, to speak of it just yet.

'Now you know that you have a friend to help and advise you——' I began.

'No,' she interposed; 'more than a friend; say a brother.'

I said it. 'You had something to ask of me,' I resumed, 'and you never put the question.'

She understood me.

'I meant to tell you,' she said, 'that I had written a letter of refusal to Mr. Romaine's lawyers. I have left Ten Acres, never to return; and I refuse to accept a farthing of Mr. Romaine's money. My mother—though she knows that we have enough to live on—tells me that I have acted with inexcusable pride and folly. I wanted to ask if you blame me, Bernard, as she does?'

I dare say I was inexcusably proud and foolish, too. It was the first time she had called me by my Christian name since the happy by-gone time, never to come again. Under whatever influence I acted, I respected and admired her for that refusal—and I owned it in so many words. This little encouragement seemed to relieve her. She was so much calmer that I ventured to speak of the rector's letter.

She wouldn't hear of it. 'Oh, Bernard, have I not learned to trust you yet? Put away those papers. There is only one thing I want to know. Who gave them to you? The rector!'

'No.'

'How did they reach you then!'

'Through Father Benwell.'

She started to her feet like a woman electrified.

'I knew it!' she cried. 'It is the priest who has wrecked my married life—and he got his information from those letters, before he put them into your hands.' She dropped into her chair again. 'That was the first and foremost of the questions I wanted to put to you,' she said. 'I am answered. I ask no more.'

She was surely wrong about Father Benwell? I tried to show her why.

I told her that my reverend friend had put the letters into my hand, with the seal which protected them unbroken. She laughed disdainfully. Did I know him so little as to doubt for a moment that he could break a seal and replace it again? This view was entirely new to me; I was startled but not convinced. I never desert my friends—even when they are friends of no very long standing—and I still tried to defend Father Benwell. The only result was to make her alter her intention of asking me no more questions. I innocently roused in her a new curiosity. She was eager to know how I had first become acquainted with the priest, and how he had contrived to possess himself of information which was intended for my reading only.

There was but one way of answering her.

It was far from easy to a man like myself, unaccustomed to state circumstances in their proper order—but I had no other choice but to reply, by telling the long story of the theft and discovery of the rector's papers. So far as Father Benwell was concerned, the narrative only confirmed her suspicions. For the rest, the circumstances which most interested her were the circumstances associated with the French boy.

'Anything connected with that poor creature,' she said, 'has a dreadful interest for me now.'

'Did you know him,' I asked, with some surprise.

'I knew him and his mother—you shall hear how, at another time. I suppose I felt a presentiment that the boy would have some evil influence over me. At any rate, when I accidentally touched him, I trembled as if I had touched a serpent. You will think me superstitious—but, after what you have said, it is certainly true that he has been the indirect cause of the misfortune that has fallen on me. How came he to steal the papers? Did you ask the rector, when you went to Belhaven?'

'I asked the rector nothing. But he thought it his duty to tell me all that he knew of the theft.'

She drew her chair nearer to me. 'Let me hear every word of it,' she pleaded eagerly.

I felt some reluctance to comply with the request.

'Is it not fit for me to hear?' she asked.

'This forced me to be plain with her. If I repeat what the rector told me,' I said, 'I must speak of my wife.'

She took my hand. 'You have pitted and forgiven her,' she answered. 'Speak of her, Bernard—and don't, for God's sake, think that my heart is harder than yours.'

I kissed the hand that she had given

to me—even her 'brother' might do that!

'It began,' I said, 'in the grateful attachment which the boy felt for my wife. He refused to leave her bedside on the day when she dictated her confession to the rector. As he was entirely ignorant of the English language, there seemed to be no objection to letting him have his own way. He became inquisitive as the writing went on. His questions annoyed the rector—and, as the easiest way of satisfying his curiosity, my wife told him that she was making her will. He knew just enough, from what he had heard at various times, to associate making a will with gifts of money—and the pretended explanation silenced and satisfied him.'

'Did the rector understand it?' Stella asked.

'Yes. Like many other Englishmen in his position, although he was not ready at speaking French, he could read the language, and could fairly well understand it, when it was spoken. After my wife's death, he kindly placed the boy, for a few days, under the care of his housekeeper. Her early life had been passed in the island of Martinique; and she was able to communicate with the friendless foreigner in his own language. When he disappeared she was the only person who could throw any light on his motive for stealing the papers. On the day when he entered the house, she caught him, peeping through the key hole of the study door. He must have seen where the confession was placed, and the colour of the old-fashioned blue paper on which it was written, would help him to identify it. The next morning, during the rector's absence, he brought the manuscript to the housekeeper and asked her to translate it into French, so that he might know how much money was left him in "the will." She severely reproved him, made him replace the paper in the desk from which he had taken it,

and threatened to tell the rector if his misconduct was repeated. He promised amendment—and the good natured woman believed him. Two days afterwards the locked door of the cabinet in which the papers had been secured was found open—and they and the boy were both missing together.'

(*To be continued.*)

CELT AND SAXON.

BY MACHAON.

SHALL discord rise to rule the world,
 And tumult silence wisdom's tongue ;
 Shall sneers at courtesy be hurled ;
 Shall honour's flag be basely furled,
 And justice in the dust be flung ?

Fair play for England ! let the thought
 Of sages who uphold the throne —
 The embryo law—in quiet wrought,
 To due completion forth be brought,
 And let it to the world be known.

Let Celt and Saxon calmly wait
 For reason's utterance ere they wage,
 'Mid blatant brawls and fierce debate,
 A war of faction and of hate,
 Staining the land's historic page.

Bound in one cause and side by side,
 On many a field they both have dashed
 Forward to stem the battle's tide :
 Both have the charging hosts defied
 When sabres for the Empire flashed.

Whose is the Empire ? It is theirs ;
 Let them unite in peaceful form ;
 He who his country's glory shares
 Must stand by what she nobly dares
 In halcyon days, or days of storm.

Let veterans speak whose record pure,
 Attested skill, and judgment sound
 Fit them to search the wounds and cure
 The ills a people may endure ;
 Nor be their words in clamour drowned.

Strong is our faith ; unmoved by fears
 We smile at slander's senseless cry ;
 For on the nation's shield appears
 A light, still shining through the years,
 The growing light of liberty.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

"I am convinced that the only means of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves."—CHAS. JAMES FOX.

TWO articles have appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, bearing on the future of the Dominion of Canada. The writers differ widely in their views. The one is a Federalist; the other—though an Englishman—an Annexationist. Mr. George Anderson, M. P., fearing that Canada is about to slip from British moorings, would inaugurate a heroic policy to prevent the loss of the premier colony in the Empire; while Mr. William Clarke 'states briefly the case on behalf of the annexation of Canada to the United States. The great and wise man who said he could not bring an indictment against a whole nation would, were he alive to-day, admire the ease with which an essayist hands over four millions of people to a repellent government and an alien flag.

The abler article, Mr. Clarke's brief statement of a stupendous case, has been referred to by the *Globe*, by Sir Alexander Galt, and even in the British Parliament; but it has not been answered either on this or that side of the Atlantic. Any such proposal ought to be discussed, not vaguely, but closely; not rhetorically, but with matter-of-fact logic. The generality monger in politics is a nuisance, hard to abate, because he insists on presenting himself in the form of an Eternal Principle, the paste-board masonry and living rock of stucco being at once concealed as to its character and illusively beautified by floral decorations. There is

something it is not desirable to characterise about a Review of the standing of the *Contemporary*, telling the reading world what Canadian sentiment is, without knowing, or apparently having the means of knowing, anything about the thoughts and aspirations of the people of the Dominion.

The strength of Mr. Clarke's case consists in the fact that he is arguing in favour of Annexation as against Imperial Federation, and on the assumption that the *status quo* cannot continue for any period worth taking into account. That the *status quo* of any country cannot continue for ever, would be an idle truism. Take away this assumption, and look at his arguments, not as directed against a Federationist, but as in favour of Annexation, as the highest good open to Canadians, and the strength of his position vanishes, as Lord Beaconsfield would say, into thin air.

The assertion of Mr. Anderson, endorsed by Mr. Clarke, that the *status quo* cannot, so far as Canada is concerned, be maintained for many years longer is wholly groundless. We are told that there is 'growing discontent' in Canada? Where are the evidences of it? When people are discontented they cry out, as we see in Ireland. The discontent finds voice in newspapers and on the platform. Where is the agitator of Canadian grievances? Where the voice thundering against British connection? Where the organ of the

party determined to overthrow British tyranny? Twenty years ago the proposition that the British North American Colonies could not remain united to England was frequently heard. Today it is heard from no quarter where the heart beat of the people is felt; and were such a voice to challenge attention, it would evoke neither catastrophe nor echo. We are a happy people. We are a contented people. We are a prosperous people. We are a loyal people. If there is anything old fashioned in being loyal, we are content to be old fashioned. We have a country whose extent and riches it would not be easy to surpass. We have, as Mr. Clarke will find, if he comes and lives for two or three years here, a glorious climate. The winter which terrifies the ignorant, is the most attractive portion of the year. Then, the atmosphere exhilarates like champagne. The snowy landscape is spanned by a canopy of sunny, cloudless blue; frozen stream, ice-bound river, white-flecked forest, glad cities alive with sleigh-bells—all bathed in a sea of most pellucid air. It is a clime in which miasma cannot live. We have the best form of government in the world, at once the freest, the most Democratic and the most Conservative. We have no universal suffrage; we have no aristocracy; we have no agitators, because we have no grievances; and the Canadian sits under the tree of liberty, without inhaling the taint of American corruption, or being disturbed by the death rattle of feudalism in its last gasp.

It may seem inconsistent that I should say we have the most Democratic Government in the world, when I boast that we have no universal suffrage, as they have in the States. When claiming to be more Democratic than the United States, I only follow the late Mr. Caleb Cushing, who pointed this out in his otherwise offensive work on the Alabama Award; and turning my eye to the *New York World*, as I write, I find the following tribute to

the British—that is the Canadian—system of ministerial responsibility:—

‘There are very good reasons for doubting whether our Presidential system, which fastens General Garfield and “his cabinet” on the country, during the next four years, beyond the reach of any human power outside the President and the Cabinet, is as good or as safe as the English plan, which enables the British voters and the House of Commons to grasp “the Cabinet” any day and expel it from power. Certainly there is more real life and continuous interest in public affairs under the English system than under our American system, thanks to which no weight of grievances or vehemence of discussion can within the four years change a Cabinet or a President.’

One may concede many of Mr. Clarke’s propositions, without agreeing with his conclusion. Why should Canada, because she owns enormous territory, with great cities rising to affluence, and possesses certain elements of a vigorous nationality, resent the Colonial status? Her time is not come. After all this is a question of fact. And as a fact, Canada does not resent being a dependency. Nor is it true to say that Canada has no national life. What does national life consist in? Love of country? Pride in the country’s name? A feeling of oneness as a people? Readiness to die for the idea of Canada? All this exists among us, in far fuller development than could have been hoped, when a few years ago, the shaping hand of Sir John Macdonald first brought the scattered Provinces together.

The proposition with which both writers set out is not subscribed to in Canada, and must, I think, from what I have said, be considered not proved. It is of that nature that it cannot be established by any mere logical process. It must have a basis of fact. The assumption that there is discontent is without a shadow of foundation.

Having assumed that the *status quo* cannot continue, of course for any reasonable time, we are told Canada may 'become an independent Republic; or she may enter into some future Britannic Federal Empire; or she may become absorbed in the United States.'

I agree with Mr. Clarke as to the impossibility of a Federal British Empire. The Federalist has only to be brought down from the cloud-land of generalities, and the utter impracticability of Imperial Federation is seen. No one who knows the temper of England, or the temper of the Colonies, certainly of the people of Canada—which is the only Colony for which I can speak—could believe any Federal scheme to be within the domain of the practicable? Any scheme which has been thought out—from 'the Great Game' to Mr. Staveley Hill's High State Council—would hand vital interests of the Colonies over to an Assembly in London, containing a solid body of members from the United Kingdom and representatives from all parts of the world, hardly any three of these last having an interest in common. In all such ambitious plans the Colony is invited to make a bargain with the lion, and is, of course, expected to give him the lion's share. The Pan-Britannic Parliament, according to the author of 'the Great Game,' was to consist of six hundred members, of which three hundred would be chosen in Great Britain, the remaining three hundred to be distributed over the Colonies and dependencies. The number of members Canada was to get could have been stowed, without unpleasant crowding, into the travelling trunk of a New York belle. For this inestimable boon she was to surrender into the hands of the Six hundred control over millions of fertile acres, out of which a few continental countries might be stolen without appreciably impairing our wealth.

It is incredible that even to an Assembly so constituted, or to any

other body, the English Parliament would surrender its Imperial sovereignty. It is certain that to a parliament framed on principles more generous—shall I say more just?—to Colonies, the English people would not give that rule which they claim for their own birth-right as a conquering and colonising nation. One has only to read the way Mr. Anderson and others speak of 'our' Colonies, and to note how deeply imbedded in the minds of Englishmen is the idea that they ought to be able to do very much what they please with us, to see that the Federationist in England and the Federationist in the Colonies are far as the poles apart. Even the *Westminster Review* (October, 1880) could write: 'At the present moment the one great stumbling block is the *questionable license* enjoyed by Colonies of interfering with the commercial intercourse of the Empire.' One of the essayists at the Colonial Institute two winters ago said that England should make an effort to turn the stream of emigration to British possessions. 'We may then fairly claim,' he adds, 'and expect from our own Colonies, the utter abandonment of all protective legislation, and the freest admission of our own products for the use of our own people.' That there should be a Colonial standpoint never enters into the heads of such thinkers—the reading of whose speculations is about as profitable as chewing sawdust. How could we raise a revenue if we let England's goods in free? Our tariff is a revenue tariff, constructed with an eye to protection. Some of us would have preferred a scheme more protective. A bonus for every ton of iron made in Canada for ten years would have brought capital across the Atlantic, and from the United States, for investment in the manufacture of iron and steel; and the rails for the Pacific Railway would have been made in Canadian workshops. But two years ago neither the public mind nor that of our statesmen

was sufficiently advanced for this step.

Some years have elapsed since Mr. Blake at Aurora talked of Canadians being without the rights of Britons, because they have not a voice in the Council of the Empire, and can say no word whether there shall be peace or war. Recently, at a Montreal Banquet he spoke in the same strain. But he never gives his plan. In his aspirations in this respect, though a leader of a party, he stands alone; and some who know him well, have, with what correctness I know not, declared that he has chosen to suggest an impossible policy with the object of creating a discontent which does not exist, and suggesting a course at present most distasteful—namely—Independence.

We are now supposed to be reduced to two alternatives—(1) Independence, (2) Annexation.

Independence, we are assured, is out of the question, for the following reasons:—

1. Canada could not maintain her independence.

2. Canadians have not the force and colossal energy of the United States.

3. Canada is stranded among the snow and ice of the North-west, 'separated alike from the historic culture of Europe, and from the heroic aspirations of America.'

4. Canada has no literature, and no national type, while the United States have the beginnings of both.

5. There is no room for two peoples on the North American Continent.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that when I contend that Canada could, if necessary, stand alone, I am not advocating Independence.

1. Four millions of men not able to maintain their independence! Canada, it seems, did any dispute arise between her and her powerful Southern neighbours, must speedily succumb, and be annexed. Now, to begin with, in the United States, as Mr. Clarke admits, there is a large class who have no desire for Annexation. There is

also a large Canadian population which, in case of any warlike dispute, would hasten across the line, and the moment the first bullet whizzed over the Niagara river, the South would spring to arms. Were there no South, does any man suppose the astute Yankee is such a fool as to bring another Ireland into the bosom of the United States? For let there be no mistake about this. No man understands the sentiments of the Canadian people who does not know that when Annexation is talked of, it is not arguments we think of, but fighting. In the war of 1812-13, the numbers were relatively more against us than they would be now. Yet with very little assistance from England, we drove the invaders from our shores.

2. Canadians, says Mr. Clarke, have not the force and colossal energy of the United States. Four millions could not be expected to do as much as forty-nine. But relatively we beat them. They are men of business before anything else. Yet a comparative statement of the aggregate trade of Canada and the United States for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1879, shows that the aggregate trade per capita is \$37.42 for Canada, against \$23.40 for the United States. The imports of Canada for that year amounted to \$81,964,427; exports, \$71,491,255; total, \$153,455,682; against, imports of the United States amounting to \$445,777,775; exports, \$710,439,441; total, \$1,156,217,216; the estimated population being, Canada, 4,100,000; United States, 49,395,000. We are the fourth maritime power in the world; some assert the third. The four millions odd have 884 steamers and 6,587 sailing vessels, as against 519 steamers and 5,915 sailing vessels held by the forty-nine millions. It is right to add that the total net tonnage of the American vessels is 2,411,243, as against 1,332,094. These figures do not include steamers and vessels under 100 tons register. They consequently give no adequate idea of the superiority

of Canada. A relative comparison of railway and canal building will give like results.

3. Canada is stranded among the snows and ice of the North, 'separated alike from the historic culture of Europe and from the heroic aspirations of America; sharing none of the precious traditions of England, and untouched by the breath of democratic freedom which sweeps through the United States.' We can hardly be said to be separated from historic culture when our youth are crowding to universities where a thorough education is given and *no degrees are sold*. We think we do share the precious traditions of England. The breath of democratic freedom must take the form of political discussion in the press and on the platform. Judged by this, our political life is far more democratic, far more enlightened, far more instructive to the people, than is that of the United States. The Canadian people are the most political people in the world. Every man is a politician. The debates in our Parliaments are published fully in all the leading newspapers. When we go on the stump, both sides are heard, and however high political passions rise, there is no violence. We have the caucus, but as yet only a few of its attendant evils. No man can live in Canada without feeling the invigorating breath of democratic liberty.

4. Canada has no literature, while the United States have the beginnings of a new literature. In Canada and the United States the literature is borrowed from Europe, and is European qualified by the influences of a new country, where one man is in all respects the equal of another. We have plenty of literary talent amongst us, both French and English. What we need is an audience. But a literature does not precede, but follows the birth and growth of a nation. To find fault with a new country for not having a literature, is as reasonable as trouncing a boy for not growing a mustache.

Our schools and universities will, in due time, bear their legitimate fruit.

5. As to the statement that there is not room for two peoples on the North American Continent, we think the Canadian type just as distinct as the American—very much better, and more likely to make a noble nation. And why are we not to try our hand at Nation making? Because, says Mr. Clarke, the genius of the American Continent is peaceful! We do not wish to disturb its repose. The nation from which it is as good as admitted the disturbance would come is that to which Mr. Clarke thinks we should join our fortunes. Throughout his essay he assumes that the American Republic will continue—that its future is certain—notwithstanding what we saw at the election of President Hayes and the periodical strain to which the Constitution is exposed. If he travels in the United States he will find few intelligent Americans as sanguine as himself. It is all very well now while still there are practically boundless wild lands to subdue and ample room. How will it be when brother Jonathan wakes up one morning and finds that there are three mouths and only two buns to stop them with?

Even to day there is much of Old World want. The editor of the *New York Sun* wrote during the early days of Christmas: 'Hardly a day passes that we do not receive letters from poor men who cannot find work, and who ask the *Sun* to help them by making their case known to the public. Nearly all these letters are written in perfect good faith, and some of them tell a pitiful story. For instance, here is one from a Brooklyn young man, who writes that he has an invalid wife and two children; that he advertised for work until his money gave out; that he has tramped the streets in vain; that he has sold or pawned everything in his room to procure food, and that he and his family are now face to face with starvation. Now editors have sympathies, as other men have, and it

is not pleasant to say no to a man in such distress as this. But suppose we printed his letter. To-morrow we should receive a dozen letters of the same sort, equally pitiable and equally true; and the next day a score, and the day after very likely a hundred.' If these things exist in the green tree, what shall we see in the dry? In some of the cities of the Union, communism has taken root, and even put forth its pestilent fruits.

The delegates who were sent over from England, Scotland, and Ireland, to report respecting the Dominion of Canada as a field for settlement for tenant farmers, were highly respectable men, men of substance, occupying good positions in their respective countries. They were unanimous in their praise of the settled districts of the Dominion. Their remarks regarding the soil of the North-West glow with enthusiasm. They learned to laugh at their previous ignorance respecting the Canadian climate. The editor of the *St. James' Gazette*, who has compared Canada to Siberia, would change his patriotic opinions were he to pay us a New Year's visit. If Siberia has the climate and wealth of Canada, all I can say is, people might go to a very much worse place than Siberia. We have in the North-West a climate more severe than that of Ontario, but not less attractive, and the bright clear air sweeps over two hundred millions of acres as yet untouched by the plough, and all of rich fruitfulness. Winnipeg has grown in a few years to be a city of eleven thousand inhabitants, with schools, churches, universities. Our extent of fertile territory is greater than that of the United States. No word is needed to emphasize the value of our fisheries. On both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts we have immense coal fields, and also on the Saskatchewan. Gold, silver, iron, copper, lead are found in great abundance, as are petroleum and salt. Our lumber limits supply the United States, England and France. No

country in the world has such facilities for communication by water, or a nobler highway to the sea. Our harbours on the Pacific and Atlantic are unsurpassed. When the Pacific Railway is built—and the Syndicate will make short work of that—the nearest route to Asia and Australia will lie through Canadian territory. The area of the Dominion extends over 2,598,837 square miles. All Europe is only 3,811,594 square miles; the United States 2,936,166 square miles. By 1882, the heart of the North-West will have been tapped. The reading public is now well informed regarding the vast extent of fertility of those regions. When in Winnipeg last autumn, I met men from all parts of the United Kingdom, some delegates, others speculators spying out the land; young Englishmen farming hundreds of acres, and already reaping good profits on the investment of considerable capital; scions of the nobility looking out for opportunities to turn their younger son's portions to better account than they could do loafing at home, or marching from one garrison town to another. The interest of the Capitalists who have undertaken to complete the Pacific Railway will cause them to spare no reasonable means to force emigration. The troubled state of Ireland has already directed the attention of the British Government to a scheme of emigration on a large scale, in which they will co-operate with the Canadian Government. To France, Italy, Germany, and even Russia, prosperous immigrants have sent the best advertisements respecting this New Land of Promise, in the shape of letters to friends, describing their new homes, the free government under which they live, their present success and future hopes. It is certain therefore that, in a very few years, an immense population will have crowded on to the fertile shores of beautiful lakes in which herds of wild buffalo drink to-day, and whose yet secluded waters the Indian's canoe claims as all its own. Leaving

the North-West out of account, in the older districts of the Dominion we are increasing at a rate which, in twenty years, will give us a population, at the least, of ten millions. For the purposes of this paper, twenty years is a short distance to look a head. The 'American Year Book' (that is to say the Year book of the United States) of a few years back calculated that, at our then ratio of increase, the population of the Dominion, independently of the streams of immigration, would in 1961 be 79,957,000.

