

THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

WHICH OF THE TWO ?

A great shout resounded through the crowded amphitheatre, as one *picadore*, after his horse sank beneath him, boldly advanced into the middle of the circus. With a deafening roar the ill-used animal sprang upon him ; but with apparently little effort the master-fighter eluded him, and dealt the animal a staggering blow with his lance, which tore a fresh wound in his lacerated shoulder. For several minutes did the strong *picadore* play with the animal ; and it was evident from the easy manner in which he deceived the bull, that the latter would sink to the earth before any actual or fair attack was made, and although all approved the man's agility, a murmur of dissatisfaction arose, which, however, quickly changed to a roar of applause as the *picadore* threw his lance from him, and sought to deceive the animal with a steel point, which, though it was not lawful to do until the *capada* had advanced kneeling before the president, and had thrown off his hat and displayed the crimson flag, as the last trumpet blew its final blast,—he was applauded by shouts from every part of the dense mass of the living, excitable throng.

Many times did the *picadore* meet his antagonist ; but the steel point found its way into the wounded animal, whilst the master fighter leaped aside, easily avoiding his foe, which tossed his horns aloof with a maddened cry, as he beheld himself duped at every charge, and summoning all his strength, dashed upon him. The *picadore* was standing near the centre of the arena, and as the bull bounded towards him, instead of preparing for the defense, he merely bowed toward the royal balcony, as throwing his steel point from him, and extending his hands, he boldly ran toward the animal, amidst the surprised murmurs of the astonished spectators, who, considering the man to be mad, expected to see him made an easy prey in a moment.

Not so with the *picadore*. As the bull dashed towards him he merely crouched upon the ground, until the animal with all his fury was springing upon him, eager to stamp him with his hoofs into the burning sands, and to tear his body in a

thousand pieces with his blood-stained horns :—when, with the greatest ease, the fighter leaped to one side, and the mad animal buried his horns and hoofs in the ground where the *picadore* had crouched. A deafening roar of applause shook the vast amphitheatre, as this astonishing feat was accomplished, and casting his eyes over the immense throng, Gomez saw no one who was not now in a standing posture, leaning over the light rail with eyes intently fixed on the daring fighter ; but he himself was too excited over the unusual turn in the programme, to notice either the expressions or the excitement of the mass,—he could only shout his applause, and patiently await the termination of the grand finale. With a nimble foot the *picadore* ran to the great door of one of the barriers ; but the animal was close upon him. He had seized a mantle from the ground as he ran, and now shaking it before the enraged brute, he awaited his time. As the beast plunged upon him, while fire seemed flashing from his eye, with a light bound the Spaniard leaped over the animal, at the same moment dropping his mantle over the head of the bull. The mad beast, unable to check his speed, buried his horns in the wooden door, as he came upon it with a crash.

Thunders of applause now shook the amphitheatre, and these continued as each new scene of the fearful drama was enacted.

Once more the *picadore* seized his steel point ; he boldly met his foe in every manner of attack ; he played round him, with a fearlessness that astonished the bravest men ; he leaped over the animal's back repeatedly ;—he made himself at home upon the beast's shoulders, for several seconds at a time ; he seized the brute's horns ; and this all so quickly, that the bull could take no advantage of it. He accomplished feats that few present would ever witness again. He handled the frightened animal as he liked ; and the inquiring faces of the multitude seemed to ask the question how the conflict would end. The fighter appeared conscious of this. With another low bow, and an agonizing look toward one part of the throng near the lowest seat, he waved his hand solemnly, then turning toward the bull he stepped lightly forward. Looking his adversary in the eye for a second he hurled his point from him, and folding his hands before him, stood motionless as a statue.

He made no movement as the bull sprang upon him ; but as the white horn entered his bosom, he cast one triumphant glance to the same part of the spell-bound multitude as before, then looking up toward heaven he crossed himself. As the bull withdrew his horn now crimson with the life blood of the *espada*, whose body was tossed high in the air, a woman's shriek was heard above the din of voices, and as the dead fighter fell to the earth, a slightly-built female had clasped him in her arms. The bull was again preparing to plunge upon them, but the third *picadore* drew his sword and met him. With a great effort the enraged beast dashed upon him ; but he received the keen blade just before the shoulder, and as the fighter withdrew it, with a quiver the animal fell to the earth dead, the blood flowing in a wide stream from both mouth and nostrils.

WE
 convent
 darkness
 by boldl
 of the
 this, he l
 as the mo
 consequ
 Whether
 attempt
 ber of wl
 At last t
 a scheme
 reflects c
 the exten
 she were
 was conte
 see her, tl
 return to
 it behoov
 sought an
 Pedro was
 and letters
 and even
 abruptly h
 Our frie
 time the c
 him.
 It woul
 the strange
 between th
 promised h
 might depe
 the meanti
 the structu
 it was not
 entered his
 out, so blac
 the great C
 tint that

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ESCAPE.

WE must not suppose that Don Gomez had any intention of entering the convent by stealth to steal away the person whom he sought under cover of darkness, or what may have been conjectured, proving his devotion and courage by boldly entering the place and bearing away the novice, with the whole force of the Convent—from the abbess to the portress—opposing him. Far from this, he looked conscientiously upon the life vows of the Convent or Monastery as the most holy earthly vows which can bind the mortal to his Creator, and, consequently, too sacred to be even thought of in so irreverent a manner. Whether he were right or no, the cavalier was yet to discover. It is vain to attempt an enumeration of the plans suggested by Don Pedro, the greater number of which our friend was disposed to look upon as Quixotic in the extreme. At last they hit upon a scheme which was probably the best they had devised, a scheme which was the most plausible as it was strictly honourable, and one which reflects credit on both. This plan resulted from Don Gomez suddenly declaring the extent of his inquiries to be only to see the Señorita de Balboa,—providing she were merely a novice—and to hear from her own lips an assurance that she was content to assume the veil. *If she were already a nun?* then he *could* not see her, then he *dared* not see her! If she were only a novice and desired to return to Andalusia, and desired not to remain longer, then and then only could it behoove them to display their gallantry. They visited the Convent and sought an interview with Father Urbani, who received them cordially, as Don Pedro was a patron of the establishment, and then examined a pile of papers and letters in their presence, after which he looked at Don Gomez with a puzzled and even a somewhat suspicious expression, then turning from them rather abruptly he left the apartment.

Our friends were kept in suspense full half an hour, at the expiration of which time the confessor returned, informing Don Gomez that the abbess desired to see him.

It would be useless to describe the calm dignity of the Lady as she received the stranger. It would be useless to record the long conversation that passed between them, which assured the knight of the sympathy of that dignitary, who promised him to visit the novice, and what was more, she even told him that he might depend on her word for an interview if Sister Resurrection desired it. In the meantime Don Gomez was conducted by an old friar to the brothers' part of the structure, where he was invited to spend the night, which he accepted, and it was not until he was sleeping soundly that any thoughts of possible treachery entered his brain. Then in his dreams he heard a terrible tempest raging without, so black, so dark, so full of every imaginable terror, that he shuddered as the great Convent bell chimed forth the midnight hour,—so hollow and indistinct that the sound came floating through the grated window of his narrow

cell like ghostly music, breathing something of treachery and wickedness in his ear, until his mind was frozen into the deepest horror he had ever felt. The mournfulness of the chime was heard within every cell, and as the deep ghastly echoes reverberated from wall to wall, many a nun mumbled her prayers to the Blessed Virgin, and to St. James the patron saint, then shuddered as she again fell asleep on her pallet.

Then succeeded an awful silence which was broken at last by a chorus of voices chanting in a strain so soft and low that it could not proceed from human lips :

" Ave Maris stella,
 Dei Mater alma,
 Atque semper virgo,
 Felix cœli porta !"

Suddenly a brilliant star dispelled the gloom and revealed himself as a confessor, listening to the confession of a nun whose most piteous cry was that she had loved him years before ! Then he saw himself gaze after her as she left the confessional. Again the scene changed, and he saw himself, holding a taper, with the nun close beside him, walking quickly through the great chapel. As the rays of the taper, for a moment, fell upon a huge gilded crucifix upon the high altar, the nun bowed low and crossed herself, as they hurried past it.

They paused before the shrine of St. James, and he was about to open a trap door, when the nun caught his arm and said suddenly in tones of affright :— " Oh ! Don Gomez, I hear a footfall—*follow me !*" Whereupon she led the way up a short aisle, a few feet only from the altar where they crouched down in two stalls—the knight hiding his taper beneath the ample folds of his gown. A pale light flickered for a few moments through the chapel, a light footfall was heard to slowly cross the floor and approach the shrine of the adorable Saviour.

It was the Lady Superior. She knelt then before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and said her prayers, after which she slowly wound her way back through the chapel. Her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a sweet, sad expression beaming from her features, such intense love and holiness, that both persons—our friends, who were forced to rise from their seat to see her as she passed—said in their hearts, " truly the Abbess is a holy woman." Her footfalls died away, and emerging from their stalls, they descended into the passage through the trap door, and soon were treading where neither of them had dared go before. Pursuing this for some time, they came to an abrupt terminus which soon yielded its secret spring to the steel point, and they stood without the dark walls of the Convent, conflicting and even being drenched with the rain which fell in torrents. Fortunately Vallandano the Gypsy, and Don Pedro, were awaiting them in the garden. " Quick, my brother, here is the ladder !" With some labour Don Gomez found the rope ladder, and bearing the novice in his arms, quickly sealed the wall. As he was descending, the baying of the great Convent dog was heard in the garden, and Vallandano had just found *terra firma*

in the d
 Convent
 say—F
 were mo

" Ho

he spok
 Suddenl
 half a de
 was only
 may yet
 applied
 died awa
 sharp ba
 as though
 horses su
 evil spirit
 ning hor
 striking r
 his dream
 morning.

seeing hi
 him they

When
 her respe
 pleased w
 at mentio
 zled Anni
 the only n
 further ee
 meeting ;
 as meeting
 will call it
 further su
 allow them
 at the sam
 and it was
 Convent !

The me
 journey at
 lived and l

in the deserted street when a volley of musketry was fired over the wall of the Convent, which so frightened the horses which Don Pedro and—strange to say—Father Urbani were holding, that several moments elapsed before the party were mounted.

