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ROSE-BELFORD'S  
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THE POWERS OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENTS.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

IN this, the second and concluding article on 'The Powers of Canadian Parliaments,' much must be omitted that is necessary for argument and illustration. But the claims of space are imperative.

The present paper will consider, in brief—

1. The powers given to the Dominion and to the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec by the British North America Act.

2. The powers with which the Legislatures of these two Provinces have clothed themselves, in order to carry out the purposes for which they exist.

3. The opinion of the Tribunals on the powers of the Provincial Parliaments, those inherited and those conferred.

4. The difference between the powers of the Imperial and the Federal Parliaments.

Section 90 of the British North America Act thus defines some of the powers conferred on the Provincial Legislatures :—

'The following provisions of this Act respecting the Parliament of Canada—namely, the Provisions relating to Appropriation and Tax Bills, the Recommendation of Money Votes, the Assent to Bills, the Disallowance of Acts, and the Signification of Pleasure on Bills Reserved—shall extend and apply to the Legislatures of the several Provinces, as if those Provisions were here re-enacted and made applicable in terms to the respective Provinces and the Legislatures thereof, with the substitution of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province for the Governor-General, of the Governor-General for the Queen, and for a Secretary of State, of One year for two years,\* and of the Province for Canada.'

No argument is needed to prove that

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\* This refers to the period—one year—within which, and not after, the Governor-General has authority to disallow Provincial Legislation. During the existence of the late Province of Canada two years was the period within which the Imperial authorities could exercise the veto.

the powers conferred on the Provinces by this 90th section, are amongst the most important that justify the existence of a Parliament. The Provincial Legislatures are made the participants of the Federal Parliament, 'as if these provisions were here re-enacted' in the power to deal with the people's money; a right which, entrusted for the time being, by the people to their responsible representatives, lies at the root of Parliamentary Government and Free Institutions.

The latter part of the section shows that the powers conferred are part of those exercised by the late Parliament of Canada, and are transmitted unimpaired to the Provincial Legislatures.

It is but right to admit, without discussion, that the Federal Parliament is in possession of larger powers than the Provincial Legislatures. But it may be possible to show that these powers differ more in degree than they do in kind. In attempting to make this comparative similarity apparent, there is no desire to belittle the Parliament of Canada. Such as it is, that Legislature is our own; it represents, in a tentative way, the idea of Nationhood. It is the formative power, shaping out of materials, scattered and disproportioned, something that shall be the embodiment of a vigorous National life; something less than the British Empire, but greater than a Province.

(1). Section 91 of the British North America Act deals with the 'Distribution of Legislative powers.' Under the heading 'Powers of Parliament,' there are enumerated twenty-eight subjects reserved to the Federal Legislature.

Section 92 of the Act enumerates the subjects under the control of the Provincial Legislatures: they are sixteen in number.

For the purposes of comparison, the more important of the subjects reserved to each Legislature will be placed side by side, not in numerical procession, as in the Act, but according to relationship.

FEDERAL POWERS.	PROVINCIAL POWERS.
3. The raising of money by any mode or system of taxation.	2. Direct Taxation within the Province in order to the raising of a Revenue for Provincial purposes.
4. The borrowing of money on the public credit.	3. Borrowing money on the sole credit of the Province.
8. The fixing of and providing for the salaries and allowances of Civil and other officers of the Government of Canada.	4. The establishment and tenure of Provincial offices and the appointment and payment of Provincial officers.
11. Quarantine and the establishment and maintenance of Marine Hospitals.	7. The establishment, maintenance, and management of Hospitals, Asylums, Charities and Eleemosynary Institutions in and for the Province, other than Marine Hospitals.
24. Indians and lands reserved for the Indians.	5. The management and sale of the Public Lands belonging to the Province, and of the Timber and Wood thereon.
26. Marriage and Divorce.	12. The Solemnization of Marriage in the Province.
27. The Criminal Law except the Constitution of the Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction, but including the procedure in Criminal matters.	14. The Administration of Justice in the Province, including the Constitution, Maintenance, and Organization of Provincial Courts, both of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, and including Procedure in Civil matters in those Courts.
28. The Establishment, Maintenance, and Management of Penitentiaries.	6. The Establishment, Maintenance, and Management of Public and Reformatory Prisons in and for the Province.

The following are the more important of the remaining Federal and Provincial Powers not placed in comparison above:—

Reserved for the Federal Parliament—

The Regulation of Trade and Commerce.

Postal Service.

Militia, Military, and Naval Service and Defence.

Navigation and Shipping.

Currency and Coinage.

Banking, Incorporation of Banks, and the Issue of Paper Money.

Bankruptcy and Insolvency.

Reserved for the Provincial Legislatures—

The Amendment from time to time, notwithstanding anything in this Act, of the Constitution of the Province, except as regards the Office of Lieutenant-Governor.

Municipal Institutions in the Province.

Local Works and undertakings other than such as are excepted in sub-section 10.

The Incorporation of Companies with Provincial Objects.

Property and Civil Rights in the Province.

Education.

It will be seen from the comparison of Federal and Provincial powers, given above, that there exists the closest relationship between them, and that there is no transcendent superiority vested in the Dominion Parliament.

As regards the internal and material interests of each of the Provinces, their municipal self-government, their systems of education, their public lands and their development, and the administration of justice, the Local Legislatures are of much greater importance than the Federal Parliament. Over those vital and complex functions of a free commonwealth, which are known as Civil Rights, and which are the life and marrow of local self-government and Constitutional citizenship, the Provincial Parliaments rule supreme.

It must be borne in mind that the Federal Parliament is the off-spring of the Provincial Legislatures; that it is not their progenitor; and that in confiding to it such of their powers as were necessary to establish it as a greater Representative Institution than themselves, there were yet certain powers which they reserved for their own behoof.

As an illustration of these reserved

powers, may be cited the last clause of Section 94 of the British North America Act. The section is headed 'Uniformity of Laws in Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.' This uniformity has reference to 'all or any of the laws relative to property and civil rights' in the three Provinces just named, and to the procedure 'of all or any of the Courts in those three Provinces.' But the last clause of this section declares that 'any Act of the Parliament of Canada making provision for such uniformity shall not have effect in any Province unless and until it is adopted and enacted by the Legislature thereof.'

In the framing of the British North America Act great care was taken to avoid making violent alterations in the distinctive Institutions of some of the Provinces which were parties to the Federal compact. The French system of jurisprudence in Lower Canada was left inviolate, and although 'Marriage and Divorce' are subjects placed specially under Federal control, yet no hand was laid on the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, which then existed in New Brunswick, and which still exercises its functions in that Province.

In one respect the Provincial Legislatures have a pre-eminent advantage over the Federal Parliament: they can at any time amend the Constitution, except as regards the office of Lieutenant-Governor. But even this power would not be denied by the Imperial Government, if we may judge from a reference to Colonial Governors, in a speech delivered by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, on March 28, 1867, on the subject of the Canada Loan Bill. Mr. Gladstone said:—

'We have for a full quarter of a century acknowledged absolutely the right of self-government in the colonies. We do not expect the laws of Canada or of Australia to be modelled according to our own ideas. We grant them a greater freedom from interfer-

ence than, as amongst the three kingdoms, the Legislature grants to the peculiar ideas that may happen to prevail in one of those three. We have carried it to this point, that as far as regards the Administration, I believe it may be said that the only officer appointed by the Colonial Secretary is the Governor; and I believe there cannot be a doubt that if it were the well-ascertained desire of the Colonies to have the appointment of their own Governor, the Imperial Parliament would at once make over to them that power.\*

The Ontario House, at an early period of its existence, took a bold constitutional stand against the legislation of the Federal Parliament. The action was in defence of the Federal compact, and in vindication of the rights of the Provinces which were consenting parties to that Instrument.

On the 23rd November, 1869, the Honourable Edward Blake, eminent even then, in the dawn of his political career, for a lofty and impartial statesmanship—proposed a series of resolutions, condemning in the Federal Legislature, the breach of the terms of Confederation. This breach, in respect to Nova Scotia, 'making altogether an alteration in favour of that Province of over \$2,000,000, of which Ontario pays over \$1,100,000.'

The Legislature of Ontario, by an overwhelming majority—64 to 12—

Resolved—'That, in the opinion of this House, the interests of the country require such legislation as may remove all colour for the assumption by the Parliament of Canada of the power to disturb the financial relations established by the Union Act as between Canada and the several Provinces.'

Here was early, energetic, and practical assertion of the rights of the Provinces, when the Federal Parliament was threatening the Federal Compact. Here was substantial interference in Dominion Legislation;

and who is bold enough to say that this interference did not help to anchor the Federal ship of state, before she began to plunge and drift towards the breakers of bankruptcy?

(2.) The powers and privileges devolving upon the Parliament of Ontario by 'An Act respecting the Legislative Assembly,' assented to on the 10th of February, 1876, are at once various and extensive.

It is not possible, in this place, to do more than glance, briefly, at the provisions of this Statute, which is known as 39 Vict. cap. 9. It is to be found at length in the Statutes of Ontario, 1875-76, and forms chapter 12 of the Consolidated Statutes of that Province.

Section 1 of this Act provides that the Legislative Assembly may, at all times, command and compel the attendance of witnesses before itself or any of its committees. The same rule applies to the production of papers.

Section 2 authorises the Speaker to issue his warrant or subpoena, requiring the attendance of persons, and the production of papers, before the House or any of its committees.

Section 3 enacts that no person shall be liable, in damages, for any act done under the authority of the Legislative Assembly, and, within its legal powers; that the warrants of the House may command the aid of all sheriffs, bailiffs, etc.

Section 4 assures to members freedom of speech and action in the Assembly.

Section 5 exempts members from arrest for any debt or cause of a civil nature, during any Session of the Legislature, or during the twenty days preceding, or the twenty days following, such Session.

Section 6 declares that during the periods mentioned in the preceding section, all members of the Assembly, all its officers, and all witnesses summoned before it or any of its committees, shall be exempt from serving as jurors in any court in this Province.

\*Hansard, vol. 186; p. 723.

\* \* \* \* \*

Section 11 enacts that the Assembly shall have all the rights and privileges of a Court of Record, for the purpose of summarily enquiring into and punishing, as breaches of privilege, or as contempt of Court—without prejudice to the liability of the offenders to prosecution and punishment criminally or otherwise, according to law, independently of this Act—the acts, matters and things following:—

1. Assaults, insults or libels upon members during the Session of the Legislature, and twenty days before and after the same.

2. Obstructing, threatening or attempting to force or intimidate members.

3. The offering to, or acceptance of, a bribe by any member to influence him in his proceedings as such, etc.,

4. Assaults upon or interference with officers of the Assembly.

5. Tampering with any witness.

6. Giving false evidence, or refusing to give evidence or produce papers.

7. Disobedience to subpoenas or warrants.

8. Presenting to the Assembly, or to any Committee thereof, any forged or falsified documents.

9. Forging or falsifying any of the records of the Assembly, or of its Committees, or any petition, etc.

10. Bringing action against a member, or causing his arrest, for anything done by him in the House as a member.

11. Effecting the arrest of a member for debt or cause of a civil nature, during a Session of a House, or during the twenty days preceding or the twenty days following such Session.

The Assembly is declared to possess all such powers and jurisdiction as may be necessary for enquiring into, judging and pronouncing upon the commission of any such acts, and awarding and carrying into execution the punishment thereof provided for by this Statute.

Section 12 provides that every person, for any of the offences enumerated

above, in addition to any other punishment to which he may by law be subject, shall be liable to imprisonment, for such time during the Legislative Session then holding as the Assembly may determine.

Section 13 enacts that whenever the House finds any person guilty of a contempt for any of the acts, matters and things in Section 11 set forth, and directs him to be imprisoned, the Speaker shall issue his warrant to the Sergeant at-Arms or to the Keeper of the Common Jail to take such person into custody, and to detain him, in accordance with the order of the Legislative Assembly.

Section 14. The determination of the Legislative Assembly, upon any proceeding under this Act, and within the Legislative authority of this Province, shall be final and conclusive.

On the 18th of February, 1870, the following Act of the Quebec Legislature received the assent of the Lieutenant-Governor:—

‘An Act to uphold the authority and dignity of the House of the Quebec Legislature, and the independence of the members thereof, and to protect persons publishing Parliamentary Papers.’

The Act is also known as 33 Vict. cap. 5; and as ‘The Quebec Parliamentary Act.’

The Quebec Act contains thirteen Sections; the Ontario Act twenty-one. Both Statutes, however, are practically the same in respect to the power to compel attendance of witnesses, and the production of papers; and the protection of persons acting under the authority of the Legislature.

The matters declared to be infringements of the Acts, such as assaults upon members, threatening them, or offering them bribes, tampering with witnesses, and falsifying documents, are the same in both Statutes. Similar, also, are the enactments respecting freedom of speech, freedom from arrest, and exemption from jury service. Each Legislature takes upon itself the

power to punish infringement of the Statutes in question.

But, in some respects the Acts differ. The 11th Section of the Ontario Statute provides that the 'Assembly shall have all the rights and privileges of a Court of Record,' etc. This has no counterpart in the Quebec Act. Sub-section 7, of Section 11 of the Ontario Act, makes disobedience to subpoenas or warrants an offence; Section 13 provides that any person declared 'guilty of a contempt,' shall be committed on the Speaker's warrant to the common gaol.

The Quebec Act is silent as to the punishment for disobedience of the Speaker's warrant; neither does it define, with the precision of the Ontario Statute, by what means the Legislature may order imprisonment.

(3.) The powers of the Provincial Legislatures as defined by the tribunals.

A test case was that of Mr. C. A. Dansereau, who was arrested on the warrant of the Speaker of the Quebec Legislative Assembly for refusing to give evidence in an inquiry concerning what was known as the 'Tanneries Land Swap.'

On the 17th of February, 1875, in Montreal, the petition of Mr. Dansereau for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* came before the judges of the Queen's Bench, in appeal. Chief Justice Dorion, Mr. Justice Taschereau, Mr. Justice Sanborn and Mr. Justice Monk agreed in refusing the petition; Mr. Justice Ramsay dissenting.

We regret that space compels the omission of the important observations of the learned Judges, with the exception of some of those of Mr. Justice Ramsay and Mr. Justice Sanborn.

The Court held—

"That the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec has power to compel the attendance of witnesses before it, and may order a witness to be taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms if he refuses to attend when summoned

"The omission to state in the Speaker's Warrant of Arrest the grounds and reasons therefor, is not a fatal defect.

"The Quebec Statute, 33 Vic. cap. 5, is within the powers of the Local Legislature."

Mr. Justice Ramsay (dissentient) in pronouncing against the power of the Speaker to order the arrest of Dansereau said, amongst other things:

'The last question, and the most important, is the warrant of attachment. . . A general warrant which is nothing more than an order to the Serjeant-at-Arms to arrest A. or B., without expressing any cause whatever, cannot be justified on necessity by the most obsequious defender of arbitrary power. . . The consequence of granting it is to give the Local Houses, respectively, unlimited authority over the persons and property of Her Majesty's subjects. . . For my part I have no hesitation about the illegality of general warrants. . . I must resist them morally with all the arguments I can command, materially with all the authority I may possess. I hold that they are unknown to the law, and that the precedents cannot legalise them. . . The power to issue a general warrant is given by no Statute to the Commons of England—by Section 18, B. N. A. Act, it is refused to the Houses of Parliament of Canada, and it is denied to all persons by many Statutes in express terms.' (See the Petition of Rights, and 16 Charles 1, cap. 10.)

Mr. Justice Sanborn, in giving his decision, said, in part:

'The British North America Act of 1867 was enacted in response to the petition of the late Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, as stated in the preamble of the Act, "to be federally united into one Dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a Constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom."

'The powers of Legislation and Re-

presentative Government, or as it has commonly been called, Responsible Government, were not new in Canada. They had been conceded to Canada, and exercised in their largest sense, from the time of the Union Act of 1840, and, in a somewhat more restricted sense, from the Act of 1791 to 1840. The late Province of Lower Canada was constituted a separate Province by the Act of 1791, with a Governor, a Legislative Council, and a Legislative Assembly, and it has never lost its identity. It had a separate body of laws, both as respects Statute and Common Law, in civil matters. No powers that had been conceded were intended to be taken away by the British North America Act of 1867, and none, in fact, were taken away, as it is not the wont of the British Government to withdraw constitutional franchises once conceded.

‘This Act, according to my understanding of it, distributed powers already existing, to be exercised within their prescribed limits, to different Legislatures constituting one Central Legislature and several subordinate ones, all upon the same model, without destroying the autonomy of the Provinces, or breaking the continuity of the prescriptive rights and traditions of the respective Provinces. In a certain sense the powers of the Federal Parliament were derived from the Provinces, subject, of course, to the whole being a Colonial Dependency of the British Crown.

‘The Provinces of Quebec and Ontario are, by the Sixth Section of the Act, declared to be the same that formerly comprised Upper and Lower Canada. This recognises their previous existence prior to the Union Act of 1840. All through the Act these Provinces are recognised as having a previous existence and a constitutional history upon which the new fabric is based. Their laws remain unchanged, and the Constitution is preserved. The offices are the same in name and duties, except as to the office of Lieu-

tenant-Governor, which is placed in the same relation to the Province of Quebec that the Governor-General sustained in the late Province of Canada. I think that it would be a great mistake to ignore the past governmental powers conferred upon, and exercised in, the Province, now called Quebec, in determining the nature and privileges of the Legislative Assembly of this Province.

‘The remark is as common as it is erroneous, that the Legislatures of the Provinces are mere large Municipal Corporations. It is true that every government is a corporation, but every municipal corporation is not a government. Consider the powers given exclusively to Provincial Legislatures. They have sole jurisdiction over education, property, and civil rights, administration of Justice and municipal institutions in the Province, subjects which affect vitally the welfare of society. The very court which enables us to determine the matter now under consideration, holds its existence by the will of the Provincial Legislature. No such powers were ever conferred upon mere municipalities in the ordinary sense. They are subjects which, in all nations, are entrusted to the highest legislative power. Legislatures make laws, municipal corporations make by-laws.

‘If these Legislative powers confided to Provincial Legislatures are not to be exercised in all their amplitude, with the incidents attaching to them, they can be exercised by no other sovereign power, while our present Constitution exists. They have been conceded by the Imperial Parliament; and it claims no further right, as a rule, to legislate upon our local affairs; and the powers given exclusively to the Local Legislature necessarily exclude the jurisdiction of the Federal Legislature.

‘Blackstone says: “By sovereign power is meant that of the making of laws, for wheresoever that power resides, all others must conform to and be directed by it, whatever appearance

the outward form and administration of the government may put on. For it is at any time in the option of the Legislature to alter that form and administration by a new edict or rule, and to put the execution of the laws into whatever hands it pleases by constituting one or a few or many executive magistrates, and all powers of the State must obey the legislative power in the discharge of the several functions, or the Constitution is at an end.

\* \* \* \*

'The Local Legislatures are not permitted to amend the Constitution as respects the office of Lieutenant-Governor. In Section 65 of the B. N. A. Act, the powers and functions of the Lieutenant-Governor are specially defined. This establishes that, in the view of the framers of that Act, the powers and functions of this branch of Parliament form part of the Constitution; and, consequently, the powers of the other branches are equally a part of the Constitution; and ability to amend the Constitution as respects the Houses of the Legislatures, includes power to determine their respective powers and immunities.

'This arrest of Mr. Dansereau, by virtue of the power conferred by this Act, (33 Vic. cap. 5), is apart from the question of privilege, inherent in, and incident to, every Legislative body. I hold that, under this Statute, the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec has a right to compel the attendance of Mr. Dansereau before the Bar of their House. Thus holding, it is unnecessary for the purposes of this case to discuss the question of privilege as a common law right.

\* \* \* \*

'I consider that the present Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly of Quebec have a right to invoke the usages and precedents of these Houses existing prior to the B. N. A. Act of 1867, from 1791 to the date of that Act. There is the notable precedent

of the British Parliament, dating their privileges prior to the Commonwealth, and the fact that the Commons subsequent to the Commonwealth did not insist upon the right to examine witnesses on oath as one of their privileges, which was insisted upon by that body during the Commonwealth.

'Whatever powers and immunities attached to the Legislative Assembly of the late Province of Lower Canada and the Legislative Assembly of the late Province of Canada, as were necessarily incident to them in the proper exercise of their functions as Legislative bodies, I consider attach to the Legislative Assembly of the present Province of Quebec. In considering the privileges necessarily incident to Colonial Legislatures, we can only apply the Constitution of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, where the analogy obtains.

'The Senate of the Dominion, or the Legislative Council of the Province, cannot claim the judicial powers of the House of Lords; and yet there are many judicial powers to be exercised in connection with Legislation, the depository of which must be somewhere. For example, jurisdiction over divorce is given to the Federal Parliament. It has been thought necessary to assume power to examine witnesses upon oath, and determine the matter judicially, though neither Houses had greater powers than the Commons House of the United Kingdom. It became a necessary incident to the powers conferred.

'The Legislative Assembly of our Province has not the mere nude power of legislation. It has, by implication, by usage, and by a Constitution modelled upon the English House of Commons, also an inquisitorial power, to make itself acquainted, by means of committees, of the needs of the Province, and the evils that exist in society, over which it has control, in order to legislate intelligently, and administer wisely.

'Any person who refuses to attend,

upon the summons of the Legislative Assembly, to give evidence, is obstructing that body in the legitimate execution of its functions. I think, without reference to the Statute already quoted, there must be an inherent right, in the Legislative Assembly, to compel persons to attend before them, and give evidence.

'This principle, it appears to me, is conceded in the cases of *Kielly vs. Carson*, and *Doyle and Falconer*. In the former Baron Parke said: "We feel no doubt that such Assembly has the right of protecting itself from all impediments to the due course of its proceedings. To the full extent of every measure which it may be necessary to adopt, to secure free exercise of their legislative functions, they are justified in acting upon the principle of the Common Law." This was said with reference to a Legislative Assembly acting under a Crown Charter, in a minor Province, and assuredly it should apply with much greater force to this Province, which, for many years, has been governed under a Statutory Constitution, and upon usages conformable to the British Constitution.

'The cases of *Tracey, Monk*, and *Duvernay* in our early jurisprudence, and the recent case, *ex parte Lavoie*, sanction these privileges as inherent in our Provincial Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly; and I find them recognised in the late cases in the Privy Council. I see no reason in this advanced stage of our parliamentary history and progress in all the material interests which give to a nation importance why these powers should be denied to our Local Legislature.

'This warrant discloses no contempt. It is simply an exercise of the powers of the Legislative Assembly to bring Mr. Dansereau before that body. If this warrant were issued solely on the ground of privilege, it would be difficult to sanction it in its vague terms, without the purpose being shown; but,

by the 2nd and 9th Sections of 33 Vic. cap. 5, such warrant is permissible.

'I consider that the arbitrary form of the order is objectionable, but I cannot say that it is illegal. . . . I think the *habeas corpus* should be quashed, and the Serjeant-at-Arms be left to execute his warrant.'

(4.) Let us now see what is the difference between the powers of the Imperial and Federal Parliaments.

Section 18 of the British North America Act, in its original shape, stood thus:

'The privileges, immunities, and powers to be held, enjoyed and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof, respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Acts of the Parliament of Canada, but so that the same shall never exceed those at the passing of the Act held, enjoyed and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.'

It was not long before it was practically demonstrated that this clause tied the hands of the Federal Parliament. The experience occurred after the investigation upon oath into the circumstances of what was known as the 'Pacific Scandal.' For the purposes of that inquiry, the Parliament of Canada passed an Act, 36 Vic. cap. 1, 'To provide for the examination of witnesses on oath by Committees of the Senate and House of Commons, in certain cases.' But the Act was disallowed by the Queen. The reasons, as stated in the despatch of the Earl of Kimberley to the Earl of Dufferin, dated 30th June, 1873, were:

'That the Act was *ultra vires* of the Colonial Legislature, as being contrary to the express terms of Section 18 of the British North America Act, 1867, and that the Canadian Parliament could not vest in themselves the power to administer oaths, that being a power which the House of Commons did not possess in 1867, when the Imperial Act was passed. The Law Officers

also reported that the Queen should be advised to disallow the Act.'

But the Legislature of Quebec, by the Act 32 Vic. cap. 6 (1869); and the Legislature of Ontario by 35 Vic. cap. 5 (1871-2), conferred on their respective committees the power to examine witnesses on oath. Thus, the Local Legislatures, in one of the most important incidents of law-making, the right of inquiry, invested themselves with powers that were refused to the Federal Parliament.

In order to limit and legalise the privileges of the Federal Parliament, Section 18 of the B. N. A. Act was repealed, and, by an Imperial Statute 38 and 39 Vic. cap. 38 (1875), the following provision took its place :

'The privileges, immunities, and powers to be held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof, respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Act of the Parliament of Canada.

'But so that any Act of the Parliament of Canada defining such privileges, immunities, and powers, shall not confer any privileges, immunities or powers exceeding those at the passing of such Act, held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and by the members thereof.'

This same Imperial Act, by its second section, gave validity to the Statute of Parliament of Canada, 31 Vic., cap. 24, (1866), intituled 'An Act to provide for oaths to witnesses being administered in certain cases, for the purposes of either House of Parliament,' from the date at which the Royal assent was given thereto by the Governor-General. The Canadian Act of 1872 was thus set aside for that of 1868; the latter being considered, perhaps, the less objectionable.

The Speaker of the British House of Commons, when, after his election, he presents himself to the Queen for approbation, lays claim, by humble

petition, 'to all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges—particularly to freedom of speech in debate; to freedom from arrest of their persons and servants; to free access to Her Majesty, when occasion shall require.'

It is claimed by some who advocate the unqualified omnipotence of the Federal Parliament, that the privileges thus claimed by the Speaker of the British House of Commons, appertain to the Federal Legislature. 'They do belong to that Parliament; and belong equally to the Provincial Parliaments, substituting, in the one case, the Governor-General, and in the other case, the Lieut.-Governor, for Her Majesty.

The Speaker of the Ontario Parliament, after his election, addressing himself to the Lieut.-Governor, uses much the same form of words. Hon. Rupert M. Wells, Speaker of the last Parliament of Ontario, after his election to that office, on November 25th, 1875, in his address to the Lieut.-Governor, 'humbly claims all their (the Legislature's) undoubted rights and privileges, especially that they may have freedom of speech in their debates, access to your person at all reasonable times, etc.'

But there is an Imperial meaning and a tremendous force behind these verbal forms, when used by the Speaker of the British House of Commons. The fact is, that his address to the Queen, leaves unenumerated those powers of that semi-omnipotent House, which isolate and divide it from all other Legislatures by a gulf that neither kings nor colonies dare overpass.

The powers which the new Section 18 of the B. N. A. Act allows the Federal Parliament to assume, now or hereafter, are, in the nature of things, limited and provincial. There is not, in their nature, the least approach to sovereignty: they relate, mainly, to the regulation of the Parliamentary procedure, in the present, to its possible amendment, in the future; re-

stricting this possible amendment so that it shall not move beyond the practice in the Imperial House of Commons.

Political imagination, in its most fervid and patriotic flights, would shrink from picturing the Imperial and the Federal Legislatures as the possessors of co-equal powers. Still, there may be a few who fancy that the British North America Act, while giving pre-eminence to the Ottawa House of Commons as respects the Provincial Parliaments, constitutes it, in a mysterious and an indefinite manner, the compeer of the Imperial Legislature. For better or for worse, they will never be compeers.

The Imperial Parliament can change the Succession ; can refuse to pass the Mutiny Act, and the Act for the Manning of the Navy, and thus disband the Army and put the Fleet out of commission ; can repeal the Statutes by which the Colonies exercise the right of self-government ; can impeach a Minister ; can overturn the British Constitution and create another in its stead. These things are all within the powers of the Imperial Legislature. Its sovereignty over every foot of the earth's surface, where the British standard floats, is supreme. The great restraining power is not want of authority, but common-sense, and concession, without which Constitutional government would be impossible,

and liberty be expounded, not by the statesman but by the soldier.

It needs no more than the few illustrations just furnished, to show the inherent and irreconcilable difference between the Parliament of Great Britain and the Parliament of Canada.

The fact is, that our Federal Legislature, proud as we may be of it, is in reality nothing more than a larger Local Parliament. The powers of the Provincial Assemblies end with their boundaries ; the powers of the Ottawa Legislature terminate at our shore line.

We must now bring to a close our exposition of 'The Powers of Canadian Parliaments. A fair understanding of their functions is the key to the successful working of our present political system. The difficulties that seem to beset a practical and satisfactory definition of the limits of Federal and Provincial sovereignty, are none too great for a patriotic Canadian Statesmanship to overcome. It is satisfactory to remember that, in the event of an unyielding dispute as to contested prerogatives, an ultimate appeal can be made to the Imperial authorities. These high arbitrators can have comparatively little trouble in rectifying a possible complication, when it is borne in mind that, although both the Federal and the Provincial Legislatures are free, neither of them is independent.

## 'TOOTS.'

## A CANADIAN IDYL.

BY WM. WEDD, PEMBROKE.

WHY she was called so has never to this day proved susceptible of satisfactory solution. Most of the nicknames familiar to the ears of the people of our land, and which so materially assist in removing the formality of our everyday intercourse, have arisen from infantile corruptions of the proper names of the recipients, or have been bestowed in consequence either of the habits of the individuals in question, or of some real or fancied resemblance to noteworthy features in the lives of those of the world's celebrities who have 'stepped down and out' of this earthly scene in by-gone days. In her case, however, no such interpretation could by any possibility have been deemed sufficient. Her name, simple Mary Forrester, was a designation very remote from the *soubriquet* she bore; and her habits, though odd enough in many respects, furnish no clue to the title. It might have been possible, of course, to discover, in the history of those of her sex who had preceded her, some one whose nature was akin to hers; but yet there was nothing in the lives of any of the crowned or uncrowned queens of the past (for people don't usually go beyond the category of renown in such cases), to justify the use of the appellation, a nickname which, though then as now enigmatical, became so well known and so well beloved in the little village of Rockport, some twenty-seven years ago.

It was not certainly for want of investigation that the reason for the bestowal of the name remained a mys-

tery. When, some ten years before, she had arrived in the neighbourhood, a bright-eyed, lisping little maiden of scarcely six summers, nearly every one in the village had sought from her some explanation of the matter. 'Toots' of course, didn't know, nor did she care to any very great extent; and the good people were left to guess at the cause of the peculiarity as best they might, and to content themselves with the conjectures of those who were generally recognised as leaders of public opinion thereabouts. Many and varied were the theories advanced in circles where a novel subject of discussion was a thing of rare occurrence; but it was nevertheless at length concluded, with but one dissenting voice, that the name arose from imitations, on the part of the child, of the noise made by a bird, beast, bugle, or something of the sort, which had greeted her ear when first she had shewn a tendency to take note of sights and sounds. The one 'dissenter' was the village school-master, a gentleman of a world-wide stripe, who, although once possessed of an uncle of collegiate education, had, as modern paragraphists would say, spared his parents a heap of responsibility by becoming a 'self-made man.' This individual was fond of tracing the derivation of every word he heard, whether lexicographic or colloquial, to some classic source, an operation in the performance of which he received more assistance from dictionaries than from memory; and in this case he held that the name was derived from a Greek word, signifying 'small,' and

was bestowed in consequence of the diminutive size of the young lady during the earlier portion of her childhood. The worthy pedagogue had never had an opportunity of ascertaining whether the smallness of stature was really a fact at the time when the nickname was first applied, and, as 'Toots' was certainly no youngling when Rockport rejoiced in her early presence, the good people of the village, albeit usually deferential to the master's superior 'larnin,' did not see fit to fall in with the opinion so authoritatively expressed by him on this occasion.

From whatever source the title arose, 'Toots' seemed to have always been her name, and 'Toots' would certainly have been her nature if there could have been any possibility of twisting the word into a signification of hoydenish and well-nigh untameable maidenhood. This characteristic lost what it might have possessed of the objectionable when it became apparent how truly its proprietress was a daughter of nature. Poor child! she had little cause to be anything else. Her grandfather was one of those British residents of the Republic across the border who left their possessions during the War of 1812 and sought more congenial surroundings on Canadian soil; his zeal in the cause being rewarded by the grant of a valuable homestead on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. Her father had succeeded to the property, but had followed up early dissipations to such an extent that he soon became hopelessly involved. Her mother dying shortly after her birth, she was for nearly six years left to such control as a drunken father and his neighbours could exercise over a spirit naturally buoyant, and, as a consequence, never really knew what it was to be guided by anything much stronger than her own instincts and desires. When, therefore, her father's continued evil habits led to his death, and she was adopted and brought to Rockport by a

Mr. Houston, of that village, who had been visiting on the frontier, she showed such a disposition towards the exercise of personal free-will that her friends in the Houston family could only control her in such matters as those in which her natural sense of propriety told her they were entitled to her respect and obedience. In this way she was led, by a knowledge of their kindness, to submit to the educational training of the village school; but, although by nature intelligent, she could not bring herself to take advantage of her opportunities to anything like the fullest extent, or to tie herself down to the course of study which was even then customary amongst maidens of her age. Much she preferred the pursuits to which her disposition seemed more peculiarly adapted. For her the Book of Nature laid open wide its more glowing pages; to her the birds chanted their sweetest lays; and never was she happier than when, in the shadowy woodland or by the mighty waters, she sought the recreations so dear to her heart. Rockport was situated on the south bank of the Ottawa River, at the foot of a vast enlargement of the stream known as 'The Lake.' A few miles above, the volume of waters was precipitated through a narrow and rocky gorge and formed a foaming and impassable cataract, the spray from which cooled and refreshed the surrounding atmosphere on the hottest of summer days. Far away on the northerly bank of the River the Laurentian Hills, whose continuous range of peaks traverse the whole of eastern Canada and delight the tourist across the boundary under the names of the Green Mountains of Vermont and the White Mountains of New Hampshire, lifted their lofty and magnificent brows to heaven, and reflected the sunlight in a purple splendour which served to remind the Scotch settlers of the heather-clad hills of their native land. All down its course the stream itself was dotted with countless islands, covered with

trees and flowers of the rarest beauty ; the whole forming a scene of loveliness which even a less exuberant child of nature than our little maiden might well have rejoiced in. As for 'Toots,' she was fairly in love with the opportunities for research thus afforded her. The locality was frequently visited by bands of aboriginal inhabitants, who came, with their squaws and papooses, their dogs and their baskets, to visit the resident white man, and to obtain, in payment for furs, bead-work, moccasins and snow-shoes, the many products of the civilized world. A few of these mortals were also employed in the settlement. With all of them 'Toots' was on the friendliest possible terms, and, in return for such little acts of kindness as she alone seemed to know how to bestow in acceptable form, she soon gathered from them a complete knowledge of the best localities for fishing, the most prolific spots for berries, and the many curious ways adopted by the red-man for ensnaring and capturing the smaller species of game. Day after day was spent in solitary pursuit of such sports as only men are accustomed to participate in, and, at the time when our story opens, about the year 1850, she had become so skilled in the use of the canoe, in fishing, in swimming, in trapping game, and even in shooting, that she was noted the country round as the most daring and successful of local explorers.

From this period her excursions became even more frequent, and were pursued with, if possible, greater zest than ever, owing to the fact that a bright little incident in her career proved the means of providing her with a genuine worshipper at her shrine, and a thenceforth constant companion of her travels. The calm warmth of a September day had been succeeded, as so often happens in our northern latitude, by one of the wildest and most sudden of storms. Æolus had, almost without warning, sent forth with furious blast the prevailing north-

west wind of the locality ; and the bosom of the lake, erstwhile so peaceable and placid, upheaved like the billows of the mighty ocean. Doors slammed, windows rattled, chimneys and tree-tops bade fair to topple before the fury of the blast, and tender mothers looked around with anxious haste, for fear that some amongst their little broods might be exposed to the dangers of the coming night. A cry of alarm arose, almost as suddenly as the storm itself, from one of the cottages nearest to the lake, and a woman with a babe at her breast rushed forth in eager search for a missing member of her flock. Incoherent questionings and hurried explanations were heard, even above the roaring of the waters, and it finally became apparent that one of her little ones, Harry by name, had obtained permission, in consideration of the calmness of the morning, to set out on a fishing expedition in a slightly built craft, and had evidently not yet returned to *terra firma*. The villagers hastily gathered on the scene, and all eyes were eagerly engaged in scanning the boiling surface of the waters. At first nothing was visible save the white capped summits and deep, dark, rolling hollows of the waves ; then a black speck appeared just beyond the shadow of the opposite shore. It was almost certain that the boy had started for home, and had been caught in the storm ; equally as certain that, though as much accustomed to the water as any of the palmiped creatures of the lake, his strength could never prove sufficient to bring him safe to shore. On and on he came, however, larger and larger grew the speck, till it was no longer doubtful that the approaching object was a boat containing a little creature, who was, with ever-waning strength, struggling for very existence. The failure of a single stroke would leave him at the mercy of the waves. What was to be done ? All the available boats of the settlement, few in number at any time, were away from the village, their ow-

ners being engaged in the various operations of making and rafting timber, in which nearly every one at that time participated. Nothing remained but 'Toots's' little canoe, and the few men in the crowd hesitated before risking their lives in so veritable a shell. 'Let me pass!' a clear voice rang out upon the evening air; and 'Toots' herself, with paddle in hand and hair flying in the wind, rushed towards the margin of the stream. 'Let me go, I say!' the voice impatiently repeated, as efforts were made to interfere with her very evident purpose; and, before further dissuasion could be attempted, the canoe was rapidly surmounting the opposing waves. There was no need to tell that a master hand propelled the tiny craft, each powerful and skilful stroke gave evidence of the fact; and, although women fell on their knees in earnest prayer to the all-merciful One for the intervention of His saving power, and men scanned the angry waters with anxious eyes, all felt instinctively that if 'Toots' failed in her heroic venture, it would not be for want of courage, or through any deficiency in that skill of management which long practice and intrepid perseverance grant as their sure reward. On came little Harry and his boat, forward toiled 'Toots' and her canoe; the former momentarily losing what little strength was left him, the latter almost gaining power from the thought of what was before her, and how little might make her efforts futile. She tried to call to him, but the adverse winds bore her words far from his ears. He saw her coming, however, and was nerved to further effort at the sight. Unfortunately, while yet a considerable distance separated them, he, excited by his endeavours to lessen the space, lost his presence of mind, and failing to guard against a large billow, the frail craft overturned and precipitated him into the water. Poor 'Toots' was in a terrible fix now, for she feared that the boy would endeavour to climb into her canoe with-

out any attempt at care and ingenuity, and she knew that in the midst of so wild a storm, the slightest rashness would prove fatal. Harry, however, fully appreciated the situation, and as he could swim sufficiently to keep himself above the surface for a considerable space of time, was fortunately enabled to abstain from reckless effort. At length, by dint of careful climbing over the end of the craft, and steady preservation of equilibrium, the rescue was accomplished, and the brave little woman turned her course in a shoreward direction. The canoe was scarcely intended to convey two in such rough weather, and the homeward journey was not managed without considerable danger; but, after a hard fight with the elements, in which the boy also employed what little energy was left him, 'Toots' had the satisfaction, amidst the tearful thanks of her fellow women, the blessings of the relieved mother, and the silent hand-clasps of the men, of running ashore with the only being that she had ever rescued from the toils of death. So far from showing undue elation, she at once proceeded to pull up her craft, shouldered her paddle, and went into supper with as much *sang froid* as if just returned from an ordinary fishing excursion on a calm summer day.