This is the country of growing energies and boundless hopes, which men with the same blood as Raleigh and the New Englanders in their veins are told they cannot raise a nation on! If the time had come to make Canada a Republic, there is nothing to prevent her people accomplishing the task of nation building. Mr. Clarke says we have not the assimilating power of the United States. No colony could have this power to the same extent as an independent country. Were Canada independent to-morrow, we should see immigrants become Canadians with greater rapidity than at present. There are disadvantages as well as advantages in the colonial relation, and one of the disadvantages is that men's ideas and affections continue to revolve around a distant centre, whose inspiring heart-throb they can hardly feel.

What Mr. Clarke says regarding the Imperial rule over Canada is quite true; that rule is almost nominal. Nevertheless, the bond is very real. Nor let any of those who look on all things from a commercial point of view despise it. English trade with the colonies is increasing, while it is decreasing with the United States, and were we independent or annexed to-morrow, a Zollverein with the United States would cut off a great portion of the trade now done with Canada.

The first objection to Annexation is not, as Mr. Clarke seems to think, that the Canadians do not love their neighbours, but rather that there

is no reason for entertaining the idea of such an union; that Canada is content with her present lot, and able and determined, if necessary, to stand alone; that Annexation holds out no advantage which should make us even think of that which he regards as imminent.

But let us see the way he deals with the objection. And here let it be distinctly understood that Canadians have no dislike to Americans, unless they appear in the garb of Annexationists. The legitimate resentment against persons who would denationalize us, rob us of our birth-right as British subjects, for which we care more than we seem to get credit for, will, we are told, disappear before our 'interests.' The tariffs do more to keep the two peoples apart, it seems, than anything else. When considering a proposal for Annexation, it is not dislike merely of the American people which must be discussed. There is another dislike far more important—the dislike of their system of government; and this dislike is much stronger than the other, because, as Lord Dufferin humorously told an American audience, the Canadians are, before all things, a democratic people.

1. When Mr. Clarke comes to enforce his first main argument for Annexation, he strengthens himself by pointing to the weakness of the Federalist position. 'If any one would have us believe that Canada ought to be *permanently* connected with some European country, the *onus probandi* lies with him.' This is no misstatement of the case as against the Federalist or those—if there are any such—who advocate the perpetuity of the Colonial relation. But, instead of the word 'permanently' which I have underlined, read, 'for some considerable time to come,' and the *onus probandi* is at once shifted.

I admit that the geography of the country, could we reduce its size by about one-fourth, would be on the side of the Annexationists. Even then I

would not subscribe to the brutal doctrine that, in fixing the destinies of peoples, we have to think of nothing but the shape of the fields they shall till, or the enclosures where they shall be penned. But on a continent twice the size of Europe, there will infallibly be more than even two nations. No man's imagination glows more warmly than mine at the thought of the American Republic growing in population, and power, and freedom. But I cannot think—even were its public men of a better type than they are—that of all the ships of state ever launched, it alone is destined to weather every storm. More than once, the waves seemed about to overwhelm her.

We know what master laid the keel,
 What workmen wrought her ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a fire, and what a heat,
 Was forged the anchor of her hope.

But where are the Washingtons, and Hamiltons, and Madisons, and Jays, to-day? Their representatives to-day are 'bosses,' workers of the 'machine,' assassins of the popular will, waiters on the providence of the primaries. When the outlying waste lands shall have been settled, when there shall be no more outlets in the West for restless spirits, when, instead of 49,000,000, there shall be 100,000,000, or 150,000,000 of population, what then? And with the immense distances? Mr. Clarke admits that here there is a difficulty; but no difficulty can make him falter in the belief that the not ignoble aspiration to see this continent under one government, and moving forward in all the arts of peace, is something on which practical people should act in taking the most serious of all steps. Already there are signs that the interests of the people in the centre of the Republic are clashing with the interests of those on the seaboard, and, in fact, if geography points to anything, it is to three or four Republics instead of one.

2. The statement that our absorption into the Union would be easy, is made with reference to the difficulty of working a Federal constitution, with the Atlantic Ocean sweeping between the members of the Confederacy. So made it is unanswerable. But if made in regard to the situation, as it actually is, then the answer is that nothing would be more difficult. Annexation could only be brought about by force. There is not the trace of a sentiment in its favour. The strongest sentiment at present is for holding on to British connexion. Until we can stand alone, and perhaps afterwards, we mean to hold on to that. The idea that it retards our development is no longer true. Mr. Clarke points to the slow manner in which immigration has poured into the country. Since we have had control of our destiny, this reproach has been wiped away, and, as already indicated, all the probabilities point to a tide of immigration reaching a water mark hitherto untouched.

3. Whether our entry into the Union would or would not restrict the possible area of war is hardly a matter which ought to decide our destinies. We do not all belong to the Society of Friends. If the bison were to lie down for a pack of wolves to devour him, he would restrict the possible area of war; but he might be excused did he prefer to take another course. 'The grand aspiration of an American Continent, sacred to peace and concord,' presided over by the men who have dealt out a policy of perfidious war to the poor Indian! Why should not two peaceful republics, or a republic and a British colony make this continent sacred to peace and concord? The only answer is to be found in the ignoble and unjust greed of a people who always want the best of every bargain. They sometimes get the best of it because they know how to play a game of 'bluff.' The Americans would not even fight Canada single-handed, once they

knew what the 'fencing stuff' would cost.

4. It would be hard, I fear, for Mr. Clarke to understand the scorn with which we in Canada receive an assurance that union with the Republic would enlarge our conceptions and increase our dignity. What is there in the Republic to enlarge our conceptions? Dignity of Canada! Why Canada would disappear. Mr. Clarke himself tells us that absorption would be so easy, because each province would become a State of the Union.

5. There can be no doubt that Annexation would introduce a very desirable element into the Republic; but how would our Annexation sweeten the feelings of the American Republic to England? Here let me note that Mr. Clarke sets out by saying our future was to be decided, not in the interests of England, but in the interests of Canada. Therefore this sweetening process must be put on one side. Whether it took place would depend on the causes leading to Annexation (assuming the possibility of Annexation for the moment). If we went in voluntarily, we should take our English sympathies with us; how long we should keep them is another matter. Forced in we could not be; certainly

not unless abandoned by England, and in that case we should be her bitterest enemies. England's real interests are to keep up the present connexion or aid her strong child until he can put on the toga. She may again have to face a world in arms, and in that event unless a most imprudent policy is dealt out to Canada, young Canadians in thousands would be ready to traverse every sea to spill their lives for her safety and honour.

'We' should lose nothing, says Mr. Clarke. It has been shown that England would lose. But that is not the question, as Mr. Clarke admits. The question is what are the real interests of Canada. In considering these, the sentiments of Canadians surely cannot be ignored. Those sentiments are not fed by mere considerations of profit and loss. Canada lives for us as England for Englishmen, as France for Frenchmen, as the Fatherland for Germans,

'On no nymph's marble forehead sits
Prpudlier a glad virginity',

and unless the stars in their courses fight against us; unless the immortals have decreed it otherwise; we mean one day to place her among the foremost nations of the earth.

SPRING.

BY M. J. KELLY, M.A., M.D., BRANTFORD.

O TROPIC born, in emerald vesture clad,
Fair daughter of the far off sunny isles!
Our mother, Nature, welcomes thee with smiles,
And even the gay blue heavens themselves look glad.

At thy approach hoar winter flies apace,
 And with a sigh resigns his chilling sway,
 Speeding to polar haunts his cheerless way,
 Fearing thy elfin pranks and sunny face.

The embattled forest, erewhile shorn and bare,
 Now gay with banners flouts the hostile breeze,
 And 'mid the leafy coverts melodies
 Of myriad songsters thrill the ravished air.

The streams that now rejoicing to be free,
 Late mute, enchained, in icy fetters bound,
 Stern winter's captives, with exulting sound,
 Their shackles reft, leap laughing to the sea.

Along the verdant meads the lambkins play,
 Skipping from mound to mound in sportive glee,
 Full-uddered kine explore the upland lea,
 The flow'rets sweet and tender grass, their prey.

O birth of nature, sweetest season, hail !
 From thee this useful lesson let us draw,
 (A time-worn maxim taught of Nature's law,
 Youth is the time for action, Age is frail.

A GHOST STORY.

BY AGNES E. WETHERALD, FENWICK.

IT was raining : raining fast, raining continuously, raining dismally. We gazed out upon the incessant down-pour from the windows of the pleasant parlour at Edgewood until our hearts were chilled and our ardour dampened by the dispiriting spectacle. We had spent most of the afternoon in making a vain pretence of toiling at our fancy-work, while one of our number read aloud from a book, which looked as though it might be vivacious, because there were an unusual number of paragraphs to the page ; but we soon discovered that stupidity cut off into

paragraphic doses is quite as indigestible as when taken in any other form. Our spirits rose a little when Fred Carlingsford strolled into the room, because there was in him that vital spark of cheerfulness which nothing—not even the small deluge which was being poured out upon us—could quench. But we were disappointed in him. He sauntered to the window, remarked, 'There seems to be a good deal of weather to-day,' and was about to depart, when Lena Sterling detained him a moment by exclaiming :
 'Listen ! Wasn't that thunder ?'

'Very likely,' assented Fred. 'It's a thundering wet day.' And then he took his leave.

So it was with no slight sense of relief that we saw the darkness of the afternoon merge into the still deeper darkness of night. 'No doubt,' we said, 'some days must be dark and sad and dreary;' but it is almost worth while living through them for the sake of the brilliant contrast that evening brings. With a bright fire to dissipate the chill, and plenty of lights to enliven the gloom, the sound of the storm without is an added source of comfort.

We were a pleasant party of guests spending a few days within the hospitable walls of Mr. Carlingsford's home. These little gatherings were of no infrequent occurrence at Edgewood, for our host had apparently taken for his motto, 'It is not good for families to be alone;' and, in consequence, he was almost continuously surrounded by groups of merry young people, who—and I can say nothing higher in his praise—liked him as well as they did his beautiful home. But our powers of enjoyment had been severely tested by the rainy weather. On the evening of which I write, in spite of the lamps and the fire, yawns became contagious, in-door games lost their attraction, and conversation went into a decline.

'This will never do!' exclaimed Fred., at last, shutting his book with a resolute bang, which made us all look up.

'Never do what?' inquired his younger brother, who was a sharp little fellow, and liked to ask questions.

'Never do us any good,' replied Fred. tersely. 'We are suffering for a change—what the doctors call an alterative. Won't some good Christian among us perform an act of charity by telling us a story?'

'Yes; a real lively ghost story,' cried little Will., who had recently listened to a narration of this kind

which contained a sham ghost, and which in consequence had produced rather an enlivening effect.

'Dora,' said Kate Carlingsford, 'what was that you once told us about a ghost you professed to see here?'

'Here!' exclaimed we all, startled into sudden interest.

'Oh, no,' returned Kate, carelessly, 'not exactly in this very apartment. It was up-stairs, wasn't it, Dora, in the south room?'

'Yes,' returned Dora; 'but I can't bear to think of it.'

'I can understand that,' said Kate, with sympathetic gravity. 'I remember how oddly I felt when you told me that this house, where I have always lived, was haunted, and what a strange sensation I experienced for weeks afterward, whenever I thought of that room.'

Kate was a tall, lively girl, with a limber, indolent figure and a small head. Dora Stanley, on the contrary, was under the medium height, and so formed that had she been a man she would have been called thick-set. She was prosaic rather than fanciful, and had a sweet sunny temper. The two girls had known each other from childhood, and, being entirely different, were naturally very intimate friends.

'Do tell us all about it, Dora,' entreated Kate. 'Nobody sleeps in the south room, so no one need feel very much roused.'

'And we are all in danger of sleeping in this room,' added Fred., 'unless we are a little roused.'

I think that even after this appeal Dora would have declined to divulge her ghostly experience were it not that a willingness, or rather desire to oblige, was one of the strong traits of her character. Self-denial was one of her pleasures, but it required a great effort to deny others.

'I don't think my story will afford you any entertainment,' said Dora, 'because, from first to last, it is nothing but a frightful mystery. I have often tried to persuade myself that it was

only a ghastly dream or a diseased fancy; but I have never in my life been troubled by dreams or delusions. Strive against it as I may, I was sure then, and I am sure now, that the creature, the apparition, the horror I saw was *something*, and though it does not haunt me still, I never think of it without a shudder.

'It is four years ago this summer, isn't it, Kate, that I accepted your invitation to spend a few weeks with you here at Edgewood? I believe I never discovered till then how large a capacity I had for enjoyment. Given a charming house, perfect weather, a great plenty of books, and a friend after one's own heart, and the very genius of melancholy herself would be forced to sigh no more, unless she gave a sigh of satisfaction. We rowed on the river until our cheeks burned, and read under the trees until our eyes ached, and then we began to take long tramps over the country, visiting places of interest. But the places were not many, and our interest was not strong; so it befell that we brought our attention to bear upon objects of curiosity nearer home. One afternoon Kate and I spent most delightfully in the garret, and the next day we visited the unoccupied rooms in the wing. The south room I found peculiarly fascinating; because in it there hung a large picture with its face to the wall. We turned it with some difficulty, and there was a worn, faded old painting of a young girl, so closely resembling the one beside me that I could not repress an involuntary exclamation. It was dressed in old-fashioned garb, but had Kate's features, and her dark hair and eyes. You explain to us about the picture, Katy?'

'The history of that picture,' said Miss Carlingsford, 'would make a long story by itself. But there is no ghost in it, so I will condense it into a few words. My great aunt, the original of that picture, was, fortunately for herself, unlike me in some respects—that is, in having a charming man-

ner, a great love for society, and a genius for shining therein. Every one thought her a captivating young creature, and one person was sure of it. This was a hot-headed, red-haired youth——'

'That's tautology,' exclaimed Fred.

'Who at once fell so deeply in love that he found it next to impossible to rise out of that pitiable condition. He proposed, she refused him; he entreated, she snubbed him; he supplicated, she laughed him to scorn.'

'In all of which ways,' remarked Fred., 'the elder Kate was very unlike the younger one.'

'That she was!' cried his sister, with a touch of indignation. 'I hope to enjoy the sensation of refusing a decently eligible offer some day, but I'll not treat the poor fellow badly. I think the honest affection of a *dog* ought to be respected. But to continue. The despised young man came here to take counsel and comfort of grandmother. She, thoughtless soul, gave him the south room to sleep in, with Aunt Kate's careless eyes to watch over his slumbers. The sight of them so angered him that he uttered a horrible oath and turned the painting round with its face to the wall. In the same hour that this was done Aunt Kate died. She had met with a severe accident some weeks previous, from the effects of which she was not expected to recover; but grandmother, out of a superstitious regard for the strange coincidence, kept the picture in that position until the day that Dora and I inquisitively changed it.'

'And we did not turn it back again before we left the room,' said Miss Stanley. 'I was younger then than I am now,' and she turned her sweet nineteen-year old face upon us, 'and the story impressed me deeply. A gay and careless coquette, who takes a cruel pleasure in breaking the heart of her ardent young lover, and dies in the hour that he curses her for it, is a subject that wakens into life even so dull an imagination as my own. I

thought of her continually. Neither books, nor work, nor useful play could find place in my heart at that time; for it dwelt always in that historic south room. At last, to break the strange spell that the place exerted over me, I suggested that I should sleep there; for one night only, as the play-bills say. No one had occupied the room since the night on which that poor young fellow writhed under the cold eyes of his heartless lady-love, and my desire to do so was prompted in part by a keen sense of the romance of the situation. What will not one venture for the sake of a new and vivid sensation, especially when one is young and impressible. By the aid of a bright fire and abundant ventilation, the south room was given an appearance of very prosaic cheer. Nevertheless, I had a restless sense that something unusual was going to happen when Kate, after kissing me good-night, and making some mischievous allusion to the possible, though hardly expected, ghost, left me in the romance-haunted solitude. I was very tired, and soon, to my own chagrin, began to feel equally sleepy. Presently I yielded to a slumber profound and dreamless as death itself. A little after midnight I awoke as suddenly and completely as though a strong-voiced bell had been sharply clanged at my ear. But there was no sound. The wan ray of moonlight on the floor, the old-fashioned curtains about the bed, and the sweet face on the wall, looking dimly regretful now amid the weird shadows, all seemed to intensify the stillness. Upon the smooth surface of this profound quietude there arose a single ripple. This was a sigh—an actual, human, long-drawn breath—coming from heaven only knows where. It was a sigh full of sorrow, of heaviness, of remorse, almost of despair. I became conscious of a disturbance at my heart, and of a straining sensation in my ears and eyes. Then, from the dense gloom at the foot of the bed, a figure—a thin, sha-

dowy, impalpable something—took shape, and moved with a slow floating motion across the room to the picture. There was nothing white about the apparition—it was draped in filmy black, as though it were the fearfulness of darkness embodied. A strong curiosity for the moment triumphed over other motions, and I leaned forward. The figure turned toward me, and I saw with horror, except for its ghostly pallor, that the face was identical with the one on the wall. It seemed an eternity to me before I could gather strength to force my trembling hands under the bed-clothes, and draw them over my face. My heart sounded to me like a drum. When I dared to look out again, everything looked as it was when I went to sleep, except that the picture was turned again with the face to the wall. My hair was not white the next morning, and I believe I did not look perceptibly older, but that night's experience made a lasting impression on my mind.'

'Why, you didn't seem to think much of it the next day,' said Kate.

'I did not *say* much about it,' replied Dora. 'One doesn't care to talk about such things.'

Of course we were too well mannered to speak lightly of Miss Stanley's ghost by recital, and equally, of course, we were neither depressed nor excited by it. Nevertheless, it was strange to observe the distrustful glances we threw at the door, which suddenly appeared to open of itself, but which, in reality, was pushed by the approaching house cat.

'I am afraid,' said Miss Stanley, from the vortex of silence into which we had all fallen, 'that I have succeeded in making you rather uncomfortable.'

'Not a bit,' cried little Will, stoutly, but the rest of us said nothing.

'It would be odd,' remarked Fred., with an attempt at his old lightness, 'if we were not under a cloud—it's been such an unusually cloudy day.'

'No,' said his sister, rolling her eyes and clasping her hands with a tragic air, 'it is the terrible phantom of the south room that is casting its black shadow over our affrighted hearts.'

'For pity's sake,' began Fred., seizing her arm preparatory to a shake, but Kate interrupted him with:—

'Let me clear away the mystery. I have a penitent and most remorseful confession to make. You behold in me the guilty wretch, the hardened culprit, the restless ghost that—Oh my injured friend,' suddenly breaking off and looking with eyes of mock supplication at Dora, 'say you forgive me!'

Dora did not say anything for a few moments, during which we showered a chorus of reproachful 'Oh's,' and 'How could you's,' upon our youthful hostess. Then she advanced, and with a kind of bewildered solemnity of manner,

laid forcible hands upon her friend.

'Kate,' she said, 'do you know what I think of you?'

'Yes,' promptly exclaimed the audacious Kate, emboldened by the gleam of a smile upon the lips of her questioner, you think *everything* of me!'

'Well, I can't help it,' said Dora with a sigh. 'I wish I could.' And this remark was the most ungracious we ever heard from her lips.

But in the lapse of time, that is in the course of the next five minutes, she retracted this hastily-made wish. Fred., however, persisted in considering her very deeply wronged. He paid her a great deal of attention during the remainder of her visit, and the latest news we have of her is, that she has, at Fred's urgent request, acknowledged that Kate is not the only member of the Carlingsford family of whom she thinks everything.

A PRESAGE.

BY FIDELIS.

ONLY a winter day,—but the sun lies warm on the snow,
 And the air is touched with a softness from the summers of long ago,
 And the golden light shows misty through the bare and leafless trees,
 And a dream of summer comes wafted from the far-off southern seas.

Only a winter day,—but the cattle, as they go
 Drowsily through the sunshine, the hidden presage know
 That breathes, like a waft of perfume through the soft and balmy air,
 And whispers that Spring is coming and tells us she is fair!

Even so, through Life's long winter, there falleth many a ray
 Strayed from th' eternal summer, to glorify the day,
 And we were duller than the cattle if we could not recognise
 The presence of light that liveth beyond our earthly skies.

OPHELIA AND PORTIA: THE SHAKESPEAREAN AND
THE FANCIFUL

BY D. FOWLER, EMERALD, ONT.

‘ONE who has personated them,’ a lady, formerly known as Helen Faucit, but now *signing herself* Helena F. Martin, is at present in process of giving to the world her impressions of some of ‘Shakespeare’s Female Characters.’ She began with Ophelia, and she has proceeded with Portia. Her object, as might have been expected, is to elevate these characters as much as possible. This, of course, is agreeable to women, as complimentary to their sex. Men have sometimes followed the same course in a spirit of gallantry. But there has perhaps been no subject on which there has been more cant, more following of the bell-wether. If it has been possible to raise Isabella and Mariana, than whose conduct nothing could be more degrading or repugnant to gentlewomen, into models, we need wonder at nothing. Though happily they stand alone in their own way. And, curiously enough, we could hardly desire stronger proof than this very attempt on the part of Lady Martin. She so far admits that she finds the characters of Ophelia and Portia unsatisfactory and incomplete, as Shakespeare left them, that she is driven to the device of filling out her ideal by ‘dreams,’ of her own, of what may have taken place both before and (in the case of Portia) after their appearance on the stage. To such a length does she carry this, that she attributes to Portia, after Shakespeare has done with her, ‘a holier and far more difficult task,’ than another imaginary good action which she ascribes to her, and certainly far ‘holier’ than any-

thing that the real Portia does, for to speak of any action or conduct of her’s as ‘holy,’ would be an absurd exaggeration, and it is this kind of exaggeration, into which Lady Martin has permitted herself to fall, which has been so frequent.

Lady Martin confesses that her Ophelia is very unlike what she hears and reads about her; that she is often spoken of as a ‘weak creature, wanting in truthfulness, in purpose, in force of character, and only interesting when she loses the little wits she has.’ ‘Who can wonder,’ she adds, ‘that a character, so delicately outlined and shaded in with strokes so fine, should often be gravely misunderstood?’ Pity that these fine and delicate strokes and shades are not pointed out to us, so that they may be perceptible to ordinary comprehension!

Lady Martin bemoans the fact, that, in Shakespeare’s time, ‘boys and beardless youths were the only representatives of his women on the stage.’ Now, she says, they are ‘living realities for thousands to whom they would else have been unknown. Think of a boy as Juliet! as “heavenly Rosalind!”’ &c., &c., ‘and so on, through all the wondrous gallery!’ (I am glad to find that Isabella is not included). ‘How could any youth, however gifted and specially trained, even faintly suggest these fair and noble women to an audience? Woman’s words coming from a man’s lips, a man’s heart—it seems monstrous to think of! One quite pities Shakespeare, who had to put up with seeing his brightest creations

thus marred, misrepresented, spoiled.' This is not a little amusing when we call to mind the slight fact that these very 'woman's words' did come from a man's heart, that these 'fair and noble women,' these 'bright creations' were the productions of 'a man's' genius. This 'wondrous gallery' was 'a man's' work. And it certainly is not unreasonable to suppose that what a man can create a man can interpret. Nay, we may go further. We may say that, if this great diversity really exists between the appreciation of the feminine nature by men and that by women, the creation of female character proceeding from a masculine genius and invention may be *better* understood and *better* represented by the genius of men, because more in sympathy with it, than by that of women. There could not be a more frank admission than that of our present authority, that Shakespeare has penetrated and given to the world the nature and characteristics of women in a transcendent form. Then why not other men in their degree? Even in a degree higher than Shakespeare's. It could be shown that it has been done. Nay, it has been shown. Of course it will be said that women *must*, in the very nature of things, be more competent than men to represent female character. It might certainly with equal justice be said, that women *must* be able to draw female character better than men. But whose was the 'wondrous gallery?' A man's or a woman's? There is another remark to be made. Several of Shakespeare's female characters assume the disguise of men. ('Breeches parts' they used to be called before the present decorous tunic fell to the knees). It does not seem to occur to actresses that their assumption of a man's part must necessarily be a failure. A man's words coming from a woman's lips, a woman's heart! 'It seems monstrous to think of!'

