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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1881.

JUNE.

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, BARRIE.

O LEAFY month of June, how sweet thou art !
Each added year but makes thee seem more fair,
With all thy wealth of greenness in the trees,
And all thy scent of roses in the air :

And murmuring sounds of water, lowing kine,
And birds in tree-tops singing loud and clear,
Telling their gladness to the sunny world,
That once again the month of months is here.

O golden days, almost without a night,
So long the lovely twilights ; scarce the moon,
With silver glory, bathes the earth in light,
Till banished by the roseate hues of dawn :

And so the bright days come and go, and bring
To many hearts a joy unknown before ;
For in the month of roses love is king,
And youthful lovers feel his wond'rous power,
And wish sweet June would last for evermore.

ONTARIO FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW :

A CONTRAST.

II.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

THE American Revolution brought out two striking pictures of the inconsistency of human nature. The author of the Declaration of Independence lays down at the very first this axiom : ' We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal ; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ; ' and yet this man was, with numbers of others who signed the famous document, a slave-holder, and contributed to perpetuate a system which was a reproach and a stain upon the fair fame of the land, until it was wiped out with the blood of tens of thousands of its sons. The next picture that stands out in open contradiction to the declaration of equality of birth and liberty of action, appears at the end of the war. The very men who had clamoured against oppression, and had fought for their freedom and won it, in turn became the most intolerant oppressors themselves. The men who had differed from them and had adhered to the cause of the mother land, had their property confiscated and were expelled from the country. Revolutions have ever been marked by cruelty. Liberty in France inaugurated the guillotine, and the fathers of the American Revolution cast out their kindred, and they found a refuge in the wilderness of Canada, where they endured for a time the most severe privations and hardships. This was the first illustration or definition of ' liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' from an American point of view.

The result was not, perhaps, what was anticipated. The ten thousand or more of their expatriated countrymen, were not to be subdued by acts of despotic injustice. Their opinions were quite as dear to them as to those who had succeeded in wrenching away a part of the old Empire under a plea of being oppressed. They claimed only the natural and sacred right of acting upon their honest convictions, and surely no one will pretend to say that their position was not as just and tenable or less honourable than that of those who had rebelled. I am not going to say that there was no cause of complaint on the part of those who threw down the gage of war : that has been conceded long ago. The enactments of the Home Government that brought about the revolt are matters with which we have nothing to do at this time ; but when the war terminated and peace was declared, the attitude of the New Government towards those of their countrymen, who had adhered to the Old Land from a sense of duty, was cruel if not barbarous. It has no parallel in modern history unless it be that of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. The refugees, however, did not, like the Huguenots, find a home in an old settled country, but in the fastness of a Canadian forest ; and it is wonderful that so many men and women, out of love for a distant land whose subjects they had been and whose cause they had espoused, should have sacrificed everything and passed from comfortable homes and kindred

to poverty. It shows of what unbending material they were composed, and with their strong wills and stronger arms they laid the foundation of another country that it may not be beyond the reach of possibilities to imagine, shall rival the land from which they were driven. This act no doubt occasioned the settlement of the Western Province many years earlier than it would have occurred under other circumstances, and notwithstanding the attempts that were made to subdue the country when the struggle came, our fathers, who had lost none of their patriotic fire, though comparatively few in number, were not slow to shoulder their muskets and march away in defence of the land of their adoption. There were no differences of opinion on this point. A people who had first been robbed of their worldly goods and then driven from the homes of their youth were not likely soon to forget either their wrongs or sufferings nor to give up the new homes they had made for themselves under the keenest privations and severest toils, without a struggle. As our fathers successfully resisted the one, so have their children the threats and blandishments that have been used from time to time to bring us under the protecting ægis of the Stars and Stripes. The wounds that were inflicted nearly a century ago have happily closed, and we can look now with admiration on the rapid progress of the American people in all that goes to make up a great and prosperous country, and we hope to live in peace and unity with them. Still we like our own country and its system of government better, and feel that we have no reason to be discontented with its progress, nor if true to ourselves to have any doubt as to its future.

The year 1830 may be taken as the commencement of a new order of things in Canada. The people were prosperous: immigration was rapidly increasing. A system of Government had been inaugurated which, if not all

that could be desired, was capable of being moulded into a shape that would meet the wants of a young and growing country—laws to protect society, encourage education, and foster trade and commerce. The application of steam in England and the United States, not only to manufacturing purposes but to navigation, which had made some progress, but rapidly increased after this date, and the illustration Stephenson gave, in September of this year, of its capabilities as a motor in land transit, completely revolutionized the commerce of the world. It assailed every branch of industry, and in a few years transformed all. The inventive genius of mankind seemed to gather new energy, and a clearer insight into the vast results opening out before it, and the innumerable inventions which have succeeded; for the more uniform and rapid production of almost every conceivable thing used by man, have all had their origin in this Renaissance. Our Province, though remote from this 'new birth,' could not but feel a touch of the pulsation that was stirring the world, and, though but in its infancy, it was not backward in laying hold of these discoveries and applying them as far as its limited resources would admit. As early as 1816, we had a steamer ('The Frontenac') running on Lake Ontario, and others soon followed, but the increase was much more rapid after the date we refer to, and the improvement in construction and speed was equally marked. Owing to our sparse and scattered population as well as our inability to build, we did not undertake constructing railroads until 1853, when the Northern Railway was opened to Bradford, but after that we went at it in earnest, and have kept at it until we have made our Province a net-work of railways. In order more fully to realize our position at this time, it must be borne in mind that our population only reached 210,437.

Those whose recollection runs back to this time, have witnessed changes

in this Province difficult to realize as having transpired during the fifty years which have intervened. The first settlers found themselves in a position which, owing to the then existing state of things, can never occur again. They were cut off from communication except by very slow and inadequate means with the older and more advanced parts of America, and were therefore almost totally isolated. They adhered to the manners and customs of their fathers, and though they acquired property and grew up in sturdy independence, their habits and modes of living remained unchanged. But now the steamboat and locomotive brought them into contact with the world outside. They began to feel and see that a new state of things had been inaugurated; that the old paths had been forsaken; that the world had faced about and taken up a new line of march; and, as their lives hitherto had been one of exigency, they were skilled in adapting themselves to the needs of the hour. Men, who have been trained in such a school, are quick at catching improvements and turning them to their advantage. It matters not in what direction these improvements tend, whether to agriculture, manufactures, education, or government; and we shall find that in all these our fathers were not slow to move, nor unequal to the emergency when it was pressed upon them.

One of the dearest privileges of a British subject is the right of free discussion on all topics, whether sacred or secular, more especially those of a political character and giving effect to his opinions at the polls; and no people have exercised these privileges with more practical intelligence than the Anglo-Canadian. It must be confessed that half a century ago and even much later, Colonial affairs were not managed by the Home Government altogether in a satisfactory manner. Though at the time there can hardly be a doubt that the measures emanating from the Colonial office received careful consid-

eration and were designed with an honest wish to promote the well-being of the colonists, and not in the perfunctory manner which has been ascribed to it. The great difficulty has been for an old country like the mother land, with its long established usages, its time-honoured institutions, its veneration for precedent, its dislike to change, and its faith in its own wisdom and power, to appreciate either the wants of a new country, or to yield hastily to its demands. They took for granted, that what was good for them would undoubtedly be equally beneficial to us. Their system of government, though it had undergone many a change, even in its monarchical type, was the model on which the Colonial Governments were based, and when the time came we were set up with a Governor appointed by the Crown, a Council chosen by the Governor, and an Assembly elected by the people. They had an Established Church, an outcome of the Reformation, supported by the State. It was necessary for the welfare of the people and their future salvation, that we should have one, and it was given us, and large grants of land made for its support. A hereditary nobility was an impossibility, for the entire revenue of the province in its early days, would not have been a sufficient income for a noble lord. Still there were needy gentlemen of good families, as there always have been and, probably, ever will be, who were willing to sacrifice themselves for a government stipend. They were provided for and sent across the sea to this new land of ours to fill the few offices that were of any importance. There was nothing strange or unnatural in all this, and if these newcomers had honestly applied themselves to the development of the country instead of advancing their own interests, many of the difficulties which afterwards sprung up would have been avoided. The men who had made the country began to feel that they knew more about its wants than the

Colonial Office, and could manage its affairs better than the appointees of the Crown, who had become grasping and arrogant. They began to discuss the question. A strong feeling pervaded the minds of many of the leading men of the day that a radical change was necessary for the well-being of the country, and they commenced to apply the lever of public opinion to the great fulcrum of agitation, in order to overturn the evils that had crept into the administration of public affairs. They demanded a government which should be responsible to the people, and not independent of them. They urged that the system of representation was unjust and should be equalized. They assailed the party in power as being corrupt, and applied to them the epithet of the 'Family Compact'—a name which has clung to them ever since, because they held every office of emolument and dispensed the patronage to friends, to the exclusion of every man outside of its pale. Another grievance which began to be talked about, and remained a bone of contention for years, was the large grants of lands for the support of the Church of England. As the majority of the people did not belong to that body, they could not see why it should be taken under the protecting care of the State, while every other denomination was left in the cold; hence a clamour for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves began to be heard throughout the land. These with many other questions, which were termed abuses, raised up a political party that came to be known as Radicals, and later was stigmatized by the opposing party as Rebels. The party lines between these two sides were soon sharply drawn, and when the House met at York, early in January, 1830, it was discovered that a breach existed between the Executive Council and the House of Assembly, which could not be closed up until sweeping changes had been effected.

The Province at this time was di-

vided into eleven districts, or twenty-six counties, which returned forty-one members to the House, and the towns of York, Kingston, Brockville and Niagara one member each, making in all forty five representatives, but of these four were selected for the Executive Council. Obedient to the command of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, the members of the different constituencies were finding their way with sleighs (the only means of conveyance in those days) through woods and snow drifts on the first of the year to the Capital Town of York. The Province had not yet reached the dignity of possessing a city, and indeed the only towns were the four we have named of which Kingston was the largest and most important. It had a population of 3,635, and York 2,860. A member from Winnipeg could reach Ottawa quicker and with much more comfort now than York could be reached from the Eastern and Western limits of the Province in those days.*

Marshal Spring Bidwell was Speaker, and the following formed the Executive Council:—J. Carey, Inspector-General; John H. Dunn, Receiver-General; Henry John Boulton, Attorney-General; and Christopher A. Hagerman, Solicitor-General. On the opening of the House, the address was

* Fancy such announcement as the following, appearing in our newspapers in these days, prior to the opening of the House of Assembly:—

'To the proprietors and editors of the different papers in the Eastern part of the Province. Gentlemen: Presuming that the public will desire to be put in possession of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor's speech, at the approaching Session of Parliament at an early date, and feeling desirous to gratify a public to which we are so much indebted, we shall make arrangements for having it delivered, free of expense, at Kingston, the day after it is issued from the press at York, that it may be forwarded to Montreal by mail on the Monday following.

'We are gentlemen,

'Your obedient servants,

'H. NORTON & Co., Kingston.

'W. WELLES, York.

'*Christian Guardian*, January 2nd, 1830.'

replied to by the Governor in one of the briefest speeches ever listened to on the floor of the Legislative Assembly. 'Gentlemen of the House of Assembly, I thank you for your address.' The expense of Hansards would not be very considerable if the legislators of the present day followed the example of such brevity as this.

Any one looking over the Journals of the 2nd Session of the 10th Parliament will see that there was a liberal bill of fare provided. Every member had one or more Petitions, and altogether there were one hundred and fifty-one presented, some of which read strangely in the light of the present day. Among them was one from Addington, 'praying that means may be adopted, to secure to these Provinces the trade of the West Indies, free from the United States competition.' Another from the Midland District, 'praying that an Act be passed to prevent itinerant preachers from coming over from the United States and spreading sedition,' &c. And another from Hastings, to dispose of the Clergy Reserves. 'Mr. Mackenzie gives notice that he will to-morrow, move for leave to bring in a bill to establish finger posts,' and a few years later these 'finger posts' could be seen at all the principal cross-roads in the Province. Among the bills there was a tavern and shop license bill—a bill establishing the Kingston Bank with a capital of £100,000; a bill authorizing a grant of £57,412 10s, for the relief of sufferers in the American War, and one authorizing a grant to the Kingston Benevolent Society, and also to the York Hospital and Dispensary established the year before. Among the one hundred and thirty-seven bills passed by the House of Assembly, nearly one hundred were rejected by the Legislative Council, which shows very clearly to what an almost deadlock the two Houses had come. In other respects there was nothing remarkable about the Session. The really most important thing done was the

formation of Agricultural Societies, and the aid granted them. But one can see in looking over the returns asked for and the grievance motions brought forward from time to time, the gathering of the storm that broke upon the country in 1836-7, and, however much to be deplored, it hastened, no doubt, the settlement of the vexed questions which had agitated the public mind for years. The Union of the two Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, followed in 1841, and in 1867 Confederation took place, when our Province lost its old appellation, and was to be known henceforth as the Province of Ontario; the keystone Province of the Confederation.

It was during this year that the name of Robert Baldwin first appears in the list of members, and of the forty-five persons who represented the Province at this time, I do not know that one survives. The death of George IV. this year brought about a change; the House was dissolved, and an election ordered for October, over which there was considerable excitement, and a good many seats changed occupants, but the Family Compact was returned to power.

A general election in those days was a weighty matter, because of the large extent of the constituencies and the distance the widely scattered electors had to travel, often over roads that were almost impassable, to exercise their franchise. There was but one polling place in each county, and that was made as central as possible for the convenience of the people. Often two weeks elapsed before all the votes could be got in, and during the contest it was not an uncommon thing for one side or the other to make an effort to get possession of the poll and keep their opponents from voting. This led frequently to disgraceful fights, when sticks and stones were used with a freedom that would have done no discredit to Irish faction fights in their palmiest days. Happily,

this is all changed now. The multitude of polling places prevents a crowd of excited men from collecting together. Voters have but a short distance to go, and the whole thing is accomplished with ease in a day. Our representation is now based upon population, both for the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and the older and more densely populated counties are divided into ridings, so that the forty-eight counties and some cities and towns return to the Ontario Government eighty-eight members, six of whom form the Executive Council, and the Speaker.

Fifty years ago, the Post Office Department was under the control of the British Government, and Thomas A. Stayner was Deputy Postmaster-General of British North America. Whatever else the Deputy may have had to complain of, he certainly could not grumble at the extent of territory under his jurisdiction. The gross receipts of the Department were £8,029 2s. 6d.,* there were ninety-one post offices in Upper Canada. On the main line between York and Montreal the mails were carried by a public stage, and in spring and fall, owing to the bad roads, and even in winter, with its storms and snow-drifts, its progress was slow and often difficult. There are many still living who remember well many a weary hour and trying adventure between these points, often almost perishing with cold or famished with hunger, forced to trudge through mud and slush up to their knees because the jaded horses could barely pull the empty vehicle through the mire or up the weary hill; requiring frequently to alight and grope around in impenetrable darkness and beating storm for rails from a neighbouring fence, with which to pry the wheels out of a mud-hole into which they had, to all appearance, hopelessly sunk, or to

dig themselves out of snow-banks in which both horses and stage were firmly wedged. If they were so fortunate as to escape these mishaps, the deep ruts and corduroy bridges tried their powers of endurance to the utmost, and made the old coach creak and groan under the strain. Sometimes it toppled over with a crash, leaving the worried passengers to find shelter, if they could, in the nearest farm house until the damage was repaired. But with good roads and no breakdowns they were enabled to spank along at the rate of seventy-five miles in a day, which was considered rapid travelling. Four-and-a-half days were required, and often more, to reach Montreal from York. A merchant posting a letter from the latter place, under the most favourable circumstances, could not get a reply from Montreal in less than ten days, or sometimes fifteen; and from Quebec, from three weeks to a month. The English mails were brought by sailing vessels. Everything moved in those days with slow and uneven pace. The other parts of the Province were served by couriers on horseback, who announced their approach with blast of tin horn. That the offices were widely separated in most cases may be judged from their number. I came across recently an entry made by my father in an old account book against his father's estate, 'To one day going to the Post Office, 3s. 9d.' The charge, looked at, in the light of these days, certainly is not large, but the idea of taking a day to go to and from a post office, struck me as a good illustration of the conveniences enjoyed in those days. The correspondent at that time had never been blessed with a vision of the coming envelope, but carefully folded his sheet of paper into the desired shape, pushed one end of the fold into the other and secured it with a wafer or sealing-wax. Envelopes, now universally used, were not introduced until about 1845-50, and even blotting-paper, that indispensable re-

* I am indebted to W. H. Griffin, Esq., Deputy Postmaster-General, for information kindly furnished respecting the Post Office Department, &c.

quisite on every writing-table, was unknown. Every desk had its sand-box, filled with fine, dry sand, which the writers sprinkled over his sheet to absorb the ink, and sometimes, in a pinch, would use ashes. The goose quill was the only pen. There was not such a thing, I suppose, as a steel pen in the Province, though Gillott and Perry had invented them in 1822, but they were sold at \$36 a gross, and too expensive to come into general use. Neither was there such a thing as a bit of india rubber, so very common now; erasures had to be made with a knife. Single rates of letter postage were, for distances not exceeding 60 miles $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.; not exceeding 100 miles, 7d., and not over 200 miles 9d., increasing $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. on every additional 100 miles. Letters weighing less than one ounce were rated as single, double or treble, as they consisted of one, two or more sheets. If weighing an ounce or over the charge was a single rate for every quarter of an ounce in weight. How is it now? The Post Office Department has been, for many years, under the control of our Government. There are in Ontario 2,353 Post Offices with a revenue of \$914,382. The mails are carried by rail to all the principal points, and to outlying places and country villages by stage and by couriers in light vehicles, and with much greater despatch, owing to the improved condition of the highways. A letter of not over half an ounce in weight can be sent from Halifax to Vancouver for three cents; a book weighing five pounds can be sent the same distance for twenty cents, and parcels and samples at equally low rates. To England the rate for half an ounce is five cents, and for every additional half-ounce a single rate is added. Postage stamps and cards, the money-order system and Post-office savings banks have all been added since 1851. The merchant of Toronto can post a letter to-day and get a reply from London, England, in less time than he could in the old days from

Quebec. In 1830 correspondence was expensive and tedious. Letters were written only under the pressure of necessity; now every one writes, and the number of letters and the revenue have increased a thousand fold. The steam-ship, locomotive and telegraph, all the growth of the last half century, have not only almost annihilated time and space, but have changed the face of the world. It is true there were steam-boats running between York and Kingston, on the Bay of Quinte and the St. Lawrence, prior to 1830; but after this date they increased rapidly in number, and were greatly improved. It was on the 15th of September of this year that George Stephenson ran the first locomotive over the line between Liverpool and Manchester, a distance of thirty miles, so that fifty years ago this was the only railway with a locomotive in the world, a fact that can hardly be realized when the number of miles now in operation throughout the world, and the vast sums of money expended in their construction, are considered. What have these agents done for us apart from the wonderful impetus given to trade and commerce? You can post to your correspondent in Montreal at 6 p.m. and your letter is delivered at 11 a.m., and the next day, at noon, you have your answer, or you take up your morning's paper and you have the news from the very antipodes every day. The merchant has quotations placed before him daily and hourly from every great commercial centre in the world; and even the sporting man, as in the recent Hanlan and Trickett race, can deposit his money here and have his bet booked in London the day before.

From the first discovery of the country up to 1800, a period of nearly three hundred years, the bark canoe was the only mode of conveyance for long distances. Governor Simcoe made his journeys from Kingston to Detroit in a large bark canoe, rowed by twelve chasseurs, followed by another containing the tents and provisions. The cost

of conveying merchandise between Kingston and Montreal before the Rideau and St. Lawrence canals were built is hardly credible to people of this day. Sir J. Murray stated in the House of Commons, in 1828, that the carriage of a twenty-four pound cannon cost between £150 and £200 sterling. In the early days of the Talbot Settlement (about 1817), Mr. Ermatinger states that eighteen bushels of wheat were required to pay for one barrel of salt, and that one bushel of wheat would no more than pay for one yard of cotton.

Our fathers did not travel much, and there was a good reason, as we have seen, why they did not. The lumbering stage which Mrs. Jamieson describes as a 'heavy lumbering vehicle, well calculated to live in roads where any decent carriage must needs founder.' Another kind used on rougher roads were 'large oblong wooden boxes, formed of a few planks nailed together, and placed on wheels, in which you enter by the window, there being no door to open or shut, and no springs.' On two or three wooden seats, suspended in leather straps, the passengers were perched. The behaviour of the better sort, in a journey from Niagara to Hamilton, is described by this writer as consisting of a 'rolling and tumbling along the detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers of a lake storm.' The road was knee-deep in mud, the 'forest on either side dark, grim, and impenetrable.' There were but three or four steamboats in existence, and these were not much more expeditious. Fares were high. The rate from York to Montreal was about \$24. Nearly the only people who travelled were the merchants and officials, and they were not numerous. The former as often took passage on sailing vessels or batteaux, and if engaged in the lumber trade, as many of them were, they went down on board their rafts and returned in the batteaux. 'These boats were flat-bottomed, and made of pine boards, nar-

rowed at bow and stern, forty feet by six, with a crew of four men and a pilot, provided with oars, sails, and iron-shod poles for pushing, continued to carry, in cargoes of five tons, all the merchandise that passed to Upper Canada.* Sometimes these boats were provided with a makeshift upper cabin, which consisted of an awning of oil-cloth, supported on hoops like the roof of an American, Quaker, or gipsy waggon; provided with half a dozen chairs and a table, this cabin was deemed the height of primitive luxury. The batteaux went in brigades, which generally consisted of five boats. Against the swiftest currents and rapids the men poled their way up; and when the resisting element was too much for their strength, they fastened a rope to the bow and, plunging into the water, dragged her by main strength up the boiling cataract. From Lachine to Kingston, the average voyage was ten to twelve days, though it was occasionally made in seven; an average as long as a voyage across the Atlantic now. The Durham boat, also then doing duty on this route, was a flat-bottomed barge, but it differed from the batteaux in having a slip-keel and nearly twice its capacity.'

'This primitive mode of travelling had its poetic side. Amid all the hardships of their vocation, the French Canadian boatmen were ever light of spirit, and they enlivened the passage by carolling their boat songs; one of which inspired Moore to write his immortal ballad.'

The country squire if he had occasion to go from home mounted his horse, and with his saddle-bags strapped behind him, jogged along the highway or through the bush at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day. I remember my father going to New York in 1839. He crossed by steamboat from Kingston to Oswego; thence to Rome, in New York State, by canal-

* Trout's Railways of Canada, 1870-1.

boat, and thence by rail and steamer to New York.

The people were alive at a very early date to the importance of improving the roads; and as far back as 1793, an Act was passed at Niagara, then the seat of government, placing the roads under overseers or road-masters, as they were called, appointed by the rate-paying inhabitants at their annual town meetings. Every man was required to bring tools and work from three to twelve days. There was no property distinction, and the time was at the discretion of the roadmaster. This soon gave cause for dissatisfaction, and reasonably, for it was hardly fair to expect a poor man to contribute as much towards the improvement of highways as his rich neighbour. The Act was amended, and the number of days' work determined by the assessment roll. The power of opening new roads, or altering the course of old ones, was vested in the Quarter Sessions. This matter is now under the control of the County Councils. The first Government appropriation for roads was made in 1804, when £1000 was granted; but between 1830-33, \$512,000 was provided for the improvement and opening up of new roads. The road from Kingston to York was contracted for by Dantford, an American in 1800, at \$90 per mile, two rods wide. The first Act required that every man should clear a road across his own lot, but it made no provision for the Clergy Reserves and Crown Lands, and hence the crooked roads that existed at one time in the Province. Originally the roads were marked out by blazing the trees through the woods as a guide for the footman, then the boughs were cut away, so that a man could ride through on horseback, then followed the sleighs, and finally the trees were cleared off so that a wagon could pass. The great leading roads of the Province had received little improvement beyond being graded, and the swamps made passable by laying the round trunks

of trees, side by side across the roadway. Their supposed resemblance to the king's corduroy cloth, gained for these crossways the name of corduroy roads. The earth roads were passably good when covered with the snows of winter, or when dried up in the summer sun; but even then a thaw or a rain made them all but impassable. The rains of autumn, and the thaws of spring, converted them into a mass of liquid mud, such as amphibious animals might delight to revel in. Except an occasional legislative grant of a few thousand pounds for the whole Province, which was ill-expended, and often not accounted for at all, the great leading roads, as well as all other roads, depended, in Upper Canada, for their improvement on statute labour.*

The Rev. Isaac Fidler, writing in 1831, says: 'On our arrival at Oswego, I proceeded to the harbour in quest of a trading vessel bound for York, in Canada, and had the good fortune to find one which would sail in an hour. I agreed with the captain for nine dollars, for myself, family and baggage, and he on his part assured me, that he would land me safe in twenty-four hours. Our provision was included in the fare. Instead of reaching York in one day, we were five days on the lake. There were two passengers, beside ourselves, equally disappointed and impatient. The cabin of the vessel served for the sitting, eating, and sleeping-room of passengers, captain and crew. I expostulated strongly on this usage, but the captain informed me he had no alternative. The place commonly assigned to sailors had not been fitted up. We were forced to tolerate this inconvenience, the sailors slept on the floor, and assigned the berths to the passengers, but not from choice. The food generally placed before us for dinner, was salt pork, potatoes, bread, water and salt; tea, bread and butter, and sometimes salt pork for

* Trout.

breakfast and tea,' to which he adds, 'no supper.' One would think, under the circumstances, this privation would have been a cause for thankfulness.

The same writer speaks of a journey to Montreal the following year: 'From York to Montreal, we had three several alterations of steamboats and coaches, the steamboat we now entered was moored by a ledge of ice, of a thickness so great, as to conceal entirely the vessel, till we approached close upon it; we embarked by steps excavated in the ice, for the convenience of the passengers.'

The following advertisement may not prove uninteresting as an evidence of the competition then existing between the coach and steamboat, and is pretty conclusive that at that date the latter was not considered very much superior or more expeditious.

'NEW LINE OF STAGES AND STEAMBOATS FROM YORK TO PRESCOTT.

'The public are respectfully informed that a line of stages will run regularly between YORK and the CARRYING PLACE,† twice a week, the remainder of the season, leaving YORK every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 4 o'clock; passing through the beautiful townships of Pickering, Whitby, Darlington and Clark, and the pleasant villages of Port Hope, Cobourg and Colborne, and arriving at the CARRYING PLACE the same evening. Will leave the CARRYING PLACE every TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 4 o'clock, and arrive at York the same evening.

'The above arrangements are made in connection with the steamboat *Sir James Kempt*, so that passengers travelling this route will find a pleasant and speedy conveyance between York and Prescott, the road being very much repaired, and the line fitted up with good horses, new carriages, and careful drivers. Fare through from York to Prescott, £2 10s., the same as the lake

boats. Intermediate distances, fare as usual. All baggage at the risk of the owner. N.B.—Extras furnished at York, Cobourg, or the Carrying Place, on reasonable terms.*

'WILLIAM WELLER.

'York, June 9th, 1830.'

I remember travelling from Hamilton to Niagara, in November, 1846. We left the hotel at 6 p.m. Our stage, for such it was called, was a lumber waggon, with a rude canvas cover to protect us from the rain, under which were four seats, and I have a distinct recollection that long before we got to our journey's end, we discovered that they were not very comfortable. There were seven passengers and the driver. The luggage was corded on behind in some fashion, and under the seats were crowded parcels, so that when we got in we found it difficult to move or to get out. One of our passengers, a woman with a young child, did not contribute to our enjoyment, or make the ride any more pleasant, for the latter poor unfortunate screamed nearly the whole night through. Occasionally it would settle down into a low whine, when a sudden lurch of the waggon, or a severe jolt would set it off again with full force. It was very dark, and continued so all night, with dashes of rain. The roads were very bad, and two or three times we had to get out and walk, a thing we did not relish, as it was almost impossible for us to pick our way, and the only thing for it was to push on as well as we could through the mud and darkness. We reached Niagara just as the sun was rising. Our appearance can readily be imagined.

'In 1825, William L. Mackenzie described the road between York and Kingston, as among the worst that human foot ever trod, and down to the latest day before the railroad era, the travellers in the Canadian stage coach were lucky if, when a hill had to be ascended, or a bad spot passed, they had not to alight and trudge ankle deep

† The Carrying Place is at the head of the Bay of Quinte.

* *Christian Guardian*, 1830.

through the mud. The rate which it was possible to travel in stage coaches depended on the elements. In spring, when the roads were water-choked and rut-gullied, the rate might be reduced to two miles an hour, for several miles on the worst sections. The coaches were liable to be embedded in the mud, and the passengers had to dismount and assist in prying them out by means of rails obtained from the fences.*

Such was the condition of the roads up to, and for a considerable time after, 1830, and such were the means provided for the public who were forced to use them, and it can easily be conceived that the inducements for pleasure trips were so questionable that the only people who journeyed, either by land or water, were those whose business necessities compelled them to do so. Even in 1837, the only road near Toronto on which it was possible to take a drive was Yonge Street, which had been macadamized a distance of twelve miles. But the improvements since then, and the facilities for quick transit, have been very great. The Government has spent large sums of money in the construction of roads and bridges. A system of thorough grading and drainage has been adopted. In wet swampy land, the corduroy has given place to macadamized or gravel roads, of which there are about 4,000 miles in the Province.† Old log bridges have been superseded by stone, iron, and well-constructed wooden ones, so that in the older sections the farmer is enabled to reach his market with a well-loaded waggon during the

* Trout.

† In order to ascertain the number of miles of macadamized roads in the Province, after hunting in vain in other quarters, I addressed a circular to the Clerk of the County Council in each county, and received thirty replies, out of thirty-seven. From these I gathered that there were about the number of miles above stated. Several replied that they had no means of giving me the desired information, and others thought there were about so many miles. I was forced to the conclusion that the road accounts of the Province were not very systematically kept.

fall and spring. The old system of tolls has been pretty much done away with, and even in the remote townships, the Government has been alive to the importance of uninterrupted communication, and has opened up good central highways. The batteaux and sailing vessels as a means of travel, with the old steamer and its cramped-up cabin in the hold, and slow pace, have decayed and rotted in the dock yard, and we have now swift boats, with stately saloons running from bow to stern, fitted in luxurious style, on either side rows of comfortable sleeping rooms, and with a *table d'hôte* served as well as at the first class modern hotel. Travelling by steamers now is no longer a tediously drawn out vexation, but in propitious weather a pleasure. A greater change has taken place in our land travel, but it is much more recent. The railroad has rooted out the stage, except to unimportant places, and you can now take a Pullman at Toronto at 7 p.m., go to bed at the proper time, and get up in Montreal at 10.30 a.m. the next day. The first railroad on which a locomotive was run was the Northern, opened in 1853, to Bradford. Since that time up to the present we have built, and in operation, 3,478 miles, and have 510 under construction or contract.

Washington, in his farewell address, says: 'Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.' Fifty years ago education, even in the older and more enlightened countries, did not receive that attention which its importance to the well-being of society and the state demanded, and it is only during recent years, comparatively speaking, that the education of the masses has been systematically attempted. Indeed, it used to be thought by men of birth and culture, that to educate the poor would lead to strife

and confusion, that ignorance was their normal condition, and any departure from that would increase their misery and discontent. Those notions have, happily, been exploded, and it is found that education is the best correction to the evils that used to afflict society and disturb the general peace. It goes hand in hand with religion and good order, and so convinced have our rulers become of its importance to the general weal, that not only free but compulsory education has become the law of the land. It is not to be wondered at, that half a century ago our school system—if we could be said to have had one—was defective, our situation and the circumstances in which we were placed were not favourable to the promotion of general education. The sparseness of the population and the extent of territory over which it was scattered increased the difficulty; but its importance was not overlooked, and in the early days of the Province grants of land were made for educational purposes. The first classical—indeed, the first school of any kind, was opened in Kingston, by Dr. Stuart, in 1785, and the first common school was taught by J. Clark, in Fredericksburgh, 1786. In 1807, an Act was passed to establish grammar schools in the various districts, with a grant of £100 to each. But it was not until 1816 that the Government took any steps towards establishing common schools. The Lieutenant-Governor, in his Speech from the Throne on opening the House, in January, 1830, said: 'The necessity of reforming the Royal Grammar School was evident from your Report at the close of the Session.

'The establishing a College at York, under the guidance of an able master, the object which we have in view will, I trust, be speedily attained.

'The delay that may take place in revising the charter of the University, or in framing one suitable to the Province and the intention of the endowment, must, in fact, under present cir-

cumstances, tend to the advancement of the institution; as its use depended on the actual state of education in the Province.

'Dispersed as the population is over an extensive territory, a general efficiency in the common schools cannot be expected, particularly whilst the salaries of the masters will not admit of their devoting their whole time to their profession.'

As far as my recollection goes, and I think I shall be found correct in saying, that the teachers were generally of a very inferior order, and rarely possessed more than a smattering of the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic. As the Governor points out, they were poorly paid, and 'boarded around' the neighbourhood. But if the scale of wages had been graduated by their qualifications, it is not improbable that they received all their services were worth. In those days most of the country youth who could manage to get to school in winter were content if they learned to read and write and to wade through figures as far as the rule of three. Of course there were exceptions in this case as also with the teachers, but generally this was the extent of the aspirations of the greater proportion of the rising generation then, and it was not necessary for the teacher to be profoundly learned to lead them as far as they wished to go. I knew an old farmer of considerable wealth who would not allow his boys to go to school, because, he said, if they learned to read and write they might forge notes. He evidently considered 'a little learning a dangerous thing,' and must have had a very low estimate of the moral tone of his offspring, if he had any conception of morality at all. However, the safeguard of ignorance which the old man succeeded in throwing around his family did not save them, for they all turned out badly.

The books in use were Murray's Grammar, Murray's English Reader, Walker's Dictionary, Goldsmith's and

Morse's Geography, Mavor's Spelling Book, Walkingame's and Adam's Arithmetics, and the boy or girl who could master this course of study, was prepared, so far as the education within their reach could fit them, to undertake the responsibilities of life, and it was acquired generally at the expense of a daily walk of several miles through deep snow and intense cold with books and dinner-basket in hand.'

The school-houses where the youth were taught were in keeping with the extent of instruction received within them. They were invariably small, with low ceilings, badly lighted, and without ventilation. The floor was of rough pine boards laid loose, with cracks between them that were a standing menace to jack-knives and slate pencils.* The seats and desks were of the same material, roughly planed and rudely put together. The seats were arranged around the room on three sides, without any support for the back, and all the scholars sat facing each other, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. The seats across the end were debatable ground between the two, but finally came to be monopolized by the larger boys and girls who by some strange attraction gravitated together. Between was an open space in which the stove stood, and when classes were drawn up to recite, the teacher's desk stood at the end facing the door, and so enabled the teacher to take in the school at a glance; but the order maintained was often very bad, in fact it would be safe to say the greatest disorder generally prevailed. The noise of recitations, and the buzz and drone of the scholars at their lessons, was sometimes intolerable, and one might as well try to study in the noisy caw-caw of a rookery. Occasionally strange performances were enacted in those country school-rooms.' I remember a little boy between seven and eight years old getting a severe caning for mis-spelling

a simple word of two syllables, and as I happened to be the little boy I have some reason to recollect the circumstance. The mistake certainly did not merit the castigation, the marks of which I carried on my back for many days, and it led to a revolt in the school which terminated disastrously to the teacher as well. Two strong young men attending the school remonstrated with the master, who was an irascible Englishman, during the progress of my punishment, and they were given to understand that if they did not hold their peace, they would get a taste of the same, whereupon they immediately collared the teacher. After a brief tussle round the room, overturning some of the benches, he was thrown on the floor, and then one took him by the nape of the neck, and the other by the heels, and threw him out of doors in the snow. There were no more lessons heard that day. On the next an investigation followed, when the teacher was dismissed, and those guilty of the act of insubordination admonished.