"Hold!" cried the Father, "for the love of heaven!" He dismounted as he spoke and commenced examining the ground where they had descended. Suddenly picking up something, which he thrust into his bosom, he cried as half a dozen heads appeared above the wall: "Now, on. I have found it. It was only a package of papers which I brought from the Convent, and which may yet be of more use to us than you may now imagine." So saying they applied the spurs to their horses, and soon the sound of the clattering hoofs died away and nothing was heard save the wild moaning of the wind and the sharp baying of the Convent dog. At last they approached the mountains, and, as though their movements were superintended by the spirit of darkness, their horses suddenly plunged down a precipice, and down, down, they sank, whilst evil spirits of most hideous forms peered over the edge of the brink above, grinning horribly after them with fiery eyes, and the chief among them, bore a striking resemblance to Father Urbani. Don Gomez awoke at this juncture of his dream, in a high state of excitement, and paced his room, uneasily, until morning. Why the Lady and the Confessor should affect so much pleasure at seeing him, when they were well aware that if Annetta de Balboa still loved him they would lose her, he could not understand.

When the Lady called upon Sister Resurrection next morning, and questioned her respecting Don Gomez, in so kind and affectionate a manner, she seemed pleased when she noted the scarlet flush that overspread the face of the novice at mention of the name of the knight. Why she should seem pleased also puzzled Annetta. Then, when she heard from her own lips that Don Gomez was the only man she ever loved, the Abbess actually embraced her, and without further ceremony Don Gomez was allowed to see her. We will not witness this meeting; no words of mine can convey a correct impression of the scene, and as meetings of this description are seldom witnessed during one's lifetime, we will call it sacred and draw a veil over the scene. After this, Don Gomez was further surprised by hearing the Lady give to Father Urbani orders to not only allow them to leave the Convent, but also to accompany them to Cordova, and at the same time she began making preparations for the consecration of a nun, and it was well known that Annetta was then the only novice at Saint Jesu Convent!

The meaning of all this was still a mystery when they arrived after a week's journey at the old villa on the banks of the Guadalquiver, where they had last lived and loved some ten years before.

CHAPTER XV.

A DISCLOSURE AND A SURPRISE.

ANTONIA found but little in the cave to interest her. There was not a book, to her knowledge, about the place, but there were flowers and rare plants growing in profusion upon the side of the mountains, and often, accompanied by the little Bianca, they made voyages of discovery, and these were often protracted for several hours, returning sometimes in the cool of the evening, laden with fine specimens of the mountain flora. It is needless to say that she looked forward to the return of a certain Don with more of pleasure than she had ever experienced before. One delightful evening, during one of her rambles, she had taken a seat upon a rock, which overlooked a deep ravine, where she was soon enjoying that most gorgeous of all earthly sights—a Spanish sunset. What a vast panorama was exhibited around! The western sky was like an ocean of golden flame; high overhead the deep azure seemed like the worthy home of cherubim, and too æthereal, too pure to belong to earth—deepening into a soft purple to the northward, where a few cloud-like summits from the Province of New Castile reared their craggy heads above the horizon. Beneath the faintly-outlined mountain range to the westward the deep burnt umber shades were growing more dense, reaching past many a glittering view of the bending course of the river, until it was lost in the middle distance in a rich olive green, glazed to the very base of the mountains in the foreground by the crimson sunbeams which were thrown obliquely upon it, through a valley in the distant mountain range. Then above their heads the high rocky towers gradually put off their gilding, and slowly were stealing their grayish shadows, whilst the southern vine rustled lazily in the evening breeze. With a sigh Antonia arose from contemplating the captivating prospect before her, and calling the gypsy child bent her steps caveward.

She had not proceeded far when, to her surprise, she saw a haggardly-appearing man standing before her, who completely blockaded the pathway. She was very much astonished at this strange appearance, as she had seen no one save her cave associates for several weeks. She was likewise much frightened, and probably she would have fled had a good opportunity been presented, but the man was watching her closely and was actually advancing toward her. Antonia, affecting to not notice him, began to arrange some flowers and mosses, at the same time trying, if possible, to escape from the path into the brambles, which here grew plenteously on either hand, where she fancied she might be able to conceal herself, if not to successfully elude pursuit, in case he should follow. To a certain extent the stratagem was successful. No sooner was the man concealed from her view by the first clump of bushes, than she seized the gypsy girl's hand, and breathing a quick prayer for protection she glided deeply into the wood. Suddenly she heard a cracking of bushes around her, and looking up,

she saw
the very

There
a time,
reason
dart aw
hands, a

A doz
and ang
the wher

Anton
upon the
prepare
lifted up
bility so
which ex
heard no
which sw
nearly ce
not as ho
the misty
heard not
boughs w
waken.

lodge, a h
not shake
charge of
liquid tha

A whol
under the
kind for b
to the oth
the Señora
trained up
meaning.

had perple
the man w
"He ma
for; or he
Him who
much pers
looked at
bathed his

she saw herself surrounded by a body of armed men, who seemed to rise from the very earth, and all looking fiercely at her.

There was something so terrifying in the countenance of these men, that, for a time, Antonia lost her presence of mind. She was in possession of her reasoning powers, however, for a sufficient time to see Bianca, the gypsy girl, dart away from the dark man who was attempting to fasten a thong about her hands, and leaping into the thicket with a shrill cry of defiance, she was gone.

A dozen men plunged into the copse after her, but they soon returned fatigued and angry at missing one who might perhaps have given them some hint as to the whereabouts of the hidden wealth of the Calores.

Antonia heard them utter bitter curses and heap multitudes of imprecations upon the head of the dark man from whom the child had escaped; saw them prepare a rude litter of boughs; was conscious that she was placed upon it and lifted upon the shoulders of four men, but knew no more, sinking into insensibility so deeply as to not hear the jeers or the loud angry words, and even blows, which excited the company as they walked rapidly through the wood. Antonia heard not the sighing of the wind as it sadly rustled the leaves of the tall trees which swayed mournfully to and fro, nor the low notes of the birds, which nearly ceased their merry song as the strange procession passed by. She knew not as hour upon hour glided away that the glorious sunset had died away in the misty atmosphere which succeeded, and which now was evaporating. She heard not its pattering upon the upturned leaves of the wood, nor yet, when the boughs were saturated and the great drops fell thick and fast over her, did she waken. She heard not the loud hooting of an owl as they, at last, reached their lodge, a hooting which seemed so near and so unnatural that the abductors could not shake off the ghostly sound until after Antonia had been given over to the charge of some old women, and then it was washed down with a suspicious liquid that was freely used at every lodge.

A whole day passed away and another night succeeded, still was Antonia under the strict guard of the same old women, who, however, seemed unusually kind for brigands. "We can only keep two, you know!" said one meaningly to the other, "the man is about the same as gone, so we must attend well to the Señora, for she can earn more money you know than he can, if she is only trained up well!" Antonia heard this speech, but could not determine its meaning. She had, it is true, heard a deep groaning through the day, which had perplexed her much, could it be that it came from another captive, perhaps the man who was "about the same as gone?"

"He may be a Christian," she thought, "and may die alone and uncared for; or he may be one who has never heard the blessed truths and mercies of Him who was slain, a sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world." After much persuading, Antonia was at last allowed to visit her fellow captive. She looked at the blood-stained face, with no feeling of weakness about her; she bathed his forehead and washed away the blood. He was a gentleman, it was

evident from his small white hand, and the fine texture of his clothing; still there was something about her that reminded him forcibly of some one she had known years before, but *who*, was beyond her powers of conjecture.

Suddenly the soft hand clasped one of her own, and held her fast; slowly the eyes unclosed and she beheld before her DON NUNEZ DE CASTENELLO!

She tried to flee from his grasp, but he held her as in a vice. How changed he was!

"Don't leave me, for God's sake!" he said. "I have wronged you, but heaven knows, I have suffered for it. I have seen your ghost every night since you fled from us. Don't leave me, though; stay with me until I go. I will not detain you long. You are very young and have seen but little trouble in your short day until now, so listen to what I may tell you. I was an unworthy friend of your noble father. I once saved his life, and he, when he died, consigned you, his only child, to my keeping, with the promise that my nephew, Señor Olibanzo, should claim your hand at eighteen years of age, *provided you desired it*. But why should I tell you of this, when I have hated you all your life, because I hated your father and mother! And yet I see devils champing upon me with their great teeth if I do not confess this to you." A convulsion seized him at this juncture; when he was again calm he spoke in a more subdued voice. "I ought not to tell you the rest and yet I must. I must reveal it before I die! Señor Olibanzo was not Olibanzo at all, *but he was my own son!* What was more, he was married, and only desired you that he might obtain your money, when you should be deposed; but the bandits have put an end to his life, and I suppose I have been only spared to make this confession to you. I am not glad to see you, for I hate you. I was your father's rival! I would curse you if I dared. Your father's possessions are yours, but what is that noise I hear without? I have listened to it for hours. It sounds like the clashing of arms, and I am sure I heard the hoot of an owl. I fear it is Jean! It was he, curse him, who has played upon me so long." Louder grew the din outside. The battering ram at last accomplished its work, and a score of loyalists leaped into the apartment. Antonia had never witnessed a scene of this kind before, and although she knew the badges worn by the invaders to be friendly, she was not fully assured until Don Gomez had caught her in his arms. Don Nunez was dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

The bewitching moonbeams peeped through the roof of the vine-covered bower, which stood by the river bank, upon a beautiful maiden kneeling at her devotions. They fell softly upon her clear brow and upon her long golden hair, which the evening breeze sent floating from her in waving ringlets. The low sound of the waves as they dashed upon the rocky, pebbly beach, or as they

murmur
her, kep

"Ad
of my o
away fro

"Ble
up Fath

"Fath
me seem
chord in
with un

"Dau
a secret,
leaning u

"be silen
first I sa
few matt

to a story
"Ther

rited the
thought o
boy, who

gladly on
when deat
grew and

brought to
"But d

new sister
beneath th

whose ser
had soug
under the

to visit he
times rem
which resu

under rath
"Rise u
With tro

BROTHER!
accents.
"Kneel,
Annetta
the feet of t

murmured sadly in the numerous caverns they had made around and beneath her, kept up a sad accompaniment to the softly-breathed accents of her prayer :

"ADORABLE JESU, guard me well! gentle Maria shield me from the follies of my own heart! receive my prayer, accept my thanks!" The low prayer died away from her lips, still she remained in the same posture.