Lady Martin 'dreams' that the motherless baby, Ophelia, was left to the unsympathetic tending of country

folk. That, when her brother, Laertes, went to take his pleasure in France, he was fond of his 'little sister' in a patronising sort of a way. That, when introduced to us, she was 'in her early teens,' an inexperienced, not to say raw, country girl, having been a few months only at Court. Now, part of this is clearly contrary to the play, and all the rest is mere dreaming, for which the piece affords no warrant whatever. What Shakespeare tells, and what we know, is that, when first introduced to us, at the time of her brother's first departure, she is not in her 'early teens,' but a grown-up young lady, deep in a love affair with Hamlet. In this she is not different from thousands of other young ladies, all the world over. But her case is so far peculiar, that she has fixed her affections too high, out of her own sphere. As her character, so much as there is of it, becomes developed, we find her to be gentle, sensitive, submissive. Her qualities are altogether negative. It is a part, not of action, but of suffering. She has hardly any appreciable influence on the progress of the play. Remove her, and the drama would still be complete. She serves to bring out Hamlet's character, but that is ail. In this she differs from Desdemona, another pitiable part of little more than suffering, and even worse suffering. But round Desdemona the whole action of the play revolves. Take her away, and 'Othello' has no longer any existence, its *raison d'être* is gone. Our interest in the part of Ophelia consists in its pathos. And this is intense. It could be carried no further. She is shamefully treated by her lover; her father is murdered by him; she loses her reason. We see her come upon the stage a piteous wreck. She is fantastically dressed, with straws stuck in her hair, and shreds and fragments of flowers and herbs in her hands. Her eyes wander with a grievous lack of intelligence. She is mad, very mad. She says and sings some pathetic snatches

of speech and song. These show how completely her mind has been thrown off its balance. She knows nobody. One's heart bleeds for her. Truly her cup is full. To this no touch of art can be added. Not so. She is drowned, and her corpse in her coffin is brought into the grave-yard. You see it, and you hear the bell toll for her burial. All is over. Her love, her happiness, her reason, and her life have been wrecked, and have all gone down together. It is sad of the saddest, but it is not character, it is not action.

It is a prevailing cause of complaint with lady-critics—Lady Martin among them—that Ophelia is a bruised reed from the very outset, that her own brother cannot take leave of her without lecturing her cruelly and coarsely. But this is not Shakespeare. Laertes sees plainly that she is in a very perilous position, and he gives her a warning most amply justified by the event. Read rightly, never was more kindly wisdom wrapped up in so many lines. It exactly befits the occasion. He speaks plainly, it is true. Perhaps somewhat broadly. It was according to the taste and manners of the age. That was the style of talk which was used to and by women in those days. Those who do not object to the conversation which goes on in Portia's presence, and in which it can hardly be said she takes no part, need not be squeamish about Laertes' advice to his sister. It is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. We are not to judge of it by our standards of today. Shakespeare shows us that Ophelia takes it all in perfectly good part. So far from showing any displeasure, she makes her brother a sprightly answer, just as any other sister might have done. She tells him that she will keep his good lesson in her heart; and then she rallies him on his own conduct. She tells him not to preach one thing and practise another. She talks of 'puffed and reckless libertines,' and of 'primrose paths

of dalliance.' Surely this is not the language of a young girl stricken down by cruelty and coarseness. We should then have had her represented as scarcely able to utter a word, her voice inarticulate with sobs, and bursting into tears. No doubt what her brother says may have a chilling effect upon her love, but, like a sensible girl, she is conscious of its truth. She says:

'I shall the effects of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart.'

Laertes has said to her—

'Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,'

and, as a last leave-taking, he says—

'Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you,'

to which she replies—

'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.'

I have gone the more fully into this that it might be seen how much Lady Martin, and those who follow the same course of criticism are mistaken. No doubt her father speaks to Ophelia more harshly than her brother, on the same subject, but with equal good reason. To him she only replies, 'I shall obey, my lord.'

Here it is that Polonius first exhibits that strange absurdity in his way of speaking which he afterwards carries to such lengths that it is often taken as the cue to his character. But it is not so. He is, in fact, a wise and honourable gentleman, though he may choose only too frequently to assume a different part. This is amply proved by his advice to his son on his departure to the gay capital of France. It would, I think, be impossible to improve a single precept or one word of it. On another occasion, when he is, in a rather Machiavellian fashion, setting a spy upon his son, he finds himself going too far, and pulls himself up suddenly. He says—

'And there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry none so
rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that.'

Then, again, when the King and he are setting Ophelia on to waylay Hamlet, and he has said, 'Ophelia walk you here, read on this book,' he adds,

'We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much proved that with devotion's
visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.'

And this he must say with fervour, for he extorts from the guilty King the following confession:—

'Oh, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering
art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word,
O, heavy burden!'

[*Aside.*]

These instances are not a little curious, and, altogether, Polonius is an extremely inconsistent character. It is equally difficult to determine whether Shakespeare invented such a character, or whether, on the other hand, it is a portrait drawn from a real person.

About the snatches of song that Ophelia sings in the mad-scene it is perhaps as well to be silent. It would be easy to say unpalatable things. It is a pity that they should be there. But Shakespeare thought only of his art, and it is a fine stroke of art. It shows how very mad she is, and how completely she has lost command of herself. Lady Martin accounts for it in her own way. She says it was 'scarcely to be expected from a young and cultured gentlewoman's lips.' I should think not. But, as it forms part of her 'dream,' we need hardly concern ourselves with it. If we are to take to dreaming we shall have as many Ophelias as dreamers, and the number would become burdensome on our hands. For most of us one Shakespeare and one Ophelia is enough. Let us just see what her part in the play amounts to. In Act I., she appears in one scene. She is cautioned by her brother and her father, in their respective ways, about the perils of

her love affair with Hamlet, and she replies to both with such difference as is natural between them. In Act II. she appears once. She describes to her father how Hamlet comes to her apartment and takes a silent, and what he intended should be a last, farewell. The description has very great power and beauty. You see what terrible pangs it cost him, and, no doubt, her too. Beyond that, she tells her father that she has obeyed his commands. That is all. But we may take occasion to admire a very candid and very wise speech of Polonius, in reply to what he hears from her.

'I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not questioned him; I feared he did but
trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my
jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.'

In Act III. she appears twice. On both occasions she is merely the butt of Hamlet's cruelty and insolence. I doubt whether words less harsh would meet the occasion. But she sees that he is deranged, and is no longer accountable for what he says and does. She tells us so herself in a most pathetic lament. If there were any place for anger in her disposition, it would give place to pity. She bears it all with that meekness and submission which constitutes her character, so far as we are made acquainted with it. But she sinks under the strain. She reverses the old adage, she bends before the storm, and yet she breaks. In Act IV. she is mad. In Act V. she is drowned, and we attend her funeral. It is a heart-rending story, but surely never was there one more simple or told in fewer words. We may, I think, without much arrogance, suppose that we understand it without seeking for lines and strokes so fine, and tints so exquisite, as to elude our vigilance.

Lady Martin is disposed to acquit the Queen. So much the better. Hamlet tells us, of the play within the play, that 'the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian.' I dare say we may take that literally. But I can scarcely doubt that Shakespeare had the murder of Darnley in his mind. Such a presentation would be acceptable to his patroness, Elizabeth. Those who can acquit Mary, will, perhaps, find no more difficulty in absolving Gertrude.

A stronger contrast than Portia affords to Ophelia need not be desired. We have now a lady who was not gentle, submissive and helpless, but very well able to take care of herself. She undergoes no calamities, but arrives at the height of good fortune, and on that summit we leave her. Lady Martin says she is a 'real typical great lady and woman; a perfect piece of nature's handiwork.' That 'her character combines all the graces of the richest womanhood, with the strength of purpose, the wise helpfulness and sustained power of the noblest manhood.' Now, if there ever was such a faultless monster of perfection, she was certainly not, by Lady Martin's own showing, the Portia of Shakespeare. She says, 'for Portia I have always dreamed out a holier and far more difficult task' than anything that Shakespeare's Portia does. The Portia, then, of Lady Martin is made up of two parts, the Shakespearean part and the non-Shakespearean part. Both together can certainly do no more than complete the phenomenon of excellence, which Lady Martin imagines. Take away the non-Shakespearean part, and you have only a residue, a certain portion, left. But a part cannot be equal to the whole, therefore the Portia of Shakespeare *must* fall short of Lady Martin's paragon. As this is severely logical, it would not be fair to expect that Lady Martin would perceive it.

Our attention has to be given, not to any creation of fancy outside of Shakespeare, but to what he has him-

self given us, within the limits of his masterly play, and that play we proceed to follow. We find Portia to be a grand lady, with large possessions and great beauty. Those are not any merits of her own. She is quick, lively, clever, witty, satirical. She speaks extremely well throughout the piece. But this is a quality which Shakespeare lavishes in profusion upon his characters generally. It may be questioned whether the very first speech of Nerissa, the waiting maid, is not quite as good as anything Portia says. I say the 'waiting maid.' That is what Shakespeare instructs me to say. Lady Martin calls her the '*dame d'honneur* and friend' of Portia. This would denote some one at almost the opposite end of the social scale. A lady of honour is certainly very far removed from a waiting-maid. How Lady Martin came to make so great a mistake is matter of surprise. It may be one way of trying to account for Portia's familiarity with her, inasmuch that she discusses her own suitors with her with more than freedom, which is perhaps a part that we should not assign to a highly born and bred lady. We are, indeed, met by this inconsistency. Gratiano who is a 'friend' of gentlemen, and therefore, we are to suppose, a gentleman himself, marries Nerissa. But any competent reader of the play may see that it is Gratiano who lowers himself to Nerissa's level, and not Nerissa who rises to that of Gratiano.

Portia has rather a sharp tongue. She tells Nerissa that her Neapolitan suitor talks horse, and boasts that he can shoe him himself, and she fears that his mother played false with a smith;—she says of the County Palatine, that she had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than either of them;—of the Scottish lord that he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box on the ear from the Englishman, and said he would pay him again when he was able;—of the young German, that she likes him very vilely in the

morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; that when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast. She also makes the following slip, 'prove it so, let fortune go to hell for it, not I.' From all which (if we are at all disposed to take to dreaming of what might happen thereafter) should there unfortunately arise a war of words between her and her husband (and such things *do* happen) he will be likely to find her what is vulgarly called a tough customer. He might come off something like the young German.

Portia is very frank in her declaration of love at first sight. She avows it to Bassanio as plainly as she can speak. It is very nice play acting, but it is, perhaps, not strictly maidenly, according to existing notions. When Bassanio chooses the right casket, she cries out,—

"O, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit."

We shall surely not accuse her of parsimony in her avowals here. Lady Martin exclaims, 'how frankly and nobly she gives herself and her very all' to her lover, that lover of whom she has, this moment, spoken, as we have seen. She has, in fact, by a stroke of great good fortune been put into possession of the indulgence of her own inclinations. She is frank enough, it is true, but this happy position is not generally supposed to require the exhibition of any great nobility. If, indeed, Bassanio had not been agreeable to her, and in compliance with her father's will and the condition on which she held her possessions, she had been compelled, without any choice or inclination of her own, to receive for her husband an unacceptable suitor, like the young German, for instance, there might have been something frank and noble in resigning herself with as good a grace as possible to her fate. As for her giving her 'very all,' that is, her

fortune, that was a matter of course, in those days at least. I observe a great fondness in lady writers for the word 'noble.' But familiarity breeds contempt. If we waste our words and sentiments in this way upon occasions which can make no sort of claim to them, what shall we do when we come upon actions to which they are really applicable. We shall be in the position of the Foolish Virgins. The woman who braves all the horrors of a Small Pox hospital that she may carry relief and spiritual consolation to the sufferers;—the woman who is cast to the lions or bound to the stake rather than bely her conscience;—the woman, who, that she may first rid the world of a monster, lays down her life freely on the scaffold;—the woman who refuses to commit false witness even to save her sister's life, and yet holds that life so dear that she makes an heroic pilgrimage to save it;—what have we for such women as these but that they are 'noble?' If we are to call all the women noble who give themselves and what they have got to the men of their choice, we shall have so many noble women on our hands that we shall not know what to do with them. No. Portia does well enough. She goes through an ordeal, which is by no means light or easy, in a good spirit. She refuses to be 'forsworn.' She does it all with a certain grand air, which sits well upon her. Let her have all praise that is her due. We have no fault to find with her except, perhaps, a little too much 'frankness.' But, in the name of all that is really great, let us hear nothing about nobility. Is this *lèse majesté* to Shakespeare? If it is, let it be so. As there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, so there are better and 'nobler' women in the world than Shakespeare found in it.

No sooner has Bassanio won Portia as his wife, than there comes the news that Antonio's life is forfeited to Shylock by the bond into which he has entered on Bassanio's behalf. Portia,

with all the profuse generosity of a great, wealthy lady, instantly offers any amount of money to pay off the debt. But money will not do it. She then desires Bassanio to set off for Venice without a moment's delay, that he may render to his friend such succour as may yet be possible. She herself, under cover of another declared design, determines to proceed thither herself, that she may, by a device of her own, undertake his defence. This device is neither more nor less than to disguise herself as a doctor of laws (or, as we should say, an advocate or barrister), and plead the cause in open court. It is a most daring design, but she has a just confidence in her own resources. It is much as if she had seen her husband saved from drowning by Antonio, while he is himself in imminent danger of sinking. Confident in her powers of swimming (if Portia was not confident in her powers of legal acumen, she was foolhardy indeed), she jumps into the water and, after great efforts, in which, however, she is in no danger herself, she rescues Antonio from his threatened fate. Let the applause, which is rightfully due to the act, be measured by the act itself. It is great, but not the greatest; far from it.

Portia despatches her servant, Balthazar, to Doctor Bellario, at Padua, for 'notes and garments,' and then she sets out, taking Nerissa with her, to personate her clerk, having desired Balthazar to meet her at the ferry by which she would cross to Venice. She says to Nerissa, 'I'll tell thee all my whole device when I am in my coach.' One would suppose that nothing could be clearer. But Lady Martin conjectures that Portia's object is to meet Doctor Bellario and engage his professional services on behalf of Antonio. She says 'that they do meet is certain,' but that she finds 'her dear old friend grievously sick.' Lady Martin's idea is that *then* Portia forms the sudden resolve to take his place. All this is founded on a (supposed) letter from

Doctor Bellario, which is read in court by a 'clerk,' who, I suspect, is Nerissa. All we hear is, 'Clerk reads.' I believe that it is a 'bogus' letter, and that Doctor Bellario is, in fact, neither sick nor sorry. Two women, capable of such a stratagem, would certainly be capable of concocting such a letter as might be necessary for the carrying out of their plot. We have to ask, if it is not so, why did Portia send Balthazar to Padua for 'notes' and 'garments,' and gave him orders to meet her with them at the Venice ferry; and why she says to Nerissa that she will tell her all her whole 'device' as soon as they are seated in her coach? If there be but one, and surely there is but one, true explanation of it all, we must find Lady Martin's innocently placing implicit faith in the letter, and the earnestness with which she speaks about Doctor Bellario, both here and elsewhere, somewhat amusing.

Portia makes a very good appearance as a doctor of laws. That is, of a Shakespearean doctor of laws. The law is a little shaky, like the Shakespearean geography, which bestows a sea-coast on Bohemia. Antonio is, in fact, got off by two quibbles. Any serious reasoning is thrown away upon the subject. It is a stage play, a piece of performance, and it does extremely well. But we may just say that if a man enters into a bond, he must abide by the consequences, be they what they may. If the execution of the bond involves the shedding of blood, and the court sanctions such a bond, the blood must be shed. Shylock was within his *legal* right. Then the idea that a man cannot accept less than is due to him and give a quit-tance for the whole; that, if he does, 'he dies, and all his goods are confiscate' will not stand, I imagine, at Osgoode Hall, so that I fear we cannot set Portia down as a great lawyer. I am afraid that we cannot assign to her legal studies under Doctor Bellario all the importance that Lady Martin ascribes to them. An astute ad-

vocate, if you please. Her business was to get Antonio off, and she did it. Her famous speech about mercy is beyond praise. It is as fine as can be. But we must remember that that was her cue too. If she had been counsel for the plaintiff instead of the defendant, no doubt Shakespeare would have put a magnificent speech into her mouth about justice. We see that sort of thing every day. Isabella says fine things about mercy also; but, when the tables are turned, she screams for 'justice, justice, justice, justice.' However, let us suppose that Portia really felt, to the full, all she said. Most women, if I am not mistaken, would feel the same, and express it as well if they could.

The strategem of the rings is well carried out. The talk, consequent upon it, is broad and loose enough, Portia's share as well as Nerissa's; the style of the day. Let it never be forgotten that Shakespeare was no moralist. There are many who will tell you that it would have spoiled his art if he had been; that morals are one thing and art is another. He was a playwright and a manager. He had

his ends to serve like other men; his effects to make. He used his superabundance of superb materials as they came to hand. Of all things he was the least 'didactic. Let us listen to Johnson.

'His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate, for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time and place.'

CANADIAN IDYLLS.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY W. KIRBY.

SPINA CHRISTI.

PART II.

ATLANTIC gales come winged with clouds and voices of the sea,
 The misty Capes uncap to hear the ocean melody—
 In broad St. Lawrence rise and fall the everlasting tides,
 Which come and go with ebb and flow—
 While every ship that rides
 At anchor swings, and east or west the passing flood divides,
 Or westward' ho! mid seamen's shouts still onward gently glides,
 Tasting the waters sweet from lakes, of boundless solitude
 Where thousand isles break into smiles
 Of nature's gladdest mood.

Where trees and waters clap their hands as sang the Hebrew King,
 God's voices in them thundering, that to the spirit bring
 Deep thoughts—far deeper than the thoughts that seem, and are not so
 Of men most wise in their own eyes,
 Who vainly toil to know
 The meaning of this universe—life's panoply—a *No!*
 To pride of godless intellect—a *Yes!* to those that go
 With lamp alit—the Word revealed—and see amid the gloom
 And labyrinths—the mighty plinths
 Of temples, grandly loom.

A hundred leagues and many more towards the glowing west—
 Amid the forests' silences, Ontario lay at rest—
 Keel rarely ploughed, or paddle dipped its wilderness of blue ;
 Where day by day life passed away
 In peace that irksome grew.
 In old Niagara fort, a cross stood loftily in view *
 And *Regnat. Vincit. Imperat. Christus* the words did shew
 Carved on it, when the Rousillon came up in early spring
 To close the port—and guard the fort,
 And keep it for the King.

O ! fair in summer time it is, Niagara plain to see,
 Half belted round with oaken woods and green as grass can be !
 Its levels broad in sunshine lie, with flowerets gemmed and set,
 With daisy stars, and red as Mars
 The tiny sanguinet,
 The trefoil with its drops of gold—white clover heads, and yet,
 The sweet grass commonest of all God's goodnesses we get !
 The dent de lion's downy globes a puff will blow away,
 Which children pluck to try good luck,
 Or tell the time of day.

Count Bois le Grand sought out a spot of loveliness, was full
 Of sandworts silvered leaf and stem—with down of fairy wool,
 Hard by the sheltering grove of oak he set the holy thorn
 Where still it grows and ever shows
 How sharp the crown of scorn
 Christ wore for man, reminding him what pain for sin was borne,
 And warning him he must repent before his sheaf is shorn,
 When comes the reaper, Death, and his last hour of life is scored,
 Of all bereft, and only left
 The mercy of the Lord.

The thorn was planted, leafed and bloomed as if its sap were blood
 That stained its berries crimson which fell dropping where it stood,
 And seeded others like it, as on Golgotha befell,
 An awful sight, if seen aright,
 The trees that root in hell ! *
 Contorted, twisted, writhing, as with human pain to tell
 Of cruel spines and agonies that God alone can quell.
 A cluster like them Dante saw, and never after smiled,
 A grove of doom, amid whose gloom
 Were wicked souls exiled.

* In the centre of the fort stood a cross eighteen feet high with the inscription ; *Regn. Vinc. Imp. Chrs.* The interpretation of which admits of as much ambiguity as a Delphic oracle.

A number of these thorns—old and weird of aspect are still standing on the plains of Niagara near the Grove of Paradise—they were formerly called the 'French thorns'—a designation now nearly forgotten.

'Abandon hope all you who enter here!' in words of dread
 Glared luridly above the door that opened to the dead ;
 The dead in trespasses and sins—the dead who chose the broad
 And beaten way, that leads astray,
 And not the narrow road—
 The rugged solitary path, beset with thorns that goad
 The weary spirit as it bears the world's oppressive load
 Up Calvary—to lay it down upon the rock, and wait
 In hope and trust—for God is just
 And pities our estate.

Niagara fort was bravely built with bulwarks strong and high
 A tower of stone and pallisades with ditches deep and dry,
 And best of all behind them lay Guienne and Rousillon *
 La Sarre and Bearn, 'neath Pouchot stern—
 A wall of men like stone—
 De Villiers and Bois le Grand of old Avignon,
 And over all the flag of France waved proudly in the sun.
 Prepared for it—they met the war with gaiety and zest—
 And every day barred up the way
 That opened to the west.

Discord was rampant now and hate, and peace lay like a yoke
 That galled the necks of both of them, and French and English broke,
 With mutual wrath and rivalry, the treaty they had made ;
 Too proud to live and each one give
 Sunshine as well as shade.
 From Louisburg to Illinois, they stood as foes arrayed,
 And east and west war's thunder rolled—the soldier's polished blade
 Flashed 'mid the savage tomahawks that struck and never spared,
 While fort and field alternate yield
 The bloody laurels shared.

The clouds of war rolled redder from the north, and English pride
 Was stung to desperation at the turning of the tide,
 When Montcalm the heroic, wise in council—struck the blow
 Won Chouaguen, and conquered then
 At Carillon the foe.
 But with his very victories his armies melted slow.
 No help from France obtained he—and his heart sank very low,
 He knew that England's courage flames the fiercest in defeat,
 And in the day she stands at bay
 Most dangerous to meet.

Help us O France ! to save thy fair dominion in the west
 Which for thy sake we planted and have carved thy royal crest,
 Of golden lilies on the rocks beside the streams that flow
 From mountain rills and past the hills
 Of far off Ohio.
 Then down leagues by the hundred where bayous meander slow
 Though orange groves and sugar canes, and flowers that ever blow,
 In fair Louisiana. We will take and hold the land
 For Francia's crown of old renown,
 If she will by us stand.'