Dr. Rolph thus refers to the state of schools two years later: 'It is really melancholy to traverse the Province, and go into many of the common schools; you find a brood of children, instructed by some Anti-British adventurer, instilling into the young and tender mind sentiments hostile to the parent State; false accounts of the late war, in which Great Britain was engaged with the United States; Geography setting forth New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., as the largest and finest cities in the world; historical reading books describing the American population as the most free and enlightened under heaven, insisting on the superiority of their laws and institutions, to those of all the world, in defiance of the agrarian outrages and mob supremacy daily witnessed and lamented; and American spelling books, dictionaries, and grammars, teaching them an Anti-British dialect and idiom, although living in a Pro-

* *Atlantic Monthly.*

vince and being subjects to the British Crown.'

There was a Board of Education consisting of five members appointed to each district, who had the oversight of the schools. Each school section met annually at what was called the School Meeting, and appointed three trustees, who engaged teachers, and superintended the general management of the schools in their section. The law required that every teacher should be a subject or take the oath of allegiance, and he was paid by a fee of fifteen shillings per quarter for each scholar, and received a further sum of \$100 from the Government if there were not less than twenty scholars taught in the school.

Upper Canada College, the only one in the Province, began this year (1830) under the management of Dr. Harris. Grantham Academy, in the Niagara District, was incorporated, and the Methodist Conference appointed a Committee to take up subscriptions to build an academy and select a site. It was located in Cobourg, and the building, which was begun in 1832, was completed, and the school opened in 1836. There were 11 district and 132 common schools, with an attendance of 3,677 and an expenditure of £3,866 11s. 6½d.*

There was very little change in our school laws for several years. Grants were annually made in aid of Common Schools, but there was no system in the expenditure, consequently the good effected was not very apparent. The first really practical school law was passed in 1841, the next year after the Union of the Provinces, and in 1844, Dr. Ryerson was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, which office he held for thirty-two years. During that time, through his indefatigable labours, our school laws have been moulded and perfected, until it is safe to say we have the most complete and efficient school system in the world. The influence it

* Journals of the House of Assembly, 1831.

has exercised on the intellectual development of the people has been very great, and it is but reasonable to expect that it will continue to raise the standard of intelligence and high moral character throughout the land. Our Government has, from the very first, manifested an earnest desire to promote education in the Province, and, during Dr. Ryerson's long term of office, it liberally supplied him with the necessary means to mature his plans and introduce such measures as would place our educational system on the best footing that could be devised; and it has been accomplished in a way that does honour, not only to the head that conceived it, but to the enlightened liberality of the Government that seconded the untiring energy of the man who wrought it out.

The advantages which the youth of Ontario to-day possess in acquiring an education over the time when I was first sent to school with dinner basket in hand, trudging along through mud or snow, to the old school-house by the road side, where I was perched upon a high pine bench without a back, with a Mavor's spelling book in hand, to begin the foundation of my education, are so many and great, that it is difficult to realize the state of things that existed, or that men of intelligence should have selected such a dry and unattractive method of imparting instruction to children of tender years. It is to be feared that there are many of our Canadian youth who do not appreciate the vantage ground they occupy, nor the inviting opportunities that lie within the reach of all to obtain a 'generous education.' There is absolutely nothing to prevent any young person possessing the smallest spark of ambition from acquiring it, and making himself a useful member of society. It is the only thing, says Milton in his 'Literary Musings,' 'which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices both private and public of peace and war.'

There seems to be a growing disposition in the public mind to do away with the first important educational landmark established in the Province. Why this should be, or why its influence for good should at anytime have been so much crippled, as even to give a chance to call its usefulness in question, seems strange. One would think that its intimate connection with our early history; the good work accomplished by it, and the number of men who have passed out of it to fill the highest public positions in the gift of the Province, would save it from violent hands, and furnish ample reasons for devising means to resuscitate, if it needs resuscitation, and to place it in a position to hold its own with the various institutions that have come into existence, since its doors were first thrown open to the young aspirants for a higher education half a century ago.

The opening of Upper Canada College in 1830, in many respects, was one of the most important events of that year, and gave an impetus to education, which soon began to be felt through the whole country. It was impossible in the nature of things that with increasing population and wealth, there should be no advance in the educational status of the Province. If the forty-six years that were passed, had been almost exclusively devoted to clearing away the bush and tilling the land, a time had now been reached when matters of higher import to future success and enjoyment pressed themselves upon the attention of the people. Except the few small towns and villages, the largest of which was Kingston, embracing altogether about five per cent. of the whole population, the remainder were agriculturists. But the farm could not produce all the requirements of life, nor furnish congenial employment to many active minds. The surplus products of the field and forest, in order to become available as a purchasing power had to be converted into money, and this set in

motion the various appliances of commerce. Vessels were needed to carry the produce to market, and merchants to purchase it, who in turn supplied the multifarious wants of the household. Then came the mechanic and the professional man, and with the latter education was a necessity. It was not to be expected that the tastes of the rising generation would always run in the same groove with the preceding, and as wealth and population increased, so did the openings for advancement in other pursuits; and scores of active young men throughout the Province were only too anxious to seize upon every opportunity that offered to push their way up in life. Hence it happened that when Upper Canada College first threw open its doors, more than one hundred young men enrolled their names. In a comparatively short time, the need for greater facilities urged the establishment of other educational institutions, and this led to still greater effort to meet the want. Again, as the question pressed itself more and more upon the public mind, laws were enacted and grants made to further in every way so desirable an object, hence what was a crude and inadequate school organization prior to 1830, at that time and afterwards began to assume a more concrete shape, and continued to improve until it has grown into a system the country may well be proud of.

The contrast we are enabled to present is wonderful in every respect. Since the parent college opened its doors to the anxious youths of the Province, five Universities and the same number of Colleges have come into existence. The Faculties of these several institutions are presided over by men of learning and ability. They are amply furnished with libraries, apparatus and all the modern requirements of first-class educational institutions. Their united rolls show an attendance of about 1500 students last year. There are 10 Collegiate Institutes and 94 High Schools, with an attend-

ance of 12,136 pupils; 5,147 Common Schools, with 494,424 enrolled scholars; and the total receipts for school purposes amounted to \$3,226,730.* Besides these, there are three Ladies' Colleges, and several other important educational establishments, devoted entirely to the education of females, together with private and select schools in almost every city and town in the Province, many of which stand very high in public estimation, though I regret I am unable at the present time to give more information about them. There are two Normal Schools for the training of teachers. The one in Toronto has been in existence for 29 years, and is so well known that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any description of it. The total number of admissions since its foundation have been 8269. The Ottawa school, which has only been in operation for about two years, has admitted 433. Three other important educational institutions have been established by the Government in different parts of the Province, viz: the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, pleasantly situated on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, a little west of the city. The number in attendance is 269†, and the cost of maintenance for the past year was \$38,589. The Institute for the Blind at Brantford numbered 200 inmates, and the expenditure \$29,515. These institutions erected at a very large outlay, are admirably equipped and under the best management, and prove a great boon to the unfortunate class for whom they were designed. The Agricultural College at Guelph, for the training of young men in scientific and practical husbandry, though in its infancy, is a step in the right direction, and must exercise a beneficial influence upon the agricultural interests of the country. Of Medical Corporations and Schools, there are the Council of the College of Physicians

and Surgeons of Ontario; the Faculty of the Toronto School of Medicine; Trinity Medical School; Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons; Canada Medical Association; Ontario College of Pharmacy; Royal College of Dental Surgeons; and Ontario Veterinary College. There is also a School of Practical Science, now in its fourth year. This, though not a complete list of the educational institutions and schools of the Province, will, nevertheless, give a pretty correct idea of the progress made during the fifty years that are gone.

The accommodation furnished by the school sections throughout the country has kept pace with the progress of the times. As a rule the school-houses are commodious, and are built with an eye to the health and comfort of the pupils. The old pine benches and desks have disappeared before the march of improvement—my recollection of them is anything but agreeable—and the school-rooms are furnished with comfortable seats and desks combined. The children are no longer crowded together in small unventilated rooms. Blackboards, maps and apparatus are furnished to all schools. Trained teachers only are employed, and a uniform course of study is pursued, so that each Common School is a stepping-stone to the High School, and upward to the College or University. Great attention has been paid by the Board of Public Instruction in selecting a uniform series of text books throughout the course, adapted to the age and intelligence of the scholars, and if any fault can be found with it, I think it would be in the number. The variety required in a full course—even of English study—is quite a serious matter. The authorities, however, have laboured earnestly to remove every difficulty that lies in the student's path, and to make the way attractive and easy. That they have succeeded to a very great extent, is evident from the highly satisfactory report recently presented by the Min-

* Report of the Minister of Education for 1879.

† Report Inspector of Prisons, 1880.

ister of Education. With the increasing desire for a better education, there seems to be a growing tendency on the part of young men to avail themselves of such aids as shall push them towards the object in view with the smallest amount of work, and instead of applying themselves with energy and determination, to overcome the difficulties that face them in various branches of study, they resort to the keys that may be had in any bookstore. It is needless to repeat what experience has proved in thousands of instances, that the young man who goes through his mathematical course by the aid of these, or through his classical studies by the use of translations, will never make a scholar. Permanent success in any department of life depends on earnest work, and the more arduous the toil to secure an object, so much the more is it prized when won. Furthermore, it is certain to prove more lasting and beneficial.

The same causes that have hindered the progress of education, also retarded the advance of religion. The first years of a settler's life were years of unremitting toil, a struggle in fact for existence; yet, though settlers had now in a measure overcome their greater difficulties, the one absorbing thought that had ground its way into the very marrow of their life, still pressed its claims upon their attention. The paramount question with them had been how to get on in the world. They were cut off too from all the amenities of society, and were scattered over a new country, which, prior to their coming, had been the home of the Indian,—where all the requirements of civilization had to be planted and cultivated anew. They had but barely reached a point when really much attention could be devoted to anything but the very practical aim of gaining their daily bread. It will readily be admitted that there is no condition in life that can afford to put away religious instruction, and there is no doubt that the people at first missed

these privileges, and often thought of the time when they visited God's House with regularity; but the toil and moil of years had worn away these recollections, and weakened the desire for sacred things. There can be no doubt, that prior to, and even up to 1830, the religious sentiment of the greater portion of the people was anything but strong. The Methodists were among the first, if not the first, to enter the field and call them back to the allegiance they owed to the God who had blessed and protected them.* Colonel Neal and McCarty began to preach in 1788, but the latter was hunted out of the country. † Three years later, itinerant preachers began their work and gathered hearers, and made converts in every settlement. But these men, the most of whom came from the United States, were looked upon with suspicion, ‡ by many who did not fall in with their religious views; and it is not surprising, we think, that some even went so far as to petition the Legislature to pass an Act which should prevent their coming into the country to preach. It was said and said truly, when the

* Dr. Stuart, of Kingston, Church of England, was the first minister in Upper Canada, Mr. Langworth, of the same denomination in Bath, and Mr. Scamerhorn, Lutheran minister at Williamsburgh, next.

† Playter.

‡ I have in my possession an old manuscript book, written by my grandfather in 1796, in which this point is brought out. Being a Quaker, he naturally did not approve of the way those early preachers conducted services. Yet he would not be likely to exaggerate what came under his notice. This is what he says of one he heard: 'I thought he exerted every nerve by the various positions in which he placed himself to cry, stamp and smite, often turning from exhortation to prayer. Entreating the Almighty to thunder or rather to enable him to do it. Also, to smite with the sword, and to use many destroying weapons, at which my mind led from the more proper business of worship or devotion to observe what appeared to me inconsistent with that quietude that becometh a messenger sent from the meek Jesus to declare the glad tidings of the Gospel. If I compared the season to a shower as has heretofore been done, it had only the appearance of a tempest of thunder, wind and hail, destitute of the sweet refreshing drops of a gospel shower.'

matter about this was placed before the Government, that the connection existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States and Canada was, altogether, a spiritual and not a political connection; that the Methodists in Canada were as loyal to the British Crown as any of its subjects, and had proved it again and again in the time of trouble. Yet looking back and remembering the circumstances under which the people came, it does not seem so very strange to us that they should have looked very doubtfully upon evangelists from a land, which not only stripped them and drove them away, but a little later invaded their country; neither do we wonder that some of them were roughly treated, nor that unpleasant epithets were thrown out against their followers. This was the outcome, not only of prejudice, but the recollection of injuries received. There were a good many angularities about Christian character in those days, and they frequently stood out very sharply. They were not friends or enemies by halves. Their prejudices were deeply seated, and if assailed were likely to be resisted, and if pressed too closely in a controversy, were more disposed to use the 'argumentum baculinum,' as being more effectual than the 'argumentum ad iudicium.' But time gradually wore away many of those difficulties, and now few will deny that the position our Province holds to-day, is to a considerable extent owing to this large and influential body of Christians. They built the first house devoted to public worship in the Province; through their zeal and energy the people were stirred up to a sense of their religious obligations; their activity infused life and action into other denominations. The people generally throughout the country had the bread of life broken to them with regularity, so that in the year of grace, 1830, a new order of things was inaugurated. But with all this a vastly different state of affairs existed then from that

now prevailing. No one could accuse the preachers of those days of mercenary motives, for they were poorly paid and carried their worldly possessions on their backs. Their labour was arduous and unremitting. They travelled on foot and on horse-back at all seasons and in all weathers great distances to fill appointments through the bush, fording rivers, enduring hardships and privations that seem hardly possible to be borne. A circuit often embraced two or three districts. The places of public worship were small, and fitted up with rude pine benches, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, and far apart. Often forty or fifty miles would have to be traversed from one appointment to another, and when it was reached, whether at a neighbour's house, a school-house, a barn or a meeting house, the people assembled to hear the word, and then the preacher took his way to the next place on his circuit.

Mr. Vanest says, 'In summer we crossed ferries, and in winter we rode much on the ice. Our appointment was thirty-four miles distant, without any stopping-place. Most of the way was through the Indians' land—otherwise called the "Mohawk Woods." In summer I used to stop half-way in the woods and turn my horse out where the Indians had had their fires. In winter I would take some oats in my saddle-bags, and make a place in the snow to feed my horse. In many places there were trees fallen across the path, which made it difficult to get around in deep snow. I would ask the Indians why they did not cut out the trees. One said, "Indian like deer; when he no cross under, he jump over." There was seldom any travelling that way, which made it bad in deep snow. At one time, when the snow was deep, I went on the ice till I could see clear water, so I thought it time to go ashore. I got off my horse and led him, and the ice cracked at every step. If I had broken through there would have been no-

thing but death for us both. I got to the woods in deep snow, and travelled up the shore till I found a small house, when I found the course of my path, keeping a good look out for the marked trees. I at last found my appointment about seven o'clock. If I had missed my path I do not know what would have become of me. At my stopping-place the family had no bread, or meal to make any of, till they borrowed some of a neighbour; so I got my dinner and supper about eleven o'clock on Saturday night. On Sabbath I preached. On Monday I rode about four miles, crossed the Bay (Quinte), and then rode seventeen miles through the woods without seeing a house, preached and met a class for a day's work.' On another occasion 'we had to go twenty miles without seeing a house, and were guided by marked trees, there being no roads. At one time my colleague was lost in getting through the woods, when the wolves began to howl around him, and the poor man felt much alarmed; but he got through unhurt.'* These incidents occurred some years before the date of which I speak, but the same kind of adventures were happening still. It did not take long to get away from the three or four concessions that stretched along the bay and lakes, and outside of civilization. I remember going with my father and mother, about 1835, on a visit to an uncle who had settled in the bush, † just ten miles away, and in that distance we travelled a wood road for more than five miles. The snow was deep and the day cold. We came out upon the clearing of a few acres and drove up to the door of the small log house, the only one then to be seen. The tall trees which environed the few acres carved out of the heart of the bush waved their naked branches as if mocking at the attempt to put them away. The stumps thrust their heads up through

* Dr. Carroll.

† This was in the oldest settled part of the Province—the Bay of Quinte.

the snow on every hand, and wore their winter caps with a jaunty look, as if they too did not intend to give up possession without a struggle. The horses were put in the log stable, and, after warming ourselves, we had supper, and then gathered round the cheerful fire. When bed-time came we ascended to our sleeping room by a ladder, my father carrying me up in his arms. We had not been long in bed when a pack of wolves gathered around the place and began to howl, making through all the night a most dismal and frightful noise. Sleep was out of the question, and for many a night after that I was haunted by gangs of howling wolves. On our return the next day I expected every moment to see them come dashing down upon us until we got clear of the woods. This neighbourhood now is one of the finest in the Province, and for miles fine houses and spacious and well-kept barns and out-houses are to be seen on every farm.

I have been unable to get at any correct data respecting the number of adherents of the various denominations in the Province for the year 1830. The total number of ministers did not reach 150, while they now exceed 2,500.* There were but three churches in Toronto, then York—viz., an Episcopalian church, occupying the present site of St. James' Cathedral; it was a plain wooden structure, 50 by 40, with its gables facing east and west; the entrance was by a single door off Church Street; † a Presbyterian, and a Methodist church. The latter was built in 1818, and was a long, low building, 40 by 60. In the gable end, facing King Street, were two doors, one for each sex, the men occupying the right and the women the left side of the

* The number of ministers, as given in the Journals of the House of Assembly for 1831, are 57 Methodist, 40 Baptist, 14 Presbyterian, and 32 Church of England; for the latter I am indebted to Dr. Scadding.

† Toronto of Old.

room. It was warmed in winter by a rudely constructed sheet-iron stove. The usual mode of lighting for night services were tallow candles placed in sconces along the walls, and candlesticks in the pulpit. I am sure I shall be safe in saying that there were not 150 churches or chapels all told in the Province, and they were all small, — many of them of the most humble character. There are probably as many clergymen and more than half as many churches in Toronto now as there were in all Upper Canada fifty years ago. The difference does not consist in the number of the latter alone, but in the size and character of the structures. The beautiful and commodious churches, with their lofty spires and richly arranged interiors, that meet the gaze on every hand in Toronto, have not inappropriately given it the proud title of a city of churches, and there are several of them, any one of which would comfortably seat the entire population of York in the days of which we speak. There were no organs, and I am not sure that there were any in America, indeed, if there had been, the good people of those days would have objected to their use. Those who remember the three early churches we have mentioned — and those who do not can readily picture them with their fittings and seating capacity — will recall the dim lurid light cast on the audience by the flickering candles. Turn, now, for example, to the Metropolitan Church on an evening's service. Notice the long carpeted aisles, the rich upholstery, the comfortable seats, the lofty ceilings, the spacious gallery, and the vast congregation. An unseen hand touches an electric battery, and in a moment hundreds of gas jets are a flame and the place is filled with a blaze of light. Now the great organ 'heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music and rolling it forth upon the soul.' Surely the contrast is almost incredible, and what we have said on this point in regard

to Toronto may be said of every city, town, village and country place in the Province.

It will be proper to notice here, that from the settlement of the country up to 1831, marriage could only be legally solemnized by a minister of the Church of England or of the established Church of Scotland. There was a provision which empowered a justice of the peace or a commanding officer to perform the rite in cases where there was no minister, or where the parties lived eighteen miles from a church. But in 1831 an Act was passed making it lawful for ministers of other denominations to solemnize matrimony and to confirm marriages previously contracted. This act of tardy justice gave great satisfaction to the people.

The day for cheap books, periodicals, and newspapers had not then arrived. There were but few of any kind in the country, and those that were to be found possessed few attractions for either old or young. The arduous lives led by the people precluded the cultivation of a taste for reading. Persons who toil early and late, week in and week out, have very little inclination for anything in the way of literary recreation. When the night came, the weary body demanded rest, and people sought their beds early, consequently the few old volumes piled away on a shelf remained there undisturbed. Bacon says, 'some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some to be chewed and digested,' and he might have added — others still to be left alone. At all events, the latter was the prevailing sentiment in those days. I do not know that the fault was altogether with the books. It is true that those generally to be seen were either doctrinal works or what might be termed heavy reading, requiring a good appetite and strong digestive powers to get through with them. They were the relics of a past age, survivors of obsolete controversies that had found their way into the country

in its infancy; and though the age that delighted in such mental pabulum had passed away, these literary pioneers held their ground because the time had not arrived for the people to feel the necessity of cultivating the mind as well as providing for the wants of the body. Seneca says, 'leisure without books is the sepulchre of the living soul,' but books without leisure are practically valueless, and hence it made but little difference with our grandfathers what the few they possessed contained.* Some years had to pass away before the need of them began to be felt. In a country, as we have already said, where intelligence commanded respect, but did not give priority, where the best accomplishment was to get on in the world, where the standard of education seldom rose higher than to be able to read and write and solve a simple sum in arithmetic, the absence of entertaining and instructive books was not felt to be a serious loss. But with the rapidly increasing facilities to move about, and the growth of trade and commerce, the people were brought more frequently into contact with the intelligence and the progress of the world outside. And

* From an inventory of my grandfather's personal effects I am enabled to give what would have been considered quite a large collection of books in those days. As I have said before, he was a Quaker, which will account for the character of a number of the books, and by changing these to volumes in accord with the religious tenets of the owner, the reader will get a very good idea of the kind of reading to be found in the houses of intelligent and well-to-do people. 1 Large Bible, 3 Clarkson's works, 1 Buchan's Domestic Medicine, 1 Elliot's Medical Pocket Book, 1 Lewis' Dispensatory, 1 Franklin's Sermons, 1 Stackhouse's History of the Bible, 2 Brown's Union Gazetteer, 1 16th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1 History United States, 1 Elias Hicks' Sermons, 2 Newton's Letters, 1 Ricketson on Health, 1 Jessy Kerzey, 1 Memorials of a Deceased Friend, 1 Harvey's Meditations, 1 Reply to Hibard, 1 Job Scot's Journal, 1 Barclay on Church Government, 1 M. Diver on Shakerism, 1 Works of Dr. Franklin, 1 Journal of Richard Davis, 1 Lessons from Scripture, 1 Picket's Lessons, 1 Pownal, 1 Sequel to English Reader, Maps of United States, State of New York, England, Ireland, and Scotland, and Holland Purchase.

with the increase of wealth came the desire to take a higher stand in the social scale. The development of men's minds under the political and social changes of the day, and the advance in culture and refinement which accompanies worldly prosperity, quickened the general intelligence of the people, and created a demand for books to read. This demand has gone on increasing from year to year until we have reached a time when we may say with the Ecclesiast 'of making many books there is no end.' If there was an excuse for the absence of books in our Canadian homes half a century ago, and if the slight draughts that were obtainable at the only fountains of knowledge that then existed were not sufficient to create a thirst for more, there is none now. Even the wealth that was to a certain extent necessary to gratify any desire to cultivate the mind is no longer required, for the one can be obtained free, and a few cents will procure the works of some of the best authors who have ever lived.

But little had been done up to 1830 to establish libraries either in town or village. Indeed the limited number of these, and the pursuit of the people, which was almost exclusively agricultural, and that too in a new country where during half of the year the toil of the field, and clearing away the brush the remaining half, occupied their constant attention, books were seldom thought of. Still there was a mind here and there scattered through the settlements which, like the 'little leaven,' continued to work on silently, until a large portion of the 'lump' had been leavened. The only public libraries I have any trace of were at Kingston, Ernestown and Hallowell. The first two were in existence in 1811-13, and the last was established somewhere about 1821. In 1824, the Government voted a sum of £150, to be expended annually in the purchase of books and tracts, designed to afford moral and religious instruction to the

people. These were to be equally distributed throughout all the districts of the Province. It can readily be conceived that this small sum, however well intended, when invested in books at the prices which obtained at that time, and distributed over the Province, would be so limited as to be hardly worthy of notice. Eight years prior to this, a sum of £800 was granted to establish a Parliamentary Library. From these small beginnings we have gone on increasing until we have reached a point which warrants me in I think saying that no other country with the same population is better supplied with the best literature of the day than our own Province. Independent of the libraries in the various colleges and other educational institutions, Sunday-schools and private libraries, there are in the Province 1,566 Free Public Libraries, with 298,743 volumes, valued at

\$178,282, and the grand total of books distributed by the Educational Department to Mechanics' Institutes, Sunday-school Libraries and as prizes is 1,398,140.* There are, also, upwards of one hundred incorporated Mechanics' Institutes, with 130,000 volumes, a net income of \$59,928, and a membership of 10,785. These, according to the last Report, received Legislative Grants to the amount of \$22,885 for the year 1879—an appropriation that in itself creditably attests the financial and intellectual progress of the Province.†

* The number of volumes in the principal libraries are, as nearly as I can ascertain, as follows:—Parliamentary Library, Ottawa, 100,000; Parliamentary Library, Ontario, 17,000; Toronto University, 23,000; Trinity College, 5,000; Knox College, 10,000; Osgoode Hall, 20,000; Normal School, 15,000; Canadian Institute, 3,800.

† Report of the Minister of Education, 1879.

PETRARCH.

(*From the Italian of Victor Alfieri.*)

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

O CHAMBER that did'st shelter that great soul
 Whose fame by the world's limits scarce is bound,
 Of love the master, gentle and profound,
 Who Laura's praises spread from pole to pole—
 O lonely, sweet retreat of pensive thought,
 Whose tender memories now fill my breast,¹
 While bitter tears rise to my eyes unsought
 To think that thou unhonoured thus should rest!
 Jasper and agate, and gold thrice refined
 Were thy due ornament, and scarcely fit
 To deck the place where Petrarch once did sit,
 Yielding the treasures of his ample mind.
 But no! Let gems be for th' unlaurell'd tomb—
 His name is quite enough for Petrarch's room.

PRAISE.

BY F. W. R., LONDON, ONT.

PRAISE, properly speaking, consists of any acknowledgement or confession of the greatness and goodness of God, whether it proceeds from the lips in speaking or singing, or from the inmost recesses of the heart or mind, through the medium of thought, when the voice is silent.

In the following pages, we shall consider only one of these forms, namely, that of song, or in a wider sense, of music, which not only can express our purest and best thoughts and emotions, but can also convey to others, in the sublimest language, the same exaltation of spirit which has led to its employment as a means of Praise.

To discover the cause of the prejudice existing among some denominations against the use of music in public worship, would require a lengthy search into the origin of the various bodies, and perhaps, what is impossible, into the education of the various individuals. That a prejudice against music exists in the minds of some people all know. That it is in many cases merely a prejudice—a state of mind brought about through deciding without an accurate knowledge of the premises—will be admitted; but that many who hold the opinion, which leads them almost to exclude music from their worship, do so on well-considered grounds, is undoubted.

Whether or not these grounds are true or the conclusion just, we will not attempt to determine, but will content ourselves with placing before the reader some reasons for our belief, that Praise is the proper sphere of music, and that a musical service, when the matter is

well chosen and properly executed, is altogether refining, ennobling, and elevating to the morals of a community.

With such an object in view, our first glance must be at the rise and progress of music, and its introduction into our worship. We can safely assert that music is of Divine origin. It existed from the first in nature and almost from the first in such a shape that man understood and appreciated it.

The first reference to music or musical instruments in Scripture occurs in Gen. iv. 21, where Moses tells us that Jubal 'was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.' This may be taken to mean either that Jubal was the inventor of these instruments, or that, being invented before, he was the first to arrange rules for their use. In Gen. xxxi. 27, Laban reproaches Jacob in the following words: 'Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with song, with tabret and with harp?' By this we learn that vocal and instrumental music were at that time (about B. C., 1739) not uncommon, and that Jubal's inventions had not been forgotten.

It is quite possible that vocal music existed from the very earliest times, as, if it was not then a divine appointment for praise, which it certainly was at a later period, the sounds which greeted man when he rested from labour must have attracted his attention, and, without extending the imagination too far, we think that he must have

acquired some of those sounds and united his voice with the other creations of life which made the forest melodious with songs and cries.

In Exodus xv. we find the psalm which was sung by Moses and the children of Israel after their deliverance from the Egyptians. In the 20th verse it is recorded that Miriam, the prophetess, 'took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances,' and in the 21st verse, 'Miriam answered them, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."' We may here observe the probable origin of the antiphonal method of singing the psalms, and the participation of women in the public praise.

To reproduce here the various references to music which occur in the Books of Samuel, the Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Amos, &c., of the Old Testament, would require more space than is at our disposal; besides, it is not necessary, for in nearly every book there we find it recorded that music was employed in the praise of God—indeed, that the praise almost invariably consisted of either vocal or instrumental music.

Sufficient evidence also appears in the New Testament to prove that the customs of the Israelites in this respect were in existence and use by the disciples of our Saviour. (See Matt. xxvi. 30; Acts xvi. 25; Eph. v. 19; Heb. xiii. 15; 1 Cor. xiv. 15; Col. iii. 16.) The testimony of Josephus may be brought to confirm this. He describes the instruments in use by David and speaks of the composition of the Psalms. Whiston, commenting on this passage, says: 'It appears that the instruments of music that were originally used by the command of King David and Solomon, and were carried to Babylon at the captivity of the two tribes, were brought back after that captivity; as also, that the singers and musicians who outlived that captivity, came back with these

instruments (see Ezra ii.), and that this music and these instruments at the temple could not but be well known to Josephus, a priest of that temple.'

It is supposed that the first regular choir and form of Church service of Christian times, was established at Antioch, about the time of Constantine. The Antiphonal method of chanting the Psalms was then practised, and in the fourth century brought to Milan by St. Ambrose, from there rapidly spreading throughout Christendom. St. Ambrose's system was reformed and extended by St. Gregory, about two centuries later, and it has continued, with comparatively few changes, ever since in the service of the Church.

Luther and Calvin effected great changes in the musical part of the worship. Luther adapted a service, in German, to the ancient music of the Mass, and introduced a great many hymns and psalms, composing several of the tunes himself. Calvin rejected almost everything that usage had established in the Roman Church. For a long time no instruments were permitted in the Genevan Reformed Church, and no singing but the metrical arrangement of the psalms. His reason for this was stated in the preface to the Psalter published at Geneva, in 1543. After speaking of the evils which had crept into the praise of the old Catholic Church, he continues: 'What, then, is to be done? It is to have songs not only pure, but also holy, that they may be incitements to stir us up to pray to and to praise God, and to meditate on His works, in order to love Him, fear Him, honour and glorify Him. But what St. Augustine says is true, that none can sing things worthy of God but he who has received the power from Himself. Wherefore, when we have sought all around, searching here and there, we shall find no songs better or more suitable for this end, than the Psalms of David, which the Holy Spirit dictated and gave him.' Calvin fully appreciated the necessity of choosing

melodies of a solemn devotional character. In this, perhaps, his reform of the service was a more suitable one than Luther's, notwithstanding the greater musical beauty of the German Chorals. It is not beauties of music that we seek in this case, but the most effective and world-subduing praise. Until nearly the close of his life, Calvin employed but the simple melody, without accompaniment of any kind. In this no doubt he erred, for he lost the grandest part of music—the harmony. Luther's psalms were arranged for four parts, and must have been of much greater value in stirring up the heart and soul to praise; but many of his melodies were of a more brilliant character, and could not have had the same sober, controlling effect as Calvin's.

We should naturally expect from Luther, who was taught music in his youth, and throughout his life delighted in it, more varied effects in his works, and we find nearly all the German Chorals of a lighter and more varied style than any of the plain, subdued melodies of Calvin's adoption. Calling Calvin's 'Puritan-like,' although describing the cause by its effects, will explain better to the reader the style he chose. In the last edition of Calvin's Psalter, published three years before his death, the tunes were all harmonized, although even to this day, in many back-country places, the tunes are drawn out without harmony or spirit; and to their shame be it said, in some churches not very far from the most progressive centres, neither instrument nor harmony is permitted. This, as the former may, cannot be attributed to ignorance, but rather to a mistaken idea of the nature of praise.

As words are, so are sounds and music, a means of expressing emotion or feeling: and, like words, sounds arranged by genius or well-developed talent so as to become music, are the signs of ideas: very complex ideas, no doubt, and generally vaguely expressed,

but still conveying some emotion or feeling which is generally understood. The styles, of course, are various, as one would expect to find as many ways of expressing a sentiment as there are different emotional natures in the people of the day.

From the very first, among the Greeks, music of various styles was employed on different occasions. The Dorian chant, which the Greeks obtained from the people whose name it bears, was adapted to grave and solemn purposes and distinctly conveys to the hearer such an idea. The Phrygian chant expressed exultation, and as an ancient writer says, 'excited the hearers to fury.' The Lydian, though rather full, or heavy, was of a gladdening character, and elevating to the mind. In that excellent work, 'Harmonies to the Psalter Noted,' by the Rev. Thos. Helmore, the eight modes, as Gregory left them, are written in modern notation and harmonized for four voices. An examination of these, the effect being much heightened by the harmony, will give the reader an idea of the various emotions which they respectively produce and intensify.

As the Greeks, and probably the Hebrews before them, understood the different emotions which music can express, and adapted suitable melodies to the various occasions, whether triumphal, festal or religious, so should we, with far greater reason, as our knowledge of music is so much more extensive and complete, choose for our worship only such music that is fitted for it, and in that only which expresses devotion, peace, or spiritual joy or happiness, shall we find the true praise.

Psalmody reached England at about the same time as the Reformation; but we must not forget that chanting was practised there nearly a thousand years before, the plain song of Gregory having been brought to England by St. Augustine and his monks about 590 A.D. In the cathedrals and collegiate chapels, long before the Refor-

mation, a full choral service had been given. During the Commonwealth, the progress of sacred melody was arrested, but the restoration of Charles brought about a revival which firmly established it as part of the worship.

John Marbeck, about 1550, was the first to adjust the plain song of the Church service to English words. Tallis, at a later date, enriched it with harmony, and, it is supposed, invented the system of chanting the Psalms still in use.

In the English Church metrical psalmody was soon after superseded by hymns, the prose translation of the Psalms, so immeasurably superior to the metrical versions, being chanted, the proper manner to use them. We say the proper manner, because we believe that they were originally chanted. What the Hebrew metre of the Psalms was cannot be certainly determined; but from the melodies that have come down to us believed to be Hebrew, and from the manner of singing, and the various references in Scripture and profane writings to the Temple service, both of David's time and of later periods, we conclude that they were recited or chanted, much in the same style as is done to this day.

The Psalms are the purest praise. They were written under Divine inspiration. David not only wrote those attributed to him, but also taught the Levites to sing them. He invented instruments, and appointed players to accompany the singers. He did more, he joined with the others in singing, and played 'before God with all his might.' We see that from their inception to their final permanent establishment in the Temple, David, the divinely appointed King and Prophet of the children of Israel, was the author and leader of this Divine praise. The Psalms were sung on the Sabbath, and on all festivals, particular ones being appointed for the various occasions.

In 1 Chron. xv., we find the appointment of musicians to praise 'by lifting up the voice with joy.' Some

played cymbals, others psalteries, others harps, and one, Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song. He not only sang, but, being skilful instructed others in the art. The total number of those set apart for this purpose was two hundred and eighty-eight, divided into twenty-four courses, like the priests. In the third verse of the same chapter, the purpose of these 'prophesying,' as the praise of those days was called, is stated, viz., 'to give thanks and to praise the Lord.' In this passage we may find Divine direction for choosing the music for our worship. It should be only such as will express our thanks and the praise of our Creator in a worthy manner.

The Psalms have been used in the praise of God for upwards of three thousand years; they are essentially, from the first to the last, true praise. They express every state of religious experience, are suited to every scene of life. No song, no words, no music, can excite in us a greater desire to praise God from our hearts than can these beautiful songs of David. The poetical and graceful flow of words contained in the English Bible translation has never been equalled. No metrical arrangement can be compared to it.

The Psalms were sung antiphonally by the Israelites, one choir responding to another. We know this from the express statement of the fact in several passages of the Bible and from the construction of some of the Psalms. The singers, boys and men, pupils and teachers, were robed in white, and stood on opposite sides; the boys on either side being in front, the men behind them. All this bears a close resemblance to the manner of chanting in the English cathedrals. They were accompanied by instruments, some in unison with the voices, some an octave above or below.

We know that the Greeks long before the Christian era had a system of music. Though imperfect, it was ex-

tensive and used on all occasions, whether of joy or grief, in war or in peace. We know that the chant of the Church was derived, through Gregory, Ambrose, and the Church at Antioch, from the Greeks. It is asserted by many ancient writers that the Greeks obtained the basis of their system and much of their melody from the Egyptians, and it is very probable that some of their music was obtained from the dispersed Hebrews, who found their way into Greece after the captivity.