The matter, though calmly treated by 'Toots,' however, was not by any means forgotten by the villagers, and seemed especially to make a lasting impression on Harry's youthful companions, who now looked up to her as the lawful protector of the entire coterie of juveniles. Children-like they formed an inordinate opinion of the powers possessed by their goddess, and came to her with all their grievances, from splinters in the fingers to the perchance well deserved 'spankings' of their legal guardians. In the performance of this veritable worship (the homage, not the 'spankings') little Harry occupied a sacerdotal position which nothing on earth could tempt him to relinquish; and, so earn-

est were his entreaties to be allowed to accompany the deity in her many wanderings, that she was prevailed upon to take him everywhere with her, and at length found him almost indispensable to the enjoyment of her tours. 'Toots' and Harry thus became foragers for the great body of juvenile idolators; and if Simpkins's baby played with the choicest of pebbles, or Sally Anderson decorated her bonnet with the most gorgeous of plumes, or Harrison's infant carried to its mouth a thumb rendered saccharine by the freshest of honey, or the whole settlement of urchins revelled in profusion of wild flowers and super-abundance of berries, it was not hard to guess who had sought by land and water, or risked the stinging of angry bees, or stooped till stiff over the bramble bush, to provide the pleasures of the hour. Harry enjoyed a very considerable importance, and 'Toots' was fairly adored with a fervour which no eastern deity of flesh or fabric had ever obtained from amongst his, her, or its multitude of self-sacrificing devotees. No treasures were like those which she generally had in store, no dictate exacted as ready obedience as hers did, and no word of comfort ever proved as thoroughly soothing in its effects as that which she vouchsafed when some little voice, broken with the sobs of welling emotion, poured into her sympathetic ear the troubles and annoyances which had moved the little heart.

It was not only with the little ones, however, that she earned such golden opinions. That species of perhaps unobjectionable vanity, so often to be found in the characters of the very best of people, and which leads to the performance of more than ordinary good deeds, on the part of those from whom good deeds, as a rule rather than an exception, are to be expected, may have had a good deal to do with a change which thenceforth manifested itself in her conduct towards her neighbours. She saw to how great an

extent her saving of little Harry, and protection of the children generally, had led to her popularity in the village and neighbourhood, and she would have been more than human if the circumstances had not been followed on her part by a slight tinge of vanity, and a desire to increase by further acts of kindness the influence thereby obtained. It was certain, however, that in this respect, as in her treatment of the youngsters, her own natural largeness of heart had a very great deal to do with it. At all events, it soon became apparent that Toots had developed a strong desire to enact the character of the good Samaritan in very many respects. Those whom Divine Providence had afflicted, either by straightened circumstances or lingering illness, frequently recognised in her the means adopted by that self-same providence for the bestowal of compensating mercies, and homes which had only heretofore been brightened by very occasional and sickly rays of sunshine, now oft-times rejoiced in gifts of freshly procured fish, fruit, flowers and other things of that description, which, though simple in themselves, gladdened the hearts of the poverty-stricken or bed-ridden recipients as only the kindnesses of a true-hearted donor can. These charitable actions were, of course, all in the way of 'Toots's' nomadic pleasures, and cost her very little trouble or difficulty; but it was not long before she learned to carry her good purposes into effect at the expense of her dearly loved recreations. Scarcely a case of sickness occurred in the neighbourhood without her rushing to the rescue; and many an afflicted one lived to bless her ready care and attention, or crossed the dark river to place before the Eternal Registrar of mundane affairs the record of her worth. How truly observant of human nature has that poet shewn himself to be, who, whilst dilating on the contumaciousness of womankind at moments when sympathy is seemingly unrequired, has

failed to recognise the true character of kindness and compassion which bursts forth in all its splendour when care and suffering call for her commiseration! 'Toots' seemed to realize the very idea of the bard. Wilful, even whilst passing years rapidly carried her from girlhood to femineity, to an extent which bordered on the intractable; she, nevertheless shewed herself so gentle and sympathetic in the presence of family difficulties, sickness and death, as to fill all her associates with wonder when they reflected on the past years of her life. The result is easily imagined; she became one of the most skilful and effective of nurses and enjoyed the affection of the whole community, as fully and completely as she could have possibly desired had she been ever so vain and fond of the adulation of her fellow beings.

It was deemed advisable, about this time, to procure the services of a medical man in the community. Constant immigration, and a steady increase of the earlier settlers' families, had augmented the settlement to such an extent, that the village and neighbourhood had become quite populous; and, as usually happens in such cases, illnesses and deaths were no longer of that rare occurrence which rendered them noteworthy features in bygone days. The little graveyard, wherein the earliest pioneer had deposited the mortal remains of his earthly partner, and had wept over the resting-places of those of his children who had met with untimely dissolution, was by no means the family circle of olden times, but had grown wider and even wider, until, within its sacred precincts, had been gathered together silent sojourners from nearly every household. The quantum of medical lore, which the schoolmaster had picked up, pretty much as he did the rest of his learning, was far from being considered sufficiently effective. Accordingly one warm June evening, as the sun cast its lingering rays upon the far-distant

summits of the Laurentians, the mail stage from adown the river brought to the village a young man of middle height, whose sedate and quiet bearing, despite his youthful appearance, betokened a by-no-means inconsiderable acquaintance with the world in general, and the practice of medicine in particular. Dr. Vaillancourt had been recommended by an esteemed friend of Mr. Houston's, resident in Montreal, who had had an opportunity of watching the young physician's course from the time he had commenced his studies; and this fact alone was sufficient to secure the prompt employment of his services in every family where professional assistance was required. Many, indeed, invoked his aid from the mere novelty of the thing; and all agreed that one possessed of such very evident ability, and so kind and charitable a heart, could not but prove successful during his residence in their midst. It did not take the young doctor long to discover that, in care and attention at the bedside, he had a rival of no mean repute. Everywhere he went he heard good accounts of our little 'Toots,' and, although it was some time before he had an opportunity of forming her acquaintance, he speedily came to the conclusion that he would not have far to look, whenever the exigences of his profession demanded the ready help which woman alone can give in the hour of serious complaint. One night, some weeks after his arrival, he was called to the assistance of a suffering little mortal, whose life was fast ebbing away under an attack of scarlet fever. The parents were poor, and, in ignorance of the danger, had neglected to send for the Doctor, until the disease had played sad havoc with the feeble frame. One glance was sufficient to convince him that little or no hope remained; but, with that energy so characteristic of the zealous physician, he set about relieving the burning fever to the best of his ability. The same look revealed to him the fact that his clinical rival was also in attend-

ance. 'Toots' it certainly was who had come ahead of him, unsolicited, to ease the sufferings of her sick protégée, and to further carry out her mission to one of the little band of worshippers at her shrine. Unlike the case of other idolators, the cry to this goddess, though uttered beneath the breath, had not been in vain; and all through the night 'Toots' bathed the heated brow, and otherwise obeyed the Doctor's orders, in a way which proved 'her to the manner born.' And when, as the first streak of dawn illumined the rippling waters, the icy hand of the Angel of Death forever broke the fever of this life, 'Toots' it was who folded the little arms across the little bosom, and knelt with the weeping mother in brief prayer to the Most High, for patience and resignation to His will. She and the young Doctor walked home together shortly afterwards. It was the first time he had ever really met her, and he felt it almost a duty to express his appreciation of her character, and to shew her how great an assistance she might be to him in his labours. "Toots!"—I beg your pardon—Miss Forrester, but I have scarcely heard you called by any other name, you can have no idea how pleasant it is to one, long exposed to the contemplation of cold and selfish motives, to find a person like yourself, so young, and yet seemingly so devoted to the good work in which I have found you engaged. It adds a zest to the commencement of my practice here, to know that there is at least one to whom I can look for assistance as occasion requires; and, although a considerable share of danger may attend your efforts, of which it is only fair to inform you beforehand, I ask you candidly and honestly, will you help me? I know I cannot look for satisfactory help elsewhere.' A smile of pleasure enlightened 'Toot's' face as she looked up at him before making reply. There was nothing in his countenance to indicate more than the ordinary question of a business matter, but its very seri-

ousness was what pleased her most. She had watched his movements all through the preceding night, as he noiselessly attended to the sick one; and had instinctively felt that there was a bond of sympathy between them which would sooner or later find expression in union of action. She had come to a speedy conclusion that he was a man to be looked up to and trusted, and her praises as sung by him gratified her beyond measure. She liked the idea, too, of engaging in such a work under his instruction, more especially as it involved a little danger, and above all, she was pleased that he completely trusted in her ability to do what he wished. 'I will, indeed, Dr. Vaillancourt; but I can assure you that you quite over-estimate my poor efforts. My whole desire to do what I have been doing during the past night, arises from my fondness for children, and certainly deserves no special praise. I shall indeed be glad to help you in every possible way.' This, with so sweet a smile that the Doctor, after a few words of hearty thanks, turned, for they were now at Mr. Houston's door, and proceeded to his lodgings, with a new feeling in his bosom, which he probably could not at that moment have analysed or explained. Certain it is that his house-keeper had to remind him that he had peppered his tea, and had otherwise trifled with that matutinal meal in a manner which indicated complete abstraction of mind. 'Toots' retired to her room and scanned her features closely in the mirror, to see if her friends spoke truly when they set her down as more freckled than usual.

Poor little Harry had good cause now to complain of neglect. His priestly office had been almost wholly transmuted into a sinecure, and, barring an occasional trip with 'Toots' down the River, when she took that means of visiting some of the Doctor's more distant patients, he very rarely caught more than a passing glimpse of the goddess. As for the other juvenile

worshippers, they still rolled, as of yore, on the River's bank; still had their little grievances, so many and so varied; but, although 'Toots' the comforter sometimes came as she used to do, and endeavoured as much as possible to meet their demands, she had no longer time or opportunity to see to all their wants, and, as a consequence, little hearts that were wont to overflow with the heaviness of grief, had oftentimes to go uncomforted to bed.

Canadian residents of twenty-five years ago will readily remember the cholera of 1854. The scourge passed over the land like a vast forest fire, laying low the goodly pines and tender saplings of humanity, and leaving in its train the blackened ruins of misery, loneliness, and heart-breaking distress. In dense metropolitan centres the disease was found in its most appalling form, and, day by day and all day long, during the continuance of the mighty affliction, the vehicles that were used to convey the sick to the hospitals met, in continual procession, trains of rude waggons, bearing numberless ghastly and sable corpses to the common burial pit, in which they were to await in one huddled mass their final call to the place of infinite repose. In the midst of this very general affliction the Upper Ottawa Valley, although now comparatively well settled, was favoured with singular exemption. There seemed to be something in the northerly climate which stopped the advances of the fell destroyer, and confined its ravages to the border counties. There were, nevertheless, a few of the worst cases of the disease amongst the residents of the Rockport district who had recently visited Quebec to sell their timber. Those who were thus afflicted, in nearly every instance, came home to meet with a speedy and frightful death. One of the patients in question, who lived almost opposite Rockport, came under the attention of Dr. Vaillancourt, and called for his most vigilant assistance.

The young physician had paid the man a visit in the early morning of a certain peaceful day, and had found him so ill that he had determined, after returning to the village and making a few necessary calls, to re-cross the Lake and occupy the remainder of the day in endeavouring to stay the ravages of the dreadful epidemic. Meanwhile, however, the elements had been roused into fury, and the Lake was lashed into a boiling and foaming mass. The swiftly-coursing wind betokened a continuous and severe storm, and sounded, as it were, the key-note of warning to those who had thoughts of venturing upon the treacherous river. Dr. Vaillancourt couldn't swim, but it never struck him for a moment to relinquish his purpose of returning where his services were so much required. When, therefore, the storm was at its highest, he might have been found standing in his surgery, buttoning up his water-proof coat, and packing his medicine chest so as best to resist the action of the water. And found he indeed was; for just as he had completed his arrangements a little hand was laid on his, and a pair of sweet but determined eyes, that he had lately learned to love very dearly, glanced up at him with a look of half entreaty half command that sufficiently set forth the owner's request before she had spoken a single word. It was in vain that he urged the advisability of her staying at home; in vain that he represented the danger of the undertaking; 'Toots' insisted on accompanying him, and indeed wouldn't even hear of his going alone when he wasn't able to swim a stroke, and had not proved himself by any means too proficient with the paddle. And so the Doctor was obliged to give in—most people are when bright eyes speak in the language of adjuration, more especially when their importunate owner happens to show an unmistakable solicitude for the welfare of the person entreated. A moment later saw them embarked in

'Toots's' well-used canoe, with 'Toots' herself in the place of eminence directing its course. One or two of the people on shore watched them until nearly out of sight, as they battled bravely with the well-nigh overwhelming waves, and then, with perfect confidence in 'Toots's' powers of management, returned to their respective labours. A few minutes afterwards a squall of great force swept in misty blackness across the waters; the waves hissed and spluttered as they momentarily subsided before the irresistible blast, and then piled up and rolled away with greater vigour than ever as the gust passed on and left the waters to the uncontrollable fury of pent-up and accumulated power. A moment later the rain descended in torrents and shut out the landscape as with a curtain.

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It was evening, and the moon shone peacefully and calmly over the now quieted scene. Not a vestige remained of the afternoon's fearful gale, save the slightest possible undulation of the waves, against which the moonlight fell in shimmering reflection, and added an indescribable glory to the picture. The peace without was, however, a strange contrast to the undefinable fear and commotion which disturbed the little settlement on the River's bank. The utmost that any one had as yet spoken on the subject was to wonder what was keeping them from returning on so fine a night; but, of course, the Doctor's patient had been taken worse, and they had been obliged to remain longer than had been expected. It was ridiculous to suppose that anything could happen to so skilled a water-bird as little 'Toots.' An uncertain fear was, nevertheless, in everyone's heart, and continued until one of the men, who, on the first intimation of apprehension, had gone across the lake, returned with the alarming intelligence that the Doctor had not put in an appearance at the afflicted man's residence since

morning, and 'Toots' had not been seen on the other side of the lake for at least two days. Uncertain fear gave way to the perturbation of despair; in an instant every boat in the village was brought into requisition, and strong arms were engaged in rapidly propelling them towards all quarters of the lake, in hasty search for some trace of the missing ones. Every island was visited, every point was touched at; but, as the moon went down, and that intense darkness which always precedes the dawn precluded the possibility of further search, the villagers returned, tiding-less, to await in silent sadness an opportunity of renewing their labours.

The sun rose clear and bright on a lake of glassy smoothness, and brought into prominence a group of tearful toilers, who had, since the first glimpse of daylight, been dragging the river in the immediate vicinity of a little rock-bound island. Entangled amongst the rushes, which skirted this little strip of land, had at an early hour been found a wide rimmed straw hat, — a careless little piece of head gear, which had served as the sole means of confining a forest of glossy curls. Reverentially, the well-known covering was laid aside, and the villagers commenced their sub-aqueous search. The drag was a cruel instrument to look at, with its sharp hooks and grapples; but tenderly and carefully was it drawn along the river bed, in plain manifestation of the fact that each silent searcher feared to inflict a mark on the beloved form which they knew would shortly be brought to view. Hour after hour was spent in fruitless toil; nothing came to the surface save water-logged branches and an occasional mass of earth and stone. Still the work went on; and still the villagers vied with each other in tender use of the unfeeling iron. At length the men at the lines' end experienced a resistance which to their practised touch was unmistakable; a gentle tug was given, the grapple came away

empty. The spot was tried again, and for some time without result; but eventually the hooks took hold, this time with greater surety; a steady but tender pull was made; the load, whatever it was, was evidently coming with the drag; a final and careful effort, and the necessity for search was at an end! There was no mistaking the face; for once the cruel implement of recovery had been sparing, and the little idol of the village, as she broke upon the gaze of the weeping villag-

ers, bore all the peaceful beauty and repose of living sleep. One arm was stretched out in the act of buffeting the waves, the other still firmly clasped the body of the young Doctor. Striving to save her helpless companion, for whom so deep an attachment had grown up in her heart, she had soared with him above the remorseless tempest of this life, and had commenced a new and happier one in the City of the Ever Blest!

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## LONGINGS.

BY FREDERICK A. DIXON, OTTAWA.

*Printemps est passé, bon soir violettes.*

With weary thoughts and vain desires,  
 With smoulderings of forgotten fires,  
 Come longings after truth and trust,  
 And friendships crumbled into dust :

(The summer trees are bent with winter's rime.)

For loves flown past on airy wing,  
 For songs the syrens used to sing,  
 For hopes of honour, long since dead,  
 High purposes not perfected :

(The frozen brook regrets the summer time.)

For good that now must lie unwrought,  
 For knowledge that must rest unsought,  
 For chance to live, in earnest truth,  
 Again the glorious days of youth.

(The happier rose is gathered in its prime.)

## THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, TORONTO.

## II.

HAVING in my last paper spoken of Charles the Second, it may not, perhaps, be considered uninteresting if I give some of the opinions expressed in the Diary of his great predecessor, Cromwell.

Pepys had been in his younger days a Republican, for soon after the Restoration, having been in company with an old school-fellow, he writes: 'He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—"the memory of the wicked shall rot;") but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time.' There is no reason to suppose that Pepys ever really changed his political sentiments, though his time-serving policy constrained him to conceal them. We may, therefore, expect to find him dealing favourably with the great Chief of the Commonwealth.

The general opinion of the company in which Pepys found himself is thus recorded: 'At dinner we talked much of Cromwell; all saying he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crown he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one.'

The following extract speaks volumes in his favour as compared with Charles. 'It is strange how everybody do nowadays reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers

and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time.'

This contrast between the two men is strongly illustrated in the case of Sir G. Downing, Charles's ambassador in Holland, who, in 'a speech he made to the Lords States of Holland,' told 'them to their faces that he observed that he was not received with the respect and observance now, that he was when he came from the traitor and rebell Cromwell.' And in the question of the Lord Treasurer to Mr. Pepys: 'Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver?'

'It is pretty to see,' observes Pepys of certain Parliamentary Commissioners in the days of the degeneracy, 'that they are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them, as well as the Parliament to pitch upon such, for the most part, among the lowest of people that were brought into the House, for Commissioners.' Of Cromwell's soldiers he thus writes: Mr. Blackburn, a staunch Puritan, 'tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of warr. For so generally they

are the most substantial sort of people, and the soberest ; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets ; but what ? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker ; the lieutenant, a baker ; this a brewer ; that a haberdasher ; this common soldier, a porter ; and every man in his aporn and frock, etc., as if they never had done anything else : whereas, the others go with their belts and swords, swearing, and cursing, and stealing ; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something ; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other ; and concludes, and I think with some reason, that the spirits of the old parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavaliers.'

It is pleasant to find Pepys uniting, as it were by anticipation, with our modern sentiment in reference to Cromwell. Our historians used to represent the great Protector as the personification of all evil. Burnet says, 'The enthusiast and the dissembler mixed so equally in a great part of his deportment, that it is not easy to tell which was the prevailing character ;'\* and Clarendon declares, 'no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion, and moral honesty.' †

These opinions are regarded as of little weight in our day. Cromwell is now exalted and enthroned in the hearts and affections of his countrymen, as none but such an one as an Alfred, or an Earl Godwin, a Nelson, or a Wellington, ever can be. Englishmen have at last learned to look up to their great deliverer from regal and episco-

pal tyranny and absolutism with the reverence that singleness of heart and righteousness of purpose, combined with genius and unflinching perseverance, must ever command.

Our forefathers never failed to trace a connection between extraordinary celestial or atmospheric phenomena and the great events that happen among men. The coincidences have certainly been many. To say nothing of a total eclipse, which, as is well known, was regarded as an omen of terrible evil, the appearance of a comet struck every soul with awe. At the sight of a 'blazing star,'

'The people stand aghast :  
But the sage Wisard telles, as he has redd,  
That it importunes death and doleful dreary-  
held.'\*

In the April of 1066 such a comet appeared. Men gazed with terror upon a mighty mass of flame that streamed across the southern heavens, and felt that some great catastrophe was about to happen. Ere the year had closed, William of Normandy had crossed the Channel, defeated Harold on the field of Senlac, and before the Altar of the West Minster had been crowned king of the conquered nation. A similar connection was observable in reference to storms. These regularly accompanied strange or solemn events. The law was given to the Israelites amid the mighty thunderings of Sinai, and their request for a king was granted on a day of terrible tempest. Pius the Ninth pronounced the dogma of papal infallibility at a time when the lightning was playing among the pinnacles and domes of the Eternal City, and the storm shook the very walls of St. Peter's. Shakespeare makes the night in which Duncan was murdered a night of storm, a rough, unruly night. So when the great Cromwell died a raging storm was devastating the land he had ruled so well in the name of the Lord. Men had never known so great a storm. It sent ruin

\* 'Own Time,' vol. 1, p. 145.  
† Rebellion, p. 862.

\* 'Faërie Queen,' Book 3. Canto 1.

from one end of the realm to the other. Trees and houses were overthrown, and people were in fear of their lives. In its wild wrath it lashed the ocean till the breaking billows spread a broadened fringe of frothy foam around the island empire, strewing the shore with wrecks, and making the great rocks tremble. It seemed as though the very elements were in league with the dying man in Whitehall, and had amassed all their strength to rescue from the grim monster England's greatest glory. But death knows no conqueror. When its finger touches the little violet in the dell, or the giant oak in the forest, both obey. And the mighty uncrowned king, to whose word all Europe listened, had met his overlord, the great dethroner of monarchs, and he had no other alternative. And thus, amid the convulsions of nature, the Protector breathed his last, the pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the sweeping wind uttered its long, loud wail of sorrow across the southern downs, the meres of the fenland, the hills and valleys of the ancient Deira, and the moors and mountains of the northern realm. A fit ending to so great a life! Singular to say, when Charles the Second was crowned, a violent and unexpected storm of thunder and lightning greeted him on his way from Westminster Hall, which failed not to draw forth many comments from both friend and foe, just as the earthquake at the coronation of his father had done. It is impossible for people not to think of these coincidences. But Pepys says, it 'is a foolery to take too much notice of such things.'

We may now turn to our Diarist's religious views and practices, and here, as ever, we shall find much to interest and amuse, perhaps much to instruct and edify.

Mr. Pepys was not pious nor was he irreligious. He took considerable interest in religion, and carefully avoids speaking of it lightly or irreverently, as was too much the habit

of his day. He lived at a time when the moral and spiritual life of England was at a very low ebb, and already rapidly declining into the utter deadness that reigned undisturbed for the greater part of the last century. The Restoration, undoubtedly, gave a strong impetus to the downward movement, but it is unfair to ascribe to that event the springs of all the wickedness that existed in the land. We are not obliged to do this, even though we allow that 'the court of Charles was the most scandalous that England has seen.'

The fact is, the Restoration did little more than remove some of the restraints which had been imposed during the Commonwealth. Sin and iniquity abounded as well in the days of Cromwell's rule as in the days of Charles's rule.\* The repeated and praiseworthy attempts made by the Puritans during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, towards a change in the national manners, abundantly testify that the King's return brought few new evils with it. Long before the first Puritan lifted up his voice in denunciation of his country's sins, long, indeed, before the stagnant pool of mediæval ignorance and ungodliness had felt the disturbing influences of the new currents of thought and life that gathered into such a flowing flood in the sixteenth century, virtue and rectitude, as we understand them, were rare graces among the masses. They were so not only among the masses, but also among the clergy,—alas! were not the monasteries and convents the hiding places of every species of vice? It is to this sad fact we owe, in a great measure, the glorious Reformation—a movement which aimed as much at a reformation of morals as at a reformation of doctrine. Nor was any appreciable change effected until the time of the great Revival in which Whitfield and Wesley took

\* See Lathbury on the Prayer Book, p. 321, where the original authorities are given.

so prominent a part, when England was baptized with a purifying fire from heaven.

I am not at all disposed to undervalue the work of the Puritans. They were men who tried to live a high and a holy life, banishing from their actions and words and thoughts all that might be derogatory to the glory of the king whose servants they claimed to be, and whose laws they did their best to obey. Their exterior may seem gloomy and forbidding, but their hearts were enriched with the spirit of true manliness, and rang with an anthem of praise such as none but a living spiritual religion could inspire. They remind me of one of those great Eastern windows in some of our English cathedrals. Looked at in the early morning from the outside, such a window appears to be full of deformities and blotches—a mass of darkened absurdity fantastically set in the wickered Gothic, but when viewed from the inside, the golden sunshine is tinged with the rich ruby and green and blue and violet, and figures of wondrous beauty appear, and where everything seemed disagreeable discord all is happy harmony—the morning light wovened into a very poem of such sweet grace that in adoring raptures the soul is lifted up from the earthly temple to the eternal temple above. So I believe the Puritan saw all nature setting forth the glory of his God in such a way, so full and satisfying, that rather than being morose and miserable, he breathed the happy, joyous air of a very paradise of delights. His home was the abode of purity and contentment, a dim but true foreshadowing of the better home for which his highest duty was to prepare himself and his family. He looked upon his brave boys, Valiant-for-truth, and young Win-the-fight, and Zeal-of-the-Land, and his fair, rosy Patience, with a loving pride in no sense diminished because he was a Roundhead and a Calvinist, and denounced gambling, drunken curates,

and proud, worldly prelates, and all their half-fledged Popish conceits. We may see him in his rough, homespun garments, with his Bible in his hand, traversing those glorious woodland walks so common in England, and meditating upon the rich imagery of the Israelitish prophets, yet ever and anon glancing at the still richer expression of God's power and love around him; upon those great mossy arms of giant oaks entwined overhead in a broad arch grander than a minister's vaulted roof, and then upon the green sward by the roadside blooming with its wildflowers, its daisies, and buttercups, and cowslips, and bounded in by thick hedges snowy with May-blossom and alive with the song of merry birds; and then down the valley to the little brook, where the willows grow upon the brink amid the tall flags and bulrushes, the home of the king-fisher, the widgeon, the teal, the snipe and the wild duck, and where in years gone by he used to cast a line into the limpid stream and shout for joy when he succeeded in landing carp, tench, perch, or, above all, a pike. In that quiet, happy country life he lived with a sober mind and an earnest soul. He was not a dry, austere, unreal man, but a true Englishman—one that will compare more than favourably with the rough, riotous cavalier whose time was spent on the bowling green or in the village tavern, drinking healths with the parson to the king and the bishops, till worse than a brute he lay senseless on the altar of Bacchus. Well may the Puritan have declaimed and fought against so corrupt an aristocracy and clergy, and tried to bring about a change for the better. His abstinence from profane oaths and unhallowed jest, his abhorrence of outward glitter and show and of the worship of men no better or wiser than himself, his delight in spiritual religion and in the Sabbath, made him a witness for the truth in the midst of a wicked and adulterous generation.

And what if he did try to express his gratitude and religion in psalms twisted into execrable verse, the psalm was no indication of the depth of his soul. That depth can only be sounded by a line taken from the transcendent piety of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or the lofty imaginations and wonderful outbursts of the 'Paradise Lost.' He who has read and studied those two masterpieces of English literature will obtain such an insight into the Puritan soul as will for ever restrain him from joining in the wholesale condemnation of those grand and noble men which, in our day, is so fondly indulged in by some small-minded and weak-kneed individuals.

Our author, though a Churchman, was honest and impartial enough to give all the credit due to men, who, though they may have been wrong in many of their views and indiscreet in the mode of propagating them, were, to say the least, intensely sincere in their convictions. After reading a book entitled 'Five Sermons in Five Several Styles,' wherein the discourses of several prominent Churchmen and Nonconformists were compared, he says, 'I do think, when all is done, that, contrary to the design of the book, the Presbyterian style and the Independent are the best of the five sermons to be preached; and this I do, by the best of my present judgment, think.' Two days before this he says, 'the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest,'—an opinion which, to say nothing of Scotland, and some parts of England, Ireland and Wales, is abundantly verified on this continent by the position the New England States assume among the States of the Great Republic, and Ontario among the provinces of the Canadian Confederation. The two brightest gems in all America are Massachusetts and the Queen Province of the Dominion, both strongly Puritan.

The following entry gives a painful

illustration of the manner in which the Puritans were mocked and scorned, not only by the common people but in Lambeth palace, the princely residence of the patriarch of the Anglican Communion. After describing a dinner with the Archbishop, Gilbert Sheldon, he says, 'I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentleman-like man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyterian Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text, about the hanging up their harps upon the willows: and a serious good sermon, too, exclaiming against Bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglinton,\* till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity; and he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there, and myself, infinitely pleased with the novelty.'

It is true Pepys sympathized with the Puritans in their troubles, but it was not on principle. He was a time-server. As a proof of both these assertions, take the following: 'I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be caught!'

Sunday in the reign of Charles the Second was not observed with the laudable strictness of the Puritans, nor even with the decorum that prevails in the present day. James the First set the example for all his race of irritating, as much as possible, the nonconformist members of the Church of England; as witness the famous proclamation of May 24th, 1618, in which

\* A noted Presbyterian who had fought against Charles at Marston Moor.

the King 'signified his pleasure that after the end of Divine service on the Lord's Day, the good people should indulge themselves in lawful sports—such as dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsun-ales; Morris-dances, and such like.\* How strangely different this from the edicts of England's earlier kings! Take for instance Ethelred's decree: 'Let Sunday's festival be rightly kept, as is thereto becoming: and let marketings, and folk-motes, and huntings, and worldly works, be strictly abstained from on that holy day.†

When one reads Pepys' Sunday entries, it reminds one of a Continental Sabbath, or a Sabbath in some of the Western States. The King held councils on this holy day, and we find Pepys' attending to his state affairs, making up his accounts, holding musical entertainments, going into the country on pleasure parties, and calling 'up the people to washing by four o'clock in the morning,' in direct violation of the fourth commandment. But he went to Church generally once a day, and occasionally to the communion, though too much stress must not be attached to the latter act, since it was necessary as a qualification for office. Sometimes a discourse made a profound impression on him, and at others he 'slept soundly all the sermon.' Like most people, he did not fail to criticise, as, for example, when he says, 'Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint His word on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the right great toes of our right feet.' On another occasion, 'To Church, where Mr. Mills, a lazy sermon upon the devil having no right to anything in this world;' and on a third, 'a stranger preached, a seeming able man; but said in his pulpit that God did a greater work in raising of

an oake-tree from an acorn, than a man's body raising it at the last day, from his dust, showing the possibility of the Resurrection: which was, methought a strange saying.' The entry 'it come into my head why we should be more bold in making the collection while the psalm is singing, than in the sermon or prayer,' reminds us of a custom which has now become well nigh, if not quite, obsolete in the English Church.

It is almost impossible to avoid looking at the ludicrous side of Pepys—even of his religious life. He kept the state fast days, but, as with everything else, it was in a curious manner. 'At night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast-day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards.' There was a distinction without a difference. It reminds me of a man I once knew, who, to avoid countenancing what he considered a breach of rubric in having a hymn sung at the beginning of a Christmas service in his own church, went to another and enjoyed an anthem of twenty minutes' length. Pepys' idea of maintaining appearances is equally amusing. At the time of the panic in London, in 1667, at the news of the advance of the Dutch up the Thames, he writes: 'By and by, after dinner, my wife out by coach to see her mother; and I in another, being afraid, at this busy time, to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle.' So in consequence of hearing 'that my people do observe my minding my pleasures more than usual, which I confess, and am ashamed of,' he resolves for a given time to abstain from going to the theatre, where he was a regular and enthusiastic attendant.

Some of his references to religious customs are interesting from an ecclesiastical point of view. 'There are few more burning topics of controversy in the present day than the practices of

\*Perry's 'History of the Church of England,' vol. 1, p. 259.

†Thorpe's Ancient Laws and Institutes of England, vol. 1, p. 321.

the Church of England. That body is rent and torn by men holding to contrary interpretations of its laws and traditions. It is suggestive to read Pepys' account of a conference heard between the two Houses of Parliament on the 'Bill for Conventicles,' which touches somewhat on this point. The Lords 'would have it added, that whereas the bill says: "That that, among other things, shall be a conventicle wherein any such meetings is found doing anything contrary to the Liturgy of the Church of England," they would have it added, "or practice." The Commons to the Lords said, that they knew not what might hereafter be found out which might be called the practice of the Church of England, which were never established by any law, either Common, Statute, or Canon; as singing of psalms, binding up prayers at the end of the Bible, and praying extempore before and after sermon: and though these are things indifferent, yet things, for aught they at present know, may be started, which may be said to be the practice of the Church, which would not be fit to allow.' Take the fourth report of the Royal Ritual Commission made in 1870, as an illustration of the difficulties which the sagacious Commons of 1664 foresaw might arise.

The surplice was especially obnoxious to the Puritans as a 'rag of popery,' and when they were in power they at once abolished it, nor was it immediately restored upon the re-institution of the King in his rights or the episcopal clergy in theirs. It is not till the autumn of 1662 we read: 'Saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit, to preach without it.' But more than two years before this he remarks of a service in Whitehall Chapel, 'Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing men in surplices in my life;'

and later, 'At St. Paul's, where I saw the quiristers in their surplices going to prayers, and a few idle people and boys to hear them, which is the first time I have seen them, and am sorry to see things done so out of order.' Organs are common enough now even in Presbyterian Churches, and in the English Church plenty of choirs may be found wearing the surplice, with 'a few idle people and boys to hear them'—not but that the robe is appropriate enough for them, when the whole congregation is similarly vested.

A correspondent of the 'Spectator' once asked 'Is it not a contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners?\*' Such was not an unusual custom in Pepys time as the following entry shows: 'To church, and had a good plain sermon. At our coming in, the country people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins, "Right Worshipful and dearly beloved" to us.' So Swift having on one occasion no other auditor than his clerk began the service with 'Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places.'

The references to Baptism are numerous. In those days it was very commonly administered at home, which is seldom done now except in cases of sickness, nor is it indeed rubrical. A feast usually accompanied the event. 'After the christening comes in the wine and the sweetmeats, and then to prate and tattle.' As at weddings a huge cake was the chief attraction of the festive board. The guests were supposed to make presents to various interested parties. 'It cost me 20s. between the midwife and the two nurses to day.' 'It cost me near 40s. the whole christening: to midwife 20s. nurse, 10s., maid, 2s. 6d., and the coach 5s.' Our journalist went to another christening, 'having made myself fine, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket, to

\* No. 312.

give away,' and 'did give the midwife 10s., and the nurse 5s., and the maid of the house 2s. But forasmuch as I expected to give the name to the child but did not, it being called John, I forbore then to give my plate till another time, after a little more advice.

Pepys had no children of his own, and perhaps that made him all the readier to act as 'gossip'\* or sponsor. Certain it is, he was always prepared. 'To my Lord Sandwich's, where, bolting into the dining-room, I there found Captain Ferrers going to christen a child of his, born yesterday, and I come just pat to be a God-father.' Of the responsibility or sacredness of the relationship incurred, he thought as little as the general run of persons do to whom the Church, with godly discretion and motherly care, commits the spiritual charge and training of her young children. He did not hesitate, I am sorry to say, to trifle over the matter. Riding with a party through the country, 'By and by, we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her god-father, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down and very simply called, "Pray, god-father, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her two-pence.' Perhaps, had it not been for his trifling, we should not have heard of so pretty a custom.

It may seem a rapid transition to go from one end of life to the other, from the Church's first rite to her last, in other words, from christenings to funerals, and yet it is not unnatural, for they are the two most important events in a man's career. I will here give, in conclusion, Pepys' account of his brother's burial, which will illustrate more points than one :

'To church, and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother

to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for six pence he would, as his own words were, "I will juttle them together but I will make room for him;" speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie; and that he would for my father's sake, do my brother, that is dead, all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself, and so did my servant, Besse; and so to my brother's again: whether, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But, at last, one after another, they come, many more than I bid: and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cozen, Joyce Norton, kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But, above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and everything else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think: the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street: and had a very good company along with the corps. And, being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for burial: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave: and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam Turner and her family, to her brother's, and by-and-by fell to a

\* God-sib, or God-relation.

barrell of oysters, cake and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must	blame myself; for, though at the sight of him dead and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him.' I may leave this extract to speak for itself.
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 BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

No. 3.—AT MURRAY, ONT.

*'Varium et mutabile, semper.'*

Fairest one, in form and feature—  
 Captious, cruel, cross-grained creature.

In whose dark eyes gentle-greeting,  
 All kind thoughts rise at our meeting.

In whose face the quick flush starting,  
 Soon foretells our angry parting.

Sweet one! true to Virgil's 'semper,'  
 Looks her best when in a temper!

Rich red lips, since first I knew them—  
 Oh, what wild words have passed through them.

Little hand! no harder hitter,  
 Writing words than blows more bitter.

Little feet, whose boots ambitious  
 Love to light on ways suspicious!

Ways that far on Life's wild highway  
 Lead when her way parts from *my* way.

Void of heart, soul, conscience, duty,  
 What is good in you, but beauty?

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 No. 4.—IN AN ALBUM.

Sweet girl whene'er I look at you,  
 What various thoughts arise—  
 What studies brown, and devils blue!  
 Just like your hair and eyes!

## MODERN PESSIMISM.

BY R. W. BOODLE, B. A., MONTREAL.

**W**HAT value do I attach to life? Such is a question that naturally suggests itself to the reader of Mr. Mallock's latest work. Its title, 'Is Life Worth Living?' raises, it is true, a doubt, which had better have remained unexpressed. Our first feelings on encountering such a work, the title of which (more general than the actual scope of the subject considered) would seem to allow it to be an open question, whether it is worth our while to be here, are naturally feelings of contempt or regret. It seems like quarrelling with our bread and butter, and we feel inclined to say with Lady Macbeth—

Why  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things?

Then, too, it is a question admitting of too ready an answer—a doubt, which is being raised every day by the vicious or the desponding, and solved in the manner we all know too well. But we live in a curious age, an age in which it may be said, if ever, that our minds are 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' and the question is one, round which in its widest form our thoughts can hardly help lingering. Not, however, that the question is by any means a new one. The discovery that life has a dark side, that it is not a mere succession of pleasures, but often a mere monotony broken by pain, has constantly been made before. It is really not much more than an open secret. What interests us to notice is, that at the present moment the question has taken rather a different shape. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! has been a truism of philoso-

phers and satirists from the time of Solomon to the present day. But it is a different matter when, what was an opinion muttered by the few, becomes a commonplace of the many. The truth of the implied assertion will be shown at more length presently, it will be well first to glance at its ill-effects.

The dignity of life is closely bound up with its value, and to most men its value depends more or less avowedly upon the amount of pleasure to be extracted from it. As soon as it becomes a settled question, that life is but a poor affair after all, the practical instinct of mankind is too ready with its inferences—let us make the best we can of it, let us at least indulge in any pleasures that afford immediate satisfaction. It will be seen at once that, with such a philosophy, the dignity of life is in a perilous state. Now this the conclusion to which Mallock points—his warnings urge us to take heed to our ways, if we desire to keep the standard of life as high as it has been. It is not the purpose of the present discussion to consider the question started in Mallock's book, but rather by way of preparation to treat of certain preliminary subjects. With this object, it will be convenient to take a cursory view of different phases of the question of the value and happiness of life up to the present day, and to show by example the way in which the tone of society reflects itself in the literature of the day.