So spake Montcalm, and message sent—' My armies melt away
 With victories—my beaten foes grow stronger every day—
 In vain Monongahela and Carillon piled with slain,

* Portions of the regiments of Rousillon, La Sarre, Bearn and Guienne—formed the garrison of Niagara during the memorable siege of 1759.

If France forget to pay the debt
 Of honour without stain,
 She owes her sons who willingly are bleeding every vein
 For sake of her white flag and crown, on fortress and on plain.
 If we can keep Niagara safe that guards the western door,
 Then in the east Quebec may feast
 In quiet, evermore.'

Vain were Moncalm's appeals for aid, Voltaire's cold spirit ruled
 The Court—while noisy doctrinaires a gallant nation schooled
 In selfishness, and unbelief, and cowardice—and ease,
 Which manhood daunt, while women flaunt
 Their idle hours to please.
 Degenerately they drank the wine of life mixed with the lees,
 The Spartan virtues that make nations free and famous—these
 Were mocked—derided, set at nought, while fatuous statesmen stand,
 Whose feeble will potent for ill
 Yields where it should command.

SPINA CHRISTI.

PART III.

Remote amid the trackless woods and waters of the west,
 No enemy had broken yet Niagara's quiet rest.
 The fifth year of the war came in—a change was nigh at hand ;
 The order ran to raise the ban
 And make a final stand.
 Prideaux and Johnson honoured were with new and high command,
 From Albany a hundred leagues to march across the land,
 While Wolfe besieged Quebec, and its defences battered in ;
 So they elate took bond of fate,
 Niagara to win.

But not before June's leafy days, when all the woods are green,
 And skies are warm and waters clear, the English scouts were seen.
 A lull before the tempest fell with weeks of steady calm,
 Of golden hours when blooming flowers
 Filled all the air with balm.
 The garrison were now prepared to struggle for the palm
 To win the wreath of victory or die without a qualm ;
 So passed their time in jollity and ease, as if the day
 Of bloody strife with life for life
 Was continents away.

A fleet of swift canoes came up, all vocal with the song
 Of voyageurs, whose cadences kept even time among
 The dipping paddles, as they flashed along Ontario's shore,
 Past headlands high and coasts that lie
 In mistiness—and bore
 A bevy of fair wives who loved their husbands more and more,
 Who could not bear their absence, and defiant of the roar
 Of forests and of waters, came to comfort and caress,
 As women may—and only they—
 Man's solitariness.

In those Capuan days they basked in pleasure's sunny beams,
 The Provence home of Bois le Grand was rarer in his dreams,
 The Chatelaine of his chateau fast by the rapid Rhone,

A memory dim became to him—
 Nor loved he her alone.
 A dame of charms most radiant—the cynosure that shone
 Amid the constellations of Quebec's magnetic zone,
 Drew him with force and held him fast, a captive with her eyes,
 Which dark and bright as tropic night,
 Loved him without disguise ;

And he remembered not the thorn he planted by the grove
 Of Paradise, where he forgot in his forbidden love,
 The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand, the purest wife and best
 Of womankind he left behind,
 And ventured, like the rest.
 To sport with woman's loveliness—as for a passing jest.
 His heart was very lonely, too, while all beside were blest.
 Like Samson in Delilah's lap, his lock of strength was shorn.
 He loved again despite the pain
 And stinging of the thorn.

One day when he a-hunting went in the Norman Marsh * and she
 The dame he loved rode with him as Diana fair to see
 In green and silver habited—and silken bandoleer,
 With dainty gun—by it undone !
 And bugle horn so clear.
 While riding gaily up and down to turn the timid deer
 And meet the joyance of his glance, when she should re-appear,
 She vanished in the thicket, where a pretty stag had flown—
 Saw something stir—alas ! for her !
 She shot her lover down !

Bleeding he fell—' O, Madelaine ! ' his cry turned her to stone,
 ' What have you done unwittingly ? ' he uttered with a groan,
 As she knelt over him with shrieks sky-rending, such as rise
 From women's lips on sinking ships,
 With death before their eyes.
 She beat her breast despairingly ; her hair dishevelled flies ;
 She kissed him madly, and in vain to stanch the blood she tries,
 Till falling by him in a swoon they both lay as the dead—
 A piteous sight ! love's saddest plight !
 With garments dabbled red.

Their servants ran and hunters pale, and raised them from the ground
 Restored the dame to consciousness, and searched his fatal wound.
 They pitched for him a spacious tent the river bank above
 With boundless care for ease and air
 And tenderness of love.
 She waited on him night and day ; plucked off her silken glove
 With self-accusing grief and tears—lamenting as a dove
 Bemoans her wounded mate—so she—and in her bosom wore
 A spike of thorn which every morn
 She gathered—nothing more.

She cast her jewels off and dressed in robe of blackest hue,
 Her face was pale as look the dead, and paler ever grew.
 Smiles lit no more her rosy lips where sunbeams used to dance ;
 A withering blight that kills outright
 Fell on her like a trance ;

The '*Marais Normand*' so called during the French occupation of Niagara. It is now covered with farms ; but is still called the swamp.

For Bois le Grand was dying, and it pierced her like a lance
 To hear him vainly calling on his Chatelaine in France ;
 And not for her who knelt by him, and lived but in his breath—
 Remorse and grief without relief
 Were hastening her death.

Far, far away in Avignon, beneath the holy thorn,
 The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand knelt down at eve and morn ;
 And prayed for him in hope and trust long witless of his fate ;
 But never knew he was untrue
 And had repented late.
 As caught between two seas his bark was in a rocky strait
 And with his life went down the lives of those two women. Fate
 Bedrugged the love, betrayed them both—and one by Laura's shrine
 Took her last rest—the other best,
 Drank death with him like wine.

Niagara's doom long threatened came—the roll of English drums
 Was heard deep in the forest as Prideaux's stout army comes.
 They sap and trench from day to day, the cannon fiercer roar,
 The hot attack when beaten back
 Again comes to the fore.
 The pallasades are red with fire, the ramparts red with gore,
 Its brave defenders on the walls die thickly more and more,
 Mid rack and ruin overwhelmed—no help above--below,
 The few remain—not of the slain--
 Surrender to the foe.

But not before all hope had fled, when gathered far and wide
 From prairie, forest, fort and field—with every tribe allied
 To France, throughout the west they came, the fatal siege to raise,
 And marched along, a mingled throng,
 Amid the forest maze.
 They halted in the meadows where they stood like stags at gaze,
 The English and the Iroquois confronting them for days,
 Till Brant and Butler wary chiefs, with stratagem of war
 Broke up their host, and captured most,
 While fled the rest afar.

The last day came, and Bois le Grand beheld with misty eyes
 The flag of France run down the staff, and that of England rise.
 It was the sharpest thorn of all that 'neath his pillow lay—
 'O, Madelaine !' he cried ' my men !
 My Rousillon so gay !
 Fill graves of honour, while I live to see this fatal day !
 But not another ! No !' he cried, and turned as cold as clay.
 She kissed his mouth the last long kiss the dying get alone—
 'O, Spina !' cried—fell by his side
 And both lay dead as stone.

L'ENVOI.

The old man ceased his reading, and there fell
 Over his shoulder on the faded page,
 A heavy tear drop, full of sympathy
 And warm with passion, from the eye of May,
 Who overlooked him—flushed and tremulous
 As eager for the crisis of the tale,
 Which struck her like an arrow— now it came.

'Good Uncle Clifford !' said she, winding close
 Her dress as she sat by him, 'I have read
 That story many times ; but only now
 In your recital do I seem to feel
 Its meaning to the full—as one who sleeps
 On some perplexity, and waking finds,
 With morning light, its disentanglement.
 The sequel of the story—tell me pray !'

He glanced at her with understanding eyes
 That read her thoughts ; but nothing said. He saw,
 A gentle turbulence of maiden dreams
 And fancies in a heart, no fowler yet
 Had taken like a bird of woodnotes free,
 And taught to sing one strain of love for him.
 'I know no sequel to it—lovely May !
 But in my youth have heard, there was a grave
 Made wide enough for two, beneath the thorn,
 The oldest and the inmost of the group
 With memories of evil sore accurst,
 That stand so weirdly there, outlawed, apart
 From other trees in ragged age forlorn.
 It long was visible ; and even now,
 An eye that searches may find out the spot,
 With crimson sanguinets like drops of blood
 Much dotted on the grass that greener grows—
 Kind nature's covering for all of us,
 When our life's work is done, and we lie down,
 And sleep our last on earth, to wake in Heaven,
 At sunrise of our new creation's morn !

And so, dear May ! keep well your heart in trust
 For love that shames not, when your turn shall come
 To be sought out and won with all delight
 Of purity and true affection's gift.
 But those who haply sleep beneath the thorns ;
 Search not the mystery of their fatal love,
 Whose final issues none may judge aright ;
 But leave them to the mercy of the Lord,
 Who pardons much where love is much ; for more
 Than man's compassion is the grace of God,
 And his forgiveness greater than the world's,
 By law not love, which judges and condemns.'

NIAGARA, January 1, 1881.

POSITIVISM *VERSUS* CHRISTIANITY.

A CONVERSATION.

‘I SEE, Warburton, your *Nineteenth Century* is cut at Frederic Harrison’s “Creeds, Old and New.” Didn’t you find it rather curious reading?’

‘Didn’t *you* find it so, Graham?’ retorted his friend with a smile, throwing himself down into an easy chair for one of the evening talks, in which the two very different men often indulged, while Mrs. Warburton sat by—an interested listener, and occasionally a partaker in the argument.

‘Well yes, I must admit I did, though I really couldn’t read it through. It is curious what nonsense a clever man will some times talk when he is in full chase after a pet idea!’

‘“What is the bearing of astronomy on our general theory of duty?”’ quoted Mrs. Warburton mischievously.

‘Yet, whatever nonsense we may talk occasionally, he is always suggestive, said Warburton;’ ‘there is a method in his madness. What he asks is, in the main, reasonable enough. The trouble is, — he doesn’t see the answer!’

‘Well, extremes meet! Warburton and Harrison! Evangelical and Positivist! But I can guess your explanation. Go on! I suppose you mean that he is right in asking for a complete human synthesis, as he calls it, and that Christianity affords it.’

‘Exactly so! I entirely sympathise with him in his feeling, that the present chaotic state of thought and society cannot be a permanent one,—though it may of necessity belong to those transition periods which seem to come like spiritual cataclysms, or to

take a humbler but truer simile, like the period in the life of some creatures, when old organs slough off because new ones are beginning to form.’

‘The old ones being the old faiths,’ interrupted Graham.

‘Being man’s old conceptions of the true faith,’ replied Warburton. ‘And these may be as different from the right conception as the Ptolemaic view of the solar system was from that of Copernicus or Newton! But the solar system was there, real enough, all the time. And so has Christianity been, as to its essential nature—from the beginning of the world—as it will be, *in secula seculorum*. But the large portion of the thinking world which at present rejects it, because it doesn’t see it as it is, is restless and ill at ease, because, as he says, “we have no real philosophy, no synthesis, no stable basis of harmony between our thoughts and our life.” And religion, as he adds, but uttering the last clause of his sentence, is, “just that entire harmony between the human nature and the life,” our deepest consciousness tells us we *should* lead.’

‘Yes, but *your* deepest consciousness includes many things that other people’s deepest consciousness does not. *Yours* includes faith in Christ, for instance, as a *sine qua non*.’

‘That is true,’ Warburton replied, ‘but when I speak of *our* deepest consciousness, I do not mean that of one individual or another, but the deepest consciousness of that portion of the race in which it has been most fully, freely and intelligently developed. Just

as when you speak of the characteristics of perfect health, you do not mean the comparative health of this or that individual, who may be subject to secret morbid conditions affecting naturally the result, but the collective health, so to speak, of that portion of humanity in which it has been most fully developed. And in the spiritual world, the *SENSUS* of the finest, deepest, purest spirits, "touched to the finest issues," is worth something.'

'What would you make of the Materialist then? A morbid growth?'

'AS A MATERIALIST, certainly, and I ask no better proof than the natural result of his system, as Mr. Harrison states it. Here it is. "Materialism asserts that the state of the moral nature is dependent on the state of the nervous system, for this determines the moral condition: in fact, the moral phenomena may be reduced to and studied as phenomena of nerve tissue and the like; not morally but biologically. This theory will land us in all the evils of fatalism; it will deprave our hearts and muddle our heads in the end. But it is a theory; it is the Materialist synthesis; and, consistently worked out, it will effect great things, even if they be evil things." Well, I think we may safely say that a system which consistently carried out depraves our hearts, and effects evil things, cannot be the true one. If the "deepest consciousness of our race is worth anything, it must be a morbid out-growth."

'Well, if I were a Materialist,' said Graham, 'I suppose I should find something to say for the theory. But as I have no love, certainly, for what seems to me moral suicide, I am quite content to let him go! I rather fancy, however, there are not many thorough-going Materialists. The Duke of Argyll points out very well, I think, how they cannot get on without using language, which in itself is contradictory to their theory.'

'Yes, I thought that very well put,' replied Warburton. 'But now having

disposed of the Materialist, in general, let me read next Harrison's estimate of what the Evolutionist, in particular, can do for us—or rather the theory of an all-sufficing, all-explaining, all-pervading Evolution. He admits that it may "stimulate the intellect and give it a central point," and may do the same for the activity, which seems enough to many. It becomes to them a central idea, round which they can imagine a future generation basing its life and thought.'

'Of course, Evolution in that sense is only a variety of Materialism,' remarked Graham.

'Of course. His definition of Materialism is good enough; "any general philosophy of the world and of man, wherein the dominant force is not found in some conception of moral will and the highest sympathy." But this passage concerning what Evolution can do as a substitute for Christianity, is one of the best in the articles. "What can Evolution do to give a basis for the entire man; how can it act on the moral nature and appeal to feeling, to veneration, devotion, love? The heart of man cannot love protoplasm, or feel enthusiastic devotion to the idea of survival of the fittest. Our moral being is not purified and transfigured by contemplating the dynamic potency that lies hid in matter. Was any one ever made purer, braver, tenderer, for the law of Perpetual Differentiation? The scorn which true brains and hearts, that have the root of the matter in religion, launch against this assumption, has been far from unjust or excessive. The dream that on the ruins of the Bible, creed and commandments, in the space once filled by Aquinas, and Bernard, and Bossuet, or by 'Paradise Lost,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the English Prayer Book, there might be erected a faith in the Indefinite Persistence of Force and the Potential Mutability of matter, indeed deserves the ridicule it meets. Evolution will never eliminate the heart out of man so long as man

kind exists, nor will the spirit of worship, devotion, and self-sacrifice, cease to be the deepest and most abiding forces of human society.’”

‘But, of course, that doesn’t apply to Evolution, looked at merely as a theory,’ said Graham.

‘Of the mode of creation? Certainly not,’ replied Warburton, as he turned over the pages to look for his next quotation.

‘Henry,’ interposed Mrs. Warburton’s soft voice, from her low chair by the fire, ‘there is a passage further on that I like so much. At all events, it is a comfort to poor women who have not time to read up all the pros and cons of Evolution, and couldn’t come to any decision if they did! Let me find the passage for you——. There it is.’

Warburton read on: ‘Very good! Evolution may very likely serve as an intellectual synthesis; but is it a moral and practical synthesis? Can any man pretend to say that he loves, honours, adores Evolution; that the image of it is about his bed and his path; in his down-sitting and in his up-rising; that it touches his heart, rouses him to noble efforts; purifies him with a sense of great tenderness and great self-sacrifice. Can any man, without laughing, thus speak of Evolution, or of the law of Differentiation, or of the survival of the Fittest? These potent generalizations of cosmical science are discoveries of a high order. But the girl or the child whose tender spirit has drunk deep of the fountains which gave us the Morning and the Evening hymn, reaches to heights and depths of human nature, and knows vast regions of truth and power, wherein these potent generalizations can as little enter as a toad or a piece of quartz.’

‘Strange, however,’ exclaimed Graham, ‘that he can’t see how little he has to boast of in his own “Human Synthesis,” the “great human whole,” plus, its environment, the world; plus, the history of the planet and all other

planets in all time; as hopelessly heterogeneous a combination to mould into a unity, a great moral force, as one could well conceive.’

‘Yes, but that is his pet theory, which makes the difference! Now let us have what he says about Atheism, pure and simple—though, of course, it was implied—negatively at least, in Materialism and its Evolutionist variety. Atheism, he defines, as “the systematic attempt, first to disprove the existence of God, and then to take that disproof as the basis of a theory of life. Positivism,” he tells us, “declines to accept this as a philosophical dogma, and still more emphatically declines to sanction its social consequences”—Nihilism, of course, for one. But this passage is specially worth noting: “Comte says that Atheism is the most illogical form of metaphysics, by which he means that Atheism first busies itself about a perfectly undefinable and insoluble problem, and then gives us the least plausible solution of that problem. If we are to have a hypothesis of the origin of things, he says the hypothesis of Creation is somewhat less violently inconceivable than the hypothesis of Chance. Evolution, it is obvious, gives no sort of answer to the question of ultimate beginning, which it leaves entirely untouched. Who ordained Evolution; or who made the substance of which Evolution is the product?” And so, he tells us, “Positivism condemns, with a reprobation amounting almost to horror, the scheme of men who seek to base their system of human life on a logical puzzle, and a logical puzzle which would root out sentiments and hopes that have so long held together and ennobled human life.” That is his verdict on Atheism. Now let us take his verdict on Theism in its various forms, using the word in its largest sense.’

‘Yes, that interests me a good deal more,’ said Graham. ‘I am thoroughly with you as against Atheism and Materialism, you know. So, if an indeterminate nondescript sort of person

like myself comes in any where, it must be under some description of Theism.'

'Well, you shall take your choice! Here is what he says of Pantheism, to begin with: "How will Pantheism or any of those nebular hypotheses about God which now amuse subtle men of letters; how are these to concentrate the activity? How can the imaginative sentiment that everything is God, and God is everything, nerve a man with patience, unbending will, enthusiastic concentration of purpose to work, that is, to change things, to overcome this, to develop that, to assert the supremacy of the human character in the midst of a faulty but improvable world?"

'True enough,' remarked Graham; 'but here, again,—how is he to make out that Positivism is a shade better?'

'We'll come back to that by and by,' said Warburton. 'Next we will take his estimate of Deism and Theism. "Deism," he says, "is not religion, it is a form of metaphysics," and so is counted out. "It is no more a religion than the nebular hypothesis of the universe is a religion, or Mr. Herbert Spencer's Unknowable."'

'But Theism may be a good deal more,' said Graham.

'Well, the term is a rather vague one, you know. As Mr. Harrison says, "Any man calls himself a Theist who thinks that on a balance of probabilities, as a philosophical problem, there is reason to assume that the universe had some kind of First Cause. A decided Theist goes so far as to think that this First Cause may be properly described as a 'Person.' But what then? Is this to have a religion, a scheme of life and duty, and supreme end? In what sense this First Cause is a Person, with what kind of qualities endowed, how formed, how related to man, demanding what of man, all this is left perfectly vague. Each individual Theist has to determine for himself what sort of attributes this First Cause has; and he usually keeps

his fancies to himself. No reasoning about these attributes is possible, except *à priori*; there is no experience, no datum, no scientific or proved ground of any kind, nothing but hypotheses based on hypotheses, cloud piled on cloud. And then, subtle minds, like those of Mr. Matthew Arnold or Mr. Mark Pattison, frankly acknowledging the difficulties which beset any kind of personality, retire into remote regions of impalpable phrases, and talk about 'the Eternal (not ourselves) that makes for righteousness,' and the idea of God being 'defecated to a pure transparency.' All this is mere words. It will hallow no life and enlighten no spirit. Let who will, be it in piety or utter bewilderment, or mere wish to say something, erect altars to the Unknown God. It may be a graceful thing to do; it may be a soothing relief to the feelings. But let no man imagine that it is in any sense to have a religion. To have a religion resting on the belief in God, you must have a deep sense of the reality of His being, an inward consciousness that you can understand His will, and can rest in peace and love upon His heart. *A grand Perhaps is not God*; to dogmatise about the infinite, to guess, to doubt, to fear, to hope there is a future life—this is not to have a religion whereby to live and die." What do you think of that, Graham? A Christian preacher could hardly use stronger language!'

'And yet there are numbers of your orthodox Christians who suppose that these very things are their religion, and who, to judge from what they say, at least, have no better religion to live and die by,' retorted Graham, with more feeling than he had yet shown.

'Most true, my friend, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Nothing is more saddening to one who realizes the glorious privileges of Christianity than to see how many fail to realize them and systematically live below them, and how hard it seems for even what you call

orthodox Christians to believe practically, in all its fulness and wise limitation, a certain terse orthodox statement of the main function of the Holy Scriptures. "The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man." We should have had fewer of the needless controversies between science and theology if this principle had been more clearly kept in view; that what we are to look for in Revelation is, *not* science, *not* philosophy, or speculative theology, but what we are to believe, for *practical* purposes, concerning God and our relation to Him, in this imperfect phase of life below.'

'But, Harrison himself must take his place as a Theist, if he rejects Atheism,' objected Graham. 'And he certainly talks all through the articles about loving and honouring God, with apparent sympathy.'

Warburton smiled, as he replied, 'Yes, that is one of his curious self-contradictions, which he seems to have some transcendental way of reconciling for himself. There are dark corners in all our minds, I suppose, like the blind spots in our eyes, and certainly Harrison is no exception. But so far as I can understand his position, as regards Theism, it is one of Agnosticism, pure and simple, though he formally rejects Agnosticism, as he does everything else. He tells us expressly that he does not maintain the contrary to any Theistic hypothesis; that he will not deny that it is a plausible hypothesis, if hypothesis there is to be. But, instead of maintaining, as you or I would do, that it must be the foundation of any religion worth having, he puts it aside, true or false, as a "mere problem in metaphysics, a suggestion in cosmogony, a philosophical puzzle." And then he tells us what the business of religion is, and herein I think he is more orthodox than the Christians who talk of "religion" as a set of Articles to be believed, instead of a *life to be lived*. This is what he says

about it: "The first and last business of religion is to inspire men and women with a desire to do their duty, to show them what their duty is, to hold out a common end, which harmonizes and sanctifies their efforts towards duty, and knits them together in close bonds as they struggle onward towards it. That is religion. It explains man to himself and to the world, and on that explanation it inculcates his duty." But, he asks again, "Does the mere *idea* that a first cause is more probable than not—inspire men and women with a sense of duty, teach them their duty, sustain their flagging hearts in search for it?" Assuredly not, I reply,—“He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” Then, he goes on—“Ask them (Theists, of course) what the First Cause would have them do and be in the practical matters of human life?” “Ask them as to the origin of moral evil, the sense of sin in man’s heart, the conflict of self and not self within us; what is the relation of the First Cause to these things, its ordinance thereon? Oh! there all is mystery; mere hypothesis, perplexity, infinite disputes, pious hopes, optimistic ejaculations, or sensible worldly morality, that we could equally well work out with or without a First Cause.” The various world religions, among which he includes Christianity, have, he says, definite rules to give about these things, and in virtue thereof *they are* forms of religion. But mere Theism he calls a merely metaphysical dogma.'