On the other hand, it is believed that in Egypt, Moses acquired his knowledge of the art, for the Bible distinctly states, that it was used in his time for the praise of God; and it is most probable that, with the additions which time must have made, this formed the basis, developed under Divine direction, for David's service.

We thus learn that the music of both Greeks and Hebrews, came originally from the same source, and what little development it received was probably about the same in both nations. This leads us to the conclusion, that the music of the Hebrews was similar to that of the Greeks; and we know that the Greek music was a kind of recitative or chant, the same kind of music as Ignatius adopted at Antioch, and which Ambrose carried to Milan about a century later.

Thus was the chant of the Church founded. It was even then of a most simple character, indeed it must have been, for it was sung by clergy and laity together—by the latter certainly without preparation. This led to its deterioration, and the Council of Laodicea deemed it necessary to confine the chanting to the clergy, who were properly instructed.

St. Augustine thus expresses the effect of the chanting on him,—‘as the voices flowed into my ears, truth was instilled into my heart, and the affections of piety overflowed in tears of joy. The Church of Milan,’ he continues, ‘had not long before begun to practise this method. It was here first

ordered that psalms and hymns should be sung after the manner of Eastern nations.’

From the time of Ambrose to that of Gregory, this system continued in use, though latterly it became so disordered that Gregory found it necessary to reconstruct and add to it, making in all the eight modes which to this day retain his name, and are sung at times in the Roman Catholic and the English Churches.

There is much to be said in favour of the constant use of the simple melodies, of which the ecclesiastical plain-song consisted. Without accompaniment, excepting the octave above or below, as suited the voice, and of but few sounds, it must have been easily practised by anyone who had a voice, whether good, bad or indifferent. The advocates of congregational singing would have little to complain of, were it adopted altogether. We rather think it would have been a decided improvement on the metrical psalmody of the primitive church in America. The only objection to such a practice, would be that constant repetition of the simple melodies would lead to carelessness and inattention, and the song become spiritless, and without effect on the singers.

The same cannot be said of the chants now used in the English Church, as the grand and beautiful harmonies, no matter how often sung, are ever fresh and attractive. Whether the ancients possessed harmony, in the modern sense of the word, is a disputed point. Some writers have endeavoured to prove the affirmative, a treatise, published in 1598 supporting this opinion, by extracts from many writers of antiquity, especially from Plato; and we find Thomas Ravenscroft, in the preface to his harmonized edition of the Psalms (published 1633) saying, ‘But whatsoever the tunes were in David's time, there is no question but they were concordant and harmonious, which could not be had they not been divided into parts.’

The word harmony is used by nearly all the ancient writers on music whose treatises have come down to us; but, it is contended, only to signify melody. There are passages in some of these works which might be construed to mean that the harmonious union of sounds was known to them, and it seems impossible that a harp of twenty-one strings, or a viol of ten strings, could be used by a nation continuously for generations, on all festal and religious occasions, without the players discovering that such a thing as an agreeable concord of sounds existed therein. We feel that under such circumstances, and with such constant use, we should ourselves have discovered the 'concord of sweet sounds,' have sought again, and, as it is admitted by many writers that counterpoint or harmony is a thing naturally attained after some progress in music has been made, gradually developed these accidental harmonies into a system.

It also seems absurd to suppose that no system of notation, or characters representing notes, existed among the ancients. What was the purpose of all the training that was given to singers and other musicians in David's time? It could not have been merely to induce them to imitate and remember what another performed before them, as man's nature is imitative, and he would have acquired such sounds after very little practice without any regular training. And this cultivation, as we may call it, was no unimportant matter; it extended over long periods, and we are told that nothing but music was taught in the schools of the prophets. The art was taught by father to son, for generation after generation. Whole families were set apart for the Temple service, and for the express purpose of keeping up the quality of the music. But they were taught by different teachers, in various classes; and they sang 'by course,' in turns; and these twenty-four classes, all taught by differ-

ent teachers, responded to one another in the Temple service, presumably in the same air or melody, and this plan would be quite irreconcilable with the theory that they were entirely without characters that represented to one another the notes to be played.

We do not suppose that they possessed anything approaching our present system of notation, because that we can trace back to its origin; but we do believe that they had some way of writing their music, some means of signifying to another the notes required to be sounded or sung.

Nor would we assert that they knew harmony as a *science*; but that they must have been aware of and used to some extent, harmonized sounds in their music and praise, we are mentally convinced.

The main argument against these opinions is that nothing exists which can show us that they had written music or harmonized sounds. On the contrary, there is much internal evidence to show that these things must have existed, and there is no proof that they did not exist. Whether, possessing harmonized music and a system of characters representing notes, these things were forgotten through disuse or neglect, we cannot say; but such a supposition is not without the bounds of reason, as many analogous cases are known, instances in the history of music even are not wanting, and the decline of the arts and sciences among the Egyptians is familiar to all. But, let us return to our present subject.

That music is a great moral power, all who have the slightest knowledge of it, or have even heard it in its purity will admit. It was so recognised at the beginning of the Christian era, as we learn from St. Paul's recommendation (Col. iii., 16). The disciples of Arius made use of it to propagate their doctrines, 'beguiling the ignorant by the sweetness of their music, into the impiety of their doctrines.' Gibbon says that, in opposition to these, 'bands of well-discip-

lined singers were stationed in the cathedral of Antioch, the Glory to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost was triumphantly chanted by a full chorus of voices.'

Music may also be made a power for evil. By itself it may be of a frivolous, light character, unsuited to any calm mind or any sacred edifice; combined with words, which destroy the vagueness of the emotion or idea expressed by the music, it becomes a means of great good or much evil. All know how tenacious the words of a song become when attached to a pretty melody. Every phrase of the music conveys at once to our thoughts the words which we have been accustomed to hear sung to it. If evil words be attached to a frivolous, gay melody, their power consequently is great. Knowing this, and that there is music suitable for all occasions, and words suitable for all music, it becomes necessary for those who have the choosing of music for church purposes, to select only such as is suitable for the praise of God.

That church music may be capable of elevating the tastes, thoughts and feelings of the people, it must be comprehensible to them, and this can only be attained by having it simple. It is quite possible to have it simple and yet most beautiful and grand. Antisthenes thought that the fact of a person being a good singer was evidence of his incapacity for anything else, believing that to be proficient in music required so much practice and study that time was left for nothing else.

Now all cannot give the time necessary to learn to sing well, without considering that but few possess the means requisite, consequently they cannot sing in public praise, unless the music is of a simple description. Those who can spare the time and money that a thorough knowledge of any branch of the art requires will find ample scope for their talent in many spheres outside of that of praise: or, let them be content to sing with others

the simple music of the worship and find in the Anthem a place for their superior abilities. For the Anthem, where used, is not intended for the congregation to sing, but rather for their edification; and if they devoutly listen and attend to the expression of the words, they would be much edified—provided always that the Anthem be well chosen, suitable in both words and music to the occasion.

It was at one time thought that but very few had voices capable of song. Experience shows that the reverse of this is true—that but few are really unable to sing. Like all other studies which require experience or practice to perfect them, it should begin in childhood, or at all events at an early period, in order that the voice which nearly everyone possesses may be formed.

If the music of the Church is simple so that the majority of the congregation can sing it with a little practice, it is accomplishing the true end of all praise—the glorification of God in our hearts. But the taste of the day, or rather we should say, the fashion of the day, demands some thing difficult to sing, requiring, to render perfectly, a life-long study, and good natural ability.

The multitude love music and are greatly affected by it; but if we are determined to give them nothing but what requires an extensive musical education to appreciate and enjoy, we are reserving for an aristocracy what is the right of all people. And this brilliant difficult music, so often heard in fashionable churches, and which glorifies the composer or performer rather than God, is it praise? No, it is a performance—viewed and criticized as such, and judged by the majority of people at the time according to the manner of its performance. High notes in the churches strike us with awe, they make a climax that disturbs true praise, and deadens the appreciation of the calm melodies that succeed. When, as is not unfrequently

the case, they are produced by a painful effort and by great exertion, they become exceedingly harsh and grate on a sensitive nature. In the Opera House, they disturb our emotions, and so heighten them, that we almost involuntarily break into applause, though, more generally, it is not in admiration of the beauty of the notes, or the soft pleasurable feeling which sweet music carries with it, but rather amazement at the ability, the execution, the labour and time involved in bringing them to perfection. It is true there are vocalists who can make the highest notes most musical and beautiful, but they are comparatively few; and it is also true that some of the grandest choruses in the great Oratorios take the sopranos and tenors into the higher regions of the voice, but there they are most effective and the combinations inimitable.

The music for praise should be of that smooth, easy, pleasing nature, confined generally to the *cantabile* part of the voice, where the greatest expression can be obtained, in order that all can understand it and join heart with the singers, if not both heart and voice.

What is the harmonious quartette, in its place far transcending solo, duet or trio, to the unanimous voice of hundreds, raising the simplest melody to the most sublime, awe-inspiring, soul-stirring thanksgiving?

And now the writer would offer a plea for chanting. Nothing can be better adapted for the union of both trained and untrained voices than the chant as now used in the English Church, arranged in four parts. Nothing can be simpler: the easiest tones in the voice for each part, the uniform time—not fast nor slow, but as we should read, without *crescendo* or *diminuendo*, or any other mark of expression, excepting a natural pause, but suited for all, 'with a loud voice to sing unto the Lord.'

The chant seems to supply a want of our nature. Its peculiar monotonous

character is well fitted for the praise of our Creator. It is essentially distinct from ordinary speech and materially different from the music we use on any other occasion. It admits the expressing of almost any emotion or feeling as well as the most elaborate composing. We find it in use in the Greek Church, the eight Gregorians being adapted to different occasions, as appointed by the Book of Regulations. Mohammedans chant their prayers. The barbarous tribes of this country, when visited by civilized man for the first time, were found to possess, like the South Sea Islanders, a peculiar mode of chant which they used in invocations to their gods. The ancient Hebrews, the ancient Greeks, and, in modern times, the people of the churches the world over, employed, and employ, chants in their worship, and it is worthy of note, for no other purpose, for their peculiar formation prevents all levity in their use. All this indicates that in a manner altogether distinct from ordinary intercourse between men is to be found the true praise. The great probability (for we cannot be sure) that the very melodies now in use in the Church are the same as have been employed for over three thousand years for this purpose, should incline us to believe that they are the appointment of the Creator.

The effect of the chants, applied to the Psalms or Canticles, when properly pointed and well executed, is very striking and sublime; both the hearer and the singer feel that they are offering praise to a great Being, and that they are a step out of and above man's world. The responsive manner of using them, which the Apostle recommends, and the construction of some of the Psalms plainly show was the original method, adds much to their effect, giving life and new energy to the voices at every response.

It has frequently been said that the harmony of the chants is not va-

ried enough to be interesting to good singers ; those who thus speak are but condemning themselves as no lovers of music or praise. A grouping of tones into a chord, wherever employed, wherever heard, is always pleasing to the true lover of music. The glorious harmonies of the appointed chants are unsurpassed. One can listen to a simple chant to a long psalm, and at every repetition perceive new delights and feel newly impelled to raise his voice with the singers. Almost with bated breath we have followed the melody of the tenor, so deftly woven with the other parts, the low notes of the bass, the melodic alto, all bringing into relief the ever-light treble, and combining to form a succession of beautiful harmonies. We have felt more awed, more inspired, more free from the thoughts and trammels of worldly things, by the chanting of a Psalm, than by any other class of music.

We cannot tell how music affects us as it does ; how with some strains, no matter what our present temper, we are moved to joy, with others to sorrow, to calmness, to devotion, to contemplation, or to thoughtlessness. We hear the music, and we observe the effect. The one the cause, the other its consequence. Although we know so much of their relation, we cannot trace the one to the other.

All music of a devotional character employed in a service of praise awakens in us the better part of our nature—a noble ambition to be good, to be free from the ties of the world. It softens the passions and develops the golden rule within us. With such effects as these in store, such a world, the world of hard human nature, to conquer, why do we not adapt our music to such a noble end ?

When George II. praised Handel for the entertainment he had furnished him in the 'Messiah,' Handel replied, 'I meant not to *entertain* you, Sire, but to make you *better*.' Thus it is with the greatest com-

posers ; they would make us by their glorious works, like themselves, above the world. They use this lofty means, the highest medium for interchange of thought or feeling, far transcending words, for the value of words is confined to those that understand them, for the elevation of mankind and the glory of God.

And now, in conclusion, we have seen that singing praises is a divine ordinance, the appointment of God to be used for His glory, by His own people. We have seen that, from the beginning, the music of voices and of instruments has been devoted to the service of God. We have seen that it is a sacrifice, adopted by our Saviour and His Apostles, acceptable to God ; 'Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name.'

Knowing all this, who can say that music is out of place in God's house ? And knowing that David expressly tells us to 'praise God with the sound of the trumpet,' to 'praise Him with stringed instruments and organs,' how can it be said that the organs of our day are an improper thing in a place of worship ? No grounds for such an assertion can be found, and there are no grounds for excluding from our churches anything that can assist us in our praises. But we must be sure that our heart is in the work ; we must be able to say, with St. Paul, 'I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.' It is with the heart that we praise—our voices are but the means ; and blessed indeed are they who have good voices and can sing well.

Let us not undervalue this privilege of singing to the praise of God. Matthew Henry asks, 'What is that but Heaven ?' and although Heaven is beyond man's comprehension, we can re-echo the sentiment which induced that question, and safely assert that it is one of man's greatest blessings to be able to praise God with a pure heart.

One thing more and I have done.

Let not those who have to select the music for worship abuse that privilege; but rather let them study to select what will affect the people most, and stir them up to a full understanding of the words and music. To the degradation of the service in the past may be traced the disuse of music by some of the Christian bodies at the present time, and this is an end, it is plain to all, that we should earnestly strive to prevent in the future.

IN CHURCH.

BY M. W.

‘SO cometh as a thief:’ the old man’s droning
 Falls sleepily upon the Summer air;
 And upturned glances trace the slanting sunlight,
 As though the thoughts, meantime, were elsewhere.

I wonder what my grave Papa is thinking;—
 Of threatened storms, and labour to be done?
 ‘He’ll turn the men to the far field at daybreak,
 And save that hay before the rain comes on.’

Mamma, her soft old face lit up with fondness,
 Is thinking of her boy across the sea;
 God bless her anxious heart, and bring, to-morrow,
 The letter that will set its longing free.

And I—Alas! my wicked thoughts were roving
 From words on which they *should* have been intent
 To Harry’s parting words, ‘To-morrow, Daisy!’
 And well I know what that ‘To-morrow meant’:

Another chapter of the old sweet story
 This golden year is telling to us both;
 Another day of richest, tenderest glory
 To mark the progress of our new life’s growth.

‘So cometh as a thief,’ Ah, thought of terror!
 What if the Thief should come this very night,
 And steal your field of hay, Papa, ere daybreak
 And Mother’s letter, and her Heart’s Delight;

Should come and steal from me my glad to-morrow!—
 The preacher still is talking of that day:
 Would that his lips were touched with fire, to tell us
 What it will give for all it takes away!

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

*After the Story.**(Extracts from Bernard Winterfeld's Diary.)*

‘DO you think he showed the confession to any other person?’ Stella asked. ‘I happen to know that he concealed it from his mother.’

‘After the housekeeper’s reproof,’ I replied, ‘he would be cunning enough, in my opinion, not to run the risk of showing it to strangers. It is far more likely that he thought he might learn English enough to read it himself.’

There the subject dropped. We were silent for a while. She was thinking, and I was looking at her. On a sudden she raised her head. Her eyes rested on me gravely.

‘It is very strange!’ she said.

‘What is strange?’

‘I have been thinking of the Lorings. They encouraged me to doubt you. They advised me to be silent about what happened at Brussels. And they too are concerned in my husband’s desertion of me. He first met Father Benwell at their house. From that time, I see the circumstances in my mind, all following one on another, until the priest and the French boy were brought together—and the miserable end came, which left me a deserted wife.’ Her head drooped again; her next words were murmured to herself. ‘I am still a young woman,’ she said. ‘Oh, God, what is my future to be?’

This morbid way of thinking distressed me. I reminded her that she had devoted friends.

‘Not one,’ she answered, ‘but you.’
‘Have you not seen Lady Loring?’
I asked.

‘She and her husband have written most kindly, inviting me to make their house my home. I have no right to blame them—they meant well. But, after what has happened, I can’t go back to them.’

‘I am sorry to hear it,’ I said.

‘Are you thinking of the Lorings?’ she asked.

‘I don’t even know the Lorings. I can think of nobody but you.’

I was still looking at her—and I am afraid my eyes said more than my words. If she had doubted it before, she must have now known that I was as fond of her as ever. She looked distressed rather than confused. I made an awkward attempt to set myself right.

‘Surely, your brother may speak plainly,’ I said.

She agreed to this. But nevertheless she rose to go—with a friendly word, intended (as I hoped) to show me that I had got my pardon for that time. ‘Will you come and see us to-morrow?’ she said. ‘Can you forgive my mother as generously as you have forgiven me? I will take care, Bernard, that she does you justice, at last.’

She held out her hand to take leave. How could I reply? If I had been a resolute man, I might have remembered that it would be best for me not to see too much of her. But I am a poor weak creature—I accepted her invitation for the next day.

30th January.—I have just returned from my visit.

My thoughts are in a state of indescribable conflict and confusion—and her mother is the cause of it. I wish I had not gone to the house. Am I a bad man, I wonder? and have I only found it out now?

Mrs. Eyrecourt was alone in the drawing room when I went in. Judging by the easy manner in which she got up to receive me, the misfortune that has befallen her daughter seemed to have produced no sobering change in this frivolous woman.

‘My dear Winterfield,’ she began, ‘I have behaved infamously. I won’t say that appearances were against you—I will only say I ought not to have trusted appearances. You are the injured person; please forgive me. Shall we go on with the subject? or shall we shake hands and say no more about it?’

I shook hands of course. Mrs. Eyrecourt perceived that I was looking for Stella.

‘Sit down,’ she said; ‘and be good enough to put up with no more attractive society than mine. Unless I set things straight, my good friend, you and my daughter—oh, with the best intentions!—will drift into a false position. You won’t see Stella to-day. Quite impossible—and I will tell you why. I am the worldly old mother; I don’t mind what I say. My innocent daughter would die before she would confess what I am going to tell you. Can I offer you anything? Have you had lunch?’

I begged her to continue. She perplexed—I am not sure that she did not even alarm me.

‘Very well,’ she proceeded. ‘You may be surprised to hear it—but I don’t mean to allow things to go on in this way. My contemptible son-in-law shall return to his wife.’

This startled me; and I suppose I showed it.

‘Wait a little,’ said Mrs. Eyrecourt. ‘There is nothing to be alarmed about.

Romayne is a weak fool; and Father Benwell’s greedy hands are (of course) in both of his pockets. But he has, unless I am entirely mistaken, some small sense of shame, and some little human feeling still left. After the manner in which he has behaved, these are the merest possibilities, you will say. Very likely. I have boldly appealed to those possibilities, nevertheless. He has already gone away to Rome; and I need hardly add—Father Benwell would take good care of that—he has left us no address—It doesn’t in the least matter. One of the advantages of being so much in Society as I am is that I have nice acquaintances everywhere, always ready to oblige me provided I don’t borrow money of them. I have written to Romayne, under cover to one of my friends living in Rome. Wherever he may be, there my letter will find him.’

So far, I listened quietly enough; naturally supposing that Mrs. Eyrecourt trusted to her own arguments and persuasions. I confess it, even to myself, with shame. It was a relief to me to feel that the chances (with such a fanatic as Romayne) were a hundred to one against her.

This unworthy way of thinking was instantly checked by Mrs. Eyrecourt’s next words.

‘Don’t suppose that I am foolish enough to attempt to reason with him,’ she went on. ‘My letter begins and ends on the first page. His wife has a claim on him which no newly-married man can resist. Let me do him justice. He knew nothing of it before he went away. My letter—my daughter has no suspicion that I have written it—tells him plainly what the claim is.’

She paused. Her eyes softened, her voice sank low—she became quite unlike the Mrs. Eyrecourt I knew.

‘In a few months more, Winterfield,’ she said, ‘my poor Stella will be a mother. My letter calls Romayne back to his wife—and his child.’

Mrs. Eyrecourt paused, evidently expecting me to offer an opinion of

some sort. For the moment I was really unable to speak. Stella's mother never had a very high opinion of my abilities. She now appeared to consider me the stupidest person in the circle of her acquaintance.

'Are you a little deaf, Winterfield?' she asked.

'Not that I know of.'

'Do you understand me?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Then why can't you say something? I want a man's opinion of our prospects. Good gracious how you fidget! Put yourself in Romaine's place, and tell me this. If you had left Stella

_____,
'I should never have left her, Mrs. Eyrecourt.'

'Be quiet. You don't know what you would have done. I insist on your supposing yourself to be a weak, superstitious, conceited, fanatical fool. You understand? Now, tell me, then. Could you keep away from your wife, when you were called back to her in the name of your first-born child? Could you resist that!'

'Most assuredly not!'

I contrived to reply with an appearance of tranquillity. It was not very easy to speak with composure. Envious, selfish, contemptible—no language is too strong to describe the turn my thoughts now took. I never hated any human being as I hated Romaine at that moment. 'Damn him, he will come back!' There was my inmost feeling expressed in words.

In the meantime, Mrs. Eyrecourt was satisfied. She dashed at the next subject, as fluent and as confident as ever.

'Now, Winterfield, it is surely plain to your mind that you must not see Stella again—except when I am present to tie the tongue of scandal. My daughter's conduct must not allow her husband—if you only knew how I detest that man!—must not, I say, allow her husband the slightest excuse for keeping away from her. If we give that odious old Jesuit the chance, he

will make a priest of Romaine before we know where we are. The audacity of these Papists is really beyond belief. You remember how they made Bishops and Archbishops here, in flat defiance of our laws. Father Benwell follows that example and sets our other laws at defiance—I mean our marriage laws. I am so indignant I can't express myself as clearly as usual. Did Stella tell you that he actually shook Romaine's belief in his own marriage? Ah, I understand—she kept that to herself, poor dear, and with good reason too.'

I thought of the turned-down page in the letter. Mrs. Eyrecourt readily revealed what her daughter's delicacy had forbidden me to read—including the monstrous assumption which connected my marriage before the registrar with her son-in-law's scruples.

'Yes,' she proceeded, 'these Catholics are all alike. My daughter—I don't mean my sweet Stella; I mean the unnatural creature in the nunnery—sets herself above her own mother. Did I ever tell you she was impudent enough to say she would pray for me? Father Benwell and the Papal Aggression over again! Now tell me, Winterfield, don't you think—taking the circumstances into consideration—that you will act like a thoroughly sensible man, if you go back to Devonshire, while we are in our present situation? What with foot-warmers in the carriage, and newspapers and magazines to amuse you, it isn't such a very long journey. And then Beaupark—dear Beaupark—is such a remarkably comfortable house in the winter; and you, you enviable creature, are such a popular man in the neighbourhood. Oh, go back! go back!'

I got up, and took my hat. She patted me on the shoulder. I could have throttled her at that moment. And yet she was right.

'You will make my excuses to Stella?' I said.

'You dear, good fellow, I will do more than make your excuses; I will

sing your praises—as the poet says.' In her ungovernable exultation at having got rid of me, she burst into extravagant language. 'I feel like a mother to you,' she went on, as we shook hands at parting. 'I declare I could almost let you kiss me.'

There was not a single kissable place about Mrs. Eyrecourt unpainted, undyed, or unpowdered. I resisted temptation, and opened the door. There was still one last request that I could not help making.

'Will you let me know,' I said, 'when you hear from Rome?'

'With the greatest pleasure,' Mrs. Eyrecourt answered briskly. 'Good-bye, you best of friends, goodbye!'

I write these lines, while the servant is packing my portmanteau. Traveller knows what that means. My dog is glad, at any rate, to get away from London. I think I shall hire a yacht, and try what a voyage round the world will do for me. I wish to God I had never seen Stella!

* * * *

10th February.—News at last from Mrs. Eyrecourt.

Romayne has not even read the letter that she addressed to him—it has actually been returned to her by Father Benwell. Mrs. Eyrecourt writes, naturally enough, in a state of fury. Her one consolation, under this insulting treatment is, that her daughter knows nothing of the circumstances. She warns me (quite needlessly) to keep the secret—and sends me a copy of Father Benwell's letter:

'Dear Madam,—Mr. Romayne can read nothing that diverts his attention from his preparation for the priesthood, or that recalls past associations with errors which he has renounced for ever. When a letter reaches him, it is his wise custom to look at the signature first. He has handed your letter to me, *unread*—with a request that I will return it to you. In his presence, I instantly sealed it up. Neither he, nor I, know, or wish to know, on what subject you have addressed him. We

respectfully advise you not to write again.'

In those terms the Jesuit expressed himself. I shall have lived long enough, if I live to see that man caught in one of his own traps.

11th February.—I was disappointed at not hearing from Stella yesterday. This morning has made amends; it has brought a letter from her.

She is not well; and her mother's conduct sadly perplexes her. At one time, Mrs. Eyrecourt's sense of injury urges her to indulge in violent measures—she is eager to place her deserted daughter under the protection of the law; to insist on a restitution of conjugal rights or on a judicial separation. At another time, she sinks into a state of abject depression; declares that it is impossible for her, in Stella's deplorable situation, to face Society; and recommends immediate retirement to some place on the Continent in which they can live cheaply. This latter suggestion Stella is not only ready, but eager, to adopt. She proves it by asking for my advice, in a postscript; no doubt, remembering the happy days when I courted her in Paris, and the many foreign friends of mine who called at our hotel.

The postscript gave me the excuse that I wanted. I knew perfectly well that it would be better for me not to see her—and I went to London, for the sole purpose of seeing her, by the first train.

12th February.—I found mother and daughter together in the drawing-room. It was one of Mrs. Eyrecourt's days of depression. Her little twinkling eyes tried to cast on me a look of tragic reproach; she shook her dyed head, and said, 'Oh, Winterfield, I didn't think you would have done this! Stella, fetch me my smelling-bottle.'

But Stella refused to take the hint. She almost brought the tears into my eyes, she received me so kindly. If her mother had not been in the room—but her mother *was* in the room: I had no other choice than to enter on

my business, as if I had been the family lawyer.

Mrs. Eyrecourt began by reproving Stella for asking my advice, and then assured me that she had no intention of leaving London. 'How am I to get rid of my house?' she asked, irritably enough. I knew that 'her house' (as she called it) was the furnished upper part of a house belonging to another person, and that she could leave it at a short notice. But I said nothing. I addressed myself to Stella.

'I have been thinking of two or three places which you might like,' I went on. 'The nearest place belongs to an old French gentleman and his wife. They have no children; and they don't let lodgings; but I believe they would be glad to receive friends of mine, if their spare rooms are not already occupied. They live at St. Germain—close to Paris.'

I looked at Mrs. Eyrecourt as I said these last words—I was as sly as Father Benwell himself. Paris justified my confidence; the temptation was too much for her. She not only gave way, but actually mentioned the amount of rent which she could afford to pay. Stella whispered her thanks to me as I went out. 'My name is not mentioned, but my misfortune is alluded to in the newspapers,' she said. 'Well-meaning friends are calling and condoling with me already. I shall die, if you don't help me to get away among strangers!'

I start for Paris, by the mail train, to-night.

Paris, 13th February.—It is evening. I have just returned from St. Germain. Everything is settled—with more slyness on my part. I begin to think I am born a Jesuit; there must have been some detestable sympathy between Father Benwell and me.

My good friends, Monsieur and Madame Raymond, will be only too glad to receive English ladies, known to me for many years. The spacious and handsome first floor of their house (inherited from once-wealthy ancestors by Madame Raymond) can be got

ready to receive Mrs. Eyrecourt and her daughter in a week's time.

Our one difficulty related to the question of money. Monsieur Raymond, living on a Government pension, was modestly unwilling to ask terms; and I was too absolutely ignorant of the subject to be of the slightest assistance to him. It ended in our appealing to a house-agent at St. Germain. His estimate appeared to me to be quite reasonable. But it exceeded the pecuniary limit mentioned by Mrs. Eyrecourt. I had known the Raymonds long enough to be in no danger of offending them, by proposing a secret arrangement which permitted me to pay the difference. So that difficulty was got over in due course of time.

We went into the large garden at the back of the house—and there I committed another act of duplicity.

In a nice sheltered corner I discovered one of those essentially-French buildings, called a 'pavillon'; a delightful little toy house of three rooms. Another private arrangement made me the tenant of this place. Madame Raymond smiled. 'I bet you,' she said to me in her very best English, 'one of these ladies is in her fascinating first youth.' The good lady little knows what a hopeless love affair mine is. I must see Stella sometimes—I ask, and hope for, no more. Never have I felt how lonely my life is, as I felt it now.

* * * * *

London, 1st March.—Stella and her mother have set forth on their journey to St. Germain this morning, without allowing me, as I had hoped and planned, to be their escort.

Mrs. Eyrecourt set up the old objection of the claims of propriety. If that were the only obstacle in my way, I should have set it aside, by following them to France. Where is the impropriety of my seeing Stella, as her friend and brother—especially when I don't live in the same house with her, and when she has her mother, on one side, and Madame Ray-

mond, on the other, to take care of her?

No! the influence that keeps me away from St. Germain is the influence of Stella herself.

'I will write to you often,' she said; 'but I beg you, for my sake, not to accompany us to France.' Her look and tone reduced me to obedience. Stupid as I am, I think (after what passed between me and her mother) I can guess what she meant.

'Am I never to see you again?' I asked.

'Do you think I am hard and ungrateful?' she answered. 'Do you doubt that I shall be glad, more than glad, to see you, when——?' She turned away from me, and said no more.

It was time to take leave. We were under her mother's superintendence; we shook hands—and that was all.

Matilda (Mrs. Eyrecourt's maid) followed me downstairs to open the door. I suppose I looked, as I felt, wretchedly enough. The good creature tried to cheer me. 'Don't be anxious about them,' she said; 'I am used to travelling, sir—and I'll take care of them.' She was a woman to be thoroughly depended on, a faithful and attached servant. I made her a little present at parting; and I asked her if she would write to me from time to time.

Some people might consider this to be rather an undignified proceeding on my part. I can only say it came naturally to me. I am not a dignified man; and, when a person means kindly towards me, I don't ask myself whether that person is higher or lower, richer or poorer, than I am. We are to my mind on the same level, when the same sympathy unites us. Matilda was sufficiently acquainted with all that had passed to foresee, as I did, that there would be certain reservations in Stella's letters to me. 'You shall have the whole truth from me, sir, don't doubt it,' she whispered. I

believed her. When my heart is sore, give me a woman for my friend. Whether she is lady, or lady's maid, she is equally precious to me.

Coves, 2nd March.—I am in treaty with an agent for the hire of a yacht.

I must do something, and go somewhere. Returning to Beupark is out of the question. People with tranquil minds can find pleasure in the society of their country neighbours. I am a miserable creature, with a mind in a state of incessant disturbance. Excellent fathers of families talking politics to me; exemplary mothers of families offering me matrimonial opportunities with their daughters—that is what society means, if I go back to Devonshire. No. I will go for a cruise in the Mediterranean; and I will take one friend with me, whose company I never weary of—my dog.

The vessel is discovered—a fine schooner of three hundred tons, just returned from a cruise to Madeira. The sailing master and crew only ask for a few days on shore. In that time, the surveyor will have examined the vessel, and the stores will be on board.

3rd March.—I have written to Stella, with a list of addresses at which letters will reach me; and I have sent another list to my faithful ally the maid. When we leave Gibraltar, our course will be to Naples—thence to Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles. From any of these places, I am within easy travelling distance of St. Germain.

7th March. At Sea.—It is half-past six in the evening. We have just passed the Eddystone Lighthouse, with the wind abeam. The log registers ten knots an hour.

* * * * *

Naples, 10th May.—The fair promise at the beginning of my voyage has not been fulfilled. Owing to contrary winds, storms, and delays at Cadiz in repairing damages, we have only arrived at Naples this evening. Under trying circumstances of all sorts, the

Yacht has behaved admirably. A stouter and finer sea-boat never was built.

We are too late to find the post-office open. I shall send ashore for letters the first thing to-morrow morning. My next movements will depend entirely on the news I get from St. Germain. If I remain for any length of time in these regions, I shall give my crew the holiday they have well earned, at Civita Vecchia. I am never weary of Rome—but I always did, and always shall, dislike Naples.

11th May.—My plans are completely changed. I am annoyed and angry; the further I get away from Franco, the better I shall be pleased.

I have heard from Stella, and heard from the maid. Both letters inform me that the child is born, and that it is a boy. Do they expect me to feel any interest in the boy? He is my worst enemy before he is out of his long clothes.

Stella writes kindly enough. Not a line in her letter, however, invites me, or holds out the prospect of inviting me, to St. Germain. She refers to her mother very briefly; merely informing me that Mrs. Eyrecourt is well, and is already enjoying the gaieties of Paris. Three-fourths of the letter are occupied with the baby. When I wrote to her I signed myself 'your's affectionately.' Stella signs 'your's sincerely.' It is a trifle, I dare say—but I feel it, for all that.

Matilda is faithful to her engagement; Matilda's letter tells me the truth.

'Since the birth of the baby,' she writes, 'Mrs. Romayne has never once mentioned your name; she can talk of nothing, and think of nothing, but her child. I make every allowance, I hope, for a lady in her melancholy situation. But I do think it is not very grateful to have quite forgotten Mr. Winterfield, who has done so much for her, and who only asks to pass a few hours of his day innocently in her society. Perhaps, being a single woman, I

write ignorantly about mothers and babies. But I have my feelings; and (though I never liked Mr. Romayne) I feel for *you*, sir—if you will forgive the familiarity. In my opinion, this new craze about the baby will wear out. He is already a cause of difference of opinion. My good mistress, who possesses knowledge of the world, and a kind heart as well, advises that Mr. Romayne should be informed of the birth of a son and heir. Mrs. Eyrecourt says, most truly, that the hateful old priest will get possession of Mr. Romayne's money, to the prejudice of the child, unless steps are taken to shame him into doing justice to his own son. But Mrs. Romayne is as proud as Lucifer; she will not hear of making the first advances, as she calls it. "The man who has deserted me," she says, "has no heart to be touched either by wife or child." My mistress does not agree with her. There have been hard words already—and the nice old French gentleman and his wife try to make peace. You will smile when I tell you that they offer sugar-plums as a sort of composing gift. My mistress accepts the gift, and has been to the theatre at Paris, with Monsieur and Madame Raymond, more than once already. To conclude, sir, if I might venture to advise you, I should recommend trying the effect on Mrs. R. of absence and silence.'

A most sensibly-written letter. I shall certainly take Matilda's advice. My name is never mentioned by Stella—and not a day has passed without my thinking of her.

Well! I suppose a man can harden his heart, if he likes. Let me harden *my* heart, and forget her.

The crew shall have three days ashore at Naples, and then we sail for Alexandria. In that port, the yacht will wait my return. I have not yet visited the cataracts of the Nile; I have not yet seen the magnificent mouse-coloured women of Nubia. A tent in the desert, and a dusky daughter of Nature to keep house for me—

there is a new life for a man who is weary of the vapid civilization of Europe! I shall begin by letting my beard grow.

* * * * *

Civita Vecchia, 28th February, 1863.
—Back again on the coast of Italy—after an absence, at sea and ashore, of nine months!

What have my travels done for me? They have made me browner and thinner; they have given me a more patient mind, and a taste for mild tobacco. Have they helped me to forget Stella? Not the least in the world—I am more eager than ever to see her again. When I look back at my diary I am really ashamed of my own fretfulness and impatience. What miserable vanity on my part to expect her to think of me, when she was absorbed in the first cares and joys of maternity; especially sacred to her, poor soul, as the one consolation of her melancholy life! I withdraw all that I wrote about her—and from the bottom of my heart I forgive the baby.