"Blessed are the lowly in heart!" said a subdued voice near by, and looking up Father Urbani stood beside her.

"Father," she said rising, "I feel sad, but know not the cause; all about me seems so cheerful and happy, still it has no power to rouse an harmonious chord in my own soul; all seems discordant, seems to break over one mournfully with unpleasant keys, whose sound grates harshly upon the ear."

"Daughter," said the Father, "our friends seek you; I have let them into a secret, and now I have much to say to you." Soon Don Gomez, with Antonia leaning upon his arm, entered the arbor. "Children," continued the Father, "be silent, for I would be heard. Nearly a score of years have passed since first I saw any of you. Since then you have seen much sorrow, and to set a few matters aright, have I taken this dangerous journey. First, you must listen to a story of real life which I must tell.

"There once lived in a certain Province of Hispania a worthy pair who inherited the vast possessions of their noble ancestors. They were happy, and no thought of sorrow entered their dwelling until the advent of a little heir, a fine boy, who claimed a portion of their love. Once only did the mother smile gladly on the little stranger, then closed her eyes, and sorrow entered their home when death left it, bearing away the joy and light of the household. The boy grew and waxed strong, and when, three years afterwards, a new bride was brought to the villa, he crowed loudly that he had found a new playmate.

"But death was not yet satisfied, and soon after the boy had rejoiced over a new sister, the father was borne away, and another year beheld them orphans, beneath the care of an eccentric and revengeful guardian, who loved the boy in whose service he placed all his sympathies, whilst the girl he hated, because he had sought her mother's hand unsuccessfully years before, so she was placed under the protection of his brother. But when years afterward she was allowed to visit her brother (she had been taught to consider him as a cousin, several times removed) with her guardian, an attachment sprung up between them, which resulted in the Convent of *Saint Jesu*, at Madridati, receiving a ward, under rather suspicious commands regarding her future.

"Rise up Don Gomez de Manchez, thou art that boy!"

With trembling movements they arose and embraced each other, and "MY BROTHER!" "MY SISTER!" came to each lip simultaneously in faltering accents.

"Kneel, my children!"

Anietta drew Antonia's arm within that of her brother, and the trio knelt at the feet of the holy man, who blessed them in a clear voice.

Annetta assumed the veil at *Saint Jesu* (as the Lady Superior knew she would, after being assured that her brother was the only man she ever loved) after spending a few weeks at the home of her childhood, and had seen her brother married, who when Isabella II was seated upon the throne, and when the Carlists were unable from the thinness of their ranks to create any serious disturbances, settled down at his villa on the banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir, and Antonia was "WHICH OF THE TWO?"

A CURE OF SOULS IN CANADA.

LETTER I. BASIL TO HENRY; AT NO. 1 CLIFFORD'S INN, LONDON.

"What, then, is Canada like?" oh, London chums, do ye ask me—
Ye who in Fleet Street abide, by the beautiful gate of the Temple,—
Lighting your pipes with the "Record," as we light ours with the "Echo;"
You, 'mid the forest of chimneys, the endless prairie of pavement.
Take, as a sample in rough, my last year's life as a curate;
Roving from mission to mission, a sort of clerical Arab.
Four mission stations are mine, in each a type of the country—
Goddard their names, St. Etienne, Three Brooks, Massawappi.
Goddard, of English speech, has a tribe of Lancashire miners—
Delvers in earth, and purgers by fire of its bowels of copper,
St. Etienne is French, and Three Brooks Yankee,—and Baptist.
Massawappi—the name has an aboriginal flavour—
Is the largest of all, the Cathedral Church of the district:
Built of bricks is the church, a glorious work of the hodman;
But the village of wood, of wood the hotel, and the Court-house:
Built of wood the Notary's house, and the house of the Doctor.
Here where the garden winds by the marge of the murmuring river,
Is my abode, in the house of Byrne, the Protestant farmer—
Byrne, from Donnybrook Fair, the foe of Pope and of Prelate—
Byrne of the Orange club—at the Tavern a truculent hero.
Well, as to life in the village, 'tis much like a village in England—
Somewhat heartier, freer, and less conventional, haply,
Mixing on equal terms are the Storekeeper's wife, and the Farmer's;
Yea, and the Storekeeper's girls, and the Doctor's, and Notary's daughters;
Equally fair through the week, and equally fine on the Sunday—
Each with her hair in a lump, as large as the burden of Christian;
Bolstered up, who knows, with locks of the dead or the living.
E'en as a Choctaw chief is graced with the scalps of his foemen.
This did I not expect when I fled from civilized England—
This did I not come out to see in the wilderness westward.
All the rest you know—you were quite in the right about climate;
What you said of the Bishop, I say to you of the Bishop.

LETTER II. A YOUNG LADY TO A YOUNG LADY.

Dearest Julia, I write you the news according to promise;
Basil LeStrange is the name of papa's new curate from England;
He is a monster of curates, with not one clerical virtue—
Has not a word of small talk, though I tried the whole of the gamut;
Tea-meetings, Church bazaars, Book clubs, Catholicity, Croquet—
Did not care for gossip, and never looked at the muffins;
Sat abstracted and silent, like one who inwardly ever
Reads in the air from a breviary some invisible office.
He is ascetic, a ritualist, of course, and terribly earnest.

Summ
hardly b
feel vacu
lege lectu
so sudden
their bo
heartfelt
students,
well-earn
and motio
town see
the confes
"one mor
life which
"stoep,"
form of a
veyance c
cart, and
resigned c
roamed th
after day
or animal
of the ser

He is not of the school of your High Church, Art-dilettanti,
 Chatty and gossiping, mild, inoffensive, respectable curates,
 (Have you not flirted with Gibs, and spooned with Gurgoyle at croquet ?)
 Well, I intend to pique, to allure, to snub, to oppose him,
 -Joining the party of farmer Byrne, who intends to enforce his
 Preaching on Sunday next in the glorious black gown of Geneva.
 It would amuse you, those men, the Orange farmer and curate,
 Yesterday both dined here, and through the drawing-room window
 Where I sat thrumming at "Only an ivy leaf" after dinner,
 Came the Protestant's brogue, and the clear, cut tones of the curate.
 Oh, I must tell you the scene, and others perhaps more amusing,
 In a future epistle ; but now for things more important.
 First, to answer your question, "The last new sweet thing in bonnets ?"
 Well, then, a humming bird's nest, with tiny gold eggs in the centre,
 Laid on a single leaf, with the strings tied under the chignon.
 Boots are en militaire, high-laced, with Hessian tassels,
 Robes of moire antique are still the height of the fashion ;
 Evening dresses are low from the neck and high from the ankles—
 Lower still and higher, no doubt, as the season advances.
 Write to me soon, and believe me, my Julia's affectionate Agnes.

EN ROUTE FOR THE ONTARIO LAKE FISHING.

BY A WANDERER FROM THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

Summer vacation had come at last, a reality and not a dream, though we could hardly believe it so. Summer vacation! the very thought of which made the mind feel vacuous, so great was the reaction—collapse, it might rather be called, after College lectures, Degree examinations, Scholarship-Papers, Convocation, all had passed so suddenly away. With many a parting cheer the throng of boys had left their boarding-houses and cricket-fields—with many a warm handshake and heartfelt wish for their prosperity we had parted from the groups of College students, as they sped away in different directions to enjoy their two months' well-earned *idlesse*. Very blank looked the tenantless College buildings, still and motionless as their image on the præter-fluent Massiwhippi. Even the little town seemed empty, the church choir shrunk from its usual fair proportions, the confectioner's shop no longer echoing the innocent voices which asked for "one more ice-cream if you please, Mrs. Davies." The solitary indication of life which met our gaze from the verandah (oh, the luxury of the verandah, or "stoep," as they call it in Upper Canada and South Africa!) was the familiar form of a donkey, well known to us in connection with a small cart for the conveyance of greens, cauliflowers, peas, and other vegetable luxuries. With this cart, and indeed with all active occupation in life, the donkey seemed to have resigned connection, unyoked and untrammelled, save by his own free will, he roamed the dusty expanse of a field of stunted grass before our door. As day after day waxed more sultry, lonely, and oppressive, and no other sign of human or animal life manifested itself, still this faithful animal relieved the monotony of the scene, browsing, or making believe to browse, the short, sharp grass-tufts

which perhaps it took for thistles. At last—it was on the first day of July—there came a change. The New Dominion had been proclaimed, not uninaugurated by Sherbrooke beer, the gallant Lennoxville infantry had fired their feu-de-joie, when on a sudden, whether animated by political enthusiasm, or influenced by some of those *motus animorum* which Forbinger, in his Notes to Virgil's Georgics, considers to be common to the brute creation, and to have something of a prescient or prophetic power, the donkey, hitherto serenely ranging Mr. Wall's field, suddenly kicked its heels in the air, and at full speed disappeared—we know not whither! There was a sign, a *σημειον*; and beholding it we exclaimed, "The thought that has been seeking for utterance within us has found voice! *we also will go.*" The only donkey in Lennoxville had disappeared, the only animal of that kind that we had seen during our sojourn in Canada. It was a manifest "leading," and we packed up, and on the morrow took tickets for Montreal.

The route along the G. T. R., once one gets beyond the shaky Sherbrooke rails, is unusually varied and charming. On each side are well-cleared farms, and houses which are not only comfortable, but prettily built, and the river St. Francis, beautiful, but useless, because too shallow to be navigable, accompanies the line almost to Richmond. Farewell, oh pleasant river, wandering through the hills and the maple wood, bath and mirror of the yet unscared wood-nymph and naiad! not again shall we float on thy breast in the cool summer evenings, not again shall we troll through thy wave, endeavoring to persuade the hungry pike that a bit of silver spoon, with a hook at the end of it, is a small fish, suitable for their supper. But we approach the great city; with a crash and a darkening we enter the marvellous bridge tunnel. It is a sensation very like that of travelling for the first time on the underground railway in London.