'But,' objected Graham, 'Theism is a great deal more than that to numbers of thinking men. How many find in the simple recognition of God, a real religion for *them*, according to Mr. Harrison's definition of religion.'

'Granted, freely,' replied Warburton. 'And he admits that in what he calls Neo-theism, there is a much more religious form of it, and that, so far as its teachers keep alive the idea

of a spiritual faith underlying every act of our lives, he regards them with cordial sympathy. He "recognises to the full all that the world would have lost, had it never risen to the magnificent conception of an Almighty, All-good, All-loving God." But how did it happen that the world *did* rise to such a conception, Mr. Harrison? If we have to *rise* to an idea, it is pretty clear it could not have been evolved out of our own consciousness. I, of course, believe that the world never could have risen to such a conception, but for that God's progressive revelation of Himself, culminating in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But, Mr. Harrison, who doesn't believe this, ask Theists who reject revelation, how that conception is to be made "the basis of a purely human and rational religion," moreover, how, revelation apart, we are to have any other religion?

'Yet *you* must, with St. Paul, believe in "the law written in the heart,"' said Graham, quickly.

'Certainly,' Warburton replied, but 'a law often obscured. And how any heart on which that law is written can refuse to recognise Christ as the fullest possible Incarnation of it is what I *cannot* conceive. I believe it is implied, in any adequate idea of a God, that the all-loving Father would not leave His children without such a revelation as they could receive, and that it is in harmony with all history—of the individual and of the race—that that revelation must have been a progressive one. But what can the Theist who rejects revelation reply, when he is asked how he knows the will of God, or his duty to his neighbour; or what can he object, when he is told that he gets his views about duty as a personal and social problem from mundane sources equally open to the Positivist, or the Materialist, or the Atheist? Mr. Harrison freely admits that the Christian is in a very different position, because he believes in a distinct external revelation. But the non-

Christian Theist has really got most of his views of human duty from Christianity, and when he rejects its Divine authority, and so reduces it to a simple "mundane source," he is like a man who should deliberately begin cutting away the branch which is supporting him; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, like one who should begin to hew at the root of the tree from which he expects to gather the ripening fruit.'

'Well, I can't go so far as that, of course. It seems to me that the ultimate facts of our own nature, recognised in all ages, are a pretty safe standing-ground after all!' responded Graham.

'To a certain extent, I thoroughly agree. But how are you going to limit your ultimate facts. You mean facts of consciousness, of course. But how are you going to accept what is included in the consciousness of a Theist, and refuse what is equally included in the consciousness of a Christian? You may have a way of doing so which will satisfy yourself, but how defend it against those who will tell you that your ultimate facts are only a superstitious outgrowth, like the rest—as Comte would certainly tell you—of Theism. These ultimate facts might stand their ground—did stand their ground—in simple ages, when people, like some described by George Eliot, cared more about *things* than their causes. But in an intensely self-conscious analytic age like this, when men apply analysis to feelings which cannot be analysed, but which shrivel and disappear under the misplaced attempt, I am thankful that, as I believe, God, who "at sundry times, and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." Christianity is not "but one act in the drama," be the drama ever so long. It is the last word of God to humanity—explaining and pointing all that went before.'

As Graham did not immediately reply, Warburton presently went on in a

somewhat lighter tone. 'This age of restless thought is an age of *doctrinaires*: everyone seeing that the world is out of joint, and believing, like M. Comte, that he was born to set it right. Everyone has his nostrum or specific panacea. How are you to defend Theism against Humanism, for instance, on which Mr. Harrison is so severe? Just let me read it, or part of it at least. I am not going to trouble you with many more extracts. He says, "There is a fashion now towards the close of the nineteenth century, as there was a fashion at the close of the fifteenth, and indeed, in part, all through the sixteenth century, to fall back on a vague and rather flimsy Humanism, as a mere spontaneous outlet from the pressure of defective creeds." He defines it as "a spontaneous falling back on Nature, and on human nature, and on man's pre-Catholic life" (he means pre-Christian), "which, with its instinctive return towards the brightness of Hellas, with all the consciousness of its human power, and its passion for reality, for light, for truth, gave us Brunelleschi and Alberti, Leonardo and Michael Angelo. But even in its glorious youth," he says, "it wants solid backbone. It trifles with Philosophy, it has an instinctive horror of Religion, it dreads discipline, it has no moral stamina, it passes easily by mere sympathetic weakness, or mere cultivated indolence, into scepticism, impotent incapacity to come to a decision, and thence on to effeminacy, grossness, unnatural passion or ignoble dreaming. It always had, in its best days, a weak side for the beast in man as well as for the hero." And this Humanism, he says, "with all its breadth, its sympathies, its good-will, is a rotten thing, wholly unable to secure for itself even intellectual emancipation from the dominant superstitions, much less to secure for society a larger share of social well-being, an end, in truth, for which it never

troubles itself. To-day, as it charmed the poets and artists at the birth of the modern world, this Humanism charms us, too, for a moment, by its genius and grace and many-sided feeling."

'True enough,' interrupted Graham. 'Take Swinburne and all his host of admirers and imitators, to wit. I have often been puzzled at the self-complacency and *abandon* with which men throw away the hard-won victories of centuries—of the spiritual over the material—in order to go contentedly back to the animal again!'

'Well, you will approve of what he goes on to say.—"But strong men soon weary of it. Its inward hollowness grows shameful, ludicrous, loathsome to us. And we see to day Culture, which began at the Revolution, with Diderot and Goethe, a hundred years ago, and which has given us some exquisite works of genius and of feeling, now dying away with mere simpering about art, about philosophy—nay, simpering about religion, with its unmanly whining and feminine eagerness about the very fringes of human life, the furniture of our rooms or the cut of our clothes!"'

'Rather hard!' Graham said, laughing, 'on our superfine æsthetic writers, who go into ecstasies over "harmonies" and "arrangements," and spread themselves grandly in cant about "sincere" colour and "immortal" *chiaro-oscuro*, &c., &c. I must say I think Ruskin, with all deference to you, Mrs. Warburton, is responsible for a good deal of it.'

'Just as much as an honest cloth manufacturer is responsible for shoddy!' replied Mrs. Warburton—'we can't have a good thing without risk of a counterfeit, I suppose, and so I suppose we can't have a Ruskin without—'

'A Mr. Maudle and a Mrs. Cima-bue Brown, as the inevitable result of an overstrained enthusiasm, which, in ordinary British humanity becomes

were silliness at second hand,' suggested Graham, glancing at *Punch*, as he spoke.

'Well, I must admit that Ruskin is a trifle fanatical sometimes,' said Warburton, 'but I really don't think he is responsible for Mr. Maudle and Mrs. Cimabue Brown, any more than for Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns! He breathes in a totally different atmosphere from theirs, which is this very humanistic one that Mr. Harrison on the whole describes so well,—a complete Materialistic reaction—an entire sinking of the higher and spiritual beauty in the mere outward and visible symbols. When men exalt art into a religion, it is not strange that their religion and their art, both, should dwindle down into the very narrowest limits. But we must come back to Mr. Harrison again.'

'I am getting rather impatient,' Graham remarked, 'to hear what you will say of his verdict on Christianity. I was amused, a little while ago, to hear you say that you didn't intend to read many more extracts. You seem, so far, to have found him a "second Daniel come to judgment." But I fancy you will hardly quote him with such relish when he enlarges upon the failures of Christianity!'

Warburton smiled a little. 'No,' he said, 'certainly I cannot! But I think I can justify myself for not doing so. Mr. Harrison has given, to the various theories on which I have quoted him, a fair amount of thought and study, as is seen from the fact that he presents them, on the whole, fairly enough, and would not be accused, I think, of doing to any a glaring injustice. But when he comes to speak of Christianity, the case is different. He never fairly grapples with Christianity, pure and simple, at all. He never even attempts to define it, and much that he says about it would lead any thoughtful Christian to doubt whether he had ever taken the trouble to read for himself its only authentic

exposition, which he could certainly have done in the time he took to write one of his articles.'

'And yet, from some things he says at times, he must have been once a believer,' Graham remarked.

'Possibly enough; and yet, like many a believer, he has missed its essence,—intellectually I mean, for I believe he has caught much of its spirit, which he has unconsciously appropriated to his own—or M. Comte's theory. He has a great deal to say about theology and about theological differences of men. He has a good deal to say about Christians and teachers, even about Moses and St. Paul. But, curiously enough, in the matter of Christian teaching, he never once refers to Christ! When he talks of Buddhism he means what Buddha taught. When he talks of Confucianism he means what Confucius taught. But when he speaks of Christianity he means anything and everything rather than the answer to the simple question—*What was taught by Christ?*'

'But the word is used in so many senses,' objected Graham.

'I admit that,' replied Warburton. 'Its meaning has become rather indefinite in popular use. It is at one time made synonymous with certain doctrines, at another with a great moral and spiritual force. Sometimes it is used as a historical term, and at others it is even confounded with theology at large. Harrison so confounds it again and again. But however vaguely words may be used in common parlance, we expect a philosopher to go to the root of the matter, and to take his conception of a religion, the greatest of all religions, in its pretensions, its claims, its dynamic force—not from this or that interpreter, but direct from Him, from whom all must admit it took its origin and its name.'

'I must say,' said Graham, as he turned over the pages of the Review, 'that his tactics in regard to Christianity remind one very much of a skil-

ful general, who tries to get between the divisions of the opposing army and cut each off from the other.'

'With this difference,' said Warburton, 'that the general really does meet the army—in divisions—while Harrison adroitly avoids really meeting Christianity at all. He divides it into Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, and then he takes each mainly on the ground of their difference from each other, and, of course, what each has said of the other it is easy for him to say again. But what of the residuum, the positive truth as distinguished from negations, which is common to both? I admit the real differences between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, though I don't accept Mr. Harrison's statement of them. But these differences are as nothing in regard to the infinitely more important central truths on which, against all non-Christian systems, they are at one. I decline to take any more partial conception of Christianity than the grand one of the Creed—"the Holy Catholic Church"—by which I understand, of course, "all believers." As has lately been grandly said by Professor Hitchcock:—"Christianity is not Occident alone, nor Orient alone, but the two together. And these nineteen Christian centuries are more and better, taken altogether, than any three, or any six of them, or any eighteen of them. The one Christ is in them all, in all and in each."'

'Yet you must admit that the differences have been terribly emphasised,' observed Graham.

'Yes. Circumstances have made that inevitable—to a certain extent at least. It is a pity that, while the differences could not have been overlooked, the points of union should not have been more clearly manifested. Still the unity of the spirit has been always there, in all truly animated by the spirit of Christ. But nothing shows more Mr. Harrison's incapacity to appreciate the essential principles of Christianity than his account of it

to-day, under the two-fold head of Protestantism and Jesuitism. Look at his reckless self-contradictions in speaking of the first. Will you kindly hand me the Review? Here, at one moment, he tells us that "Protestantism is a partial reformation of the Catholic system;" that he "does not dispute the services of the great Protestant leaders, or deny that their work was inevitable, nor decry the spiritual beauty and moral grandeur of its martyrs and founders." Almost in the same breath, he says that it is "the parasite of Catholicism, and that it must perish even before the final exhaustion of the system it has helped to kill." We are not supposed to kill a thing we reform, surely! And a parasite which should even partially restore—re-form—would be a new thing in nature. And then he asks—"where are the Protestant St. Bernards and Bossuets, St. Francis, &c., &c." Has Mr. Harrison never so much as heard of the Rutherfords and Baxters, the Wesleys and Paysons, the Leightons and Herberts, the Hans Egdes, Brainers and Pattesons? And the Roman Catholic and Protestant saints could understand each other infinitely better than he or M. Comte could understand either. Bernard of Cluny has found a modern Protestant translator to make his hymns as a household word in the Christian praise of our day. And St. Francis, across the centuries, could have greeted William Burns, of China, or David Livingstone, as a true brother.'

'Yet, he doesn't admit, that as a religion it has any present existence at all,' said Graham. 'He puts it aside with small respect as a mere historical expression.'

'Yes; and he knows or ought to know how miserably he is playing with names! It is true, the term Protestant is a historical expression, and an unfortunate one—as being simply negative. But what of that? Names are things that arise out of circumstances—not as matters of choice. And every one

knows that the generic term "Protestant," includes a large proportion of the most intelligent, fervid and practical Christianity of to-day. Yet, at the same time he abuses it as the source of almost all the evils of to-day, an "anti-social dehumanising influence;" "utterly null" one moment—positively degrading the next, and finally the "servile worship of the literature of a small and peculiar tribe in Asia." One wonders whether he has never heard anything of Protestant Missions, of what they have done for civilization and education, for the family and for women, in countries which his vaunted Confucianism and Buddhism, and Islamism have not sufficed to save from moral and social degradation.—Or of what they have done to avert suffering from famine, from oppression, from plagues—introducing some measure of obedience to sanitary and economic laws into countries where they had been hitherto set at naught. All these things are non-existent to the vision of Mr. Harrison, when he oracularly declares that "Protestantism has nothing whatever to show at all to be compared to what Catholicism has done for Poland and Ireland, for the peasant of Brittany and Castile, of Tyrol and Savoy," and in the same breath accuses it of diminishing the power of the Mother and of the Woman, the perpetuity of marriage, generosity to the weak—wherever it appears! And yet Christian Missions—Protestant Missions—though I dislike the more partial term—are revolutionising the whole social life of India, teaching it for the first time what family life is, and restoring down-trodden woman to what Mr. Harrison declares to be her natural place, though he seems to forget that Christianity was the first to recognise it, after it had permanently sunk out of view. I have a letter in my possession now, from a Christian missionary in Eastern Turkey, who worked hard during the last year to avert suffering from famine among the poor peasants.

and who relates that after having given out seed for the autumn sowing, in many instances the people were forced to sell the grain to meet the claims of brutal tax-gatherers, who went from village to village, beating even women till the blood ran from their mouths.'

'And' said Mrs. Warburton, 'I was reading yesterday a letter from the wife of a missionary among the Chinese, who spoke strongly of the down-trodden condition of the women, who never dream of sitting at the same table with their husbands, or of anything like love or affection. Indeed, she says, *that* hardly seems to exist at all in their family life, which seems governed entirely by a law of fear.'

'Yet our Chinese visitor Lin ta Jeu, in his translated diary, published in that same review—laments that Englishmen have not the Confucian rules for the five relationships, which he thinks would vastly improve their social life,' said Graham laughing.

'Yes,' said Warburton, 'that idea of a *system of rules for life*, which seems to be Harrison's main idea of a religion, is the utmost that human religions have been able to do, and here in Christianity shows its divine superiority over all human *doctrinaires*. It has ethical precepts—most practical and wise—but it does its work, not by surrounding life with a set of formal rules, but by going to the root of the life—the heart of man! It seeks to purify all the ramifications of the broad stream of human life, by the only effectual means of purifying the stream at its fountain head. Instead of having no answer to give to "the terrible problem of our age—to the question of labour, destitution, employer and employed," &c.,—Christianity has the best and only real solution to offer, in the principle which would meet all ends—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." What more could Mr. Harrison's ideal do? But wherever Christianity is degraded into either a mere system of rules or a

mere system of theology, its essential principle is lost. It is, above and before all things, *an inspiration and a life.*'

'And yet many Christians do seem to suppose it, the one or the other,' said Graham.

'Only because they are so culpably careless of the study of their own faith in its own revelation. And that reminds me of what I was going to say about Harrison's sneer at the Protestant worship of "a Book,—the literature of a small and peculiar tribe in Asia." Well, in the first place, Protestants do not worship a *book*! But they regard with reverence what they believe to be a Divine Revelation of God's will, at which unassisted humanity could never have arrived, and they would be insensible fools if they did not! And is Protestantism alone in doing this? Was not this same book most carefully preserved by the Church of Rome, through all the ages when as yet printing was not? And does not Rome base her hierarchical claims partially on her interpretation of its contents? And the main difference between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism is not any difference as to the value of the revelation, but the claim of the former, resisted by the latter, that as God has revealed Himself to humanity, so humanity, as a whole, should have direct access to His revelation, and hear His voice for itself, without the interposition of any human authority.'

'Churches and people that call themselves Protestant are sometimes ready enough to interpose human authority,' remarked Graham. 'What "our Church" says on this or that point, seems to be the favourite refuge of most people one meets when they are pressed for a reason of the faith that is in them.'

'And just in so far as it is, they are unfaithful to the principles of the Reformers—red-hot Protestants though they may be!' replied Warburton. 'But it is the constant tendency of

human nature to cling to some outward authority, to save it the trouble of realizing its faith. Some indeed, would reduce Scripture to a mere outward authority, though Christ and His Apostles constantly appeal to the witness of the spiritual consciousness. But I should like to ask Mr. Harrison a few questions about this "literature of a small and peculiar tribe in Asia." How did it happen that this obscure literature should have attained to a world-wide supremacy; should be translated into every language of the world, rude and refined; and should take as firm a hold on the heart of the subtle Hindoo and the child-like African, as on that of the practical, cultivated Englishman? How does he account for the fact, which he states himself, that "strong men have drawn from it the strength that has nerved them in the battle of life, and that loving hearts have rested on it in pain and death, in bereavement and ruin, and have found in it ecstatic peace," as they have found nowhere else? It was a saying of Tennyson's Arthur Hallam, that the Bible "fits into every fold of the human heart." Millions have felt this, though they could not put it into words. By what moral miracle has this literature of a small and despised Asiatic people, despised and maltreated, alas, even by those who were their debtors, been able to appeal to the whole heart of humanity? And by what moral miracle did that same literature grasp the sublime idea of the unity of God, when all the world around was sunk in polytheism, and while even the intellectual and æsthetic Greeks were content with their Olympus? The question Mrs. Warburton quoted as to the bearing of astronomy on our ideas of duty, was answered better than the wisest astronomer would answer it to-day, by a young shepherd poet who watched his flocks among the Judæan hills, ages before Pythagoras. And the truth taught by Hebrew prophet and psalmist, finding its fullest revelation in Christ, was

the highest at which humanity has ever arrived;—that for which Mr. Harrison is dimly groping now; that what humanity needs is the dethronement of the selfish individual principle from its supremacy in the human heart, and the substitution for it of love to God, and love to man :—

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

‘Nothing could more grossly travesty the Christianity of Christ,—and I acknowledge no other—than to talk of it as a “code of mere selfishness.” The salvation of the soul, in other and less abused words, the purification of the heart, is simply the transmutation of man's being and energies from the service of self to the love and service of God and man. The ideal of “humanity” as a principle of action, is the child of Christianity, though Mr. Harrison seems to think it owes its existence to M. Auguste Comte. The “enthusiasm of humanity” radiates from the cross of Jesus Christ as it never could have radiated in this world from any other quarter. Look at such a man as Plato, for instance—in so many respects before his age—congratulating the Athenians on “a pure and heartfelt hatred of the foreign nature.!”’

‘Still,’ objected Graham, ‘you must admit that there has been many scattered instances of the ‘enthusiasm of humanity,’ even before Christ—for instance, Confucius, Buddha—the first Buddhist missionaries.’

‘Certainly,’ said Warburton. ‘Do you suppose I date the spiritual presence of Christ in the world, only from the first Christmas morning? Long before then, “from the beginning, He was in the world and the world knew Him not.” But he revealed Himself, even then, in the hearts of those who would receive Him.

“ Good cause it is for thankfulness,
That the world blessing of His life ;
With the long past is not at strife !”

“That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” But in the fulness of time came His clearer manifestation. On that first Christmas morning, *something happened*, which in time has changed the face of the civilized world ; which made a new era, by which you and I, whether believing Christians or Positivists, have to date our letters today ; which created a new standard of virtue, and gave to the whole world the ideal and the impulse of the “enthusiasm of humanity,” which has so worked itself into the conscience of men, as to produce in time, Mr. Harrison and M. Auguste Comte.’

‘Then, if the lesson has been so well learned, might not humanity go on well enough, even though the lineaments of the teacher should fade away?’

‘I do not admit the parallel,’ quickly responded Warburton. ‘I did not say that the lesson had been well learned. Alas! no. Only that the ideal had become fixed—a very different thing. Of all religions that the world has seen, Christianity is the only one that supplies at once the ideal and the power to reach it. What does all Mr. Harrison's disquisition really amount to? Why, simply this, that in none of the non-Christian theories—nor in Christianity, as he understands it, which as I have shown, is not understanding it at all—does he find the lever which can raise the world. And this he hopes to find in a certain ideal of humanity, which for practical purposes means simply the old lesson that men are to learn to love their neighbours as themselves. But how is he going to get them to do it? I grant that the finer and higher minds may, even in the theoretic rejection of Christianity, become so impressed with the beauty of its root idea of self-sacrifice, that it may be in them a strong moral force. And the human mind has such unlimited capacity for worship that,

in default of something higher, it can worship very heartily, for a time at least, an *eidolon* of its own mind. But how is he going to infuse this sentiment into the people he himself describes, "the rude men who sweat and swelter in mines, in furnaces and factories—the hedger and the ditcher, and the cottager, with her pinched home—the women who stitch and serve—the children wandering forlorn and unkempt into rough life—how are they to be sustained and comforted by science and enlightenment? How will free thought teach discipline to the young and self-restraint to the wild? Human nature is not a thing so docile and intellectual that it can be tamed by fine thought, nor is society amenable to pure ideas." Most assuredly not, Mr. Harrison! I could not find stronger words than your own to express the problem. And if so, how is the idea of humanity going to tame it, and check the selfishness you admit to be rampant? We must have for the soul a worthy object of devotion, you say. How are these struggling people to find it in the humanity they see around them? Are they to find out its beauty among the squalid conditions of their own life, or in the selfish hardness or indifference of their employers, or the richer classes in general? I grant there are exceptions, but these are either Christians, or moulded on the Christian idea. How, above all, are they going to learn to *love their enemies*? And how are you going to teach the others to love them? Even the Christian philanthropist would find it impossible to keep a spirit of love towards the wretched and degraded men and women among whom his labours lie, if he did not feel the constraining love of Christ—if he could not see humanity transfigured in the face of the Son of man—if he did not feel that it had been for ever ennobled because Divinity had entered into it, to raise it through Divine sacrifice and suffering, to a share in the life Divine.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Mrs. Warburton, 'and I have often wondered what comfort any other than a Christian could carry to those who were crushed under hopeless suffering of whatever kind—bereavement, physical pain—conscious failure and degradation—the loss of all hope, so far as this world is concerned. And, oh, there are so many! What have they but despair, if they can turn to no higher source than mere humanity? And then there is not only the hope of a new and better life for those that have failed here, and how few have not failed, after all! But there is the loving human sympathy, too, that the thought of Christ can bring. I don't suppose that Swinburne meant homage to Christianity, when he wrote—

"The face is full of prayers and pains,
To which they bring their pains and prayers."

but in that very truth lies much of its power over the heart. The "fellowship of Christ's sufferings" will wake a response where no other comfort seems to gain admittance, and for the tried and tempted, no words shine out like these—"in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

'And,' said Warburton, 'what has ever given peace and moral uplifting to the troubled conscience like the warrant to say, "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins*?"'