In treating of previous periods and phases of Pessimist thought, I will omit without further notice the phenomenon of Buddhism, a religion resting

upon a Pessimist basis, because it is a phase of thought distinctly Asiatic and, as such, belongs to a class of minds entirely distinct from the active European type. Nor will the expressions of solitary thinkers, such as Shakespeare and Johnson, delay us long, though it is necessary to notice them. Such men may be regarded rather as independent thinkers, whose intellect has given them too unerring an insight into facts, than as writers typifying the state of thought popular in their age. To illustrate my meaning—Shakespeare's view of life is, at its best, not a happy one, as when he writes—

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

There he merely feels disposed to throw doubt upon its reality, and to think rather contemptuously about it. When he is disposed to take a harsher view, no picture can be sadder—

Life's but a walking shadow,  
..... it is a tale,  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Such men as Shakespeare stand alone, their thoughts are not as other men's thoughts, their initiations into life and its secrets are deeper, and they may be taken as exemplifying the words of the sage, 'in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' To such men the unthinking frame of mind, which looks upon happiness as the highest thing in life, is strange. Their greatness makes them solitary and their lonely grandeur carries with it the pains and penalties of greatness—

Thin, thin, the pleasant human noises grow,  
And faint the city gleams  
Rare the low pastoral huts—marvel not thou!  
The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,  
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams;  
Alone the sun arises, and alone  
Spring the great streams.

But while their depth of insight shows them the sorrows of life, philosophy

is able to furnish them with strength to bear it—

Lean'd on his gate, he gazes—tears  
Are in his eyes, and in his ears  
The murmur of a thousand years.\*  
Before him he sees life unroll,  
A placid and continuous whole—  
That general life, which does not cease,  
*Whose secret is not joy, but peace;*  
That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd  
If birth proceeds, if things subsist;  
The life of plants, and stones, and rain,  
The life he craves—if not in vain  
Fate gave, what chance shall not control,  
His sad lucidity of soul.

We must not then suppose, because we find a low view of the joy of life expressed in the works of the highest geniuses, that such a view is a common one. It will not be safe to conclude, that we have found an age similar to our own, unless it can be shown that the unhappiness of life is a theory widely accepted and exemplified in the actual lives of the ordinary run of men.

Such periods, however, have occurred before the present age, when a tone of sadness, almost of despair, was prevalent—periods marked too by a contempt of life, and by a ready acceptance of death. 'The spirit of the world,' a philosophical writer observes, 'seems deeper and sadder, and the good and joy of life are no longer its predominant conceptions.' It might seem strange that a mode of thought so familiar to the care-worn nineteenth century should have been felt too in earlier ages. But there is nothing new under the sun. The analogy between the individual and the state has often been pointed out, and a similar one exists between the individual and the world. In youth, like Cyrus, we play over the part which, in fulness of years, we shall have to enact in reality, and to the earlier phases of the Time-spirit that haunting visage of Sorrow was not unknown, which centuries afterwards obstinately rises again—

\* Matthew Arnold, of course, had Shakespeare's Sonnet No. 107 in his mind, when he wrote this:

the same thoughts of sadness born reappearing with a new vitality.

Such a period of gloom and unhappiness was the first century of the Roman Empire—an epoch in many ways similar to that in which we are living. The old systems of religion, which we call Paganism or Polytheism, were visibly decayed, and while the masses took refuge in grosser forms of superstition than the reason of former ages had warranted, the higher spirits found their religion in systems of philosophy. From among these, appear most prominent to us the schools of Stoicism and Epicureanism, corresponding in many ways with the Jewish sects of the Pharisees and the Sadducees. It would be foreign to my purpose to point out the similarity between these schools and their modern representatives. Yet it would be an interesting study to trace how far Utilitarianism is the true representative of the school of Epicurus, and what analogy exists between the teaching of the Porch and the tone of thought best represented to us at the present day by Carlyle and his followers.

I need not tell you that Epicureanism consisted in making the best of life by means of its pleasures. The tone of Stoicism will appear from the following paraphrase from Seneca. It comes from his discourse on Providence, and is the conclusion of the piece. Seneca introduces the Deity to exhort mankind to strength and endurance, and his words are the more remarkable, as coming from the mouth of such a being. 'Your true happiness consists in doing without it. Still, life is full of incidents, grievous, terrible, and hard to bear. As I have not been able to free you from them, I have armed your spirit against them all. Bear up bravely: in this lies your superiority to God: He needs no patience under suffering, for He is placed beyond it—you are raised above it. Despise poverty, for no one is as poor as when he was born. Despise grief, you will kill it, or it you. Despise

death, which is either the end or a state of transition. Despise fortune, for I have given her no weapon with which to assail the mind. But above all, remember not to feel bound against your will. The door is open, if you will not fight, you can fly. Hampered though you are in many ways, I have made nothing easier than death. Listen to me, and you will see how short and easy the road is that leads to freedom.' The Deity then proceeds to recommend various modes of suicide, concluding 'What is called death (the passage of the soul from the body) is quicker than the thought of it. By hanging, or by drowning, whether you dash your brains out, or swallow fire, whatever it is, it is speedy. Do you not blush at your prolonged fears of what takes place so quickly?'

This we may well call life at a low ebb. Life meant simply endurance, and if this was too hard, men could die; and practice was in conformity with such a theory. Suicide was a matter of daily occurrence, and recognised by law as a right, except in the case of soldiers, when it was assimilated by Hadrian to desertion, and of accused persons, in regard to whom Domitian ordained that suicide should entail the same consequences as condemnation.

With the spread of Christianity, justly termed the Worship of Sorrow, the misery and worthlessness of life became part of the orthodox belief. By way of compensation, an immortality of happiness after death was assured. Still men's practice was better than their theory, and owing no doubt, to the new vigour of the races, who became the leaders of the world's history, as well as to the sanctity imputed to human life by the doctrines of the Church, suicide became uncommon. 'He is an homicide and guilty of an homicidal act, who, by suicide, has killed an innocent man,' so ran the formula. Two forms, however, of suicide, were countenanced. People were praised for provoking martyr-

dom, and Christian women were allowed to commit suicide to guard their chastity. Still, though suicide was discountenanced, it must not be forgotten that life—this life that all sound-minded men value so justly, not only as a transition state or sphere of preparation for a better life, but in itself and for itself—was regarded during the vigour of Christianity, as but a mean thing, though clothed in sanctity. Happiness was not to be sought here but hereafter. The natural joy of life was itself an unholy pleasure. 'You are here,' says the 'Imitation of Christ,' 'to serve, not to rule; you have been called to show patience, and to toil, not to spend your life in talking and ease. Here, therefore, men are meritorious only as gold is, while passing through the furnace.' At another place the writer laments the human necessities of food and sleep. The minds and writings of those bred under the shade of the Church were colourless and emasculate. Nature spread for them her charms in vain. I cannot illustrate the Christian phase better than by a passage on the Assumption of St. John the Apostle, from one of Ælfric's Homilies:—

'When the Apostle was ninety-nine years old, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him with the other Apostles that He had received from this life, and said "John come to Me," It is time for thee to feast with thy brothers at My banquet.' John then arose and went with the Saviour, and He said to him, "Now on Sunday, the day of My resurrection thou comest to Me." And after that word the Lord went to heaven. The Apostle greatly rejoiced at this promise, and waking early on the Sunday morning came to the church and taught God's laws to the people from cock-crow until evening, and sung masses for them, and said that the Saviour had summoned him on that day to heaven. He ordered them to dig his tomb facing the altar and to carry out the earth. Then he went alive and sound into his tomb, and

stretching out his hands to God, cried, "Lord Christ, I thank Thee that Thou callest me to Thy feast. Thou knowest that with all my heart I have desired Thee. Oft I begged Thee that I might go to Thee, and Thou saidst that I should wait, that I might gain more people. Thou hast preserved my body against all defilement, and Thou likewise enlightenest my soul, and hast at no time neglected me. Thou didst put in my mouth Thy word of truth, and I have written the doctrines that I heard from Thy mouth, and the wonders that I saw Thee work." The Apostle goes on in this strain to some length, ending with a doxology. Upon this he dies without enduring death's attendant pains, as a reward for the sanctity of his life on earth, and with the prospect of a life of feasting above, for in this way, in accordance with the genius of the English people, has the Saxon homilist transformed the feasting in the halls of Walhalla in Asgard into the Supper of the Lamb mentioned in the Apocalypse.

This uninteresting view of life, the world in process of time outgrew, aided, doubtless, by the Pagan Renaissance with its earlier and later phases. Not even Puritanism had power to restore the past, though, under its influence, life was for a time denuded of joy and pleasure—for the Puritans were as attentive to success in life as to the welfare of their souls. Hence, practically, their gloomy views had less influence on their daily life, than the early Puritan leaders would have wished.

Time would fail me, were I to trace the change in tone caused successively by the revolutionary epoch with which the eighteenth century closed, by the romantic revival which ushered in the nineteenth century, by the struggles for freedom on all sides and in various ways, which afterwards ensued. These two movements, which, while they lasted, must have lightened the burden of life, and at least occupied men's thoughts in a different

direction, seem for a time to have spent their force. The Revolutionary era is for a time at least over. Meanwhile thought, having become perfectly free, has succeeded in unsettling the old grounds of belief and morals, without devising any equivalent to take their place, with the result of causing a feeling of melancholy and uneasiness, acknowledged on all hands. The unhappiness of life is widely felt, yet its paramount importance is insisted upon. Its value is taken for granted, for we are told that it is all upon which we can build, yet writers do not tire of telling of its infinite littleness. Tyndall even seems to gloat over the fact that ages hence 'you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.' One cannot help remarking the seeming inconsistency of the ruling tone of thought. While the misery of life is asserted, its dignity is as strenuously maintained and suicide is condemned without compromise. Meanwhile the original mode of thinking upon which this condemnation rests, viz., the theological conviction that life is a sacred gift of God, and that we are accountable for it to this higher power, is lost sight of or denied. The sum of all is a prevalent feeling of depression and unhappiness.

Not to make an assertion without giving proofs of it, I will draw attention to a few points which will justify my conclusions. This change is well exhibited in the tone of popular poetry. Poetry acts as a kind of spiritual weather-gauge, its popularity depends upon its conformity with the modes of thought and spiritual needs of the time. It is itself the expression of the deepest religious beliefs, unfettered by the dogmas that cause the traditional forms of religion to stagnate and fail of sympathy with the ideas of the time. If we find a poet of a distinct type popular at any special time, we are justified in asserting that his leading ideas are also the ideas

common at that time. Now, beyond doubt, the poetry that within the last few years has had the widest popularity, is that of Matthew Arnold and Algernon Swinburne. Though some of Arnold's poetry was written as early as 1848, and the first appearance of his latest volume dates in 1868, it has never been as popular as it is at the present day, and the complete edition of 1869 having been exhausted, another edition appeared last year. These facts, when its difficulty is remembered, are noticeable. One feature Mr. Swinburne has to himself, and will partly account for his popularity with a certain class of readers. But it is not to Swinburne, as a leader of the Fleshly School of Poets, that I would now draw your attention—though as such his popularity is no favourable symptom of the age. But there is another side of his genius, what may be called his theological side, upon which the similarity of his work to that of Matthew Arnold is striking. In both the burden of sorrow, 'this strange disease of modern life,' as Arnold calls it, is ever uppermost. One specimen of Matthew Arnold will be sufficient, as no poet varies less in his tone—

The sea of faith

Was once, too, at its full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

Retreating to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor hell for pain;

And we are here as on a darkling plain

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and

flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Now, this is no unfair type of his poems. Open the book at random, and the same thoughts will meet you on every page. In Swinburne this grief is intensified, and marked by

despairing and blasphemous outbursts of rage against the highest symbol of what is sacred and holy. For a parallel to the impotent fury of the fourth Chorus, in Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon,' I know not where to look. The passage is too long to quote, and would only be spoiled by an extract. Let us see how the love-poet treats his favourite passion in the Second Series of his 'Poems and Ballads,' published last year—

Or they loved their life through, and then  
 went whither?  
 And were one to the end— but what end  
 who knows?  
 Love deep as a sea as a rose must wither,  
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the  
 rose.  
 Shall the dead take thought for the dead to  
 love them?  
 What love was ever as deep as the grave?  
 They are loveless now as the grass above them,  
 Or the wave.

A mournful turn, one cannot help thinking, to the well known words of Scripture, 'love is as strong as death . . . many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.'

To preclude the possibility of the objection that these are merely the writings of extreme thinkers—an objection which is really without force in the case of Matthew Arnold, I will consider the works of a poet that can by no possibility be looked on as such. The English Poet-Laureate will hardly be suspected of being an exponent of any extreme school of thought. His attention to style is notorious. No one expects to find in him a deeper strain of philosophy than that of an average thinker. When he expresses his thoughts upon deep subjects they are naturally quoted as being better expressed by such a consummate master of language than we can find them elsewhere. His philosophy is certainly not deeper than that of enlightened orthodoxy. As a Churchman he would probably take rank among the moderate school of Latitudinarians. Yet even upon the works of Tennyson the spirit of the time has set its indelible mark. Anyone who has studied

his 'Idylls of the King' chronologically and taken the trouble to notice additions to the earlier poems of the series, comparing the tone of these with the later poems, will be much struck by the change of colouring exhibited in the later portions of his work. As reference will again be made to Tennyson, I will only give two instances at the present moment. In 'Vivien,' one of the four original Idylls, a 'great melancholy' falls on Merlin, arising, it would seem, from his consciousness of a foolish fondness for the frail heroine, but we are left in doubt. In the last editions, however, subsequently to 1876, this doubt is solved, and the melancholy given a new turn by the introduction of lines ascribing it to his consciousness of

World-war of dying flesh against the life,  
 Death in all life and lying in all love;  
 The meanest having power upon the highest  
 And the high purpose broken by the worm.

The first edition of 'Vivien' was published in 1859. It was very natural that in seventeen years some changes should occur to the author, but the nature of the change is significant. He has also modified what he had written more lately. The 'Passing of Arthur,' into which was incorporated the 'Morte d'Arthur,' earliest written of the entire series, was published in 1870. This time he re-adopted the well-known lines—

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the  
 world.

This sentiment was first published as far back as 1842, and was quite in keeping with the hopeful, reforming spirit of the time. Now, contrast these lines with the despairing 'moanings of the King,' added to the same poem after 1877. The old work and the new stand side by side. Tennyson could hardly have struck out lines of such surpassing beauty—but it is not hypercritical to call the later inconsistent with the earlier work. The

'moanings of the King' are as follows:—

I found Him in the shining of the stars,  
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,  
But in His ways with men I find Him not.  
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.  
O me! for why is all around us here,  
As if some lesser god had made the world,  
But had not force to shape it as he would,  
Till the High God behold it from beyond,  
And enter it, and make it beautiful?

For I, being simple, thought to work His will,  
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;  
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend  
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm  
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.  
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:  
Nay—God my Christ—I pass, but shall not die.

The last line is obviously added to clear the speaker from inconsistency, but it does not clear the poet. Now, these lines reflect very accurately the doubting, perplexed tone of thought, the incoherency and uncertainty so commonly felt at the present day. The year 1874 will always be an epoch in the religious history of England, for then Professor Tyndall delivered his well-known Belfast Address—the high-water mark, it would seem, of Materialism. The previous year had seen the publication of Mill's 'Autobiography,' to a passage in which the words,

As if some lesser god had made the world,  
But had not force to shape it as he would,

are a manifest reference. In the chapter on his father's character and opinions, Mill wrote, 'He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. . . . The Sabæan, or Manichæan, theory of a good and an evil principle struggling against each other for the government of the universe he would not have equally condemned, and I have heard him express surprise that no one revived it in our times.' I should not feel so confident of Tennyson's alluding to this passage were I not justified by his special mode of

workmanship. One great difficulty of his poems consists in his allusions—often to matters of merely contemporary interest. In this case Mill's 'Autobiography' was in every one's mind at the time, and the passage I have quoted, as well as another to which I wish to draw attention, were widely discussed in the periodicals of the day. The other passage comes from the same chapter. The younger Mill tells us that his father 'thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by.' Now this, as I have shown before, was not a new thing. It had been remarked often enough, but appearing just then, it attracted much attention. It seemed to strike a corresponding chord in men's hearts, and the note has been prolonged ever since by writers of all kinds, till the question has been openly put 'Is life worth living?' I do not now propose to enquire into the causes that have brought matters to such a pass, although '*vere scire est per causas scire*,' but shall take it for granted that the main external conditions that attend the tone of thought are the shock that ordinary mortals have received from the breaking up of long cherished beliefs, as well as the sense of failure, or apparent failure, of the Utopian schemes which the nineteenth century projected as its work. I may be excused for quoting again, from the latest edition of the 'Idylls,' the lines describing the desolation of Sir Bedivere as he listens to the last wail attending the passage of his king from the world:

But when that morn had past for evermore,  
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn  
Amazed him, and he groan'd 'the King is gone.'

There is no king any longer—such is the poetical symbol in which the Laureate embodies the feeling of despair, which Matthew Arnold had expressed before by the same figure, though he handled the subject somewhat differently—

Amongst us one,  
 Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly  
 His seat upon the intellectual throne;  
 And all his store of sad experience he  
 Lays bare of wretched days;  
 Tells us his misery's birth and growth and  
 signs,  
 And how the dying spark of hope was fed,  
 And how the breast was soothed, and how  
 the head,  
 And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,  
 And wish the long unhappy dream would  
 end,  
 And waive all claims to bliss, and try to  
 bear;  
 With close-tipp'd patience for our only friend,  
 Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair.

The sequel of such a despairing tone is natural enough. The poisonous breath of Pessimism is taken for the healthy air of heaven. The works of the German philosophers, Schopenhauer and Hartmann, began to be read in England with eagerness, and their theories have found their way at second and third-hand to the general public. The fashionable tone of Pessimism, among the upper classes in England, is a subject of casual notice in Leslie Stephen's lately published monograph upon Dr. Johnson.

Upon this subject I would refer the reader to an article in the *Westminster Review* for January, 1876, where he will find the organ of Radicalism and extreme thought adopting a tone of protest and reaction against what it rightly believes to be a pernicious change of tone. From the conclusion I will quote a few significant sentences. "The owl of Minerva does not start upon its flight until the evening twilight has begun to fall." It is, indeed, a significant fact that this "Philosophy of Despair" should have within five years passed through six editions. As is the people, so is the priest. Literature itself seems tainted with the faith of pessimism, and Cassandra's voice is heard throughout our magazines and novels. A light cynicism, which smites at enthusiasm and disbelieves disinterestedness, is not unfashionable in society. Has Europe in very truth reached that stage in which

the only philosophy it can accept is not unlike those emanation doctrines which consoled the decaying mind of Greece?

So wide is this Pessimism in its influence, the joy and fun of life seems stifled. The difference, to take a single instance of what is a general feature, between the *Punch* of to-day and *Punch* of fifteen years ago, is striking enough. It is not sufficient to say that Leech is dead. The wit of the present moment is purely local in its colouring, temporary in its tone. One can imagine readers of the twentieth and succeeding centuries enjoying Mr. Briggs, and the flunkeys (for such people exist in all ages), but the sense of merriment excited by the excesses and absurd talk of dilettanti artists, furniture fanciers, &c., must be as evanescent as its cause—the prevailing tone of fashion and extravagance. The wit of ten years ago, and before that, was the wit of Horace, the wit that springs from a pleasurable contemplation of the endless varieties of the humours of man. The wit of the present day is hard to describe: it is a satire upon extravagance, but without the moral tone that gives satire vitality, wanting also that element of permanence, so hard to define, which makes it a gift for the ages. Another form of satire, not exactly new, for we have read something similar in Mrs. Manley's 'New Atalantis,' is exhibited in such papers as 'Vanity Fair,' 'The World,' and 'Truth.' The existence and popularity of such periodicals as these is not reassuring to contemplate. A cynical and disbelieving age, having lost its sense of genuine humour, is content to amuse itself with personalities, and to gloat over the revelations of the sins and follies of the fashionable classes of society. There have been scandalous chronicles before now, but they have hitherto been content with the name, and have not masked under the sacred name of Truth. 'Vanity Fair' speaks for itself, and is much better, and I have no objection to the

name 'A Journal for Men and Women:' it is at least modest.

Another effect of this state of world-weariness, cynicism, and joylessness is a tendency to look upon death with different eyes to those with which men have regarded it in the healthiest and the best ages of the world. It is better to be a poor slave, says Achilles, in the *Olyseus*, and to serve under a hard master, than to be the king of the dead. Consistently with this view of Homeric times, the shield of Achilles in the *Iliad* contains no Birth and no Funeral of man. I will quote in illustration of this the appropriate words of Mr. Gladstone\*—'The beginning and the end of life are endowed for Christians with so intense an interest that we are apt to forget how different an aspect they offer to those beyond the pale. Both of them are swathed in weakness or distress, and the Greek had no charm in his possession which could invest distress and weakness with beauty, or infuse into them the glow of life. Sorrow had not been glorified. Scenes like these, he would say, do not make up the completeness of life, but impair it; they are not to be acknowledged as legitimately belonging to it; we submit to them, for we cannot help submitting; but they form no portion of our glory, and we put them out of sight.' Perhaps, as Christians, we should logically look upon death, if not with joy, yet with complacent composure. But as our instincts are stronger than our beliefs, even Dr. Johnson, who was far from an optimist as to life, and gave his intellectual assent to the hard doctrine of Soame Jenyns, 'death is so far from being an evil, that it is the infallible cure for all others,' felt and expressed his instinctive fear of it. He could not bear to contemplate it. He disliked to discuss it. This is a great puzzle to his biographer, but it seems to me to be a sign of the healthy state of the man. That which is inevit-

able, but in so far as it means the cutting of all the ties of life is an unmitigated evil, it can do little good to linger fondly round. It has been reserved for poets of the present day to eulogise it. I could quote from several poets, but two specimens will be sufficient. Tennyson's 'Gareth and Lynette' was written in 1872. This, with the exception of 'The Holy Grail,' is perhaps the most mystical and the hardest to interpret of all the Idylls. In this poem, after Gareth's contest with Death and his victory—the whole of which reads like a piece of foolish masquerade—the Lady Lyonors and her house 'make merry over death'

As being, after all their foolish fears  
And horrors, only proven a blooming boy.

Now, whatever death may be, I submit that it can never be a subject for merriment, even in an allegory. I will give two instances from the lately published poems of J. A. Symonds. The beauty of some of the verses almost blinds us to the unhealthy tone of the sentiment—for unhealthy notwithstanding it is.

Behold the void that was so still  
Breaks into singing, and the desert cries  
Praise, praise to Thee! praise for Thy servant  
death,  
The healer and deliverer!

And again

How sweet it were on this mysterious night  
Of pulsing stars and splendours, from the  
shore  
Knee-deep to wade, and from the ripple bright  
To brush the phosphorescent foam-flowers  
hoar;  
Then with broad breast to cleave the watery  
floor,  
And floating, dreaming, through the sphere to  
swim  
Of silvery skies and silvery billows dim!

What if the waves of dreamless Death, like  
these,  
Should soothe our senses aching with the  
shine  
Of Life's long radiance? O, primeval ease,  
That wast and art and art to be divine.  
Thou shalt receive unto the crystalline  
Silence of thy sleep-silvered healing sea  
These souls o'erburdened with mortality!

I have said more than enough of the symptoms of this 'disease of modern

\* *Contemporary Review*, February, 1874

life.' Though my observations have been wholly taken from English writers, it is not a phenomenon confined to England, as the existence of the Pessimist writers of Germany, France, and Russia sufficiently proves. It is, however, much in accordance with the English nature. Long ago the peculiar mental affection, called Hypochondria, was named the 'English malady,' and it is a question worth considering whether the Pessimist Philosophy, should it ever become widely popular among the English, would not produce more lasting effects amongst us than elsewhere. The English and the Scotch have not the knack of the French and other Romanesque nations of holding lightly by their religious views.

The manner in which the Reformation affected the nations of Europe is worth recalling, as the statement will illustrate the question I am at present considering. It was only among those parts of Europe, in which Teutonic blood was strong, that the Reformation produced any very perceptible effects of a religious nature. Elsewhere, instead of religious we find political results. Again, though all the Teutonic nations joined in the Reformation, as a religious movement, more or less zealously, it was only in the British Isles that the peculiar after-result of it, which we call Puritanism, existed or produced lasting effects. The original birth-place of Calvinism was the South of France (the Visigothic, portion of that nation) and Switzerland; and the Dutch soon became as Calvinistic as the original followers of Calvin. But if we wish to look for the full development of the Calvinistic spirit into Puritanism, we must go to the Lowlands of Scotland and to England. Hence the strict observance of the Sabbath, the boast of the British Isles, and the superiority, so often pointed out by Matthew Arnold, of the English in regard to one of the many elements of national welfare, viz., Conduct or Morality. We may fairly say, then, that the English and the Scotch

are a people more seriously disposed by nature than other European peoples. We might infer, that should a Pessimist tone of thought spread in England, should the melancholy and dissatisfaction, which I have shown to exist, blossom out in a Pessimist Philosophy, it would produce more alarming results among the English than elsewhere.

Still it must be constantly borne in mind that England is a nation large enough to contain within itself many divergent movements, and a constant tendency to what may be called a Continental mode of thought is observable, as it has been often before, side by side with the great national movements. At the present moment this takes the form of Neo-Paganism and is well illustrated by the theory of poetic art. The theory of poetry that has come down to us from the days of Aristophanes, and which is most widely recognised among the English, is one which lessens its artistic for the sake of its moral side. 'The poet,' says Dr. Johnson, a thoroughly English critic, 'must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state . . . he must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations.' 'The principal end of Painting,' says Dryden, 'is to please; and the chief design of Poetry is to instruct . . . the moral is the first business of the poet, as being the ground-work of his instruction.' By way of contrast listen to the utterances of Mr. Pater, one of the leading writers on æsthetics: 'The æsthetic critic regards all objects with which he has to do, as powers or forces, producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar and unique kind.' We have a short time to live, 'and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our one chance is in expanding that interval, in getting

as many pulsations as possible into the given time.' Such is his philosophy of life, and he adds, 'of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.' Other things, such as Morality, Politics, and Religion, he would not consider for a moment. 'The theory, or idea, or system, which requires of us to sacrifice any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract morality we have not identified with ourselves, or what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.'

Fully in accordance with this theory of poetry and art is such work as the 'Earthly Paradise,' whose author, William Morris, confessedly abandoning the calling of the teacher, aims only at the task of pleasing.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked  
straight?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme  
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,

Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy regions stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Before closing this paper, I will sum up the results. I have shown by illustration that, over the poetry of the present day, which, better than anything else, expresses the direction of men's minds—a cloud of darkness has gathered; the lightness of former days, the joy of life, the hope and enthusiasm with regard to the future, have, to a great extent, passed away from it. This tone has grown, till it has all but taken form in a Philosophy of Pessimism 'a self-indulgent despair,' to use the words of George Eliot, 'which cuts down, and consumes, and never plants.' A reaction is taking place, but the cure is as bad as the disease, for it is equivalent to the abandonment of noble aims, and has for its object merely the killing of the sense of pain by opiates of pleasure. All this world-weariness is brought to a head, or to use his own favourite word, 'focalized' by Mallock in his sad book 'Is Life Worth Living?' The consideration of his book may perhaps be taken up in another paper.

## SONG.

O LOVE, Love, Love!  
Whether it rain or shine,  
Whether the clouds frown or the sky is clear,  
Whether the thunder fill the air with fear,  
Whether the winter rage or peace is here,  
If only thou art near,  
Then are all days divine.

O Love, Love, Love!  
Where thou art not, the place  
Is sad to me as death. It would be cold  
In Heaven without thee, if I might not hold  
Thy hand in mine, if I might not behold  
The beauty manifold—  
The wonder of thy face.

—From *Drift Weed*.

## THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO days later, Amelius moved into his cottage.

He had provided himself with a new servant, as easily as he had provided himself with a new abode. A foreign waiter at the hotel—a gray-haired Frenchman of the old school, reputed to be the most ill-tempered servant in the house—had felt the genial influence of Amelius with the receptive readiness of his race. Here was a young Englishman, who spoke to him as easily and pleasantly as if he was speaking to a friend—who heard him relate his little grievances, and never took advantage of that circumstance to turn him into ridicule—who said kindly, ‘I hope you don’t mind me calling you by your nickname,’ when he ventured to explain that his Christian name was ‘Théophile,’ and that his English fellow-servants had facetiously altered and shortened it to ‘Toff,’ to suit their insular convenience. ‘For the first time, sir,’ he had hastened to add, ‘I feel it an honour to be Toff, when *you* speak to me.’ Asking everybody whom he met if they could recommend a servant to him, Amelius had put the question, when Toff came in one morning with the hot water. The old Frenchman made a low bow, expressive of devotion. ‘I know of but one man, sir, whom I can safely recommend,’ he said. ‘Take me.’ Amelius was delighted; he had only one objection to make. ‘I don’t want to keep two servants,’ he said, while Toff was helping him on with his dressing gown. ‘Why should you keep two servants, sir?’

the Frenchman inquired. Amelius answered, ‘I can’t ask you to make the beds.’ ‘Why not?’ said Toff—and made the bed, then and there, in five minutes. He ran out of the room, and came back with one of the chambermaid’s brooms. ‘Judge for yourself, sir—can I sweep a carpet?’ He placed a chair for Amelius. ‘Permit me to save you the trouble of shaving yourself. Are you satisfied? Very good. I am equally capable of cutting your hair, and attending to your corns (if you suffer, sir, from that inconvenience). Will you allow me to propose something which you have not had yet for your breakfast?’ In half an hour more, he brought in the new dish. ‘Œufs à la Tripe. An elementary specimen, sir, of what I can do for you as a cook. Be pleased to taste it.’ Amelius eat it all up on the spot; and Toff applied the moral, with the neatest choice of language. ‘Thank you, sir, for a gratifying expression of approval. One more specimen of my poor capabilities, and I have done. It is barely possible—God forbid!—that you may fall ill. Honour me by reading that document.’ He handed a written paper to Amelius, dated some years since in Paris, and signed in an English name. ‘I testify with gratitude and pleasure that Théophile Leblond has nursed me through a long illness, with an intelligence and devotion which I cannot too highly praise.’ ‘May you never employ me, sir, in that capacity,’ said Toff. ‘I have only to add that I am not so old as I look, and that my political opinions have changed, in later life, from red-republican to moderate-liberal. I also

confess, if necessary, that I still have an ardent admiration for the fair sex.' He laid his hand on his heart, and waited to be engaged.

So the household at the cottage was modestly limited to Amelius and Toff.

Rufus remained for another week in London, to watch the new experiment. He had made careful inquiries into the Frenchman's character, and had found that the complaints of his temper really amounted to this—that 'he gave himself the airs of a gentleman, and didn't understand a joke.' On the question of honesty and sobriety, the testimony of the proprietor of the hotel left Rufus nothing to desire. Greatly to his surprise, Amelius showed no disposition to grow weary of his quiet life, or to take refuge in perilous amusements from the sober society of his books. He was regular in his inquiries at Mr. Farnaby's house; he took long walks by himself; he never mentioned Sally's name; he lost his interest in going to the theatre, and he never appeared in the smoking-room of the club. Some men, observing the remarkable change which had passed over his excitable temperament, would have hailed it as a good sign for the future. The New Englander looked below the surface, and was not so easily deceived. 'My bright boy's soul is discouraged and cast down,' was the conclusion that he drew. 'There's darkness in him where there once was light—and, what's worse than all, he caves in, and keeps it to himself.' After vainly trying to induce Amelius to open his heart, Rufus at last went to Paris, with a mind that was ill at ease.

On the day of the American's departure, the march of events was resumed; and the unnaturally-quiet life of Amelius began to be disturbed again.

Making his customary inquiries in the forenoon at Mr. Farnaby's door, he found the household in a state of agitation. A second council of physicians had been held, in consequence of the appearance of some alarming sym-

toms in the case of the patient. On this occasion, the medical men told him plainly that he would sacrifice his life to his obstinacy, if he persisted in remaining in London and returning to his business. By good fortune, the affairs of the bank had greatly benefited, through the powerful interposition of Mr. Melton. With these improved prospects, Mr. Farnaby (at his niece's entreaty) submitted to the doctors' advice. He was to start on the first stage of his journey the next morning; and, at his own earnest desire, Regina was to go with him. 'I hate strangers and foreigners; and I don't like being alone. If you don't go with me, I shall stay where I am—and die.' So Mr. Farnaby put it to his adopted daughter, in his rasping voice and with his hard frown.

'I am grieved, dear Amelius, to go away from you,' Regina said; 'but what can I do? It would have been so nice if you could have gone with us. I did hint something of the sort; but——'

Her downcast face finished the sentence. Amelius felt the bare idea of being Mr. Farnaby's travelling-companion make his blood run cold. And Mr. Farnaby, on his side, reciprocated the sentiment, 'I will write constantly, dear,' Regina resumed; 'and you will write back, won't you? Say you love me; and promise to come to-morrow morning, before we go.'

She kissed him affectionately—and, the instant after, checked the responsive outburst of tenderness in Amelius, by that utter want of tact which (in spite of the popular delusion to the contrary) is so much more common in women than in men. 'My uncle is so particular about packing his linen,' she said; 'nobody can please him but me; I must ask you to let me run upstairs again.'

Amelius went out into the street, with his head down and his lips fast closed. He was not far from Mrs. Payson's house. 'Why shouldn't I call?' he thought to himself. His

conscience added, 'And hear some news of Sally.'

There was good news. The girl was brightening mentally and physically—she was in a fair way, if she only remained in the Home, to be 'Simple' Sally no longer. Amelius asked if she had got the photograph of the cottage. Mrs. Payson laughed. 'Sleeps with it under her pillow, poor child,' she said, 'and looks at it fifty times a day.' Thirty years since, with infinitely less experience to guide her, the worthy matron would have followed her instincts, and would have hesitated to tell Amelius quite so much about the photograph. But some of a woman's finer sensibilities do get blunted with the advance of age and the accumulation of wisdom.

Instead of pursuing the subject of Sally's progress, Amelius, to Mrs. Payson's surprise, made a clumsy excuse, and abruptly took his leave.

He felt the need of being alone; he was conscious of a vague distrust of himself, which degraded him in his own estimation. Was he, like characters he had read of in books, the victim of a fatality? The slightest circumstance conspired to heighten his interest in Sally—just at the time when Regina had once more disappointed him. He was as firmly convinced, as if he had been the strictest moralist living, that it was an insult to Regina, and an insult to his own self-respect, to set the lost creature whom he had rescued in any light of comparison with the young lady who was one day to be his wife. And yet, try as he might to drive her out, Sally kept her place in his thoughts. There was, apparently, some innate depravity in him. If a looking-glass had been handed to him at that moment, he would have been afraid to look himself in the face.

After walking until he was weary, he went to his club.

The porter gave him a letter, as he crossed the hall. Mrs. Farnaby had kept her promise, and had written to him. The smoking room was deserted

at that time of day. He opened his letter in solitude, looked at it, crumpled it up impatiently, and put it into his pocket. Not even Mrs. Farnaby could interest him at that critical moment. His own affairs absorbed him. The one idea of his mind, after what he had heard about Sally, was the idea of making a last effort to hasten the date of his marriage before Mr. Farnaby left England. 'If I can only feel sure of Regina——'

His thoughts went no farther than that. He walked up and down the empty smoking-room, anxious and irritable, dissatisfied with himself, despairing of the future. 'I can but try it!' he suddenly decided—and turned at once to the table to write a letter.

Death had been busy with the members of his family in the long interval that had passed since he and his father left England. His nearest surviving relative was his uncle—his father's younger brother—who occupied a post of high importance in the Foreign Office. To this gentleman he now wrote, announcing his arrival in England, and his anxiety to qualify himself for employment in a Government office. 'Be so good as to grant me an interview,' he concluded; 'and I hope to satisfy you that I am not unworthy of your kindness, if you will exert your influence in my favour.'

He sent away his letter at once by a private messenger; instructing the man to wait for an answer.

It was not without doubt, and even pain, that he had opened communications with a man whose harsh treatment of his father it was impossible for him to forget. What could the son expect? There was but one hope. Time might have inclined the younger brother to make atonement to the memory of the elder, by a favourable reception of his nephew's request.

His father's last words of caution, his own boyish promise not to claim kindred with his relations in England, were vividly present to the mind of Amelius, while he waited for the re-

turn of the messenger. His one justification was in the motives that animated him. Circumstances, which his father had never anticipated, rendered it an act of duty towards himself to make the trial at least of what his family interest could do for him. There could be no sort of doubt that a man of Mr. Farnaby's character would yield, if Amelius could announce that he had the promise of an appointment under government—with the powerful influence of a near relation to accelerate his promotion. He sat idly drawing lines on the blotting-paper at one moment regretting that he had sent his letter; at another, comforting himself in the belief that, if his father had been living to advise him, his father would have approved of the course that he had taken.

The messenger returned with these lines of reply:—

‘Under any ordinary circumstances, I should have used my influence to help you on in the world. But, when you not only hold the most abominable political opinions, but actually proclaim those opinions in public, I am amazed at your audacity in writing to me. There must be no more communication between us. While you are a Socialist, you are a stranger to me.’

Amelius accepted this new rebuff with ominous composure. He sat quietly smoking in the deserted room, with his uncle's letter in his hand.

Among the other disastrous results of the lecture, some of the newspapers had briefly reported it. Preoccupied by his anxieties, Amelius had forgotten this when he wrote to his relative. ‘Just like me!’ he thought, as he threw the letter into the fire. His last hopes floated up the chimney, with the tiny puff of smoke from the burnt paper. There was now no other chance of shortening the marriage engagement left to try. He had already applied to the good friend whom he had mentioned to Regina. The answer, kindly written in this case, had not been very encouraging:—‘I have other

claims to consider. All that I can do, I will do. Don't be disheartened—I only ask you to wait.’

Amelius rose to go home—and sat down again. His natural energy seemed to have deserted him—it required an effort to leave the club. He took up the newspapers, and threw them aside, one after another. Not one of the unfortunate writers and reporters could please him on that inauspicious day. It was only while he was lighting his second cigar that he remembered Mrs. Farnaby's unread letter to him. By this time he was more than weary of his own affairs. He read the letter.

‘I find the people who have my happiness at their mercy both dilatory and greedy’ (Mrs Farnaby wrote); ‘but the little that I can persuade them to tell me is very favourable to my hopes. I am still, to my annoyance, only in personal communication with the hateful old woman. The young man either sends messages, or writes to me through the post. By this latter means he has accurately described, not only in which of my child's feet the fault exists, but the exact position which it occupies. Here, you will agree with me, is positive evidence that he is speaking the truth, whoever he is.’

‘But for this reassuring circumstance, I should feel inclined to be suspicious of some things—of the obstinate manner, for instance, in which the young man keeps himself concealed; also, of his privately warning me not to trust the woman who is his own messenger, and not to tell her, on any account, of the information which his letters convey to me. I feel that I ought to be cautious with him on the question of money—and yet, in my eagerness to see my darling, I am ready to give him all that he asks for. In this uncertain state of mind, I am restrained, strangely enough, by the old woman herself. She warns me that he is the sort of man, if he once gets the money, to spare himself the trouble of earning it. It is the one hold I have

over him (she said)—so I control the burning impatience that consumes me as well as I can.

‘No! I must not attempt to describe my own state of mind. When I tell you that I am actually afraid of dying before I can give my sweet love the first kiss, you will understand and pity me. When night comes, I feel sometimes half mad.

‘I send you my present address, in the hope that you will write and cheer me a little. I must not ask you to come and see me yet. I am not fit for it—and besides I am under a promise, in the present state of the negotiation, to shut the door on my friends. It is easy enough to do that; I have no friend, Amelius, but you.