The Montreal cab is a light vehicle, easier and airier than the cabs in our old country. We have driven to our hotel, and ask incontinently for dinner; but, alas, the regular mealtime has long since sped, and after long awaiting in a fine room adorned with cut-glass chandeliers and mirrors, a funeral repast of half-cold meats is set before us.

Is it Tupper who sings, in his lately published second part of Proverbial Philosophy (which we have not seen, and do not wish to see), touching dinner, and the absence of dinner?

A dinner is a thing of delight, a well-spring of joy and gladness,
Howbeit as among men, so also among dinners, there be diversities;
Therefore, oh dinnerless one, murmur not against him who hath dined,
For even in the family circle, when people dislike their relations,
The soup hath been mixed with strichnine, the potatoes have been white with arsenic,
So that he that eateth is in agony, and sendeth quickly for the Doctor,
Being sure to die, if the Doctor is out, or being at home hath not got a stomach pump.

One evening and one day's sojourn in Montreal is pleasant to us, who have

not hithe
cities. T
dowed. I
Renaissan
fares are
being into
is no one
and the A
our time.
look imp
Gothic" se
is still wo
lions and
ing we w
resonant v
From M
board of t
rence for t
brous, the
tion. The
private sta
furnished
are served
look dim,"
island to is
the piano.
with tresse
a brunette,
night black
woman, of
belongs to a
what dowd
much of t
vent. The
best of edd
"chunes"
brunette, ta
Venice," w
applause. I
of the elders
lery of the v
on the clear
of love—as

not hitherto seen at leisure the streets and buildings of the fairest of Canadian cities. The city of the Royal Mountain is wide-streeted and many shop-windowed. Here and there, in the chief streets, are stately buildings, in the Parisian Renaissance style, unlike anything at Quebec or Toronto; and the thoroughfares are far more gay, and the half-French population have more the look of being intent on enjoying themselves than in the purely English towns. There is no one building equal to the Toronto University; but the Court-house is fine, and the Anglican Cathedral is a really good specimen of the revived Gothic of our time. Not so the French Cathedral, which, although its two massive towers look imposing from a distance, is altogether in that debased "Government Gothic" so common in our English Churches built thirty years ago. The interior is still worse, a huge gallery blocks up and defaces the nave; the window-mullions and pillars are of painted wood, pretending to be stone. In the morning we walked through the Market, which is spacious, cool, well-stocked, and resonant with a not unpleasant babel of ladies bargaining in French and English.

From Montreal to the steamboat station by rail. Arrived there, we embark on board of the huge steam-piloted Noah's Ark which voyages up the St. Lawrence for the Lakes. Unlike any English craft, apparently top-heavy and cumbersome, these steamers are in reality comfortable beyond an Englishman's conception. There is no crowding—no perceptible motion, every passenger has a private state-room of ample dimensions, and the saloon is large and elaborately furnished as a drawing-room. Dinner and tea, luxurious and well-appointed, are served in the forepart of this saloon; after tea, when "the woods on shore look dim," and "the lights begin to twinkle from the rocks," as we glide from island to island, the lamps are lit, and the sounds of singing attract us toward the piano. There are several very pretty girls—one decided beauty, tall, and with tresses of the fashionable molten gold ripple; one quite a contrast to her, a brunette, with the *mone matinue* and hair of the no-longer fashionable midnight black, which gave to Lola Montez her chief beauty. There is a little woman, of decidedly Celtic accent (of the Eblano-Donnybrook dialect) who belongs to a lower type of society, and is returning with her daughter, a somewhat dowdy girl, whose face corresponds to her mamma's voice, and has much of the potato about its character, from school at a Montreal convent. The old lady has prospered in the world, and "me daughter has had the best of eddication entirely." She tells every one how Norah can actually play "chunes" on the piano. Accordingly, the young ladies, and notably the brunette, take to chaffing her. Norah is soon induced to play the "Carnival of Venice," which not very new or pleasing composition is welcomed with sarcastic applause. Soon this becomes tiresome—the groups in the saloon thin, and most of the elders having retired, a few fair saunterers are still to be seen in the gallery of the upper deck. It is very cool and still; they may well linger to gaze on the clear lake, unstirred by a wave, and mirroring the evening star—the star of love—as it streams down in its passionate, heart-breaking beauty. The star

of love! There are groups at the weather-side, and beneath the wheel-house, where that monk of La Trappe—the man at the wheel, abides in his perpetual silence. There is heard anon the *gratus puellæ risus ab angelo*: there is perceived, too, the cigar, unknown to Horace, alas! but dear to modern open-air Eros. For we hold that, when permitted by the "fair one" of the period, a cigar inserted between the lips of her admirer is one of the greatest aids to conversation of the light, sentimental kind. It gives an object for remaining on deck, or out on the lawn, or on the sea-shore. And being inserted in the adorer's mouth, it not unfrequently relieves him from speaking, when, it may be, that haply he has got nothing to say, and ought, therefore, according to Thomas Carlyle's canon, to say nothing. One objection there may be, indeed—that the Nicotian flavor has properties which incapacitate the lips for the tin. from performing those other functions which belong to them besides that of speaking. Of this we know not, nor care to speculate.

On the forenoon of the next day, after touching at Kingston and Toronto, we found ourselves nearly at the end of our voyage across the lake. Suddenly, from the cloudless blue sky and stirless blue water there arose a mist, a haze rather, so dazzling, that no one on board could see more than twenty yards from the ship. With commendable caution the captain ordered soundings to be taken, and slowly and tentatively we felt our way, guided in the direction of the Niagara shore by the shrill scream of the steam-whistle from the railway. All at once, with a burst of sunshine, the mist vanished, and we saw, quite close on the left side, the American Fort, with the stars and stripes waving over it, and a company of blue-tuniced soldiers of Uncle Sam gathering to parade by beat of drum. On the right side were the cliffs, the noble trees, the grey church tower and town of Niagara. After a few days' rest, "taking our ease in the Inn," we began to take in the fact that, apart from the nearness of the Falls, this little town is in itself one of the prettiest in Canada. In fact, the throng of holiday visitors to the Falls, as well as the rise of towns such as Clifton and St. Catherine's, in the neighbourhood, have injured the trade-prospects of Niagara, while they have had the effect of making the ordinary expenses of living much cheaper at the latter place, and the cost of house-rent merely nominal. But the town, though not bustling, is still thriving; and the main street, a noble avenue planted with trees after the Boulevards manner, has many good shops; there is pleasant and hospitable society, and the place is little more than an hour's trip from Toronto and Buffalo. To any one coming from the province of Quebec, it is curious to observe the cheapness of land and house-rent. A good house, of large size, with stables, orchard, and garden of an acre, costs but \$80 a year. Many of smaller size are still cheaper. It takes five minutes to cross to Uncle Sam's dominion in a boat; and indeed the younger portion of the population of both sexes seem to pass their lives merrily on board of these tiny skiffs and cutters that dot the lake and river mouth in all directions. Fishing is just now the main amusement. You pull out to the river mouth just

into th
small f
monste
basket
creeks
hoping

G

T

T

A

Is

T

The

V

To

T

He

O

Val

4

into the middle, opposite the Yankee Fort, and let drop your line, baited with a small fish. Presently comes a tug, a plunge, and you pull up a kraker, a sea-monster, a serpent, as it appears at first—a huge eel. How often as we fill our basket here we recollect our fishing excursions among the trout-brooks and river creeks of Lennoxville, and the friends who have accompanied us; by these, too, hoping in our turn to be sometimes not unkindly remembered.

C. P. M.

FLORENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

I

Green is the forest glade,
And gay with summer flowers,
The sunshine and the shade
Sport in the leafy bowers.

The balmy south wind sighs,
The pleasant trees among;
And tender melodies
By birds unseen are sung,

Is it to hear love's lays,
Or court the summer breeze,
That gentle Florence strays
Among the leafy trees?

The open lawn is fann'd
More freshly by the gale;
None of the feathered band
Arrests her with its tale.

Who calls the maiden's name?
Her cheeks outflush the rose
Through mingled joy and shame,
For well the voice she knows.

She parts the hazel boughs
And joins a waiting youth;
She listens to his vows;
She questions not his truth.

II

Unblest let her lie who hath died unshriven,
Who hurried to death ere yet she was claim'd;
Who with loss of her virtue, and forfeit of heaven
The fleeting love of a traitor gain'd,
Shall we lay her 'neath the willow tree
That fruitlessly weeps by the changing river?
Shall the mound in the forest her sepulchre be,
Where the pale birch sighs, and the aspens shiver?
No, we will dig her a grave in the wild,
Where all is lonely and barren and bare,
Like the hearts of the parents who weep for their child—
The child that has perish'd so frail and so fair.

III

The lonely cresset burns
With a dim uncertain light;
To checkered gloom it turns
The blackness of the night.

He kneels before the altar
Of holy Mary Mother;
Vainly doth he falter
Aces guilt would smother.—

A sound of mocking glee
Is in the shaken air,
For things of mystery
Are congregating there.

And at his startled ear,
In tones of bitter woe,
Is a voice that once was dear,
And thus its accents flow:

"Thou watchest thine armour Lord Leonard deLisle,
And to-morrow shall see the gilt spur on thy heel,
And the brand they will bear thee right spotless shall be,
But thou art a traitor to love and to me."

" Young gallants will envy thee, old men will bless thee,
And minstrels will praise thee, thy new love caress thee,
The halls of thy fathers will echo with glee,
But thou art a traitor to love and to me."

" The feast shall be eaten; the red wine shall flow,
It may banish far from thee the shadow of woe;
Thy step in the dance may be lightsome and free,
But thou art a traitor to love and to me."

" Yet, listen, Lord Leonard, the hour will come
When thou shalt remember the wrong thou hast done;
And a weight on thy soul the remembrance shall be,
For thou art a traitor to love and to me."

IV

St. George for merry England, the victory is won!
As snow-flakes fly the winter's wind, the weary foemen shun
The onslaught of our chivalry; they cannot stand the charge,
That's sped with benediction of our Lady and St. George.
Hurrah! hurrah! The trumpet blow, and let your voices ring
With mighty glee; and to the air your stately banners fling;
For voices yet unheard shall yield a tribute to your fame,
And future warriors from your deeds shall inspiration gain.
Unto your tents brave yeomen, lay your bills and basnets by,
And we will drain the wine cup, and will feast right merrily;
And ere the sunset we will come again, and softly lay
The bodies of our honor'd dead within their couch of clay
And, for those dead shall mass be sung; and minstrels shall declare
To lords in hall their mighty deeds; in bower, to ladies fair.