Rome, 1st March.—I have found my letters waiting for me at the office of my banker.

The latest news from St. Germain is all that I could wish. In acknowledging the receipt of my last letter from Cairo (I broke my rash vow of silence when we got into port, after leaving Naples) Stella sends me the long desired invitation. 'Pray take care to return to us, dear Bernard, before the first anniversary of my boy's birthday, on the twenty-seventh of March. After these words, she need feel no apprehension of my being late at my appointment. Traveller—the dog has well merited his name by this time—will have to bid good-bye to the yacht (which he loves), and journey homeward by the railway (which he hates). No more risk of storms and delays for me. Good-bye to the sea, for a while.

I have sent the news of my safe return from the East by telegraph. But I must not be in too great a hurry to

leave Rome, or I shall commit a serious error—I shall disappoint Stella's mother.

Mrs. Eyrecourt writes to me earnestly requesting, if I return by way of Italy, that I will get her some information about Romayne. She is eager to know whether they have made him a priest yet. I am also to discover, if I can, what are his prospects—whether he is as miserable as he deserves to be—whether he has been disappointed in his expectations, and is likely to be brought back to his senses in that way—and, above all, whether Father Benwell is still at Rome with him. My idea is that Mrs. Eyrecourt has not given up her design of making Romayne acquainted with the birth of his son.

The right person to apply to for information is evidently my banker. He has been a resident in Rome for twenty years—but he is too busy a man to be approached, by an idler like myself, in business hours. I have asked him to dine with me to-morrow.

2nd March.—My guest has just left me. I am afraid Mrs. Eyrecourt will be sadly disappointed when she hears what I have to tell her.

The moment I mentioned Romayne's name, the banker looked at me with an expression of surprise.

'The man most talked about in Rome,' he said; 'I wonder you have not heard of him already.'

'Is he a priest?'

'Certainly! And, what is more, the ordinary preparations for the priesthood were expressly shortened by high authority on his account. The Pope takes the greatest interest in him—and, as for the people, the Italians have already nicknamed him, "the young cardinal." Don't suppose, as some of our countrymen do, that he is indebted to his wealth for the high position which he has already obtained. His wealth is only one of the minor influences in his favour. The truth is, he unites in himself two opposite qualities, both of the greatest value to the

Church, which are very rarely found combined in the same man. He has already made a popular reputation here, is a most eloquent and convincing preacher—'

'A preacher?' I exclaimed. 'And a popular reputation! How do the Italians understand him?'

The banker looked puzzled.

'Why shouldn't they understand a man who addresses them in their own language?' he said. 'Romaine could speak Italian when he came here—and since that time he has learnt by constant practice to think in Italian. While our Roman season lasts, he preaches alternately in Italian and in English. But I was speaking of the two opposite accomplishments which this remarkable man possesses. Out of the pulpit he is capable of applying his mind successfully to the political necessities of the Church. As I am told, his intellect has had severe practical training, by means of historical studies, in the past years of his life. Anyhow, in one of the diplomatic difficulties here between the Church and the State he wrote a memorial on the subject, which the Cardinal-Secretary declared to be a model of ability in applying the experience of the past to the need of the present time. If he doesn't wear himself out, his Italian nickname may prove prophetically true. We may live to see the new convert, Cardinal Romaine.'

'Are you acquainted with him yourself?' I asked.

'No Englishman is acquainted with him,' the banker answered. 'There is a report of some romantic event in his life which has led to his leaving England, and which makes him recoil from intercourse with his own nation. Whether this is true or false, it is certain that the English in Rome find him unapproachable. I have even heard that he refuses to receive letters from England. If you wish to see him, you must do as I have done—you must go to church and look at him in the pulpit. He preaches in English—I think

for the last time this season—on Thursday evening next. Shall I call here and take you to the church?'

If I had followed my inclinations, I should have refused. I feel no sort of interest in Romaine—I might even say I feel a downright antipathy towards him. But I have no wish to appear insensible to the banker's kindness; and my reception at St. Germain depends greatly on the attention I show to Mrs. Eyrecourt's request. So it was arranged that I should hear the great preacher—with a mental reservation on my part, which contemplated my departure from the church before the end of his sermon.

But, before I see him, I feel assured of one thing—especially after what the banker has told me. Stella's view of his character is the right one. The man who has deserted her has no heart to be touched by wife or child. They are separated for ever.

3rd March.—I have just seen the landlord of the hotel; he can help me to answer one of Mrs. Eyrecourt's questions. A nephew of his holds some employment at the Jesuit headquarters here, adjoining their famous church, *Il Gesu*. I have requested the young man to ascertain if Father Benwell is still in Rome.

4th March.—Good news this time for Mrs. Eyrecourt, so far as it goes. Father Benwell has long since left Rome, and has returned to his regular duties in England. If he exercises any further influence over Romaine, it must be done by letter.

5th March.—I have returned from Romaine's sermon. This double renegade—has he not deserted his religion and his wife?—has failed to convince my reason. But he has so completely upset my nerves, that I ordered a bottle of champagne (to the great amusement of my friend, the banker) the moment we got back to the hotel.

We drove through the scantily-lighted streets of Rome to a small church, in the neighbourhood of the Piazza Navona. To a more imagin-

ative man than myself, the scene when we entered the building would have been too impressive to be described in words—though it might perhaps have been painted. The one light in the place glimmered mysteriously from a great wax candle, burning in front of a drapery of black cloth, and illuminating dimly a sculptured representation, in white marble, of the crucified Christ, wrought to the size of life. In front of this ghastly emblem a platform projected, also covered with black cloth. We could penetrate no further than to the space just inside the door of the church. Everywhere else, the building was filled with standing, sitting, and kneeling figures, shadowy and mysterious; fading away in far corners into impenetrable gloom. The only sounds were the low wailing notes of the organ, accompanied at intervals by the muffled thump of fanatic worshippers penitentially beating their breasts. On a sudden the organ ceased; the self-inflicted blows of the penitents were heard no more. In the breathless silence that followed, a man robed in black mounted the black platform, and faced the congregation. His hair had become prematurely grey; his face was of the ghastly paleness of the great crucifix at his side. The light of the candle, falling on him as he slowly turned his head, cast shadows into the hollows of his cheeks, and glittered in his gleaming eyes. In tones low, and trembling at first, he stated the subject of his address. A week since two noteworthy persons had died in Rome on the same day. One of them was a woman of exemplary piety, whose funeral obsequies had been celebrated in that church. The other was a criminal, charged with homicide under provocation, who had died in prison, refusing the services of the priest—impenitent to the last. The sermon followed the spirit of the absolved woman to its eternal reward in Heaven, and described the meeting with dear ones who had gone before, in terms so devout and so touching that the women

near us, and even some of the men, burst into tears. Far different was the effect produced when the preacher, filled with the same overpowering sincerity of belief which had inspired his description of the joys of Heaven, traced the downward progress of the lost man, from his impenitent death-bed to his doom in Hell. The dreadful superstition of everlasting torment became doubly dreadful in the priest's fervent words. He described the retributive voices of mother and son, bereaved of husband and father by the fatal deed, ringing incessantly in the ears of the homicide. 'I, who speak to you, hear the voices,' he cried. 'Assassin! assassin! where are you? I see him—I see the assassin hurled into his place in the sleepless rank of the Damned—I see him, dripping with the flames that burn for ever, writhing under the torments that are without respite and without end.' The climax of this terrible effort of imagination was reached when he fell on his knees and prayed with sobs and cries of entreaty—prayed, pointing to the crucifix at his side—that he and all who heard him might die the death of penitent sinners, absolved in the divinely-atoning name of Christ. The hysterical shrieks of women rang through the church. I could endure it no longer. I hurried into the street—and breathed again freely, when I looked up at the cloudless beauty of the night sky, bright with the peaceful radiance of the stars.

And this man was Romayne! I had last met with him among his delightful works of Art; an enthusiast in literature; the hospitable master of a house, filled with comforts and luxuries to its remotest corner. And now I have seen what Rome had made of him.

'Yes,' said my companion, 'the Ancient Church not only finds out the men who can best serve it, but develops qualities in those men of which they have been themselves unconscious. The advance which Roman Catholic

Christianity has made, and is still, making has its intelligible reason. Thanks to the great Reformation, the papal scandals of past centuries have been atoned for by the exemplary lives of servants of the Church, in high places and low places alike. If a new Luther arose among us, where would he now find abuses sufficiently wicked and widely spread to shock the sense of decency in Christendom? He would find them nowhere—and he would probably return to the respectable shelter of the Roman sheepfold.'

I listened, without making any remark. To tell the truth, I was thinking of Stella.

6th March.—I have been to Civita Vecchia, to give a little farewell entertainment to the officers and crew, before they take the yacht back to England.

In the few words I said at parting, I mentioned that it was my purpose to make an offer for the purchase of the vessel, and that my guests should hear from me again on the subject. This announcement was received with enthusiasm. I really like my crew—and I don't think it is vain in me to believe that they return the feeling, from the sailing master to the cabin-boy. My future life, after all that has passed, is likely to be a roving life, unless —. No! I may think sometimes of that happier prospect, but I had better not put my thoughts into words. I have a fine vessel; I have plenty of money, and I like the sea. There are three good reasons for buying the yacht.

Returning to Rome in the evening, I found waiting for me a letter from Stella.

She writes (immediately on the receipt of my telegram) to make a similar request to the one addressed to me by her mother. Now that I am at Rome, she too wants to hear news of a Jesuit priest. He is absent on a foreign mission, and his name is Penrose. 'You shall hear what obligations I

owe to his kindness,' she writes, 'when we meet. In the meantime, I will only say that he is the exact opposite of Father Benwell, and that I should be the most ungrateful of women if I did not feel the truest interest in his welfare.'

This is strange, and, to my mind, not satisfactory. Who is Penrose? and what has he done to deserve such strong expressions of gratitude? If anybody had told me that Stella could make a friend of a Jesuit, I am afraid I should have returned a rude answer. Well, I must wait for further enlightenment, and apply to the landlord's nephew once more.

7th March.—There is small prospect, I fear, of my being able to appreciate the merits of Mr. Penrose by personal experience. He is thousands of miles away from Europe; and he is in a situation of peril, which makes the chance of his safe return doubtful in the last degree.

The Mission to which he is attached was originally destined to find its field of work in Central America. Rumours of more fighting to come, in that revolutionary part of the world, reached Rome before the missionaries had sailed from the port of Leghorn. Under these discouraging circumstances, the priestly authorities changed the destination of the Mission to the territory of Arizona; bordering on New Mexico, and recently purchased by the United States. Here, in the valley of Santa Cruz, the Jesuits had first attempted the conversion of the Indian tribes two hundred years since—and had failed. Their mission-house and chapel are now a heap of ruins; and the ferocious Apache Indians keep the fertile valley a solitude by the mere terror of their name. To this ill-omened place, Penrose and his companions have made their daring pilgrimage; and they are now risking their lives in the attempt to open the hearts of these bloodthirsty savages to the influence of Christianity. Nothing has been yet

heard of them. At the best, no trustworthy news is expected for months to come.

What will Stella say to this? Anyhow, I begin to understand her interest in Penrose now. He is one of a company of heroes. I am already anxious to hear more of him.

To-morrow will be a memorable day in my calendar. To-morrow I leave Rome for St. Germain.

If any further information is to be gained for Mrs. Eyrecourt and her daughter, I have made necessary arrangements for receiving it. The banker has promised to write to me, if there is a change in Romayne's life and prospects. And my landlord will take care that I hear of it, in the event of news reaching Rome from the Mission at Arizona.

* * *

St. Germain, 14th March.—I arrived yesterday. Between the fatigue of the journey and the pleasurable agitation caused by seeing Stella again, I was unfit to make the customary entry in my diary when I retired for the night.

She is more irresistibly beautiful than ever. Her figure (a little too slender as I remember it) has filled out. Her lovely face has lost its haggard, careworn look; her complexion has recovered its delicacy; I see again in her eyes the pure serenity of expression which first fascinated me, years since. It may be due to the consoling influence of the child—assisted, perhaps, by the lapse of time and the peaceful life which she now leads—but this at least is certain, such a change for the better I never could have imagined as the change I find in Stella after a year's absence.

As for the baby, he is a bright, good-humoured little fellow; and he has one great merit in my estimation—he bears no resemblance to his father. I saw his mother's features when I first took him on my knee, and looked at his face, lifted to mine in grave surprise. The baby and I are certain to get on well together.

Even Mrs. Eyrecourt seems to have improved in the French air, and under the French diet. She has a better surface to lay the paint on; her nimble tongue runs faster than ever; and she has so completely recovered her good spirits, that Monsieur and Madame Raymond declare she must have French blood in her veins. They were all so unaffectedly glad to see me (Matilda included) that it was really like returning to one's home. As for Traveler, I must interfere (in the interest of his figure and his health) to prevent everybody in the house from feeding him with every eatable thing, from plain bread to *pâté de foie gras*.

My experience of to-day will, as Stella tells me, be my general experience of the family life at St. Germain.

We begin the morning with the customary cup of coffee. At eleven o'clock, I am summoned from my 'pavillon' of three rooms to one of those delicious and artfully-varied breakfasts which are only to be found in France and in Scotland. An interval of about three hours follows, during which the child takes his airing and his siesta, and his elders occupy themselves as they please. At three o'clock, we all go out—with a pony chaise which carries the weaker members of the household—for a ramble in the forest. At six o'clock, we assemble at the dinner-table. At coffee time, some of the neighbours drop in for a game at cards. At ten we all wish each other good night.

Such is the domestic programme, varied by excursions in the country and by occasional visits to Paris. I am naturally a man of quiet stay-at-home habits. It is only when my mind is disturbed that I get restless and feel longings for change. Surely the quiet routine at St. Germain ought to be welcome to me now. I have been looking forward to this life through a long year of travel. What more can I wish for?

Nothing more, of course.

And yet—and yet—Stella has in-

nocently made it harder than ever to play the part of her 'brother.' The recovery of her beauty is a subject for congratulation to her mother and her friends. How does it affect Me?

I had better not think of my hard fate. Can I help thinking of it? Can I dismiss from memory the unmerited misfortunes which have taken from me, in the prime of her charms, the woman whom I love? At least I can try.

The good old moral must be *my* moral:—'Be content with such things as ye have.'

15th March.—It is eight in the morning—and I hardly know how to employ myself. Having finished my coffee, I have just looked again at my diary.

It strikes me that I am falling into a bad habit of writing too much about myself. The custom of keeping a journal certainly has this drawback—it encourages egotism. Well! the remedy is easy. From this date, I lock up my book—only to open it again when some event has happened, which has a claim to be recorded for its own sake. As for myself and my feelings, they have made their last appearance in these pages.

* * * *

7th June.—The occasion for opening my diary once more has presented itself this morning.

News has reached me of Romaine, which is too important to be passed over without notice. He has been appointed one of the Pope's Chamberlains. It is also reported, on good authority, that he will be attached to a Papal embassy, when a vacancy occurs. These honours, present and to come, seem to remove him farther than ever from the possibility of a return to his wife and child.

8th June.—In regard to Romaine, Mrs. Eyrecourt seems to be of my opinion.

Being in Paris to-day, at a morning concert, she there met with her old friend, Doctor Wybrow. The famous

physician is suffering from overwork, and is on his way to Italy for a few months of rest and recreation. They took a drive together, after the performance, in the Bois de Boulogne; and Mrs. Eyrecourt opened her mind to the doctor, as freely as usual, on the subject of Stella and the child. He entirely agreed (speaking in the future interest of the boy) that precious time has been lost in informing Romaine of the birth of an heir; and he has promised, no matter what obstacles may be placed in his way, to make the announcement himself, when he reaches Rome.

9th June.—Madame Raymond has been speaking to me confidentially on a very delicate subject.

I am pleased to discontinue writing about myself. But in these private pages I may note the substance of what my good friend said to me. If I only look back often enough at this little record, I may gather the resolutions to profit by her advice. In brief, these were her words:—

'Stella has spoken to me in confidence, since she met you accidentally in the garden yesterday. She cannot be guilty of the poor affectation of concealing what you have already discovered for yourself. But she prefers to say the words that must be said to you, through me. Her husband's conduct to her is an outrage that she can never forget. She now looks back with sentiments of repulsion which she dare not describe, to that "love at first sight" (as you call it in England), conceived on the day when they first met—and she remembers regretfully that other love, of years since, which was love of steadier and slower growth. To her shame she confesses that she failed to set you the example of duty and self-restraint, when you two were alone. She leaves it to my discretion to tell you that you must see her, for the future, always in the presence of some other person. Make no reference to this when you next meet; and understand that she has only spoken to me

instead of to her mother, because she fears that Mrs. Eyrecourt might use harsh words, and distress you again, as she once distressed you in England. If you will take my advice, you will ask permission to go away again on your travels.'

It matters nothing what I said in reply. Let me only relate that we were interrupted by the appearance of the nursemaid at the 'pavillon' door.

She led the child by the hand. Among his first efforts at speaking, under his mother's instruction, had been the effort to call me Uncle Bernard. He had now got as far as the first syllable of my Christian name; and he had come to me to repeat his lesson. Resting his little hands on my knees, he looked up at me, with his mother's eyes, and said, 'Uncle Ber.' A trifling incident, but, at that moment, it cut me to the heart. I could only take the boy in my arms—and look at Madame Raymond. The good woman felt for me. I saw tears in her eyes.

No! no more writing about myself. I close the book again.

* * * * *

3rd July.—A letter has reached Mrs. Eyrecourt this morning, from Dr. Wybrow. It is dated, 'Castel Gandolfo, near Rome.' Here the Doctor is established during the hot months—and here he has seen Romaine, in attendance on the 'Holy Father,' in the famous summer palace of the Popes. How he obtained the interview Mrs. Eyrecourt is not informed. To a man of his celebrity doors are no doubt opened, which remain closed to persons less widely known.

'I have performed my promise,' he writes, 'and I may say for myself that I spoke with every needful precaution. The result a little startled me. For the moment, I thought Romaine had been seized with a fit of catalepsy. His face, body, and limbs, presented the statue-like rigidity which is characteristic of that form of disease. He moved, however, when I tried to take

his hand to feel his pulse—shrinking back in his chair, and feebly signing to me to leave him. I committed him to the care of his servant. The next day I received a letter from one of his priestly colleagues, informing me that he was slowly recovering after the shock that I had inflicted, and requesting me to hold no further communication with him, either personally or by letter. I wish I could have sent you a more favourable report of my interference in this painful matter. Perhaps you or your daughter may hear from him.'

4th to 9th July.—No letter has been received. Mrs. Eyrecourt is uneasy. Stella on the contrary, seems to be relieved.

10th July.—A letter has arrived from London, addressed to Stella, by Romaine's English lawyers. The income which Mrs. Romaine has refused for herself is to be legally settled on her child. Technical particulars follow, which it is needless to repeat here.

By return of post, Stella has answered the lawyers, declaring that, so long as she lives, and has any influence over her son, he shall not touch the offered income. Mrs. Eyrecourt, Monsieur and Madame Raymond—and even Matilda—entreated her not to send the letter. To my thinking, Stella had acted with becoming spirit. Though Vange Abbey is not entailed, still the estate is morally the boy's birth-right—it is a cruel wrong to offer him anything else.

11th July.—For the second time, I have proposed to leave St. Germain. The presence of the third person, whenever I am in her company, is becoming unendurable to me. She still uses her influence to defer my departure. 'Nobody sympathizes with me,' she said, 'but you.'

I am failing to keep my promise to myself, not to write about myself. But there is some little excuse this time. For the relief of my own conscience, I may surely place it on record, that I have tried to do right. It is not my

fault if I remain at St. Germain, insensible to Madame Raymond's warning.

* * * * *

13th September.—Terrible news from Rome of the Jesuit Mission in Arizona.

The Apache Indians have made a night attack on the mission-house. The building is burnt to the ground; and the missionaries have been massacred—with the exception of two priests, carried away captive. The names of the priests are not known. The news of the atrocity has been delayed four months on its way to Europe, owing partly to the civil war in the United States, and partly to disturbances in Central America.

Looking at *The Times* (which we receive regularly at St. Germain), I found this statement confirmed in a short paragraph—but here also the names of the two prisoners failed to appear.

Our one present hope of getting any further information seems to me to depend on our English newspaper. *The Times* stands alone, as the one public journal which has the whole English nation for volunteer contributors. In their troubles at home, they appeal to the Editor. In their travels abroad, over civilized and savage regions alike, if they meet with an adventure worth mentioning, they tell it to the Editor. If any one of our countrymen knows anything of this dreadful massacre, I foresee with certainty where we shall find the information in print.

Soon after my arrival here, Stella had told me of her memorable conversation with Penrose, in the garden at Ten Acres Lodge. I was well acquainted with the nature of her obligation to the young priest—but I was not prepared for the outburst of grief which escaped her when she read the telegram from Rome. She actually went the length of saying, 'I shall never enjoy another happy moment, till I know whether Penrose is one of the two living priests!'

The inevitable third person with us,

this morning, was Monsieur Raymond. Sitting at the window with a book in his hand—sometimes reading, sometimes looking at the garden with the eye of a fond horticulturist—he discovered a strange cat among his flower beds. Forgetful of every other consideration, the old gentleman hobbled out to drive away the intruder, and left us together.

I spoke to Stella, in words which I would now give everything I possess to recall. A detestable jealousy took possession of me. I meanly hinted that Penrose could claim no great merit for yielding to the entreaties of a beautiful woman who had fascinated him, though he might be afraid to own it. She protested against my unworthy insinuation—but she failed to make me ashamed of myself. Is a woman ever ignorant of the influence which her beauty exercises over a man? I went on, like the miserable creature I was, from bad to worse.

'Excuse me,' I said, 'if I have unintentionally made you angry. I ought to have known that I was treading on delicate ground. Your interest in Penrose may be due to a warmer motive than a sense of obligation.'

She turned away from me—sadly, not angrily—intending, as it appeared, to leave the room in silence. Arrived at the door, she altered her mind, and came back.

'Even if you insult me, Bernard, I am not able to resent it,' she said, very gently. 'I once wronged you—I have no right to complain of your now wronging me. I will try to forget it.'

She held out her hand. She raised her eyes—and looked at me.

It was not her fault; I alone am to blame. In another moment she was in my arms. I held her to my breast—I felt the quick beating of her heart on me—I poured out the wild confession of my sorrow, my shame, my love—I tasted again and again the sweetness of her lips. She put her arms round my neck, and drew her head

back with a long low sigh. 'Be merciful to my weakness,' she whispered. 'We must meet no more.'

She put me back from her, with a trembling hand, and left the room.

I have broken my resolution not to write about myself—but there is no egotism, there is a sincere sense of humiliation in me, when I write this confession of misconduct. I can make but one atonement—I must at once leave St. Germain. Now, when it is too late, I feel how hard for me this life of constant repression has been.

Thus far I had written, when the nursemaid brought me a little note, addressed in pencil. No answer was required.

The few lines were in Stella's handwriting:—'You must not leave us too suddenly, or you may excite my mother's suspicions. Wait until you receive letters from England, and make them the pretext for your departure.—S.'

I never thought of her mother. She is right. Even if she were wrong, I must obey her.

14th September.—The letters from England have arrived. One of them presents me with the necessary excuse for my departure, ready made. My proposal for the purchase of the yacht is accepted. The sailing-master and crew have refused all offers of engagement, and are waiting at Cowes for my orders. Here is an absolute necessity for my return to England.

The newspaper arrived with the letters. My anticipations have been realized. Yesterday's paragraph has produced another volunteer contributor. An Englishman just returned from Central America, after travelling in Arizona, writes to *The Times*. He publishes his name and address—and he declares that he has himself seen the two captive priests.

The name of *The Times* correspondent carries its own guarantee with it. He is no less a person than Mr. Murthwaite—the well-known traveller in India, who discovered the lost diamond

called 'The Moonstone,' set in the forehead of a Hindoo idol. He writes to the editor as follows:—

'Sir,—I can tell you something of the two Jesuit priests, who were the sole survivors of the massacre in the Santa Cruz Valley four months since.

'I was travelling at the time in Arizona, under the protection of an Apache chief, bribed to show me his country and his nation (instead of cutting my throat and tearing off my scalp) by a present tribute of whiskey and gunpowder, and by the promise of more when our association came to an end.

'About twelve miles northward of the little silver mining town of Tubac, we came upon an Apache encampment. I at once discovered two white men among the Indians. These were the captive priests.

'One of them was a Frenchman, named L'Herbier. The other was an Englishman, named Penrose. They owed their lives to the influence of two powerful considerations, among the Indians. Unhappy L'Herbier lost his senses under the horror of the night-massacre. Insanity, as you may have heard, is a sacred thing in the estimation of the American savages; they regard this poor madman as a mysteriously-inspired person. The other priest, Penrose, had been in charge of the mission medicine-chest, and had successfully treated cases of illness among the Apaches. As a "great medicine man," he too is a privileged person—under the strong protection of their interest in their own health. The lives of the prisoners are in no danger, provided they can endure the hardships of their wandering existence among the Indians. Penrose spoke to me with the resignation of a true hero. "I am in the hands of God," he said; "and if I die, I die in God's service."

'I was entirely unprovided with the means of ransoming the missionaries—and nothing that I could say, or that I could promise, had the smallest effect on the savages. But for severe and

tedious illness, I should long since have been on my way back to Arizona with the necessary ransom. As it is, I am barely strong enough to write this letter. But I can head a subscription to pay expenses; and I can give instructions to any person who is willing to attempt the deliverance of the priests.'

So the letter ended.

Before I had read it, I was at a loss to know where to go, or what to do, when I leave St. Germain. I am now at no loss. I have found an object in life, and a means of making atonement to Stella for my own ungracious and unworthy words. Already, I have communicated by telegraph to Mr. Murthwaite, and with my sailing-master. The first is informed that I hope to be with him, in London, to-morrow morning. The second is instructed to have the yacht fitted out immediately for a long voyage. If I can save these men—especially Penrose—I shall not have lived in vain.

London, 15th September.—No. I have resolution enough to go to Arizona, but I have no courage to record the parting scene when it was time to say good-bye.

I had intended to keep the coming enterprise a secret, and only to make the disclosure in writing when the vessel was ready to sail. But, after reading the letter to *The Times*, Stella saw something in my face (as I suppose) that betrayed me. Well, it's over now. As long as I don't think of it, my mind is calm.

Mr. Murthwaite has not only given me valuable instructions—he has provided me with letters of introduction to persons in office, and to the *padres* (or priests) in Mexico, which will be of incalculable use in such an expedition as mine. In the present disturbed condition of the United States, he recommends me to sail for a port on the eastern coast of Mexico, and then to travel northward overland, and make my first inquiries in Arizona at the town of Tubac. Time is of such importance,

in his opinion, that he suggests making inquiries, in London and Liverpool, for a merchant vessel under immediate sailing orders for Vera Cruz or Tampico. The fitting-out of the yacht cannot be accomplished, I find, in less than a fortnight or three weeks. I have have therefore taken Mr. Murthwaite's advice.

16th September.—No favourable answer, so far as the port of London is concerned. Very little commerce with Mexico, and bad harbours in that country, when you do trade. Such is the report.

17th September.—A Mexican brig has been discovered at Liverpool, under orders for Vera Cruz. But the vessel is in debt—and the date of departure depends on expected remittances! In this state of things, I may wait, with my conscience at ease, to sail in comfort on board my own schooner.

18th to 30th September.—I have settled my affairs; I have taken leave of my friends (good Mr. Murthwaite included); I have written cheerfully to Stella; and I sail from Portsmouth to-morrow—well provided with the jars of whiskey and the kegs of gunpowder, which will effect the release of the captives.

It is strange, considering the serious matters I have to think of, but it is also true that I feel out of spirits at the prospect of leaving England without my travelling companion, the dog. I am afraid to take the dear old fellow with me, on such a perilous expedition as mine may be. Stella takes care of him—and, if I don't live to return, she will never part with him, for his master's sake. It implies a childish sort of mind, I suppose—but it is a comfort to me to remember that I have never said a hard word to Traveller, and never lifted my hand on him in anger.

All this about a dog! And not a word about Stella? Not a word. *Those* thoughts are not to be written.

I have reached the last page of my

diary, I shall lock it, and leave it in charge of my bankers, on my way to the Portsmouth train. Shall I ever want a new diary? Superstitious people might associate this coming to the end of the book, with coming to an end of another kind. I have no imagination; and I take my leap in the dark hopefully—with Byron's glorious lines in my mind:

'Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!'

* * * * *

WINTERFIELD'S DIARY CONCLUDED.

An enclosure is inserted in this place, between the leaves of the diary. It consists of two telegrams, despatched respectively on the 1st and 2nd of May, 1864, and expressed as follows:

1. 'From Bernard Winterfield, Portsmouth, England. To Mrs. Romayne, care of M. Raymond, St. Germain, near Paris.—Penrose is safe on board my yacht. His unfortunate companion has died of exhaustion, and he is himself in a feeble state of health. I at once take him with me to London for medical advice. We are eager for news of you. Telegraph to Derwent's Hotel.'

2. 'From Mrs. Eyrecourt, St. Germain. To Bernard Winterfield, Derwent's Hotel, London.—Your telegram received with joy, and sent on to Stella in Paris. All well. But strange events have happened. If you cannot come here at once, go to Lord Loring. He will tell you everything.'

* * * * *

THE DIARY RESUMED.

London, 2nd May, 1864.—Mrs. Eyrecourt's telegram reached me, just after Dr. Wybrow had paid his first professional visit to Penrose, at the hotel. I had hardly time to feel relieved by the opinion of the case which he expressed, before my mind was upset by

Mrs. Eyrecourt. Leaving Penrose under the charge of our excellent landlady, I hurried away to Lord Loring.

It was still early in the day; his lordship was at home. He maddened me with impatience by apologizing at full length for 'the inexcusable manner in which he had misinterpreted my conduct, on the deplorable occasion of the marriage ceremony at Brussels.' I stopped his flow of words (very earnestly spoken, it is only right to add), and entreated him to tell me, in the first place, what Stella was doing in Paris.

'Stella is with her husband,' Lord Loring replied.

My head turned giddy, my heart beat furiously. Lord Loring looked at me—ran to the luncheon table in the next room—and returned with a glass of wine. I really don't know whether I drank the wine or not. I stammered out another enquiry, in one word.

'Reconciled?' I said.

'Yes, Mr. Winterfield—reconciled before he dies.'

We were both silent for awhile.

What was he thinking of? I don't know. What was I thinking of? I daren't write it down.

Lord Loring resumed by expressing some anxiety on the subject of my health. I made the best excuse for myself that I could, and told him of the rescue of Penrose. He had heard of my object in leaving England, and heartily congratulated me. 'This will be welcome news indeed,' he said, 'to Father Benwell.'

Even the name of Father Benwell now excites my distrust. 'Is he in Paris, too?' I inquired.

'He left Paris last night,' Lord Loring answered; 'and he is now in London on important business (as I understand) connected with Romayne's affairs.'

I instantly thought of the boy.

'Is Romayne in possession of his faculties?' I asked.

'In complete possession.'

‘While justice is in his power, has he done justice to his son?’

Lord Loring looked a little confused. ‘I have not heard’—was all he said in reply.

I was far from satisfied. ‘You are one of Romayne’s oldest friends,’ I persisted. ‘Have you not seen him yourself?’

‘I have seen him more than once, but he has never referred to his affairs.’ Having said this he hastily changed the subject. ‘Is there any other information that I can give you?’ he suggested.

I had still to learn under what circumstances Romayne had left Italy for France, and how the event of his illness in Paris had been communicated to his wife. Lord Loring had only to draw on his own recollections to enlighten me.

‘Lady Loring and I passed the last winter in Rome,’ he said. ‘And, there, we saw Romayne. You look surprised. Perhaps you are aware that we had offended him by advice which we thought it our duty to offer to Stella before her marriage?’

I was certainly thinking of what Stella had said of the Loring, on the memorable day when she visited me at the hotel.

‘Romayne would probably have refused to receive us,’ Lord Loring resumed, ‘but for the gratifying circumstance of my having been admitted to an interview with the Pope. The Holy Father spoke of him with most condescending kindness; and, hearing that I had not yet seen him, gave instructions commanding Romayne to present himself. Under these circumstances, it was impossible for him to refuse to receive Lady Loring and myself on a later occasion. I cannot tell you how distressed we were at the sad change for the worse in his personal appearance. The Italian physician, whom he occasionally consulted, told me that there was a weakness in the action of his heart, produced, in the first instance, by excessive study and

the excitement of preaching, and aggravated by the further drain on his strength due to insufficient nourishment. He would eat and drink just enough to keep him alive, and no more; and he persistently refused to try the good influence of rest and change of scene. My wife, at a later interview with him, when they were alone, induced him to throw aside the reserve which he had maintained with me, and discovered another cause for the deterioration in his health. I don’t refer to the return of a nervous misery, from which he has suffered at intervals for years past; I speak of the effect produced on his mind by the announcement—made no doubt with the best intentions by Dr. Wybrow—of the birth of his child. This disclosure (he was entirely ignorant of his wife’s situation when he left her) appears to have affected him far more seriously than the English doctor supposed. Lady Loring was so shocked at what he said to her on the subject, that she has only repeated it to me with a certain reserve. “If I could believe I did wrong,” he said, “in dedicating myself to the service of the Church, after the overthrow of my domestic happiness, I should also believe that the birth of this child was the retributive punishment of my sin, and the warning of my approaching death. I dare not take this view. And yet I have it not in me, after the solemn vows by which I am bound, to place any more consoling interpretation on an event which, as a priest, it disturbs and humiliates me even to think of.” That one revelation of his tone of thought will tell you what is the mental state of this unhappy man. He gave us little encouragement to continue our friendly intercourse with him. It was only when we were thinking of our return to England that we heard of his appointment to the vacant place of first attaché to the embassy of Paris. The Pope’s paternal anxiety, on the subject of Romayne’s health, had chosen this wise and generous method of obliging him to try a salutary change

of air, as well as a relaxation from his incessant employments in Rome. On the occasion of his departure we met again. He looked like a worn-out old man. We could now only remember his double claim on us—as a priest of our religion, and as a once dear friend—and we arranged to travel with him. The weather at the time was mild; our progress was made by easy stages. We left him at Paris, apparently the better for his journey.'

I asked if they had seen Stella on that occasion.

'No,' said Lord Loring. 'We had reason to doubt whether Stella would be pleased to see us, and we felt reluctant to meddle, unasked, with a matter of extreme delicacy. I arranged with the Nuncio (whom I have the honour to know) that we should receive written information of Romaine's state of health; and, on that understanding, we returned to England. A week since, our news from the embassy was so alarming that Lady Loring at once returned to Paris. Her first letter informed me that she had felt it her duty to tell Stella of the critical condition of Romaine's health. She expressed her sense of my wife's kindness most gratefully and feelingly, and at once removed to Paris, to be on the spot if her husband expressed a wish to see her. The two ladies are now staying at the same hotel. I have thus far been detained in London by family affairs. But unless I hear of a change for the better before evening, I follow Lady Loring to Paris by the mail train.'

It was needless to trespass further on Lord Loring's time. I thanked him and returned to Penrose. He was sleeping when I got to the hotel.

On the table in the sitting-room I found a telegram waiting for me. It had been sent by Stella, and it contained these lines:

'I have just returned from his bedside, after telling him of the rescue of Penrose. He desires to see you. There is no positive suffering—he is sinking

under a complete prostration of the forces of life. That is what the doctors tell me. They said, when I spoke of writing to you, "Send a telegram; there is no time to lose."

Towards evening Penrose woke. I showed him the telegram. Throughout our voyage, the prospect of seeing Romaine again had been the uppermost subject in his thoughts. In the extremity of his distress, he declared that he would accompany me to Paris by the night train. Remembering how severely he had felt the fatigue of the short railway journey from Portsmouth, I entreated him to let me go alone. His devotion to Romaine was not to be reasoned with. While we were still vainly trying to convince each other, Doctor Wybrow came in.

To my amazement he sided with Penrose.