‘Try to feel compassionately towards me, my kind-hearted boy. For so many long years, my heart has had nothing to feed on but the one hope that is now being realized at least. No sympathy between my husband and me (on the contrary, a horrid unacknowledged enmity, which has always kept us apart); my father and mother, in their time, both wretched about my marriage, and with good reason; my only sister dying in poverty—what a life for a childless woman! Don’t let us dwell on it any longer.

‘Good-bye for the present, Amelius. I beg you will not think I am always wretched. When I want to be happy, I look to the coming time.’

This melancholy letter added to the depression that weighed on the spirits of Amelius. It inspired him with vague fears for Mrs. Farnaby. In her own interests, he would have felt himself tempted to consult Rufus (without mentioning names), if the American had been in London. As things were, he put the letter back in his pocket with a sigh. Even Mrs. Farnaby, in her sad moments, had a consoling prospect to contemplate. ‘Everybody but me!’ Amelius thought.

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of an idle young member of the club, with whom he was

acquainted. The new-comer remarked that he looked out of spirits, and suggested that they should dine together and amuse themselves somewhere in the evening. Amelius accepted the proposal; any man who offered him a refuge from himself was a friend to him on that day. Departing from his temperate habits he deliberately drank more than usual. The wine excited him for the time, and then left him more depressed than ever; and the amusements of the evening produced the same result. He returned to his cottage so completely disheartened, that he regretted the day when he had left Tadmor.

But he kept his appointment, the next morning, to take leave of Regina.

The carriage was at the door, with a luggage-laden cab waiting behind it. Mr. Farnaby’s ill-temper vented itself in predictions that they would be too late to catch the train. His harsh voice, alternating with Regina’s meek remonstrances, reached the ears of Amelius from the back dining-room. ‘I’m not going to wait for the gentleman-Socialist,’ Mr. Farnaby announced, with his hardest sarcasm of tone. ‘Dear uncle, we have a quarter of an hour to spare!’ We have nothing of the sort; we want all that time to register the luggage.’ The servant’s voice was heard next. ‘Mr. Goldenheart, miss.’ Mr. Farnaby instantly stepped into the hall. ‘Good bye!’ he called to Amelius, through the open door of the front room—and passed straight on to the carriage. ‘I sha’n’t wait, Regina!’ he shouted, from the door-step. ‘Let him go by himself!’ said Amelius indignantly, as Regina hurried into the room. ‘O, hush, hush, dear! Suppose he heard you? No week shall pass without my writing to you; promise you will write back, Amelius. One more kiss! O, my dear—!’ The servant interposed, keeping discreetly out of sight. ‘I beg your pardon, miss, my master wishes to know whether you are going with him or not.’ Regina waited to hear no

more. She gave her lover a farewell look to remember her by, and ran out.

That innate depravity, which Amelius had lately discovered in his own nature, let the forbidden thoughts loose in him again as he watched the departing carriage from the door. 'If poor little Sally had been in her place—!' He made an effort of virtuous resolution, and stopped there. 'What a blackguard a man may be,' he penitently reflected, 'without suspecting it himself!'

He descended the house-steps. The discreet servant wished him good-morning with a certain cheery aspect—the man was delighted to have seen the last of his hard master for some months to come. Amelius stopped and turned round, smiling grimly. He was in such a reckless humour, that he was even ready to divert his mind by astonishing a footman. 'Richard,' he said, 'are you engaged to be married?' Richard stared in blank surprise at the strange question—and modestly admitted that he was engaged to marry the housemaid next door. 'Soon?' asked Amelius, swinging his stick. 'As soon as I have saved a little more money, sir.' 'Damn the money!' cried Amelius—and struck his stick on the pavement, and walked away with a last look at the house as if he hated the sight of it. Richard watched the departing young gentleman, and shook his head ominously as he shut the door.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

AMELIUS went straight back to the cottage, with the one desperate purpose of reverting to the old plan, and burying himself in his books. Surveying his well-filled shelves with an impatience unworthy of a scholar, Hume's *History of England* unhappily caught his eye. He took down the first volume. In less than half an hour, he discovered that Hume could do nothing for him. Wisely-inspired, he

turned to the truer history next, which men call fiction. The writings of the one supreme genius, who soars above all other novelists as Shakespeare soars above all other dramatists—the writings of Walter Scott—had their place of honour in his library. The collection of the *Waverley Novels* at Tadmor had not been complete. Enviably Amelius had still to read *Rob Roy*. He opened the book. For the rest of the day he was in love with Diana Vernon; and when he looked out once or twice at the garden to rest his eyes, he saw 'Andrew Fairservice' busy over the flower-beds.

He closed the last page of the noble story as Toff came in to lay the cloth for dinner.

The master at table and the servant behind his chair were accustomed to gossip pleasantly during meals. Amelius did his best to carry on the talk as usual. But he was no longer in the delightful world of illusion which Scott had opened to him. The hard realities of his own every-day life had gathered round him again. Observing him with unobtrusive attention, the Frenchman soon perceived the absence of the easy humour and the excellent appetite which distinguished his young master at other times.

'May I venture to make a remark, sir?' Toff inquired, after a long pause in the conversation.

'Certainly.'

'And may I take the liberty of expressing my sentiments freely?'

'Of course you may.'

'Dear sir, you have a pretty little simple dinner to-day,' Toff began. 'Forgive me for praising myself; I am influenced by the natural pride of having cooked the dinner. For soup, you have *Croûte au pot*; for meat, you have *Tourne-dos à la sauce poivrée*; for pudding, you have *Tommes au beurre*. All so nice—and you hardly eat anything, and your amiable conversation falls into a melancholy silence which fills me with regret. Is it you

who are to blame for this? No, sir! it is the life you lead. I call it the life of a monk; I call it the life of a hermit—I say boldly it is the life of all others which is most unsympathetic to a young man like you. Pardon the warmth of my expressions; I am eager to make my language the language of utmost delicacy. May I quote a little song? It is in an old, old, old French piece, long since forgotten, called *Les Maris Garçons*. There are two lines in that song (I have often heard my good father sing them), which I will venture to apply to your case: "*Amour, délicatesse, et gaieté; D'un bon Français c'est la devise!*" Sir, you have naturally *délicatesse* and *gaieté*—but the last has, for some days, been under a cloud. What is wanted to remove that cloud? *L'Amour!* Love, as you say in English. Where is the charming woman, who is the only ornament wanting to this sweet cottage? Why is she still invisible? Remedy that unhappy oversight, sir. You are in a suburban paradise. I consult my long experience; and I employ you to invite Eve—Ha! you smile; your lost gaiety returns, and you feel it as I do. Might I propose another glass of Claret, and the reappearance on the table of the *Tourne-dos à la poivrade*?

It was impossible to be melancholy in this man's company. Amelius sanctioned the return of the *Tourne-dos*, and tried the other glass of claret. 'My good friend,' he said, with something like the return of his old easy way, 'you talk about charming women, and your long experience. Let's hear what your experience has been.'

For the first time, Toff began to look a little confused.

'You have honoured me, sir, by calling me your good friend,' he said. 'After that, I am sure you will not send me away if I own the truth. No! My heart tells me I shall not appeal to your indulgence in vain. Dear sir, in the holidays which you kindly give me, I provide competent persons to take

care of the house in my absence, don't I? One person, if you remember, was a most handsome engaging young man. He is, if you please, my son by my first wife—now an angel in heaven. Another person who took care of the house, on the next occasion, was a little black-eyed boy; a miracle of discretion for his age. He is my son by my second wife—now another angel in heaven. Forgive me, I have not done yet. Some few days since, you thought you heard an infant crying downstairs. Like a miserable wretch, I lied; I declared it was the infant in the next house. Ah, sir, it was my own cherubim-baby by my third wife—an angel close by in the Edgeware-road, established in a small millinershop, which will expand to great things by and by. The intervals between my marriages are not worthy of your notice. Fugitive caprices, sir,—fugitive caprices! To sum it all up (as you say in England), it is not in me to resist the enchanting sex. If my third angel dies, I shall tear my hair—but I shall none the less take a fourth.'

'Take a dozen if you like,' said Amelius, 'Why should you have kept all this from my knowledge?'

Toff hung his head. 'I think it was one of my foreign mistakes,' he pleaded. 'The servants' advertisements in your English newspapers frighten me. How does the most meritorious man-servant announce himself when he wants the best possible place? He says he is "without encumbrances." Gracious heaven, what a dreadful word to describe the poor pretty harmless children! I was afraid, sir, you might have some English objection to *my* "encumbrances." A young man, a boy, and cherubim-baby; not to speak of the sacred memories of two women, and the charming occasional society of a third; all inextricably enveloped in the life of one amorous-meritorious French person—surely there was reason for hesitation here? No matter; I bless my stars I know better now, and I withdraw myself from further notice.

Permit me to recall your attention to the Roquefort cheese, and a mouthful of Potato-salad to correct the richness of him.'

The dinner was over at last; and Amelius was alone again.

It was a still evening. Not a breath of wind stirred among the trees in the garden; no vehicles passed along the by-road in which the cottage stood. Now and then, Toff was audible downstairs, singing French songs in a high cracked voice, while he washed the plates and dishes, and set everything in order for the night. Amelius looked at his bookshelves—and felt that, after *Rob Roy*, there was no more reading for him that evening. The slow minutes followed one another wearily; the deadly depression of the earlier hours of the day was stealthily fastening its hold on him again. How might he best resist it? His healthy out-of-door habits at Tadmor suggested the only remedy that he could think of. Be his troubles what they might, his one simple method of resisting them, at all other times, was his simple method now. He went out for a walk.

For two hours he rambled about the great north-western suburb of London. Perhaps he felt the heavy oppressive weather, or perhaps his good dinner had not agreed with him. Anyway, he was so thoroughly worn out, that he was obliged to return to the cottage in a cab.

Toff opened the door—but not with his customary alacrity. Amelius was too completely fatigued to notice any trifling circumstances. Otherwise, he would certainly have perceived something odd in the old Frenchman's withered face. He looked at his master, as he relieved him of his hat and coat, with the strangest expression of interest and anxiety; modified by a certain sardonic sense of amusement underlying the more serious emotions. 'A nasty dull evening,' Amelius said wearily. And Toff, always eager to talk at other times, only answered,

'Yes, sir'—and retreated at once to the kitchen regions.

Amelius went into the library, to rest in his comfortable armchair.

The fire was bright; the curtains were drawn; the reading-lamp, with its ample green shade, was on the table—a more comfortable room no man could have found to receive him after a long walk. Reclining at his ease in his chair, Amelius thought of ringing for some restorative brandy-and-water. While he was thinking, he fell asleep; and, while he slept, he dreamed.

Was it a dream?

He certainly saw the library—not fantastically transformed, but just like what the room really was. So far, he might have been wide awake, looking at the familiar objects around him. But, after a while, an event happened which set the laws of reality at defiance. Simple Sally, miles away in the Home, made her appearance in the library nevertheless. He saw the drawn curtains over the window parted from behind; he saw the girl step out from them, and stop, looking at him timidly. She was clothed in the plain dress that he had bought for her; and she looked more charmingly in it than ever. The beauty of health claimed kindred now, in her pretty face, with the beauty of youth: the wan cheeks had begun to fill out, and the pale lips were delicately suffused with their natural rosy red. Little by little her first fears seemed to subside. She smiled, and softly crossed the room, and stood at his side. After looking at him with a rapt expression of tenderness and delight, she laid her hands on the arm of the chair, and said, in the quaintly-quiet way which he remembered so well, 'I want to kiss you.' She bent over him, and kissed him with the innocent freedom of a child. Then she raised herself again, and looked backwards and forwards between Amelius and the lamp. 'The firelight is the best,' she said. Darkness fell over the room as she spoke; he saw her no more; he heard

her no more. A blank interval followed; there flowed over him the oblivion of perfect sleep. His next conscious sensation was a feeling of cold—he shivered, and woke.

The impression of the dream was in his mind at the moment of waking. He started as he raised himself in the chair. Was he dreaming still? No; he was certainly awake. And, as certainly, the room was dark!

He looked and looked. It was not to be denied, or explained away. There was the fire burning low, and leaving the room chilly—and there, just visible on the table, in the flicker of the dying flame, was the extinguished lamp!

He mended the fire, and put his hand on the bell to ring for Toff, and thought better of it. What need he of the lamp light? He was too weary for reading; he preferred going to sleep again, and dreaming again of Sally. Where was the harm in dreaming of the poor little soul, so far away from him? The happiest part of his life now was the part of it that was past in sleep.

As the fresh coals began to kindle feebly, he looked again at the lamp. It was odd, to say the least of it, that the light should have accidentally gone out, exactly at the right time to realize the fanciful extinction of it in his dream. How was it there was no smell of a burnt-out lamp? He was too lazy, or too tired, to pursue the question. Let the mystery remain a mystery—and let him rest in peace! He settled himself fretfully in his chair. What a fool he was to bother his head about a lamp instead of closing his eyes and going to sleep again!

The room began to recover its pleasant temperature. He shifted the cushion in the chair, so that it supported his head in perfect comfort, and composed himself to rest. But the capricious influences of sleep had deserted him: he tried one position after another, and all in vain. It was a mere mockery even to shut his eyes. He resigned himself to circumstances,

and stretched out his legs, and looked at the companionable fire.

Of late, he had thought more frequently than usual of his past days in the Community. His mind went back again now to that bygone time. The clock on the mantelpiece struck nine. They were all at supper at Tadmor—talking over the events of the day. He saw himself again at the long wooden table, with shy little Mellicent in the chair next to him, and his favourite dog at his feet waiting to be fed. Where was Mellicent now? It was a sad letter that she had written to him, with the strange fixed idea that he was to return to her one day. There was something very winning and loveable about the poor creature who had lived such a hard life at home, and had suffered so keenly. It was a comfort to think that she would go back to the Community. What happier destiny could she hope for? Would she take care of his dog for him when she went back? They had all promised to be kind to his pet animals, in his absence; but the dog was fond of Mellicent; he would be happier with Mellicent than with the rest of them. And his little tame fawn, and his birds—how were they doing? He had not even written to inquire after them; he had been cruelly forgetful of those harmless dumb loving friends. In his present solitude, in his dreary doubts of the future, what would he not give to feel the dog nestling in his bosom and the fawn's little rough tongue licking his hand! His heart ached as he thought of it; a choking hysterical sensation oppressed his breathing. He tried to rise, and ring for lights, and rouse his manhood to endure and resist. It was not to be done—where was his courage? where was the cheerfulness which had never failed him at other times?—he sank back in the chair, and hid his face in his hands for shame at his own weakness, and burst out crying.

The touch of soft persuasive fingers suddenly thrilled through him.

His hands were gently drawn away from his face ; a familiar voice, sweet and low, said, 'O, don't cry !' Dimly through his tears he saw the well-remembered little figure standing between him and the fire. In his unendurable loneliness, he had longed for his dog, he had longed for his fawn. There was the martyred creature from the streets, whom he had rescued from nameless horror, waiting to be his companion, servant, friend ! There was the child-victim of cold and hunger, still only feeling her way to womanhood ; innocent of all other aspirations, so long as she might fill the place which had once been occupied by the dog and the fawn !

Amelius looked at her with a momentary doubt whether he was waking or sleeping. 'Good God !' he cried, 'am I dreaming again ?'

'No,' she said simply. 'You are awake this time. Let me dry your eyes ; I know where you put your handkerchief.' She perched on his knee, and wiped away the tears, and smoothed his hair over his forehead. 'I was frightened to show myself till I heard you crying,' she confessed. 'Then I thought, Come ! he can't be angry with me now—and I crept out from behind the curtains there. The old man let me in. I can't live without seeing you ; I've tried till I could try no longer. I owned it to the old man when he opened the door. I said, "I only want to look at him ; won't you let me in ?" And he says, "God bless me, here's Eve come already !" I don't know what he meant—he let me in, that's all I care about. He's a funny old foreigner. Send him away ; I'm to be your servant now. Why were you crying ? I've cried often enough about You. No ; that can't be—I can't expect you to cry about me ; I can only expect you to scold me. I know I'm a bad girl.'

She cast one doubtful look at him, and hung her head—waiting to be scolded. Amelius lost all control over himself. He took her in his arms and

kissed her again and again. 'You are a dear good grateful little creature !' he burst out—and suddenly stopped, aware too late of the act of imprudence which he had committed. He put her away from him ; he tried to ask severe questions, and to administer merited reproof. Even if he had succeeded, Sally was too happy to listen to him. 'It's all right now !' she cried. 'I'm never, never, never to go back to the Home ! O, I'm so happy ! Let's light the lamp again !'

She found the matchbox on the chimney-piece. In a minute more the room was bright. Amelius sat looking at her, perfectly incapable of deciding what he ought to say or do next. To complete his bewilderment, the voice of the attentive old Frenchman made itself heard through the door, in discreetly confidential tones.

'I have prepared an appetising little supper, sir,' said Toff. 'Be pleased to ring when you and the young lady are ready.'

### CHAPTER XXX.

TOFF'S interference proved to have its use. The announcement of the little supper—plainly implying Simple Sally's reception at the cottage—reminded Amelius of its responsibilities. He at once stepped out into the passage, and closed the door behind him.

The old Frenchman was waiting to be reprimanded or thanked, as the case might be, with his head down, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, and the palms of his hands spread out appealingly on either side of him—a model of mute resignation to circumstances.

'Do you know that you have put me in a very awkward position ?' Amelius began.

Toff lifted one of his hands to his heart. 'You are aware of my weakness, sir. When that charming little creature presented herself at the door,

sinking with fatigue, I could no more resist her than I could take a hop-skip-and-jump over the roof of this cottage. If I have done wrong, take no account of the proud fidelity with which I have served you; tell me to pack up and go—but don't ask me to assume a position of severity towards that enchanting Miss. It is not in my heart to do it,' said Toff, lifting his eyes with tearful solemnity to an imaginary heaven. 'On my sacred word of honour as a Frenchman, I would die rather than do it!'

'Don't talk nonsense,' Amelius rejoined a little impatiently. 'I don't blame you—but you have got me into a scrape, for all that. If I did my duty, I should send for a cab, and take her back.'

Toff opened his twinkling old eyes in a perfect transport of astonishment. 'What?' he cried, 'take her back? Without rest, without supper? And you call that duty? How inconceivably ugly does duty look, when it assumes an inhospitable aspect towards a woman! Pardon me, sir; I must express my sentiments or I shall burst. You will say perhaps that I have no conception of duty? Pardon me again—my conception of duty is *here!*'

He threw open the door of the sitting-room. In spite of his anxiety, Amelius burst out laughing. The Frenchman's inexhaustible contrivances had transformed the sitting-room into a bedroom for Sally. The sofa had become a snug little white bed; a hairbrush and comb, and a bottle of eau-de-cologne were on the table; a bath stood near the fire, with cans of hot and cold water, and a railway-rug placed under them to save the carpet. 'I dare not presume to contradict you, sir,' said Toff; 'but there is *my* conception of duty! In the kitchen, I have another conception, keeping warm; you can smell it up the stairs. Salmi of partridge, with the littlest possible dash of garlic in the sauce. O sir, let that angel rest and refresh herself! Virtuous severity, believe me

is a most horribly unbecoming virtue at your age!' He spoke quite seriously, with the air of a profound moralist, asserting principles that did equal honour to his head and his heart.

Amelius went back to the library.

Sally was resting in the easy-chair; her position showed plainly that she was suffering from fatigue. 'I have had a long, long walk,' she said; 'and I don't know which aches worst, my back or my feet. I don't care—I'm quite happy now I'm here.' She nestled herself comfortably in the chair. 'Do you mind my looking at you?' she asked. 'O, it's so long since I saw you!'

There was a new undertone of tenderness in her voice—innocent tenderness that openly avowed itself. The reviving influences of the life at the Home had done much—and had much yet left to do. Her wasted face and figure were filling out, her cheeks and lips were regaining their lovely natural colour, as Amelius had seen in his dream. But her eyes, in repose, still resumed their vacantly-patient look; and her manner, with a perceptible increase of composure and confidence, had not lost its quaint childish charm. Her growth from girl to woman was a growth of fine gradations, guided by the unerring deliberation of Nature and Time.

'Do you think they will follow you here, from the Home?' Amelius asked.

She looked at the clock. 'I don't think so,' she said quietly. 'It's hours since I slipped out by the back door. They have very strict rules about runaway girls—even when their friends bring them back. If *you* send me back—' she stopped, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

'What will you do, if I send you back?'

'What one of our girls did, before they took her in at the Home. She jumped into the river. "Made a hole in the water;" that's how she calls it. She's a big strong girl; and they got

her out, and saved her. She says it wasn't painful, till they brought her to again. I'm little and weak—I don't think they could bring me to life, if they tried.'

Amelius made a futile attempt to reason with her. He even got so far as to tell her that she had done very wrong to leave the Home. Sally's answer set all further expostulations at defiance. Instead of attempting to defend herself, she sighed wearily, and said. 'I had no money; I walked all the way here.'

The well-intended remonstrances of Amelius were lost in compassionate surprise. 'You poor little soul!' he exclaimed, 'it must be seven or eight miles at least!'

'I daresay,' said Sally. 'It don't matter, now I've found you.'

'But how did you find me? Who told you where I lived?'

She smiled, and took from her bosom the photograph of the cottage.

'But Mrs. Payson cut off the address!' cried Amelius, bursting out with the truth in the impulse of the moment.

Sally turned over the photograph, and pointed to the back of the card, on which the photographer's name and address were printed. 'Mrs. Payson didn't think of this,' she said slyly.

'Did you think of it?' Amelius asked.

Sally shook her head. 'I'm too stupid,' she replied. 'The girl who made the hole in the water put me up to it. "Have you made up your mind to run away?" she says. And I said, "Yes." "You go to the man who did the picture," she says; "he knows where the place is, I'll be bound." And I asked my way till I found him. And he did know. And he told me. He was a good sort; he gave me a glass of wine, he said I looked so tired. I said we'd go and have our portraits taken some day—you, and your servant. May I tell the funny old foreigner that he is to go away now I have come to you?'

The complete simplicity with which she betrayed her jealousy of Toff made Amelius smile. Sally, watching every change in his face, instantly drew her own conclusion. 'Ah!' she said cheerfully, 'I'll keep your room cleaner than *he* keeps it! I smelt dust on the curtains when I was hiding from you.'

Amelius thought of his dream. 'Did you come out while I was asleep?' he asked.

'Yes; I wasn't frightened of you, when you were asleep. I had a good look at you. And I gave you a kiss.' She made that confession without the slightest sign of confusion; her calm blue eyes looked him straight in the face. 'You got restless,' she went on; 'and I got frightened again. I put out the lamp. I says to myself, If he does scold me, I can bear it better in the dark.'

Amelius listened, wondering. Had he seen drowsily what he thought he had dreamed, or was there some mysterious sympathy between Sally and himself? These occult speculations were interrupted by Sally. 'May I take off my bonnet and make myself tidy?' she asked. Some men might have said No. Amelius was not one of them.

The library possessed a door of communication with the sitting-room; the bedchamber occupied by Amelius being on the other side of the cottage. When Sally saw Toff's reconstructed room, she stood at the door, in speechless admiration of the vision of luxury revealed to her. From time to time, Amelius, alone in the library, heard her dabbling in her bath, and humming the artless English song from which she had taken her name. Once she knocked at the closed door, and made a request through it. 'There is scent on the table; may I have some?' And once Toff knocked at the other door, opening into the passage, and asked when 'pretty young Miss' would be ready for supper. Events went on in the little household as if

Sally had become an integral part of it already. 'What *am* I to do?' Amelius asked himself. And Toff, entering at the moment to lay the cloth, answered respectfully, 'Hurry the young person, sir, or the salmi will be spoilt.'

She came out from her room, walking delicately on her sore feet—so fresh and charming, that Toff, absorbed in admiration, made a mistake in folding a napkin for the first time in his life. 'Champagne of course, sir?' he said, in confidence to Amelius. The salmi of partridge appeared; the inspiring wine sparkled in the glasses; Toff surpassed himself in all the qualities which make a servant invaluable at a supper-table; Sally forgot the Home, forgot the cruel streets, and laughed and chatted as gaily as the happiest girl living. Amelius, expanding in the joyous atmosphere of youth and good spirits, shook off his sense of responsibility, and became once more the delightful companion who won everybody's love. The effervescent gaiety of the evening was at its climax; the awful forms of duty, propriety, and good sense had been long since laughed out of the room—when Nemesis, goddess of retribution, announced her arrival outside, by a crashing of carriage wheels and a peremptory ring at the cottage bell.

There was a dead silence; Amelius and Sally looked at each other. The experienced Toff at once guessed what had happened. 'Is it her father or mother?' he asked Amelius a little anxiously. Hearing that she had never even seen her father or mother, he snapped his fingers joyously, and led the way on tiptoe into the hall. 'I have my idea,' he whispered. 'Let us listen.'

A woman's voice high, clear and resolute (speaking apparently to the coachman), was the next audible sound. 'Say I come from Mrs. Payson, and must see Mr. Goldenheart directly.' Sally trembled and turned pale. 'The matron!' she said faintly.

'O, don't let her in!' Amelius took the terrified girl back to the library. Toff followed them, respectfully asking to be told what a 'matron' was. Receiving the necessary explanation, he expressed his contempt for matrons bent on carrying charming persons into captivity, by opening the library-door, and spitting into the hall. Having relieved his mind in this way, he returned to his master and laid a lank, skinny forefinger cunningly along the side of his nose. 'I suppose, sir, you don't want to see this furious woman?' he said. Before it was possible to say anything in reply, another ring at the bell announced that the furious woman wanted to see Amelius. Toff read his master's wishes in his master's face. Not even this emergency could find him unprepared: he was as ready to circumvent a matron as to cook a dinner. 'The shutters are up and the curtains are drawn,' he reminded Amelius. 'Not a morsel of light is visible outside. Let them ring—we have all gone to bed.' He turned to Sally, grinning with impish enjoyment of his own stratagem. 'Ha, Miss! what do you think of that?' There was a third ring at the bell as he spoke. 'Ring away, Missess Matrone!' he cried. 'We are fast asleep—wake us if you can.' The fourth ring was the last. A sharp crack revealed the breaking of the bell-wire, and was followed by the shrill fall of the iron handle on the pavement before the garden-gate. The gate, like the palings, was protected at the top from invading cats. 'Compose yourself, Miss,' said Toff; 'if she tries to get over the gate, she will stick on the spikes.' In another moment, the sound of retiring carriage-wheels announced the defeat of the matron, and settled the serious question of receiving Sally for the night.

Sally sat silent by the window, when Toff had left the room, holding back the curtains and looking out at the murky sky. 'What are you looking for?' Amelius asked.

'I was looking for the stars.'

Amelius joined her at the window. 'There are no stars to be seen to-night.'

She let the curtain fall to again. 'I was thinking of night-time at the Home,' she said. 'You see I got on pretty well, in the day, with my reading and writing. I wanted so to improve myself. My mind was troubled with the fear of your despising such an ignorant creature as I am; so I kept on at my lessons. I thought I might surprise you, by writing you a pretty letter some day. One of the teachers (she's gone away, ill) was very good to me. I used to talk to her; and, when I said a wrong word, she took me up, and told me the right one. She said you would think better of me, when you heard me speak properly—and I do speak better, don't I? All this was in the day. It was the night that was the hard time to get through—when the other girls were all asleep, and I had nothing to think of but how far away I was from You. I used to get up, and put the counterpane round me and stand at the window. On fine nights, the stars were company to me. There were two stars, near together, that I got to know. Don't laugh at me—I used to think one of them was you, and one of them me. I wondered whether you would die, or I should die, before I saw you again. And most always, it was *my* star that went out first. Lord, how I used to cry! It got into my poor stupid head that I should never see you again. I do believe I ran away because of that. You won't tell anybody, will you? It was so foolish, I am ashamed of it now. I wanted to see your star and my star to-night. I don't know why. O, I'm so fond of you!' She dropped on her knees, and took his hand, and put it on her head. 'It's burning hot,' she said, 'and your kind hand cools it.'

Amelius raised her gently, and led her to the door of her room. 'My poor Sally, you are quite worn out. You want rest and sleep. Let us say good-night.'

'I will do anything you tell me,' she

answered. 'If Mrs. Payson comes to-morrow, you won't let her take me away? Thank you. Good-night.' She put her hands on his shoulders, with innocent familiarity, and lifted herself to him on tiptoe, and kissed him as a sister might have kissed him.

Long after Sally was asleep in her bed, Amelius sat by the library fire, thinking.

The revival of the crushed feeling and fancy in the girl's nature, so artlessly revealed in her sad little story of the stars that were 'company to her,' not only touched and interested him, but clouded his view of the future with doubts and anxieties which had never troubled him until that moment. The mysterious influences under which the girl's development was advancing were working morally and physically together. Weeks might pass harmlessly, months might pass harmlessly—but the time must come, when the innocent relations between them would be beset by peril. Unable, as yet, fully to realise these truths, Amelius nevertheless felt them vaguely. His face was troubled, as he lit the candle at last to go to his bed. 'I don't see my way as clearly as I could wish,' he reflected. 'How will it end?'

How indeed!

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

AT eight o'clock the next morning, Amelius was awakened by Toff. A letter had arrived, marked 'Immediate,' and the messenger was waiting for an answer.

The letter was from Mrs. Payson. She wrote briefly, and in formal terms. After referring to the matron's fruitless visit to the cottage on the previous night, Mrs. Payson proceeded in these words:—'I request you will immediately let me know, whether Sally has taken refuge with you, and has passed the night under your roof. If I am right in believing that she has

done so, I have only to inform you that the doors of the Home are henceforth closed to her, in conformity with our rules. If I am wrong, it will be my painful duty to lose no time in placing the matter in the hands of the police.

Amelius began his reply, acting on impulse as usual. He wrote, vehemently remonstrating with Mrs Payson on the unforgiving and unchristian nature of the rules at the Home. Before he was halfway through his composition, the person who had brought the letter sent a message to say that he was expected back immediately, and that he hoped Mr. Goldénheart would not get a poor man into trouble by keeping him much longer. Checked in the full flow of his eloquence, Amelius angrily tore up the unfinished remonstrance, and matched Mrs. Payson's briefly business-like language by an answer in one line:—'I beg to inform you that you are quite right.' On reflection, he felt that the second letter was not only discourteous as a reply to a lady, but also ungrateful as addressed to Mrs. Payson personally. At the third attempt, he wrote becomingly as well as briefly. 'Sally has passed the night here, as my guest. She was suffering from severe fatigue; it would have been an act of downright inhumanity to send her away. I regret your decision, but of course I submit to it. You once said, you believed implicitly in the purity of my motives. Do me the justice, however you may blame my conduct, to believe in me still.'

Having despatched these lines, the mind of Amelius was at ease again. He went into the library, and listened to hear if Sally was moving. The perfect silence on the other side of the door informed him that the weary girl was still fast asleep. He gave directions that she was on no account to be disturbed, and sat down to breakfast by himself.

While he was still at table, Toff appeared with profound mystery in

his manner, and discreet confidence in the tones of his voice. Here's another one, sir!' the Frenchman announced, in his master's ear.

'Another one?' Amelius repeated. 'What do you mean?'

'She is not like the sweet little sleeping Miss,' Toff explained. 'This time, sir, it's the beauty of the devil himself, as we say in France. She refuses to confide in me; and she appears to be agitated—both bad signs. Shall I get rid of her before the other Miss wakes?'

'Hasn't she got a name?' Amelius asked.

Toff answered, in his foreign accent, 'one name only—Fabay.'

'Do you mean Phœbe?'

'Have I not said it, sir?'

'Show her in directly.'

Toff glanced at the door of Sally's room—shrugged his shoulders—and obeyed his instructions.

Phœbe appeared, looking pale and anxious. Her customary assurance of manner had completely deserted her: she stopped in the doorway, as if she was afraid to enter the room.

'Come in, and sit down,' said Amelius. 'What's the matter?'

'I'm troubled in my mind, sir,' Phœbe answered. 'I know it's taking a liberty to come to you. But I went yesterday to ask Miss Regina's advice, and found she had gone abroad with her uncle. I have something to say about Mrs. Farnaby, sir; and there's no time to be lost in saying it. I know of nobody but you that I can speak to, now Miss Regina is away. The footman told me where you lived.'

She stopped, evidently in the greatest embarrassment. Amelius tried to encourage her. 'If I can be of any use to Mrs. Farnaby,' he said, 'tell me at once what to do.'

Phœbe's eyes dropped before his straightforward look as he spoke to her.

'I must ask you to please excuse my mentioning names, sir,' she resumed confusedly. 'There's a person

I'm interested in, whom I wouldn't get into trouble for the whole world. He's been misled—I'm sure he's been misled by another person—a wicked drunken old woman, who ought to be in prison if she had her deserts. I'm not free from blame myself—I know I'm not. I listened, sir, to what I oughtn't to have heard; and I told it again (I'm sure in the strictest confidence, and not meaning anything wrong), to the person I've mentioned. Not the old woman—I mean the person I'm interested in. I hope you understand me, sir? I wish to speak openly (excepting the names) on account of Mrs. Farnaby.'

Amelius thought of Phœbe's vindictive language, the last time he had seen her. He looked towards a cabinet in a corner of the room, in which he had placed Mrs. Farnaby's letter. An instinctive distrust of his visitor began to rise in his mind. His manner altered—he turned to his plate, and went on with his breakfast. 'Can't you speak to me plainly?' he said. 'Is Mrs. Farnaby in any trouble?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And can I do anything to help her out of it?'

'I'm sure you can, sir—if you only knew where to find her.'

'I do know where to find her. She has written to tell me. The last time I saw you, you expressed yourself very improperly about Mrs. Farnaby—you spoke as if you meant some harm to her.'

'I mean nothing but good to her now, sir.'

'Very well, then. Can't you go and speak to her yourself, if I give you the address?'

Phœbe's pale face flushed a little. 'I couldn't do that, sir,' she answered, 'after the way Mrs. Farnaby has treated me. Besides, if she knew that I had listened to what passed between her and you—' She stopped again, more painfully embarrassed than ever.

Amelius laid down his knife and

fork. 'Look here!' he said; 'this sort of thing is not in my way. If you can't make a clean breast of it, let's talk of something else. I'm very much afraid,' he went on, with his customary absence of all concealment, 'you're not the harmless sort of girl I once took you for. What do you mean by, "what passed between Mrs. Farnaby and me?"'

Phœbe put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'It is very hard to speak to me so harshly,' she said, 'when I'm sorry for what I've done, and am only anxious to prevent harm coming of it.'

'What have you done?' cried Amelius, weary of the woman's inveterately indirect way of explaining herself to him.

The flash of his quick temper in his eyes, as he put that straightforward question, roused a responsive temper in Phœbe which stung her into speaking openly at last. She told Amelius what she had heard in the kitchen as plainly as she had told it to Jervy—with this one difference, that she spoke without insolence when she referred to Mrs. Farnaby.

Listening in silence until she had done, Amelius started to his feet, and, opening the cabinet, took from it Mrs. Farnaby's letter. He read the letter, keeping his back towards Phœbe—waited a moment thinking—and suddenly turned on the woman with a look that made her shrink in her chair. 'You wretch!' he said. 'You heartless detestable wretch!'

In the terror of the moment, Phœbe attempted to run out of the room. Amelius stopped her instantly. 'Sit down again,' he said; 'I mean to have the whole truth out of you, now.'

Phœbe recovered her courage. 'You have had the whole truth, sir; I could tell you no more if I was on my death-bed.'

Amelius held up Mrs. Farnaby's letter, and shook it at her threateningly. 'Do you mean to tell me you are not in this abominable conspiracy?' he asked.

'So help me God, sir, I never even heard of it till yesterday!'

The tone in which she spoke shook the conviction of Amelius; the indescribable ring of truth was in it.

'There are two people who are cruelly deluding and plundering this poor lady,' he went on. 'Who are they?'

'I told you, if you remember, that I couldn't mention names, sir.'

Amelius looked again at the letter. After what he had heard, there was no difficulty in identifying the invisible 'young man,' alluded to by Mrs. Farnaby with the unnamed 'person' in whom Phœbe was interested. Who was he? As the question passed through his mind, Amelius remembered the vagabond whom he had recognised with Phœbe, in the street. There was no doubt of it, now—the man who was directing the conspiracy in the dark was Jerry! Amelius would unquestionably have been rash enough to reveal this discovery, if Phœbe had not stopped him. His renewed reference to Mrs. Farnaby's letter and his sudden silence after looking at it roused the woman's suspicions. 'If you're planning to get my friend into trouble,' she burst out, 'not another word shall pass my lips!'

Even Amelius profited by the warning which that threat unintentionally conveyed to him.

'Keep your own secrets,' he said; 'I only want to spare Mrs. Farnaby a dreadful disappointment. But I must know what I am talking about when I go to her. Can't you tell me how you found out this abominable swindle?'

Phœbe was perfectly willing to tell him. Interpreting her long involved narrative into plain English, with the names added, these were the facts related:—Mrs. Sowler (bearing in mind some talk which had passed between them, on the occasion of a certain supper) had called at her lodgings on the previous day, and had tried to entrap her into communicating what she knew

of Mrs. Farnaby's secrets. The trap failing, Mrs. Sowler had tried bribery next; had promised Phœbe a large sum of money, to be equally divided between them, if she would only speak; had declared that Jerry was perfectly capable of breaking his promise of marriage, and 'leaving them both in the lurch, if he once got the money into his own pocket;' and had thus informed Phœbe, that the conspiracy which she supposed to have been abandoned was really in full progress, without her knowledge. She had temporised with Mrs. Sowler, being afraid to set such a person openly at defiance; and had hurried away at once, to have an explanation with Jerry. He was reported to be 'not at home.' Her fruitless visit to Regina had followed—and there, so far as facts were concerned, was an end of the story.

Amelius asked her no questions, and spoke as briefly as possible when she had done. 'I will go to Mrs. Farnaby this morning,' was all he said.

'Would you please let me hear how it ends?' Phœbe asked.

Amelius pushed his pocket-book and pencil across the table to her, pointing to a blank leaf on which she could write her address. While she was thus employed, the attentive Toff came in, and (with his eye on Phœbe) whisper in his master's ear. He had heard Sally moving about. Would it be more convenient, under the circumstances, if she had her breakfast in her own room? Toff's astonishment was a sight to see, when Amelius answered, 'Certainly not. Let her breakfast here.'

Phœbe rose to go. Her parting words revealed the double-sided nature that was in her; the good and evil in perpetual conflict which should be uppermost.

'Please don't mention me, sir, to Mrs. Farnaby,' she said. 'I don't forgive her for what she's done to me; I don't say I won't be even with her yet. But not in *that* way! I won't

have her death laid at my door. O, but I know her temper—and I say it's as likely as not to kill her or drive her mad, if she isn't warned about it in time. Never mind her losing her money. If it's lost, it's lost, and she's got plenty more. She may be robbed a dozen times over for all I care. But don't let her set her heart on seeing her child, and then find it's all a swindle. I hate her; but I can't, and won't, let *that* go on. Good morning, sir.'

Amelius was relieved by her departure. For a minute or two, he sat absently stirring his coffee, and considering how he might most safely perform the terrible duty of putting Mrs. Farnaby on her guard. Toff interrupted his meditations, by preparing the table for Sally's breakfast; and, almost at the same moment, Sally herself, fresh and rosy, opened her door a little way, and looked in.

'You have had a fine long sleep,' said Amelius. 'Have you quite got over your walk yesterday?'