V.

Lying
Untended—alone;
Dying
With pitiful moan;
Struck down in the turmoil;
No priest to assolt—
His thoughts recoil
From the future unknown.

Yet he
For her he betray'd
Pity
Feels vainly—" Poor maid"
Feebly he saith, for
His life-blood runs free,
" Oh yes, I was traitor
To love and to thee."

T. W. Fyles

It is
who are
with yo
bad gus
things w
that goe
main, I
brellas a
other pe
conscien
name tw
seems to
taken fi
erally, y
nobody l
conduct
testify th
him down
party mi
But th
of which,
not in th
prove al
dency of
discount
This p
governme
no longer
the sagaci
lors. And
seems to l
responsibi
sidered un
divided by
sideration
tude one
construct
is perfect
continual
The cas

PRACTICAL DISHONESTY.

It is curious to observe how much practical dishonesty exists amongst those who are theoretically honest. How many a man who could be trusted implicitly with your purse, or your watch, or any valuable of a similar kind, would be a very bad guardian of an umbrella, or a book lent to him, to say nothing of smaller things which he considers hardly worth returning. There is an old proverb, "he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing, but though this may hold true in the main, I believe that lending is often a worse business. I have mentioned umbrellas and books as being articles about which, in common with thousands of other people, I feel a little aggrieved; but there are other matters on which the conscience of some men, who are accounted honest, seems to be silent; and I will name two, horse dealing and smuggling. In regard to the former of these there seems to be a sort of conventional license, tacitly assumed and generally taken for granted, that though fair play is to be observed in dealing generally, yet in the case of horses it is different, and if a man is taken in he has nobody but himself to blame for it. One is strongly reminded thereby of the conduct of a prize fighter, who enters the ring, shakes hands with his opponent to testify that they are the best of friends, and immediately goes to work to knock him down, or do him as much damage as is in his power, though the injured party might chime in with: "*Si rixa est ubi tu pulsas ego rapulo tantum.*"

But there is another and a much wider field of practical dishonesty, one species of which, viz. smuggling, I have already alluded to, as I intend to enlarge upon it not in the shape of a moral sermon, but in the relation of facts which may not prove altogether uninteresting, while they will tend to show the demoralizing tendency of such practices as are often winked at where they ought to be entirely discountenanced.

This part of my subject embraces the plea that in the case of dealings with governments, corporations, &c., it is perfectly fair to outdo them if you can. It is no longer one man doing business with another, but an individual contending against the sagacity of a body of men, against the wisdom of a multitude of counselors. And the idea of the divisibility in any case of an individual's responsibility seems to beget the conclusion that the greater the number of the objects to whom responsibility is due, the less is due to each, and what ought to have been considered unity, becomes (by a little mental multiplication of the divisor) unity divided by infinity, and so vanishes. But surely, it ought to be taken into consideration that the measures of governments, &c., are precautionary, their attitude one of defence, not of aggression. It is far easier to find out defects than to construct what is free from them; to discover weak points, than to make what is perfectly strong; moreover a large portion of intellect of the highest order is continually employed in demonstrating that wrong is right, and right is wrong

The case then above is not fairly made out, it is not a contest of the one against

the many, but of the multitude against the few. It is a sort of guerilla warfare, innumerable bandits roving about singly or in small parties, to elude the vigilance of detachments sent to restrain them. This is actually the case in smuggling. More desperate characters, probably, have never been found than the smugglers in the early part of the nineteenth century; and having passed my boyhood in a favorite haunt of those defrauders of the revenue, on the English Channel, I purpose giving a slight sketch of the town and its inhabitants, followed by a few incidents, which I learned from some of the older inhabitants, connected with the "business" as they called it.

At the foot of chalk cliffs averaging about a hundred and fifty feet in height, lies a small harbour built of piles, to which a stone pier has of late years been added. On the side remote from the sea, underneath the cliff, is a street of irregular wooden houses; some rising to the proportions of five or six storeys, used as sail lofts, drying houses, &c., others being not much more than huts. Most of these are coated with tar, to protect them from the weather, which gives them a dark, gloomy appearance, strongly in contrast with the back ground of chalk. The interior even of those which are fitted up as dwellings is hardly less gloomy, the unpainted woodwork, being almost as dark, from the effect I suppose of the dirt and smoke of a long series of years, as if the external application had been used also internally. But there is a darker storey yet, viz. the under ground, where no light is admitted. This street I am told is entirely connected by secret passages, which also communicate with caves dug out of the cliffs, where were stored in former days the goods the smugglers were fortunate enough to land without detection. The entrance to one of these passages I saw myself, concealed by a large panel which slid aside on touching a spring, under the following circumstances. Returning one day from a search for fossils, as I passed the harbour, a sailor accosted me, with an inquiry as to the contents of a bag which I was carrying. I opened it and showed him some of my best specimens, whereupon he said "if you will come with me, I will show you some worth looking at." I readily consented, and followed him into a small house of the class described; he closed the door, and going to a corner of the room, removed a panel. I looked into the darkness, and asked if that was a cellar. "Yes" said he, "its a cellar where you might easy lose yourself." I said no more, for it reminded me of the "descensus averni," and dark Styx without any shade of Elysium beyond, and I felt considerably relieved, when, having looked with apparent interest at the fossils taken from this dark hole, and made one or two remarks which were no doubt most foolish, I found myself again in the street; for the dark deeds currently reported of these men of the sea floated across my mind in a very uncomfortable manner, and the vestiges of creation were forgotten in my anxiety (*e vestigio*) to escape.

On entering into conversation with the original inhabitants (for in my time the place was greatly changed, and was fast becoming a fashionable watering place) they would invariably complain, notwithstanding the enormous charges for pleasure boats, &c., that times were hard; for that formerly they could get a guinea

a night
business

The i
dinary.
place, wh
sion, hav
some one
and disc
was great
which wa

The s
war, havi
10 o'clock
he actual
of the wa

But th
correspon
memory s

One su
hovering
cargo som
started in
came with

The sm
to sea. I
smuggler,
than an he
suddenly
had killed
death was
dient of d
number, su

One oth
story, in tl
was waylai
their place
had done, r
and discha
paid him of
is this.

Some tin
tured single

a night for unlading, (i. e. smuggled goods), and that now it was a very small business.

The ignorance of the people in those "good old times" was something extraordinary. There are one or two well authenticated stories of the Mayor of the place, who could hardly read, much less write, which are amusing. On one occasion, having an official letter handed to him, he tried in vain to decipher it, and on some one, who it seems knew a little more than himself, looking over his shoulder, and discovering that he was holding it upside down, the dignity of the Mayor was greatly offended and he exclaimed "may not the Mayor of F. read his letters which way he pleases?"

The same worthy, or a worthy successor, during the period of the peninsular war, having received an order in manuscript, that no *beacon* was to be *fired* after 10 o'clock at night, read it, that no *bacon* was to be *fried*, and report says that he actually arrested some respectable dame for daring to disobey the regulations of the war department, before the mistake was discovered.

But the mental and intellectual darkness, as is invariably the case, found only a correspondence in darkness of deeds, two or three of which I will relate as far as memory serves me.

One summer's evening information was given that a noted pirate had been seen hovering about during the day, and that in all probability he intended to land a cargo somewhere on the coast at night. The revenue cutter was manned and started in the direction indicated; the information proved correct, and the schooner came within sight, in the moonlight, of the object of her search nearing the coast.

The smuggler was on the alert, and, surmising mischief, straightway stood out to sea. Then commenced a race most determined. The cutter gained on the smuggler, and the cargo was thrown overboard. But still it gained. For more than an hour the chase was kept up and they were preparing to board, when suddenly the flying vessel disappeared. The master was a desperate man, he had killed with his own hand more than one coast guard, and he knew that death was certain in case of his capture; he therefore chose the dreadful expedient of drowning himself and all on board. Not one of the crew, twelve in number, survived; most of them leaving families to bemoan their loss.

One other instance I remember, the facts are no doubt exaggerated, but the story, in the main, is certainly true. A lieutenant in the coast guard service was waylaid one night as he was going his rounds; seven men fired at him from their place of concealment, and he fell. The savages, not content with what they had done, reloaded their pistols, walked close up to him as he lay on the ground, and discharged them at the prostrate form, one of them remarking "we have paid him off this time." The explanation of their conduct, as also of the remark, is this.

Some time before this murderous attack, the lieutenant in question had captured single handed a noted smuggler, one who boasted of the number of men he

had killed. A sharp scuffle ensued in which the smuggler fell, and was completely in the officer's power. He held him, but dared not let him rise, and shouted at the top of his voice for help to secure him. Thus matters remained for a short time, when steps were heard hastily approaching; and looking round, to his dismay, he saw more smugglers coming to the rescue. No time was to be lost; there was hardly an instant for reflection; in a few moments they would be on him, and he knew what mercy to expect. So he drew his sword, ran the man through, and fled. A yell arose as they saw what he had done. The smugglers hardly halted, for they saw at a glance that their comrade was dead. And a race for life or death commenced. Urged on, the one by fear, the others by a thirst for revenge, it seemed uncertain what would be the result. The pursued, however, at length reached a solitary house, the residence of a country gentleman. Bursting in he exclaimed, "the bloodhounds are upon me, bar the door, secure the windows." Quick as thought the owner slipped his son, who was quite a lad, out of a back window, telling him to run with all speed to the town, a military station more than a mile distant, for help. The shrubbery around the house, and the shades of evening which were fast falling, concealed the flight of the boy: and, to make a long story short, a detachment of soldiers arrived in time to prevent mischief. But from that day the lieutenant was a marked man, and the result has already been told.