'Oh, get up by all means,' he said, 'we will help you to dress.' We took him out of bed and put on his dressing-gown. He thanked us; and saying he would complete his toilette by himself, sat down in a easy chair. In another moment he was asleep again—so soundly asleep that we put him back in his bed without waking him. Dr. Wybrow had foreseen this result: he looked at the poor fellow's pale, peaceful face with a kindly smile.

'There is the treatment,' he said, 'that will set our patient on his legs again. Sleeping, eating, and drinking—let that be his life for some weeks to come; and he will be as good a man as ever. If your homeward journey had been by land, Penrose would have died on the way. I will take care of him while you are in Paris.'

At the station I met Lord Loring. He understood that I too had received bad news, and gave me a place in the coupé carriage which had been reserved for him. We had hardly taken our seats when we saw Father Benwell among the travellers on the platform; accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, who was a stranger to both of us. Lord Loring dislikes strangers. Other-

wise, I might have found myself travelling to Paris with that detestable Jesuit for a companion.

Paris, 3rd May.—On our arrival at the hotel, I was informed that no message had yet been received from the embassy.

We found Lady Loring alone at the breakfast table, when we had rested after our night-journey.

'Romaine still lives,' she said. 'But his voice has sunk to a whisper, and he is unable to breathe if he tries to rest in bed. Stella has gone to the embassy; she hopes to see him to-day for the second time.'

'Only for the second time!' I exclaimed.

'You forget, Mr. Winterfield, that Romaine is a priest. He was only consecrated, on the customary condition of an absolute separation from his wife. On her side—never let her know that I told you this—Stella signed a formal document, sent from Rome, asserting that she consented of her own free will to the separation. She was relieved from the performance of another formality (which I need not mention more particularly) by a special dispensation. Under these circumstances—communicated to me while Stella and I have been together in this house—the wife's presence at the bedside of her dying husband is regarded, by the other priests at the embassy, as a scandal and a profanation. The kind-hearted Nuncio is blamed for having exceeded his powers, in yielding (even under protest) to the last wishes of a dying man. He is now in communication with Rome, waiting for the final instructions which are to guide him.'

'Has Romaine seen his child?' I asked.

'Stella has taken the child with her to-day. It is doubtful in the last degree whether the poor little boy will be allowed to enter his father's room. That complication is even more serious than the other. The dying Romaine persists in his resolution to see the child. So completely has his way of

thinking been altered by the approach of death, and by the closing of the brilliant prospect which was before him, that he even threatens to recant with his last breath, if his wishes are not complied with. How it will end, I cannot even venture to guess.'

'Unless the merciful course taken by the Nuncio is confirmed,' said Lord Loring, 'it may end in a revival of the protest of the Catholic priests in Germany against the prohibition of marriage to the clergy. The movement began in Silesia, in 1826—and was followed by unions (or Leagues, as we should call them now), in Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Rhenish Prussia. Later still, the agitation spread to France and Austria. It was only checked by a papal bull, issued in 1847; reiterating the final decision of the famous Council of Trent, in favour of the celibacy of the priesthood. Few people are aware that this rule has been an institution of slow growth among the clergy of the Church of Rome. Even as late as the twelfth century, there were still priests who set the prohibition of marriage at defiance.'

I listened, as one of the many ignorant persons alluded to by Lord Loring. It was with difficulty that I fixed my attention on what he was saying. My thoughts wandered to Stella and the dying man. I looked at the clock.

Lady Loring evidently shared the feeling of suspense that had got possession of me. She rose, and walked to the window.

'Here is the message!' she said, recognising her travelling-servant, as he entered the hotel door.

The man appeared, with a line written on a card. I was requested to present the card at the embassy, without delay.

4th May.—I am only now able to continue my record to the events of yesterday.

A silent servant received me at the embassy; looking at the card; and led

the way to an upper floor of the house. Arrived at the end of a long passage, he opened a door, and retired.

As I crossed the threshold Stella met me. She took both my hands in hers, and looked at me in silence. All that was true and good and noble, expressed itself in that look.

The interval passed; and she spoke—very sadly, very quietly.

‘One more work of mercy, Bernard, Help him to die with a heart at rest.’

She drew back—and I approached him.

He reclined, propped up with pillows in a large easy chair; it was the one position in which he could still breathe with freedom. The ashy shades of death were on his wasted face. In the eyes alone, as they slowly turned on me, there still glimmered the waning light of life. One of his arms hung down over the chair; the other was clasped around his child, sitting on his knee. The boy looked at me wonderingly, as I stood by his father. Romaine signed to me to stoop so that I might hear him.

‘Penrose?’ he asked, faintly whispering. ‘Dear Arthur! Not dying, like me?’

I quieted *that* anxiety. For a moment there was even the shadow of a smile on his face, as I told him of the effort that Penrose had vainly made to be the companion of my journey. He asked me, by another gesture, to bend my ear to him once more.

‘My last grateful blessing to Penrose. And to you. May I not say it? You have saved Arthur’—his eyes turned towards Stella—‘you have been *her* best friend.’ He paused to recover his feeble breath; looking round the large room, without a creature in it but ourselves. Once more, the melancholy shadow of a smile passed over his face—and vanished. I listened, nearer to him still.

‘Christ took a child on his knee. The priests call themselves ministers of Christ. They have left me, because of *this* child, here on my knee. Wrong,

wrong, wrong. Winterfield, Death is a great teacher. I know how I have erred—what I have lost. Wife and child. How poor and barren all the rest of it looks now.’

He was silent for a while. Was he thinking? No; he seemed to be listening—and yet, there was no sound in the room. Stella, anxiously watching him, saw the listening expression as I did. His face showed anxiety, but no surprise.

‘Does it torture you still?’ she asked

‘No,’ he said; ‘I have never heard it plainly, since I left Rome. It has grown fainter and fainter from that time. It is not a voice now. It is hardly a whisper: my repentance is accepted, my release is coming. Where is Winterfield?’

She pointed to me.

‘I spoke of Rome just now. What did Rome remind me of?’ He slowly recovered the lost recollection. ‘Tell Winterfield,’ he whispered to Stella, ‘what the Nuncio said when he knew that I was going to die. The great man reckoned up the dignities that might have been mine if I had lived. From my place here in the embassy—’

‘Let me say it,’ she gently interposed, ‘and spare your strength for better things. From your place in the embassy, you would have mounted a step higher to the office of Vice-Legate. Those duties wisely performed, another rise to the Auditorship of the Apostolic Chamber. That office filled, a last step upward to the highest rank left the rank of a Prince of the Church.’

‘All vanity!’ said the dying Romaine. He looked at his wife and his child. ‘The true happiness was waiting for me here. And I only know it now. Too late. Too late.’

He laid his head back upon the pillow, and closed his weary eyes. We thought he was composing himself to sleep. Stella tried to relieve him of the boy. ‘No,’ he whispered; ‘I am only resting my eyes to look at

him again.' We waited. The child stared at me, in infantine curiosity. His mother knelt at his side, and whispered in his ear. A bright smile irradiated his face; his clear brown eyes sparkled; he repeated the forgotten lesson of the bye-gone time, and called me once more, 'Uncle Ber.'

Romayne heard it. His heavy eyelids opened again. 'No,' he said. 'Not uncle. Something better and dearer. Stella, give me your hand.'

Still kneeling, she obeyed him. He slowly raised himself in the chair. 'Take her hand,' he said to me. I too knelt. Her hand lay cold in mine. After a long interval, he spoke to me. 'Bernard Winterfield,' he said, 'love them, and help them, when I am gone.' He laid his weak hand on our hands, clasped together. 'May God protect you! may God bless you!' he murmured. 'Kiss me, Stella.'

I remember no more. As a man, I ought to have set a better example; I ought to have preserved my self-control. It was not to be done. I turned away from them—and burst out crying.

The minutes passed. Many minutes or few minutes, I don't know which.

A soft knock at the door roused me. I dashed away the useless tears. Stella had retired to the farther end of the room. She was sitting by the fire-side, with the child in her arms. I withdrew to the same part of the room, keeping far enough away not to disturb them.

Two strangers came in, and placed themselves on either side of Romayne's chair. He seemed to recognise them unwillingly. From the manner in which they examined him, I inferred they were medical men. After a consultation in low tones, one of them went out.

He returned again almost immediately; followed by the grey-headed gentleman whom I had noticed on the journey to Paris—and by Father Benwell.

The Jesuit's vigilant eyes discovered us instantly, in our place near the fire-side. I thought I saw suspicion as well as surprise in his face. But he recovered himself so rapidly, that I could not feel sure. He bowed to Stella. She made no return; she looked as if she had not even seen him.

One of the doctors was an Englishman. He said to Father Benwell, 'Whatever your business may be with Mr. Romayne, we advise you to enter on it without delay. Shall we leave the room?'

'Certainly not,' Father Benwell answered. 'The more witnesses are present, the more relieved I shall feel.' He turned to his travelling companion. 'Let Mr. Romayne's lawyer,' he resumed, 'state what our business is.'

The grey-headed gentleman stepped forward.

'Are you able to attend to me, sir?' he asked.

Romayne reclining in his chair, apparently lost to all interest in what was going on, heard and answered. The weak tones of his voice failed to reach my ear at the other end of the room. The lawyer, seeming to be satisfied so far, put a formal question to the doctors next. He inquired if Mr. Romayne was in full possession of his faculties.

Both physicians answered without hesitation in the affirmative. Father Benwell added *his* attestation. 'Throughout Mr. Romayne's illness,' he said firmly, 'his mind has been as clear as mine is.'

While this was going on, the child had slipped off his mother's lap, with the natural restlessness of his age. He walked to the fireplace, and stopped—fascinated by the bright red glow of the embers of burning wood. In one corner of the low fender, lay a loose little bundle of sticks; left there in case the fire might need re-lighting. The boy, noticing the bundle, took out one of the sticks, and threw it experimentally into the grate. The flash of flame, as the stick caught fire, delight-

ed him. He went on burning stick after stick. The new game kept him quiet; his mother was content to be on the watch, to see that no harm was done.

In the meantime, the lawyer briefly stated the case.

'You remember Mr. Romayne, that your will was placed for safe keeping in our office,' he began. 'Father Benwell called upon us, and presented an order, signed by yourself, authorising him to convey the will from London to Paris. The object was to obtain your signature to a codicil, which had been considered a necessary addition to secure the validity of the will.—Are you favouring me with your attention, sir?'

Romayne answered by a slight bending of his head. His eyes were fixed on the boy—still absorbed in throwing his sticks, one by one into the fire.

'At the time when your will was executed,' the lawyer went on, 'Father Benwell obtained your permission to take a copy of it. Hearing of your illness, he submitted the copy to a high legal authority. The written opinion of this competent person declares the clause, bequeathing the Vange estate to the Roman Church, to be so imperfectly expressed that the will might be made a subject of litigation after the testator's death. He has accordingly appended a form of codicil amending the defect; and we have added it to the will. I thought it my duty, as one of your legal advisers, to accompany Father Benwell on his return to Paris in charge of the will—in case you might feel disposed to make any alteration.' He looked towards Stella and the child, as he completed that sentence. Father Benwell's keen eyes took the same direction. 'Shall I read the will, sir?' the lawyer resumed; 'or would you prefer to look at it yourself?'

Romayne held out his hand for the will, in silence. He was still watching his son. There were but few more

sticks now left to be thrown into the fire.

Father Benwell interfered for the first time.

'One word, Mr. Romayne, before you examine that document,' he said. 'The Church receives back from you the property which was once its own. Beyond that, it authorizes and even desires you (by my voice) to make any changes which you or your trusted legal adviser may think right. I refer to the clauses of the will which relate to the property you have inherited from the late Lady Berrick—and I beg the persons present to bear in memory the few plain words that I have now spoken.'

He bowed with dignity and drew back. Even the lawyer was favourably impressed. The doctors looked at each other with silent approval. For the first time, the sad repose of Stella's face was disturbed—I could see that it cost her an effort to repress her indignation. The one unmoved person was Romayne. The sheet of paper on which the will was written lay unregarded upon his lap; his eyes were still riveted on the little figure at the fireplace.

The child had thrown his last stick into the glowing red embers. He looked about him for a fresh supply, and found nothing. His fresh young voice rose high through the silence in the room.

'More!' he cried. 'More!'

His mother held up a warning finger. 'Hush!' she whispered. He shrank away from her, as she tried to take him on her knee, and looked across the room at his father. 'More!' he burst out, louder than ever.

Romayne beckoned to me, and pointed to the boy.

I led him across the room. He was quite willing to go with me—he reiterated his petition, standing at his father's knees.

'Lift him to me,' said Romayne.

I could barely hear the words; even his strength to whisper seemed to be

fast leaving him. He kissed his son—with a panting fatigue under that trifling exertion, pitiable to see. As I placed the boy on his feet again, he looked up at his dying father, with the one idea still in his mind.

‘More, papa! More!’

Romayne put the will into his hand. The child’s eyes sparkled. ‘Burn?’ he asked eagerly.

‘Yes!’

Father Benwell sprang forward with outstretched hands. I stopped him. He struggled with me. I forgot the privilege of the black robe. I took him by the throat.

The boy threw the will into the fire. ‘Oh!’ he shouted, in high delight, and clapped his chubby hands as the bright little blaze flew up the chimney. I released the priest.

In a frenzy of rage and despair, he looked round at the persons in the room. ‘I take you all to witness,’ he cried, ‘this is an act of madness!’

‘You yourself declared just now,’ said the lawyer, ‘that Mr. Romayne was in perfect possession of his faculties.’

The baffled Jesuit turned furiously on the dying man. They looked at each other.

For one awful moment Romayne’s eyes brightened, Romayne’s voice rallied its power, as if life was returning to him. Frowning darkly, the priest put his question.

‘What did you do it for?’

Quietly and firmly the answer came.

‘Wife and child.’

The last long-drawn sigh rose and fell. With those sacred words on his lips, Romayne died.

* * * * *

London, 6th May.—At Stella’s request, I have returned to Penrose—with but one fellow-traveller. My dear old companion, the dog, is coiled up, fast asleep at my feet, while I write these lines. Penrose has gained strength enough to keep me company in the sitting-room. In a few days more he will see Stella again.

What instructions reached the embassy from Rome—whether Romayne received the last sacrament at the earlier period of his illness—we never heard. No objection was made, when Lord Loring proposed to remove the body to England, to be buried in the family vault at Vange Abbey.

I had undertaken to give the necessary directions for the funeral, on my arrival in London. Returning to the hotel, I met Father Benwell in the street. I tried to pass on. He deliberately stopped me.

‘How is Mrs. Romayne?’ he asked—with that infernal suavity which he seems always to have at command. ‘Fairly well, I hope? And the boy? Ah, he little thought how he was changing his prospects for the better, when he made that blaze in the fire! Pardon me, Mr. Winterfield, you don’t seem to be quite so cordial as usual. Perhaps you are thinking of your inconsiderate assault on my throat? Let us forgive and forget. Or, perhaps, you object to my having converted poor Romayne, and to my being ready to accept from him the restoration of the property of the Church. In both cases, I only did my duty as a priest. You are a liberal-minded man. Surely I deserve a favourable construction of my conduct?’

I really could not endure this. ‘I have my own opinion of what you deserve,’ I answered. ‘Don’t provoke me to mention it.’

He eyed me with a sinister smile.

‘I am not so old as I look,’ he said; ‘I may live another twenty years!’

‘Well?’ I asked.

‘Well,’ he answered, ‘much may happen in twenty years.’

With that, he left me. If he means any further mischief, I can tell him this—he will find Me in his way.

To turn to a more pleasant subject. Reflecting on all that had passed at my memorable interview with Romayne, I felt some surprise that one of the persons present had made no effort to prevent the burning of the

will. It was not to be expected of Stella—or of the doctors, who had no interest in the matter—but I was unable to understand the passive position maintained by the lawyer. He enlightened my ignorance in two words.

‘The Vange property and the Berwick property were both absolutely at the disposal of Mr. Romaine,’ he said. ‘If he died without leaving a will, he knew enough of the law to foresee that houses, lands, and money would go to his “nearest of kin.” In plainer words, his widow and his son.’

When Penrose can travel, he accompanies me to Beupark. Stella and her little son and Mrs. Eyrecourt will be the only other guests in my house.

Time must pass, and the boy will be older, before I may remind Stella of Romaine's last wishes, on that sad morning when we two knelt on either side of him. In the meanwhile, it is almost happiness enough for me to look forward to the day —

NOTE.—The next leaf of the Diary is missing. By some accident, a manuscript page has got into its place, bearing a later date, and containing elaborate instructions for executing a design for a wedding dress. The hand-writing has since been acknowledged as her own, by no less a person than—Mrs. Eyrecourt.

THE END.

SLUMBER SONG.

(From the German of Rückert.)

BY G. L. M.

REST my heart in happy sleep ;
 Weary flowers their eyelids steep
 In the sweet refreshing dew,
 Which the night brings ever new.

Rest my heart in happy sleep ;
 All things now a Sabbath keep
 But the moon, in glorious might,
 God's own eye, keeps watch this night.

Rest my heart in happy sleep ;
 Far from thee may bad dreams keep ;
 Faith in God thy strength shall be ;
 Blessed Hope shall smile on thee.

Rest my heart in happy sleep ;
 If this night, in slumbers deep,
 Death should call, beyond the skies
 Joyful thou wilt ope thine eyes.

A REVIEW OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN CANADA.

FROM A CANADIAN STAND-POINT.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS.

THERE are in Canada two political parties. These parties are kept divided not by principles but by tendencies and love of office. These tendencies had their origin many years ago, and are the legacies Canada inherited from the American Revolution. The political questions which she also inherited have been settled long ago ; but the sentiments derived from them remain, and are now arriving at a culminating point. These under-currents of political feeling have met with a slight obstacle lately, not calculated on—Canadianism. Canadians born long after the fight for Responsible Government was fought and won, have not much sympathy with either party—mere discipline alone keeps them in the lines. Even party discipline has been disregarded long ago by thousands, and these occupy a neutral stand-point, taking no part in politics, but watching and waiting for the issues which are naturally being formed by the progress of the community and the ebb and flow of public opinion. There is no doubt that there are, to day, thousands of young Canadians eagerly and earnestly waiting for the time when the old political issues, and the men who were engaged in them, are forgotten sufficiently to give a hope that their assistance will aid, at least, in the formation and the bringing before the public of those issues which are to occupy the attention of every lover of his country in the future. A review, therefore, of the po-

sition of the present political parties, must be of interest to all those young men just entering life, who are anxious to do the best they can for their country, but are at a loss to know which party will give most hope and encouragement for the future, and the best scope for individual effort.

The first thing that strikes the ordinary observer is, that the programme of the Conservative party is finished. After Responsible Government was conceded, the tendency toward Britain and British Institutions was the one upon which that party was founded. Anything that tended to sap the connection which existed between the two countries was violently opposed, and they submitted to the most galling Downing Street slavery with seeming pleasure and satisfaction. The unwillingness of Downing Street to defray the expenses of a standing British army in Canada, and the Fenian raid of 1866, induced them to assist ardently in the work of Confederation. Better Confederation, although it might prove the foundation of Independence, than the risk of Annexation, which would have been sure to happen if the Provinces were allowed to remain separate. It was also hoped that a single rope mooring the whole group of North American Colonies to England, would be much better than a strand holding each. Confederation lessened the work in Downing Street. One chief clerk there can govern Canada now ; whereas before Con-

federation it took at least four or five. The real Tory never imagined that Confederation was anything but a measure for the convenience of England. The Tory House of Commons in Canada ratified, almost unanimously, the Washington Treaty, and submitted without a murmur to the veto of Downing Street on the Canadian law reducing the Governor General's salary to \$32,000. The Washington Treaty showed the convenience to England of Confederation. The farce of Canadian representation in the making of that treaty was to be enacted; Sir John A. Macdonald had been approached before he was appointed on the Commission. It is possible that he had the promise of his K. C. B. ship in his pocket before he left Canada. The people were not so tractable as he supposed. The Pacific Scandal would never have occurred, were it not that the money was required to overcome the wrath of the people at being so egregiously sold as they were by the Washington Treaty. The Tory party were prepared to sell the whole country if England desired it.

The next thing of importance to be attributed to that party is the National Policy. Fatuous dread of the United States and a desire for office are the motives which led to this policy being adopted. Sir John A. Macdonald never anticipated the success at the polls which occurred. With his usual cynicism he placed his reliance on the differences and jealousies of the people of the different nationalities. The National Policy—a term invented by Sir Alexander Galt some years ago—was the last thing he thought of; but pocket and patriotism combined made it the winning card. It is successful yet, and will be maintained. It has answered the purpose of a revenue tariff, met the deficiency, and has given protection and encouragement to native industries. The industries and manufactures founded on the faith of the National Policy being permanent will be the

means of preserving it in the future. It is to be, no doubt, the great lever in severing the connection between England and Canada. It acts both ways; it gives Canada more interest in itself, and gives England less interest in Canada. When the connection comes to be a mere matter of sentiment, Manchester will drop Canada at a moment's warning, especially if by so doing it could get the Americans friendly enough to reduce their tariff to the level of the Canadian, and then abolish the Custom-houses between Canada and the States. It can scarcely be imagined that the Tories expected the National Policy to succeed so well. There never was a measure, since Responsible Government was granted, so beneficial to the country. A few years ago you could not insult a Conservative more readily than by proposing to tax English goods. It was only when Sir Alexander Galt threatened to throw up his office of Finance Minister, in 1859, that the English Government could be prevailed upon to grant us the right to tax her goods; and for England to be against such right was all that was necessary to induce Canadian Tories to violently oppose it. The previous character of Sir John A. Macdonald, if it be considered well, leads any one to think that the good of Canada was not the object of the National Policy. Only a few months previous to its being announced as the policy of the party, he (Sir John) was denouncing the clause in the Supreme Court Act, forbidding an appeal to England, and prophesying that it would be disallowed there, and intimating that when he got into power he would repeal it. The success attending the National Policy and the patriotism it has evoked have, no doubt, deterred him so far from attempting such a retrograde measure. A commission is to be issued, however, to examine into the procedure of the Supreme Court, and it is probable that, in the measure promised next Session, we

shall find a clause putting his threat into effect, driving Canadians to seek justice, at immense expense, three thousand miles away, when the same could be more likely found at home at a third of the outlay.

It is not denied that the Pacific Railway has been instigated by the Imperial Government. Every plan which promises to give a route to India is eagerly advocated by the British authorities. It is a constant source of irritation to Englishmen to have to travel over the American Union Pacific; and it is rather amusing to hear these people talk about the time when they will have an all-way route through 'our own territory at the expense of these Canadians.' The fact that the Canadian road will give a route to India, is taken by some as an indication that its construction will surely lead to the erection of a great aristocratic empire in North America, with possibly a crowned king at Ottawa—the most manifest delusion. There may not be a crowned king in Britain itself twenty years hence. The French Republic is silently honey-combing all the monarchies in Europe. There are three great questions in the near future in England, the settlement of which is going to decide the fate of that country. These are the extension of household suffrage to the counties; the settlement of the land question; and universal suffrage. When the latter comes, as come it will, the monarchy will not last long. The air of North America is not good for monarchs; it does not agree with them; witness Iturbide and Maximilian. A King of Canada would be sure to share the same fate, and no true Canadian would regret it. Absolute monarchies in some parts of the world may yet be necessities; but the days of figure-heads are over. Figure-heads and mayors of the palace are incompatible now, more than ever they were. The idea of a monarchy existing alongside of a Republic of seventy or eighty millions of democrats for any length of time,

could only originate in the mind of a visionary.

The fact is, the National Policy and the Canadian Pacific Railroad are the corollaries of Confederation. They flow from it as naturally as the conclusion from the premise; and it is matter for the greatest surprise to Canadians, how it is that any party can be found to oppose them. The latter involves the expenditure of at least fifteen millions of dollars in Ontario alone, by the construction of the road north of Lake Superior. But it is said this portion of the road will not be built. The Syndicate will eventually join with the party that is opposed to building it and oust the Conservatives, and so avoid its construction. It has to be commenced, however, this year. There is one thing which seems to be forgotten, and that is, that the whole matter is in the hands of the Canadian people. Every dollar, every car, every mile of railway built, is a guarantee for the completion of the whole according to the contract. If it be not built, we have the remedy in our own hands, and we can issue execution when we please. The Canadian Pacific is the one thing absolutely necessary to give Canada an existence as a nation. If we were annexed to the United States to-morrow, it would be a benefit. It will open up vast regions to settlement, which would otherwise remain a wilderness, and which would be utterly useless without being opened up. North of Lake Superior, there may be as rich a mining region as there is to the south of it, and the building of this portion of it, will be sure eventually to give Ontario a sea-port at Moose factory on Hudson Bay.

Now can the Conservatives of Canada do anything more towards advancing us to our natural position—that of an independent nation? It would seem not. Already the ultra-Tories are grumbling at what has been done. The connexion with the mother-land must be preserved, even if it cost a civil war.

Manifestations are not wanting of the discontent. An ultra-Protestant Society has been formed, and the Orange body true to its oaths will permit no further advance. It is possible that, on the death of the master-hand, there will be a separation in the Conservative ranks; the Orangemen keeping to themselves and forming the Tory party, and the moderate section drifting off and joining a National party, if such a thing be in existence; or if not, then forming a National party themselves. No one can help coming to the conclusion that we have received from the Conservative party all we could expect from it, and more. Like its chief, it is drawing to the close of its existence, having performed its mission and accomplished its purpose. We cannot expect more from men than what their surroundings give them. It would be hopeless to expect Canadian independence from men nursed with the loyalty which fought against all the reforms of the last thirty years.

In approaching the review of the Reform Party, there are none of the difficulties in accounting for its action which are to be found in the record of the Conservatives. It has been under the control of a man, during the last twenty years, who was entirely out of the current of Canadian opinion and Canadian life. Its success in 1874 was not on account of its merits, but on account of the faults of its opponents. The Pacific Scandal put it into office, and being unable to estimate the drift of Canadian public opinion, and utterly regardless of that opinion in the few instances in which it could, was the cause of its losing power. Like Louis XIV., George Brown might have said, 'I am the Reform Party,' from the break-up of the Hincks Government till he died. Deriving the confidence of a dictator from the successful manner in which he forced Confederation on Ontario, with only one Local House, without

consulting the people or holding one meeting, he thought he could act in the same manner in regard to the tariff. The result showed what a change Confederation had effected in the minds of the people. It is an evil thing for a party for its leader to be a foreigner, and its chief organ owned in a foreign country. The first evil has been removed by an accident, the latter still remains. A native leader has only to consult his own feelings, in regard to many questions, in order to understand those of a great number of his fellow citizens. The Reform Party have now such a leader, but he is timid. It may be possible that this timidity arises from his want of confidence in his followers sharing his opinions. Hitherto, Mr. Blake has not shewn that strength of character so necessary in a leader. It is possible that it might be the knowledge that the moment he ordered his party to advance a superior power might order it to retire, and that it would obey the latter. Even yet he cannot be said to be free from outside influence. Mr. Gordon Brown, a Tory, controls the *Globe*, and he it is who is said to be responsible for all its worst faults in the past. No one admires him, and he has few friends. Narrow, vindictive and intolerant, the thought that such a man was waiting and watching, with club uplifted, would unnerve the arm of any leader. There is not much hope for the free action of any Reform leader so long as Gordon Brown controls the *Globe*. The influence of this paper is declining visibly, but still its power for harm is immense. It may keep the Reform Party out of power for the next twenty years, as it has done heretofore. Signs are not wanting, however, that it will soon come under different management than the present. It is to be hoped that Mr. Blake now feels strong enough to disregard its influence, and to persevere in the path lately marked out at Montreal. Any opposition to him now must recoil on the *Globe* it-

self, in loss of influence and subscribers. The leader may be all that is desired, but even then the material of which his party is composed may not be what is required.

The Reform Party is made up of two classes—fossilized Tories and men of American proclivities. The first class is represented by Mr. Mowat and Mr. Gordon Brown, the latter by Mr. Mills. The days of the former have passed away never to return, but the latter are to be feared. For a short time yet, the first may vex the Liberal Party, but the death of George Brown practically ended Liberal Toryism. The *Globe* must eventually come into line with the party leaders. It now advocates the abolition of the Senate, and it is only the first step that costs. By-and-bye, it will advocate the entire ticket; consequently, there is nothing to dread in this old remnant of Toryism, which, under the name of Reform, has been the bane of the Liberal Party for many years. The class among the Liberal Party that will be the most dangerous to its usefulness consist of the men whose secretly favour annexation, but have not the moral courage openly to advocate that measure. There is no reason why any man should be muzzled. This is a free country. We are British subjects or we are not. If we are, we ought to be entitled to the same rights as British subjects in England. Every British subject has the right to abuse the Government to his heart's content, and to advocate any change the country requires. A large number use this right unsparingly. Sir Charles Dilke, before he took office, advocated Republicanism; Mr. Chamberlain, also, makes no secret of his preference for that form of government. Then why should Canadians abstain from discussing the benefits they think Canada would derive from union with the United States? There is no reason; but very strong ones might be advanced for the fullest discussion. Colonialism has taken the manhood out

of the people, and made men cautious. Here is a man who, educated in Ann Arbor, has come back to Canada full of admiration for American institutions, and thinks Annexation is the best future for the country, but has only the courage to talk about Commercial Union. It is true Mr. Mills' manner is not taking. Speeches of four hours' duration on the stump would disgust most people with the subject. But no matter how beneficial Annexation might be, these men are taking the wrong way to get it. It is useless to tell a man bound hand and foot to get up and walk. The first thing to be done is to give him freedom; there is then a chance of inducing him to walk in any direction. Texas was free for ten years before annexation took place. The present writer has elsewhere discussed the merits of the Annexation question, and wishes here only to point out how absurd it is to advocate such a measure so long as Canada is a colony. First give us freedom, and then we can do as we like. For years, however, there has been a number of men in the Liberal Party secretly inclined to this measure, who will not listen to anything else, and they are very much like the man who tied his horse's legs and then beat it for not travelling. These men are but losing their time. They are doing no good to Canada. They are out of court till independence be obtained, and are at present delaying the success of the national cause. In Quebec, the Liberal Party are more the National Party. They were the National Party, and Protection was the chief plank in their political platform, before they joined the Grits. This protection is acquiesced in by the majority of the Liberal Party in Ontario to-day. It has done more for the commercial independence of Canada than any measure since Responsible Government; it has raised the revenue so as to enable us to meet the demands of the country, and its tendency is to give us self-reliance and a national spirit.

Then why should not the Liberal Party leave it alone, and why, also, should not the men of American proclivities leave it alone, as it surely helps towards their aim if they only take the right way to attain it.

To a large number it has always been a mystery how Mr. Blake could oppose the National Policy. He was the means of making it possible. One of the chief feathers in his cap is the change in the Imperial instructions to the Governor General. Without such change, a National Policy could not have been had. Mr. Blake is more responsible for the National Policy than any one. He is really the father of that, and of the Canadian Supreme Court, for it was only by his exertions that either of them became possible. Again, why should the Syndicate question still be dragged before the public? It has been approved by the people, by the largest majority of their representatives that ever was known. Events move fast in these times. As the Syndicate question swallowed up the National Policy, and obliterated it for the time from the minds of the people, so will some other question in a short time blot out the Syndicate. At the next election one might as well oppose the Intercolonial Railway as the Canadian Pacific. The one is just as necessary as the other, and whether Canada is fated to be a part of the American Union or not, the building of this railway by opening up lands for settlement would be a benefit to humanity.

In the course of action of the Liberal Party during the five years it held office there is nothing to boast of, with the exception of the two things specially attributable to Mr. Blake—the Supreme Court Act and the change in the Instructions. Indeed, it would not be difficult to find things which any one not prejudiced and blinded by party zeal must condemn. Letellier's infamous attack on the Constitution was not only condoned but supported by the Liberal Party. Fortunately for

his reputation, Mr. Blake abstained from voting when the question came up in the House of Commons. It is said there are precedents for Letellier's action. No doubt there are. One need not go very far back to find precedents for dispensing not only with the advice of individual Ministers, but with the Cabinet altogether. If it were to get rid of this blot alone, the Reform party ought to change its name. It stooped to the lowest depths of political vileness at the bidding of a tyrant and a demagogue. But the past is gone for ever. The history of a colony cannot be anything but contemptible. Who looks at the colonial history of the United States? No one. Would that the present generation of Canadians could have the faintest idea how they and their doings will be despised by our countrymen in a generation or two hence.

Now what is the prospect for the success of the Liberal party at the next elections? It is at present very doubtful. The people will not tolerate disturbing either the National Policy or the Syndicate contract. These things must be left alone. The people may sometime believe in a change, but surely no one can expect the Canadians who were working for years for commercial freedom for their country, such as the *Parti National* of Quebec, and thousands of their compatriots in Ontario — before the Conservatives adopted it—will ever care to form a party that wishes to abolish the National Policy. There are other things more necessary. The National Policy and the Syndicate do not make Canadians feel 'uncomfortable.' They do not make us feel the clank of the fetters on our ankles every step we take. We are now nothing but Colonists, a political grade just above that of the coolie. Let us get rid of this loathsome, this offensive name. It is said that we do not feel our chains; so much the worse. Neither did the negroes of the Southern States before the proclama-

tion of freedom. To remove this stigma of *Colonist*, the first thing necessary is the Prince Edward Island suffrage. It is to be hoped we shall not have to wait until they get it in England: copying English Acts of Parliament is the fit occupation of colonists. Let us now attempt something for ourselves. The ballot was lost to us for years, although in use next door, because England did not adopt it. The property qualification is the last remnant of the feudal system left remaining in Ontario, and was the fit companion of the rotten boroughs in England. When these boroughs were in existence, it was not unusual to see six electors, and in one case one elector, returning members of Parliament. The boroughs being abolished, so should the system of voting which supported them. That there are a larger number of voters now has nothing to do with it, the principle is the same. Every taxpayer should vote, and every consumer is a taxpayer. If men are wanted to fight for and protect the country, they are not asked if they own property. Moreover, farmers' sons have the franchise. Why should not mechanics' sons, merchants' sons, and the sons of professional men, have it; *prima facie*, they are more intelligent; as living in towns they have more educational facilities. Apart from the merits of the question, we are bound to give the franchise to our young men. They can get it in the neighbouring States, and unless they obtain it at home, they will go where it is to be had.

In this question, and indeed in all others, we have more to expect from

Mr. Blake and the Liberal party, now that George Brown is gone, than from the Conservatives. It is true Mr. Blake talks of Imperial Federation; but it cannot be possible that he can continue to advocate that impracticable step. Independence is practicable, as we have only to consult ourselves. Annexation is possible, as we have only to consult ourselves, the Americans and England; but in Imperial Federation, we have not only to convert England, but half-a-dozen other countries, in one of which, South Africa, local Confederation has been a complete failure, and in the others, local Confederation has not been begun. The probability of England's conversion to Imperial Federation can be judged from the fact that Mr. McIvor's motion for reciprocal tariffs only received six votes in an ultra-Tory House of Commons, presided over by the great Imperialist, Disraeli.

No, it is impossible that Mr. Blake can continue to advocate this measure. He sounded the true note at Montreal. Canadians were 'not the subjects of the Queen, but the subjects of subjects'—in a word, Colonists. This position, he said, made him feel uncomfortable. Revivalists tell us that the first step towards conversion, is to be able to realize one's condition. Mr. Blake is in a fair way now. He feels the ball and chain on his leg like thousands of other Canadians, and if he only will make one grand effort to remove it, he will surely be assisted by the strenuous exertions of every true and genuine Canadian.

MORNING.

BY J. A. RITCHIE, PORT HOPE.

DARK is the night, but soon
 A few grey streaks
 Across the eastern sky
 Proclaim the morn ;
 The cloud-like vapour,
 O'er the river, breaks
 In fleecy fragments and
 Aloft is borne.

And soon, the brighter
 Rays of Phœbus' car
 Illume the earth, and drive
 Dull night away.
 His golden beams come,
 Shining from afar,
 To usher in the dawning
 Of the day.