'Oh, I grant you the beauty of it all,—*that side at least*,'—said Graham. The only question is—its *truth*! But you must admit that there is a dark side to the picture.'

'Yes,' replied Warburton, 'there is a dark side to every picture I know of—and must be while there is the dark shadow of sin—the insoluble mystery of evil! Into the nature of the future life our eyes are not strong enough to look, and I believe that a revelation was given us, not to gratify curiosity, but to give us practical guidance *now*. And with my human limitations and short-sightedness I am content to leave that ques-

tion with Him—the expression and symbol of whose infinite love is—the Cross! But as you say—the question is one—not of light or shadow, but of *truth*. And that is a question worth settling! Harrison says, in words worth considering: “Is there anything by which man can order his life as a whole? Is there anything by which our nature may gain its unity, our race may acknowledge its brotherhood? If there be such a principle, all else in human nature is of little moment till we have it. If harmony of the whole nature be possible, it must be the supreme good dreamed of by the philosophers. It must be happiness, duty, wisdom, peace and life all in one.” And I say yes! and its name is Christianity.’

‘But you must confess there are difficulties,’ said Graham.

‘I do. How could there but be difficulties, where the subject is one so far beyond our finite power to grasp? But many of the difficulties have been caused by the tendency of theology to speculate and reason too far with the inevitable human one-sidedness. I would not impose on any enquirer any human and therefore partial conception of Christianity, when its outlines are so clearly given in the only authentic source from whence all may draw. But the difficulties of believing are to my mind far outweighed by the difficulties of *not* believing! True, I could not communicate to any one else what to me is the strongest evidence—that of consciousness. Coleridge says, “Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward.” And he says, again, that to be truly convinced of “the process of renewal described in Scripture, a man must put himself within that process.”’

‘But how is any one to do that unless he is to a certain extent convinced already?’ objected Graham.

‘Well, it does not need the strong-

est degree of conviction to be willing to *try* a remedy, if we need it, and if it be a true remedy, it will prove itself. But perhaps the first requisite is to be convinced of the *need*. They who came to Christ for physical healing did not need extraordinary evidence to give them faith enough to ask. And they went away with the stronger faith of experience. Here is a passage I once copied from Coleridge for my own benefit. It is a practical enquiry, “from what you know of yourself, of your own heart and strength, and from what history and personal experience have led you to conclude of mankind generally—dare you *trust* to it? Dare *you* trust to it? To *it*, and it alone? If so—well! It is at your own risk, I judge you not. Before him who cannot be mocked you stand or fall!” As for myself, I have no hesitation in replying—*I dare not!* I want *all* the help, and *just* the help that Christianity can give me, and accepting it, I prove it for myself.’

Graham was silent, and Warburton presently went on: ‘But we have talked long; I have, rather; and I dare say you have had enough of it. I only say this, unhesitatingly. Christianity, and Christianity alone, can supply the “complete human synthesis” that Mr. Harrison is looking for and hopes to find in a way of his own devising. It is the only force strong enough to bind man to God and man to man, to inspire hope in sorrow, and strength and patience to endure; to raise man above himself, above the dull common-place to which life is ever tending; to maintain, through all disappointment and all failure, the continuous inspiration of a high ideal; to be the vital principle of a spiritual life as real as the physical, though as great a mystery; to give the best evidence of a nobler future by the progressive development of that life within; and to breathe, through all the jarring discords of this mysterious life, an undertone of music which an

old Christian poet well caught when
he sang :

“ I'm apt to think the man
That could surround the sum of things, and
^{spy}
The heart of God and secrets of His empire,

Would speak but love;— with him the bright
result
Would change the hue of intermediate
scenes
And make one thing of all theology.”

—FIDELIS.

FAME.

A H, Fate ! Cannot a man
Be wise without a beard ?
From east to west, from Beersheba to Dan,
Say, was it never heard
That wisdom might in youth be gotten
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten ?

He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame
Who gives his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic,
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Is it not better done,
To dine and sleep through forty years,
Be loved by few, be feared by none,
Laugh life away, have wine for tears,
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we asked was granted ?

But Fate will not permit
The seeds of gods to die ;
Nor suffer sense to win from wit
Its guerdon in the sky ;
Nor let us hide, where'er our pleasure,
The world's dim light beneath a measure.

Go then, sad youth, and shine ;
Go, sacrifice to fame ;
Put love, joy, health upon the shrine,
And life, to fan the flame !
Thy hapless self for praises barter,
And die to Fame an honoured martyr.

MODERN CANOEING.

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

‘CANOEING?’ says a Toronto young lady, who has had some experience in the stern sheets of a skiff, on the placid waters of ‘The Bay.’ ‘What is Canoeing? Oh, I know; a man sits in a horrid, cranky, narrow little boat, all boxed over with a deck, except a little place in the middle, and he waves about a long thing like two big spoons, joined together in the middle—he calls it a double-bladed paddle, you know—and he paddles up and down the Bay, and he tumbles out into the water now and then, if he doesn’t mind. I have seen them when I have been out rowing with Willie.’

‘Oh, no,’ says her friend, who has had relatives out with exploring parties in the back country or the North-West, ‘That’s not it. Canoes are always made of birch-bark, and there are always Indians in them. You get into the middle of the canoe, and you sit very quiet for fear you should upset, and there is an ugly-looking Indian at each end, and they say nothing but “ugh,” and they paddle along all day with things like short oars, and they run down rapids and waterfalls.’

Our fair friends are both right, barring a few feminine inaccuracies of description.

The term ‘canoe’ conveys different ideas to different people. To the resident of, or visitor in, the numberless lakes and rivers, not far back from our frontier, it means a light open craft of birch-bark or wood, without decks, and propelled by a single-bladed paddle—very rarely by sail;—whilst many city people, and those fresh from the old country, will understand ‘a canoe’ to

mean the craft so graphically described by young lady number one, at the opening hereof.

The modern cruising canoe, about which I have a few words to say, differs from each of these types, although having points of resemblance to each. It is in fact a miniature yacht. It can be propelled either by sail or paddle, according to the state of the wind; it carries provisions enough to make its captain independent of hotels; it provides him comfortable sleeping quarters at night; it will keep him dry in wet weather; and he can haul it ashore or portage it without difficulty. It offers excellent facilities for hunting and fishing; affords access to the fine scenery of our innumerable Canadian watercourses; and gives great variety to camp life when used in conjunction with camping out. Such a vessel evidently yields exceptional facilities for a pleasant holiday journey, or a long exploring trip, wherever there is water to float on; and of course its shape, weight and size, are modified according to the work it has to do. A different canoe is needed for open rough water than for narrow streams and frequent portages.

Some apt comparisons have been made between modern canoeing and yachting. This is what the genial authors of ‘Canoeing in Kanuckia’ have to say about it:—‘While the canoe is flying along under sail, its occupant has every pleasure experienced by the owner of a twenty-thousand dollar yacht. He has the same glorious wind whistling in his ears, the same sharp remonstrance of the

waters divided by the bow, the same murmurs of recognition and complaint by the waters as they re-unite under the sternpost, the same sense of triumph over one element, of compulsion of another, which, if it had its own way, would be only a fitful ally; the same glorious *abandon* of health and spirits revelling in pure air and in endeavour unconstrained by age, sex, or previous conditions of social or business servitude. And when the sail is over, or the season itself is ended, the delightful memories of the cruise are not, as in the case of the yachtsman, palled by recollections of the frightful expense of the crew or the extortionate charges of ship builders for repairs. And while the yachtsman lays up his boat for the winter, and bemoans the wasting interest upon her cost, and the various charges for dockage, keeping, &c., the canoeist quietly puts his boat upon his back or upon a cart, takes her to his house, and puts her down in the cellar or up in the garret (after an unsuccessful attempt to have her wintered on the top of the piano in the parlour); in either of which places he may visit her as frequently as he pleases, in any weather, and refresh any memories that may seem laggard when recalled.' To which I may add that the canoeist never gets 'stuck' when a dead calm sets in; but he straightway hauls down his sail and betakes himself to his paddle; and he can go where a yacht cannot.

Mr. W. P. Stephens, of Rahway, N.J., says:—'Those who love the free open-air life, the liberty to go when and where one pleases, the contest with wind and wave, the sense of power that a hand on sheet or tiller brings, and who can take a ducking cheerfully or face a Nor'-easter without grumbling, will find that the pleasures of yachting and canoeing differ not in degree but in kind. The canoe is no longer an experiment, but an established fact. Ridiculed by the newspapers, chaffed by small boy and

bargee, left to leeward mourning and wrathful by the cat-boat, looked down on with scorn by the oarsman from the lofty altitude of his slider—the canoeist has, nevertheless, steadily paddled his way into favour. Learning from one here and another there, taking his paddle from the Eskimo, his sail from the Chinese, his model from the birch-bark, the kayak, or the surf-boat, he travels on quiet rivers, whirling rapids, or on deeper and broader waters; always improving his boat, until now he is sole commander of a craft as perfect in every detail as the finest yacht, and capable of any voyage short of a Transatlantic passage. He is troubled with no sailing master, pilot, or crew, and can laugh at the bills for dockage, wharfage, pilotage, &c., that sound the yachtsman's pocket, while the sense of perfect freedom and the exhilaration of an out-door life are enjoyed by him as thoroughly as by his brother of the schooner or cutter. The canoe is always ready for use, and the expenses of cruising (not including rail transit), where the owner sleeps aboard and camps out, need not exceed two to four dollars a week. Compared with rowing, the position, with a rest for the back, is much more comfortable, while the canoeist has a clear view of all before him, instead of fleeting glances at the receding shores—a great advantage on a pleasure trip on strange waters.' Or amid well-remembered scenes either, I would further say.

Here are a few words more on paddling, from the pen of the Commodore of the American Canoe Association, W. L. Alden, of New York, who has written a most witty and readable book, entitled 'The Canoe and the Flying Proa.' He says, 'While the canoeist sits upright in his boat, voluntarily working only with his arms, and learning of unsuspected physical availability and grace with every motion, the oarsman sways to and fro like the deserted half of a melancholy hinge, which wavers helplessly about in air,

always longing for something to attach itself to, but never finding it. Besides, the paddler faces his water and his goal, instead of fixing his eyes unceasingly upon the fleeting past. The oarsman's duties are confined to steady pulling, while with every stroke of his paddle the canoeist pulls and pushes also, discharging those duties with opposite arms, as he works upon the opposite side of the boat. The exercise is not passive, like that which one takes on horseback, nor does it partake of that mental strain which a man experiences when he takes the helm of his own yacht.'

My readers will assert that this part of my article is degenerating into a string of extracts. I plead guilty. The fact is, much of what I wish to say to the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY has already been said to many American readers much better than I can say it. Therefore I cannot do better now than give some more of these quotations. Here are a few profound psychological reflections ancient canoes by Mr. Alden,—

'In addition to its peculiarities of model, every canoe has its own moral character. This may seem strange to the mere philosopher, who has never made himself familiar with the habits of canoes, but it is strictly true. Between two canoes of the same model, and built by the same builder, there may exist a tremendous moral distance. This is the case with two canoes belonging to the New York Canoe Club, which have often cruised together; one of them, the *Ethel*, is ill-tempered and vicious. She constantly abrades her owner. At one time she will tear his clothing with her cleats, and at another will bite pieces out of him with the edge of her combing or the extremities of concealed screws. On the other hand, the *Violetta* is as harmless as a kind and cultured mastiff, and possesses a degree of skill in threading her way through a channel, obstructed by sunken rocks, that is simply marvellous. Nevertheless she

has one grave fault—a persistent determination to break loose when anchored or tethered for the night. So confirmed is this habit that the owner of the *Violetta* never dreams of leaving her afloat without some one to watch her, and always drags her ashore at night, and fastens her with a lock and chain to a large tree. Now, to the ordinary observer, the *Ethel* and the *Violetta* are precisely alike, and yet there is a cloud of credible witnesses who will testify to the moral idiosyncracies just imputed to them. Of all canoes, however, it may be said that they require to be tamed before they abandon their native fondness for mischievously pitching their captains overboard.

'The proneness of the untamed canoe to capsize is undeniable. Certain models are less addicted to this fault than are others; but the canoe owner is never safe until his craft has become accustomed to him. The canoe is much stiffer than the racing shell, but far more cranky than the row-boat. Nevertheless, as soon as one becomes familiar with the canoe, all danger of capsizing vanishes, except, of course, in connection with sudden squalls or heavy sea, combined with gross mismanagement on the part of her commander. Properly managed, the canoe is the safest craft afloat, and no canoeist who can swim well enough to support himself for half a minute in the water has any excuse for drowning while cruising in a good canoe.

'It is chiefly in the spring of the year that a canoe displays the worst points of her character. During the winter the canoeist usually keeps his canoe in his house, and feeds her upon brass screws—of which she is insatiable—and varnish. The consequence is that when spring comes and she is placed in the water she is like a horse who is taken out after a long confinement and unlimited oats. She is playful, and tries to roll over and rid herself of her captain; and she is irascible, and improves every opportunity to tear and wound the hands that

paddle her. After a few days' exercise, however, this excess of spirits wears away, and the canoe becomes gentle, quiet and harmless. Let no canoeist become discouraged because of the antics of his canoe when he first launches her. Time and firmness are all that are needed to bring her under subjection. There was a German who, a few years ago, built a canoe, and, on the Fourth of July, embarked in her and started down the East River. She managed to sprain one of his ankles as he was getting into her, and in fifteen minutes after leaving the shore she threw him out, and left him to be rescued from the wheels of an impending ferry boat by a Brooklyn boatman. After exhausting the resources of the German language in denouncing the canoe, he sold her at one-fourth of her cost. Her new owner tamed her with hardly any trouble, and she has ever since maintained an excellent character for docility and kindness. A mere child could now paddle her in perfect safety. This teaches us that we should never allow the wildness of a young canoe to wear out our patience, but should feel a firm confidence that the trouble of taming her will be more than repaid.'

Canoeists get enthusiastic over their favourite recreation. With his hand upon his heart, Mr. Alden utters this noble sentiment: 'To have lived and loved was considered by the German poet a very satisfactory thing; but the man who can say "I have lived and paddled" has alone known perfect happiness.' Some of our cool-headed Scottish friends may say, 'hoot, toot, mon, ye're talking in a verra reckless way.' But if I vary the sentiment a little, thus, 'The man who can say 'I have lived to soup it up" has alone known perfect happiness,' they will at once fully understand our feelings.

Though only fifteen years old, canoe cruising has spread rapidly both in England and on this continent. The

Englishman is ahead of the Yankee in this matter, both in numbers and in point of time. I understand that there are about three thousand canoes owned in England. The London *Field*, the country gentleman's newspaper, devotes a large space to canoeing articles, admirably illustrated, as does also the *Forest and Stream*, of New York. On this continent, the 'grand departure' was made last August, on the lovely shores of Lake George—the historic 'Horicon.' A large fleet of canoes assembled there from all parts of the United States and Canada. Their owners formed themselves into a 'Canoe Congress,' and organised 'The American Canoe Association,' with the following strong list of officers:—

Commodore, W. L. Alden, of New York.

Vice Commodore, Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati.

Rear Commodore, Robert D. Wyncoop, Jersey City.

Secretary, N. H. Bishop, Lake George, Warren County, New York State.

Treasurer, J. Morris Meredith, Boston, Mass.

There are already one hundred paid-up members of the American Canoe Association, and there is no doubt that the number will be doubled during this year. In addition to this, independent clubs have been formed in New York City; Cleveland (100 members); Detroit; Minneapolis (63 members); Cincinnati; University of Pennsylvania; Lake George; Toronto; and other places. The second meeting of the American Canoe Association takes place on August 11th next, and following days, at Lake George. Great will be the gathering of the 'paddleists' on that occasion, loud will be their pow-wow, and swift will be their bonny little craft in the paddling and sailing races that will then take place, for which several valuable prizes are already offered. Each club has its distinguishing signal-flag, and each canoe has its own private burgee.

Now let us have a little talk about the various kinds of canoes. I will select a few of the most prominent types for brief description. Foremost and latest out, is the *Pearl*, designed by E. B. Tredwen, a leading English canoeist. She has proved herself the fastest canoe afloat, and is one of the best of cruisers for open water sailing. Her length is fourteen feet; beam, thirty-two inches on deck, and thirty inches at the water-line; depth, twelve inches; sheer, about six inches, compressed into three or four feet at bow and stern. She is long and flat underneath, giving her a great deal of 'bearing'; she has consequently great stability, and cannot be charged with any mischievous fondness for pitching her captain overboard. In fact, Mr. Alden's humorous description does not apply at all to the *Pearl*. She flares out well at bow and stern, especially at the bow, and her bearing increases as she heels over. Like most other cruising canoes, she is decked at both ends, leaving a cockpit of about six feet in length, which is, however, further covered with sliding hatches. These keep out rain and seas, but will come loose at once in the event of a capsizing. There is an arrangement known as 'the side-flap,' to enable the canoeist to throw his weight to windward when sailing. She has water-tight compartments at each end, with doors opening into them to allow of provisions and other stores being stowed away therein. No canoe ought to be without water-tight compartments; they are an important element of safety. A leading peculiarity of the *Pearl* is that she has two centreboards, one forward of the cockpit, and one aft. The forward one weighs from forty to sixty pounds, and is so fitted that it can be lifted clear out of the canoe whenever she is wanted to be hauled on shore. The weight of these centreboards adds greatly to the stability of the vessel, and enables her to brave a sea which other canoes could not venture out in. Her steering gear is arranged so that it can be worked by the

foot, thus leaving the hands of the canoeist free to attend to his sheets, centreboards, etc. She carries seventy feet of sail for cruising, and 140 feet for racing, her rig being a balance lug and sprit mizen. The double-bladed paddle is used for her propulsion when she is not under sail; a small tent, slung over the boom as a ridgepole, and fastened round the cockpit, protects the sleeping canoeist at night, as in other canoes. The *Pearl* is the most expensive of all the canoes, except the paper ones, which are built by Messrs. Waters, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. W. P. Stephens, of Rahway, N. J., is the only builder I know of who advertises that he builds the *Pearl*.

In contrast to the *Pearl* is the little *Nessmuk* which is probably the lightest wooden canoe ever in actual use. She is ten feet long, twenty-seven inches beam, eight and a half inches deep, and weighs but eighteen pounds! Her builder is J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y.

The canoes built and used at Rice Lake are a distinct type, they are all open canoes, of various sizes, and are much used by sportsmen. They are propelled by the single bladed paddle. They usually have no keel, a very flat floor, and they 'tumble home' above the water-line—that is, they are narrower at the gunwale than at the water's edge. This is handier for paddling purposes; but it has the disadvantage that, although they are very stiff up to a certain point, when once they heel over past that point, they capsize with 'dazzling rapidity.' They are all smooth outside, which adds greatly to their speed. I know of four different builders of this class of canoe, — Herald & Hutchinson, of Gore Landing; William English, of Peterborough; Stevenson, of Peterborough; and Gordon. The 'Herald' (cedar) canoes are perhaps the most widely known. They are smooth inside and out, and have no ribs, being constructed with double skins or planking. The outer one runs longitudinally,

ally, and the inner one transversely, and they are firmly rivetted together. Mr. English's canoes are built of bass-wood, and are put together with flush joints, battened on the inside; which makes a smooth outside finish. They are a light and serviceable canoe. Mr. Stevenson is the man who first made wooden canoes upon a solid model, nearly twenty years ago; it was he who originated the idea of this method of building canoes with smooth sides, which the four builders named have so successfully worked out. Stevenson's present method of construction is so unique that it merits full description; and I give it as kindly furnished to me by the Captain of the Peterborough Boat Club: 'In Mr. Stevenson's first essays he cut his stuff (cedar or butternut) three inches wide. He reduced it to one and a half inches, and now to one inch, which he considers best to make a perfect job. Each separate piece is tongued and grooved. The pieces go transversely round the boat from one gunwale to the other, forming at the same time the ribs and the covering, so that the canoe is perfectly smooth within and without. Three small pieces run lengthwise inside of the canoe, so as to brace it together, in addition to the gunwales. The pieces are first oiled on the edges with linseed oil, which thoroughly permeates the wood. They are then put into a boiler and steamed. After this, they are, while still steaming, placed and fitted on the model with great care. After drying in shape they are taken off and all put together carefully with glue. They are fastened to the inside pieces with copper nails. There is a hardwood piece at bow and stern. A piece of light iron along the keel acts as a brace and a protection to the bottom. The sixteen-foot canoe weighs only fifty pounds. They are unexcelled for lightness, finish, model and thorough workmanship; are very strong, and with care should last a man a lifetime.'

With Gordon's canoes I am at present unacquainted.

All these Peterboro' and Rice Lake canoes, as at present built, are not so well adapted for cruising as for hunting and fishing merely. The absence of a deck makes them more convenient for carrying a load and for taking more than one person on board when occasion requires; but it puts the canoeist at the mercy of every rain-storm, and gives him the benefit of the spray in a heavy sea, besides spilling all his dunnage out if he capsizes. Then the absence of keel or centre-board, and the 'tumble home' militates against their sail-carrying powers. They are not fitted with rudders, and the paddle has to be used for steering, instead of the convenient foot-gear. Probably, however, these makers would adapt their craft to cruising requirements when requested.

The old favourite, the 'Rob Roy', the father of all the cruising canoes, must not be passed over. She is a decked canoe, of about 26 inches beam, with a nearly circular midship section underneath, giving less bearings, but making her easier to paddle. She has no sheer; and this quality, while it makes her easy to paddle against a head wind, makes her apt to run her bow under when running before the wind. It is the 'Rob Roy' that has given canoes generally their unenviable reputation for crankness. The well-hole or cockpit is small, being only 20 inches by 32; and this interferes seriously with her sleeping accommodation. Hear what our oft quoted Commodore has to say upon this point—

'The captain of a 'Rob Roy,' after worming himself into the cabin, must sleep with his head and part of his chest under the deck. As an inevitable consequence, he dreams that he is buried alive in a cheap and ill-fitting coffin; and when he awakes, he invariably contuses his nose against the deck carlings. During the cruising

season the owner of a 'Rob Roy' may always be identified by his nose. A peculiar abrasion, known among anatomists as 'Macgregor's line,' diversifies the ridge of the nose, while in point of redness and swelling that organ compares favourably with the noses of our most eminent drunkards.

'Two summers ago, an estimable citizen of Hoboken made his first cruise in company with a friend who owned a "Nautilus." On the first night of the cruise, the captain of the "Nautilus" was awakened by frightful though partially smothered yells. Hastily springing up and lighting a lantern, he found the 'Rob Roy' lying face downward on the sand, while her invisible captain was howling and praying for help. After considerable labour the canoe was righted and the prisoner released. One of the supports of his canoe had given way during the night; and his effort to spring out had caused the canoe to roll completely over. His difficulties had been further complicated by the pepper-box, which had upset in the immediate neighbourhood of his nose; and his condition when finally released was heart-rending. In his frenzy he seized a hatchet, and would have laid that "Rob Roy" a deckless wreck before him, had not his friend firmly held him and gradually calmed his rage. The estimable citizen subsequently sold his "Rob Roy" to a theological student, who soon after adopted the Sabellian heresy. The world will never know to what extent his canoe was responsible for his lapse from orthodoxy.