Strange to say, not one of the fourteen shots fired was mortal. For several hours the wounded man lay insensible from loss of blood, he then came to himself, and contrived to crawl on his hands and knees to a martello-tower not far distant, where he was taken in, and his wounds were attended to as speedily as possible. By degrees he recovered; and, as soon as his strength was sufficient to bear the journey, he was removed to London for medical advice. There he remained for a year, at the end of which time he announced his intention of returning to his old post, notwithstanding the advice of his superior, and the entreaties of his friends. Promotion had followed immediately upon the circumstances of his case being known; and his first act on arriving at his old station was to appear at the theatre in full captain's uniform, to the horror of those who had exulted over his death, and to the surprise of nearly every one, for it had been considered expedient to keep secret the fact of his miraculous escape. The more ignorant declared that they had seen his ghost: and so strongly impressed were the smugglers afterwards that his was a charmed life, that no more attempts were made upon it.

I will now say farewell to my readers, with one or two pieces of advice; write your name in your books, and carve it on your umbrellas; look over your library every now and then, and return what does not belong to you to the owner; and, if you take a trip over the line or across the water, do not fill your pockets with all sorts of nice little things which ought to be charged with duty.

A LET

It car
attention
of the R
of peace
from a c
at any r
in too b
remain l
Pusey, I
Dr. Man
pion of l
call and
against h
and even
obedienc
Romanis
the views
views in
are bound
the Rom
upon tho
English l
Roman C
each othe
Under
Catholics,
For this I
faith and
" I ful
" Cathol
" cerning
" one and
This d
and its w
" accord
Now for t
fathers, pr
" the mor
erudite an
to show w

A LETTER TO THE REV. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., ON HIS RECENT
EIRENICON, BY J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

It can scarcely be a matter of surprise to those who have with any degree of attention, read Dr. Pusey's Eirenicon, that an answer to it was published by one of the Roman Communion. While the message of the Eirenicon was a message of peace, yet as Dr. Newman says, (page 9), the olive branch is discharged as if from a catapult: the practical and doctrinal errors, which, if not authorised, are at any rate, permitted in the Churches of the Roman obedience, are denounced in too bold words, our own position too manfully vindicated, for the book to remain before the world without a reply. Nevertheless, in his answer to Dr. Pusey, Dr. Newman does not even attempt to defend the original positions of Dr. Manning, which called forth the Eirenicon. He comes forth as the champion of his adopted Church, because he conceives that Dr. Pusey's words are a call and a challenge to him; yet he confines himself to the charges brought against her by Dr. Pusey, in regard to the "vast system as to the Blessed Virgin," and even then he makes no attempt to defend all the Churches of the Roman obedience, or all the writers who have sheltered themselves under the name of Romanists. Dr. Newman will not accept the challenge if he has to countenance the views of all divines, or the practical system which has been raised upon those views in Italy, Sicily, or Spain: he claims for the English Romanists, that they are bound only by the teaching of the Fathers, by the authoritative statements of the Roman Church, and by the disciplinal and doctrinal teaching, which, based upon those foundations, has become, in England, a distinctive feature of the English Roman Catholic Church. He thus really admits the division of the Roman Communion into its several national branches, which are independent of each other, except so far as all are dependent upon the See of Rome.

Under these limitations, Dr. Newman undertakes the defence of the English Catholics, (as Dr. Newman assumes them to be) from the charge of Mariolatry. For this purpose, he begins by enunciating the distinction to be observed between faith and devotion, and upon it states his case as follows:—

"I fully grant that devotion towards the Blessed Virgin has increased among Catholics, with the progress of centuries; I do not allow that the doctrine concerning her has undergone a growth, for I believe that it has been in substance one and the same from the beginning." (page 28.)

This distinction, Dr. Newman conceives to be a characteristic of his Church and its worship: "The faith is everywhere the same: but a large liberty is accorded to private judgment and inclination in matters of devotion," (page 30.) Now for their creed, he appeals to the fathers; he takes his stand upon the fathers, preferring to the "contentions and subtle theology" of more recent times, "the more elegant and fruitful teaching which is moulded after the image of erudite antiquity." He quotes passages from them in their chronological order to show what their teaching really was, and how high a doctrine he conceives

them to have held, in respect to her, whom they esteemed "the second Eve:" from these extracts, and from the mind of the fathers which they represent, he draws two inferences; first, that they ascribe to the Virgin a peculiar sanctity, and secondly, a supereminent greatness. From this sanctity, due to the fulness of divine grace resting upon her, Dr. Newman deduces the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception: and if we accept the view of this dogma which he offers, and the explanations with which he accompanies the statement of it, it becomes a debateable question, how far we ourselves really hold it. That the Virgin was made meet for her holy and wondrous position as Mother of God, by great grace given to her, and by a sanctification of peculiar force, no reasonable man can doubt. We only venture to doubt whether this sanctification dates from the time of her conception, or whether she was at some subsequent time made fit for her great exaltation. And here the difference between the Romish and Anglican view may lie partly in the difference of the view we take of original sin; on the Romish theory that it consists in "the deprivation of the supernatural unmerited "grace which Adam and Eve had on their creation," the Immaculate Conception of Mary consists in the restoration to her of this grace, "by God's free bounty "from the first moment of her existence." If, indeed, we attach some such sense as this to original sin, if we suppose that Adam and Eve before their fall were in the possession of this grace, then it becomes impossible to suppose that this grace was not restored to the Virgin: her sanctification does not raise her above the level of our race, it only implies her being made in God's mysterious workings worthy to be the Mother of Jesus. And if we assent to her sanctification, we are, at least, not diametrically opposed to the view of her Immaculate Conception. We may certainly understand how upon the view which Roman Catholic writers take of this condition of grace, is built up the devotion to St. Mary, which they allow and encourage: the dignity of the Theotokos inspires the highest reverence; and this reverence, these ideas of sanctity and greatness, penetrating the minds of men, have ripened into an "august cultus."

"She is our pride," in the poet's words, "our tainted nature's 'solitary boast.' "We look to her without any fear, any remorse, any consciousness, that she is "able to read us, judge us, punish us. Our heart yearns towards that pure "Virgin, that gentle Mother, and our congratulations follow her, &c."

But while these views are defended, there is in this letter no attempt made to conceal the fact that this veneration has degenerated into superstition, this cultus into worship due only to the Son of Mary. Dr. Newman says:—"That in "times and places this cultus has fallen into abuse, that it has even become a "superstition, I do not care to deny; for the same process which brings to maturity carries on to decay, and things that do not admit of abuse have very little "life in them."

Even the Holy See has itself been compelled to interfere and suppress by authority books upon the subject; and extracts are quoted from several Roman writers to illustrate the desire which has been shown to restrain this devotion:

but if t
for wor
Pusey's
Catholic
"vagan
English
by the e
every R
nor can
Church
others of
manists
and feeli
been pro
although
with all
nance th
the early
separatio

On th
quite pos
Catholic
worth th
seem hop
dom, as
there are
such an
Fathers,
"prefers
rence, otl
save only
longer pr
contendin
sowing di
"far rem
(Eirenico
"could qu
"sipate al
the Ever
the time a
rent asunc

but if this had not been done, yet Dr. Newman disclaims being held responsible for words quoted from foreign works, which he read for the first time in Dr. Pusey's books, "with grief and even anger." He claims for the English Roman Catholics that by "national good sense, they have been protected from the extravagancies which are elsewhere to be found." And with regard to the one English writer quoted in the *Eirenicon*, Dr. Newman justly refuses to be bound by the extravagant words of any individual member of his Communion; it is not every Romanist who can claim to be a spokesman for English Roman Catholics; nor can we hold them responsible for all their writers any more than the English Church is responsible for such "individual portents," as Colenso or Wilson, or others of that stamp. But if, indeed, the case is thus; if, indeed, English Romanists have been mercifully preserved from such fearful and extreme opinions and feelings respecting the Virgin Mary, and if on other points, also, they "have been protected from extravagancies," we are led to the inevitable conclusion, that although it may indeed be hopeless, or next to hopeless, to aim at a reconciliation with all the Churches of the Roman obedience, because we could never countenance the monstrous systems which have been grafted on to the pure faith of the early Church, yet that there seems no sufficient ground for the continued separation, at least in England, of Romanist and Anglican Churchmen.

On the basis of the teaching of the fathers of the undivided Church, is it not quite possible to effect an union with the English Church of the English Roman Catholics? Might not this be an undertaking so far within our powers, as to be worth the consideration of our learned and able divines? Even this task might seem hopeless, had not Dr. Pusey taught us to look to the reunion of Christendom, as a work which, under the blessing of God, shall yet be accomplished. And there are materials in this letter of Dr. Newman's for laying the foundations of such an union. Dr. Newman now unites with us in an appeal to the Early Fathers, who, however, are ours as much as they are his; and if, indeed, he "prefers English habits of devotion to foreign," (page 22), and if in this preference, other English Romanists follow his views, there is, indeed, no real obstacle, save only in the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome. England would then no longer present the unseemly spectacle of two branches of the one Church Catholic contending within her borders, two sets of bishops over her dioceses, rival Churches sowing discussion in too many of her parishes. "We are not in most things so far removed from one another, that we may not be mutually reconciled." (*Eirenicon*, page 17.) We believe that we might be reconciled, indeed, if "we could quench all jealous, sour, proud, fierce antagonism on their side; and dis sipate all captious, carping, fastidious refinements of reasoning on ours." May the Ever Blessed Son of Mary intercede for them and us, that God may hasten the time and reunite the branches of His One Church, which man's sins have rent asunder!

HOPE.

She touched me in my sorrow; I awoke;
 Her kind hands broke the fetters of my grief;
 The light of smiles shone round me as she spoke
 "I come, my friend, to bring to thee relief.
 Of those that minister, I am the chief,
 To man's sick heart; I made the tears of Eve
 Bright with the hues of Heaven, when loth to leave
 The joys her disobedience made so brief.

I sailed with Noah o'er the buried earth,
 I sat with Hagar by the new found well,
 I solaced Joseph in his lonely cell,
 I filled sad David's soul with songs of mirth."
 Much moreshewhispered, till my heart grew bright
 And sorrow vanished, as at dawn, the night.

J. R.

OH! WHAT WERE LOVE IF LIFE.*

Oh what were love if life
 Were ended when we die?
 If after weary blinding strife
 No more were oped the closed eye?

A bliss but half enjoyed;
 A sun, in cloud, ere risen;
 A yearning heart forever void;
 A fancy roaming in a prison;

A bud that ne'er will flower;
 Song-parted lips all mute;
 A promise without power;
 Unripe and fallen fruit.