And twittering birds, among
 The leafy boughs,
 Shake from their wings
 The drops of crystal dew ;
 And, breaking forth in
 Song, as if to rouse
 The sons of men, these
 Glories thus to view.

Oh ! morn of life, how sweet
 To all you seem :
 When Youth with sunny eyes
 Thinks nothing ill,
 How soon you pass away ;
 And, like a dream,
 Life's little day flits by,
 And all is still.

THE NORTH LAND.

BY SYDNEY REID, TORONTO

FAR away from the busy cities of Southern Ontario, lies a land comparatively unknown to the majority of Canadians, and yet one which, to judge from present appearances, will shortly play a foremost part in the affairs of the Dominion—Algoma.

The boats from Collingwood ply between all points of importance on the north shore of Manitoulin Island and the mainland; while those from Sarnia visit the villages of the south shore.

The scenery along the former route is, perhaps, among the most wildly beautiful to be found in the Dominion, and the pure bracing air of the watery wilderness is another incitement to the numerous tourists who now flock to that region from all parts of Ontario and the United States.

These casual travellers, however, carry back with them a very wrong impression of the country they have passed through. All that they witness on the voyage is deep-blue, unfathomable water—darkening threateningly with the storm, or glistening and smiling in the sunshine—islands, islands, everywhere, of all shapes, all sizes, rising high up with cruel-looking, bare, jagged rocks, or nestling confidingly on the bosom of the lake, perfect gardens of wild flowers and berries—to the lovers of the picturesque a paradise; but, to the agricultural land-hunter, a very doubtful acquisition.

The only point of the voyage where signs of agriculture are visible, is when the Sault Ste. Marie river is en-

tered; there the vivid green of the vegetation on the bank affords a pleasing contrast to the rock and pine prevailing on the lake coast; fishing and lumbering are the chief industries visible.

The tourist sees but one side of the picture; there is another. Manitoulin Island itself has now ten thousand inhabitants, mostly farmers; the rocky belt visible along the shore does not extend further than one hundred feet inland. So also is there plenty of good timber; although withered and stunted pine trees alone are to be seen from the deck of the steamer.

On the mainland, though the rocky belt is in some parts, notably in the case of La Cloche Mountains, miles in breadth; still this is not at all usual. At other points—Spanish River and Thessalon River, for instance—it is altogether absent.

If the Crown Lands maps of that locality, which show the quality of the land and the kinds of timber growing on it, be consulted, it will be found that the predominating soil is sandy loam, with occasional patches of rich alluvial mould and much good rolling land. The timber, as noted there, consists, in the eastern portion, of spruce, birch, tamarak and poplar; with considerable maple and a little cedar. Further west, it merges more into pine forests; but, on approaching the Sault, the maple again takes a leading place.

This is the land through which the proposed Sault Branch of the Pacific Railway will run. Surely a goodly

country and great in possibilities. Here and there the map spoken of above shows 'Quartz Ridges,' or 'a copper vein.' But, as has been said, except on the coast, there is only a small percentage of stony land.

It is the repellent aspect of the portion seen from the steamer, combined with its reputation for late frosts, which has kept Algoma so long in the background. With all its real wealth in minerals, and, in most parts, its fertile soil, it is comparatively standing still. The population of the eastern portion (from the Sault to the mouth of French River) is only twenty thousand, at the highest estimate, including half-breeds and Indians. This number, although double what it was five years ago, is still very meagre, considering its size and its proximity to the older settled portion of the country.

All that has yet been done in regard to herding, farming and mining may be said to have been merely experimental, and by it the probable future of the district may be guessed. Such of the farmers as have used diligence and thrift have found themselves well able to hold their own, and, agriculturally, the majority of them pronounce Algoma to be a land of fair promise. Some there are, however, who declare that the soil and climate are unfavourable to the growth of wheat; others, again, affirm the contrary, and say that these conditions are quite as favourable as in any part of South-Eastern Ontario. Perhaps the truth lies between the two statements. That wheat grows well there, the following well-attested incident will be sufficient to prove:—

When St. Joseph Island was first settled, in 1878, the incomers, through some mismanagement, neglected to lay in a sufficient quantity of provisions to last them through the succeeding winter, and, as a consequence, were nearly reduced to starvation. Government assistance was procured,

and also enough grain for seed. The writer passed over the island in the fall of 1879, and the grain-fields there, on the newly cleared land, were among the best he had ever seen. The settlers not only had abundance for their own use, but were also able to sell a considerable quantity.

Good land on the projected line of the Railroad is still to be had at 20 cents per acre.

As far as the much misrepresented climate is concerned, it is now allowed by all acquainted with the subject that the winter is less severe than that of Manitoba. The mean temperature—according to observations made at the military post of Fort Brady, on the American side of Sault Ste. Marie—is $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit. The thermometer has, indeed, been known to go as low as 36 and even 40 degrees below zero; but this is only in very rare instances. The winter is much the same as in other parts of Ontario, though, perhaps, more steadily cold. The snow-fall averages two and a half feet on the level.

Besides its less severe winter, Algoma possesses two other great advantages over Manitoba—plenty of wood and water, both of the best kind.

But if the testimony of far-seeing and experienced men, who are acquainted with the subject, be taken for fact, it is not as an agricultural country so much as a stock-raising one that Algoma will be most successful. Whatever doubt there can be about her capacity for producing good wheat, there is none whatever concerning her grass and root crops. Her nearer position to the English markets will surely tell well in her favour against the difficulties of clearing the new land, when a comparison is made between her and the Prairie Province by the Canadian farmer. The Sault branch, with the heavy traffic over it that its connection with the North-western states promises, will be able to carry the live-stock so produced at reasonable figures. The freight

from the Sault to the sea should not be more than half as much as from Manitoba.

The mineral resources of the country, though little explored, are known to be very extensive. Mining, however, has never been prosecuted with sufficient vigour, partly from lack of capital, and partly from the owners holding back for exorbitant prices for claims, which they themselves were unable to work to yield any great returns. The latest 'finds' have been silver, lead, and iron. Several silver mines are being worked this winter on the mineral ridge in the neighbourhood of Garden River. The proprietors, who are Americans, profess themselves well satisfied with the results obtained.

These workings, however, are so recent that they must be regarded rather

in the light of promise than of fulfilment. Copper is found in considerable quantities; but, on account of its present low price, no attempt is made to work it. One iron mine, about thirty miles east of the Sault, near Desert Lake, is being worked.

Algoma's fisheries and lumber trade are also by no means to be despised.

As matters are at present, the country may be said to be standing still; waiting, as it has waited for the last ten years, for the long-promised railway. Her isolation during the winter season has been the great cause of the paralysing of her energies. Once this difficulty is removed, she will no doubt take her place in the front rank of the most attractive and wealth-producing districts of the Ontario Province.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

I HEARD a strange voice calling unto me ;
 Say, did it fall from yon ethereal air,
 So wonderfully pure its tone and rare,
 Or was it breathed across the lonely sea ?
 Again the same voice sounded full and free :—
 " 'Time' am I called ; behold me everywhere ;
 For destiny hath given to my care
 The Past, the Present, and the great To Be.
 Go thou unto the hill-top. I will show
 Myself to thee when busy day is done,
 And twilight shadows gather thick below ;
 For only to the great Infinite One
 Am I made visible in noon's pure glow :
 Man seeth me but in the setting sun."

ALCOHOL AND THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.

BY ISAIAH RYDER, M. D., TORONTO.

A VERY great diversity of opinion obtains as to the relation that alcohol bears to the vital principle, for this is really the nucleus of all consideration of the Temperance Question. The discussion of this problem, *pro* and *con*, seems to represent the tail of a comet in its vast proportions, and in the airy nothingness of the arguments adduced by many who have devoted not a little time to its consideration. The question, why this state of matters should obtain? is a pertinent one, and especially, when we consider that the human family have been dealing, both practically and theoretically, for so many centuries with it. So far as its practical solution is concerned, it appears to be as difficult properly to understand it as the principle of good and evil. The medicine-man of the aboriginal tribes, formerly inhabiting this country, who assumed to direct the destinies of his people, viewed the stars as twinkling specks; but a proper knowledge of astronomical laws causes us to assume primary premises that lead us to conclusions of which he never dreamed. So, in the discussion of the alcoholic problem, the conclusions we arrive at will depend altogether upon the premises upon which we base our logic. Very much of the wasted logic upon this question has resulted from an attempt to decide it upon the evidence of individuals, who have in the past, or do at present, hold high positions as professional men in the fields of theological, medical, and chemical science. But, if we consider for a moment, it will be apparent that

if ten thousand men should arrive at a certain conclusion, and it should be at variance with the facts established in nature, their opinions would constitute but 'stumbling-blocks' to those who confide in their judgment and accept their *ipse dixit*. If we can succeed in correcting our premises, we shall be led to correct conclusions, provided our logic is not defective.

The fruits and grains, from which the alcohol of commerce is derived, possess the vital principle before they are subjected to the necessary fermentation in order to obtain the alcohol. The fruits consist of an aggregation of membraneous cells, filled with a fluid that is free from all unvitalized matter; while the grains consist of an aggregation of membraneous cells, similar to those of the fruits, but instead of being filled with water, they are empty, and packed solidly together in a manner similar to flour sacks tied up for shipment, a large number of which do not occupy more space than a single one filled with nature's fluid. While these membraneous cells are in their strictest integrity, possessing the vital principle, if used for food, they come under the influence of the vital fluids, each of which imports to the already vitalized cells its quota of vitality, after which it is taken up by the absorbents and passed through the lacteals to the general circulation, where it is again influenced by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and taken into the lungs in the process of breathing. It will be seen that the process of digestion is a vital one, or a series of

added vital endowments to what previously possessed the vital principle, and not a chemical process, as we have always been led to suppose, under the teachings of chemico-physiologists.

This is apparent when we consider that nowhere, in the broad realm of nature, has any vitalized substance ever come under the influence of chemical laws; that the vital principle has not been destroyed, and its constituent elements of such substance resolved back into the inorganic world from which it was originally derived. Nor has any organic substance ever been produced possessing the vital principle where matter was held in subjection to chemical action. These two principles, Vitality and Chemistry, are as antagonistic as it is possible to imagine. Vitality constructs, chemistry destroys. The former organizes, while the latter disorganizes. One endows matter with life, the other invariably deprives it of this principle.

Having ascertained the real characteristics of the substances used in the manufacture of alcohol by fermentation, we shall be able to understand what happens to it while undergoing the process by which alcohol is produced. The newly expressed juice from fresh grapes is translucent. This is demonstrated by subjecting it to the rays of a strong flame, when it presents an appearance similar to the blood when the open fingers are placed in close proximity to a bright flame. After the death of the corpuscles they lose their translucency, as is seen by the opacity of the hand of a deceased person when exposed to a light, as already explained. In like manner, the grape juice, after fermentation has taken place, exhibits numerous dark specks which gives the fluid an opaque instead of a translucent appearance. Now as we know that the individual is dead, and that the cells containing the blood corpuscles have lost the vital principle, it is equally evident that the grape-juice has also lost its vitality while undergoing the

process of fermentation, or it would not present an opaque instead of its previous translucent appearance.

We have seen that the fruit or grain from which the alcohol is derived was alive, or, was an aggregation of living cells previous to its being fermented, and that, after it had undergone that process, it had lost its life, or, that the cells have become opaque; and it is a certainty that they cannot now enter into the structure of the living body, for no dead matter enters into the assimilation of the tissues. If our habits are irregular, unvitalized matter may course the arterial channels, and pass the capillaries where assimilation takes place; but it can never become a portion of the living structure by being assimilated while passing again to the venous circulation. This view should set at rest the idea so commonly entertained that alcohol is food, or that it possesses nutritive properties of any description.

If it is not food, it is highly important that we ascertain precisely what it is. We know that it is a product of the death of the membrane cells; and, also, that when sugar is allowed to ferment, it is resolved into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, and it is only a logical conclusion to suppose that when the cell becomes disorganized, one of its products is sugar. This is usually understood to be the case; but it has not been shown, as is supposed, that the saccharine matter exists as such while it is a constituent element of the cell-structure. This is a doubtful point, and of no practical importance, so long as we are satisfied that the alcohol is produced only at the death of the cell. It is an admitted fact that alcohol is an irritant and caustic poison, and if its production destroys the vital principle in the cell, there is no other portion of it that could properly be shown to afford tissue-building material.

From the above it will be seen that there is a vast difference between the processes of digestion and fermentation; the former is one of added vi-

tality to the already vitalized cell, while the latter deprives the cell of the life that it previously possessed. The next important matter in the consideration of our subject is to ascertain what takes place when alcohol is taken into the vital domain. That it is an aliment is evidently a fallacy; but it is conceded by nearly every one to be a most valuable medicine. And if we can, without any reference to human opinion, ascertain what the all-wise Creator of man designed and instituted, it will certainly be an end much to be desired. When taken into the system it evidently affords a feeling of exhilaration, and often causes men to manifest so much energy that a superficial view would lead to the conclusion that it is a concentrated life-giving element; but when we come to understand God's arrangements in the preparation of man's food, and the systematic method of spoiling it in the production of alcohol, we would be justified in doubting the correctness of such a conclusion. And by a definite knowledge of the structure and function of the various organs comprising the human body, we can see most clearly that the unusual excitement caused by its introduction into the vital system is antagonistic to the vital interests.

If a sponge is saturated with pure alcohol and applied to any portion of the surface of the body, it will be noticed that the part so exposed becomes red in the course of a short time, and, if continued, will ultimately produce a blister. This is what follows when *cantharides* and various other poisons are applied. It is often claimed that it should not be taken into the stomach unless it is very much diluted. This does not alter its character, but simply lessens its power to injure the sensitive tissues with which it comes into contact, as water is the vehicle in which all kinds of matter that finds its way into the circulation floats. If its external application affords an intimation of what takes place in its

contact with the structures that are unprotected by the epidermis we would be justified in supposing that the increased action caused by its introduction into the system was not a result of friendly and desirable contact, but that it was a disturbance or warfare on the part of the vital forces for the purpose of expelling it from the vital domain. This conviction is also strengthened by a consideration of the means provided for eliminating the *debris* resulting from the broken-down tissue in the ordinary acts of life. There is no evidence of any organs specially set apart for the purpose of eliminating offensive things that may be introduced into the vital system, and the supposition is a justifiable one that the depurating organs are called upon to remove all such substances. If this is the case, and I see no reason to doubt it, the energy thus expended would be better employed in removing the impurities resulting from the ordinary wear-and-tear of the tissues, upon which the purity of the blood so surely depends, and especially is this the case when we consider that it is upon this purity that a high standard of health and longevity depend.

The exalted vital action, then caused by the alcohol, is an expenditure of vital nervous energy, not for the purpose of building up, or of repairing the ever-wasting structures, nor, for removing the *debris* of the broken-down tissue, resulting from the normal operations of life; but for the purpose of removing a substance that was never anything but an intruder, 'a wanderer and a vagabond.' If the alcohol has not committed a burglary in gaining admission to the vital domain—for it is usually admitted by consent of the cerebral structure, whose duty it is to send down material with which to rebuild the body—it is evidently there for the purpose of committing a grand larceny, by robbing us of our vitality, which is only another name for our life.

In this review of the 'situation,' I have endeavoured to show what the design of nature is in dealing with this 'pal' of many a 'jolly good fellow,' without reference to any human authority. If I have succeeded in exorcising this fascinating demon alcohol, even to some slight extent out of the system, and from the good will, of even one of my fellow-creatures, I shall have accomplished all that my heart could wish ; but if alcohol appears in yet more attractive colours to those who have long been on terms of the closest intimacy with it, I can only regret the delusion. To the former I would say, that I did not institute any of the arrangements for dealing with it in the human system, either in its production, or in the consequences that follow its use, and such would do well to reflect how deleterious it is to the individual human organism, and what a curse it has ever been to the race.

THE PEACEMAKER.

(From the German of Adolph Stüber.)

BY ALICE HORTON.

BY the fireside sit in silence—
Here the husband—there the wife,—
Some cold shadow of estrangement
Creeping in has marred their life.

Comes their child with merry laughter,
Jumps upon his knee and cries :
' Father, why are you so silent,
Why have you such angry eyes ?'

And the child's unconscious glances
Quickly thaw the father's breast ;
See, in the stern eye tears gather,
Tears that will not be repressed !

To his mother next the boy runs,
Hides his curls upon her knee,
While her face, 'twixt frost and thawing,
Smiles upon him tearfully.

Then the eyes of wife and husband
Meet across their baby's face,
And the shadow of estrangement
Passes in a close embrace.

A DREAM OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE TORONTO 'ATHENÆUM CLUB.'

IT is possible there may be pessimists among us who, while forced to admit the marvellous spread of enlightenment in this age, see only a new reading of our inevitable doom in that self-conceit and arrogance which this enlightenment bears upon its pestilential (!) wings. But abuse this latter half of the nineteenth century as they will, prate of its recklessness, its love of wealth and ease, its self-conceited songs of joy over its own intellectual triumphs, its chuckles over the downfall of exploded earth-works of orthodoxy, its 'positivism' about its own self-evolved future, there is one thing at least to which it does bow its head, viz., Truth—truth natural, scientific, or philosophic. Demonstrate to this age the hollowness of any of its most cherished chimeras—prove where and how it is itself a 'sham,' and it will forsake that sham, will own itself beaten, and, straightway, start to erect a new shelter beneath which it can hide again from the blinding glare of the light of truth. It is probably the effort to construct these new shelters, which occasions the many varied systems of philosophy and religion extant in this age. These are merely more or less ornamental, but temporary, sunshades, shelterful for a time, but apt to wear out.

And yet, such a condition of the mental state in any age, such loyalty, even on the part of the evil to the royal power of truth, is one which favours revolution. It is precisely at such periods that men dream dreams, unpractical, apparently, as dreamland itself, and wake ere long to find that

someone has been acting while they dreamt, and that the vision is more than realized.

Suppose we abstract our thoughts from things as they are, or seem to be, and dream a little with our eyes open, in the same fond hope.

If, instead of this perpetual talk of new discoveries in science, ethics, philosophy and religion, of a purely speculative kind, a *new will* could be got to animate mankind—a will to seek Truth, whether scientific, ethical, or religious, with the single aim of shaping every thought so caused into some material form of usefulness—not to ourselves, to elevate *us* in the estimation of our fellows, to yield *us* fame present or future—but here and now to be dedicated to the service of our fellow-men, what a social revolution would soon be effected? Think of it! If you cannot *think* of it, then dream of it. What a mighty change this desire to do genuine service would entail upon all mundane conditions! In vision I see that 'familiar fiend,' the plumber, actually *repairing* our 'busted' water-pipes, renewing and fitting truthfully the 'washers' of each tap, using thus the light of practical knowledge bestowed upon him with a will to do real and *lasting* service, entirely innocent of any lurking longing to be summoned again at early dawn a fortnight hence, to come and *finish* his work, when an extra chill night shall have developed the leaky spots he had left; when a mild edition of the deluge shall have assailed our drawing room ceiling, threatening therefrom to 'wilt' that satin-covered

furniture upon which our wife's affections have so long been riveted, to the partial exclusion of ourself. Visions of window sashes and panelled doors, no longer made of green lumber, glued together; but dried, and actually dove-tailed and close fitted, float before me. In my mind's eye I behold, shrivelled up into nothingness and nowhere, the ingenious individual who, fired with a love of self and not of others, compelled his thoughts to think out into a substance called 'butter,' an extract from scraps of cart-grease and animal fat which science technically denominates 'oleomargarine.' I perceive distinctly, though in a dream, the trade-Diogenes blowing out his lamp because he has found, at length, a trader who has ceased 'blowing' about his goods, trusting to their real value and serviceableness to earn him a living profit. These dream-phantoms crowd upon my vision. Every phase of human employment seems represented. There are learned professors, whose new theories are never announced by them till their hearers have had opportunity to test the truth of the theory by actual experience of the good it has done; lawyers who devote themselves to eliminating useless laws from the statute book; physicians whose sole aim is healing and help, who discard *useless* medical tradition, however weighted with prestige and eminence, and who prefer to make risky experiments upon themselves, not upon their patients; teachers who are humble-minded enough to allow nature to have a chance to teach as well as they, who therefore recognise the use that may be served by forbearing to repress unduly the natural character and tendencies of the pupil; statesmen who can view each state as an individual man in its relations to other states, and regard the service of *all* in the regulations effected for *each*; and politicians, worthy of the real meaning of the name, 'men who make promises,' who do not promise till they see their way to perform.

These statesmen and politicians who present themselves thus in my dream, do so intensely labour and think for the good of all, that they are content even that their wisest plans should cease to be known as theirs; well aware, as they are, that the more truthful and good are the views they express into those thought forms which make action practicable, the more surely will these strike an echoing chord so familiar to each longing heart, that each individual will think and say it is precisely what he has always thought himself, and, if he had only had the chance, would have carried out long ago; thus forgetting the statesman who struck that chord and woke it, thrilling with harmony, into sound and sense. Nor are there wanting phantasmal clergymen and religious teachers, more interested by far in the spread of truly religious deeds of love to others, than either that sensationalism which draws a fitful attention to self, or the bolstering up of some pet creed with whose *material* supremacy their own *material* interests are in-bound. Following hard upon these—nay, rapidly gaining upon them—hurries a despised 'publican,' who is not without followers in the shadowy distance. He displays aloft a chromo, roughly done, certainly, of his village hotel and bar-room. It shows a kind of social club-room as the interior of what is generally known as the 'bar,' comfortable, externally, as his limited means can make it. As the figures move upon the canvas (as they do, you know, in dreamland) one sees that when Tom, or Jack, or Bill, tries to make a beast of himself, or become a nuisance to his neighbours, by taking too much to drink, his supplies are stopped by the phantom publican, whether he has money to pay for them or not; and he is made to feel how he has disgraced himself even in the eyes of this publican—made to feel that not *eren* a hotel-bar is a place licensed to permit men to forget kindness and consideration towards their fellows.

There is, in short, not one of this visionary crowd but seems to burn with an intensity of activity—to be animated alike in gesture, word, and deed, by this new life, this love of usefulness to others. Not only does it make each unconscious altogether of self, but brings with it wisdom or knowledge enough to guide its movements into truly beneficent action.

And then the vision changes, and in a symbolic way, by a series of pictures not unlike the high-toned, 'moral' panorama of childish days, but inexplicable utterly except to the visionary—I become conscious of the inner methods whereby all these results are brought about. In dreams one is always much quicker to pick up ideas than in more wakeful moments, and, therefore, it is impossible for me exactly to render these symbols into words. Indeed, the earlier scenes, displaying the *origin* of this new life-power, were somewhat of an enigma to myself, but, as we got nearer the close, one began to see how simple it all is and how far-reaching. It was all brought about apparently by a change in the aim set before us in our earliest days. It was no longer deemed 'clever' to get the best of other boys at school. Nobody's father ever told at tea-table how he guessed he'd 'busted' that fellow Brown's trade now, or boasted how he'd got 'the inside track.' Nobody's father praised his boy's cleverness because of the good marks he had got for himself, but rather commended the lad for using his knowledge to help others along, aiding *them* onwards by the interest he took in it himself, till 'study' got to be a part of 'boyish play.' *Men* everywhere were led to think about crime and criminals as if they themselves, virtuous comparatively as they were, felt every day the temptation to do things just as bad, and could only, by constant resistance to the evil, withhold themselves from doing it. And then, instead of howling about the injury done to them, or to society, by

the criminal, and shrieking out for legal *revenge*, occupied themselves more and more about how to cure the evil and prevent all temptation towards it, knowing that revenge and hatred are only a little less 'catching' than kindness and affection. This new light of wisdom—this realizing sense of an equality of tendency to commit evils and errors, was first exemplified to me as shedding its beams upon the home circle because parent and child both only wished to be placed, not one over the other, but on an exact footing of equality. So clear was the light, so forcible the power of truth, which this desire brought with it, that the big, strong, giant, father, if he got mad and wanted to hit his liliputian boy or girl, the moment he felt the heat of unreasoning passion, was seen emerging into the back yard to play the hose-pipe upon himself till he got cooled down and could recollect that his superior strength was given him to defend, not to maltreat, his offspring. (I didn't see any mothers using the hose-pipe—*perhaps* their natural gentleness prevents the necessity.) Thus gradually, I saw, it came about that boys became less of young savages, because 'savage' treatment no longer roused and formed the 'savage' element in their nature. Girls, also, having never seen or felt brutal treatment from parents, ceased either to cower before, or admire, brute selfishness in men, and revolted from allowing themselves to be allied to it, like 'ignoble music set to angry words,' till that kind of man eventually ceased from off the face of the earth, and men rejoiced to maintain equal rights, not only to mother, wife, or sister, but also to *children*. Further, I was shown that it was better so; for brute force of an aggressive personal kind always perpetuates itself by leaving its seeds in those on whom it is exercised. It sows thus a crop of 'wild oats,' which spring up rapidly, and by-and-by overgrow and cover up into nothingness, the very soil which gave them nourishment.

It is viewed by-and-by only as soil over which, covered and conquered at last, the crop waves its head in proud superiority.

Again the scene changed, and I saw in symbol that union is not always strength. Twenty athletes appeared upon the canvas, fettered together at the ankle, each striving to reach a goal set before them. I saw each, temporarily oblivious of his fetters, put forth his best speed, only to be suddenly checked. Then I saw these twenty with their fetters struck off, each bound to each, only by the tie of mutual affection and motive, each using his speed to encourage and aid his weaker brother towards the goal. I timed both groups and noted the difference in the general results. Thus I read upon the canvas that only union in *motive* is power, and gathers strength, not by a thousand doing exactly the same deeds, but rather by each one of that thousand aiming at the same end, and taking what is, for him, the nearest way towards it; for then they will gather round the same goal at last, and each will have cleared and shown a path for others to follow. Then I awoke; and behold it was not *all* a dream. Everywhere, and amidst every class of men whom I had seen in vision, were to be found individuals in real life, exactly resembling those in dream-land—only they were not crowded together, or rather separated into one sect (as I had seen them), but each in his place shedding out the genial warmth of affection with its light of truth upon the circle, among which his lonely lot had been cast, mellowing and improving their condition, and being forced up into a better position for catching the light, the more its rays were reflected, in and through him, upon others. The science of it all seemed simple and easy to be understood after my vision. It was the warmth of self-sacrificing affection, which dispelled the snow and ice encrusted around us by the winter of our self-produced discontent, till the

very soil or earth of man's nature could be reached and warmed into life, and fruit-bearing again. Not by hard and fast rules for conduct, not by the waters of truth frozen into stiff unbending forms by withdrawal from all contact with the warmth of love, did these men (men viewed collectively as men and women) work out this social revolution, but by the kindness and warmth of living sympathy, using the living water of truth only to cleanse, and not to chill. These social revolutionists had evidently read Dean Stanley's sermon to children, and adopted his rendering of those Divine words, which woke to life the dead child. They felt, although they knew not one word of Syriac, that our English translation, 'Maid arise,' is harshly incorrect, and that the words really used—words which fittingly convey that love which alone can wake an answering love which is really life—were not—could not be, 'maid get up' (because I tell you to do so—but, 'my little pet lamb rise up' (to life and love from him who is Love itself).

So is it ever. It is love which is life. Truth is but the form of life—useful to give it embodiment and outlet into deeds. Only by loving words and deeds, can we cause a real and lasting social revolution. When each shall have admitted the new life, and with it the light, the social revolution will have begun. And we will know it is here, when we find men beginning even to *dream* of refusing to become rich, willing to use for self only enough to keep them in working order, fit to serve and share with their fellows voluntarily, all that brain or hand can produce from the material which surrounds them. With poverty will disappear much of the occasion for crime; with the vanishing of oppression, that hideous desire to rule over others for the sake of self will depart also, for it will have lost its most potent *cause*. And when family life is deprived utterly, both in its spring and offshoots of this ugly de-

sire for self-supremacy, infilled instead with the desire to serve and not to rule, then life will be indeed worth living. This world will become a place fit for a gentleman to live in. Nor less fit for a lady; for man and woman will be judged, each by each, exactly by the same standard; and when the one sins against the other, society will treat either sex exactly alike. Then brethren and sisters of mankind will, towards either, use ceaseless effort to heal and restore that social esteem which is (temporarily) lost. What a social revolution that will be!

But, to descend from dreamland—if that which is but a transition, and not a change of position, can be called a descent—what hindrance is there to the practical realization of this dream of social reform in this age, except that self-love, which lies at the root of all social abuses, and will lie there so long as men thus belie their true nature and destiny? To render it possible to shed the light of truth over the dark places of the earth, the first step requisite is to see to it that our own inner life or motive be pure—a desire to avoid evil in ourselves in order that we may aid others to avoid it. Warmed and enlightened by this living charity, which ever seeks and finds truth as its chosen mate, there is no form of error from evil, which will not readily melt before us. If there be one object more attractive than the other in those which the ‘Athenæum Club’ sets before it, it is that of ‘influencing the press and the public on all the social questions of the day.’ And yet it is a dangerous quest, this seeking of the ‘holy grail’ from out all the tortuous ways which men have woven for themselves. But if we can allow ourselves to be animated by this love of usefulness to others, whose effects I have ventured, feebly enough, to depict, and allow it free play in each individual as his, or her, immediate circumstances may have taught her or him to

use it, we shall find no lack of opportunity to make the ‘union,’ which this society affects, a power in this city and in the Dominion. We must not fetter each other. Though we take separate lines, each can be made to feel strengthened by the full tide of sympathy from all adding to his, or her, strength. It is thus that union becomes power—and not otherwise. There is no lack of the love-life of sympathy waiting to flow in upon, and into, each of us; for the very Source and Centre of the Universe is Love; and Wisdom is but the Light from that Love wrought out into action.

Let us then admit this Love and Wisdom to find form in us in affection and fidelity to the cause of our brotherman and sister-woman, and then attack, by the true wisdom of loving words and deeds, any and all forms of social abuse which seem to any of us to injure, hinder, or torture, the society of to-day. Those of us who have true life enough to recognise the equal rights of both sexes, surely need not fear that the rest of our way, though difficult, can ever be impossible. We have struck the key-note. Let us try, then, actively, to bring all social relations into harmony with this central truth, till all acknowledge ‘equal rights’ to strong and weak alike (voluntarily—for it can never be done by force); till oppression, robbery, and selfishness shrink abashed before us, and society recognises the reality of that grandest of all social laws, ‘he that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all’—nay, more than that, the ‘slave’ of all, voluntarily giving up all claim to personal ‘rights,’ conscious only of the ‘rights’ of others. So to do is not to lose life, but to gain increase of life—even in this world. He who would be greatest among men now must be the servant—the slave—of all: words which would create a social revolution, indeed, were they even very partially

received and lived. Why not live them, and so learn to believe them ? Why not find our own truest rights	in the right to restore the rights of others ?
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THE TWO SHIPS.

BY HILARY BYGRAVE, TORONTO.

IN mid-ocean a ship is rolling,
Dismantled of mast and spar,
And heavy as lead is the heart
Of many an honest tar.

Many a vessel puts out to sea
That never comes home again,
And no stauncher bark of oak than this,
E'er ventured on the main.

But storms will rage and rough winds blow,
And what can skill avail
Against the fierce and ruthless force
Of a north-eastern gale ?

For days and days the good ship toiled,
Like a thing of power and life,
And grappled in a stubborn way
With the elemental strife.

At length, beneath the blinking stars,
She parts from deck to keel,
And plunges down the boisterous depths
With one convulsive reel.

And anxious hearts shall wait and hope
Upon the firm set shore,
And yearn and pray for those brave souls
Their eyes shall see no more.

* * * * *

A ship lies rocking in the bay
 That never put to sea,
 That never braved the open main,
 Its anger or its glee.

Its lines are good, its bulk is huge,
 But there it useless lies ;
 It never touched a distant port,
 Nor sailed 'neath bluer skies.

It never bore to other lands
 Large store of fruit or grain ;
 It never re-united hearts
 That parted once in pain.

It lies there basking in the sun,
 While thro' its decks and hold
 Slowly but surely spreads decay,
 The rot of rust and mould.

* * * * *

Noble it is to do and dare
 Somewhat in this world's strife,
 Though wreck and ruin wait our course
 On the high seas of life.

Better so than to rust and rot,
 Leaving no mark behind,
 And sink into the grave at last,
 Unmourned of human kind.

How idle in the sun to sit,
 Or in the tranquil shade !
 Enjoying all that busier hands
 And better brains have made.

Better to dare, attempt and fail
 In some more manful way,
 Than, without nerve or force or will,
 Drop piecemeal in decay.

Better dense darkness and the storm,
 Better the sun's fierce ray,
 Than dull repose on beds of ease,
 Lone night, and listless day.

DIOGENES ON BRIC-A-BRAC.

BY SARA DUNCAN, BRANTFORD.

‘DIOGENES, what is your opinion of bric-à-brac?’ I ask Diogenes, because I think he has one—not aimlessly, but with an honest desire for information. And he, despite his proverbial crustiness, belongs to the somewhat limited class of people, whom, for various reasons, it is advantageous to know. He never sends you cold chills of conscious inferiority from his higher altitudes of intellectuality. He is perfectly aware of the fact that he doesn’t own a scrap of information that he didn’t get from somebody else, and is equally willing to do his duty in the matter of returning it to society generally. And he never calls you his dear young friend. These refreshing peculiarities help to account Diogenes among the salt of the earth, an acquisition to society, and invaluable to his friends.

Diogenes is interesting, because of his tub. Lots of people have enquired for honest men, under circumstances quite as ironical; and history is silent as to their quest or its fruitlessness. But the tub of Diogenes possesses a peculiar and distinctive interest. It is full of significance as to the personality of the gentleman in or under it. It is not one of the circumstances that determine or develop his character, although it may be very properly termed his environment, and a factor in his discomfort. The deduction is easy. Diogenes determines and develops the tub, being master of circumstances. Therefore he should have a pronounced opinion regarding bric-à-brac.

‘I have been young, and now am

old, yet never have I been privileged to meet one of your amiable sex, who could ask a straight question. You revel in ambiguity, and delight yourselves in diffusion. Now in the name of all that’s perspicuous, what kind of bric-à-brac are you talking about? Do you want me to discourse upon the stork in yonder plaque?’

‘O Diogenes, be appeased! Even the stork in yonder plaque, if he be a typical stork in a typical plaque?’

‘Well then, I consider his attitude mournful, his expression intellectual, and his legs exaggerated.’

‘Diogenes, I know a poet, a metaphysician, and a man of observation. You are the man of observation. Permit me to compliment you. But you are dodging the question. I referred to bric-à-brac in the general acceptance of the term; and you knew it. Now proceed.’

‘Well and briefly spoken, Euphrosyne. I am a man of observation—yea, verily; and I observe that you are an appreciative young person, with a nice sense of discrimination. But you have a mistaken idea of bric-à-brac, if you imagine that it limits itself to the class of objects of which that unhappy stork is the ironical representative. In the sense of a collection of pretty curious trifles, invaluable for their oddity and antiquity, and association with the refinement of an age that has passed away, the term is almost unknown in this very practical country, among whose bustling commonplaces, the aesthetic is only beginning to find an existence. Relics of back-woods set-

tlers, may some day be valuable for their historic interest, but hardly for the degree of culture they express. To-day nobody covets them particularly for either reason. Indian curiosities, unlovely in themselves, and unpleasant in their association, there are in abundance; but one relegates tomahawks and scalp-trophies to the museum, rather than the drawing-room. But the expression is becoming so wide in its signification, that your "general acceptance of the term" covers a very extensive field indeed. In whatever direction art manifests itself there, after a while, we find bric-à-brac. Humanity grows tired of contemplating sublimities, with the weariness of conscious incapability; and finds recreation, and some satisfaction in creating artistic little off-shoots, just sufficiently inspired to make them delightful and appreciable. We contemplate St. Paul's Cathedral and Milton's epic, with a pleasure not unmixed with self-surrender and awe; but with a Gothic cottage and Tennyson's "Break" we make ourselves very familiar. Magazine literature, so exceedingly desirable in hot weather, consists mainly of things of this sort. Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana" is a charming specimen; and Mrs. Burnett is an artist surpassed by few in originality of conception or in effective execution.