'O yes,' she answered gaily; 'I only feel my long walk now in my feet. It hurts me to put my boots on. Can you lend me a pair of slippers?' 'A pair of my slippers? Why, Sally, you would be lost in them! What's the matter with your feet?'

'They're both sore. And I think one of them has got a blister on it.'

'Come in, and let's have a look at it?'

She came limping in, with her feet bare. 'Don't scold me,' she pleaded.

'I couldn't put my stockings on again, without washing them; and they're not dry yet.'

'I'll get you new stockings and slippers,' said Amelius. 'Which is the foot with the blister?'

'The left foot,' she answered, pointing to it.

(*To be continued.*)

## WINTER NIGHTS.

SHEATHED is the river as it glideth by,  
 Frost-pearled are all the boughs in forests old,  
 The sheep are huddling close upon the wold,  
 And over them the stars tremble on high.  
 Pure joys these winter nights around me lie;  
 'Tis fine to loiter through the lighted street  
 At Christmas time, and guess from brow and pace,  
 The doom and history of each one we meet,  
 What kind of heart beats in each dusky case;  
 Whiles startled by the beauty of a face,  
 In a shop-light & moment. Or instead,  
 To dream of silent fields where calm and deep  
 The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep—  
 Recalling sweetest looks of Summers dead.

—*From Alex. Smith's Poems.*

## A BRIEF SUMMING UP ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY A NON-RESIDENT OF NEWFANGLE.

THE 'Woman Question' as it is briefly, though somewhat inelegantly styled—has certainly received in THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, during the past year, an amount of attention and discussion which should satisfy those most interested in placing its main aspects before the public. Seven papers by writers expressing various shades of opinion have appeared during the year, and if the courtesy of the editor grants this brief article a prompt insertion,—this will constitute the eighth. Such full discussion from various points of view, of what is confessedly one of the most important subjects of the day, can do only good, and the fact that a man occupied with so many arduous duties as Principal Grant has found time to write so valuable and thoughtful a paper upon it, is at once a testimony to its importance, and a token of progress which cannot fail to cheer everyone who has in any way laboured to promote the cause of higher education for Canadian women.

As 'Our old friend of Newfangle,' does not say much this time which calls for any further reply from me, I shall content myself with noticing briefly a very few points, and a few concluding remarks. I do not, in the first place, admit it to be a 'misstatement' that 'if our friend's first homily was not throughout a sneer at the higher education movement and its results, it was singularly calculated to mislead ordinary readers.' For most certainly that was the impression produced, not only on my own mind after reading it with some care, but on that, also, of all the 'ordinary readers'

with whom I was able to compare notes. It is not always necessary to make many direct references to a subject, in order to sneer at it. However, I am quite willing to believe, on her authority, that it did not fairly represent her *intention*, the more so that there was a perceptibly different tone in her second article—and notably so with regard to the medical education of women. But assuredly the *tendency* of her first article, if it had any tendency at all—was to disparage the results of higher education for women in the past—to impress the idea that it had done rather more harm than good, and to persuade young women that all they have to do is to look for a wealthy 'Jack' to undertake their support for life, and that any preparations for self-support and self-reliance are not only *de trop* in the education of women, but are indeed rather unwomanly than otherwise. We all know how these last principles have been acted upon in 'society' (not indeed in the lower ranks of life, where a healthier system has prevailed perforce), and how the results of such action have been such as to point against the sex sharper shafts of satire than any other cause whatever. And yet it is not women who are to blame so much as society in general.

We often see young girls acting in character the part of a faded spinster, vainly trying by too transparent arts and pretences of juvenility—to 'catch' the husband fate has hitherto denied her—a part they seem fond of playing—unconscious, apparently, that they are helping to degrade the ideal of their sex, in the minds of masculine

spectators. I never see it without feeling that generous men and women, instead of laughing at their folly caricatured, would do better to blush over the pityful system of upbringing for girls, which makes such folly not only natural but inevitable.

Our friend is still worried about the 'average man.' Well, I quite agree that he is rather a shadowy individual, and that the word used as an adjective, is awkward, not easy legitimately to define. Though I must say that the frequently used expression, that the land in a certain county averages so many bushels to the acre, seems to me to be very nearly the same as to talk of the average yield of a field of wheat, which would mean that it averages so many grains to the ear. It is well, however, that all our inaccuracies of language should be criticised to the utmost, so that we may educate each other to seek that truthfulness of language which is so closely allied to truthfulness of thought. But we need not continue to squabble about *words*. I am quite willing to throw the 'average man' overboard, as a cause of dissension, even if he has not deserved it by his delinquencies. All that I care to establish is the *position* which is all I understand by the words to which our friend has taken such exception, *i.e.* that chivalry will not prevent men from cheating women where honesty will not, and that dishonesty is quite sufficiently prevalent to make it most desirable that women should be prepared, as far as possible, to take care of themselves, instead of relying on any delusive idea that the conventional deference they receive in society will stand the strain beneath which honesty and principle too often break down. This position, I think, any man who knows the world and his fellow man will heartily endorse, whatever women may be led to imagine on the subject. (N. B. our friend of Newfangle unwittingly makes a point against herself, when she sets me down as a man—since it is generally supposed that

men know more of men than women do). Of course, where there is high principle, a man will no more cheat or wrong a woman than he would a man. But is high principle the rule or the exception in the business world? Ask any lawyer with a large practice, or any merchant with a large business, and there is little doubt how he will answer. I happen to know the experience of a lady—not rich—who has at various times, out of kindness, made loans to both men and women at times of severe pressure—sometimes at low interest, sometimes at none. The loans made to men, and men, too, with fairly remunerative callings, have been so far, after considerable lapse of time, paid in little more than promises and thanks. The loans made to poor women, struggling against many adverse circumstances to support themselves and helpless relatives, have been paid with all the promptness that could reasonably be expected, and with faithful payment of interest, where that was stipulated. And the men in question would not be set down as by any means exceptionally dishonest men. This is a mild instance, compared with many that I could mention, were it fitting here, of bitter pecuniary wrong done by men to women. This is mentioned simply to show that, without going into *criminal* wrongs, we are a very long way from that ideal state of society, in which every man on the ground of his manhood is supposed to feel himself bound to protect the interests of every woman, on the ground of her womanhood. And although our friend of Newfangle has discoursed in such glowing terms of the honesty and chivalry of men—she probably does not consider it superfluous to *take care of her receipts* even in Newfangle!

Our friend, with her usual disregard of unpalatable facts, finds the figures given from the Society for the Protection of Working Women in New York 'incredible on the very face of it.' At this I am not surprised, with her preconceived ideas, to which it must be

somewhat of a shock. All I shall say is that the figures were given *from the Report of the Society* in a New York journal of the highest class, and that the editor, a representative of the best type of 'American men,' instead of an indignant disclaimer, simply added a few comments enforcing the usefulness of such a Society, and the need for its existence. But it would be an unwarrantable assumption that 'American men' were in this respect any worse than other men, simply because these cases had been brought to light and righted.

'Our Friend of Newfangle' is troubled again because I did not mention the undoubted fact that there are many honest trustees, &c., as well as many dishonest ones. Well, when one is trying to bring out a particular point with all possible brevity, one does not feel it necessary to refer to all the points of the compass besides. The case is very different when a particular writer is criticised, the fact being ignored that he has said many of the very things which his critic goes on to say, in apparent opposition. My point was not whether there were or were not many honest men, but simply that there were so many dishonest ones that it was advisable that women should be prepared to take care of themselves, instead of trusting to a supposed 'chivalry,' which so often turns out a broken reed. For the support of this we need hardly refer to one of its latest illustrations—the purchase, by Consolidated Bank Directors, of the shares of *poor widows*, in the expectation, of course, derived from their superior knowledge—of making some profit out of the wrecks of the little fortunes they had ruined. But I should have thought it went without saying that there were many honest and high-principled men with whom a woman's equality with a man's trust would be perfectly safe. Similarly, as I was speaking of *women*, not wards in general, I did not think it necessary to mention male wards, more especially

as all the cases of 'manipulation,' which have come under my own knowledge, have been those of *female* wards, and it is moreover, as everyone knows both more heartless or more hazardous to take liberties with the property of male wards, who, when they come of age, are likely to be qualified to look pretty carefully into the conduct of their trustees. Similarly, in saying that genius is *usually* recognized, &c., I did not think it necessary to add the qualifying remark, which also goes without saying—that there are occasional exceptions! One does not think it necessary to encumber a magazine article with as many qualifications and guards as a legal document, which would certainly be paying a poor compliment to the intelligence of the reader, and our 'old friend' must excuse me for saying that such a criticism as this last, in particular, can only show that she is rather 'hard up' for matter to criticise.

Newfangle, in many ways a remarkable township, must be exceptional in the matter of marriage settlements, if these are numerous among its farmers. But what does the very existence of marriage settlements imply? In Ontario, at least, where the property of a married woman is protected by Statute against *her husband* and his creditors—a protection which has been declared from the Bench to be equivalent to a settlement—the only use of marriage settlement is still further to protect her interests, and those of her children, from the improvidence or indifference of *her husband*, in neglecting to make a provision for a possible widowhood and orphanhood; and also, by the interposition of trustees, from her own weakness in yielding to his selfish or shortsighted persuasions to trench on that provision, or sacrifice her own *dôt* if she has brought any; and this too often, only to stave off the evil day, and eventually to make the ruin more complete. If such settlements are on the increase, it shows that the need for them must be more

felt, and this is a pretty significant indication of how far *men* believe that a woman's interests are to be unreservedly trusted—even in Newfangle—to the one man out of all the world, who has solemnly sworn to love, cherish, and protect her! As a rule, the bride, if a loving, true-hearted girl, hates the very idea of marriage settlements, being quite sure—as our friend has it, that 'Jack is the finest fellow in the world'—and that, if she could not trust him out and out, she would not marry him. It is the more worldly-wise father who relentlessly insists on the settlement as by no means superfluous, even where the unequalled Jack is concerned.

'A Woman of Newfangle' shows a curious tendency to exalt the opposite sex at the expense of her own, and I am not surprised that some men should be pleased with her articles, and should 'read them to their wives and daughters.' But this tendency of hers is the more curious, since no-one, in the present discussion, has tried to do the reverse. 'Tis a way some women have to be sure, of flattering the opposite sex, though it seems a trifle unnatural. But 'methinks the lady doth protest too much,' and if 'A Woman of Newfangle' be, as I strongly suspect—no woman at all—it is doing some injustice to the sex assumed thus to sail under false colours. Yet, with all her anxiety to exalt men, she cannot be so glaringly unjust as not to admit that, if there are many things done for women, by men, there are also many things done by men for women? They have not, as a rule, much silver and gold at their disposal, but they give what is more precious still. Florence Nightingale is only a type of many a devoted and self-sacrificing woman, whose name was never known to fame. Many a man has been spurred to philanthropic deeds by the memory of an imperishable debt of gratitude owed to the memory of some obscure woman. One of the noblest institutions in Scotland owed its found-

ation to the gratitude of the founder, for the unforgotten care and tenderness of his half-witted and not very respectable mother—the only parent he had been permitted to know. And where women have had the means they have shown themselves, at least, not less generous and philanthropic than men. The Baroness Burdett Coutts is simply an example, on a large scale, of what many women, according to their ability, are doing in a smaller one. How it may be in Newfangle, I cannot undertake to say, but in places of which I have more knowledge, it is indisputable that women do the lion's share of purely philanthropic work, whether in church or charity. I do not say this in order to exalt women above men, for undoubtedly they have more time at their disposal; but only to do them simple justice, since our Newfangle friend would almost convey the impression, that women are perpetually receiving from men, seldom, if ever, giving to them. Let us be most thankful that there are so many of *both sexes*, who are high-principled, high-minded, charitable, and philanthropic. But while we recognise this, we do not, therefore, set down this character as the average type of humanity, and we do not therefore leave our doors unfastened at night, or trust our purses, or our property, to the honesty—or chivalry—of the first passer by. There is no 'pulling down' of either sex, in saying that women should not, any more than men, be encouraged to trust either the honesty, or the chivalry of men too blindly—as has too often been the case.

I am sorry that our friend, in the close of her last homily, seems to drift back somewhat into the position taken in her first article, against the growing enlargement of woman's education and sphere of work. I have no fault to find with Mr. Anthony Trollope's remarks, which, however, so far as they refer to the treatment of women by men, refer to an ideal, rather than to a real, state of society. No one has ever attempted

to maintain that woman—as a sex—was or could be man's equal in *physical strength*. No reasonable person would hesitate to admit that woman's physique is at once more finely organized, more delicate and more fragile, and that because of all these qualities, she may well claim the chivalrous care and protection of the stronger and ruder sex. Personal attractiveness, too, will ever enforce that claim so long as men have eyes to be attracted by feminine charms. But this is not all. The ground on which woman claims more than chivalry—more than protection—man's *reverence*—is the possession of moral and spiritual qualities which, when fairly and fully developed, rise higher and nearer to the Divine than anything else this sinful earth can show; a truth to which writers so divergent in most things as Auguste Comte,\* Professor Huxley, and George Macdonald, agree in giving emphatic testimony. But it would be absurd and against all experience to say that *mental* weakness or helplessness constitutes a necessary factor in that chivalry, that reverence. No one but 'A Woman of Newfangle' has touched upon the question of the *mental* equality or inequality of the sexes, regarding which so much has been said on both sides. I regard it as a question, which cannot be decided now, or until several generations of educational fair-play shall have taken from men some of the odds they now have in their favour. The very difference which has been talked about may go toward proving equality rather than the reverse, by showing that what is lacking in one direction may be more than made up in others, as in the case of the difference between a poet and a mathematician. But, however this may be, no one can deny that very many women are intellectually superior to very many men, and the number of

such cases gives no little support to the doctrine of the equality of the sexes. In a good many cases, too, wives are manifestly the intellectual superior of their husbands. Will any one say that where women are thus the intellectually stronger, they, on this account, forfeit the chivalrous respect and consideration of men? Look at John Stuart Mill, lavishing an absolute worship on the wife whom he at least regarded as his intellectual superior, his teacher and inspirer! It is not the highest type of man who likes to feel his wife his intellectual inferior, and we do not find many men showing additional deference to their wives because of their mental weakness or vacuity. Nor is it otherwise in general society. It would be only a miserable puppy who would give less chivalrous deference to George Eliot or an Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, than to a Belgravia butterfly, whose highest aims are dress and admiration, and we do not find that man's chivalry and respect rises in proportion as woman is mentally inferior and circumscribed in her education and sphere. We do not look to the harem of the Turk or the zenana of the Hindoo for striking examples of chivalrous regard for women. And the conservative Baber follows the same train of argument as the highly civilized Englishman when he dreads that higher education—represented in his case by the teaching of the three Rs—will draw woman out of her 'purely feminine occupations and qualities,' will make her 'think she knows as much as her husband,' and so make an end of domestic peace and social happiness! Many however, even among Hindoo Babers, begin to see a little farther, and one touched the real and only danger when he said to an English female Missionary regarding his wife: 'Her head is turned because she understands a few books. We want *training of heart und mind*, that no others can give our women, and your

\* 'When the mission of woman is better understood, she will be regarded by man as the most perfect impersonation of humanity.'  
—Auguste Comte.

religious instruction is of chief value to them.' It is only *unwomanliness* that can ever forfeit the chivalrous respect of men, and it is only a superficial and distorted education that can tend to make woman unwomanly. As a rule, the most highly cultivated women are the most thoroughly womanly, however wide their sphere or public their station, of which we have no more striking examples than our gracious Queen and her daughters. As Principal Grant so well observes, 'what the world needs, and greatly needs, is not less education but more and better.' Nothing so much as a *true* education, however wide in the range, will preserve women from follies or affectations of all kinds, whether they be the silly extravagances of fashionable feminine attire, or the not more silly affectation of *manish* dress and loud and 'slangy' speech. It is not among earnest and helpful and cultivated women that such, as a rule, are found, but among girls whose restless mental vacuity

'Finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.'

There have been vain and silly women in all ages, who have 'demanded at the very point of the bodkin all that chivalry can give them.' Such an one has been immortalized in Schiller's ballad of 'The Glove.' But they have not usually been found among women who had any true culture or any serious or worthy aim in life.

It is not the earnestness and helpfulness and self-reliance of women, but their frivolity and helplessness and dependence that causes the most serious evils which the 'gentleman at the English Bar' deploras, and which it were absurd to lay at the door of any widening of their sphere. I should hold true womanliness for a much slighter and shallower thing than I do if I thought that any external change, either of education or of work, could injure it. What is conventional or

affected may well pass away in a healthier development. We may seldom, when truer habits of thought or taste are established, find women sacrificing health and happiness to a mere fanciful conventionality—seldom find such anomalies as kind-hearted women giving rise or currency to a blighting scandal, or tender-hearted girls uniting to exterminate whole tribes of innocent songsters for the barbaric vanity of a most inappropriate adornment, or wearing garments whose colours have been death to many of their labouring sisters. But, with the true and full development and 'training of mind and heart,' with the strengthening of her whole nature, woman's true womanliness must develop and strengthen also, and man's respect and consideration be placed on still more firm and stable foundations.

The fallacy which seems to run through the remarks of the 'gentleman at the English Bar,' so far as they bear on this question, is the same which has run through so much writing on the subject—that of assuming that because wifehood and motherhood are the 'mission' of many women they are the mission or the sphere of *all*, while we know that there is a large and growing number to whom that mission is necessarily denied. One should think that to turn such women to the best account according to the mental capacities which God has given them—would be to render the best service to themselves and to humanity. We are so much at the mercy of mere words, that women are easily frightened by being told that they should restrict themselves to 'purely feminine occupations.' Yet painting, poetry, and music, which have always been universally allowed to women, are as little 'purely feminine occupations' as medicine and law. And to speak as if only 'purely feminine' occupations were 'in accordance with God's Will when He created them,' is surely to ignore His Will as manifested in

the providence that denies to many women a domestic sphere, and fits them by natural endowment and tendency for another. But this subject has been so well handled by Principal Grant that I need add no more, unless to say, what I think has been well said somewhere by a female writer, that, as a rule, the best preparation for marriage is to be prepared for an opposite contingency.

Meanwhile the 'higher education' movement has been succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectation. On one side of the Atlantic, President Angell, of Michigan University, testifies the utmost satisfaction with the progress of lady-students and the utter absence of any inconvenience arising from their presence in the University. On the other side, we have Principal Caird, of the ancient University of Glasgow, declaring that 'women are not less capable of receiving higher education than men, for wherever it has been tried, women could hold their place against the other sex'—and that 'not a single rational argument could be urged against the limitation of the benefits of a higher education to one half of the human species.' Furthermore, the reports of the Cambridge examiners show that a good proportion

of the candidates took scholarships—several being 'distinguished' in nearly every subject of their particular courses of study, and, in some cases, in branches of other courses. We are told, too, 'that they are very unassuming and modest about it, some students being surprised by their own success.'

Nor do I entertain the slightest fear that, whatever proportions the success of the movement may attain, we are threatened with any social cataclysm. Such fears are only for those who regard the complex world of Nature and Humanity as the product of blind necessity from insensate matter. I hold that God's moral, and spiritual, and social order stands on deeper foundations than can be shaken by any human effort, least of all by human efforts, in His own upward direction, for the fuller development of any of His creatures. Whatever of external and adventitious circumstances may change, all that is beautiful and valuable in the relations of men and women is rooted deep in our human nature, and will last as long as humanity endures—even though

'The old order changeth, yielding place to  
new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.'

NOT yet, not yet, the light ;  
Underground, out of sight,  
Like moles, we blindly toil.  
On, though we know not where ;  
Some day the upper air,  
The sun, and all things fair,  
We reach through the dark soil.

—*Beatrice Tollemache.*

## UNDER ONE ROOF:

## AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XL.—*continued.*

TO have arrived at this conclusion may seem to some excellent people to have been no great virtue after all; they may argue that, since Sir Robert might have done as he liked with his own, the young man had no cause to feel aggrieved. This, however, was not quite the case. Gresham had been brought up in habits of luxury and idleness in view of his great expectations, and should these have been withdrawn from him—and he had a very strong presentiment that they had been so—he had certainly good reason to complain. Moreover, to the eye of youth its grievances seem large, while what of good befalls it—and especially if it is past good—is taken as a matter of course. Whatever misfortune was hanging over Gresham's head, it must also be remembered, threatened that of his Elise also in her relation to him. So that upon the whole the young man's resolution was commendable. The effect of it was to send him back to the hotel with a less heavy heart than he had left it, but with by no means a more mollified mind as respected Mr. Ferdinand Walcot: indeed, in acquitting his uncle his indignation rose higher than ever against this man, who had done his best—though happily in vain—to make him not only a pauper, but an ingrate.

In the doorway of the hotel stood a man with a cigar, and Gresham took another turn on 'the Parade' for fear it should be his enemy. Presently the man came out, and he saw it was

a stranger in a black suit: 'it is one of the people that are engaged for that horrible journey to-morrow,' he said to himself, not without a shudder. Then, ashamed of his weakness, he walked up to him. A big, burly man, with bushy whiskers, and a red face, which the light from his cigar made redder.

'A fine night.'

'Yes, sir, very fine,' answered the other: 'it's a keen air though from the sea. What do you say to a glass of "hot with?"'

In a general way Gresham would have certainly said 'No,' and very decidedly. He didn't like 'liberties' in the lower classes, but at that moment he heard Walcot's voice at the open window above them, speaking no doubt to Howard, and even the society of an undertaker's man was preferable to his.

'I don't mind if I do,' he said; and the other led the way into the coffee-room. It was a large apartment, very barely furnished; and on its wall, for single ornament, bore an immense plan of Salton Point, divided into building lots, and with a number of striking edifices upon it, including a club-house, a church, and a skating rink.

'It may be a lively place when all that happens,' said the stranger, pointing to this work of the imagination, 'but at present it's dull; deuced dull.'

The landlord appeared and supplied them with what was wanted, without a glance of recognition at Gresham. It was a pleasing fiction of his own that

the coffee-room waiter was quite another person from the other waiters, who again were wholly disconnected, except in their business relations, from the landlord—albeit they were all one and himself.

‘As if it wasn’t dull enough already,’ pursued the stranger, when they were left alone, ‘there has been a death here.’

‘I know it,’ answered Gresham, curtly.

‘Have you seen him?’

‘Seen who?’ inquired the young man, in a tone of ill-suppressed disgust.

‘The dead man. *Your* uncle.’

‘Why, bless my soul, it’s you, Bevill!’ exclaimed Gresham, eagerly.

He was surprised, of course, but very well pleased to find himself in the companionship of a friend—or one who, under the circumstances, was no bad substitute for such. ‘Why, I thought you were an undertaker’s man.’

‘No; I am in the commercial line, just now. It is not, however, a good place for business; so I have spent my leisure since yesterday in looking about me. It’s a queer place to bring a friend to die in.’

‘Yes, indeed. Do you really suspect anything?’

‘You mean with regard to “my gentleman?” Well, of course, one suspects; but there is nothing to go upon, so far as I can find out. Sir Robert is dead, that’s certain. You say you saw him yourself?’

‘Yes. I went into the room——’

‘Ah, well, he was there, that is the point. The doctor, too, has not been got at; you feel pretty sure of that?’

‘I feel *certain*,’ answered Gresham; ‘he has been deceived; but however, by Walcot; takes him for an honest man, and thinks I am unjustly prejudiced against him——’

‘Of course,’ interrupted Mr. Bevill.

‘But there has been no foul play as regards my uncle’s death.’

Mr. Bevill nodded adhesion.

‘There is *something* queer, nevertheless,’ he said. ‘My gentleman gave

out that he went to London on Tuesday; it seems, however, he went to Halcombe.’

‘Ah! I felt sure I recognised him that night. Mayne has come over to my opinion, then.’

‘Well, I have, at all events, sir,’ returned the detective, drily. ‘My gentleman bought his ticket for London; but at Nottly Junction he took the down train. That was stupid in a man like him. The ticket clerk at Nottly was naturally surprised at the waste of fare; and it gave him something to talk about.’

‘But I don’t see, after all, how this affects Walcot.’

‘Nor I, directly, sir. But it shows duplicity; and duplicity,’ here the moralist stroked one of his false whiskers, ‘always shows that there is mischief somewhere. I have no more notion than Mr. Howard up yonder what my gentleman has been up to, but that he has been up to *something*—queer, and not upon the square—I’m *certain*. His story was quite true about your uncle’s illness necessitating their being put ashore here by the *Meduse*—that was confirmed by one who sent me here; it is somewhere farther back that we must look for the kink in it; but kink there *is*.’

‘That knowledge will be but cold comfort to those he has robbed, Mr. Bevill,’ remarked Gresham.

‘Quite true, sir; *quite* true. It will not be so solacing, nor yet so warm as this here whisky punch; but still it will be something to come and go upon. Now, Mr. Mayne, *he’s* not unreasonable; so long as he cries quits with my gentleman sooner or later, he says he shall be satisfied; and quits he shall cry. We can’t raise the dead, sir—no; but we may so contrive it that the living shall, at last, have their deserts.’

‘I am glad you are so hopeful, Mr. Bevill.’

‘Hopeful ain’t the word, sir; it is unequal to the situation. The right word is “certain.” I am certain sure.’

## CHAPTER XLI.

## THE WILL.

THE day looked forward to with such abhorrence by George Gresham has come to an end at last, and others almost as sad have succeeded it. The body of Sir Robert Arden has been brought to Halcombe, and laid in the family vault under the church upon the hill. His widow, though bowed down by trouble upon trouble, shows a braver front than had been expected of her, thanks to the presence of Ferdinand Walcot. If he came hoping to see her in humiliation, or moved by passionate discontent, he was disappointed, though to say truth there is as little sign about him of triumph as of self-vindication. His voice is softer than ever, his manners have less of the master about them than of old; but this may be his tribute to the occasion. If there is any effort in his behaviour, it is an effort to be his old self, unchanged by the new prosperity which all suspect, and he must surely know, awaits him. But to Lady Arden the spectacle of this man in the house he has made desolate is as the poison to the Pontian king; it does her more good than harm. It prevents her from giving way to her calamities. To a certain extent, and while she endures his hateful presence, her anger has cast out her grief. In her eyes he is not only the murderer of her husband, but the wretch who destroyed his love for her. Like Gresham, she feels no indignation against the dead, but nourishes a fury which is almost sublime in its intensity against him who perverted a noble nature to his own foul uses. She is powerless to avenge herself, but she does what she can to show her hate.

For example, she caused Frederick Mayne to be telegraphed for to attend Sir Robert's funeral, which, she knew, would be wormwood to her enemy. It was as much as to say, 'I ask to my

late husband's roof, and to bear his pall, the man against whom you turned his heart by fraud,' which she took for granted without knowing how he had turned it. Mayne came, of course; and at the inn at Mirton arrived on the same day two gentlemen with rods and lines and creels, ostensibly to fish the moorland streams, one of them, Mr. Sturt, a lawyer, a stranger to those parts, the other, Mr. Beville, and with these Mr. Mayne held daily communication. Within twenty-four hours Walcot was aware of their arrival, and of their object, of which he spoke quite openly to the family lawyer, Mr. Hayling, of Archester.

'Never,' he complained with bitterness, 'was a man placed in a more unpleasant position than I am, nor more unjustly. I am suspected by Lady Arden herself of—I know not what indeed—but at the least of having obtained undue influence over her late husband. She invites to his roof a man who he himself compelled to quit it for gross misconduct, simply because the information on which he did so, she knows, was furnished by myself. And then she connives at spies being located in the neighbourhood. I think, sir, I am very hardly used.'

Mr. Hayling, a country lawyer of the old school, with three yards of white cravat, bowed stiffly; it was not a sympathising bow; it seemed at the most to say, 'No doubt yours is an unpleasant position.'

'However, sir,' continued Mr. Walcot, 'I have the satisfaction of feeling I have done my duty by my dead friend and brother-in-law, and have nothing to reproach myself with; that is some compensation.'

'And there are others,' observed the lawyer, drily.

This was base ingratitude, for in that very will to which Mr. Hayling thus referred—and which was now in his own keeping—there was a bequest of one hundred pounds to him, which was solely owing to Mr. Walcot's suggestion.

It was clear that the lawyer could not be counted upon as an ally; while all the rest were in open enmity with him. Nothing but the mere decencies of life, in fact, prevented Mr. Ferdinand Walcot from being addressed as Scoundrel, Liar, Thief, by every member of the family, or their friends, which for a person of 'acute sensibility of mind,' as Mr. Walcot had often described himself to be, was certainly deplorable.

I have noticed that something very similar occasionally occurs to some very clever fellows, whom all the world acknowledges to have achieved a great success in life; and it seems to me to detract both from the cleverness and the success. Still, in both cases, the spoils remain with the conqueror; and in the one under consideration these were very large.

When the will was read in the great dining-room of Halcombe, a scene took place which made some congratulate themselves that the young ladies of the household had thought proper to absent themselves from that transaction.

There were present, the widow, who sat in the bay window and in the very chair which had been Sir Robert's favourite seat, and fronting the same home-view that had so often pleased his eye; close to her stood his next of kin, George Gresham, with his hand resting on the back of her chair—they had been fast friends when their interests had been apparently antagonistic, and now that they were both about to suffer material loss (as they felt certain) they were no less drawn together; Frederic Mayne stood by the chimney-piece with his elbow on it, and his gaze fixed sternly, and it must be owned somewhat offensively, upon Mr. Walcot, who now and again repaid him with a glance of contempt, but for the most part remained with folded arms throughout the ceremony, and with eyes bent upon the floor.

Between these two men the Curate had placed himself, doubtless by acci-

dent, though it seemed no inappropriate position for one whose calling was that of peacemaker; his countenance alone bore no trace of resentment, but only wore the gloom befitting one who has lost a dear and kindly friend.

Even in the lawyer's case, a certain sternness mingled with his usual gravity of demeanour, which bespoke his distaste for the task before him.

'One moment, Mr. Hayling,' interposed Gresham, ere he began to read; 'may I ask how that document came into your hands?'

'Most certainly you may, Mr. Gresham; it was placed there by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, here present.'

'And from whom did he receive it?'

'I received it from the late Sir Robert Arden during his last illness,' observed Walcot, perceiving that the lawyer looked towards him for a reply.

'No,' said Lady Arden, in a sharp, firm voice. 'It was placed, as were all my husband's private papers, in the secret cupboard in the window-seat of his dressing-room.'

'His other papers may have been placed there, Lady Arden,' answered Walcot, gently; 'but you are mistaken as to this one, I do assure you.'

'She is *not* mistaken,' exclaimed Gresham, 'It is you who have lied. With my own eyes I saw you take it out of the window-seat on the 22nd of last month, just ten days ago, at midnight.'

For an instant Walcot's presence of mind deserted him; the colour which Lady Arden's speech had called into his cheek suddenly fled, leaving them of a livid paleness.

'I was at Salton Point—no, in London—on the date you mention,' exclaimed he, defiantly.

'You were not,' replied Gresham, curtly; 'you came here to get possession of that will—with what object I know not, except that, judging others by yourself, you may have

thought we should destroy it. You came, like a thief in the night; but I saw you, from the lawn, abstract it from its hiding-place.'

'I saw him, also,' observed Mayne. 'At the time I did not recognise the thief. Now I have no doubt of his identity: one has only to look at him as he stands there.'

Certainly Mr. Ferdinand Walcot did not at that particular moment appear to the best advantage. His eyes refused to meet those of his accusers, and his teeth fastened on his under lip till the blood came; still it was with the old masterful air and tone that he turned to the lawyer at his side, 'When you have had enough of these falsehoods, Mr. Hayling—the obvious offspring of petty malice and baffled hopes—I beg you to proceed with the matter in hand, as I have no time to spare.' And he made a show of looking at his watch.

As Gresham nodded acquiescence in reply to the lawyer's inquiring look, the latter proceeded with the reading of the will. Its provisions were, in the main, what had been looked for. Ferdinand Walcot was the heir, not only to the personalty—the money in the funds and elsewhere, all of which was left to him—but to most of the landed estate. To Lady Arden was left (she had, of course, her jointure, which was considerable) the tenancy of the Hall for life—and that was all. What was still more singular was that, although £3,000 apiece were bequeathed to Millicent, Frank, and the Great Baba, Evelyn (who had once been the prime favourite of her stepfather) had only a thousand pounds. To George Gresham, the Baronet's next of kin and only relative, was left but £5,000; and even that under peculiar and humiliating restrictions. He was to have nothing, and his bequest was to revert to the residuary legatee (Mr. Walcot), unless, for the next two years after Sir Robert's death, the young man should be up and dressed by seven o'clock in the winter and six in summer, save

in case of illness; in which event he was to make up for the lost time after the two years were over. Moreover, there were some stern words addressed to him about the sin of deception, which fell upon Gresham's ear with the greater bitterness, since he perceived Mr. Walcot's evident enjoyment of them.

What seemed to those present even more offensive than the details of this document was the fact that Ferdinand Walcot was made its administrator, the sole trustee—a circumstance which even cautious Mr. Haylight afterwards described as 'very unusual.' But about the genuineness and legality of the will itself there was no shadow of doubt.

The whole family were more or less outlawed, and Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was appointed inheritor of their rights. When this document, which was a very lengthy one, and included a number of small bequests to domestics had been read aloud, down to the very names of the witnesses—two servants then in the house—there ensued a painful silence, which Lady Arden was the first to break.

'Do I understand, Mr. Hayling,' said she, in a firm clear voice, 'that this house and all that it contains are for my life-time my own—that I am mistress here, in short, as of old?'

'Certainly, my dear madam,' answered the lawyer, confidently; 'as much so as you ever were, and more so.'

'Then I wish that man'—she pointed with a trembling finger to the new lord of so many thousands—'to leave this roof.' The poor lady also made some other observations not so dignified in style—for under pressure of a vital wrong it is not every woman who preserves repose of manner—to all which Mr. Walcot only replied by a pitying smile.

At last Gresham rose from his chair, and in a voice of suppressed passion exclaimed, 'Go sir.'

Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders

with more than French significance : this gesture seemed to say, 'Well, perhaps you are right; my absence is doubtless the only thing that will stop this good woman's tongue.'

He drew on his gloves, took up his hat, and, with a grave bow to the lawyer, left the room.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A LAST APPEAL.

I AM afraid that if Lady Arden had been consulted on the matter, no equipage from the Halcombe stables would have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, when that gentleman took his departure from the Hall; but as it happened, he ran no risk of a refusal of that courtesy, but calling at the little inn in person, ordered a cart for the conveyance of his luggage, and took his own way to Mirton on foot.

Despite the indisputable success that had at last crowned his efforts, there was no sign of triumph in his mien; he walked up the street with head erect indeed, but no higher than he usually carried it, and when he turned into the solitary 'Wilderness' it dropped forward, and he clasped his hands behind him—which was his manner when in deep thought. The recollection of the last occasion on which he had trodden the same path—at full speed and pursued by two amateur detectives—might well have then occurred to him, but he was thinking of no such thing; it was not his habit to dwell upon the past at any time, and just now the future demanded his attention. Most persons would no doubt have concluded that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, with from forty to fifty thousand pounds in his pocket, or at immediate command, and with a much larger sum in land that could be realized, if necessary, in a few weeks or months, had now—since

the blessings of his fellow creatures were not in his programme—obtained all he wanted; but this was by no means the case.

Man never is but always to be blessed.

He was thinking how a certain desired object could be most easily obtained, when at that very turn of the road, where he had once found the means of escape from a very unpleasant position, and ridden away on it, this very object presented itself—in the person of Evelyn Nicoll.

A pious person would have exclaimed, 'this is providential,' but what Mr. Walcot observed to himself was, 'This is luck, indeed.'

She was coming very slowly homeward, and so wrapped in thought that she did not at first observe him; he had time to notice how pale she looked in her mourning garb, and with what an inelastic step she walked. When she caught sight of him she gave an obvious start—which was, indeed, a species of shudder—then drew herself up, and quickened her speed; not to meet him we may be sure—but to get the meeting over. She would have passed him with a stiff bow, and without a word, if he had not addressed her.

'Miss Evelyn,' he said, in his gentlest tone. 'I wish to speak to you.'

She stopped and scanned him from head to foot, in a most unpromising fashion. 'Well, sir.'

'I have just come from a very sad scene,' he said, 'and which has been made still more distressing to me on your account.'

'Indeed?'

But that one word, and yet she somehow contrived to express in it incredulity and contempt sufficient to fill a volume.

'I see,' he continued, gently, 'that like the rest, you are prepared to misjudge me; that you behold in me a selfish adventurer who has enriched himself by discreditable means at the expense of others.'

She bowed, haughtily enough, but in unmistakeable assent.

'Well, that is not so. I could not help the estrangement that took place between your late stepfather and his belongings; it was a misfortune sure to happen, on account of certain circumstances—very peculiar ones (which I will fully explain to you another time), and quite out of my power to prevent. What I wish to say just now is that it is my pride and happiness to think that if you have suffered loss it is far from being irreparable. It is true your stepfather has left you a mere nothing—a miserable thousand pounds—but it remains with you—you have only to say one little word—to become his sole heiress.'

'I do not understand you,' returned Evelyn, coldly; 'if my stepfather has left me a thousand pounds, it is only another proof—though I did not need it—of the love he bore me. As to being his heiress, that would be out of the question in any case. Do you suppose that I would rob George Gresham of his rights, even if it lay in my power?'

'George Gresham,' repeated the other, contemptuously, 'has forfeited by his own misconduct what rights he may have ever possessed. He is a man who does not know what is worth having; his behaviour to yourself is a supreme example of it.'

'The question of what is worth having, Mr. Walcot, is a matter of taste,' replied Evelyn, in deep offence; 'some people think that they obtain it when they have got riches, though in obtaining them they have earned the contempt of every honest man.'

'You are more than severe, Evelyn, you are unjust,' answered Walcot, gently, 'but you can never make me angry with you. It is strange, and shows the intensity of your prejudice, that though you recognise Sir Robert's right to withhold his benefits from one person (yourself, for instance) you deny it as respects another. Who was so dear to him as I was; who (with

one exception) was more near to him, by the ties of marriage, if not of blood? The fact, then, that he has chosen to leave me his whole fortune, instead of a large portion of it, is not so very surprising, and should certainly not evoke the contempt of all honest men upon its recipient. You may say that I schemed for it. If to make one's self useful to another in a thousand ways, to invite and reciprocate his confidence, to sacrifice one's time and pleasure for him, is to scheme—then I have "schemed." But the word is not applicable to my conduct in any other sense. That I had this golden end in view, while doing my duty to my friend and brother-in-law, may have been the case, just as any other honest worker may look for his reward; nay, to be frank with you, it was so. And yet my object, Evelyn, was not a selfish one. When we last spoke together alone, I ventured to predict a time when I should address you under very different circumstances—no longer as a dependent, a suppliant at the feet of Fortune; and the time has come with unlooked-for speed. I am now a man of wealth, which, however, is only valuable to me in that I can offer it to *you*: I do not say to share it; it shall be yours unreservedly upon the day that you become my wife. Do not frown, nor flash your scorn upon me, Evelyn; I tell you that I love you; such love as mine is given but to a few, yet, once given, given for ever—a love not lightly won, nor lightly to be rejected.'

'You seem to think so highly of it, Mr. Walcot,' replied Evelyn, scornfully, 'that the love of others is as nought beside it. Mine, for instance, as I gather, you deem is purchaseable. It was denied to you when you were poor; but you imagine that it has now come within reach of your purse.'