For love's unending dower;
 Is evermore unwon;
 And he who wins the more
 His love is but begun.

Love's rosy torch unblinds,
 And leads from height to height,
 And still a higher love he finds,
 Till lost within the infinite.

A. G. L. T.

* Suggested by the lines "O what were life
 if love?" in the July number.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

The bishops of the Canadian Churches, and among them the revered Metropolitan, have left our shores to attend the coming Pan-Anglican Synod. No one can doubt about the importance of the meeting, even if it were not to tend to establish brotherly love and a wider charity, if no important questions are discussed, no valuable decisions arrived at; for the Synod must be fraught with blessing to all the Churches of the now widespread Anglican communion, as exhibiting to the world its substantial unity. The yet lingering Erastianism of the past and present centuries makes indeed the effort of the Bishops to meet in common council seem to some futile and quixotic; but the Church is shaking off the burden of this heresy, and awaking to a due sense of her spiritual commission and spiritual responsibility.

The Ritual Commission is said to have agreed upon its report; the fairness and sincere desire to obtain all possible information on the question, which the Commissioners have shown, has drawn down upon them Lord Shaftesbury's anger. In a bitter speech before the House of Lords he complains of the tediousness of their proceedings, but his misrepresentations were at once and easily refuted by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, who pointed out that the Commission had worked in a zealous way, in which few commissions ever do work, and deserved in no degree the expressions of the noble Lord.

The publication of Mr. Liddon's Bampton lectures appears to form almost an

era in th
 Blessed
 Catholic
 openly an
 even of J
 retain th
 their infl
 this terril
 communi
 deny then
 deceived;
 learning,
 Christian
 from a th
 Christ wa
 and far th
 sion follow
 ing the su
 though vel
 similar con
 of the Sav
 has abund
 man.

The Su
 England f
 Erskine Cl
 ture a fair
 is attribute
 want of sy
 are importa
 clerical sup
 education
 work of a n
 fere; it is n
 vices, or th
 the young t
 which the p
 parochial mi
 Church if tl
 well as in ot
 as by the lac

The Ame
 on the subje

era in the history of the Church of England. His subject, the divinity of the Blessed Saviour, is one not only at all times of the deepest importance to the Catholic Church of Christ, but of special importance at this time, when it is openly and boldly assailed by not a few, and practically denied by thousands even of professing members of our Church. Very few of the dissenting sects retain their belief in this cardinal doctrine of Christianity, and, partly from their influence, partly also from the sceptical tendencies of an utilitarian age, this terrible form of unbelief has widely spread in the Churches of the Anglican communion. It is quite possible to confess these things with the mouth, but to deny them in practice; it is quite possible for Churchmen to be fatally self-deceived; and these lectures, coming from a man of deep patristic and other learning, such as Mr. Liddon is, may, we trust, be productive of vast good. Christian practice can never be separated from Christian belief; certainly not from a thorough pervading belief in the divinity of the Son of God: and the Christ was either verily indeed God, or else the author of far the most gigantic, and far the most fearful imposture that the world has ever seen. This conclusion follows from another work which, in spite of an irreverent manner of treating the subject, has yet been productive of substantial good. "*Ecce Homo*," though vehemently condemned, is evidently intended to bring the reader to a similar conclusion with some of Mr. Liddon's Bampton lectures, that the work of the Saviour upon earth, and his marvellous personal claims, which experience has abundantly ratified, point to his being something greater, better, holier than man.

The Sunday School question has been attracting some special attention in England for some time past, and recently the Rev. J. B. Sweet, and the Rev. Erskine Clarke, have pointed out the failure of the Sunday schools to manufacture a fair proportion of Church attendants and communicants. The failure is attributed to the evil influences of the homes of the scholars, as well as to a want of system in the method of carrying on the school. If Sunday schools are important in England, where the day schools are for the most part under clerical superintendence, much more are they important in this country, where education (so called) is purely secular. Sunday school teaching is the one work of a mission or parish priest with which nothing whatsoever should interfere; it is more important than visiting, more important than multiplying services, or than any other part of missionary labor. Not only does it bring up the young to be good Churchmen in the future, but there is no other way in which the parents can be so easily reached, and the people taught to value the parochial ministrations offered to them. It would be well for the future of the Church if these facts were both understood and acted upon; for in this land as well as in our mother country, the Church loses as much by misdirected labor as by the lack of laborers.

The American Church has been lately engaged in very important discussions on the subject of the Nicene Creed. There are two important points on which

this creed, as used by the Western Church, differs from the creed of Nicœa and Constantinople; one is that the creed, as we recite it, states the procession of the Holy Ghost to have been from the Father and the Son; the other that the word "holy" is omitted before the word Church in the subsequent clause which states our belief in the One Catholic and Apostolic Church. The interpolation of the "*Filioque*" ("and from the Son") is due to some of the French and Spanish Churches in the 5th century; after having been condemned by one Bishop of Rome it was authorised by another subsequent Pope, and became an additional source of dispute between the oriental and occidental Churches, the one accusing the other of adding to the creed without the authority of a general Council, while the Latins endeavored to force upon the Greeks this addition made on the authority of the Roman Bishop. That the creed is so recited in our Churches, is due to the fact of our being sprung from a Western stock, and so long as it is retained there, we can scarcely be in communion with the great and Catholic Oriental Church. It is not a question of doctrine upon which we are at issue, but solely of authority. The doctrine is a certain truth, both as regards the temporal and eternal procession; nor would our erasure of it from the creed imply our denial of it, but simply our desire to return to that exact form in which it issued from the great Council of Constantinople. This subject we may hope, will receive some attention from the Pan-Anglican Synod, which may be a prelude to a still more important step, viz., the assembling of a General Council of all Churches in communion with us for the adjustment of differences, the removal of doubts, and the extension of Christianity.

There is another point receiving attention in the American Church, which in its place is far from being unimportant. They are not satisfied with their name: it is self-imposed yet eminently unsatisfactory, for it implies the very existence of that which they deny. An Episcopal Church assumes churches which are not episcopal, and thus denies the divine origin of a Church government; if a Church can exist without bishops, who trace their authority back to our Saviour himself, then is our faith vain—the faith of the Church for 1800 years is in this sceptical age pronounced absurd. But the "Episcopal Church" of America, in the faith of its members, renounces the falsehood implied in its name, and will soon doubtless alter that name. Further, a Protestant Church implies no less an error: it grants to the Roman Church all it asks of us—it grants Catholicity; and that once granted, the sooner Christians who assert their belief in the Holy Catholic Church, join the Catholic Church, the better for their hope of salvation. Moreover, in what possible sense is the American or Canadian Church a Protestant Church? Can a Church which is a Catholic Church, as ours is, be Protestant? Rather should we assert against the claims of the Romanists our true Catholicity; assert that we belong to a branch of the Catholic Church which, amid errors and struggles and sins, yet has maintained the primitive faith more pure than the Roman branch. There is undoubtedly a class among us who, in their imagined opposition to the Papacy, are doing the work and aiding the cause of the Roman See. There is no section of the Angli-

can Church among the Roman days, but unity is feeble we can show and Infi Since has app question

"T

"You that 'diff the rubric worsh in the B England in the ch by the mi dient that said with tions, so a deemed es into all ar time as to dient, hav in the sai lating to tl ments or a any ten or

"We, y your Maje vestments ministratio into certain

"We fin bical of d do honour t are by none

can Church more dreaded at Rome than the section which is busied in advancing Catholic principles; nor can there be a doubt that if we could only unite among ourselves, we should, in the space of a generation, both on the one hand draw in to ourselves all the Protestant sects, and also confine the power of the Roman See to those Churches of the European continent which, from early days, have constituted the Roman Obedience. But we have forgotten that unity is strength; so long as we are so unhappily divided, we can but maintain a feeble warfare. May the time soon come when, in the Providence of God, we can show to the world an united front against the terrible foes of superstition and Infidelity!

Since the above was sent to the press the full Report of the Ritual commission has appeared in the English papers: it is very short and meagre leaving the question very much as it was before. We insert it below in extenso.

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty :

"Your Majesty having been graciously pleased to issue a commission reciting that 'differences of practice have arisen from varying interpretations put upon the rubrics, orders, and directions for regulating the course and conduct of public worship, the administration of the sacraments and other services contained in the Book of Common Prayer according to the use of the united church of England and Ireland, and more especially with reference to the ornaments used in the churches and chapels of the said United Church and the vestments worn by the ministers thereof at the time of their ministration'—and that 'it is expedient that a full and impartial inquiry should be made into the matters aforesaid with the view of explaining or amending the said rubrics, orders and directions, so as to secure general uniformity of practice in such matters as may be deemed essential'—and enjoining your commissioners 'to make diligent inquiry into all and every the matters aforesaid, and to report thereupon from time to time as to' them 'or any ten or more of' them, 'may appear to be most expedient, having regard not only to the said rubrics, orders and directions contained in the said Book of Common Prayer, but also to any other laws or customs relating to the matters aforesaid, with power to suggest any alterations, improvements or amendments with respect to such matters or any of them, as they, 'or any ten or more of' them, 'may think fit to recommend:'

"We, your Majesty's commissioners, have, in accordance with the terms of your Majesty's commission, directed our first attention to the question of the vestments worn by the ministers of the said United Church at the time of their ministration, and especially to those the use of which has been lately introduced into certain churches.

"We find that while these vestments are regarded by some witnesses as symbolical of doctrine, and by others as a distinctive vesture whereby they desire to do honour to the holy communion as the highest act of Christian worship, they are by none regarded as essential, and they give grave offence to many.

"We are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain in the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and we think that this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress.

"We are not prepared to recommend to your Majesty the best mode of giving effect to these conclusions, with a view at once to secure the objects proposed and to promote the peace of the church; but we have thought it our duty in a matter to which great interest is attached not to delay the communication to your Majesty of the results at which we have already arrived.

"We have placed in the appendix the evidence of the witnesses examined before us, the documents referred to in the evidence or produced before the commissioners, the cases laid before us, which were submitted to eminent counsel on either side of the question, together with the opinions thereupon; also the report on the subject made by the committee of the Lower House of the Convocation, of the province of Canterbury, and the resolutions passed by the Upper as well as the Lower House of that Convocation, and the resolutions passed by the Convocation of the province of New York.