'Before you direct your attention to that stork, Diogenes, and others of his species, he will take wings into himself and fly away. In yellow and white he has won distinction in the field of art. He has figured conspicuously upon panels and pottery, and Christmas cards innumerable, and the other day I saw him on a paper of pins. He is ready to depart, and be at rest, but before he goes, I do want your candid opinion, as to whether it was reasonable and just, thus to exalt him above every other bird—to grant him such artistic pre-eminence, simply on account of the length of his legs?'

'That ridiculous bird has nothing whatever to do with the subject. If

people will have him stalking all over their apartments, I don't see the necessity of lifting up my voice against it. But this is the cardinal, and often painful point of difference between the bric-à-brac of literature and that of household decoration. In the first case, it is our privilege to discriminate—out of infinite variety, we may choose with special reference to our own enjoyment. This liberty may by no means be accorded us in the drawing-rooms of our acquaintance, where each mantel-piece, or other ornamental convenience upholds its owner's tastes materialized. Sometimes we yield our freedom in this matter willingly; but often the surrender is an affliction, grievous to be borne. Absurd little easels and palettes may be tolerated in moderation, delicate China that never belonged to anybody's grandmother may not be altogether objectionable on artistic grounds, and wooden saucers painted, even desirable from their extreme simplicity; but what shall we say of the incongruity of flower-painting on red satin "panels," and porcelain flat-irons, or, descending immeasurably from slight exaggeration to actual depravity, how shall the unutterable brown ginger jar, profusely pasted with too tropical birds and butterflies find expression?'

'A short time ago, my venerable friend, I called you a man of observation, and you liked it. But that remark forces me to the conclusion that you are near-sighted. Can't you see without your spectacles, that the same principle directs one woman to paint vases, and another, of fewer advantages, to decorate ginger jars?'

'The best magnifying medium in the world couldn't show that. The artist has a little poem in her heart, and she embodies it, that it may be a source of enjoyment to herself and her friends. The decorator of ginger jars is inspired by nothing of the ideal, and produces a base and spurious imitation. Her grandmother in the country probably worked a wreath of Berlin wool mor-

strosities in the shape and semblance of flowers, and hung it up in a resplendent glass case, the pride and glory of the "front room." The motive in the two cases is, undoubtedly, the same—the instinct wholly different. One sees it in the arrangement as well as in the choice of these things. The ginger jar, gloriously situate upon the top of a "what-not," will have peacock's feathers behind it, and a "Present from Niagara" on either side. Not long ago, in a "parlour" of some pretension, I saw a Cupid and a Japanese fan, on a blue silk bracket, under "John Wesley's Death-bed." The Cupid was exquisite, the fan curious, the fancy-work pretty and delicate, and the picture striking; but the combination was suggestive of nothing but economy of space. One wouldn't expect a well-assorted library in that house, or even a coherent set of opinions; and, to me, the bric-à-brac of

home-decoration is infinitely more valuable for the character behind it, of which it is generally the expression, than for any inherent beauty.

'And yet in itself, and its influence,' he continues, meditatively, 'there are great possibilities, either of refinement or vulgarity. It all depends upon the ability of the controlling spirit to distinguish from cheapness, and mediocrity, and sham, what is really beautiful, and artistic and suggestive. And this is the conclusion of the whole matter.'

'Diogenes,' I say emphatically, 'I entirely agree with you.'

'I am very sorry to hear it,' he returns, with startling candour. 'You would be much more interesting if you did not. But that's my opinion.'

I consider Diogenes orthodox, don't you?

But his views make one thing unaccountable—the tub.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

HOW sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air,
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends and children who have never
 Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
 Alas! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths—angels that *are* to be,
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;—
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

CARLYLE AND COMTE.

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

THERE is an instructive contrast to be instituted between the late Mr. Carlyle and a man of whose work he spoke very contemptuously, Auguste Comte. They were both men in whom the historic sense was strong, and both had much to say in praise of the institutions of the past; but this difference between them is to be observed, that, whereas Carlyle praised the past in so far as it showed men under the control which he was never tired of proclaiming to be necessary for them, Comte sympathized with the past as being organically connected with the present, and as having laid the foundation of all the good we now enjoy. To Carlyle, the 'strong man,' as he appeared upon the stage of history, was a master, beneficently provided by Nature for the weak and despicable human multitude. 'I have a certain indestructible regard,' he remarks, 'for Willelmus Conquestor—a resident House Surgeon provided by Nature for her beloved English people.' And for similar sentiments refer to his works *passim*. To Comte the strong man was an organ of humanity, an eye, a hand or a heart, as the case might be, for the body social; a man in whom the mute collective wisdom or strength of the many found expression. To Carlyle, the heroes of history the leaders of men, were alone worthy of attention; the ruck of mankind only existed that these might have something whereon to exercise their powers of command; to Comte, great men were of interest only in so far as, consciously or unconsciously, they fulfilled a social purpose. The world, in

his thought, was not made for great men, but great men were made for the world; every great man had a *function* to perform, and, according as he performed that function well or ill, did Comte accord him admiration or censure. Carlyle's habitual attitude toward mankind at large was one of fierce impatience and disdain; Comte's was one of brooding sympathy and earnest hope. In common men he recognised the source of all that was greatest and most excellent in the *elite* of humanity.

● We come, however, to the great, and indeed all-including, contrast when we say that Comte conceived of humanity as an organic whole, presenting definite statical conditions, and definite laws of development; while Carlyle conceived it as made up of distinct individualisms only to be brought into any kind of harmonious co-existence by a reign of force. In Comte's view, the problem of human destiny was to be solved by growth from within; in Carlyle's, by pressure from without. The advantage enjoyed by Comte was, that he was able to trace the laws of human development; whereas Carlyle, never being able to give a rational expression to his theory, or rather to his sentiment—for theory, in the strict sense, he had none—was compelled to conceal the abortive nature of his philosophy under a literary garb so extravagant as to disarm, or, at least, turn aside, criticism. The peculiarity of Carlyle's literary style has often been commented on; but I do not remember any attempt to give a moral or philosophical account of it.

Yet it strikes me the explanation is just what is here suggested. Had this great writer been able to form any consistent theory to himself of the world and of society, his thought would have run without impediment in the channel thus provided; and his literary style, while still vigorous and picturesque, would have conformed in a general way to ordinary classical models. But he could form no such theory; and the current of his speech rushing headlong over all obstructions, broke into blinding spray (which no doubt caught many a rainbow tint), or swept back in swirling eddies and seething whirlpools. The true teacher, he who has first taught himself and possesses his own soul, feels no temptation to launch into extravagance either of thought or of language. Carlyle had a vivid imagination, but he saw as in lightning flashes, and the lowering thunder-clouds throw their shadow more or less over all his writings. Comte's manner of thinking and working was, above all things, continuous. His great aim was to discover law everywhere, with a view to supplying what he called a 'positive' basis for life; and in the study and application of laws his mind found at once occupation and rest. His own experiences, no less than the study of history, led him to conceive of religion as consisting in a balance and harmony of the human faculties, a sense of inward unity and outward adaptation, a willing submission to law, a chastened acceptance of the evil with the good in the conditions of human life. To Carlyle, religion found its aliment in all that passed human understanding, in the various Profundities, Immensities and Eternities that surrounded, as he believed, man's finite existence. It was compatible, therefore, with much scorn of the weak and much disregard of the *ascertainable* laws of life and well-being. Comte dwells upon the greatness of the human race, in its corporate existence and development. Carlyle finds some

individual men great: but the race of men wretchedly mean and insignificant. The former, the picked individuals, are God-given; and we cannot, therefore, argue from what they are or were to what human nature in general is or may be. In Carlyle's opinion, a very strong man can hardly go wrong; what he wills for the weak must be best for them. Comte, on the other hand, holds the strong to the strictest account for the exercise of their exceptional powers. In Carlyle's opinion, the capital sin is want of submission to the authorities he is pleased to recognise; in Comte's, excessive individualism, leading to self-worship, and an ignoring of social responsibilities.

What Carlyle's habitual temper was towards mankind, his 'Reminiscences' have unfortunately shown. While he was alive, people were persistent in believing that his bark was worse than his bite; and he was credited with a humanity, only the deeper and more tender for the ruggedness of its outward garb. But now it is seen that his barking was really incessant, and that many a vicious snap was given between times. His tone alive was autocratic and dogmatic in the highest degree; but here again, the world, charitable beyond its wont, believed in an inner fund of humility, such as many outwardly domineering men have possessed. * The 'Reminiscences,' however, fail to show any trace of such a grace; no wonder, when we consider his theory as to the origin and function of great men. What has a great man to do with judging himself? His function is to judge others, who are not great, but small in every way, 'mostly fools' in fact. What Comte was, in relation to men in general, his books plainly show. He never had any quarrel with the masses of society, never a word of contempt or impatience for the weak

* De Maistre and Lammenais are names that occur to me at the moment, but many more could be cited. There will indeed be a certain submissiveness in any man who feels himself the servant of a system or a cause.

and misguided ; but many a word of denunciation for men, who wanted to be strong and wise for themselves alone, who, having power in their hands, either intellectual or material, used it simply as pleased themselves, without any thought of social obligation. To Comte, the greatness of any individual man was as naught, compared with the greatness of humanity, the tree whose leaves as they come and go are the swift-following generations of men. Comte had a faith which sweetened his whole life ; Carlyle, strictly speaking, had none. His fellow-creatures he had put far away from him ; and the Eternities and Immensities did little for him at his need. Nothing shows the presence or absence of a faith better than the bearing of a man or woman under affliction. What then are we to think of such an outburst as this, which occurs in a letter written by Carlyle shortly after his bereavement, 'A most sorry dog-kennel it (the world) oftenest all seems to me ; and wise words, even if one had them, to be only thrown away upon it. *Basta, basta*, I for the most part say of it, and look with infinite longings towards the still country where at last we and our beloved ones shall be together again.' The Hero Worshipper found the world, we must suppose, 'a most sorry dog-kennel,' and at the end of his days leaves it so, and longs to hie away to some ultra-mundane sphere, where he may be with some whom he is pleased to love. For the poor denizens of the kennel he has no parting word of sympathy, long as he has lived with them ; and as to what is to become of them hereafter, whether there is 'a still country' for them after their dog-days are over, he neither knows nor cares.

Such is the individualistic conception of life in its ultimate results. To this complexion does hero-worship and contemplation of the Immensities come at last. Comte discards the Immensities for things mensurable ; the Eternities for things temporal ; and hero-worship

for a serious and loving attitude of mind towards the great human whole, that which was, and is, and is to be, the humanity that mediates between individual man in his feebleness, and the inexorable laws of the physical universe, the humanity whose previous labours and sacrifices, whose daily and hourly activities, form, as it were, a net-work of providence around the life of man to-day. And how was he sustained under a surpassingly keen affliction, the premature death of a woman who had had the profoundest influence upon his life, and between whom and himself there existed, under blameless conditions, a union of mind and spirit such as marriage itself could not have rendered more complete ? Six months after the death of Mme de Vaux, he expresses himself thus, in the dedication to her memory of the 'Politique Positive' : 'Here, then, for me in this irrevocable communion of our lives, the age of personal passion finds its fitting close. Henceforth I give myself to the noble civic passion which from early youth devoted every energy of my being to the great work of re-organization. Thus it is that the seeds sown by your influence shall, in spite of death, grow to full maturity. . . . The same blest influence has been with me during the last six months, aiding my thoughts as they moved onwards in the midst of tears.' These are Comte's own expressions, but it may not be superfluous to quote a few words from Mr. G. H. Lewes on the same subject. 'Her death,' says Mr. Lewes, 'made no change in his devotion. She underwent a transfiguration. Her subjective immortality became a real presence to his mystical affection. During life she had been a benign influence irradiating his moral nature, and, for the first time, giving satisfaction to the immense tenderness which had slumbered there ; she thus initiated him into the secrets of emotional life, which were indispensable to his philosophy in its sub-

sequent elaboration. Her death rather intensified than altered this influence, by purifying it from all personal and objective elements.'

In Comte's mind there was no hope of a subsequent personal re-union ; yet was he enabled to rejoice in the abiding influence of his departed friend. To him the sharp separation of humanity into separate individuals was, if I may so express it, a kind of artificial and illegitimate analysis of what was organically *one*. The past and the future were hardly less living to him than the present. From the past he received inspiration to work for the future ; and, in his habitual thought, the present was but a faint dividing line between these two infinities. He shared both his joys and his sorrows with humanity ; and, in doing so, found the

fromer enhanced and the latter alleviated. Carlyle, on the other hand, bore all his burdens alone ; they were personal to himself ; and as he dwelt upon the virtues of those whom he had loved and lost, he thought not of the kindred virtues of thousands of others, or of the kindred bereavements which others than himself had sustained ; he thought only of the general poverty of human character and his own sad isolation in the world. He sought consolation in looking forward to some 'far country ;' Comte sought it in drawing closer to his fellow-men, and merging his life more and more into theirs. And may we not say that, of the two, he chose the better part, and laid the firmer foundation for his hopes and his happiness ?

INCONSTANCY.

WHEN day has shed its last bright gleam,
 At summer eve, beside the stream,
 How sweet to watch the sky ;
 In pensive blue the hills are dress'd,
 And various tints adorn the west,
 Of beauty's richest dye !

One cloud, light floating on the air,
 Marked by a tint surpassing fair,
 Your notice can't escape.
 It skims along with playful ease,
 And changing still as blows the breeze
 Assumes fantastic shape.

That is inconstancy—so empty, yet so fair—
 It changes, ever and anon, as blows the air.

BRANTFORD.

DESDEMONA.

BY P. FOWLER, EMERALD.

I HAD occasion, in the last number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, to examine the characters of Ophelia and Portia, with especial reference to the view taken of them by Helena Faucit Martin, Lady Martin, known formerly as the actress Helen Faucit, 'one,' as she says, 'who has personated them.' Since then, we have had Desdemona placed before us by the same hand, and, with her, it seems, the series is to close.

It is almost needless to say that Lady Martin regards Desdemona as an incomparable woman of women, 'possessed of every quality which could lay hold of a hero's heart, and bring joy into his home.' We have here the same misplaced extravagance of lavish praise as before. At the head of the article are the words, quoted from 'Emilia,'

'Oh, she was heavenly true!'

It is a thankless task to expose error, to dethrone idols, how grotesque soever, which there are people found to worship. But is it not better that false standards should be demolished? How if they be taken for real? Are our wives and daughters to have palmed upon them, as coin of the realm, what does not ring true? Are there not women and women? It is no fault of Shakespeare's that these female creations of his have been exalted into objects of adoration. He is no more answerable for it than is Turner for all the rhapsodies that Mr. Ruskin has uttered about that great painter's pictures. Shakespeare is not

to be tied down to every word. You must not harness Pegasus to a dung-cart. Genius always runs a little wild, or it would not be genius. It needs not to be said what a genius was Shakespeare's; but does it follow that all these women must be the perfection of womanhood? Not a bit of it. He knew better. He drew women as he drew men, neither angels nor devils (with an exception or two, such as Iago here, which do not count). If he had found women faultless phenomena of perfection, he would have pictured them so. He neither found them so nor so painted them. More than that. He made them such as would answer his purpose. Take this tragedy; the process must have been something like this. He found somewhere Othello and Iago. The idea took possession of him. They are the play. But the subordinate parts must be supplied. There must be people to provide the jealousy. There must be a Desdemona and a Cassio. They are of about equal importance in the working out of the plot. Of course, it was good art that Desdemona should be one upon whom we could bestow our whole pity (with reservations), but, for that, there was not the least necessity that she should be a paragon. Nor is she. She is a woman who takes a very false step at first; but she pays for it so much more bitterly than words can do justice to, that we feel for her a pity to which words can no more do justice.

Shakespeare does not trouble himself to be always consistent. He makes

Emilia say that Desdemona was 'heavenly true;' but he also makes Brabantio say,

'Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see; She has deceived her father, and may thee.'

She was true to Othello in one way; she was untrue to her father in another. Her truth to Othello was what not one woman in a thousand, perhaps in a million, thinks of making any boast of. Her untruth to her father was what every man and woman must alike condemn. There you have the woman, not of the rhapsodists, but of real life; sometimes true, sometimes not; sometimes true to one person; sometimes untrue to another. Here then we have the 'heavenly true,' which Lady Martin has prefixed to the article, blown to the winds. The woman who could 'deceive' her own father as grossly as Desdemona did was not 'heavenly true' nor anything of the kind. She kissed him, no doubt, overnight, lulled him to sleep in a false security, and, before morning, she lay on the 'sooty bosom' of a 'black' husband, and had broken her father's heart. His brother says, when Desdemona lies murdered by the 'black' husband,

'Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.'

Time was that a daughter would say, 'Father, I can never marry any one but John Smith, but I will never marry at all without your sanction.' But we have improved upon all that. The Desdemonas are in fashion now. They it is who are held up for imitation. To 'deceive' your father, elope from his house, marry clandestinely a 'black' man, with a host of objections to him, and break your father's heart, that is the creature 'high of heart and sweet of nature,' who is to be placed on a pinnacle of perfection, and who is 'heavenly true.' 'Heavenly!' Alas, the day! Will any one believe

that *this* is the best work of the Master Hand? Forbid the profanity! The other day, we had a devotee of this craze saying 'Shakespeare embodied all that was noblest in his genius, not in men but in women, giving us a score of noble and beautiful human creatures, daughters of the gods, as against his one Hamlet.* Can any reader of Shakespeare help bursting out laughing? All that he could find that was good in masculine human nature was 'embodied' in his 'one' wayward, weak, half crazed Hamlet. And, observe again, all that is 'noblest' and 'noble' must fall to the woman's share. Modest that!

Before proceeding further, however, let us carefully examine what authority Shakespeare has given us, by which to judge of these three characters, Brabantio, Desdemona and Othello.

Brabantio we find to be a 'Senator of Venice,' and we are 'to be sure of this, that the magnifico is much beloved, and hath, in his effect, a voice potential as double as the duke's.' He must have been a kind and indulgent father, for Desdemona 'had known no sorrow' and was 'a child to chiding.' Lady Martin propounds a 'dreamy' theory of her own to the contrary, recognizes no misconduct whatever on the part of Desdemona; but seeks to cast the whole blame on her father. Let readers of the play search for one jot of authority for this, and find it if they can. And, besides, were there any, would that exonerate Desdemona from her undutifulness and 'deceit?' But, I repeat, it is sheer invention, conceived in a spirit of thorough unfairness. When Brabantio is waked up in the dead of night by a loud uproar of knocking on his door, and is told that his daughter has gone off—

'With no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,'

* If Desdemona was a 'daughter of the gods,' it was in a Pantheon where there was no altar to filial piety.

and that—

'She hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortune,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere,'

He cannot bring himself to believe it,
but he finds that—

'It is too true an evil ; gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ? O, unhappy girl !
With the Moor sayest thou ? Who would be
a father ?

How didst thou know 'twas she ? O thou de-
ceiv'st

Past thought ! What said she to you ? Get
more tapers ;
Raise all my kindred. Are they married,
think you ?

ROD. Truly I think they are.'

Again he says—

'O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter ?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted
her :

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou ; to fear, not to de-
light.'

And once again—

DUKE. 'Why, what's the matter ?'

BRA. 'My daughter ! Oh, my daughter !'

SEN. 'Dead ?'

BRA. 'Ay, to me ;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mounte-
banks :

For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not —'

It is clear enough by this time, to
what a state of astonished horror
Brabantio had been brought by this
unnatural elopement and marriage of
his daughter. Is there one of us who
will not sympathise with him ? When
he finds that he must perforce recon-
cile himself as best he can to the inevit-
able, he says—

'God be with you ! I have done —

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.

Come hither, Moor :

I, here, do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my
heart

I would keep from thee— For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child :
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To have clogs on them. I have done, my
lord.'

I am not surprised that Lady Mar-
tin leaves out of sight this altogether
affectionate, admirable, dignified
speech, and pathetic withal. She pre-
fers to fall back upon Brabantio's say-
ing to Othello, 'she has deceived her
father, and may thee,' that she may
have the opportunity of saying, 'then
does Brabantio let out the cold malig-
nity of his natural disposition—the
unforgiving cruelty which he keeps to
the last, so that it may sting and
wound more surely.' I condemn both
speeches. I shall not seek to palliate
Brabantio's, though it is, perhaps, not
much wonder that it was wrung from
him ; in truth and in justice, he was
entitled to say it, if he chose to do so,
though it had much better have been
left unsaid. In Lady Martin's ex-
haustive and bitter condemnation, I
can see neither truth nor justice.

This is all we know about this un-
happy father. He appears no more.
But we hear from his brother, as we
have seen, that his daughter was his
death, that he dies of a broken heart.
Lady Martin follows him to the last
with an unpyting unforgiveness—un-
forgiveness for what ? She says 'self-
reproaches would rise to fill her place
and embitter his loneliness, reminding
him of all he might have been,*
but had not been to her. I cannot
call to mind that, in a long course of
profuse and very miscellaneous read-
ing, I have ever come across anything
quite like this.

Othello, having been summoned to
the council chamber, is interrogated
as to the unlawful acts laid to his
charge by Brabantio. We must re-
member that, in those days of univer-
sal belief in dealings with the devil,
more or less satanic, and taking various

*In short, Shakespeare tells us that Bra-
bantio died of grief at his daughter's con-
duct. Lady Martin tells us that he died of
remorse at his own.

shapes, the very first idea that would strike any one, to account for such an unnatural marriage as Desdemona's—

'In spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything—'

would be that some diabolical means had been put in force. Othello asks permission to 'a round, unvarnished tale deliver.' He says that the only art he used was the effect of his description of his exploits, disastrous chances and sufferings, and of the wonders that he had seen; such as 'hills whose heads touch heaven, Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' How much of all this was true, then, or how much he practised upon Desdemona's credulity, we can not tell; but credulity in those times was general in other things besides dealing with diabolism. Then he says—

'My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore—in faith 'twas strange; 'twas passing
strange:'.

. 'She thanked me;
And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake.'

Then says Brabantio—

'I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither gentle mis-
tress;

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?'

To which Desdemona answers—

'My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my
husband;

And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.'

Observe how the question of the duty, which Desdemona owed to her father, the day before, and which was violated in her 'deceiving' him by her elopement, is evaded by her. *Having eloped and married the Moor*, not only

without her father's consent, but so contrary to it, that she has broken his heart, she jumps over from yesterday, entrenches herself in her present position, and says, '*here's my husband.*' The duty owed by a daughter to a father, which, of course, was what Brabantio meant, is lost sight of, and the only duty mentioned is that from a wife to a husband. Lady Martin says, that it is evident from Desdemona's words that she had not been treated with sympathetic kindness by her father, but rather had been repelled from him, because she speaks of 'duty' and not of 'affection.' Why, there was nothing in question but duty. Desdemona places all the three cases on the same level—between her father and herself, her husband and herself, and her father and mother. She says nothing about affection in any one of the three cases. It might just as well be said that she shows that she has no affection for her husband, because she says nothing about it. This is a curious proof how Lady Martin puts a strained interpretation, such as will suit her purpose, on everything said and done.

All this might well be left alone in a stage-play. We are not to tie down Shakespeare, as I have said, to every word written, and to every word omitted, nor his heroine either. All would pass well enough. We could take Shakespeare's characters as he created them. We could enjoy his grand work by accepting human nature, with its foibles, frailties and blemishes, as he found it and left it, were it not for these mistaken and mischievous evangelisms of what constitutes right and wrong, and makes up the character of an incomparable woman.

It would be a very unwelcome task to show up all the mistakes into which Lady Martin falls, but a few of them may be noticed. She says that Othello's complexion was 'like the shadowed livery of the burnished sun,' wherever she may have found that (not in the play), and whatever it may mean. The Othello of the play is 'black,' not to

make too sure of the 'thick lips.' She says there could be no 'living sympathy' between 'father and child' when he did not 'foresee the danger' (why danger?) 'of exposing her to such an unusual fascination.' Unusual indeed! So much so as to be deemed impossible. Again, the father 'has established no claim upon her heart; and that heart, hitherto untouched, is stolen from her during these long interviews, insensibly, but for ever.' Who ever heard before, that, if a girl gives as much heart as ever you please to her father, she has not got just as much more to give to her lover? They are two very different kinds of heart. Lady Martin calls Othello 'so noble, so self-devoting, so grandly enduring, so altogether spotless and heroic.' This is to account for Desdemona's infatuation. Did not his after treatment of a helpless, innocent woman, so utterly unresisting, show that he was not one of them? That they were just what he was *not*? We shall have to examine into his character presently; we shall see whether it was that. Lady Martin makes Brabantio's 'blindness' Desdemona's excuse. Why, is it not notorious that all fathers are supposed to be afflicted with the same blindness; but do all daughters therefore 'deceive' them, and run away from them, and break their poor blind hearts? She says that, after Desdemona's address to the senate, her father was 'silenced.' He said—

'If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!'

Well, she *was* more than half the wooer; 'upon this hint' (and certainly there could have been no broader or plainer one) 'I spake.' And, *therefore*, was Brabantio 'silenced.'

Let us now see what manner of man was this Moor, this thick-lipped black man, with whom a young, bright, beautiful, richly endowed, white, patrician, Christian lady ran off. He was ill-favoured. Desdemona 'saw his visage in his mind,' because she could not see

it in its proper place. That he was black, if he did not tell us so himself, there are more than one other who do. That he was 'thick-lipped,' Roderigo says. It is not the best warranty in the world; but why should he invent it? Let him hate Othello ever so much, he would hardly have said that his hair was red when it was not. He must, then, have been nearer to a negro, in outward appearance, than most young ladies would find attractive. I shall be told that Moors are not this; that they are not black; that, though dark-complexioned, they may be handsome men; that the Moors were a great race. All true. But the Moor with whom we have to do was Shakespeare's Moor, and we must take him as he is given to us. He was 'declined into the vale of years;' more than old enough to be Desdemona's father. He was a rough soldier and 'rude in speech;' but he must have been soft and winning when he chose to be so. Yet, when his passions were roused, he was more like a wild beast than a human being, if we are not doing injustice to the wild beast by the comparison. He was proud, with a haughty disdain.

'Tis yet to know,
(Which when I know that boasting is an
honour
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached.'

There was a great grandeur of dignity about him (truly Shakespearean). He was a long-tried and successful soldier, highly honoured and trusted by the state that he served, and he was held in great respect by his subordinates. To be all this, he must have had some great qualities. (Reading the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, John Henry Newman, Cardinal, but more than Cardinal, said, 'It makes one burn to be a soldier.') But he was a hireling and mercenary soldier, serving not his own people, but an alien race, between whom and his own there was mortal enmity. He was a Ma-

hometan, fighting for Christians against Mahometans. He cannot have abjured his country or his faith; for, when he is displaced from his command, his first idea is to return to 'Mauritania' and 'take away with him the fair Desdemona,' so that she would have sunk into a member of his harem. A pretty position for a Christian lady! (Her father, if she had condescended to appeal to him, might have enlightened her upon this point.) He must have been eloquent, yet not eloquent, for in true eloquence consists the power of throwing yourself into your part for the time being, and we dare not imagine that he betrayed to Desdemona, by gesture or expression of countenance, his fierce nature, in describing the fury of an onslaught. We dare not imagine that she saw his yellow 'eye balls roll,' as she saw them afterward. He could behave to Desdemona like a courteous gentleman, and he must have loved her with all his whole heart. (Men of that age, when they love, do not love by halves, nor men of that blood and nation.) Yet he was ready, *on the instant*, to entertain vile suspicions of her, only too soon confirmed—for him. In Iago's hands, he was a mere child. In the short space of one revolving moon he believes her guilty of the last villainess; he flings at her names of the last insult; he strikes her in public, and he lashes himself into the following climax:

'O, blood, Iago, blood!'

IAGO. 'Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.'

OTH. 'Never, Iago. Like the Pontick sea, Whose icy current and compulsive course Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propontick, and the Hellespont; Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent

pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up. Now by yond marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [kneels, I here engage my words.'

IAGO. 'Do not rise yet—[kneels, Witness you ever-burning lights above! You elements that clip us round about! Witness that here Iago doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse, What bloody work soever.'

OTH. 'I greet thy love, Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instance put thee to it; Within these three days let me hear thee say That Cassio's not alive.'

IAGO. 'My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request,

But let her live.'

OTH. 'Da'nn her, lewd minx! O damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil. Now, art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO. 'I am your own for ever.'

Again.

'Get me some poison Iago; this night—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her beauty Unprovide my mind again; this night Iago.'

IAGO. 'Do it not with poison, strangle her in "her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated."

OTH. 'Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.'

Once more. When Desdemona, with her very latest breath, tries to screen him, and says, when Emilia cries out:

'O, who hath done this deed?'

'Nobody; I myself; farewell; commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [Dies.'

Then Othello says—

'She's like a liar, gone to burning hell; 'Twas I that killed her.'

What of Othello *now*? Is *this* the man, whom Lady Martin calls, 'so noble, so self-devoting, so grandly enduring, so altogether spotless and heroic.' Does she not know that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin? It needed but the tempter, and there was the murderer. And, yet, even for this man, of this marvellous, complex nature, we can feel a pity when he says:

OTH. 'Soft you; a word or two before you go,
I have done the State some service and they know it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well; Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought, Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose sub-
dued eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this,
And say besides,—that, in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus [Stabs himself.]

Hear this well delivered by a suffi-
cient actor, and you come under the
wand of the enchanter. Amazing
power of the poet! Had this one per-
sonality been all that he had produced,
he would have been immortal. No
shame to you if you 'drop tears as fast
as the Arabian trees, their medicinal
gum.'

And now, what more shall be said
of the character of Othello's victim,
the gentle, loving, constant, enduring,
unresisting, forgiving Desdemona?
To go back again to the beginning, we
could find no more capital comparison
than between the marriages of Desde-
mona and Dorothea Brooke. There is
the same infatuation; the same dispar-
ity in years; the same want of per-
sonal attraction in the lover: the same
jealousy; the same wretched result;
all with a difference. But can any one
fancy Dorothea eloping? Nay, let us
suppose her to have been Mr. Casau-
bon's daughter, could any one fancy
her eloping with Will Ladislaw? Would
it not have indelibly soiled Dorothea's
fine character? Then, why shall Desde-
mona's be without stain? There is a
point, indeed, in which Desdemona
excels Dorothea, the complete forgive-
ness of Othello, to the very ultimate
last. Dorothea feels a natural resent-
ment at the odious codicil to Mr. Casau-
bon's will. Desdemona's forgive-
ness is, perhaps, superhuman. But
with that we have nothing to do. We
must allow her all that Shakespeare
gives her. Lady Martin says—and
we are happy most cordially to agree
with her, if it be but for once—that
neither history nor fiction has any-
thing finer of its kind. With all re-
verence be it spoken, we can only refer

it to the same Christian spirit which
inspired the words 'Father, forgive
them; they know not what they do.'
Nor must we by any means lose sight
of Desdemona's earnest and generous
pleading for Cassio. In Desdemona,
then, we have a character, in many
respects similar to that of Ophelia;
but more faulty, and, at the same time,
finer. Like Ophelia, Desdemona ex-
hausts our pity, but Desdemona's suf-
ferings are greater than Ophelia's. To
what more horrible mental torture,
to what viler indignities, could such
a creature be exposed? I must be par-
doned if I am compelled to make
Shakespeare speak for himself. How
fine and truly Shakespearian is the ear-
lier part of it!

OTH. 'Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare
head;

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well;
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current
runs,

Or else dries up: to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! turn thy complexion
there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cheru-
bin;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. 'I hope my noble lord esteems me
honest.'

OTH. 'O, ay; as summer flies are in the
shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O, thou
weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee. Would thou
had'st ne'er been born!

Des. 'Alas! What ignorant sin have I com-
mitted?'

OTH. 'Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book,
Made to write whore upon? What commit-
ted?

Committed? O, thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What commit-
ted?

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon
winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it; what committed?
Impudent strumpet!

DES. 'By heaven, you do me wrong.'

OTH. 'Are you not a strumpet?'

DES. 'No, as I am a Christian;

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other foul, unlawful touch,

Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.'

OTH. 'What, not a whore?'

DES. 'No, as I shall be saved.'

OTH. 'Is it possible?'

DES. 'O, heaven forgive us!'

OTH. 'I cry you mercy, then;

I look you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.— You, mistress,

[Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you ay,
you!

We have done our course, there's money for
your pains,

I pray you turn the key and keep our
counsel.' [Exit.

Emilia is a well-drawn character, with a rough, outspoken honesty, on some occasions, but a bit of a virago, and rankly dishonest on others. Her appropriating, not to say stealing, the handkerchief, and giving it to her husband, with all its attendant circumstances, well knowing the value which Desdemona set upon it, is atrocious. Lady Martin's sense of this seems to be not nearly keen enough. And, curiously, she makes a mistake with Emilia similar to that which she made with Nerissa, only in the opposite direction. While she elevates the waiting maid, Nerissa, into a lady, she degrades the lady, Emilia, into a waiting maid. She speaks of 'her class,' evidently meaning the class of waiting maids. It is true that Desdemona is spoken of as Emilia's 'mistress,' but so, in the same sense, is the Queen mistress of the great ladies about her household. We must take Emilia's rank from that of her husband, and

Iago, though we cannot define exactly what he was, was certainly far above the rank of a menial. He was the chosen friend of Othello, and the companion of gentlemen.

The play is disfigured with excessively gross expressions. I do not know where you would find any more utterly gross in Shakespeare, or even in any other dramatist, which, if true, is saying all that could be said. But its transcendent power throws all this into the background. It is a Titanic work. Upon Othello and Iago the whole burden of the piece falls. Both parts require consummate actors, and that of Othello immense physical power; he runs through the whole gamut of emotions, and often strikes sudden and wide intervals. It is a most exhausting performance, taxing every resource, and it is well deemed a touchstone of a tragic actor's ability. It has been not uncommon for two actors to alternate the parts, but they must both be of the first rank. Desdemona, to do the part justice, must be personated by a sufficiently capable actress, but one can hardly repress a smile at Lady Martin's saying, 'Macready was my Othello.' Macready was an excellent actor; he had some strong mannerisms, and a voice difficult, I suspect, to manage; but he had a dignity which he always sustained, and in Othello there is great demand upon it. He was a gentleman off the stage and on it. He will be remembered as one of Charles Dickens' two 'Macs,' the other being Maclise, the admirable painter and R. A., who was fond of dramatic (some said theatrical) subjects.

WHEN DEATH CREEPS O'ER THE KINDLY LIGHT.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

WHEN Death creeps o'er the kindly light
 Of some dear eyes we know so well,
 How strays the soul's exulting flight,
 Loosed from the confines of its cell ?

Perchance ! To distant climes above
 'Tis led through azure depths of space
 Where rise the springs of boundless love
 For all degrees of human race ;

Perchance ! 'Tis called to instant life,
 Forever free from terrors grim,
 So soon as ceases mortal strife,
 Ere yet the eyes have time to dim ;

Or, does the soul by instinct fly,
 In calmness to its native land,
 Forgetting grief, each painful sigh,
 When soothed beneath a Father's hand ?

O none can tell, when unconfined,
 The spirit leaves a dull control,
 How wanders forth the living mind,
 Or where exists its final goal.—

When Death must close the eyes in sleep,
 And bid some heaving heart be dumb,
 O may the soul responsive leap,
 And hear an angel whisper, 'Come !'

Then swift along the glowing sky,
 To regions of Eternal Day,
 Beyond the suns and planets fly,
 With fast increasing strength away.—

Till safely o'er the wide abyss,
 The Seraph hosts of God appear ;
 That onward lead to homes of bliss,
 Where plaintive music soothes the ear.—

At last among the heavenly throng,
 Bow down before the Saviour's throne,
 And swell the loud triumphant song,
 In notes of an immortal tone.

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE INFLUENCE OF SUPERIOR MEN.