'You wrong me, Evelyn, every way,' he answered eagerly. 'Your love is beyond price; and yet self-sacrifice—for a man's self is dear

to him—and the devotion of a life might win it. The offer of my fortune was not made to tempt you; I only wished to say “all that is mine is yours. I have not toiled for it, but for you only.” Do not, however, suppose, dear girl, that I have only material reasons to advance in favour of my suit. I say nothing of myself, though, indeed, with this wealth to back me, I think I have the means within me of acquiring a great position only to be prized, however, because you, the sharer of it, will so become it; but if the wishes of the beloved dead have weight with you, I may say that it was Sir Robert's latest wish, expressed to me upon his death-bed, that——’

He hesitated, and Evelyn, looking fixedly upon his face, inquired, ‘well, what?’

‘He said that though he had left his wealth away from some who might have looked for it, he would be well pleased, indeed, if it should return to one of them through me; he said, “ever since that other wish of mine,”—referring, I suppose, to the engagement between Gresham and yourself—“has failed, I have decided that Evelyn Nicoll should be your wife.” Do you hear me, Evelyn?’ for the girl, though still regarding him intently, said never a word.

‘Yes, I hear you,’ she now answered, slowly. ‘It would make no difference to the matter in question even if Sir Robert did thus speak, for he could not have been himself—the gentle, kind, just stepfather I knew; in any case, indeed, it would make no difference, because my heart could never be given to such as you, at any one's request, however dear; but to be frank with you, Ferdinand Walcot, I do not believe you.’

‘What? Not my word?’

‘No, nor your oath; I utterly distrust you, and abhor you.’

‘You do? And you dare tell me so—Evelyn Nicoll—to my face? His brow grew very dark, and from his

eyes there shot a gleam of fury terrible in its concentrated malevolence.

‘Yes, sir, do not let me have to repeat it in the presence of another.’

She pointed quietly down the road up which Mr. Dyneley could be seen approaching at quick strides.

Walcot cast a look at him in which rage and calculation were strangely mixed. It seemed to say, ‘is there time before this man comes up, to drag this woman down to yonder cliff top, and there end her life and mine together, or is there not time?’

If such was his inquiry, the reply, it seemed, was in the negative; he took off his hat to Evelyn, and with a creditable imitation of a smile of farewell, turned on his heel and pursued his way.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### MR. STURT'S PRESENTIMENT.

WITHIN an hour or two of the reading of Sir Robert's will at the Hall, Mr. Sturt, in the inn parlour at Mirton, was giving his consideration to its provisions, which had been supplied to him from notes taken by Mayne and Gresham. He was a short ‘squat’ man, with what would have been unjustly called a moonface, because that of the moon has mountains, and Mr. Sturt's was perfectly flat, save for a little knob of a nose. But for his eyes, which were very bright and keen, so motionless was his stout form, and so squat his attitude, that he might have sat for a Burmese god.

Upon the whole, the items of the will were much as had been expected, and, while they showed clearly enough under whose dictation the document had been prepared, afforded no grounds for legal dispute. Gresham might say, and think (indeed he did so) that his uncle must have been mad to bestow his estate on such a scoundrel as Fer-

dinand Walcot, and might impute, with reason, 'undue influence' to that worthy; but such vague charges were, of course, incapable of proof. But while the will held good there were certain points in it which not a little awakened Mr. Sturt's curiosity, and with a lawyer curiosity means suspicion. He was sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances of the family to understand why the legacy of George Gresham had been coupled with that singular restriction as to early rising. It was most likely a whim of the testator, flattered into action by Walcot, in order to inflict a personal insult upon his enemy; even the appointment of Walcot, as trustee of that remnant of the estate which was not left to him absolutely, could—'unusual' as it was—be explained on similar grounds. He had probably persuaded Sir Robert to extend to him, after death, that confidence which he had always evinced in him during life, not so much to clear his own character in the eyes of others as to humiliate those who had shown such disinclination to his sway. But the proportions of the various bequests were not so easily explained. Why should Evelyn have but one thousand pounds while the other children had thrice as much? The disproportion of course, like all the rest, was owing to Walcot's influence; but why had it been exerted to the eldest sister's disadvantage?

'Sir Robert had liked her best of all the children,' was Gresham's answer to this inquiry, 'and that was doubtless reason enough for setting Walcot against her.'

Mayne demurred to this; perhaps because he could not imagine how any one could have been preferred to Millicent, and the lawyer himself did not think the explanation sufficient.

'No doubt,' said Gresham, perceiving that the motive was deemed of importance, 'my uncle was annoyed with Evelyn with respect to a certain matter, in which, however, if any one was to blame, it was not she, but I;

and, taking advantage of that prejudice, this brute——'

'Meaning Mr. Walcot?' inquired the lawyer, with raised eyebrows. He had had to do with some base people in his professional career, but never used strong language concerning them. When a man was once in Newgate he expressed his real opinion of him; otherwise he was only 'the defendant,' or 'our opponent.'

'Of course I mean Walcot,' said Gresham testily. 'If I said "brute," I apologise—to the brutes.'

The lawyer smiled and smoothed his chin.

'If speaking one's mind would do any good, young sir,' he said, 'I would venture to express my own opinion of this gentleman; it is no use barking unless we can bite. It is necessary to get up very early in the morning to tackle Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.'

'That is just what Gresham is going to do,' observed Mayne laughing. 'Do you really think, however, Mr. Sturt, that even that—I mean any course that we can now take will remedy matters?'

'Not as they stand—no; but I cannot escape from the idea that, though everything our opponent has done seems in accordance with his legal rights, there is still a screw loose. It is a mere presumption—scarcely more, indeed, than a presentiment—yet——' Here he broke off. 'Now these legacies have been left in rather an unusual way. Why should they be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of the estate when there is all this money at the bankers' and elsewhere! One does not wish to be uncharitable; but, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, this seems to me to suggest two things on the part of Mr. Walcot: Haste—no time to be lost, you understand!—and a desire to realise at the earliest possible moment.'

'To fill his pockets and be off before there's a row?' inquired Mayne.

'Well, really, you young men put things in such a strong light; but

something of that nature—merely an assumption, as I say—has certainly presented itself to me. Now there may be nothing in it—indeed, I understand Mr. Walcot came this morning on foot from Halcombe, which militates *against* this view—

‘He couldn’t help it,’ interrupted Gresham; ‘no carriage was offered to him, and he was too proud to ask for one.’

‘Well, so far that is accounted for then,’ continued Mr. Sturt. ‘And when he did get here, he was so anxious to catch the up-express, that he took a post-chaise-and-four. Nobody takes a chaise-and-four nowadays unless one is in a very great hurry.’

‘I wish I had known that,’ observed Gresham moodily; ‘I’d have put a spoke in one of his wheels, or bribed the postboys. Now he’s got clear away; whatever turns up, we shall never catch sight of him, you may depend upon it.’

‘If anything is really amiss,’ returned the lawyer slowly—‘though indeed, I can’t say how anything *can* be—the will is not proved yet; and however anxious he may be to realise even the personality, it can’t be done in a day you know.’

‘As to catching sight of our friend,’ remarked Mayne coolly, as he shook the ash from his cigar; ‘I think I can promise that we shall never *lose* sight of him. Bevill—though he doesn’t look at all like Bevill—has gone up with him in the express.’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed the lawyer in admiration.

‘Oh yes, that’s my affair; quite independent of the Halcombe interest. I’ve an old score to settle with the gentleman—a return match—Gresham here knows all about it—has to come off between us.’

‘It has been a long time coming off,’ observed Gresham gloomily.

‘No doubt; and the date remains unfixed; but, like Mr. Sturt, I have my presentiment. Our gentleman, as Bevill calls him, has got the start of

me, no doubt, and the best of me hitherto; but he has not won the rubber. A treble and four, you know, does not always win.’

‘I like that notion of Bevill’s sticking to him,’ observed the lawyer thoughtfully. ‘It is well to be acquainted with Mr. Ferdinand Walcot’s movements, in case he might any day be wanted.’

“‘Wanted’ is a term used by the police with reference to malefactors,” remarked Gresham approvingly.

‘I mean to imply nothing of the sort,’ replied the lawyer with indignation.

‘I am sure you did not,’ observed Mayne, conciliatingly. ‘It was what Paley calls “an undesigned coincidence.”’

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### COUPLES.

TO ordinary eyes, as we have said, there was nothing more in the parting of Mr. Walcot from Evelyn in ‘The Wilderness’ than a polite, if somewhat stiff, farewell; yet the Rev. John Dyneley, though he had not been a close spectator thereof, seemed to have seen something strange in the manner of it, for his first words upon reaching the young lady were, ‘Has that man been saying anything to annoy you, Miss Evelyn?’

His tone was vehement, nay, fiery, and, if he looked like a son of the Church at all at that particular moment, it was of the Church militant.

‘No, no,’ returned Evelyn, quickly; ‘or I should rather say he had no intention of annoying me. Pray do nothing rash.’

For the Curate, though she stood looking so sweet and pale beside him, kept his gaze fixed on Mr. Walcot’s retreating figure in a very menacing fashion.

‘Intention!’ he repeated. ‘A man like that is well aware of what he

says, and should be made to account for it.'

Evelyn laid her hand upon his stalwart arm entreatingly—nay, tenderly, for a woman does not like a man the worse—even though he be a clergyman—for showing fight in her cause.

'I beg of you to restrain yourself, Mr. Dyneley. He is gone away, let us hope forever, and has left few friends behind him. It was a dark day when he first came to Halcombe.'

'Yes indeed, and he has left evil behind him. His influence over Sir Robert has borne sad fruit. Everything, it seems, has been left to yonder scheming fellow.'

'It would be well if that were all,' said Evelyn, sighing. 'To do my mother justice, what she will regret far more than any neglect of her in a material way, is the thought of my poor stepfather's changed relations towards her of late months.'

'No doubt, no doubt; her jointure fortunately could not be touched, else that fellow would have doubtless laid hands on everything. And yet to think how Sir Robert used to love you all!'

'Nay,' said Evelyn, 'since we are talking of such a subject, it must be remembered that dear kind Papa was no real kin of ours, and that when his affections for us were superseded—by whatever means—we have no ground for complaint that he turned his bounty into other channels. It is very hard on George, no doubt; but why should he have made heirs and heiresses of us? As a matter of fact—though it is shocking to talk of such things when so good a man has but just been laid in his grave—Mr. Walcot has just told me that I have been left a thousand pounds.'

The Curate threw up his hands. 'Yes. A thousand pounds to his favourite! How his mind must have been poisoned!'

At the same time the Curate's conscience smote him, because with his

chagrin upon Evelyn's account was, in fact, mingled an involuntary feeling of pleasure upon his own. Since this girl was, after all, no heiress, she would be in that regard at least within his reach. He had been hitherto kept at a distance from her by the thought, 'She is Sir Robert's favourite step-daughter; she will no doubt have a large slice of fortune; to one in my position at least she will be an heiress;' and the Rev. John Dyneley was not of that large class of young divines who think heiresses are created for them. His pride forbade it, and also his humility of mind. He was not so great that he could despise the inequalities of wealth, nor was he so small that he was eager to remedy them when the chance offered itself in his own case. And yet now and then—in the forbidden moments of luxury which the imagination at times permits itself to all of us, except in the case of those ascetics whom the greatest of living writers compares with persons with colds in their heads, to whom life has no savour whether of good or bad—in some rare moments, I say, he had ventured to imagine that this girl was not wholly indifferent to him; his discovery that there was no bond of love between Gresham and herself, had given him, as we have seen, an exquisite satisfaction; and though he had absented himself of late from her presence as much as was possible without exciting comment, it was only the more attractive to him, when, as now, it was by accident vouchsafed to him.

'You speak of a thousand pounds,' said Evelyn smiling, 'as if it were a thousand pence. I don't know whether my brother and sisters have been similarly remembered; but, if so, we ought not to be pitied. I have heard you say yourself that money is like an elastic band which can be made to go far, or not, at the will of its possessor.'

'Yes,' he put in quickly, 'if he has been accustomed to practice economy. I was speaking of such a person as myself—not of one like you. Our

cases are very different. I have few wants, and some even of those I have of necessity'—here he gave a little sigh—'been compelled to forego; but you—'

'Nursed in the lap of luxury,' interrupted Evelyn, with mock gravity, 'enervated by indulgence, and the slave of fashion; I know what you are going to say.'

'Indeed I was not going to say that, Evelyn, he answered hurriedly. 'I had no thought of blaming you; only when life has gone very smoothly with us, as it has with you, to find the road suddenly become rough or difficult; it will not, indeed, be very rough, thank Heaven, in your case, nor toilsome—'

'And why, Mr. Dyneley, should you thank Heaven for that on my account?' interrupted Evelyn, with a touch of pride. 'Have you so low an opinion of me as to imagine that even poverty, had I to face it, would appal me; that its chill atmosphere would destroy me like a butterfly who can only live in summer time?'

'No, no, Evelyn; you have never shrunk from duties from which other young ladies in your position might well have excused themselves'—he was referring to her constant visits among the parish poor; 'you need not look displeased. If I appear to wrong you in this matter, it is, Heaven knows, from no ill opinion of you; but you have always seemed to me one so far apart—above all vulgar needs, and—oh, Evelyn, if I had *my* will, the very breath of Heaven should never visit your cheek too roughly.'

'You are too tender-hearted, Mr. Dyneley, and too kind.'

'Yes; that is true,' he answered, sadly. 'I am too tender-hearted—that is to myself. Poor as I am, I have been extravagant enough to indulge myself in the luxury of a dream.'

He took her hand, and held it gently in his own. 'May I tell you my dream, the dream of my life, Evelyn?'

It was easy to read in his face what he had dreamt, and that he was dream-

ing still. She slowly disengaged her fingers from his hold, and answered softly, 'Not to-day, Mr. Dyneley; not just now;' her eyes dropped upon her sable garb and stayed there; they shrank (though not with loathing, as they had done in Walcot's case) from the young man's impassioned gaze.

The Curate felt her reproof a just one; but that was not why he submitted to it with so good a grace; it was indeed no time to press a love suit, but without pressing he felt the rapturous conviction that it would be granted. His friend and patron was lying newly dead in his own churchyard, but it was impossible for him in that hour of blossoming hope to keep his heart in mourning. As Evelyn and he walked slowly home together, side by side, he felt like one walking by an angel, to whom it is forbidden him to speak of Heaven.

The young ladies at Halcombe had a sanctum of their own, next the school-room, where they were wont to pursue certain studies, and which was 'taboo' to all visitors, but, by virtue of his cousinship, George Gresham would occasionally venture thither, when he had reason to believe that they were not within, but that Elise might be. She read German with them there most mornings, and in the afternoons would sometimes sit down at Milly's writing-desk, which was always at her disposal, and continue one of those interminable epistles to her aunt at Heidelberg, which it is the habit of exiled German maidens in England to indite to their relatives in the Fatherland.

On his return from that interview with Lawyer Sturt at Mirton, Gresham had sought this apartment, with the excellent excuse of retailing what had happened to his fair cousins if he found them there, and if not—as occurred in this instance—to have a precious moment or two with Elise. He found her at the desk, as usual, but without pen in hand, and her pleasant face had such unaccustomed traces of woe upon

it as prompted him immediately to remove them after Love's fashion.

'Oh, George, George,' she murmured, 'it is wrong to kiss me, wrong to love me; I am very, very wretched.'

'Your statements are inconsistent with one another, Elise mine,' was his prompt reply. 'If you are wretched, there is the more necessity that I should kiss and comfort you; but what has happened?'

'I have been your ruin.'

'That is news, indeed,' he said. 'My own impression has long been the reverse of that, and is to-day stronger than ever, for you have given me something to live for and work for.'

'To work,' she repeated. 'Yes, but why has it become necessary for you to work at all? Oh, I have heard all about it from Millicent. You have been disinherited, and, alas, upon my account. I have been your ruin.'

'You said that before, darling, but the repetition of a statement does not make it a fact. I have been disinherited by the machinations of a scoundrel, to whom, nevertheless, I feel thankful, because he might have so contrived it, that what has fallen to my share should only have been left me on condition of my not marrying you, in which case we should have had to marry on nothing at all. You are not so contaminated, I hope, by your connection with this nation of shopkeepers and millionaires, as to call 5,000*l* nothing?'

'No, George, no; in my eyes, of course, it is a fortune.'

'Well, come, that is a comfort. I thought you were going to jilt me because I was not rich enough.'

'How can you talk so; you know that it is not on my own account that I am so mi—mi—miserable. If I had only never met you on board that unlucky ship!'

'O thank you,' put in Gresham, with a bow of acknowledgment. 'If you had only met somebody else in-

stead, I admit it might have been better for you.'

'Not better for me, George, no; you were far too good for me—every way. But I selfishly allowed myself to be persuaded by you, and then Sir Robert came to know of our engagement—as I knew he would—and instead of your being made his heir, as would otherwise have been the case, he has left you next to nothing.'

'Next to nothing,' repeated Gresham, in mock amazement. 'She calls 5,000*l*. next to nothing. As to my own ability to gain a living, it is plain what she thinks of that. I am a fool and a beggar.'

'It is *I* that am the fool, and worse, to have beggared *you*,' answered Elise, bitterly. And once more she burst into tears.

'Now, my dear girl, don't cry, but listen to reason,' said Gresham, with tender gravity, 'and only see how a plain tale, as Mr. Raynes would say, shall put you down. The truth of the matter is, that in any case Ferdinand Walcot would have ousted me, as my uncle's heir, and put himself in my place. My love for you may have been his excuse; but I feel convinced that if it had not been afforded him, he would have found another. Do you suppose, for example, if Evelyn and I had agreed to marry—which we could not have done—that *that* would have saved me?'

'No, that would not have saved you, George.'

Her tone was so significant that it attracted Gresham's attention. 'Well, I am glad you see that,' said he, 'but why are you so sure?'

'Because Mr. Walcot loves her himself.'

'What, *he*—that villain? Do you mean to say that he wanted to marry Evelyn?'

'Oh, yes, and he really loved her, too, so far as he was capable of it. I saw that from the first.'

'What a clever girl you must be, Elise!'

'Not so,' she answered simply; it was because I loved *you*, George.'

'I understand,' replied he, thoughtfully; 'that made you detect the diagnosis of the same malady in another. Well, I am glad *I* didn't detect it, or I should have killed him. But are you quite sure?'

'Quite—more so to-day than ever; for I hear that Evelyn has been left only a thousand pounds; but the others three thousand. That was Mr. Walcot's doing, of course.'

'Yet that doesn't look as if he loved her.'

'Yes, it does. The poorer she was left, the more likely he thought she would be to accept his ill-gotten wealth, and him along with it.'

'My dear Elise, your sagacity alarms me. You should be placed at once at the head of the "Intelligence Department" of your beloved Fatherland. Why even Mr. Sturt never thought of this.'

'I don't suppose Mr. Sturt is in love.'

'Well, I should be inclined to think he isn't,' admitted Gresham; 'or if he is, that his passion is not reciprocated. Does any one else know about this?'

'I think Millicent does.'

'Then Milly is in love, too, I suppose?'

'There is no doubt of that—with your friend, Mr. Mayne.'

'Then we're all in love together!' exclaimed Gresham, comically. 'I object, however, to Walcot's entertaining the same sentiments, or anything like them, as myself, and especially with regard to Evelyn. Do you think he has ventured to speak with her?'

'It is possible: he is not one to miss an opportunity.'

'If I had caught him at it,' observed Gresham, confidently, 'I would have pounded him to a jelly.'

'So would somebody else,' observed Elise with significance.

'No? Do you really mean it? Then it must be Dyneley.'

'Of course it is. Mind, I don't think *he* has spoken to her. *He* is not one to take advantage of every opportunity of declaring himself, like Mr. Walcot, or Mr. George Gresham——'

'I object to being bracketed with that man in anything,' put in Gresham.

'Why so?' inquired Elise innocently. 'He is clever and accomplished; and Millicent tells me he is now possessed of at least 12,000*l.* a year.'

'What nonsense! Supposing even he had 120,000*l.* a year that would make no difference to Evelyn. I know her so well, and respect her so much.'

'I know it,' interrupted Elise, with a little sigh. 'It is a misfortune for you that you could not go a little farther; would that you had fallen in love with her instead of me? It is all my selfishness that has prevented it.'

'That is quite true,' said Gresham, gravely. 'It is yourself, and yourself only, who has won my love—though not from any other woman. As for regretting it, my darling, your wisdom should teach you in any case not to cry over spilt milk; but it is my firm conviction that the present condition of affairs, though it may seem untoward, will all work together for good—that is for my good, you know.'

She nodded; of course she understood that; what others' good could she be thinking about?

'I mean, Elise, instead of being an idle worthless fellow, I now mean to make my own way in the world. My notion is to read for the Bar, and become Lord Chancellor.'

'Good,' she said. She did not understand the legal title, but recognised the plan as admirable.

'I should never had done a stroke of work for myself,' he went on, 'if I had been my uncle's heir; and you always said that idleness was so bad for me.'

'Is reading for the Bar and becoming Lord Chancellor very difficult George?' inquired Elise, simply.

'Oh, dear, no. You want connex-

ions, that is all ; if you were an attorney's daughter it would be the easiest thing in the world ; but as it is, I know Lady Arden has a cousin who is an attorney, and when I am ready for him, she will ask him down to the Hall.'

'And in the meantime?' inquired Elise, gravely.

'Oh, in the meantime we shall marry.'

It was impossible to resist this genial and light-hearted young fellow, who parried the sharp stroke of Fate with a jest, and met all foreboding with a smile.

'It would be madness,' she murmured, while she suffered her last tear to be kissed away.

'It is a very common madness, darling,' said he, softly. 'Look yonder.'

He pointed to the window which commanded the whole valley, save those spots surrounded by the envious trees. Through the field that lay between the Hall and the Farm ran a pleasant brook, beside which two figures were now lingering. These were Mayne and Millicent. They were looking down into the clear water, a position which offered the same opportunity of seeing one another as that of being face to face, and had the advantage of not being so demonstrative.

'They are not thinking of drowning themselves—those two,' continued Gresham. 'And yet what *can* he be at?'

They were standing on the very brink, and Mayne was stooping down, with his hand in the water.

'It is where the forget-me-nots grow,' said Elise, softly.

'Ah, I see,' replied the young fellow, 'he is what the Americans call "bunching" her.'

## CHAPTER XLV.

### MR. RAYNES DOES BUSINESS.

IT is not to be supposed although the love-making by the young couples

at the Hall trod so very closely upon the heels of the death of its late head, that they were unmindful of his memory, or were embittered against him. His very demise had in fact, in at least two cases out of the three, left them free for the first time to openly avow their sentiments. For Gresham had been hitherto restrained (not of his own will indeed, but through the influence of Elise), from the fear of giving Walcot an excuse for effecting his total ruin, and Dyneley, as we have seen, from the inequality of fortune which, while Sir Robert was alive, seemed to place Evelyn out of his reach ; while even Milly had now become in a manner her own mistress, and thereby gave a certain encouragement to Mayne to press his suit. It was natural enough, nor is it surely to be regretted, that even death's proximity cannot still the pulses of youth and love, yet a certain remorse was felt more or less by all of them, and especially by the young women, that they could nourish such tender and gracious thoughts at such a time.

The condition of Lady Arden, too, seemed a living reproof to them. Now that her indignation was no more excited by the presence of Walcot, her grief resumed its sway. She reproached herself with fancied shortcomings in her past relations with the dead man, and dwelt, with poignant sorrow, upon his many virtues of generosity and tenderness. It could justly be said of her, as is cynically written of widows in general, that she had never appreciated her husband's worth at its true value till she had lost him. She even charged herself—most unjustly—with the change of late in his conduct towards her and hers.

The grief at home for Sir Robert's loss, in short, was so general and genuine that it caused them, perhaps, to somewhat underrate his good qualities. They had no patience with the folly that had made him the tool of a man whom they had all disliked and

feared, and they resented as landed proprietors the diversion of his estate from its legitimate channel into the pockets of an adventurer. Such was the term they did not now hesitate to apply to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot; for after all, except that he was Sir Robert's brother-in-law, who was there that knew anything about him? The circumstances of the first marriage of the late baronet was shrouded in mystery. There were Walcots in Debrett and Burke, but none of them were connections of the first Lady Arden. She herself was disposed of in the baronetage in a very few lines, and of course under the head of 'Arden.' 'Marr. June 5, 18—Madeline, daughter of Mr. John Walcot.' A man who was not even an Esquire, and had apparently no fixed place of residence. A clever nobody is always looked upon with suspicion in a country neighbourhood, which, if he aggrandises himself, are naturally confirmed. Moreover, although Mr. Walcot was capable of attaching persons to his interest, and even of winning their regard, this was effected by superiority of intellect, and a certain personal influence which, while almost magical over individuals, failed with the general public altogether. The case is by no means uncommon, and has its parallel at St. Stephen's, where many men are popular whom the country at large refuses to accept, and *vice versa*.

The general impression about Halcombe, I am obliged to say, was that the family at the Hall, and more especially George Gresham, had not only been wronged by Sir Robert's will, but that they had been swindled out of their rights; and that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was a swindler.

Still, it is necessary to do business occasionally with very disagreeable, and even dishonest, persons, and it came to pass that Lady Arden's friend and neighbour, Mr. Raynes, had a certain affair to transact with Mr. Walcot.

While Sir Robert was alive, he had felt a delicacy about asking him to sell the Four-Acre field, as it was called, contiguous to his own little property, but now that the field had fallen into new hands—not particularly clean ones, and which would certainly have no scruples about 'breaking up the estate,' if it should seem to his advantage—Mr. Raynes made his bid through his solicitor, Mr. Hayling.

To his surprise he received a note from Mr. Walcot himself, to the effect that he declined, for private reasons, having any dealings with Mr. Hayling, but if, as an old acquaintance, Mr. Raynes chose to call upon him, any time he chanced to be in town, he had no doubt that the matter could be arranged to his satisfaction.

If Mr. Raynes had been like other people, he might, perhaps, have hesitated to do business in this unusual fashion, but being a person *sui generis* (on which the other had probably calculated), and being besides a very Ahab in his desire for the field in question, he at once resolved to accede to this suggestion. He accordingly ran up to town, and called upon Mr. Walcot at his hotel, the Cosmopolitan. He had timed his visit in the morning, in order to be sure to find him at home, yet not so early but that his surprise was somewhat excited at learning that Mr. Walcot had not yet breakfasted. He was, however, shown to his sitting-room, a very handsome one on the first floor, and had not long to wait his coming. Mr. Raynes was not a man of keen observation, but the alternative in his old acquaintance's appearance struck him as very marked. A few months only had elapsed since he had last seen him, but if they had been years he would not have looked for so great a change. Mr. Walcot's features always sharp, had become still more so, his complexion, always pale, was now almost colourless; and his eyes, formerly, as Mr. Raynes said to himself, 'the best

part of the fellow,' were no longer soft and lustrous, but haggard and cavernous, the very homes of care. 'I am sorry to be so late,' was his first greeting; 'in the country, you will be my witness, I used to keep better hours; but the fact is, I don't sleep very well in London.'

Mr. Raynes thought to himself, 'You look as if you never slept at all,' but he felt no pity for the man on that account; that insulting proviso in Sir Robert's will that now hauled poor Gresham up every morning at so unwelcomed an hour (which everybody knew had been dictated by Walcot) occurred to him at once, and 'it serves the beggar right' was his reflection.

What he *said*, however, was, 'Ah, you are not used to the carts and omnibuses.' And then he grinned from ear to ear, as though he had been delivered of an epigram.

'It is certainly noisier here than at Halcombe,' returned Mr. Walcot. 'By the bye, [here the waiter brought in the morning paper, and the speaker paused till he went out again] 'how are all the good folks at Halcombe?'

'All well in health, except, perhaps, Lady Arden, and even in her case I fancy that mental trouble has more to do with her state of health than—'

'And the children?' interrupted Mr. Walcot.

'Oh, the boys are in high feather; indeed, I think Frank is brighter than he used to be; the discredit that attached to the poor lad about that giant he met on his way from our house, until all was so happily cleared up, I do believe affected his spirits, for he seems quite another boy; as for the Great Baba, he is the same affable tyrant as ever.'

'But the others—the girls?'

'Oh, I didn't know you included them in your inquiry after the children; they are both as charming as ever, and, as you have doubtless

heard, their charms have been appreciated.'

'I have heard nothing,' said Mr. Walcot, in a husky voice, and tones of which he endeavoured in vain to render indifferent.

'Miss Millicent is going to make a great match with Mr. Mayne, George Gresham's friend; it is not going to come off just yet, I believe, though really, under the circumstances—'

And here Mr. Raynes began to stammer, remembering by whom the circumstances (namely, of Sir Robert's estrangement) had been brought about.

'And Evelyn?' inquired Mr. Walcot, taking up *The Times*.

This action—committed at the expense of courtesy—was intended to convey extreme indifference, and also perhaps, to hide the workings of his countenance; but his companion noticed and mentioned it afterwards—how the paper trembled in his hand.

'Well, they say she, too, is going to make a love match, though not so splendid a one as her sister. Rumour gives her to the Curate, Dyneley; one of the best of men. He was always very friendly with the family; but the affair has taken them all by surprise, I hear. The wedding, however, like her sister's, is not to come off just yet, whereas George Gresham's—you were aware, no doubt, of his *penchant* for the pretty little governess?'

Walcot bowed his head. It was not so much a gesture of assent, however, as the mechanical action of one who affects attention when his mind is far away.

'Well, he is going to make short work of it. There is an inconvenience, you see, in his intended's staying on at the Hall, as half friend, half governess; so the young couple are to be made one next month. The whole family are coming up to town, under pretence of getting her *trousseau*; but in reality, as I understand, in hopes to divert Lady Arden's melancholy.'

Here Mr. Raynes' unaccustomed flow of speech was arrested by the expression of his companion's face, which had suddenly become distorted as if from internal passion. His eyes, still fixed upon the paper, were starting almost out of his head, and his teeth were set together like those of one in a fit.

'Good Heavens! is there anything the matter, Mr. Walcot?'

'With *mé*, no!' The sudden distortion had disappeared and was replaced by the old quiet smile of superiority. 'It is a weakness of mine, Mr. Raynes to show my feelings, when any act of wrong or cruelty is brought under my notice. I had the discourtesy to cast my eyes on such a case in to-day's paper while you were addressing me, pardon me; with respect to this four-acre field, then, you were saying——'

'I have said nothing about it yet,' observed Mr. Raynes with an aggrieved air; for he felt that he had been wasting his breath for the last ten minutes.

'This is the map of the estate,' said Mr. Walcot, pointing to where it hung on the walls; 'there have been a great number of nibbles at it; but I wish to sell the whole to one man. However, in your case, I shall be glad to serve an old friend.'

Mr. Raynes did not altogether relish this compliment; but he bowed his acknowledgments nevertheless.

'I was thinking that ten pounds an acre would be a fair price for such land as that, Mr. Walcot; you see it is rather an outlying bit, and doesn't spoil the symmetry of the Halcombe property, as it were;' and he indicated with his finger the situation of the spot in question.

As there was no reply, he turned his head, and there was Mr. Walcot poring once more over the newspaper, as though he had been alone in the room. He had certainly no intention of being discourteous, for the next moment he was profuse in his apologies

'To be frank with you, Mr. Raynes, I am not myself this morning. It is unusual with me, as you know, to exhibit such weakness; but I have seen here the death of an old friend. Once more, forgive me. You shall have the Four-Acre field at a reasonable price.'

'I named ten pounds an acre,' observed Mr. Raynes.

'Then so let it be. If you will only put the matter in legal form, but not through Mr. Hayling, if you please—I have my own reasons for declining to do business with that gentleman.—You may consider the matter settled.'

'I am really obliged to you, Mr. Walcot. I am sorry I should have brought ill news with me——'

'Who *said* you had brought ill-news?' inquired the other with irritation.

'Nay, I only meant the coincidence of my calling on so unfortunate a morning. You said a friend had died.'

'True, true. It is too early to offer you any refreshment? Good morning, then; *good morning*.'

'I have got the field,' soliloquised Mr. Raynes, when he found himself outside the door, 'and I have escaped from a madman! What the deuce can be the matter with the man? He's off his head for certain. I believe I could have bought the land for five pounds an acre. However, it is a good bargain as it stands, and I'll get it ratified at once. I musn't go to Hayling, it seems; but there's that Mr. Sturt, Mayne's lawyer. I'll go to *him*.'

As his cab drove away from the door of the 'Cosmopolitan,' its commissioner stood staring after it with his mouth at fullest stretch—a faint reflex of the grimace with which Mr. Raynes had favoured him instead of six-pence.

'Well, I'm blessed,' exclaimed that astonished official, 'if *ever* I seed a gentlemen grin so.'

(*To be continued.*)

“GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.”

BY SAMUEL J. WATSON.

WITH finger on her hushed and holy lips,  
 The Judean Night dreams on her star-lit throne :  
 Lo ! the Lord's Presence hath around her shone,  
 Pouring miraculous dawn o'er day's eclipse :  
 Then Heaven unbosoms an Apocalypse,  
 As its rapt host sings, flashing into sight,  
 “Glory to God, in the highest : on earth Light,  
 Peace and Good-Will towards men.” Lebanon dips  
 His plumes of a thousand years in wonderment  
 As the words shake the silence o'er him furled :  
 Faith says “that Psalm will fill the firmament,  
 With infinite promise, till Time cease to be ;  
 Despair and Death chained men, God set them free,  
 When He came down that night to save the world.”

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THOU knowest, O my Father ! Why should I  
 Weary high heaven with restless prayers and tears?  
 Thou knowest all ! My heart's unuttered cry  
 Hath soared beyond the stars and reached Thine ear.

Thou knowest—ah, Thou knowest ! Then what need,  
 O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er and o'er,  
 And with persistent iteration plead  
 As one who crieth at some closed door ?

“Tease not ?” we mothers to our children say,—  
 “Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best.”  
 Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee alway,  
 Begging for this and that in wild unrest ?

I dare not clamour at the heavenly gate,  
 Lest I should lose the high, sweet strains within ;  
 O, Love Divine ! I can but stand and wait  
 Till Perfect Wisdom bids me enter in !

*From 'Friar Anselmo.'*

## SPENCER'S 'DATA OF ETHICS.'\*

BY A. W. GUNDRY.

IN publishing this work before the completion of vols. II. and III. of the *Principles of Sociology*, which logically precede it, Mr. Spencer deviates from the order originally laid down in the programme of his Synthetic Philosophy. He has been led to do so, as he explains in the preface, by the fear that persistence in conforming to that order 'might result in leaving the final work of the series unexecuted. Hints, repeated of late years with increasing frequency and distinctness, have shown me that health may permanently fail, even if life does not end, before I reach the last part of the work I have marked out for myself.' There is a resigned sadness in this sentence which will remind the reader of a well-known passage in Buckle, in which he realized that only a fragment of his great work could be achieved in what remained to him of life. Happily the parallel ceases here. Mr. Spencer, were his apprehensions realized, would leave behind him, not a mere fragment but a system of thought, theoretically and abstractly, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, with nothing lacking but the practical deductions necessary for its application to life and conduct. Moreover, according to the latest accounts, Mr. Spencer has now fully recovered his health.

But to have left his philosophic system without any indication of its bearings upon actual life, without some definite statement of its ethical aspect, would have been to have left it without the very keystone of the arch; to have

omitted that part of his task to which, as he says, he regards all the preceding parts as subsidiary. From the publication, in 1842, of his first essay on *The Proper Sphere of Government*, he adds, 'my ultimate purpose, lying behind all proximate purposes, has been that of finding for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large, a scientific basis. To leave this purpose unfulfilled after making so extensive a preparation for fulfilling it, would be a failure, the probability of which I do not like to contemplate; and I am anxious to preclude it, if not wholly, still partially. Hence the step I now take.' The necessity for 'the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis,' strikes Mr. Spencer as especially urgent at the present moment, when, to use his own words, 'moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin.' Those who are already conversant with the general tenour of Mr. Spencer's views, as, indeed, of the prevalent views of the most prominent scientific writers of the day, will not be startled to meet this bold assumption at the outset. Doubtless it will be widely resented as unwarranted by the facts, and will bring down upon him much hostile criticism, which, indeed, he fully expects. But all who, having eyes, will see, are well aware that, whether it be gratuitous or not, the assumption is not peculiar to Mr. Spencer, or by any means unheard of in these latter days. Not unbelievers only, but distinguished Christians participated some time ago in a *Symposium* at which was discussed 'The Influence upon Morality of a

\* *The Data of Ethics*: By HERBERT SPENCER, New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1879. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Decline in Religious Belief,' and it was certainly never objected that the Symposium was an anachronism; while it was only last month that Prof. Goldwin Smith discussed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 'The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum,' upon a very distinct enunciation of the same assumption. Thus, without here entering at all into the merits of the question, it is evident that Mr. Spencer cannot justly be made the scape-goat for an assumption which, however much it may be combated, is certainly 'in the air' of the intellectual life of the day, and familiar to all who breathe it; though it may be startling and unwelcome to those who studiously keep their mental windows down. Therefore, a work like the present one should be read fairly and without prejudice, upon its own premises, if it is to be properly estimated or successfully criticised. Those who are inclined to lose their temper over the assumption referred to, will be wise to read no further than the preface; for they will certainly not be soothed as they proceed. With more philosophic minds a work written with such a serious conviction of its necessity, and such a masterly breadth of treatment, cannot but command respectful examination, if not agreement. Not many, at all events, will dispute the very solemn truth of Mr. Spencer's remark that 'few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it.' The seriousness of this consideration is fully recognised on the Christian side, and no argument is more commonly employed against the encroachments of sceptical criticism than that it aims at the overthrow of a creed on which is based the whole of current morality, and offers no valid substitute for what it would destroy. How far it is to the honour of the defended creed to meet attacks upon its truth with the plea that it ought to be left undisputed

because, whether true or not, it is very useful for keeping people in order, need not now be discussed. It is, at all events, an argument *ad terrorem* which is used with considerable effect, but not always with great discrimination. Against Mr. Spencer, whose philosophy is both in name and purpose, not destructive, but synthetic, it has always been inappropriate; and will now be even more out of place. For in this work the orthodox challenge is definitely met, and the substitute which modern science and non-Christian thought have to offer for the Christian basis of ethics is indicated in outline; although not containing the specific conclusions to be set forth in the entire work, yet implying them in 'such wise, that definitely to formulate them requires nothing beyond logical deduction.'

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Spencer derives the first principles of the 'fitter regulative system' which he considers destined, in some shape, to replace the current one, from an application to the facts of life and conduct of the theory of evolution. Hitherto the ethical tendencies of this, the representative doctrine of modern scientific thought, have been discussed only in a very loose and general fashion, which has allowed of a good deal of optimistic overstatement on the one side and not very logical hostile depreciation on the other. Here we see them traced by the master hand and brought into strict logical relation with the first principles of that comprehensive system of thought which the same hand has already reared, and with the vast body of facts on which it is based.