'Now, a canoe in which one cannot sleep comfortably, is so far unfit for cruising. Of course one might carry a tent, and sleep on shore; but the weight of the tent and the trouble of pitching it interfere greatly with the canoeist's comfort. Moreover, the canoeist who does not sleep in his canoe is guilty of treason, and deserves the lasting scorn of all loyal paddlers.' In another place he says: 'A canoe that cannot be slept in is not a canoe, but an

insufficiently hollow mockery.' With which I heartily coincide.

The *Nautilus* and the *Shadow* are two popular types of canoe, which I have not space to describe more particularly. The former is the design of Mr. Baden Powell, an Englishman, who has done much for the advancement of canoeing; the latter that of Mr. Alden. They are decked, with well in the centre, and have watertight compartments, stowage room, sails, double paddle, rudder, and sometimes one centreboard.

The Racine Company, of Racine, Wisconsin, have late made a great stroke by constructing canoes, of a kind of veneer, consisting of three thicknesses of hardwood joined together by waterproof cement. It makes a beautiful canoe, and one that slips through the water easily. Their canoes have at present no centreboards.

The use of a centreboard in a canoe will appear too great an innovation to many canoeists, and it has not become as well recognised on this continent as in England. It is, however, essential to one who does much sailing; as its only substitutes are the troublesome leeboard, or the awkward fixed keel. Where one centreboard alone is used in a canoe, it is put at the forward end of the well, out of the way. This may make it necessary to step the mast pretty well forward. A jointed steel centreboard, with galvanized iron box, made by Attwood Brothers, of Clayton, New York, is well adapted for canoes. It is designed to fit under the seat of a skiff, and occupies but little room. It is very favourably spoken of around the Thousand Islands, where many are in use. The whole arrangement only weighs eight pounds, and only a quarter inch slot need be cut in the keel. It is to be tested on some Toronto canoes this summer.

I might fill several pages with information about canoes, and canoe rigs and fittings; but it would not interest the general reader. Any one seeking information on these points, I would re-

fer to the library of the Toronto Canoe Club, where a great deal of information is collected.

I am not aware that there is any builder in Canada, who makes a speciality of such canoes as the *Pearl*. Toronto has boat-builders who cannot be excelled anywhere; and they could build first-class canoes, if furnished with proper moulds and drawings; but their difficulty would lie in the special fittings needed for cruising, etc., which would be more expensive to provide than where a number of the same kind are being made.

A desideratum for canoeists is some gear by which they can reef their sail by a simple motion of the hand, without rising from their seat. The Commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club has been experimenting in this direction with great success. He has also arranged an excellent foot-steering gear, which is more convenient than those ordinarily in use. Another member of the club has also got out a quick-reefing gear, which he does not, however, think as good as the Commodore's.

A small spirit-stove, it should not be forgotten, is a useful and necessary article of the canoeist's outfit.

One very enjoyable feature of a canoe club is a joint cruise of the fleet, when a large number of the members proceed together for a short voyage,

lasting one, two, or more days. A very good plan is to leave on the evening before a public holiday, and return on the morning after the holiday, which gives one clear day on the water and two nights' camping, in the canoes or otherwise. Such a fleet of canoes under sail has a very picturesque appearance upon the water.

A word in conclusion about the 'double cruising canoe,' sometimes called 'The Married Member's' canoe. It is about sixteen feet long, and arranged to be paddled by two. For my part, where two men go cruising together, I prefer that each should be in his own boat, except for very short cruises. *Verbum Sap.*—If you do take a friend with you in a 'double cruiser,' be sure you know well all the little kinks of his character beforehand; for there is nothing that will more bring out the 'innate cussedness' and cantankerousness of some people than a joint cruise in the same boat. But, alone in your own boat, you are captain and king, and the meeting with your friend in camp at night becomes a real pleasure. The solitary cruiser is skipper and all hands. He sings:

'Oh, I am a cook, and captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig;
And a bo'sun tight, and a mid-hipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.'

A SPRING SONG.

BY HILARY BYGRAVE, TORONTO.

A BIRD sat on my neighbour's tree,
The first that I had seen
Since March went by with noisy glee
And biting air so keen.

I knew that Winter's reign was o'er,
That Spring was close at hand,
That Summer's fragrance soon would float
Thro' all this northern land.

The bird sat singing in the sun,
And, in his gentle breast,
Felt promptings towards his loving mate,
And yearned for brood and nest.

The cares of former years no more
Were felt to be a weight ;
No more he mourned his nest despoiled,
Built with such pomp and state.

No more he wept for little birds,
That died ere they could fly,
Nor yet for those who mated were
Beneath some foreign sky.

Hope fills his heart with joy again,
And so he prunes his wings,
And, like a cherub from on high,
Sits in the sun and sings.

Sings of bright summer days to come,
Of flights by woods and streams,
Of days of love and useful toil,
Of night's repose and dreams.

Sweet bird ! I thank thee for the song
That made me pause and say,
Why backward look, O, soul of mine !
To some departed day ?

Why think of joys long since gone by,
And miss a present bliss ?
Look up my soul ! there never was
A brighter day than this !

The past contained not more of joy,
Nor more that was divine,
Than yet shall come thro' future years
Into this life of thine.

Bright sunny days are yet to dawn,
And in their mellow light
The gloom of winter shall give place
To ever new delight.

O'er life's vast plain the sun still shines,
And from the further shore,
Sweet voices say, ' On, on, brave soul !
Still on for evermore !'

ROUND THE TABLE.

CARLYLE APPRAISED.

SOME time ago there appeared in one of the Reviews an article by Mr. Payn on 'Sham Admiration in Literature,' wherein some good illustrations are given of the way in which many readers, through mere imitation, or because it is the fashion, express admiration for what are called Standard Works, often without having read them, and always without having any well-considered reasons for their approbation. Something of this kind is noticeable just now in the deluge of eulogy which is being poured out in prose and verse on the works and life of Thomas Carlyle. Few of those who are so profuse in the use of such terms as 'Sage,' 'Philosopher,' 'Prophet,' and what not, seem to have considered what are the chief characteristics of his works. A Philosopher is one who has a system of laws or principles by which he can explain all kinds of phenomena. A Prophet is one who foretells truly the coming of future events. There does not seem to be in any of Carlyle's writings sufficient grounds for conferring on him either title. His philosophy is of too heterogeneous and contradictory a character to enable him or any one to account for social phenomena, and his predictions have not so far been verified, as witness, 'Shooting Niagara and after.' The Parliaments elected by the mass of English householders ('mostly fools') have grappled successfully with many antiquated abuses that have come down to them from heroic times, such as the Irish Church, Purchase in the Army, Land Tenure, and others. The one distinguishing feature of Carlyle's works, which shines conspicuously from the first to the last is, Enmity to free institutions and equal rights. His early pedagogic experiences seem to have tinged his views of human nature; he regarded the human race as a set of boys requiring to be coerced into order by arbitrary discipline and some kind of tawse, the highest virtue on their part being submission to the na-

tural born hero or king. Unfortunately his philosophy did not enable him to point out any tribunal or agency for ascertaining the qualifications of such a leader.

His 'Reminiscences' may be taken as in some sort an epitome of his works. In the chapter on Edward Irving there is the old indefinable charm of style, making the most homely incidents glow with interest, and leading the reader on page after page in a kind of fascination to the end; but there is in the rest of the work such an exhibition of bile, spitefulness, and overweening self-esteem as never was made before by a literary man. Mr. J. S. Mill is spoken of as 'Poor Mill,' and his 'Review,' which was the first to attack established dogmas on Church and State, is described as 'Hide bound' (was there ever such a palpable misjudgment?) Mr. Mill himself, as an editor, is 'Sawdust to the mast-head.' Harriet Martineau is 'Full of Nigger fanaticisms and admiration for her brother James, a Socinian (not a Unitarian) preacher of due quality.' Wilberforce is also a 'Nigger Philanthropist.' If Carlyle's philosophy had been anything worthy of the name he would have known that slavery worked its greatest mischief on the slave-owners, and that those whom he sneers at as 'Nigger Philanthropists' were in a still more conspicuous degree white philanthropists. During the many years in which Carlyle resided in London, the Dissenters waged a constant war with the arrogance and intolerance of the Established Church. There was almost continually some question at issue, Church rates, Test Acts, Parish burials. One would have expected that Carlyle, with his strict Presbyterian bringing up, would have felt keen sympathy and interest in the struggles of the Dissenters; but he never contributed a single line on their behalf. It may be urged in his defence that his attention was absorbed in his works; that he was too earnest in denouncing shams in general to find time to attack any particular sham; but the answer is, that when his absolutist feel-

ings were touched he did find time for public controversy. When Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, was found guilty by some of the best men in England of having shed innocent blood in defiance of law and justice, Carlyle was among the first to rush to his defence. The danger is that in lavishing so many encomiums on Carlyle, notwithstanding the prevailing tendency of his works, we are apt to lose sight of the great men of English history, who, not content with denouncing shams in general, single out individual abuses, and taking their lives and reputations in their hands, make continuous and successful war on those who uphold them.

J. G. W.

F.'S EXPLANATION.

'F.' has explained, and has let slip the expressions 'chivalrous insinuations,' 'the ordinary amenities of social life,' and '*honi soit qui mal y pense*,' which is commonly rendered 'evil be to him that evil thinks.' I dwell little on that. It is easy enough to overlook this sort of thing in a lady, as I must presume 'F.' to be, from the choice of the term '*chivalrous insinuations*.' The expressions are used without the understanding of their full import: they rise to the lips and bubble over, that's all. Never mind. But none the less does self-respect demand that I should show with what degree of propriety such things are said.

'F.' has explained; but the facts remain precisely as they were. The responsibility is transferred to a 'friend, far distant.' It is but a shadowy impersonality; but it must bear the brunt. 'F.' says that she would, 'rather in any such case give the *ipsissima verba*,' but that they were not to be had. She relied on the 'friend's intelligence and accuracy,' a frail support, as it has turned out. We could desire no more than the *ipsissima verba* if we were in the 'witness box.' It is certainly lawful to tell a story, even without the *ipsissima verba*, 'simply as an illustration of what we frequently see in everyday life.' Yes; but I respectfully submit that it is not exactly that, to state as a fact that a certain well-known lady told a certain story, the lady being mentioned by name. Besides, it was told by 'F.' not as such an illustration, by any means;

but as a remarkable story worth telling for itself, worth bringing in Mrs. Oliphant's authority for, and duly emphasized with a note of exclamation. It was not a story of what we 'frequently see in everyday life,' but a story of a certain paltry husband, with whom Mrs. Oliphant happened to take a journey, but who is, fortunately for human nature, now discovered to have had no existence. The *ipsissima verba* being desirable, but being wanting, it would perhaps have been better to have foregone the gratification of telling the story.

'F.' speaks of the 'only material difference' between her version of the story and mine. I think that this is perhaps hardly in accordance with 'the ordinary amenities of social life,' when I have already said, and shown by placing the two stories side by side, that one was altered from the other in every single particular. That may be referred to, and need not be repeated. So far from there being only one material difference, the transformation had been total. There was not a single 'sample brick' of the original structure left, and, in this condition of entire metamorphosis, it was built into 'F.'s' article, which it had in this way been made exactly to fit. A man had been changed into a woman. A 'University Don' had been changed into a wife. *His* taking pupils had been changed into *her* taking boarders. The wife of a gentleman, making a great deal of money, as in all such cases, who would certainly never have 'put her hand' to anything, simply because such a thing is altogether contrary to custom in England, had been changed into the wife of a poor man, induced to increase her means by 'the work of her own hands.' His quadrupling of the 'family income' had been changed into her 'more than doubling it.' His little speech about 'buying' gloves had been changed into his 'talking magnanimously about giving his wife a pair of gloves.' What had not been changed?

I will leave it to the reader of the CANADIAN MONTHLY to determine whether such a total alteration, such a reading backward, could be the work of chance;—whether there is not evidence of design as clear as the sun at noonday;—whether the same *animus* is not transparently clear in every part of it;—whether a device was not resorted to, and that device to show up an imaginary

mean husband in contrast with an equally imaginary exemplary wife.

This may possibly be said to be a 'storm in a tea-kettle.' Not exactly so. The point at stake is what degree of scrupulous fairness and accuracy of '*ipsissima verba*' should be used by the contributor to this Magazine towards its readers and towards one another. In this instance, it is evident that the want of 'intelligence and accuracy' in a 'friend' the telling of 'a story on hearsay evidence' has led to a serious reversal of fact. And of this I am very sure, that if, at any time, from whatever cause, any one of us should unfortunately fall into a misrepresentation of any kind we could not be too thankful for being set right. It is, by this time, positively certain that, whether by a friend or by some one else, at still greater distance, a device has been resorted to, by which facts have been reversed. Nor is this a merely casual matter. It is part of a systematic and frequently repeated attempt to contrast men and women, husbands and wives (a mischievous thing in itself) greatly, very greatly, to the disadvantage of the former. However pardonable or praiseworthy this may be supposed to be, it will assuredly never gain, in the long run, by invention or exaggeration, wheresoever derived.

As to the 'conjecture that A. B. C. may be mistaken,' the remarks about 'the whole context,' and 'disjointed questions notoriously misleading,' it is to be hoped that such suggestions rest on better authority than that to which 'F.' trusted before. I could hardly do more than refer by name and date, as I did, to the original article by Mrs. Oliphant. It is procurable at any time, at very small cost, with very little trouble.

As to whether or not Mrs. Oliphant 'does not usually write nonsense,' this has little to do with the question that I can see. But I may just leave it to opinion to settle whether or not it is nonsense (or at least a most nonsensical way of enforcing the point at issue) to say that the whole 'grievances of woman' depend upon '*sentiment*.' Not upon fact, *not* upon reality, *not* upon proof, but upon '*sentiment*.' That without this *sentimental* grievance 'the occasional wrongs of legislation' (mark that) 'the disabilities at which we grumble would be but pin-pricks, and would lose all their force.' I will leave it to be settled whether it is not only 'nonsense' but a very great deal worse than 'nonsense,' most mischievous nonsense, to say that 'the sentiment of men towards women is thoroughly ungenerous, from beginning to end, from the highest to the lowest.' Was the prime minister, who recommended that a pension should be bestowed on Mrs. Oliphant, 'thoroughly ungenerous' towards her? Have all the publishers with whom she has dealt, all the critics who have generally spoken of her works in a kindly spirit, exhibited towards her a 'thoroughly ungenerous' *sentiment*. Were the Messrs. Blackwood, who opened their pages freely to her when she had her mark to make (and who, I know, are generous in their payments, from an instance which was brought under my own notice) 'thoroughly ungenerous' in their *sentiment* towards her? Did they say, as men to her a woman, we must beg to be excused?

It will *not* do. Such monstrous, sweeping charges only carry their own condemnation with them.

A. B. C.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Reminiscences, by THOMAS CARLYLE.
Edited by JAMES A. FROUDE. No. 166 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1881.

Mr. Froude has done well in giving to the world these last words from the lips of a great man, instead of withholding

them for amalgamation with the ponderous biography, or "Life and Letters," with which we are sure some day to be afflicted. It is much for us to hold once more in our hands a book from cover to cover the product of Carlyle's own mind, a book, too, produced at white heat, when that pure and vigorous mind was

concentrated upon the memories of a few departed spirits, affliction for whose loss seemed to have

'killed the flock of all affections else,'

and left the soul keenly and exclusively awake to such impressions of its vanished ones as it could yet gather from the dim vast of bye-gone years. There is, too, a peculiar appropriateness in the prompt appearance of these sketches, when we are still keenly feeling the loss of their author. For they are written in a sad minor key and in the immediate presence of death. The sketch of Carlyle's father was written between the dates of his decease and his burial, that of Carlyle's wife at different intervals within a few months of her sudden death, the saddened writer breaking off in the midst to record the cutting of her tombstone ('the Eternities looking down on the mason and on us poor sons of Time! peace, peace!'). It is true that the other principal piece of biography was written more than thirty years after its subject, Irving, had left the scene of his earthly labours; but the vividness with which the past is conjured up makes us feel that the hallowing effects of time had but deepened and revived the early feelings of affection Carlyle felt for that bright spirit, before the erratic course of Irving's after-life had separated them. 'It is like bidding him farewell for a second and the last time.'

Let us first glance rapidly at the account of Carlyle's father, James Carlyle, the stone-mason and farmer of Ecclefechan. He was no 'hollow eye-servant,' and when he put firm, sound work in brig and dyke and farm-steading, he was building more than mere material walls. Unconsciously his faithful life was teaching his son to honour truth and hate a sham, whether it was shown in 'palace-building and kingdom-founding or only in delving and ditching.' The sight of the father contentedly bending day by day his great natural endowments to plain humble task work led the son to ponder on the message he was thereafter to proclaim among the bustle of a self-seeking civilization,—'All human work is transitory, small in itself, contemptible: only the worker thereof, and the spirit that dwelt in him, is significant.'

Himself uneducated, in the usual sense of the word, the elder Carlyle, against the advice of friends and relations, gave his son a good education; poor as he

was 'he was always generous to me in my school expenses.' But certainly the best part of the learning he gave was that which was imparted by his own life. We seem to see in the older man an image of what the son might have been had his heart never been touched and shaken by the thronging doubts and hopes of a new age. The old formula sufficed for the father: but the young man had to wrestle with thoughts unspeakable and darkness as of the pit before he could find foothold in the weltering chaos around him and discovered it was possible to be true even there.

Very lovingly did Carlyle regard his old father across the gulf of distance, material and intellectual, which ever widened between them. The lesson we may learn from the relation they bore to one another is to give our feelings free scope while there is yet time. Carlyle dwells sadly on the petty presents he could make his father, a pair of silver spectacles a cake of tobacco. 'Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness.' The same thought recurs in the memoir of Mrs. Carlyle, 'I never praised her enough . . . too late now! . . . she never knew how much I loved her! Oh, that I had you yet for but five minutes, to tell you all!'

Naturally, the paper of recollections of James Carlyle is to a great extent an autobiography of Thomas Carlyle's childhood. It stretches back to the remembered household tales of uncles and grandfather, of old comrades of the father's earlier day who fitfully appear to the young lad and serve to embody the more or less legendary tales he heard about them from his elders. In this way the memoir becomes a most inestimable picture-gallery of lower Scotch life, depicted in the most graphic manner and throwing a flood of light upon the mode of living in those days which the future social historian would otherwise have most grievously lacked. There is old John Orr, the tipping shoemaker and itinerant schoolmaster, who gave James Carlyle what solid knowledge of arithmetic he possessed, bethinking himself in a darkly lucid interval of his dissipations that his father's grave lay 'without stone of memorial.' The stone itself was miles off, ready cut, but Orr had 'no shilling of money to hire a carter. He desperately got the stone on his back; it was a load that well nigh

killed him. Some one found him thus struggling with it near Main Hill' and the stone got happily set up at last. What a picture beneath the dim straggling rays of a misty Scottish moonlight night! Or we have an evening scene, the dawning of the little fellow's memory, when his father carried him across Mein Water, . . . 'the pool spanned by a wooden bow without railing, and a single plank broad. He lifted me against his thigh with his right hand and walked carelessly along till we were over. My face was turned rather downwards. I looked into the deep clear water and its reflected skies with terror, yet with confidence that he could save me.'

That part of the book which treats of Carlyle's friendship with Edward Irving possesses a melancholy interest of its own. It is indeed a soul's tragedy, all the more sad for the calm and happy light that was shed around the earlier scenes of their intercourse. Irving was the elder of the two, the more brilliant, the more captivating, and the more successful. The more we dwell on the outward disparity between the two young men the more we are led to admire the generosity and open mindedness with which the gifted preacher recognised the greatness of spirit that was hidden from the common herd beneath Carlyle's rough exterior, struggling as he then was with penury, ill-health and a fixed determination not to sell his life into the bondage of any of the acknowledged professions or respectable modes of obtaining a livelihood. These memoirs of Irving are in great part a memoir of Carlyle's youth, his early attempts at pedagogy, walking tours, wild yachting excursions, in which Irving joined him, 'rather preferring the helu-part and not much taking the oar when he could honourably help it.' Then we find the success of Irving driven like a wedge between them,—the eloquent minister drawn to London, his popularity 'taking fire there,' Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, Lady Jersey rushing to hear him day after day till he believed that the 'Christian religion was again to dominate all minds, and the world to become an Eden by his thrice-blessed means.' All this while Carlyle is bitterly struggling among the thorny paths of unremunerative literature, chiefly of the German sort, and their meetings are but occasional. Irving is still most friendly, his house is ever

open to Carlyle, his interest with London publishers at command; but it gets more and more sad to the rugged independent thinker to notice how his friend's finer qualities were being spoilt by the insensate adulation that surrounded him. 'In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to.' Then follow increasing eccentricities on Irving's part as the beautiful dream he had conjured up melted away; struggling to retrieve his position which resulted in his offending his hearers by a direct openness of denunciation which they deserved but did not expect; finally expulsion for some over-thoughtful heresy or suspicion of heresy from the Scotch Church and the founding of his own sect so soon to be fouled by the parasitic growth of 'the Tongues,' inane senseless shrieking of 'lah-lalling women.' Very touching is the passage in which Carlyle speaks of his riding alone up the Tottenham Court Road after Irving's death and looking back at the 'sierra of London,' its domes and spires saw-edged against the clear sky, and reflecting that the steeple of the Caledonian Chapel which he descried among them was the only positive mark that was left of Irving having ever lived, or ever worked, in the great metropolis.

The reminiscences of Mrs. Carlyle coming after the other two memoirs, and being written quite independently and without reference to the others, to some extent cover the same ground and present us with the same facts in slightly differing form. Owing also, to the intense closeness of sympathy between Carlyle and his wife, they are in effect a biography of the author no less than of his life-companion, and we feel that the years of survival were empty and unprofitable to the aged man who could not find in the few remaining friends of his manhood that companionship with which his wife's sympathy had cheered him through the difficult tasks of his life. His best years, all his great works, date before his wife's sudden death. She shared his poverty and silent toil, foresaw his success and gave him that encouragement which rendered it possible. When his 'French Revolution' came out she was almost angry with him for doubting, in that reaction which inevitably follows long-sustained effort, the hold which it at once took upon the

public. Long afterwards when the appearance of the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' revealed how wide a gulf had secretly been forming between Carlyle's philosophy and the system to which his early friends would fain have had him attached,—when those friends seemed to him becoming hide-bound and withered in their whiggisms and politico-economical nostrums Mrs. Carlyle remained firmly at his side. 'In the whole world I had one complete approver; in that, as in other cases, one, and it was worth all.

She was glad at my getting delivered of my black electricities and consuming fires in that way.'