"All of which we humbly beg leave to submit to your Majesty.

"August 19, 1867."

The following reservations are made by Sir Robert Phillimore, Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Perry:

"We agree to the main proposition contained in this report, and have therefor signed it, upon the understanding that it does not exclude the consideration of cases in which the authority of the bishop and the rights of the parishioners and congregations are carefully guarded.

"ROBERT J. PHILLIMORE,

"A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE."

"In signing this report I think it right to express my conviction that any power to 'restrain' the 'variations in respect to vesture,' to which the report refers, ought to be limited to cases in which 'grave offence' is likely to be given by introducing such 'vesture' into churches against the mind of the people; and also to state that by 'aggrieved parishioners' I understand to be meant those who being *bona fide* members and communicants of the Church of England, have a reasonable ground for complaint and redress.

"THOS. W. PERRY."

Sever
to bring
especiall
worthy (acme of
lity, cheer
and hav
"Martir
Dicke
colors an
task, fait
into the
is only fa
of humbl
with vige
there was
We ha
one of the
pale of E
easily sus
hood with
Ambrose
placent at
rough is r
and worn
"importa
more ridic
inflictions
When
sojourn a
much real
delightful
master har
jealous fon
of M. Kio
while we ad

* Reprint

† Ambros
1867.

‡ A Weel

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Several handsome volumes * of reprints remind us of the constant endeavour to bring within the reach of all, the standard works of English literature. Two especially, the Diamond and Globe, editions of Dickens, are admirable. Not less worthy of remark is a larger edition of Thackeray. These editions represent the acme of modern enterprise, in this direction combining attractiveness and durability, cheapness and convenience. The illustrations are exceedingly well executed, and have an unusual unison with the text. Amongst the best are those in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Dickens, of course, drew his portraits of American Society with heightened colors and much of exaggeration. But the American artist has been true to his task, faithful in every respect to the author. He has entered without hesitation into the spirit of the great novelist, and has painted broadly and grotesquely. It is only fair for us, however, to admit the fault of the master, who in his hatred of humbug, created by his lively imagination ideal enemies, against whom he tilted with vigor and *éclat*. Humbug there was and still is in the "*Great Republic*;" there was, and still is, also much of the good, the noble, and the true.

We have received, also, this month, an American novel, † whose author, from one of those queer freaks to which authors are subject, has ventured within the pale of English "nobility," for a theme worthy of his ambition. As one might easily suspect, the hero, a certain Ambrose Fecit, who has managed to reach manhood without rank or dissipation, is terribly oppressed by a "noble" lord. But Ambrose conquers by means of right and inherent goodness, and then the complacent author elevates him upon the stilts of illustrious birth. And thus the rough is made smooth and the crooked straight. All about this common place and worn thread of the narrative is woven a tissue of "brilliant displays" of "important personages," and accounts of improbable incidents. A weaker or more ridiculous production it has not been our lot to read, and we trust such inflictions may be few and far between.

When we set out to enjoy with our lively and facetious authoress, "A week's sojourn at a French County-House," ‡ we were altogether unprepared for so much real dramatic interest. Nevertheless, we have here in one thin volume a delightful variety of characters, wide apart as the poles, and each drawn with a master hand. While we laugh at the eccentric stupidity of M. Desaix and his jealous fondness for Miss Hamilton; while we listen astonished by the volubility of M. Kiowski, and wait in vain for a sentence from his antipode, M. Berthier; while we admire the nobleness of heart and the queenly bearing of Madame Olympe,

* Reprints of Standard English authors by American houses.

† Ambrose Fecit, or the Peer and the Printer, by J. D. English. Messrs. Hilton & Co., 1867.

‡ A Week in a French County-House. Loring, Boston, 1867. Foss & Co., Sherbrooke

all this time we are treading above a resistless under current, which involves the interests of two lives, and has its source in the far past, which is purely dramatic. So we chat and laugh on, merry-making to the end, when a regret that there has not been more, and a wonder that there has been so much romance in a few days pleasantly passed at a French county-house, begets within us an impression that we have read no ordinary tale. In quite a number of pamphlets which have found their way to our table is all the spice of variety. The two which claim most attention are the one entitled, "*La Mission de la France*," and "*The New Canadian Dominion*." * The former is forcibly and eloquently written; and although a patriotic spirit has here and there run into exaggeration, we must admit the plausibility of the author's reasoning. The subject is treated from a Christian point of view; the true mission of France is not in the battle field, not in the headlong race for supremacy, but in the Christian mission field, in the reaping of the grain long white for the harvest. We commend this *brochure* to the attentive perusal of our readers. Dr. Ryerson's pamphlet is sound and worthy of notice. He speaks after the manner of a man who perceives the difficulties which attend the birth of a new power, and looks upon them with the light of long experience.

THE LABRADOR MISSION.

A Missionary Meeting in connection with the Church Society, was held in the Town Hall, Lennoxville, at half past seven p.m. on Wednesday evening. The Rev. Principal Nicolls, having taken the chair, opened the meeting with prayers suitable to the occasion. He also made a few remarks concerning the necessity of Missionaries, not only in connection with distant lands but also in our own part of the country, quoting several instances in which the people were ready and willing to do their utmost, if they could only have a clergyman sent to them. The feature of special interest, however, in the meeting was the presence of the Rev. J. Wainwright, missionary on the coast of Labrador, and who next addressed the meeting on the subject of his missionary labors. He stated that his parish consisted of about 350 miles of rocky, barren coast, with no sign of verdure anywhere except a few stunted birches and junipers in some of the gulleys; indeed here were only three places on the whole coast where it was possible to keep a cow. The people are very ignorant, but very anxious to do all they can to help the missionary, and promote the worship of God. There are about 90 families living at distances of 5, 10, and even 15 miles apart, and they are about equally divided, the one half being Protestants, the other Roman Catholics. When the Revd. gentleman first went there in October, 1864, there was no house ready, no

* *The New Canadian Dominion*, by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson.

Mission:
had been
the plan
of them

On av
you may
floor cov
no wood
interior
brought
the first
pieces at
took eigh
when it a
was cover
to burn th
thing inc
yards of 1
for a few
house. 2

In 1865
where the
Mr. Wain
through, 1

The Re
made a fe
meeting w
with the I
brooke, at
dress on "

Missionary having been expected, so he had to take up his abode in a house which had been used as a barn, to keep hay in, and which, having been built of green wood, the planks had shrunk so much that you could put your fingers between any two of them.

On awaking one morning, and feeling cold, he put his hand up to his face, and you may imagine his surprise to find himself, Mrs. Wainwright, the bed, and the floor covered nearly an inch thick with snow! To add to the discomfort he had no wood whatever to burn, and he had to send men about fifteen miles into the interior of the country to cut it. When it was cut it was made into a raft to be brought down the river and then coast along the shore to his house. However, the first morning, it was frozen fast in the ice, and the raft had to be taken to pieces and a new frame made. It was then brought down the river, which took eight days, and then it took ten days more to take it along the coast, so that when it arrived at his house it had been soaking nearly three weeks in water, and was covered nearly an inch thick with ice. And that was the only wood he had to burn the whole of that winter. The suddenness with which storms rise is something incredible. In one instance, a man was chopping wood within twenty yards of his own house, and his wife called him to dinner; he, however, delayed for a few minutes, and a storm arose and he lost his way and never arrived at his house. The next spring his corpse was found within six yards of his own door. In 1865 however, the mission station was removed to the St. Augustine river, where there is now a very comfortable mission house, and also a school house. Mr. Wainwright related many more thrilling adventures he himself had passed through, but which my space does not allow me to quote.

The Rev. R. Walker, M.A., Rector of the Junior Department, then rose and made a few short and appropriate remarks. A collection was made after the meeting which amounted to \$24.00. The Chairman then dismissed the Meeting with the Blessing. On Thursday evening a similar meeting was held at Sherbrooke, at which the Rev. T. Richardson, of Bury, delivered a most interesting address on "the Church at Home and Abroad."

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have much pleasure in announcing the appointment of the Rev. A. C. Scarth, M. A., Rector of St. George's Church, Lennoxville, to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University. We congratulate the Staff of the College on this acquisition to their number.

The Rev. F. Prideaux, M.A., late scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, and some time Head-Master of Tiverton School, England has been appointed Assistant Classical Master of Bishop's College School. Mr. Prideaux obtained the high honor of a second class in Classics at Oxford, and his very high attainments, together with his long experience in Tuition, render his appointment a matter of congratulation to all who are interested in Bishop's College. There can be little doubt that a great future is in store for the School; it will be to Canada what Eton and Harrow and Winchester and Rugby have been to England, the training place of its Clergy, its Statesmen and its Orators, and to some extent of its soldiers. And nothing can conduce to this more effectually than that men of the high standing of Mr. Prideaux should be willing to sever the ties which bind them to their homes, and come to Canada to devote their lives, to the work of teaching amongst us. We trust that Mr. Prideaux will receive a hearty welcome, and sincere sympathy in the work he is coming out to undertake.

One of the last acts of the Metropolitan and the Bishop of Quebec, (visitors of the

College,) before embarking for England, was the appointment of Maxfield Sheppard, Esq., as a Trustee of the College.

Mr. Sheppard has four boys at the School, and must therefore be closely interested in the welfare of the establishment. His business powers have been well tested in the Church Society and Synod of the Diocese of Quebec, in whose Board and Committee Rooms he is well known. With the knowledge of these facts, the public will have no difficulty in seeing that his services will be of real value to the College.

The Rev. R. C. Tamba, B.A., graduate of Bishop's College, who has for the two past summers labored at Grosse Isle, has been appointed to the mission of Bourg Louis. From Mr. Tamb's success in past missionary work we augur well of his future career.

We have noticed lately in one of the most influential of Township papers, several communications, calling the attention of the people to this institution. In one respect we fully agree with their writers. We believe that the foundation of scholarships in both Departments would be of incalculable benefit as well to the Institution as to the people of the townships. We hope that the subject will not be suffered to drop now that more than one voice has been raised in its behalf.

The Grammar School of Bishop's College opened on the 2nd instant with an unusually large number of boys.