If evolution be the governing principle of the phenomena of life in general, it must apply to conduct, which is but part of the aggregate of actions, that part which comprehends acts adjusted to ends. Ethics, again, being concerned with but a part of conduct at large, conduct at large must be generally understood before that part can

be specially understood; and to understand conduct at large, as exhibited by all living creatures in their adjustment of acts to ends, we are obliged to study the evolution of conduct. In doing so, we find that the most highly evolved conduct is that in which the adjustment of acts to ends is most complete,—that which best subserves the maintenance of individual life, both in length and fulness, together with maintenance of progeny, and thus of the race;—and this not only without interfering with other creatures in the attainment of similar ends, but assisting them therein by co-operation. On examining the leading moral ideas men have otherwise reached, we find that this highly-evolved conduct, coincides with what is pronounced good conduct, and that what we recognize as the ideal goal to the natural evolution of conduct, is what is recognized as the ideal standard of conduct ethically considered. 'Other things equal, well adjusted self-conserving acts we call good; other things equal, we call good the acts that are well adjusted for bringing up progeny capable of complete living; and other things equal, we ascribe goodness to acts which further the complete living of others' (page 44). It is evident that these judgments involve the assumption that life is desirable. The pessimist cannot consistently call good, acts subserving the maintenance of life. But pessimist and optimist agree on the postulate that life is desirable or undesirable 'according as the average consciousness accompanying it is pleasurable or painful. Whence it follows, that if we call the good conduct conducive to life, we can do so only with the implication that it is conducive to a surplus of pleasures over pains' (p. 45). 'This view of conduct as good or bad, 'according as its aggregate results, to self or others or both, are pleasurable or painful,' Mr. Spencer demonstrates conclusively to be involved in all the current judgments on conduct; while

every other proposed standard really derives its authority therefrom. 'Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inextinguishable element of the conception' of an ultimate moral aim. 'It is as much a necessary form of moral intuition as space is a necessary form of intellectual intuition.' Further, as Mr. Spencer points out 'this necessity of thought originates in the very nature of sentient existence. Sentient existence can evolve only on condition that pleasure-giving acts are life-sustaining acts.' Thus, the most highly evolved existence will be that in which there is a maximum of pleasurable sentiency; and it has been already shown that the conduct subserving this highest degree of evolution is, ethically considered, the best. Therefore it is the business of ethics to discover the *laws* by virtue of which certain conduct conduces to this highest stage of evolution, this *maximum of happiness*, this *summum bonum*; 'to determine *how* and *why* certain modes of conduct are detrimental, and certain other modes beneficial.' The mere conclusion, based upon an empirical induction from known facts, that certain conduct *is* beneficial, or *vice versa*, does not satisfy the requirements of a scientific system of morality. At this point, indeed, we discover the chief defect of all current methods of ethics, *i. e.* the entire absence, or inadequate presence in them, of the idea of causation. Mr. Spencer brings out this fact very saliently in the course of his examination of the moral theories of the theological, the political (or 'Act of Parliament'), and the intuitional schools of ethics. He then criticizes, as exhibiting the same neglect of ultimate causal connections, the empirical branch of that Utilitarianism which, in its 'greatest happiness' principle, would seem entitled to claim him as an adherent. The Utilitarianism, he says, 'which recognises only the principles of conduct reached by induction, is but preparatory to the Utilitarian-

ism which deduces those principles from the processes of life as carried on under established conditions of existence. . . . Every science begins by accumulating observations, and presently generalizes these empirically; but only when it reaches the stage at which its empirical generalizations are included in a rational generalization, does it become developed science. Astronomy has already passed through its successive stages,—while geology, biology, psychology, and sociology are becoming sciences proper only as fast as the phenomena with which their generalizations deal, are explained as consequences of ultimate principles. Ethics can be considered a developed science only when it has undergone a like transformation. 'A preparation in the simpler sciences is pre-supposed. Ethics has a physical aspect; since it treats of human activities which, in common with all expenditures of energy conform to the law of the persistence of energy: moral principles must conform to physical necessities. It has a biological aspect; since it concerns certain effects, inner and outer, individual and social, of the vital changes going on in the highest type of animal. It has a psychological aspect; for its subject matter is an aggregate of actions that are prompted by feelings and guided by intelligence. And it has a sociological aspect; for these actions, some of them directly and all of them indirectly, affect associated beings. What is the implication? Belonging under one aspect to each of these sciences—physical, biological, psychological, sociological,—it can find its ultimate interpretations only in those fundamental truths which are common to all of them.'

The phenomena dealt with by each of these sciences conforming to the laws of Evolution, we are brought in a more special way to the conclusion already arrived at, that 'conduct at large, including the conduct Ethics deals with, is to be fully understood only as an aspect of evolving life;'

and Mr. Spencer, therefore, proceeds to the consideration of moral phenomena as phenomena of evolution, taking in succession the physical view, the biological view, the psychological view, and the sociological view. The conclusions at which he arrives in each of these departments the reader must seek in Mr. Spencer's work itself. Here it must suffice to have indicated his method, and to add that, in the fundamental truths which that method discloses, we find those laws, by acting in harmony with which human conduct will attain to the highest degree of evolution, so producing as we have seen, the *maximum* of happiness, and therefore, *ex hypothesi*, of moral excellence. Consequently, upon a 'rational generalization' of those laws must be based that system of Absolute Ethics which will govern 'the ideal man as existing in the ideal social state. On the evolution-hypothesis, the two presuppose one another; and only when they co-exist, can there exist that ideal conduct which Absolute Ethics has to formulate, and which Relative Ethics has to take as the standard by which to estimate divergencies from right, or degrees of wrong' (p. 280).

The primary principle of Mr. Spencer's moral theory.—'Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings,'—stated thus nakedly, is of course liable to much misinterpretation. It is consequently with reluctance that this brief paper is brought to a conclusion without something more than a mere allusion to his qualifications of that principle, and his insistence on the necessity of supplementing it with secondary principles. But the limits of my space render it impossible for me to enter further into detail, or to improve in any respect on the bald abstract I have given of, perhaps, one of the most important and significant works of the day. It is with especial regret that I am forced to leave altogether unnoticed Mr. Spencer's exhaustive discussion of the claims of

Egoism *vs.* Altruism, and Altruism *vs.* Egoism, which is of fascinating interest.

The problem, how to harmonize them, has always been a standing difficulty among such moralists as have realized that the extreme theories on both sides,—pure self-abnegation as well as pure self-gratification—are equally suicidal. Mr. Spencer seems

to have found the golden mean; and his chapter on their 'Conciliation' by the concurrent diminution of pain and evolution of sympathy, gives a forecast of a future morality so noble that none who honour Christianity wisely, will resent his reference to this evolutionist ideal as 'a rationalized version of its ethical principles.'

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## SONG OF THE ENGLISH LABOURER.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

FROM the crowded city streets, and its marts there comes a cry,—  
 'There is nought that we can do—we have not wherewith to buy;  
 There is plenty all around,—sumptuously the rich are fed;  
 But who careth for the poor?—who will give his children bread?

'Studious leisure we have not, and we know not cultured ease,  
 We know naught of the painter's art, nor of poet's melodies;  
 Refinement never gilds the path we wearily pursue,—  
 It is counted well with us if we have our work to do.

'The pittance is but scant, and but grudgingly 'tis paid,  
 When the factory, mine, and mill, give the humble toilers aid;  
 Fancies fine and soothing dreams have no room our hearts to please;  
 But starvation and distress are our stern realities.

'O rich man, unto whom all the mingled treasures flow,  
 When the tide of commerce ebbs, let your wheels and spindles go!  
 From the toiler's heart remove the foreboding and the fear  
 That the woful hour of want is forever drawing near.

'Yet even to the poor there are none who may deny  
 The beauty of the earth, and the splendour of the sky;  
 And better far than gold, unto which the sordid cling,  
 Is a spirit that delights in each fair and noble thing.

'And Love will ope the gates when the father comes at eve,  
 And the little children run his caresses to receive;  
 And Love will light the home, when the mother's constant smile  
 Doth the father's willing heart to its burden reconcile.'

## SELECTIONS.

## THE PROSPECT OF A MORAL INTERREGNUM.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., TORONTO.

IN a paper on the results of universal suffrage which appeared a short time ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, among the adverse influences for which allowance ought to be made, was mentioned the disturbance of morality, political and general, at the present juncture by the breaking up of religious belief. The writer has since been struck, on more than one occasion, by the unsuspecting complacency with which thinkers of the Materialist or the Agnostic School seem to regard the immediate future; as though religion had been merely an obstruction in the way of science, and its removal were sure to be followed by a happy acceleration of scientific progress without danger to morality, or to anything else in human life. Some of them speak as if the peculiar moral code of Christianity would remain unaffected, or would even practically gain influence, by the total destruction of the Christian faith. They seem almost to think that, under the reign of evolution, natural selection, and the struggle for existence, the Sermon on the Mount will still be accepted as perfectly true; that the Christian beatitudes will retain their place; and that meekness, humility, poverty of spirit, forgiveness, unworldliness, will continue to be regarded as virtues. Much less do they suspect that the brotherhood of man may fall when its present foundation fails, or that the weak things of this world may miss the protection which the life and death of Christ and the consecration of his character have hitherto afforded them against the strong. The truth is that many who have renounced Christianity have not yet ceased to be Christians, or begun to regard human nature and society from any but an es-

entially Christian point of view. In the next generation Evolutionists and the belief in the struggle for existence will be clear of the penumbra of gospel morality, and the world will then have their Sermon on the Mount.

It is commonly assumed by Positivists (if that is the appropriate name for the anti-theological school) that the religions of the world have been merely so many primitive and unscientific attempts to explain the origin of things and the phenomena of nature by reference to the arbitrary action of a divinity or a group of divinities. Were it so, we might see the last of them go to its grave without misgiving, or rather with a jubilant sense of final emancipation. But the fact surely is quite otherwise. The religions have been much more than infantine cosmogonies or explanations of physical phenomena; each of them in its turn has been the basis of moral life, and especially of the moral life of the community; each of them after its fashion has been the support of righteousness and the terror of unrighteousness. Overlaid and disguised by fable, ceremony, and priestcraft the moral element has been, but it has always been present in everything that could be called a religious system. Particularly is this true of the great religions, and above all of Christianity, which is clearly an effort to improve morality and to give it a consecrated type and a divine foundation, not to explain phenomena of any kind. Apart, indeed, from miracles, which belong to a totally different category, the gospel says very little about the physical world; it rebukes an excessive belief in special interpositions of Providence by the apologue of the Tower of Siloam, and in the

single petition 'Give us this day our daily bread' it hardly implies anything more than sustaining care.

So with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. This may have been always mixed up more or less with animistic fancy, but animistic fancy is not the essence of it; the essence of it is, to righteousness assured reward, to unrighteousness inevitable retribution.

It may be that morality is now about to disengage itself finally from religion, and to find a new basis in science; but in the past it has rested on religious belief, and the collapse of religious belief has accordingly been always followed by a sort of moral interregnum.

It will not be questioned that the moral civilization of Hellas, for instance, in her earlier and brighter day, was supported by her religion. This is seen in every page of Herodotus, Æschylus, Pindar, Sophocles, the best mirrors of the heroic age. It appears in the religious character of Hellenic art, of the drama, of the games, as well as in the influence of the Eleusinian mysteries. It appears above all in the authority of the Delphic oracle. During that age, manifestly, power not seldom was led to forego its advantage, strength to respect the rights of weakness, by fear of the gods. In the relations between the separate states and their conduct towards each other the influence of religion wielded by the Delphic oracle was evidently powerful for good. Hellenic life, public and private, in those days was full of religion, which presented itself in different forms according to individual character and intellect; in the philosopher approaching moral theism, while among the people at large it was fed with ceremony and fable.

Every one knows the passage in *Œdipus Tyrannus* hymning in language of breadth and grandeur unsurpassed the religious source of the moral law: 'Be it ever mine to keep a devout purity concerning all things, whether words or deeds, whereof the laws are established on high, born of the heavenly ether, having no sire but Olympus, the offspring of none of mortal mould, nor ever to be buried in oblivion. Great in these is the divine power, and it waxeth not old.'

In Herodotus, Glaucus, renowned for his righteousness, receives a large deposit of money from a stranger. When, the depositor being dead, his sons apply for the money, the virtue of Glaucus fails;

he repudiates his trust. Afterwards he consults the Delphic oracle on the propriety of forswearing himself to keep his prize. 'O Glaucus,' answers the oracle, 'for the present it is expedient for thee to gain thy cause by false swearing and to embezzle the money. Swear, then; all alike must die, he that sweareth falsely and he that doth not. But the Oath hath an offspring that is nameless, without hands or feet; yet swiftly it pursues a man, till it overtakes and destroys his whole house and race. But he that sweareth and deceiveth not is in his posterity more blessed.' Glaucus implores the god to pardon him and to spare his race. But the oracle replies that to tempt the god is as bad as to do the act; and though Glaucus restores the money, the divine wrath extirpates his race, that penalty being the primitive and tribal equivalent for the future punishment threatened by more spiritual creeds.

That the sanction of morality in the conception of the historian and his contemporaries was not merely prudential, or of the kind cognizable by social science, but religious, appears most plainly from the words of the oracle, placing the corrupt thought on a level with the evil deed.

Hellenic religion, however, was entangled with a gross mythology, immoral legends, a worship of sacrifices, a thaumaturgic priesthood, an infantine cosmogony, a polytheistic division of the physical universe into the domains of a number of separate deities. It fell before awakened intellect and the first efforts of scientific speculation. Its fall and the rise of a physical philosophy on its ruins were ultimately conducive to progress. But Hellenic morality, especially public and international morality, felt the withdrawal of its basis. In *Thucydides* the presence of scientific scepticism in its early stage is strongly marked; at its side appears political Machiavellism, if we may use that name by anticipation; and the same page testifies to the general dissolution of moral ties and the lapse of Hellas into a state in which might made right, and public life became a mere struggle for existence, wherein the fittest, that is the strongest or the most cunning, survived. The Athenian envoys, in their controversy with the Melians, which is evidently intended by *Thucydides* to dramatize the prevailing morality, frankly enunciate the doctrine

that the more powerful must give the law, putting aside as the sheerest simplicity the idea that any one can expect to be sheltered by moral right; and their unhappy antagonists betray by their counter-plea a tragical consciousness that there is no power to which the weaker can appeal. In the well-known passage of the third book, moralizing on the civil war of Corcyra, the historian seems to struggle with the difficulties of rudimentary language in his endeavour to describe the general outburst of moral anarchy,—the unbridled perfidy, the treachery, factious violence, disregard of oaths and treaties, savage vindictiveness, inversion of moral ideas, exultation in evil, and, to use his own expression, the utter confusion of Hellenic life which reigned around him. In his explanation of the phenouema, the sceptical writer does not go beyond the immediate causes, faction and ambition; but his words on the disregard of oaths and the failure of religious restraints (*eusebeia*) indicate the connection between the collapse of religious belief and the ruin of morality.

Let Grote say what he will in vindication of the Sophists and against the common conception of them, it seems unreasonable to doubt that Hellenic depravity produced its Machiavels. Thucydides himself, by his praise of such a character as Antiphon, shows that he shared the moral obliquity which he paints. To combat the sophistic teachings and to stem the current of demoralization a pair of reformers arose, a sort of double star in the intellectual firmament,—Socrates and Plato, the moral life and its expositor. The Platonic philosophy is an attempt to establish morality on a new basis, immutable and indefeasible, beyond the flux of circumstance and above the specious shows of expediency; and this new basis, like that which it replaces, is manifestly religious. The ideas, or eternal and unchangeable essences, of Plato are an impersonal God, dimly conceived; they are what a writer of the present day tries to express by 'the Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness.' But the time had not come for any except the highest minds to dispense with traditional anthropomorphism, or accept a God manifested only in conscience and in the upward aspirations and strivings of the soul. Therefore, to conservatives, Socrates seemed a revolutionary sceptic. By the conservative Aristophanes he was

assailed as a subverter of religion and of morality at the same time, just as a liberal theologian, trying to give us fresh assurance of our faith, would be assailed by Tory orthodoxy at the present day. An attempt was afterwards made by the positivist Aristotle to place morality, not on a religious, but on a scientific and secular basis. His treatise is a work of genius, but in its main object it is a failure. Its cardinal doctrine that virtue is a mean, if true in a certain sense, is almost valueless; it supplies no motive power, and there is no reason for believing that it produced any effect upon Hellenic life.

That Roman virtue, public and private, was sustained by reverence for the gods is a fact which needs no proof. It is specially attested in a famous passage of Polybius, a foreign observer, shrewd, cool-headed, and, as the passage itself shows, no devotee. He compares together the principal polities of the world, and awards the palm to the Roman polity on account of its religious character. 'The thing in which the Roman commonwealth seems to me especially to have the advantage over all others is religious sentiment. That which is elsewhere described as superstition seems to me, in the case of Rome, to be the salvation of the state. I mean the fear of the gods. To so high and almost extravagant a pitch is this carried by them, both in public and private life, that nothing can exceed it. For my part, I regard this as a concession to the requirements of the multitude. In a commonwealth consisting wholly of wise men, such a policy would scarcely be needful. But as the multitude is always giddy, full of lawless desires, unreasoning anger, and all sorts of headstrong passions, the only course is to restrain it by fear of the invisible and by impressive figments of this kind. Wherefore, in my judgment, it was not without good reason that the statesmen of old instilled into the minds of the vulgar these notions about the gods and the belief in a future retribution. I should rather say that the statesmen of the present day are unwise and heedless in rejecting them. To take a single instance: among the Greeks, those who are entrusted with public money, even a single talent, in spite of their having ten sureties, as many seals, and double the number of witnesses, cannot be faithful to their trust; whereas among the Romans, though pub-

lic men, as magistrates or ambassadors, often have in their hands large sums of public money, the obligation of their oath suffices by itself to keep them in the path of right. In other nations you seldom find official purity; among the Romans you as seldom find official corruption.'

Roman religion, like that of Hellas, succumbed, and to forces similar in the main, though the philosophic and scientific scepticism was not native, but an importation from Hellas. Practical good sense probably played a more important part in the overthrow of superstition at Rome than in Hellas, and strategy would soon find it necessary to set the auguries at defiance. Contact with a great variety of religions, the toleration of which was prescribed by policy, must have bred a cynical indifference in the administrators and soldiers of the empire, as contact with the religion of the East undermined the Christian orthodoxy of the Templars. The result, at all events, was general scepticism, or indifference, and the decay of the reverence for the gods, in which Polybius saw the main-stay of Roman virtue. At the same time a tremendous strain was laid on public morality by the circumstances of the empire. There ensued a cataclysm of selfish ambition, profligate corruption, and murderous faction, which left to society only the choice between chaos and a military despotism. In the case of Hellas, also, the fall of liberty follows closely on the decay of religion. We must be careful, of course, in assigning the causes of the deterioration of public character, in Hellas as well as in republican Rome, to allow a due share to the pressure of external circumstances, such as the fatal rivalries of the republics and the growth of the Macedonian power. But upon the decline of Catholicism a similar lapse of Europe from the imperfect liberty of the feudal era into general despotism ensues; and after the second great collapse of religion in France comes the empire of the Bonapartes, an avowed reproduction of that of the Cæsars. Be the significance of the fact what it may, a fact it seems to be that hitherto only men with a religious belief, and a sanction for morality which they believe to be divine have been able to live under a government of law; and if any one doubts that there has been a certain thread of connection between the eclipse of faith and

the need of a government of force to keep men from mutual destruction and rapine, let him turn once more to the Leviathan of Hobbes. A political religion, to be sure, Hobbes has, but it is political indeed.

The last effort to reform the Roman republic and save what, with all its maladies and evils, was at least a government of law, was made by religious men; for Cato and Cicero were believers, not in the auguries, but in a supreme power of right, while Cæsar and his party were followers of Epicurus. When morality rallied, it was on a religious basis, at Rome not less than in Hellas, as any one who is acquainted with Roman Stoicism must know. Not only are the writings of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus theistic; they are in some respects thoroughly pietist. It is not surprising that this philosophy and the law, improved in humanity, which Stoic jurists moulded should have been claimed as the offspring of Christianity. Christian ideas, especially the Christian idea of human brotherhood, were no doubt in the air.

Proof will not be required of the fundamentally religious character of life and society in the Middle Ages. Witnesses enough present themselves in the works of that religious art which has almost carried captive to the faith whereto it once ministered the reason of a later and more enlightened time. The creed of the Middle Ages, it is true, was once derived from a preceding civilization. It was the creed of the later Roman Empire, which, however, it had failed to transform, mainly through the repellent influence of slavery; Christian brotherhood, and purity, at the same time, remaining unattainable so long as one portion of mankind was given up to the tyranny and the lust of the other portion. Still it was evidently from the gospel transmitted through the Christian clergy that the new nations drew the ideas of a universal Father, a brotherhood of mankind, of humanity itself; that they learned to believe in a society embracing all races, a common effort and a common hope, international relations modified by those beliefs, the indefeasible sanctity of human life, mercy, humility, charity, the spiritual equality of the sexes, purity, the value of virtues other than military, the spiritual worth and dignity of the weak things of this world. There are those who call medieval Christendom and Christendom al-

together a vast relapse of humanity, or at best a suspension of progress, simply because physical science during those centuries did not advance, though it advanced not less than it had done under the pagan empire. A man of comprehensive mind, however devoted to science and hostile to priestcraft, will not refuse to recognise the happy transition of society from slavery through serfage to free labour; the notions of mutual right and duty of which even the feudal system was the school; the combination of responsibility with power in Christian monarchy; the development of liberty, both political and personal, by means of Parliaments and free cities; the services rendered by monasticism in its better day, as the asylum of culture and gentleness; the dignity which the monk conferred on labour; the ideal of self-devotion presented by chivalry, which in the battle-fields of Palestine rescued Western civilization, as it had before been rescued at Marathon and Salamis, from the barbarism and pollution of Eastern invasion. But the great achievement, and the one to which, for the purpose of the present enquiry, we would specially call attention, is the homage which force, in a military age, was constrained to pay to something higher than itself, and which forms the first condition and the most distinct mark of civilization. The fierce and proud Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, after a life of war, sends on his death-bed for a bishop; when the bishop enters with the body of the Lord, he ties a rope round his own neck in token of his being a felon before God, casts himself down on the floor, and refuses to be raised till he has been received back as a penitent into the allegiance which, in the midst of his violence, his heart had never renounced. His corpse is borne to the tomb through a great storm; but the tapers are not extinguished, and the people infer that the terrible earl has been received among the sons of light. Here we have a moral restraint; for the earl evidently does not think that he can buy salvation, or secure it by mere priestly thaumaturgy and talismans. It is a restraint which may not have been without its influence even over that wild life, and which in the case of natures less fierce can hardly have failed to produce considerable effects. Religion inspired the international equity of St. Louis, who voluntarily gave up territories which he thought not right-

fully his, to the ill-concealed disgust of the Chauvinist historians of his country at the present day. In the thirteenth century as in the seventeenth, political progress in England was closely connected with religious enthusiasm. De Montfort was devout and the associate of ecclesiastical reformers, while the character of the magnanimous foster father of liberty, the great Edward I., was also distinctly formed by his religion.

Catholicism fell through the superstitions and impostures which had gathered round it, and which intellect, awakened by the Renaissance, spurned away; through papal tyranny and clerical corruption; through the general ossification, so to speak, of a system, which had once in all its organs ministered to spiritual life. With it fell the morality which it had sustained, and once more we find ourselves in a moral interregnum. In Italy it is the era of the Borgias, the Tyrants, and Machiavelli; in France, of the civil wars, with all their crimes and treacheries; in England, of the Wars of the Roses. Catharine de Medicis and the Guises belong to it as well as the profligate and murderous leaders of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs. So does Henry VIII., with his uxoricides and his judicial murders, and so does Elizabeth with her vicious court and her own wickedness. It does not end among the upper class in England till religion is revived in the form of Puritanism, and brings with it a renewed morality. Machiavel is everywhere the great political teacher of this period. Bacon himself shows the taint in his political writings as well as in his public life: 'To deal in person is best, where a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eyes upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally when a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound.'

In Italy a last stand was made for morality and liberty together by the religious enthusiast, Savonarola. A scene in the life of that man helps us to understand the difference between the genuine religion, the morality with a divine support, which was passing away, and the formal religion, of which abundance still remained. The formal religion was ready enough to shrive the dying Lorenzo; but his conscience told him that this was not the voice of morality, and that he could

obtain assurance of absolution only from Savonarola.

In each eclipse of religious faith there has prevailed, at once as a nemesis and as a spiritual make-shift, a charlatan superstition. In the case of Hellas it was soothsaying; in that of Rome astrology and the thaumaturgic mysteries of Isis; in the Catholic decadence astrology again, at the present day it is spiritualism, while even astrology has, or recently had, its votaries in England.

Once more European morality was renewed by a revival of religious faith. It is needless to say that there was a Catholic as well as a Protestant Reformation, though the disparity between the two in point of moral efficacy was great. In England, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, religious belief in a large section of society had again declined, and morality with it, when both were restored by the evangelical movement, which was unquestionably a moral reformation as well as a religious revival.

It will be said that all this time social science did not exist, the hour for its appearance in the course of intellectual development not having come, and that if it had existed it might have superseded these efforts to find for morality a new basis in religion. We desire to bear this constantly in mind. But the present question is, in the case of a collapse of religious belief, what, according to the indications of history, is likely to happen, unless social science is ready at once to step in and fill the void?

A collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and tremendous kind, is apparently now at hand. At the time of the Reformation the question was, after all, only about the form of Christianity; and even the sceptics of the last century, while they rejected Christ, remained firm theists; not only so, but they mechanically retained the main principles of Christian morality, as we see very plainly in Rousseau's *Vicaire Savoyard* and Voltaire's letters on the Quakers. Very different is the crisis at which we have now arrived. No one who has watched the progress of discussion and the indications of opinion in literature and in social intercourse can doubt that, in the minds of those whose views are likely to become—and in an age when all thought is rapidly popularized soon to become—the views of society at large, belief in Christianity as a revealed and supernatural religion has given way. Science and

criticism combined have destroyed the faith of free inquirers in the Mosaic cosmogony, in the inspiration of the Bible and the genuineness of many books of it, in large portions of the history of the Old Testament, and in the history of the New Testament, so far as it is miraculous or inseparably connected with miracles. The mortal blow has been given by criticism in disproving or rendering uncertain the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament. Reasonings as to the antecedent probability or improbability of miracles are wholly inconclusive; to Hume's argument that experience excludes miracles the ready answer is that miracles, if they occurred, would be a part of experience. It is simply a question of evidence. To prove a miracle, everybody but a mystic would say that we require the testimony of eye-witnesses, and those numerous and good. But unless the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament can be certainly established, we have no eye-witnesses of the Christian miracles at all; and in the absence of such testimony the adverse arguments derived from the uniformity of nature and from mythological analogy, which traces the belief in miracles to the universal propensities of uncritical ages, rush in with overwhelming force. In fact, in almost any book written by a learned man who feels himself at liberty to say what he really thinks, you will now find the miracles abandoned, though it may be with evident reluctance and with faltering lips. Mesmero-miraculism, such as is introduced into some popular lives of Christ, is palpably enough invented for the purpose of breaking the fall.

Not supernatural religion alone, but the existence of a Deity itself, has for many minds, and those the minds of good, able, and highly instructed men, ceased to be an object of distinct belief, if it has not become an object of distinct disbelief. The emancipated and emboldened lips of science have met the theist's argument of Design with the apparent evidences of the absence of design, waste and miscarriage in the heavens and the earth, seemingly purposeless havoc and extinction of races; while philosophy has breathed doubt upon the logical validity of the reasonings which satisfied the apologists of former days. The argument of Beneficence is encountered by the perplexing array of the cruelties—

often apparently gratuitous cruelties—of nature. Above all, creation is supposed to have been supplanted by evolution, which, in spite of partial objections, lingering doubts, and the imperfections sure to be found in any new-born theory, is to all appearances destined soon to be the scientific creed of the world. With the belief in a Deity perishes that in the immortality of the soul, which, apart from animistic superstitions and special fancies about the other world, is a belief in the connection of the human soul with the Eternal. Nothing apparently is left but the secular consequences of conduct, human law, which the strong may make or unmake, and reputation, which success, even criminal success, may to a great extent command. That which prevails as Agnosticism among philosophers and the highly educated prevails as secularism among mechanics, and in that form is likely soon to breed mutinous questionings about the present social order among those who get the poorer share, and who can no longer be appeased by promises of compensation in another world. All English literature, even that which is socially and politically most conservative, teems with evidences of a change of sentiment, the rapid strides of which astonish those who revisit England at short intervals. There is a recoil, of course, from the brink, which looks like a reaction, and there is a political rallying round the established church, which in what have been called tory-atheist journals is seen in grotesque union with cynical repudiation of that church's creed. There is perhaps an increase in church-building and church-going, but the crust of outward piety is hollow, and growing hollow every day. Those who know the inward parts of American society will be able to say better than the writer whether the same process is going on there. It is true—and the fact is of the profoundest significance and of the highest importance—that in the minds of some men who combine great depth of character with powerful and scientific intellect the religious sentiment, stripped of all special forms and formularies, appears as a sentiment to have grown stronger than ever. Here, perhaps, is something which whispers that the succession of attempts to connect the soul and life of man with the soul and life of the universe, which we call religious, and which have upborne the great types of character, the great civilizations, the great efforts of human-

ity, are not destined to end in futility and final failure. But, at present, if a man of this class admits you to the recesses of his thoughts, you find there nothing definite, nothing communicable, nothing which will serve the purposes of humanity at large; some make-shift drawn from personal study or experience, some mixture, perhaps, of Christian ethics with ancient philosophy, a plank of the theological wreck which will barely hold two.

What, then, we ask, is likely to be the effect of this revolution on morality? Some effect it can hardly fail to have. Evolution is force, the struggle for existence is force, natural selection is force. It is not possible, at all events, that their enthronement in place of the Christian theory should leave untouched a type of character which is a renunciation of force—which is weakness, humility, poverty of spirit, self-abnegation. But what will become of the brotherhood of men and of the very idea of humanity? Historically these beliefs are evidently Christian. Will they survive the doctrines with which, in the Christian creed they are inseparably connected of the universal Fatherhood of God and of the fraternal relation of all men to Christ? On what other basis do they rest? 'God,' says the New Testament, 'hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' Blot out the name of the Creator, and on what does this assertion of the unity and virtual equality of mankind rest? What principle forbids the stronger races and those that have superior fire-arms to prey upon the weaker? What guards the sanctity of human life, if there is nothing more divine in man than in any other animal? Mr. Roebuck says, 'The first business of a colonist is to clear the country of wild beasts, and the most noxious of all the wild beasts is the wild man.' What is to be said in answer to this, and why is it not to be extended in principle to all the human lives which may stand in the way of the elect of nature, and the strong and cunning masters of their kind? Nothing, we must recollect, can in any but a figurative sense be henceforth sacred; everything must present its natural title to existence, which according to the theory of evolution, must apparently be some sort of force. It may be the collective force of a community, not that of an individual; but if the individual sets the better of the

community, as a successful tyrant does, it would seem that there is no more to be said.

Science is not neglectful of the need. She is presenting us with elaborate delineations of the origin, growth, and dissolution of human communities, from the point of view and in the terms of evolution; that is, of force. But these delineations, supposing them to square with the facts of history—which we venture to think some of the most elaborate of them are far from doing—scarcely touch our moral being; much less do they furnish a new motive power, either impelling or restraining, for the actions of the individual man. Being theories of which the individual is force, they in fact exclude morality in the common acceptance and practical sense of the term. Being necessarian, they, according to the existing perceptions of the human mind, exclude responsibility and effort, that is, the elements of moral life. Hereafter the difficulty of reconciling necessarianism with responsibility and effort may be overcome; it has not been overcome yet. Christianity had taught that we were all members one of another; political economy, that the progress of society was marked by a division of trades. We are now told that society is actually and literally an organism, and that the trades are organs. As to the latter part of the proposition it may be remarked that, though trades are specialized in the progress of society, men are not, but on the contrary, become more general in their ideas, knowledge, relations, and functions, especially in free states. But if society is an organism, it must be an organism in such a sense as to admit antagonisms of volition without limit, and mutual injury, designed as well as undesigned. For all this—we are speaking of an immediate need—the mere theory affords no cure, unless it can be shown that the injury is always perfectly reciprocal, and that an English Minister (to take the example of the hour) who launches havoc upon an Afghan village suffers as much as the slaughtered peasant, which will hardly be the case, unless they are both to stand before some tribunal other than that of force. It is difficult at present even to conceive how any mechanical or physiological theory of humanity as a whole can evolve, for the individual man, a moral motive power.

Are there no practical symptoms of a

change? In France from the atheism as well as the anarchy of the Revolution rose Napoleon. He was an Agnostic, thoroughbred; all the more evidently so because he coolly restored religion for the purposes of his policy. He constantly avowed and formulated the Agnostic and evolutionary creed; the ascendancy of force,—force moral as well as military: 'Let two or three towns be sacked to produce a moral effect.' By a clear enough process he was evolved and lifted to power; nature selected him out of a thousand ambitious adventurers. In the struggle for existence he survived,—survived the Duc d'Enghien, Pichegru, and every one who crossed his path to empire. To create his power and his institutions millions perished; as millions have perished to create a bed of limestone. What have Agnosticism and evolution to oppose to the warrant of his success? The French Agnostics had nothing. They produced no Socrates or Savonarola. They bowed before Napoleon, acted under him, and worshipped him; only when his force had encountered a greater force they turned against him, because he was unsuccessful, as Talleyrand plainly enough avowed—not because he was immoral.

The worship of success, signally exemplified in the adoration of a character such as that of Napoleon, seems to be the morality of evolution supplanting that of Christianity. When the second Napoleon, after mounting his uncle's throne by the same unscrupulous use of force, rode in triumph into London, a leading English journal derided the morality which protested against paying homage to a success achieved by treachery, perjury, and massacre as a morality of Sunday-schools. It was precisely so, and now the Sunday-schools seem likely to lose their authority and disappear. It may be said that success has always been worshipped. Success has always commanded servile deference, but it has not always been worshipped. Nothing will be found in mediæval chroniclers, for example, resembling the spirit which pervades Thiers's History of the Empire. The vision of the monk may be, and often is, narrowed by his asceticism, or distorted by his fanaticism. He can see no good in a king who is an enemy of the Church, and hardly any evil in one who is her friend; but a morality which he believes to be divine is under his feet like adamant; he stands erect in spirit

before what he regards as wickedness, however successful it may be, and at most looks upon it with awe as a scourge in the hand of God.

In England you hear it said on all sides that the old rules are relaxed and the old lines broken through; that commercial adventurers who have made fortunes by questionable means, unscrupulous political intriguers, and even brilliant courtesans occupy in virtue of their success a position which they never occupied before. This appears to be the fact, and when full allowance has been made for the mere influence of circumstances, such as the rapid growth of wealth, it will probably be found that there is a real change of principle and sentiment. It is not likely that there would at once be a sensible alteration in the moral code of private life; much less than any sudden change would be visible in the character or conduct of men trained in high principles, engaged perhaps in science, philosophy, or other exalting pursuits, and, it may be, put upon their metal to prove that virtue has no need of support from superstition.

The incipient change of principle, however, is more perceptible in another quarter, where, in fact, the strain upon the old morality being greatest, we should expect the relaxation first to appear. We mean the sentiment and conduct of England as an imperial country towards weaker communities and subject races. Those who have paid attention to the history of English opinion will probably agree with us in saying that heretofore, bad as the practice might sometimes be, the Christian principle of human brotherhood was acknowledged, and it was allowed that all men, and all races of men, however weak or inferior, were equally entitled to justice and mercy. Nobody in the time of *Liberalism* would have dared to avow that the rule in dealing with a Hindoo or an African was not to be equity, humanity, or respect for human life, but British interest and the requirements of British policy. Warren Hastings was acquitted by the lords, who, as an aristocracy, have always sympathized with the representatives of arbitrary government; but he was impeached, and Pitt, the Tory leader, voted for his impeachment. His trial was at once an enlightenment of the national mind as to what was going on in the distant dependency, and

an awakening of the national conscience which proved the commencement of reform; and his defence was conducted on grounds which, however unsatisfactory, were perfectly moral and consistent with the principle of humanity. Slavery and the slave trade themselves were defended, not upon the ground that the higher race was at liberty to do what it pleased with the lower, but on the plea that the lot of the negro was improved by transporting him to a Christian and civilized country; and the hypocrisy in this, as in other cases, was a homage paid to the principle. But the slave-trade and afterwards slavery were abolished; both at a great commercial sacrifice, to which, in the case of the second, was added the payment of a heavy indemnity. Had the same sentiment continued to prevail, it is not conceivable that conquest itself and imperial aggrandizement might in time have been relinquished, as radically inconsistent with the rule of humanity and benevolence which was imperfectly asserted in the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

That the same sentiment has not continued to prevail, all Englishmen who at the time of the American civil war were concerned in the struggle against an alliance with the slave power must well know. It was perfectly clear that, apart from every other opinion or feeling which was enlisted on the Southern side, there was in a considerable section at least of that party, if not a positive sympathy with slavery, certainly a very palpable abatement of the moral feeling against it. The denunciations of 'negrophilism' which then resounded on all sides did not denote merely antipathy to Northern aggrandizement, or even to maudlin philanthropy, but dislike of emancipation; and had slavery been still in existence in the British colonies, a proposal to abolish it at that moment would have stood a very poor chance of success. Moral phenomena of the same kind marked the controversy arising out of the Jamaica massacre; for the enthusiastic supporters of Governor Eyre perfectly recognised in him an organ of the sanguinary vengeance of the dominant race, even if they did not believe that he had committed a foul judicial murder. On that occasion the moral equality of races and the universal sanctity of human life, which is the Christian doctrine and had up to that time been the doctrine of England, was formally denied by a man

of great eminence, who said in plain terms that it was one thing to slaughter negroes, and another to slaughter Englishmen. It was replied that between slaughtering negroes and slaughtering people of any other race, reputed inferior, in the interest of a higher race, or even slaughtering the inferior members of the English race itself in the interest of those who might deem themselves the higher members, no distinct line could be drawn; and that a governing class, alarmed by threatenings of social revolution, might some day claim for itself in England the same license which the whites, in their cruel panic, had claimed for themselves in Jamaica. If there is any one who finds it difficult to regard such a possibility as real, a reperusal of the very able treatise entitled 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' will assist his apprehension. That work embodies, in language of manly vigour, a frank repudiation of the Christian, and once English, doctrine of human brotherhood and brotherly love, with which, on the hypothesis of mere evolution and natural selection, it would not be easy to find fault.

The same eminent writer, the other day, in a letter on the subject of the Afghan war, took up with equal courage the position that, in dealing with the weaker and less civilized communities, the rule was to be, not 'international law,' that is, in effect, the recognised principles of equity, but the 'policy' of England. Policy means interest and passion, which are thus apparently set loose from every restraint but the fear of superior force. It is now averred by the prime minister of England that the real object of the war was a 'scientific frontier,' and that Afghanistan was invaded, the villages burned, and the people killed in execution of that 'policy.'

In the letters of British officers from South Africa, the phrase 'our coloured brethren' is used to add zest to slaughter. In an English illustrated journal of the highest class there is a picture, in compartments, of incidents in the Zulu war. In one compartment a tall Zulu in chains is being ignominiously led captive by a diminutive British drummer-boy. This perhaps is mere brag. Not so the representation in another compartment of 'Jack's captive,' a Zulu prisoner with a halter, the end of which is held by a jolly tar, around his neck, crouch-

ing in an agony of fear beneath a gallows on which he is evidently going to be hanged, while a bystander, apparently an officer with a pipe in his mouth and a jaunty air, stares at the doomed wretch with a look of mockery. Still less doubt can there be about the animus of a third sketch, entitled 'Something to Hold By,' in which two more jolly tars are holding down by the feet and ears a Zulu whom they have caught hiding in the reeds, while an officer in the attitude of a man searching for game is coming up with a drawn sword. In a corresponding picture of the Afghan war, we see in one compartment a prisoner being flogged; in another, one being hanged; in a third, three prisoners, with the hands of all lashed to a pole behind them, are being shot in the back, and in their death agony, struggling different ways, they present a grotesque medley of attitudes which forms the fun of the sketch. It may pretty safely be said that these pictures, in which the inferior races are treated simply and literally as game for the British hunter, would not have been produced for the amusement of Englishmen and Englishwomen, fifty or even thirty years ago, and that their appearance now denotes a change in the mind of the nation.