'One complete approver,'—one, that is, over and above his own deliberate conviction and clearest inner conscience, against which, we may be very sure, Carlyle never spake or uttered syllable. But while we grant this intense conviction of belief in everything he wrote, must we not ask ourselves very seriously if a long course of ever-increasing seclusion and communion with his own spirit, backed by the firm affectionate echoing of his own ideas by the 'one complete approver,' did not tend to narrow his views of men and to darken the future of mankind in his eyes? Readily we will admit that the germ of his latest Jamaica or United States Slavery utterances is to be found in even his earliest works; even more willing are we to allow that the message he ever reiterated against the shams and wind-bags of modern Democracy was most cryingly needed by the age; but would it not have been possible, under happier circumstances, for Carlyle to have moderated his virulence against the school of Mill ('much macerated, changed and fanaticized John Mill') and of Bentham? The men had so much in common, after all, in their desire to better the universe and leave mankind better than they found it. It is almost necessary to remind a generation which has heard its possibly wisest sage expend so much energy in denouncing 'shallow Bethamisms' what Jeremy Bentham really did. He found the Government of England steeped in official corruption of which we can have no idea, the foul offspring of lavish war-contracts and unmerited pension grants. He found a criminal code that paralleled that of Timbuctoo, except in the heads of simplicity and freedom from expense. The sources of justice were polluted, the representation

of the people was cramped and subjected to a thousand humiliations, the laws of libel, of property, of commerce, all twisted into so many potent engines to oppress the people. Against such abuses he laboured all day long. In his voluminous writings were stored up the weapons with which the Reformers of the next generation effected such necessary changes as he did not live to see achieved. It is impossible to calculate the mass of actual sin, misery and poverty which he helped to dissipate, the impetus he gave to freedom of thought and discussion, to education and everything which is prized by a freeman. Surely some more cordial recognition was due to such a man from a mind like Carlyle's. But the later writer was so occupied by the undoubted fact that an improved system of popular representation had not cured every ill the political frame was heir to, that he overlooked the enormous positive good which the Reformers of Bentham's school actually effected. To us it seems as if Bentham held the place of a good Samaritan putting the cup of cold water to the lips of some traveller, dust-choked in the desert sand storm, and bidding him be of good courage. Carlyle stands by and assures the reviving man that he will surely thirst again, and that the oasis to which his saviour points him is but a mirage that deludes the eye. Both seek the good of the wearied one, but why should the dark-eyed prophet of disaster scorn the man who has at least relieved the pressing needs which, but for his timely help, would have stopped the wayfarer's labouring breath for ever.

It grieves us to note that Carlyle appears to have been unable to appreciate any of his contemporaries. We can understand his not caring for Sir Walter Scott, in spite of their being compatriots, when we look at the different way in which they were affected by King George's farcical visit to Edinburgh. The loyal baronet, in an effusion of zeal, burst into verse,

'Carl, now the King's come!'

snatched the tumbler out of which the royal thirst had been assuaged, put it in his coat tail pocket and added a fit climax to these mock-heroics by sitting down on it in a moment of inadvertence! Carlyle, grimly reading the placard in which the civic authorities exhorted the public to put on 'black

coats and white duck trousers' on the occasion of His Majesty's advent, inwardly swore that he would put on white coat and black pants rather than give in to such 'scandalous flunkeys,' from whose threatened 'effervescence' of loyalty he fled for a week's country jaunt. But it is the same with authors of every stamp. Lamb and his sisters are 'a very sorry pair of phenomena.' Yet, undoubtedly Lamb sacrificed more for his sister than Carlyle ever did for his suffering wife, and never had to pen such remorseful sentences as Carlyle does here about his own neglect. Lamb's talk is 'contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness,' not to say 'insuperable proclivity to gin.' His wit is 'diluted insanity.' The popularity of Darwin's physical discoveries was wonderful to him, 'as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind. . . . I could never waste the least thought on it.' Mrs. Carlyle's abilities must be exaggerated at the expense of 'all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *coquet* of "celebrated scribbling women," all of whom, boiled down, 'could not make one such woman.' This is bad, but what follows is worse. Wordsworth's works he could 'never considerably reverence,' his melody is as of 'an honest rustic fiddle, good and well handled, but wanting two or more of the strings, and not capable of much!' Personally, he found Wordsworth conceited. Milton and Shakespeare had their limitations and 'gradually it became apparent to me that of transcendent unlimited there was, to this critic, probably but one specimen known,—himself!' After this, we need not wonder that 'nothing came from "Coleridge" that was of use to me that day, or in fact any day.' Macaulay, De Quincey, what treatment can they expect when great genius is thus roughly labelled and pushed aside as useless and imperfect? It is with sorrow that we have written the concluding paragraph of this notice, but when so great a man as Carlyle shows so narrow a power of appreciation for the greatness of others it is a duty, no less necessary than painful, to point out the blot lest we should suffer his declared opinions to blemish the received reputations of men in every way his equals.

Ward's Selections from the English Poets. London & New York : Macmillan & Co., 1880. [FOURTH NOTICE. Vol. III. Addison to Blake.] Toronto : Copp, Clarke & Co.

No more difficult problem is presented to the critic than that which calls for the correct appreciation of the poetry of the eighteenth century. We look back with pity, not unmingled with contempt, at the overweening confidence in their own powers with which the polished writers of our so-called Augustan age complacently dubbed themselves the heirs of the beauties of their predecessors and the correctors of their faults. It was in this vein that Johnson cried Milton down, and Addison patronisingly cried him up, and it was the conviction that every alteration they made must be an improvement which spoilt the scholars of that century as editors of our older poets.

But while there is no risk now-a-days of our sharing the exaggerated views which our forefathers held about the charms of the ingenious Mr. Tickell, and his host of fellow versifiers, neither is it possible for us any longer to swell the chorus of depreciation beneath which the school of Wordsworth at one time drowned the few feeble voices which were yet uplifted in praise of the school whose glories culminated in Pope. Between these two opposing courses the critic must steer a justly distinguishing way of his own, and, as usual, it will be found that one of his greatest difficulties arises from the grouping of too many opposing elements together and the attempt to find a general formula sufficiently wide to embrace them all. So long as it was the generally received notion that from Dryden onwards English verse became more and more polished, cold and artificial, until Wordsworth and Coleridge by a dead lift raised it again to a warmer and more natural atmosphere, criticism was baffled in its attempts to conform to such an unnatural classification. The task would have been too great even for Proclus to make Addison, Pope and Johnson on the one hand, and Gray, Chatterton and Blake on the other, lie snugly in the same bed.

It is, however, a fact, and one which Mr. Ward's selections bring out clearly before us, that the natural style of poetry as opposed to the artificial style, the

simple study of Nature as opposed to the frigid study of society and morals, never did die out, but that its traditions were carried on by an unbroken chain of writers in spite of the dazzling attractions which the magnificent verse of Pope held out to every young rhymers.

It is not to be supposed that even these lovers of the country succeeded in freeing themselves entirely from the influence of the age which produced 'Windsor Forest.' Lady Winchilsea, who has been named with praise by Wordsworth himself, affords a good example of this. In the following passage from her 'Nocturnal Reverie':

'The loos'd horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining
meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade
we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear';

we clearly see a study from rustic life, depicted in simple and appropriate language. But only a few lines before we have been inflicted with 'darkened groves' wearing 'softest shadows' and 'sun-burned hills,' concealing their 'swarthy looks,' and we remember that the fair author was a correspondent of Pope's.

The same singular mixture is observable in the poetry of Parnell. Mr. Gosse, in his prefatory remarks (at p. 134) justly remarks that the 'Hermit' may be considered the 'apex and chef d'œuvre of Augustan poetry in England.' Yet his hymn to 'Contentment' contains passages which breathe the love of Nature in the poet's mind and the awakening sense that inanimate objects have a word to say to us. Moon and stars, and seas, he says,

'The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see
Should be sung and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.'

Thomson's 'Seasons' are too well known to need more than a passing allusion. Wonderful as his description of the varied aspects of an English country-side undoubtedly are, they remain, in our opinion, pen photographs only. In Thomson, British poetry seemed to be recovering the essential faculty of looking at Nature with its own eyes instead of through the medium of distorting pseudo-classicism, and the not

less important power of recording those impressions in honest blank verse, free from the entrapping influences of rhyme. But these tasks seemed to exhaust Thomson's powers. He could draw a religious moral from his winter landscape or overworked peasant, but he took his meanings out for a walk with him, and did not draw them out of the objects he studied. The two lines of Parnell's quoted above, which we have italicised, will serve to illustrate the difference between the attitude which these poets of the dawning revival observed towards hill and flood and the standpoint from which Wordsworth regarded the same natural phenomena. The earlier writers granted a message to the moon and the flowers, but that message was subordinated to the 'tongue of man,' which was to express it, and, in the expression, too often coloured it with his own impressions. Wordsworth would allow that man's voice is needed to formulate and publish forth as it were the viewless thoughts with which scur and fell inspire him. But at the same time those thoughts were so clear to him and their meaning so unmistakable that the 'tongue of man' became the mere instrument to record them with in fitting words. To one set of poets the interpreter was everything, to the other school he occupied a subservient position to the dim 'natur-bilden' whose message was breathed upon his lips.

Dyer next claims our attention. In his poem of 'Grongar Hill' he plays as it were a softer, simpler prelude to the grand music which Shelley afterwards elicited from the same lyre in his 'Lines written among the Euganean Hills.' Allowing for the difference in poetic spirit and in the grandeur of the associations awakened by the several landscapes, it is wonderful what a similarity of thought and diction is to be traced in the two kindred poems. To Dyer's eyes

'Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires.'

Venice, on the distant horizon of Shelley's gaze, presents him with the same idea, more nobly and more fully expressed:

'Column, tower, and dome and spires
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;—'

After Dyer, Collins snatches up the lamp of natural poetry and passes it on to Gray. We can only afford space for one quotation from Collins, and that will serve to show how much wider and nobler was the view he took of Nature than was that of his contemporaries. Dyer sang from the material altitude of Grongar, but Collins lifts himself in imagination till, piercing at once the bounds of time and space, he sees all Britain lying beneath him, joined as old tradition tells us to the opposing shore and the 'silver streak of sea' effaced, while the Gaul is

'Passing with unwet feet through all our land.'

With bold imagery he calls us to behold

'And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,'

and the beauty of the description is enhanced by the proud boast which closes the antistrophe of the ode, that this 'blest divorce' is owing to Liberty, who destined England's vales to be 'her loved, her last abode.' This has been a fruitful thought and a favourite one among our later poets; Tennyson sings 'God bless the narrow seas that keep her off' and Wordsworth, in one of his noble sonnets, gave expression to his feeling of surprise at beholding on a clear day,

'The coast of France,—the coast of France
how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood,
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!

To pass to Gray, we prefer to take our typical quotation from his ode '*On the Progress of Poesy*,' rather than from the '*Elegy*,' beautiful as the descriptive passages in the latter poem undoubtedly are. But for our present purpose, and to show how a grand thought could be drawn from natural imagery and couched in simple phrase by a contemporary of Johnson, we prefer to adduce the well-known couplet descriptive of the abandonment by the Muses of their favourite Grecian haunts,

'Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around.'

To Gray's lofty mind Hymettus and Parnassus had imbibed the atmosphere of poesy with which Greek bards had surrounded them, until they were themselves ready to part with it again in the

form of an inspiration purer, more intense and more refined than they had at first breathed into the souls of their earliest admirers. The poet and the mountain act and react on each other, a noble thought and one which the school of Pope was incapable of producing.

In Warton we find some occasional touches, such as the picture of the hawthorn hedge in spring—

'Which, to the distant eye, displays
Weakly green its budding sprays'

that plainly shows he possessed an observant eye for the more delicate and unobtrusive aspects of the seasons. But it is when we come to Chatterton that we appreciate the full tide of life that was ready to invigorate the system of English poetry. No piece of Pre-Raphaelite word-embroidery such as Tennyson's lovely picture of the 'clustering marish-mosses' in *Mariana* exceeds for truth and delicacy of execution some of Chatterton's descriptions, as the passage in one of his *Eclogues* in which Robert the neat-herd, wails his 'king-cup-deck'd leas.'

'My garden whitened with the cumfrey-plant,
My flower-Saint-Mary glinting with the light.'

In dealing with Chatterton's archaic spelling and oft-times imaginary words, Mr. W. F. Watts (who sub-edits the selections from his works) has adopted a curious and it seems to us a mistaken plan. The untouched text of Chatterton has, no doubt, a repulsive look to the modern reader, but when we consider how much harmony depends on the sound of a word or the turn of an expression, we should hesitate in substituting a modern phrase even if we could get one that bears exactly the same meaning. Mr. Watts keeps enough of Chatterton's mannerisms to necessitate the use of notes, but in the majority of cases he alters the text at his own sweet will. Nor does he exercise his discretion wisely, as will appear when we note that he retains 'abrodden' for 'abruptly,' and yet alters the by no means unknown word 'nesh' into 'slim,' at once thereby making a very fine line descend into the depths of common-place.

When we find Cowper in his most natural mood, he gives us charming peeps into English rural scenery, as for instance that delightful little piece on the

felled poplar trees (p. 481). At other times, and except for a naturally stronger infusion of religious sentiment, he seems to us to follow in Thomson's footsteps too closely for us to class his country scenes in any way apart from those of his predecessor. On the whole, he appears to belong more to the past than the present. It is with an effort we put ourselves in his place. But immediately after him come Burns and a troop of minor Scotch song-writers, and we feel at once the fresh breeze of to-day stirring around our temples. We must refrain from selections,—all we need say is, take down your Burns and remind yourselves, if you need reminding, how many of the master-chords of your nature are touched by him on every page. He finds the 'soul of goodness in things evil' from the 'wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,' typical of the minor destructive powers of creation, up to 'auld nickie-ben' himself, the prince of the powers of the air, who might,—how can we tell?—have a chance yet if he would but 'tak a thought an' men'. His loves were loved in the open air, and the songs that tell of them have the sough of the wind, the lilt of the laverock and the rush of the brook running through them all. The good and the true, he champions under whatever lowly form he may descry it; the hypocrite, the fanatic and the knave need not expect by sheltering themselves behind a national religion to escape his scorn and his derision. Long may the fearless spirit of Burns be considered as typical of the spirit of the age which he ushered in!

William Blake differed from Burns in this, that he had no audience. To what pitch of clarity he might have attained had his verses been on the lips of young and old, rich and poor, we may imagine but, alas! can never know. Starting from a wonderful simplicity which entrals one with all the charm of holy words uttered by a childish tongue, the growing depths of meaning within him seemed gradually to exceed his power of expression. We have seen paintings by

great masters which to the untutored eye appear masses of confused colour;—you must find out the proper distant stand-point before even the subject is comprehensible to you. So it is with the mass of Blake's works. Unfortunately in the case of his so-called prophetic works, the stand-point is irretrievably lost,—yet there can be no doubt that the mind which grasped all the majesty of the Book of Job and embodied it in the finest designs that ever lived beneath the graver of a biblical artist, must have had vast and kindred thoughts well worthy of being treated in epic form. That he was imbued with such mighty fancies we know from his poem of *The Tiger*, which ranks with *Behemoth* and *Job's Warhorse* as one of the grandest conceptions in our tongue:

'When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?'

With Blake this volume closes, but with his poetry a new school sprang full-armed into being. The fact is amply recognised now that Coleridge and Wordsworth are followers of Blake, and that they did but, as Swinburne puts it, entrench at day break the ground he had occupied over night. It will, however, we think, be apparent from what we have said, that in several important points English poets always kept alive that love of nature the credit of reviving which has been improperly fathered upon Wordsworth, and that among the frigidly correct versifiers of our Augustan age there were always a chosen few who did not bend the knee to Baal.

* * * * *

A few misprints remain to be noticed. At page 74 'springes' is transformed into the monosyllable 'springs,' to the destruction of the metre of one of Pope's lines; at p. 106 'not' takes the place of 'nod' and spoils the sense; similarly at p. 181 'sate' is made to read 'fate,' probably attributable to the old form of long s. in the original.

LITERARY NOTES.

A COLLECTION of the scattered letters, published chiefly in the daily newspapers, from 1840 to 1880, by John Ruskin, and now edited by an Oxford pupil, is one of the latest issues of the English press. The collection is comprised in two volumes and bears the title of 'Arrows of the Chase.'

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, well-known to our readers as Ambassador for a lengthened period of the British Government at Constantinople, has just issued a volume on the 'Eastern Question.' The work consists of a selection of His Lordship's writings during the last five years of his life.

A well-deserved compliment has just been paid by the University of Oxford to the head of the house of Messrs Macmillan & Co., the eminent London publishers. That venerable institution recently conferred on Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the honorary degree of M.A., in recognition of his services as publisher for the past seventeen years to the Clarendon Press. The honour, though unusual, is a fitting one.

The *Boston Literary World*, of the 26th February, devotes a large portion of its pages to the publication of a series of commemorative papers on the poet Longfellow, who, on that day, had reached his seventy-fourth birthday. Among the contributors to the issue we notice two Canadians, Mr. George Stewart, junr., at one time editor of this magazine, and Mr. F. Blake Crofton, of Truro, N.S., a contributor to our pages. Both papers are gracefully written and are marked by loving sympathy with, and intelligent appreciation of, the New England poet. Mr. Stewart's theme is 'Longfellow in Canada,' and treats of his influence on the literary thought of the Dominion, particularly among the song-writers of the French Province. Mr. Crofton takes 'Evangeline' for his text, and quotes passages from the poem to show the fidelity, as well as the felicity, of the poet's pictures of scenes in Acadie and of the local colouring to be found in the poem.

Mr. Longfellow must have been gratified by these tributes from the Dominion.

Native literary taste and ability allied to artistic skill, and the poetic gifts of execution in the engraver, are now being organized, in the hands of the Art Publishing Co. of Toronto (Messrs. Belden & Co.), with the design of producing one of the most sumptuous art-books which the native publisher has ever dreamed of giving to the Canadian book-buyer. The project is to publish in a series of some thirty parts, at a cost of sixty cents each, a work entitled 'Picturesque Canada: Our Country as it was and is,' with descriptions, by pen and pencil, of the most characteristic scenery of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our towns, cities, lakes and water-ways, with the industries, occupations and sports of our people, will be graphically delineated and vividly portrayed; while glimpses of the historic life of the country, consisting of scenes in the Indian, French, and American wars, the explorations of voyageurs and missionaries, and the pioneering work of the emigrant, will be given from the most authentic sources, to add to the charm and interest of the book. The literary part of the work is to be under the editorship of Principal G. M. Grant, the art department under Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, and the engraving under the superintendence of Mr. G. F. Smith—men thoroughly competent to perform their duties and to give assurance of the high character of the enterprise. Over \$100,000, it is confidently stated, is to be spent on the work, an amount which will be the best guarantee of its excellence and worth. Already the book has been generously subscribed for, and its patrons may look at an early day for its initial numbers.

Mr. Le Moine, of Quebec, whose delightful historical papers, enshrined in the several series of 'Maple Leaves,' are so well known to Canadian readers, has just published an inaugural address, read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on 'The Scot in New

France.' The address deals at great length with the records of Scottish heroism and enterprise, gathered over a period of three hundred and fifty years, from the historical and biographical annals of the French Province. The *brochure* is enriched by an appendix, containing interesting information res-

pecting eminent Scotchmen, who have played a part in French Canadian affairs. It should be read in connection with Mr. Rattray's able and exhaustive work on 'The Scot in British North America,' the second volume of which we are glad to learn is just about to issue from the press.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

'The Story of an Honest Man,' is the title of Edmund About's latest work. Is it necessary to add that it is a work of fiction?

An old judge of the New York Supreme Court, meeting a friend in a neighbouring village, exclaimed, 'Why, what are you doing here?' 'I'm at work, trying to make an honest living,' was the reply. 'Then you'll succeed,' said the judge; 'for you'll have no competition.'

As a well known professor was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met an individual of weak intellect. 'Pray,' said the professor, 'how long can a person live without brains?' 'I dinna ken,' replied Jemmy, scratching his head. 'How auld are ye yersel?'

'How shall I have my bonnet trimmed,' asked Maria, 'so that it will agree with my complexion?' 'If you want it to match your face, have it plain,' replied the hateful Harriet.

Ministers very seldom attend balls, but we caught one the other day, and really saw him dance. It was a snow-ball, and he attended it right behind the ear. He danced to his own music for about five minutes, and then 'sashayed' down the street after the boy.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought of far too little importance to be attended to.

Women are happier in the love they inspire than in that which they feel; men are just the contrary.

'Neuralgia' is the charming name borne by a charming girl. Her fond mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was captivated with its sweetness.

'Really, my dear,' said Mr. Jones to his better-half, 'you have sadly disappointed me! I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste.' 'Then, my love,' was the reply, 'console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live.'

A pedagogue endeavoured to instil prudence into the minds of his pupils by making them count a hundred slowly before speaking, or, in a matter of importance five hundred. Finishing a lecture upon the subject, he took his stand by the stove, and, after some minutes, observed that the lips of all his scholars were moving slowly and noiselessly. Presently and simultaneously they all broke out, 'Four hundred and ninety-nine! Five hundred! Master, your coat-tails are all on fire!'

On being requested to stand as god-mother to twin children of a friend, a lady who was an enthusiastic collector of old china consented on condition that she was allowed to name them. Her request being granted, she called one Bric and the other Brac, saying that when-

ever she thought of *Bric et Brac* it would remind her of the happiest days of her life—i. e., those employed in making her wonderful collection.

The Rev. Doctor Broadus, an old Baptist parson famous in Virginia, once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in. 'Have you two barns?' asked the doctor. 'Yes, sah,' replied the darkey: 'dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes build a new one.' 'Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?' 'Well, sah, if dey's Metodis's or Baptis's we gen'ally put 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals we puts 'em in de new one.' 'Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian.'

The eminent mathematician Kirkman has made an exquisite translation of the well-known definition. 'Evolution is a change from an indifferent incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations.' As translated into plain English by Kirkman, it is—'Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkaboutable all-likeness to a somehowish and in-general-talkaboutable not-all-likeness, by continuous somethingelsefications and sticktogetherations.'

'I read an interesting anecdote the other day,' says a writer in an American paper, 'concerning a gentleman who made up his mind that he would give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the evening at home. After supper he settled himself down for a cosy time in the bosom of his family. He had no more than comfortably fixed himself when his wife asked him if his friends didn't want him any longer, and if that was why he had concluded to get acquainted with his family. Then his mother-in-law asked him if he had exhausted his credit and was obliged to stay at home. The servant asked him if he was ill, and proposed to make some tea. One of the neighbours came in and wanted to know if he had been having any trouble, and was afraid of the law. And he says it all occurred in twenty minutes, for in exactly half an hour he was "down town" again.'

Lord Eldon, it is said, left an anecdote-book in manuscript, in which he noted the following. During the debates on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said 'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.' Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. 'Who is it? Name him! Name him!' 'Sir,' said Sheridan to the Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson.'

THRENODY.

Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of Spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the Autumn winds, that bring
The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill;
The brook trolls on in the shade;
But the friends I have lost lie cold and still,
Where their stricken forms were laid.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun slides into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon!
O breath, why art thou so sweet!
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
The loved ones who lie at your feet!
But the world goes round and round,
And the sun drops into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
The eye of woman is kind:
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease,
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there for evermore;
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea!
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

— From *Scribner*.