AUGUSTE COMTE has a curious speculation to the effect that the vast intellectual superiority of the human race has had a depressing effect upon the lower animals, and has possibly prevented some species of them from framing for their own use much more perfect means of communication than any of them are actually found to possess. He seems to think that, but for man, some of them might almost have risen to rational language. However this may be, it is certainly the case that higher races of men do exert a depressing influence upon lower races, and seem to push them below their normal level. Without taking an unduly romantic view of the former condition of the Indian population of this continent, we may be allowed to believe that the Indian of three centuries ago was, in general, a vastly more dignified and respectable being than the Indian of to-day. In the accounts of the Indian tribes given by Champlain and the early Jesuit and Recollet missionaries, there is nothing to provoke contempt; but, on the contrary, much to conciliate liking and respect. The Indian of to-day has lost the savage virtues of his forefathers, and has borrowed little from civilized men save their vices, of which, it must be confessed, he has had much more ample experience than of their good qualities. Here a superior civilization coming into contact with an inferior has widened the gap between itself and the inferior, instead of closing it up, or at least diminishing it, by the elevation of the lower race.

Now, it has sometimes occurred to me to ask whether, in our own society, superior minds do not sometimes stand in the way of the development of inferior ones. The man who, in the words of Horace,

‘*prægravat artes
Infra se positas,*’

may not always, there is reason to think, be a benefactor to his associates. As an administrator, he may assume too much responsibility himself, and leave too little to them. Doing things so much more readily, and seeing things so much more clearly and comprehensively than they, he may positively stand between them and that exercise of their intelligence which, in his absence, would become a matter of necessity. He thinks, perhaps, that he is mightily aiding in the development of their intelligence, forgetting that actual intellectual work, coupled with a sense of responsibility, is almost the only thing that really does develop intelligence. Then there is the other aspect of the case to consider: not only does the able man voluntarily do more than his share of work, and particularly of thinking, but others, when they have found out how much they can trust to his insight and capacity, voluntarily repose on his judgment when they ought to exercise their own. Their intellectual *vis inertia* readily accepts an arrangement under which it is so little disturbed. Even when there exists a disposition to exercise thought and assume responsibility, it meets with so little encouragement, or, perhaps, so much positive discouragement, that it is soon replaced by a mere spirit of routine. If rumour speaks truly, Mr. Gladstone is one of these men who do so much themselves, and leave so little to others, that they really train no very capable successors. Prince Bismarck possesses the same characteristic in a more extreme form; but a still more eminent Prussian, Frederick the Great, furnishes, perhaps, the most conspicuous example in history of the disposition to which I refer. ‘Under him there was no room,’ says Macaulay, ‘not merely for a Richelieu or a Mazarin, but for a Colbert, a Louvois, or a Torcy. A love of labour for its own sake, a restless and insatiable longing to dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt, a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow-creatures, made him

unwilling to ask counsel, to confide important secrets, to delegate ample powers. The highest functionaries under his government were mere clerks, and were not so much trusted by him as valuable clerks are often trusted by the heads of departments. . . . He could tolerate no will, no reason, in the State save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate and transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and No into an official form.'

In family relations we sometimes see the dwarfing of one intelligence by another. Here is a wife whose nature has never been fully developed, because she has lived in the shadow of her husband; and here, again, we sometimes see a husband who, overmastered by the superior intellect or energy of his wife, has never taken the place he might have taken had he had a fuller share of responsibility and initiative. There are parents, in like manner, who are too clever for their children, too clever to sympathize with or understand intellectual weakness, and who, therefore, rather numb than foster a nascent intelligence. This may be the case even where the children give more than ordinary intellectual promise; and, if we do not more frequently see children perpetuating the talents of their parents, this may sometimes be the cause: the children are so intellectually 'sat on,' that they lose all spring and all originality. I incline, indeed, to think this a point of considerable importance. It does every one good to have some power of initiative, to have room and opportunity, and encouragement, to expand, to *se faire valoir*. Children, above all, need it; and to deny it to them is to shut them up in a dungeon. And a dungeon, be it remembered, would be none the less a dungeon if its walls were made of sparkling diamonds. The mind cannot feed on the cleverness of others; it must have some chance to exercise and display its own, without being promptly 'headed off.' There are some people who, in conversation, always want to express your thought better than you have done it yourself, and who will hardly allow you time to see what you can do, so prompt are they to come to your assistance.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be this. All intellectual supe-

riority ought to be dominated by a social purpose. The aim of the able man should not be to create a desert for himself where he can roam and roar in undisputed lordship; but to dwell peaceably side by side with his fellows, helping them where necessary, but looking to their good, and not to the increase of his own influence or prestige. Whatever is weak he should try to strengthen; the smoking flare of confused, inarticulate thought, he should try to blow into the flame of clear expression. And when the superior man cannot act in this spirit, society should by its attitude remind him that, with all his havings, he lacks the most important gift of all,—superiority of heart.

LE S.

SPELLING NOVELTIES.

I MUST admit that I take a savage pleasure in noticing and pointing out the slips and trips which piratical American publishers are always making in their reprints of English works. These tell-tale mistakes often occur from a too great, a too Chinese, fidelity in copying; such as allusions to plates or frontispieces which are not reproduced in the American edition. The instance which I last noted does not, however, fall under this head; but was caused by that insane love of petty tinkering with the accepted spelling of English words which is so much affected by the American press. Possibly they think there is something national in spelling 'centre' 'center,' and 'sombre' 'somber;' a Yankee-phobist might remark that the change must be a concession to a national ignorance which could not pronounce the words unless cut up to fit their mouths, like spoon-meat prepared for little children. Among these fancies I have always felt some approval for their preferring the form 'jail' over 'gaol,' the latter word being liable by a careless reader to be mistaken for 'goal.' But in the reprint of the *Contemporary Review* for last April, the purist proof-reader, in his intense desire to be plain and intelligible, has put 'jail' for 'goal,' so that the author of 'A Study of Carlyle' is made to utter the startling sentiment that a 'common starting point does not mean a common jail!'

Perhaps if the culprit were confined

to a 'common jail' for a year and set to read phonetic literature and correct phonetic proof-sheets (a different scheme each week), his awful fate would induce his fellow-criminals to refrain from tam-

pering with the spelling of their innocent brethren across the Big-water.

F. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Black Robe, by WILKIE COLLINS.
Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.
1881. [Canadian Copyright Edition.]

GOOD and evil, the domestic affections and the aggressive tendencies of a proselytising religion, these are the protagonists who wrestle in Mr. Wilkie Collins' pages for supreme domination over the soul of the hero, Lewis Romaine. Romaine is hardly a hero. In fact, there is too much putty and not enough sternness of purpose in his nature to enable him to do, or persevere in doing, anything that a respectable hero ought to do. He is a miserable travesty of Hamlet, daunted by an untraceable voice which most unfairly twits him with being a murderer, an assassin. We say a miserable travesty, because Hamlet was not scared out of his wits, nor did he lose his appetite because a spirit spoke unpleasant things to him, but because his belief in that supernatural message impelled him to actions of the deepest moment to himself and the state of Denmark. But Romaine is purely and simply scared at the voice, as people used to be at the Cock-lane ghost. By dint of calling him 'assassin' often enough, the ghostly visitant persuades this brilliant specimen of the cultured intellect of modern England that he is, at any rate, next door to being a murderer in dead earnest. As though this 'whoreson tingling' in his ears was not bad enough, poor Romaine is afflicted at the same time with a mission to write a work on 'The Origin of Religions.' It was an open question whether any man, not already insane, ever began such a work (if

the Rev. Mr. Casaubon, in 'Middlemarch,' will excuse us); but it is certain that no one has ever preserved his senses throughout such a terrible ordeal. Romaine is no exception to the rule, or rather he illustrates both of its branches. He is fairly and sufficiently cracked when he begins his amateur researches; and what small stock of brains he had left, he spills by the way as Hop o'my Thumb crumbled his bread crust on the road into the forest, only to be picked up by harpies in the shape of ancient divines who hover around his tortuous path. Amidst this sad imbroglio, two helping hands are stretched out to him from different and (alas!) opposing quarters. Both wish to save him from his hypochondria, and each one regards the other as a natural enemy. It is a case of two rival poulterers calling in suasive accents to the same duck, from opposite sides of the pond, 'dilly, dilly, come and be killed!' We really can't say if Father Benwell, who wants to cure and convert him (with ultimate views on the fine old landed estate of Vange Abbey), or Stella, who wants to cure him by the process of matrimony, displays more relentless vigour in the chase. The wily Jesuit has one advantage, however. Stella may, and does, score the first trick, and marry her lover; but, having done that, she can't do it again, and the man of the black robe is at liberty to play his little return match undisturbed, which he does with much skill and adroitness. Romaine is converted, hustled off, persuaded his marriage is not binding in the eyes of the Church, gets into holy orders and a de-

cline with all convenient speed, so that Vange Abbey (once monastic property and now unentailed) seems in a fair way to return to the Church. At the latest moment (for vice, even in a black robe, must not be allowed to prosper), Father Benwell's precautions relax, the dying priest has several interviews with injured wife and deserted child, and Vange Abbey slips back out of the Church's fingers again. Romayne then dies, presumably, from his spiritual superiors not having allowed him to complete his 'Origin of Religions,' and Stella decorously, but rapidly, marries again. Of course this is all told in Mr. Collins' usual, not to say stereotyped, manner; being cut up into 'Before the Story,' 'The Story,' and 'After the Story,' subdivided into chapters, grouped in books, and split up into correspondence and extracts from diaries. But these are peculiarities of the author's style of work which, like his odd use of capital letters, as in writing 'Me' for the less egotistic 'me,' are familiar to all readers of Mr. Collins' novels. As the story has just been completed in our pages, there is little occasion for further comment. We only add that we leave this really interesting book in the hands of a public which will no doubt extend to it the usual meed of approbation and applause.

The English Poets, edited by THOMAS H. WARD, M. A. London and New York : Macmillan & Co., 1880. (*Fifth Notice*). Vol. IV., Wordsworth to Dobell. Toronto : Copp, Clark & Co.

'The Age of Poetry has passed.' How often have we heard this sweeping judgment enunciated,—but by whom? Surely not by the poets, who exist in very sufficient numbers for any age which delights in dubbing itself hard-headed, prosaic, practical and matter-of-fact.

It is generally delivered *ex cathedra* by the most hide-bound, pedantic materialists of the day, men who could not be expected to know a poet if they saw one, and who would regard Shakespeare as an ordinary two-handed, five-fingered specimen of the genus '*homo*' just as Peter Bell saw 'nothing more' in the 'primrose by the river's brim' than a yellow flower of that name with a certain determinate number of petals. The locomotive engine and the telegraph are supposed to have banished poetry. Just

so we may imagine a Greek hero of a Conservative cast of thought, lamenting when that nasty dull coloured iron superseded the fine old rich-tinted weapons of bronze, and, to his mind, all the romance of war vanished like thin mist.

Such a shallow criticism meets its best refutation when we compare this, the last of Mr. Ward's four volumes, with its predecessors. Without too rashly provoking a renewal of the old contest between Ancients and Moderns, we may be allowed modestly to state our opinion that it contains more true poetry, more real poetical thought, than any of the other three, and that, without its covering so long a period of time as any of them. The limitations of this remark should not be overlooked. For instance, it must be remembered that the drama is outside of the scope of Mr. Ward's plan, and consequently the undoubted decline of dramatic writing does not affect the validity of our verdict. Neither do we commit ourselves to the statement that the fourth volume contains the names of greater poets than those whose works are enshrined in the earlier issues. A poet may hold a position by reputation, or in virtue of unachieved possibilities which disclose themselves in his work, or from the degree in which he is in advance of his age or in which he shares the glory of inaugurating a new school of thought, and yet this high position may be in a large degree *personal*, so that it is his name and fame that keeps much of his poetry alive, and not his verse that preserves his memory. One might imagine in the course of centuries the popular mind retaining, as weapons to conjure with, the exalted names of some great poets, while forgetting all their works, and at the same time cherishing in the inmost heart of the people some lyric bursts of melody, the very existence of whose author is a myth. In proportion as the poet outweighs the man will this risk of oblivion assail the personalities of our bards. In the case of Shakespeare, the greatness of the work nearly effaced the lineaments of the master craftsman, and only the accident of his near connection with the mechanical part of his business—the production of his works upon the stage—has preserved for us the scanty elements of portraiture which we do possess.

Without needing then to quibble over the question whether Dryden or Shelley

was the greater poet—a question that might be solved if there were any standard of comparison, and which, in the absence of such a measure, is about as practicable as a discussion about the relative weight of last year's rainbows—we may apply ourselves to the task of finding out the key to the superiority of so much modern poetry over the product of the corresponding minds of the Jacobean or Hanoverian period. A careful perusal of the extracts in this volume will bear us out when we affirm that the superiority exists in the greater wealth of thought with which the poets of this century have been endowed, and the more lavish hand with which they have scattered it over their pages. The effect of this profusion is two-fold. Here is the direct effect produced by the thoughts themselves; which we may compare, to borrow an example from Political Economy, to the actual purchasing power of so much wealth. But, to pursue the metaphor, as the free and judicious expenditure of wealth produces credit and confidence in the expender's resources, even so does the freedom with which a Keats heaps beauty on beauty and harmony on harmony lead our imagination to gift him with the inexhaustible resources of nature, and makes us feel as though it were as easy for the poet as for the poet's teacher to hide radiance behind radiance, to gem a hill-side with the burning jewels of the dew merely to hide it beneath a misty swathe of cloud that catches all the tints of morning, or to frame a glowing sunset that should last eternally merely to dissipate it, in all the capriciousness of power, by a breath of evening wind.

The richness and close texture of the thought which is found worked into our modern poems is marvellous when we compare it with the slender outfit with which so many good old writers ventured forth to scale Parnassus. A single, poor miserable idea, stunted by long abiding in the haunts of common-place, often furnished the motive of a long poem, the unit of whose calculation was never less than a Book or a Canto. If a man got a thought he strove to spread it, like gold leaf, over as wide a space as possible, and if it would not hold out, some judicious little piece of unnatural description, in which mountains would be sure to nod (if it were night time), and trees hide themselves in their own umbrageous shades, came to the rescue

and helped to stop the leak in the classical cock-boat. Surely there is more thought, more imagination and greater perception of the realities of things in many a verse by Wordsworth or Shelley than most long poems of the previous century could boast.

This wealth of endowment has lately tended in some instances to confusion, the poet striving to beat more thought into one short poem than it could fairly hold. Excess of meaning proves as unprofitable as defect, and the intellectual digestion declines to assimilate nourishment which is presented to it in so concentrated a form. Some of our poets of to-day appear to consider it sufficient if they have a good sound meaning, and regard it as the reader's province to puzzle out what it is. When these knotty thoughts are couched in language that appears to have learnt its style at the telegraph office, where the economically disposed lop off all excrescences, till their poor sentence is left at last, palpitating as from the knife of the vivisector, it is often very difficult to unravel the author's meaning. No better exercise could be set these criminals than to study a few pages of Pope every morning and write a few verses in his manner every evening. The thoughts which Pope enunciated were none of the newest, and very few were startling. They had been part of the stock in trade of the literary world for many a long year, and many of them had almost blundered into the domains of Proverbial wisdom. But stale and familiar as they really were, so that one might be expected to guess their meaning from the first few words, and closely and tightly as they were packed in Pope's well-filled lines, he took very good care that none but a dunce would need to read any one of them more than once.

We do not find the difficulty above complained of in the poems of Wordsworth or Coleridge, with which this volume opens. Yet, both of these men could put away much meaning in the compass of a line, or even convey it by the choice selection of a word. Wordsworth, particularly, excelled in the short poems which were confined to the rounding off of one complete and perfectly beautiful thought, like a spring song-bird in a bough of fruit-blossoms seen against the blue, soft sky. His grander thoughts too, are not to be sought for up and down the length and breadth of the 'Excursion,' but in his 'Sonnets,' from

which we gather, at random, such lines as these, lines of monumental beauty :

'(He) doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.'

'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.'

'This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers.'

The best of Coleridge's work, also, bears the mark of strong compression, coupled with lucidity of meaning, but the closeness of texture was not produced by any labour of cutting out, it was the result of those wonderful powers of insight which produced before him a vivid picture of the scene he wished to depict, accompanied, as he has himself explained by an inward suggestion of such words as would most appropriately embody the vision. We cannot be prolix or diffuse in looking at a landscape,—and, when that landscape passes into our being, like a lovely strain of music, we have, as Coleridge had in Kubla-Khan, a representation of sacred river and 'caverns measureless by man,' which could not contain a superfluous epithet any more than the hill-sides of Zanadu could be darkened by a single cedar too many.

The failure of Southey to achieve a permanent position abreast of his brother Lake-poets, appears to us in a large measure due to the fact that his verse is lacking in that richness of thought which we have singled out as the leading characteristic of the poetry of the nineteenth century. The quantity of poetry which really existed in Southey's nature would have qualified admirably for a poet of the epoch of the earlier George's, supposing that his 'lawless structure of blank verse' could have then been tolerated. Or had he been content to accept the post of a minor poet, and, leaving 'the more important mythologies known to the world' without the long poems he sought to found upon them, had concentrated his energies on a few more little pieces like the 'Holly Tree,' or the 'Battle of Blenheim,' it would have been better for his fame. But this he could not do. Ten volumes of verse, unnumbered prose writings, and a host of miscellaneous and fugitive pieces did not satisfy him. He must needs write two poems at once, an idiosyncrasy which he attributes to his own over great excitability which could not bear the burden of his own fictitious woes too

long together. It would be almost too bad to suggest that the same regard for his own throbbing brain led him to water down his poems and tragedies to their present pitch of wholesome mawkishness. Judging by their effect on the reader they could hardly have given their author a nervous fever.

We do not find that Southey influenced the course of modern poetry as his other great Tory contemporary, Scott, did. In many respects we find that the effect produced by the latter depends upon the associations which he confidently knew could be conjured up in the then state of the public taste by the use of an archaic word. Where 'helmet' would fall flat on the ear, a reference to the 'barred aventayle' carried with it an irresistible smack of the Middle Ages. No doubt there was a little charlatanism in all this, so that the title 'Wizard of the North,' is not altogether inappropriate, despite its modern associations with Wiljaba Frikel and the pulling of rabbits out of gentlemen's hat-gear. Unless Sir Walter prefers to shuffle off the blame upon the 'infirm old Minstrel' we must charge him with sinning against knowledge in that famous passage about the knights at Branksome Towers, who

'Carved at the meal with gloves of steel
And drank the red wine through the helmet
barred.'

Yet the impossible verse has roused many a boy's blood to fever heat and sent him to old chronicle and ballad monger with an awakened belief in the *reality* of those bygone times, albeit his studies must inevitably result in his looking back at his genial teacher with critical eye which detects, to use the language of Prof. Goldwin Smith's introductory essay, the 'bastard Gothic' alike in his baronial mansion at Abbotsford and in 'many details of his poems.' Scott's ballad of 'The Eve of St. John' is very judiciously selected as an example of his power in a very difficult branch of poetry, and affords the student a favourable opportunity of tracing out the effect which the study of Bürger and other German writers of the *Sturm und Drang* school had in modifying the pure Border Ballad when revived by the last of the Borderers.

In Byron we find a spirit of antagonism towards most, if not all, of the forms in which the poetic thought of his age found vent and towards the poets who

were its exponents. Only towards the latter part of his life did his association with Shelley and the growing feeling that they were one at heart, in hatred of the shams and formalities which were then being bound like grave-clothes round the head of struggling Europe, tend to produce anything like that sense of brotherhood which might have done so much to mellow and refine Byron's embittered temperament. The group of poets we now approach, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, produce on us the effect we might expect to feel if some grand trilogy by Sophocles were discovered, and ere the papyrus could be unrolled, the spoiler's hand were to tear away and destroy all but the opening stanzas of each masterpiece. All so great, all so deeply imbued with the love of Liberty, and all dying so young! How their minds would have matured, and possibly reacted upon each other, and what a noble fellowship they might have formed in some historic Italian city,—this we may picture to ourselves, but can never know. Constitutional despotism, engineered by its Metternichs, must have smiled grimly as the grave closed on them, one by one.

The recent reaction in favour of Byron's poetry is manifested in Mr. Symond's introductory remarks, and appears to rest upon a solid basis. English opinion yearly becomes more cosmopolitan, and a writer who holds the high position on the Continent which Byron does cannot be much longer frowned down by the now decadent spirit of second-rate pharisaical morality which has so long tabooed his works. Increased remoteness from his life will tend also to bring about a juster criticism upon his poems. Possibly Byron exaggerated his sentiments and delighted to overlay the shadows of his despair with the most melancholy tints,—this element of insincerity will die out as we forget the author and apply ourselves more closely to his productions.

To do the scantest justice to Shelley and Keats in the short space still left at our disposal would be an impossibility. Their names must simply stand on record as witnesses to the truth of the position we took up at the commencement of this notice:—the 'Ode to a Skylark' and 'Ode to a Grecian Urn' would alone suffice to redeem the age from the charge of having produced no poets. To mention for a moment a lower name, there

is a curious coincidence noticeable between the poem of Leigh Hunt, given at page 346, on the 'Grasshopper and Cricket' and Keat's sonnet on the same subject, commencing,

'The poetry of earth is never dead.'

Passing on to Landor, we find that a greater poet than Southey has lost much of the recognition that posterity undoubtedly owes him from two faults not often found in company. Like Southey, his long poems, such as Gebir, are too long, and at the same time his thoughts are at times so involved as to be almost as inextricable as ordinary passages in 'Sordello.' But as Browning can be as pure as spring water when he chooses, so could Landor be. A lovely example of this, his better, style is to be found at page 479, in a short piece of blank verse on Iphigenia and Agamemnon; and when he was once driven to be clear and compressed as in his epigrams and epitaphs (whether couched in English or Latin) Landor was simply unsurpassable.

Campbell, Moore, Hood,—Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law Rhymers, Mrs. Browning and Charles Kingsley,—all must be passed over without a word of comment, and yet they would have taken no mean place among the poets our grandsires delighted to honour. But we cannot refrain from pointing out the forerunner of a new school of poetry in Clough, the first poet of that vast transition movement which is hurrying the world away from its old mooring-grounds out into the dark ocean of Doubt in search of some 'land which no man knows.'

The last glimpse of those familiar havens, which can no longer hold our dragging anchors,—the faint lift of the clouds on the sea of despair,—the first distant glimmer of hope as we see the new shore shaping itself beneath cloud and tempest and know that it is very fair,—these will furnish the poet of the future with themes for immortal verse.

Clough has sung the siren voices that would fain tempt us back from that perilous voyage,—but tempt in vain.

'Come back, come back;—and whither or for what?

To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe.

Come back. Come back!'

Primer of French Literature, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Clarendon Press Series, Oxford. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Saintsbury is probably the most fit man to be found out of France to compile such a little work as this. And it is, indeed, a work that has been very much needed, the acquaintance of English-speaking nations with French literature having been too much of a broken and isolated nature, confined to a few favourite old authors of picked merit, and to such of the yellow-covered productions of to-day as chance to strike the peculiar British fancy. Few Englishmen cared to form an idea of French literature as a whole, and M. Taine attacked the complicated field of English poetry before any similar international work that we are acquainted with was attempted by any one on the other side of the Channel. Indeed we may extend our remark even further, and say that no Frenchman, until a comparatively recent period, has presented a comprehensive view of the literary achievements of his countrymen. As Mr. Saintsbury remarks, 'The first three chapters of this primer, the materials of which are now open to any one, could not have been written sixty or seventy years ago without a life's labour, and the very names of most of the books and authors mentioned in them were unknown, even to the best informed Frenchmen.'

The main characteristic of French literature, according to Mr. Saintsbury, and that which imparts its chief claim to interest, consists in the length of time which it covers 'without any sensible break in the manifestation of real, living literary activity.' The earliest French poems are not couched in a different tongue from that which is spoken in France to-day; the history of French literature, 'from the *Chanson de Roland* to the latest work of M. Victor Hugo, is continuous without a single break, and the *Chanson* itself can be read by a person only acquainted with modern French with at least as much facility as that with which a modern Englishman can read Chaucer.' There is a difference of 400 years in date between '*Roland*' and '*The Canterbury Tales*,' and the only English poetry that can be called con-

temporaneous to *Roland* was in fact written in Anglo-Saxon; two solitary facts which go to show what a wide difference exists between the early literatures of England and France.

Wordsworth by F. W. H. MYERS, English Men of Letters Series, edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

That there is anything very new to be said, either about the life or the writings of Wordsworth, is hardly to be expected. Some unpublished letters and traditionary reminiscences have been placed at Mr. Myers' disposal, which, without throwing any startling light upon the incidents of the poet's life, may be welcomed as perhaps the last gleanings of fact which biographers can expect to rake together. For new light upon Wordsworth's poetry we must wait until poetic thought has moved on to some further vantage ground;—all that can be advantageously said from the stand-point of appreciative discipleship having been already given to the world. Mr. Myers naturally, therefore, disclaims any pretensions to novelty in the views he has taken of the inner spirit and true scope of Wordsworth's genius; the views he propounds have, no doubt, been come to independently, but the result does not lead him to obtrude 'upon the public any merely fanciful estimate in which better accredited judges would refuse to concur.'

Within the limits thus prescribed, Mr. Myers has shown great skill and appreciation. He is a poet himself, and he deals with that aspect of Wordsworth's life in a congenial spirit, while the whole work is written in that good prose which poets not unfrequently write, when they escape being too flowery and rhetorical. We have no fault to find with his biographical sketch, unless it be that at p. 88, he follows the modern practice of sneering at De Quincey, although he certainly does not go so far in that direction as does Carlyle in his lately published '*Reminiscences*.' We would select the 7th chapter on the '*Happy Warrior*,' as perhaps containing the best passages in the book.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Canadian Press Association are about to pay a fitting and well-deserved compliment to Mr. Goldwin Smith by tendering him a dinner at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on the evening of the 3rd instant, at which, it is understood, there will be a large gathering of journalists and press writers of the Province. The circumstance which has immediately suggested the demonstration is the intended departure of the distinguished gentleman for a year's sojourn in Europe—the occasion being cordially taken advantage of to express the great respect in which Professor Smith is held by the literary profession of the country, and to acknowledge their appreciation of the service which he has rendered to independent journalism. We should have been glad had Mr. Goldwin Smith waived his objections to the Public Banquet which it was the desire of his numerous friends to tender him. Possibly, however, the Dinner Committee of the Press Association may see their way to relax the rule, excluding all but journalists, in favour of the many who wish to be present on the approaching interesting occasion.

The Book Steward of the Methodist Book House, Toronto, has done good and timely service in bringing out, by arrangement, and in cheap form, a Canadian edition of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Roberts' 'Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament,' with a supplement by a member of the American Committee of Revision. The purpose of the work is to explain the reasons for the changes made in the authorized version as they relate either to omissions or to new renderings of the Greek text adopted by the Revisers. To this has been appended an account, by one of the American Revising Committee, of the part taken in the joint work by American divines and scholars, showing both the points of agreement with, and of variation from, their English colleagues. The 'Companion' throws a

flood of light upon the labours of both the Committees, and explains to the English reader, in an instructive and satisfactory manner, the why and wherefore of the emendations incorporated in the new text. It will be found an indispensable accompaniment to the Revised Version.

As we go to press, the second volume reaches us of Mr. W. J. Rattray's important contribution to our national literature on the subject of 'The Scot in British North America.' We can only at present announce its appearance, an event, however, of some moment when we consider the high character of Mr. Rattray's work, and the exceeding interest of the subjects dealt with in the present instalment. It will be remembered that in the initial volume the author discussed the subjects of 'The Scot at Home,' and the 'Scot across the Sea;' the latter dealing with 'Early Conquest and Colonization' and 'British Rule after the Conquest,' a fitting introduction to the events to be subsequently described. The present volume is devoted to the 'Scot in Public Life,' and treats of The War of 1812; public events from 1815 to the Union of Upper and Lower Canada; and, finally, the political development of Canada from 1840 to the period of Confederation. No work that has hitherto appeared does greater credit to Canadian literary talent than this history by Mr. Rattray. Its author has a firm grasp of his subject, and possesses in a high degree the judicial faculty, which, with the ability to write well and entertainingly, are important requisites in historical composition. This second portion of our author's work ought to meet with a hearty reception from all Canadians and those who take interest in historical studies. We shall review it at length in our next. The work is handsomely produced from the press of Hunter, Rose & Co., for the publishers, Messrs. Maclear & Co., Toronto.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

The excitement with which the public, on both sides of the Atlantic, have bought up the Revised New Testament as eagerly as, a few months ago, they did the first issue of Lord Beauchamp's tinsel romance, is by some hailed as a sign of a vast revival of the defunct 'Queen of the Sciences,' Theology. But to those who read the signs of the times, both in the newspapers which have given to the Revised Gospel quite a prominent place amid the topics of the day, and in the current babble of society, this sort of half-patronizing, half-critical, attention accorded to the work which once made the word 'Book' a title sacred and infallible as that of Pope, will seem anything but a sign of reviving faith. It is rather an evidence of the general sympathy with the spirit of modern criticism, which induces many a practical mind, little accustomed to interest itself in the storms of the theological tea-cup, to watch for once this book, and ask how much Orthodoxy is prepared to surrender to Truth.

Those who look for any concession involving doctrine will be disappointed. A few notoriously spurious texts have been expunged, and the words 'Hell' and 'Damnation' have been removed from the New Testament, and relegated to the roughs and to the 'Park ranters.' It is to be regretted that the suggestions of the American Committee, printed at the end of this volume, were not more generally adopted. At the same time we have reason to be thankful for the conservation of the unequalled beauty of manner of the Old Version; and the cen-

sure thrown at the Revision by the *Standard* and other papers seems to us undeserved. The substitution of the word 'Love' for the old 'Charity' of 1 Cor. xiii., we hold to be an improvement. 'Charity' is a word which has undergone what Coleridge calls by the hard but useful name *desynonymization*—it no longer means what it meant three centuries ago—it is saturated with associations which recall tramps, Sunday-school pic-nics, and begging letters. Surely 'Love' is better, and have we not already the assurance that 'God is Love?'

The Revision seems to us to halt between two opinions,—it has broken with the forgeries and interpolations which made the old authorized version as unreliable as the False Decretals; it has not adopted the most generally admitted results of modern criticism. It will be curious to see what the Old Testament Revision makes of the books of Moses and the Prophecies of Isaiah. In any case, the work cannot be regarded as final. It is but the beginning of the end. If there is to be a revival of Bible worship, it must be on the ground that there is a human element in the sacred text, that the 'Book' is made up of poems, proverbs, histories, biographies, and letters; in all of which human weaknesses and human error are allowed to enlist our sympathies for what is fallible and human. Christianity, if it is to live, must live in the Present, not in the Past; blossoming in the light of day, not shut up like a pressed flower between the pages of a book. Meanwhile, the Revision is a step in the right direction.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A DREAM OF PARNASSUS.

The Era of Cheap Books, and what the Immortals think about It.

I slept where the moon, serenely bright,
Shone full in my face through a summer night;
I dreamt I was in a Land of Light,
With Fielding and Moore and Shelley and
White,
And Shakespeare and Milton—a goodly sight?—
With Addison, Dryden, and others, quite

Too numerous to mention;
And there the worthies, one and all,
Whom we the 'classic authors' call;
Beneath the shade of Parnassus tall,
On Pegasus Place, in Helicon Hall,
Were holding a big convention.

Virgil was sitting beside Voltaire,
Boccaccio chatting with Dumas, père,
And Pope curled up in the corner there,
While old Sam Johnson was in the chair,
Wall-eyed and grim, with carrotty hair,

And he said, 'Of course you are all aware,
Of the latest earthly advices :
The publishers seem to be going to smash
Beneath the great "economy" lash,
For the Book Exchange is cutting a dash
Exceedingly reckless and awfully rash,
And selling for almost nothing for cash,
And ruining regular prices !

'I hold in my hand a letter from four
American publishers who feel sore,
And they speak for a score, or possibly more,
Who live by a traffic in printed lore.
I read : "We pray from this earthly shore—
Ye authors of old attend us !
O, give us a lift in this hour of need,
For the publishing business is going to seed ;
The Book Exchange is making with speed
As many books as the folks can read,
And selling disgracefully low, indeed ;
It cheapens your fame—for you we plead !—
Ye talented ghosts, defend us !"

'What word shall we send to this earthly
band ?'

Then Scott, with GOOD LITERATURE in hand,
Arose (amid cries of 'Take the stand !')
And said, 'This scheme will possess the land ;
No good is the Harper or Scribner brand,
While Alden shows that he can command
The brains of sage and scholar ;
A shilling for Pope—good binding on ;
The same for the poems of Tennyson ;
Six cents for your Pilgrim's Progress, John ;
For the Iliad, thirty cents ; and Don
Quixote for a half a dollar !'

Then Chaucer said, 'I am rather old,
But I am mighty glad this day to be told
How cheap my Canterbury Tales are sold,
And the poets and wits of the Queen Anne fold
Steele the bright and De Foe the bold,
Berkeley the sober and Swift the scold,
From the time of Sir Walter Raleigh ;
Shakespeare's Works, and Smollett's, and
Sterne's,
Bacon, Bolingbroke, Byron and Burns ;
And Babington, Lord Macaulay.'

Charles Dickens said, 'T'would be foolish to let
Good luck of mortal cause regret ;
For the price of a theatre ticket they get
Milman's Gibbon—the perfect set—
Dante and Virgil, two shillings net,
For a dollar Adam Smith on Debt,
And Mill on the Law of Nations ;
And I see by this wondrous circular
Sent up by the Book Exchange that for
Three cents you get the Seven Years' War,
For a dime King Henry of Navarre,
And for thrice the price of a good cigar
Will. Shakespeare's inspirations.'

Then Goldsmith rose and expressed it thus :
'It is simply a case of *de gustibus*,
But I see no reason for all this fuss,
For publishers never did much for us
While needy, summer and winter ;
Therefore, confreres, I hold this view :
The high-price houses are doubtless blue,
But unto the man our thanks are due
Who sends our thoughts each palace through,

And into the humblest cottage too,
For the Many are always more than the Few
And the People are more than the Printer !'

A slight shade rose -- 'twas Edgar Poe—
Who said, 'I've been talking here with De
Foe ;
We agree, and the ancients have told us so,
That who makes two printed leaves to show
Where only one did formerly grow
Is as good a man as we want to know ;
And this letter here, from the realms below,
Reveals its earthly animus ;
I move it be not received !' About
A thousand voices removed all doubt,
Ben Johnson and Halleck and Hood spoke
out,
Kit North and Irving and Father Prout,
'Mid a storm of cheers and a mighty shout,
And the motion passed—unanimous !'

THE SUMMER PARADISES OF TORONTO.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A.

No. 2. *The Horticultural Gardens ; en fête.*

This one glad day in happy May, to me the
day of days,
Whose last, late myrtle-bud makes bright the
Poet's sombre bays ;
Not unremembered let it pass, the hour when
we two strayed,
'Mid festal throng, and lamp and song, be-
neath the lilac shade !
The hour of love that voiced at last long years
of dumb desire,
When the fair city joyed to greet her *fête* of
flowers and fire !

Like an Alladin's palace ; lo ! the Grand Pa-
villion gleams,
Alive with all gay sounds, the place a witch's
garden seems ;
The fire-wheels blaze in coloured maze, the
rockets arching by,
With flash of coloured orbs make pale the
faint stars of the sky !
While comes and goes each burst that shows
the form I deem so fair,
The light step's grace, the earnest face, the
gathered golden hair !

Too bright to last, the *fête* has passed ; its
sober moral scan ;
As is the race of fireworks, love, such is the
race of man ;
And human joys are like those toys of pyro-
technic trick,
Each rocket bright becoming quite a charred
and cheerless stick.--
The night grows late, they close the gate,
we must not now remain,
For one bright unreturning hour we have
been happy, Jane !
Toronto, May 26, 1881.

* This unique production is understood to be from
the pen of one of the most widely celebrated of
American humorists, who, in this case, seems dis-
posed to add to his fame by assuming the even more
widely-known name 'Anonymous.'—Ex.