There have been protests and resistance, no doubt, but almost exclusively from religious quarters: from the free churches, which alone are organs of religious morality, the state church taking its morality from the state; from a portion of the ritualists, who are now so much at variance with the establishment as to be nearly a free church; and from that section of the Comtists which is avowedly and almost enthusiastically religious, though it prefers the name of Humanity to that of God.

We might refer also, in illustration of the general tendency, to the exultation (hideous it seemed to those who could not share it) in the frightful butcheries during and after the suppression of the Indian mutiny. It is not of mere unmercifulness or panic fury that we speak, but of the new principle upon which the massacres were vindicated, and which could be clearly enough distinguished from the ordinary violence of passion.

It is not necessary to take a special view, or any view at all, of the Eastern Question, in order to perceive the moral significance of the often-quoted passage in the dispatch of Sir Henry Eliot, the

British ambassador at Constantinople, respecting the Bulgarian massacres: 'We may indeed and we must feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down: but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was ten thousand or twenty thousand persons who perished in the suppression. We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us cannot be sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests.' Pitt would have repudiated the sentiment, and probably ceased to employ the ambassador. But Sir Henry Eliot had a great body of British opinion with him. The journal which is the great organ at once of Agnosticism and aggrandizement confidently threatened with national scorn and indignation any government which, merely because the Turks had been guilty, as it confessed they had, of 'loathsome cruelty,' should shift the ground of English policy, which had for its ruling principle 'the irrepressible struggle for empire.' The practical deduction coheres perfectly with the principle thus avowed; and what is the irrepressible struggle for empire but evolution and natural selection applied to international relations?

Perhaps some subtler indications of evolutionist influence may be discerned. There seems to prevail in the treatment of history and politics not only an increased impartiality and comprehensiveness, the happy offspring of science, but what may almost be called a furor of cynical moderation. Enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, if they are to continue to exist, must be provided with new aliments; they have hitherto certainly been fed by the belief that he who should lose his life in a good cause would in some form or other gain it. Yet without enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, how could humanity have been nerved for its grandest efforts, or saved from its greatest perils?

China is without any real religion; she is thoroughly positive; and she is simply conservative of the present, especially of

the existing political and social order, without thought of progress: the worship of ancestors seems to consecrate that idea. It is to something of this kind that the line on which materialists are moving seems to us really to tend. A hive of human bees is, we believe, the avowed ideal of some social philosophers. In the routine life of Chinese industry, submitting to almost mechanical laws, without reflection or aspiration, we have a hive of human bees.

The world is in no danger of another Peloponnesian war, or of a repetition of the convulsions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but it is in considerable danger of a desperate conflict between different classes of society for the good things of that which people are coming to believe is the only world. Is it likely that the passions of such a conflict will be controlled by any motive derived from scientific definitions of evolution; by any consideration connected with the rhythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, or the multiplication of effects? Force is force, and its own warrant: so the strong will say, and upon this principle they will act in the struggle for existence and for the enjoyments of existence; they will be restrained only by something to which force must bow, and which no alembic, apparently, can extract from force itself.

Renan and others of his school scent danger from the operation of their criticism on the minds of the common people, in whose ideas they know that morality is bound up with religion. They propose, accordingly, that the clergy shall keep up religion for the masses, leaving the select few to think as they please. A pleasant element in a moral civilization would be a clergy so conscious of the fraud which it was practising on the ignorant as to grant letters of exemption from belief to the learned! It is too late for *populus vult decipi*. The people will have no lies. Mechanics are alive to the state of the case, or to all that is most material in it, not less than M. Renan himself. Needless disturbance of vital belief is to be deprecated on grounds higher than the selfish fears of wealth and literary fastidiousness; but good never came of trying to blindfold any one.

A less Jesuistical plea for caution might be founded on the present state of the inquiry and the novelty of the situation, if we could here presume to enter on so

vast a theme. Agnosticism, if it means suspense of judgment and refusal to accept the unknown as known, is the natural frame of mind for any one who has followed the debate with an unprejudiced understanding, and who is resolved to be absolutely loyal to truth. To such a man existence must appear at this moment an unfathomable and overwhelming mystery. But let Agnosticism be true to itself, and not, while ostensibly declining to decide at all, assume and insinuate a negative decision. For a negative decision the hour has surely not yet arrived, especially as the world has hardly yet had time to draw breath after the bewildering rush of physical discovery. That the history of religion has closed, and that no more efforts will ever be made by the human mind to penetrate beyond the veil of sense and approach the Spirit of the Universe, is an opinion which rests mainly on the belief that religions are mere crude interpretations of natural phenomena; and that this is not their essence we have already ventured to submit. Suppose supernaturalism to be discarded; this does not put out of the question natural manifestations of Deity in the spiritual conceptions, efforts, and experiences of men. Christianity itself, though it may cease to be accepted as a miraculous revelation, remains the central fact of history; and as such, it, in connection with other religions, seems to call for an examination which it has not yet received. It is true that religious thought is employed on objects not like those of science, perceived by the bodily sense. But let evolution itself, which presents all things as in course of development, say whether exhaustive apprehension and final authority can be claimed for the nerves of sight, touch, hearing, taste and smell. Let evolution itself say, too, whether it is certain that organized matter is the ultimate goal of progress, and that nothing answering to the name of spirit can have been evolved. To the Eozoön the limits of the knowable were narrow. We are pleading merely for circumspection, and for a careful examination of the phenomena of religious history, which are phenomena like the rest. Religious sentiment is still strong in the minds of many scientific men, who find nothing in the pure monotheistic hypothesis that contradicts the results of science. At any rate, it is vain to bid men exclude these subjects from their minds, and

think only of making the best of this world. The question in what hands we are—in those of goodness, of something other than goodness, or of blind force—is not one concerning the nature of things, of which we might be content to remain in ignorance; it is one concerning the estate of man, and it swallows up all others in its practical importance; the truth about it, if known, would affect all our conceptions, all our estimates of the value of objects, every action of our lives. It cannot be in its own nature insoluble; and on the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness there seems to be reason to hope for a solution, and to believe that the delay and the necessity of effort are part of a moral plan. Mankind are not bees; they have learned to look before and after, and will never be cured of the habit. The present will not satisfy or engross them. Let the place of their brief sojourn be made as commodious as possible by science, and, what is more, enriched as much as possible by affection. "Aye, sir," said Johnson, after being shown over a luxurious mansion, "these are the things that make death bitter." Upon the materialist hypothesis of life, the pessimist has the best of the argument; and the effect of his unsparing scrutiny will soon appear.

So with regard to the immortality of the soul, if we are to retain that popular but somewhat misleading phrase. Has it been conclusively shown that moral personality, or, to put aside the special questions which even the term personality might raise, spirit, depends for its being on the continuance of the material matrix in which it has been formed? If not, the question for the present remains open, and attention must not be refused to such a phenomenon as the existence in us of a sense of moral responsibility extending beyond this life and the opinions of our fellow-men, which, we must repeat, is a very different thing from any animistic fancies about disembodied spirits and ghosts.

Again, the question which is perhaps at the bottom of all, tainted as it has been by logomachy, the question of human free agency, seems to claim the benefit of the same consideration. It may be very difficult to reconcile our sense of free agency and of the responsibility attaching to it with the apparent arguments in favour of necessitarianism, automatism, or whatever the opposite theory is to be called. But the dif-

faculty is equally great of conceiving moral responsibility not to exist, or to exist without free agency. To ignore one element of our perplexity is merely to cut the logical knot with a sword. Have we an exhaustive knowledge of the possibilities of being, and can we say that free agency is excluded? If not, and if it must be allowed to be possible that in the ascending scale of being human free agency might at last emerge, we have to consider how its appearance could be manifested in any other way than those in which it is apparently manifested now,—our sense of a qualified freedom of choice before action, our consciousness of responsibility founded on the same belief after action, and our uniform treatment of our fellows as free and responsible agents. Science appeals to the reasonings of Jonathan Edwards as conclusive in favour of

the necessarian theory. If Jonathan Edwards found the truth, it is very remarkable, since he never sought it for a moment. He was not a free inquirer,\* but a sectarian divine, trying to frame a philosophic apology for the dogma of his sect. He is reduced to the absurd conclusion that moral evil emanates directly from perfect goodness.

But these questions are beyond our present scope. The object of this short paper is only to call attention to the fact that, if we may judge by the experience of history, a crisis in the moral sphere, which will probably bring with it a political and social crisis, appears to have arrived.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

\* His critic, Mr. Hazard, is a free inquirer in the full sense of the term, and one of a very vigorous mind.

## MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S ATLANTIC MONTHLY ARTICLE.

**E**ITHER there is Intelligence behind the universe or there is not. Unless I am to be a universal sceptic, discredit the laws of thought, and admit my own existence as but a doubtful hypothesis, I must hold that one of these two propositions *must* be true. Shall I then accept as true the one proposition, or the other, or shall I, in the misery of doubt, perpetually oscillate between the two. 'Agnosticism' virtually tells me that I must do the latter. I must be certain of nothing except that there is nothing that I can be certain of. I must not be a Theist and still less must I be a Materialist. I must hold that Theist and Materialist are equally deluded, not as to the fact of Deity or no Deity—on that question I am to have no opinion—but in supposing that they really believe the one thing or the other.

Agnosticism claims to hold the balance impartially between Theism and Materialism. But the question for the great mass of men is not, is the Theistic or the Materialistic theory the most prob-

able? It presents itself as a practical question—Shall we believe in God, or shall we not? Can there be any doubt into which scale Agnosticism throws its weight.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, finds fault with Agnosticism for practically assuming a negative decision, while ostensibly declining to decide the matter in issue at all. He thinks that 'Agnosticism, if it means suspense of judgment and refusal to accept the unknown as known, is the natural frame of mind for any one who has followed the debate with an unprejudiced understanding, and who is resolved to be absolutely loyal to the truth;' that 'to such a man existence must appear at this moment an unfathomable and overwhelming mystery;' but he also thinks 'that the question cannot be in its nature insoluble, and on the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness there seems to be reason to hope for a solution.' Of one thing he is assured, that in the attitude towards religion

taken by so-called agnostics, with the general decline of faith which may be expected as a consequence, there is imminent danger of a 'moral interregnum.'

Mr. Goldwin Smith himself indicates a reason which to many people who accept life as a fact, with whatever mystery it may be surrounded, seems a sufficient ground for deciding that life must have its source in God. Assuming the correctness of the agnostic position, that the intellectual difficulties of belief and unbelief are equally balanced, we necessarily look elsewhere for a ground of decision. The main object of Mr. Smith's article is to shew that by the belief in God human character gains in moral height, while in the absence of that belief, human character deteriorates. Many a Christian can add to Mr. Smith's historical retrospect the testimony of his individual experience. 'Let a man,' says Dr. Arnold, 'live on the hypothesis of its falsehood (*i. e.*, the belief in God), the practical result will be bad; that is, a man's besetting and constitutional faults will not be checked; and some of his noblest feelings will be unexercised, so that if he be right in his opinions, truth and goodness are at variance with one another, and falsehood is more favourable to our moral perfection than truth; which seems the most monstrous conclusion which the human mind can possibly arrive at.' Surely with such a practical test as this at hand, not only in history but in the facts of daily observation, a man may follow the course of modern thought, with the resolve 'to be absolutely loyal to the truth,' and still not deem it necessary to be agnostic.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is evidently a sincere believer in Christianity as a power for righteousness in the world, but he apparently considers that 'fresh assurances of our faith' are needed. 'Christianity, though it may cease to be accepted as a miraculous revelation, remains the central fact of history, and as such, in connection with other religions, seems to call for an examination which it has not yet received.' The faith of 'free inquirers' in, amongst other things, 'the history of the New Testament, so far as it is miraculous or inseparably connected with miracles,' has been destroyed. However Mr. Smith is probably of opinion that in the New Testament sanctions are to be formed for the 'hypothesis that we are in the

hands of goodness' which are not to be found elsewhere.

Any one who has read the 'Lectures on the Study of History,' and the appreciative remarks there upon the type of character presented in the Gospels, will have some idea on what the author, unless he has found reason to change his views, would probably base the argument from Christianity in favour of Theism. It is possible that a conscientious thinker might find it difficult to give credence to the records of miracles in the New Testament, and still remain convinced that the character of Christ can only be explained as a manifestation of Deity. But, however intellectual and high-minded men, educated in the atmosphere of Christianity, might be confirmed in their belief in God, and aided in their efforts towards holiness, by the contemplation of a divinely beautiful type of character, I have no doubt whatever that a Christianity which offers no more than this, has no power to seriously influence the average man, and keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.

It is the fashion in some quarters now-a-days to claim that modern 'culture' understands Jesus 'better than the men who were chosen by Him to be His companions, and preach His Gospel. Various efforts have been made by writers of this school to revive the so-called Jesus of History, but none of these attempts, as far as I am aware, commend themselves to sober judgment. The fact is that, if we refuse to accept the unaffected story of the Evangelists as substantially accurate, the Founder of the Christian religion becomes the merest myth. The Christ who stands out from the Gospel pages with such marvellous vividness and consistency, the most real Man in history, to many a follower of His, loses all distinctness of outline, fades away from sight, becomes but a voice uttering a few rather impracticable maxims for conduct. The Jesus of the Evangelists is a Man, with a power, over those who realize the meaning of His life and mission as His companions interpreted it, which is not to be explained on merely human principles. The Jesus of those who consider the greater part of the Gospels as quite unworthy of credence, is necessarily as impersonal as the Delphic oracle. To such a Christ, it is hard to conceive any one rendering a conscious personal allegiance.

The religion of St. Paul and the disciples of Christ is of course inseparably connected with at least one miracle. Christians are told that they are mistaken as to the real element of power in their religion. It is not the resurrection and the profound doctrines based thereupon, as St. Paul fondly imagined, which give life to Christianity, but the sermon on the Mount, which, *in spite of* the superstition about a resurrection, has placed the Christian faith at the head of religious systems. In answer to this Christians have simply to say that they know better. They know what it is that is the power in their own lives, and what it is which lifts up fallen lives around them, and has from the beginning been the vital element of regenerating power in Christianity. We all admire the Sermon on the Mount, but who is the man who has the power of approximating in his life most closely to the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount? It may be rare to find a person who literally loves his enemies, does good to them which hate him, blesses them which persecute him, and prays for them who spitefully use him. But there have been such men in Christian history; and there are such men in the world to-day. And I will dare to say that such a man, wherever he is or has been found, holds, or in his day has held, with all his mind and heart to the faith that He who bade him live in this spirit was delivered for his offences and raised again for his justification.

The hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness was held by Epictetus as distinctly as anyone holds it who does not believe that the fact has been revealed. But when Epictetus bids you not to be angry with the servant, it is not because you should love the servant, but because you should not allow a

servant to put *you* out of harmony with nature. The effort to attain high-character is often but a subtle form of self-love. Self-surrender is only possible to one who has a realizing sense of the presence of a Being to whom such self-surrender is possible and due as a debt of gratitude. What is wanted, amid all the pain and trial of life, to make the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness a conviction, and a motive to grateful self-surrender? Something more than we discover of God's love in nature; something more than the idea that we owe to Him our existence, a doubtful blessing in the opinion of many people now-a-days; something more than admiration for the character of Christ. Is it not the faith in some unmistakable token of divine love, something which brings home to the individual heart a consciousness of personal relationship with a Father in Heaven, of the Father's sympathy with the deepest spiritual needs of His children, of an affection on His part for the creatures of His hands proving itself by the only true test of affection—sacrifice? 'In *this* was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.'

The apostolic doctrine of the Cross—this has been the life of Christianity in the past, and must be its power in the future. In a word, this is Christianity. I believe that there is no other power than the doctrine of the Cross wherewith to meet the danger of a moral interregnum, and that the practical duty of regenerating humanity in the concrete and the unit, will always devolve upon those who in an honest and good heart receive it.

G. A. M.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

## VICARIOUS IMMORALITIES.

IT seems to me that our *vicarious immoralities*, if I may be allowed the expression, are very much on the increase now-a-days. In order to explain myself, let us take the single example of the usurious money-lender and his misdeeds. In the old days your usurer was probably a Jew who risked his own capital stock of gilders and grinders, bore his own risks, did his own dirty work of extortionment, shouldered all the blame of the needful executions, distresses, and sellings out, and pocketed his own exorbitant profit. The Banking Corporation, Private Banker, or Loan and Savings Company supplants the individual Shylock now, but we need not think that extortion altogether disappeared while the business was changing hands. The same temptations exist, the same facilities abound. Advantage is taken of the need of the borrower to wring ruinous terms from him. Endless renewals, protests and lawyer's fees heap themselves up in a vast pile till they obscure the very memory of the original petty advance. When it is dangerous to let things run longer, even at this lucrative rate, the borrower is skinned, securities realized, perhaps on a falling market, and the Loan Company is up to time with its big half-yearly dividend.

It would surprise the ordinary investor if he were told that he were in any way responsible for the hardships thus caused. Why, he would say, my minister has shares in the same company, my lawyer himself advised me to invest in it. Where can be the wrong? I have nothing to do with the management. All the same, my friend, it is your money that has enabled the corporation to go into this business, it is the proceeds of the sale of your poor neighbour's furniture which pays your dividend, and you are as much responsible for any harshness of procedure on the part of the officials as if you had personally sent the bailiff in to seize the man's goods.

Would you be content with a lower rate of interest than that which you exact from your investments? Would you accept it as a valid excuse for the non-payment of any dividend if the General Manager told you that, in order to raise funds to meet it, so many poor devils would have to be sold up, neck and crop? If so, you would be excusable. But are you so content? The requirements you lay upon your directorate are such that this extortion follows as a matter of course. Some minds seem to find it a comfort that it is *half ignorantly*

‘they turn an easy wheel  
That sets sharp racks at work, to pinch and  
peel,’

but I cannot see that the wilful shutting of our eyes makes the guilt any the less.

S. V. I. R.

## NIAGARA.

LORD DUFFERIN'S idea of an International Park at Niagara Falls seems taking a definite form upon itself.

It is certainly time that something should be done. Have you seen or heard of the latest vulgarism that has been foisted upon an admiring public? I mean the Electric Light, which displays its abominable tints from Prospect Park, —for, I am happy to say, the Canadian side is innocent of such a desecration.

It was on a cold evening that I paid my last visit to the Falls. The first snow of the season had fallen, and the moon shone fitfully through masses of clouds that were hurtled across the sky by a rapid, cold wind. At each turn of the road, deserted by all men, the subdued roars of the waters came louder upon the ear. Far below coiled the struggling eddies, restlessly immovable in their narrow gorge, now dimly seen, now plainly marked as the sky broke open over head. It was a night full of solemnity, such a night as one would choose upon which to pay one's first visit to the Falls by

moonlight; so that the mind ran on in advance and pictured for itself the long steaming mist-cloud rising out of that bottomless caldron, and the pale glints of light upon the perilous edge of the mass of falling waters.

One beauty the American Falls have generally had conceded to them; they are considered to possess the grandeur of *unity* in a larger degree than our Horse-shoe Falls. This beauty, the proprietors of Prospect Park contrive, with diabolical ingenuity, to destroy after night-fall. Seven or eight glaring electric lamps, with moveable reflectors, painfully strike the eye as you look across from the Canadian side. It is a peculiarity of an electric light that (unlike the modest violet) it will not submit to be overlooked, and each of these lamps gives the retina a blow from which it does not recover easily. But the worst is to come. I looked several times and rubbed my eyes vigorously before I could believe it; but at last I was driven to conclude that these miserable pyrotechnists had deliberately turned a *red light* upon the face of the Falls, about half way down! From the point of view of a scene painter, the result was admirable, and the effect would certainly be in place and keeping as the back ground for a spectacular ballet, but,—at Niagara!

It is generally believed (and I share the opinion) that reading the *Newgate Calendar* is morally unhealthy. For instance, I am so overpowered by the degrading spectacle I have witnessed, that I burn to commit to paper an atrocious idea it has suggested to me. It would be so quaint—essentially vulgar,—so extremely novel,—so meretriciously gaudy, that I am persuaded the Prospect Park people would at once put it practice, which consideration alone induces me to refrain.

‘BARRIE.’

#### THE GENERALITIES OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IN the last number of the ‘MONTHLY,’ ‘TINEA’ objects to my opinion expressed in the previous number, concerning Dr. Newman and the Church of Rome in the matter of slavery. He (or she) thinks that if the Church did something for the amelioration of slavery in distant ages, it is of little or no consequence that it has not exerted its influ-

ence to put an end to the modern forms of it, which we know most about. This is but a sorry defence to put forth for a Church which has such pretensions. Its zeal must have cooled wonderfully to keep silent in presence of a system which moved one who had no claim to infallibility to describe as ‘the sum of all villainies.’ I do not, however, admit that the Church did so much to extinguish slavery in the middle ages. Lecky, rationalist though he is, is too ready to admit the statements of the ecclesiastical—they are chiefly ecclesiastical—historians of the period, and it is well known that their evidence requires to be carefully sifted, as indeed all history does which is more than two or three centuries old. I preferred, therefore, to test the Cardinal’s statement by an appeal to the annals of our own time. The readers of the MONTHLY can form their own judgment on the subject.

I very gladly comply with ‘TINEA’S’ request to bring forward some more of the false as well as glittering generalities so plentifully strewed through Dr. Newman’s books. Here is one of the worst. ‘The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and all the millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, than that one soul should, I will not say be lost, but that it should commit one venial sin; should tell one untruth, or steal one farthing’s worth of property.’

I do not know whether the Church of Rome holds this frightful doctrine or where it gives authoritative expression to it, but I should say of the man who gives utterance to it as his sincere belief that his mind is seared by sacerdotalism, and that he is dead to all sympathy with his race. It is an exaggerated example of a belief still too commonly held, though fast fading away, that human conduct is to be measured by its effects on the mind of an invisible being which we call God rather than by its effects on the welfare of fellow-man. To see how utterly callous to human suffering this idea makes men we have only to go back to the ages when the Church is supposed to have destroyed slavery and conferred so many other benefits. It was then an almost daily sight to see crowds looking on complacently at the sufferings of a poor old creature burned at the stake for witchcraft—an imaginary compact with an imaginary devil. The numerous attempts now being made to deduce a

code of morals from natural institutions is one of the most cheering signs of the times. Even those who believe that a perfect system of morality is to be found only in Divine revelation ought to rejoice to see the anxiety displayed to devise a new regulation system for the guidance of those who have ceased to believe in

supernatural revelation. One thing is sure, no code of morality of the future will ever maintain that the stealing of a farthing's worth of property is a greater evil than the death of millions by starvation.

J. G. W.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Young Maugars*, from the French of André Theuriet, No. xvii., Collection of Foreign Authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is not the first tale of M. Theuriet's which has appeared in this series. His *Gérard's Marriage* (reviewed in these columns) and his *Godson of a Marquis* have made readers acquainted with his light and pleasing style; the impression which will not be weakened by this last attempt.

Young Maugars is an artist, at first an amateur only, but eventually one who looks to art for his livelihood, and who competes for the prizes of the *Salon*. In a rather appropriate manner, the author has contrived to throw an air of the painter over much of the book; the landscapes are touched with a glowing pencil, full of love for the tender colours of nature;—the scenes of more animated life are placed before us with somewhat of the precision of a well-arranged tableau. Here is a little autumnal picture of peasant life in Touraine. The farmers are gathering their potatoes and young Maugars has gone among them in search of Thérèse Desroches, the girl he loves.

'Beyond the brown ploughed lands and the violet tinted fallows, he very soon discerned the fields of the farm. The soil, freshly broken by the mattock, revealed here and there gaping holes, strewn with dark fallen leaves and neglected roots. A sky dappled with white clouds bathed in its tender light the sandy furrows, the toilers employed

upon this last harvest gathering of autumn, and the distant outlines of the bluish hillocks. At various intervals apart, full sacks were standing upright along the hedges, and fires kindled with pine cones and dry dead leaves, were slowly burning, while they sent toward heaven slender spires of smoke. Familiar voices interchanged words among the neighbouring fields. A drowsy tender colouring enveloped this melancholy October landscape. Almost at the border of the wood, Thérèse was occupied in pouring into a sack placed before her a basket filled with potatoes. Her attentive profile stood out clearly against the verdure of the pines, and the evening wind lifted the white folds of her neckerchief. Etienne walked straight toward her.'

How comes it that M. Etienne Maugars is in love with a girl, however beautiful, who digs potatoes? For he is the son of a well-to-do banker, and though he has quarrelled with his father he has all the tastes and habits of a gentleman, and all the aspirations of a young artist who is just making himself known. It is true that Thérèse is not a *paysanne* by birth, but she had lost her father and prefers the humble life of the fields with her rustic foster parents to anything that town or city can afford. Such a devotion to the country is incomprehensible to an English reader. A country life in England means a country house, a meet of hounds near by, good society, and all the periodical literature of the day sent you regularly by post. No one could dig potatoes in England and at the same time marry a R. A. The clue

to the riddle is a double one, and without grasping it the very possibility of M. Theuriet's tale cannot be conceded by an Englishman. In the first place there is the primitive simplicity of the inhabitants, their close adherence to old customs, and the absence of intercourse between the cultivator of the soil and the *proletariat* of the city. This has been supplemented by the action of the wise land laws in force in France, which, discouraging the formation of large landed estates and enabling the poorest to become a proprietor on a small scale, has kept alive those feelings peculiar to the class of yeomanry which are so difficult to revive when once they become extinct. These causes, operating together, make it possible for Thérèse to rake hay and feed cattle without sinking to the level of a drudge, and for Etienne Maugars to marry a farm girl and remain a painter. The result may seem a somewhat coarse one to us, and there is certainly something earthly in Thérèse's excessive health, strength, and robust proportions, but we may be assured that to a Frenchman (other than an inhabitant of the boulevards) this would not be the case.

The tale itself is an interesting one and is well told. Etienne's father, the private banker, extortioner, and Bonapartist mayor of the days of the *coup d'état*, is a powerfully drawn but unpleasant character. The description of his little chamber, the atmosphere of which seemed 'impregnated with the disappointments, the humiliations, the agonies that had accumulated there during years' will strike with a shuddering impression of its truth every one who has had the ill-fortune to spend a quarter of an hour in such an office.

The most pleasing minor character in the book is Celestin, the banker's clerk, and Thérèse's father, although unkind and harsh to her, is one of the few whom we can respect in its pages. The work of the translator appears to have been done conscientiously and well. We notice however at p. 171 the more than objectionable phrase 'quite too large,' and at p. 262 and at other places the word 'sauvage' translated 'savage,' instead of 'wild.' Thérèse is not so exceedingly winsome as to be able to afford to have her face called a 'savage' one.

*Famous French Authors.* Biographical Portraits of Distinguished French Writers, by THEOPHILE GAUTIER, EUGENE DE MIRECOURT, &c. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Book-making has probably reached its extreme of degradation in this work. With the world before him, from which to pillage at leisure, the American publisher cannot so much as snatch a score of biographies with decency or propriety. It is the old story over again of stolen goods never prospering; an adage which is not likely to be allowed to fade from our minds now-a-days for want of reminders.

Apparently the American publisher conceives that having caught his author in magazine or periodical, and having appropriated his carcass, the task of editing or cooking him can be admirably dispensed with. If your raw material cost nothing, surely your culinary establishment should bear a corresponding negative proportion! A hack translator and a proof-reader are all the cooks that this choctaw style of literary eating-house can afford.

Accordingly we find that there is no single word of introduction or preface to inform us whence these lives are collected, or what varying degree of authenticity attaches to them. Of course there is no index, and the table of contents omits mention of one life (that of Brizeux) altogether. Some scant information as to the authors of a few of these sketches is given us in the notes, but thirteen out of the twenty are entirely unnamed! Apparently the publisher did not think it worth his while to inquire who wrote them, although it is clear from internal evidence that at least one of these anonymous pieces is from the pen of Théophile Gautier. This author is, indeed, put forward prominently on the title page, but his name is not appended to a single life in the series!

Graver faults follow. We are given the life of Mme. Swetchine, who was not a Frenchwoman at all. Diderot and La Fontaine are sadly out of place among the modern faces that fill the rest of the book, and can only have been introduced as make-weights. Then there is no unity of design in the lives. Some are long and elaborate biographies, with critical remarks on the authors' works,

others contain no single biographical fact, while in length, the lives vary from one page to nearly eighty! Many are palpably imperfect. We are told of Victor Hugo's exile to Jersey, but not a word of the cause of it. George Sand might be living yet, for aught that could be learnt from these pages. But it is in the minor points that the absence of intelligent (or indeed of any kind of) editing is most apparent. Our old friend Prosper Mérimée is introduced to us as two individuals, MM. 'Prosper, Mérimée,' &c. No clue is given when the French author leaves off, and the hack translator tags on his few words at the end. De Mirecourt is telling us about Houssaye at the top of the page, but at the bottom we detect the nasal twang of the Yankee discoursing about 'this country' and 'the New York Tribune.' The patchwork thus produced is most laughable. The French critics are often made to tell us that so-and-so's verses are 'untranslatable,' and occasionally are so obliging, nevertheless, as to translate them!

As to the translation itself, Mark Twain's attempt to render back his Jumping Frog from the French version into mining vernacular is scarcely more literally absurd than are the blunders that appear here on every page. 'Mme. Swetchine, *evenings* noted down her thoughts.' Mme. de Girardin was addicted to a similar habit. '*Mornings*, she wrote . . . *evenings*, her favourite dress was,' and so on. A thin woman is 'a *meagre* woman.' A horsewoman remains 'an *equestrienne*,' as in the original, a 'manoir' is made to stultify itself by becoming a manor instead of a manor-house, and a '*raconteur*' is petrified into a 'recounter.' There are wilder eccentricities even than these, as for instance, where we are told about the taking down of 'the iron-barred gate Louis XIII.' admired by Victor Hugo! Examples such as this, which describes a Review as the 'ark more or less sacred, of the literary mind so compromised in our day,' are frequent, but we have said enough. It may be urged that these errors are beneath criticism, that the work may be solid and correct at bottom in spite of all this. Our own opinion is

otherwise. Were it worth while to bestow the necessary amount of trouble upon such a wretched performance, we make no doubt but that as plentiful a harvest of errors in facts and dates would reward us as we have already reaped of mistakes in diction and translation.

Had the work been conscientiously done, it would have proved decidedly interesting. The life of Balzac, for instance, affords scope for much vivid writing. We see him in the pure white cashmere dressing-gown in which he always worked, the athletic neck, the full lips and the square-cut nose of which he was so proud that he instructed the sculptor who was modelling his bust,—'Be careful of my nose; my nose is a world.' We are let into the secret mysteries of his mode of working. His first sketch of a book, only a few pages long, was printed 'a rivulet of text, meandering down a meadow of margin.' This he attacked pen in hand, 'adding lines issuing from beginning, middle and end, directed towards the margins . . . At the end of some hours of work, one would have called his proof-sheet a bouquet of fireworks designed by a child. From the primitive text shot forth rockets of style which blazed on all sides . . . Strips of paper were fastened on with pins or wafers, and these were striped with lines in fine characters, and full themselves of erasures.' No wonder that the compositors stipulated not to be put to the work on Balzac's copy for more than an hour at a time. This process continued at very considerable expense, each night's work being reprinted during the day, to be cut up, amplified, and relettered next night, until the book was completed.

We will conclude with a characteristic aphorism of Mme. Swetchine given in these pages. 'It is only in heaven that angels have as much ability as demons.' This is a remarkable consolation to the stupid in spirit, and we should think that the man who is responsible for the appearance of this book in its present condition must thank Mme. Swetchine for giving him so much pleasure, and causing him to feel the wings of the Seraph so very palpably budding within him.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SO charming a literary and musical conception as the 'Masque of Welcome' (words by F. A. Dixon, Ottawa, and music by A. A. Clappé, late bandmaster of the Governor-General's Foot Guards), should not longer remain unknown to our Canadian public, as, through delay of publication, we fear it has done. It now appears, thanks to the music publishers, Messrs Orme, of Ottawa, in a particularly dainty and suitable dress (witness the excellent treatment of the title page), and will amply reward those who care to read its quaint and pleasing libretto or study the musical setting which is highly successful, and, though occasionally somewhat trite, fully displays the musicianly qualities which we believe distinguish Mr. Clappé. Mr. Dixon is not unknown to the readers of the MONTHLY, and this, one of his best efforts, retains all his old grace and delicacy of diction, while it displays a certain dramatic strength in many parts new even to his admirers. To both author and composer are due hearty thanks for having embodied in so pleasing and withal original a form the feelings of Canadians towards their present Governor-General, and the cultivated lady who aids him in recognizing and improving whatever of artistic excellence there may be in this new country. For them the 'Masque' was written, before them it was presented, and doubtless met with their approbation, as it is sure to do at every fairly adequate representation, even if the crowning interest, or *raison d'être*, so to speak, of the first performance be absent. The 'Masque' is presented by *Canada*, robed as an Indian maiden, by an Indian chief, who sings in a touching strain his farewell to the woods on the approach of the white man, and by the different Provinces appropriately 'habited'; *Quebec* as one of the old French noblesse; *Ontario* in white, with agricultural emblems; *Prince Edward Island* as a sturdy farmer; *British Columbia* as a bronzed and red-shirted miner, while *New Brunswick* as a maiden, attired in green, singing in praise of the fisher's craft; *Manitoba* as a hunter, and *Nova Scotia* as a fisherman complete the list.

It is no platitude to say that where there is so much charming writing it is difficult, and perhaps invidious, to particularize, but, at the same time, it is possible to discriminate with regard to the libretto as well as to the music, and we think the duet between *Manitoba* and *Nova Scotia*, with its fine descriptive lines, and the songs allotted to *Quebec* and *Ontario* claim special mention. Another successful bit occurs in the miner's song which sounds the praises of the 'Mountain Land.'

'Land whose summer sun the snow  
Swelis the torrents far below;  
Where the rain-cloud ever breaks,  
Rushing down to soundless lakes.'

And what can be prettier in alliterative effect than the following stanza from *Canada's* opening song?

'The summer woods for me grow green;  
For me the maple turns to red;  
The busy beaver owns me queen;  
The big moose bows his mighty head.'

We have referred to the musical setting as indicating in a high degree the talent of Mr. Clappé, yet as being occasionally trite, and we fancy that too great consideration for what is termed 'popular' music, has led him into the error. The beginning of the overture, for instance, is highly dramatic, suggestive and original, and leads one to expect better things than the *opera bouffe* airs that follow; again, in the setting of *Ontario's* fine song and in the closing air for *Canada*, 'Royal lady, on our welcome,' there is a great falling off from the charming 'gavotte,' which is given to *Quebec*, from the opening chorus of invisible spirits, and the replettes for the provinces. The accompaniments throughout prove the composer's knowledge of instrumentation and form the most attractive portion of his work. We hope that before long he may produce music to some other pleasing libretto, and leaving his genius unfettered by any but strictly artistic considerations, assert still more strongly his right to be considered one of our best musicians.

The 'Masque' as an *ensemble* deserves to be regarded as a Canadian classic, and will probably find much favour with

amateur and other societies now that it has been given to the public.

We regret that, owing to pressure of other matter, our dramatic criticism for the month must be very brief. Mr. Pitou, at the Grand Opera House, very successfully continues to cater for the entertainment of Toronto theatre-goers, though the bill for the month has not been a signally brilliant one. In our limited space we shall only be able to speak critically of one of the attractions which Mr. Pitou's enterprise brought before us, viz., Mr. Bandmann's engagement—and content ourselves with the mere enumeration of three of the other attractions of the month, which more particularly call for mention. The latter referred to are the engagements of the Criterion Comedy Company of New York, Mr. Denman Thompson, and Mrs. Siddons. The Criterion Company gave unqualified pleasure by their representations of three of the light society pieces from their *repertoire*—‘Our Daughters,’ ‘Freaks,’ and ‘A Triple Courtship;’ in all of which the characteristics of this capital troupe were delightfully displayed to the great entertainment of the houses played to. The following week, Mr. Denman Thompson drew large audiences nightly to witness his character-piece, ‘Joshua Whitcomb,’ a unique personation of the plain, honest, good-hearted American yeoman of half-a-century ago. The unaffected naturalness and the bluff, homely, but wholesome character delineated by Mr. Thompson, was a refreshing exhibition on the stage too much given up in these days to *roué* gallantry and gilded dross, though the piece might have been pruned with good effect of some of the realism introduced against which the play as a whole is designed as a protest. Mrs. Siddons's engagement, which followed, was too brief to satisfy those who delight in the simulated histrionics and the fragmentary declamations of the elocutionist's platform, for even so distinguished a professional reader as Mrs. Siddons fails to maintain the enthusiasm of her admirers, unless her programme is just such as they wish to have it. For ourselves, while respecting the great gifts of Mrs. Siddons, we could wish to see her personate, with the accessories of the stage, the characters she so well portrays, and which only want the dramatic *ensemble*

of the plays themselves to render her work thoroughly enjoyable. As a Shakespearean delineator of rare excellence, it is the more to be regretted that Mrs. Siddons should confine her entertainments to mere elocutionary recitation, though it must be confessed that in the sleep-walking scene from ‘Macbeth,’ in the defiance of Lady Constance, from ‘King John,’ and in the forest scene between Orlando and Rosalind, from ‘As You Like It,’ she gives us much to compensate for the absence of the actual representations of the plays themselves.

But the most noteworthy event at the Grand Opera House during the past month, was the appearance of the Anglo-German tragedian, Mr. Bandmann, with his company. Mr. Bandmann, though a remarkably fine actor, cannot be pronounced a great one. In certain qualities of the highest histrionic genius, among which may be mentioned that personal magnetism which places an actor *en rapport* with his audience, he is notably deficient. The spectator rarely forgets that what he is witnessing is acting, not reality. Among minor defects are an occasional want of dignity in bearing, and a certain unpleasant hardness of voice at times. A graver fault is that he rarely looks at the person he is addressing. Of the three characters in which we saw him,—*Hamlet*, *Narcisse*, and *Othello*,—the first-named was the most satisfactory. A finer performance of that most difficult and trying part has perhaps never been seen in Toronto. In the level passages,—the interviews with Horatio and Marcellus and Bernardo, and with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,—the actor was natural and admirable; and the whole of the third act was given with extraordinary power and effect. Mr. Bandmann's *Othello*, though immensely powerful at times, was not so satisfactory as his *Hamlet*; a remark equally applicable to his *Narcisse*. The support of the principal actor was moderately good. Miss Bennison's *Desdemona* was admirable, but her *Ophelia* was rather wooden, at least in the earlier scenes. Miss Aicken's excellent elocutionary powers lent weight and dignity to the parts of the *Queen* and *Emilia*; Mr. Gofton was remarkably good as the *Ghost* and as *Brabantio*; Mr. Lyndal was a better *Horatio* than any we can remember; and Mr. Beck made a passable *Iago*.