

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART I.

It was absolutely real, as Caroline said many times during the next two days; and there was to be a ball at Redwood on the fifteenth of August. The invitations were sent out to the select circle of acquaintances in the village, and to the scattered far-apart "country families" with whom, hitherto, Mr. Hesketh had held but little intercourse. The day after the garden discussion they drove to Durnford, the important little market town, three miles off, and obtained a supply of invitation forms. And that evening Caroline made out a list of guests, and began to fill up the notes and address the envelopes with a demure and business-like gravity, which only now and then gave place to a caroling forth of some favourite tune; while, if she had occasion to move across the room, her sober demeanour inevitably relaxed, and she waltzed round to the desired point.

"Seventeen notes written and addressed! This is getting on," she observed, arranging them in a little pile by the side of her desk.

"You must be quite fatigued," said the amused Mr. Hesketh, compassionately; "it is a pity that Miss Kendal is not here to help you."

Miss Kendal had been Caroline's governess till a year before. Somehow, the young lady never heard her name, without a sensitive flush and quiver coming to her face. It was a strange truth that she had never seemed quite cordially to like Miss Kendal, a truth which Mr. Hesketh suspected without knowing. He observed now the deepened colour on the girl's cheek. She kept silence.

"By the way, have you heard from her lately?" he inquired. "You correspond, do you not?"

"Yes—no. I mean, she writes sometimes, but she has not written lately."

"Who wrote last—Miss Kendal or yourself?"

"She wrote last," said Caroline, colouring again, but looking straightly

into her questioner's face, as it was her way to do when speaking the truth was not quite pleasant to her.

"How was that, my dear? Don't you intend writing to her again?"

"I would rather not," she said, with great frankness.

"Indeed. Why so?"

"It seems foolish," she began, apparently finding some difficulty in choosing her words; "that is, I don't think there is much use in writing regularly to—to any one who has little sympathy with—one's-self."

"And that is Miss Kendal's case? She has no sympathy with you, is that it? She is a good deal older, and it may be difficult for a woman of thirty to sympathize in the feelings and thoughts, the likes and dislikes, of a girl of sixteen."

Caroline did not reply; she was meditative, on a sudden.

"You did not 'suit' one another, to use your favourite expression," proceeded Mr. Hesketh; "wasn't it so, Carry?"

"I suppose so, uncle," she responded, gravely.

"And yet Elizabeth Kendal is an excellent woman——"

"O, sir, I was going to say so," Caroline cried, eagerly; "she is good, gentle, noble. I can't tell you how much I used to admire and respect her—for many things."

"A very qualified and cautious summing up of your sentiments. I think Vaughan must have inoculated you with some of his barrister's prudence—ch, Caroline?"

he looked up; her eyes filled, her lip quivered. It was evident this was a subject which, for some reason or another, struck more than ordinarily deep into a sensitive part of her nature. Mr. Hesketh was content to leave it. He had not much leaning towards the science of investigation, and he thought the entrance of the servant with letters was very timely.

"One from Vaughan," he announced, setting aside the others; "now we shall have the day fixed for his return;" and he read aloud the letter:

"TEMPLE, July 30.

"DEAR UNCLE,—I had intended being with you at the end of this week, but my friend George Farquhar insists on my going home with him, and staying a few days, before proceeding to Redwood. I know you will not object to the delay, under the circumstances. Moreover, I wish to ask your permission to bring him with me when I come. I should much like you to know him; he is a capital fellow. I write to catch the post; have only time to send love to Caroline,—Your affectionate

VAUGHAN HESKETH."

There was a silence while Mr. Hesketh refolded the note. Caroline's face was perfectly eloquent of disappointment, as her companion saw with a momentary glance.

"Well, he'll be here in time for the ball, at any rate," said he; "and I shall be glad to see his friend Farquhar. I knew his father, and he himself is well worth knowing. Besides, he will be a welcome addition to our rather scanty stock of cavaliers, won't he, Caroline?"

There was a pause.

"I think his friend is very selfish," she then pronounced, warmly, "to insist on Vaughan going with him just when he was coming home. He could have chosen some other time. He might be sure Vaughan wants to see us, after being away nearly a year."

"My dear child —" began Mr. Hesketh, with a slight smile. But something made him stop, and his smile grew more melancholy than cynical. "You remember," he added, "it is only two days since you said disappointment was right and proper, and did people good."

Another pause, during which Caroline pulled the feathers from her pen, scrap by scrap, and flung them on the air. She was annoyed, grieved, pained, more than she would confess, but the strong healthy young spirit righted itself very soon.

"Well," she said, presently, half laughing, "I suppose I am being done good to; but it isn't very pleasant; I don't like it, uncle. I am not a stoic after all, I'm afraid."

"Promise never to be either stoic or sophist, and I'll forgive you all your sins against grammar," the old gentleman replied, drawing her towards him, and kissing the frank, sweet face. "I'm afraid poor Miss Kendal, in her devotion to Lindley Murray, must have had a hard time with her rebellious pupil."

"Poor Miss Kendal!" echoed Caroline, with a brief sigh, and then turned to her invitation notes again.

CHAPTER III.

MR. HESKETH'S remark, that Vaughan "would be at Redwood in time for the ball," proved literally prophetic. The morning of the fifteenth of August dawned, cloudy and threatening rain, and Vaughan and his friend were only expected to arrive in the afternoon. The day proved rainy, one of the most dismal of wet summer days, with a chill and dampness in the air, and the trees looking forlorn and spiritless.

Caroline had plenty to do: she went about the house from early

morning, either completing preparations in one room, or admiring them in another, or altering them somewhere else. Besides, as flowers were to form the decorations, there was necessarily much left to be done on the last day. The gardener brought in huge bunches of his most gorgeous dahlias, and other floral magnificence. Festoons of ivy, with glowing groups of flowers inserted here and there, were arranged on the walls of the dancing-room, and long wreaths of roses and myrtle reached from each corner of the room to the central chandelier. The wax-lights rose, slender and snowy, from luxurious nests of soft, rich colour—geranium, and verbena, and heliotrope, artfully inserted into small dishes of water among the glass facets of the chandeliers. It all looked very pretty, Caroline thought, as she gave the finishing touch to the great wreath of cedar and oak, which she had arranged round Mr. Hesketh's picture over the mantelpiece. And with a look of mutual congratulation, she and Mrs. Brownlow, the housekeeper, who was serious and solemn, with a sense of heavy responsibility, left the room. Then there were the drawing-room bouquets to arrange, books and prints to fetch from the library, the supper table to inspect, the decorations in the hall, executed conjointly by the gardener and Stokes, the tall groom, to duly admire. Finally, she led Mr. Hesketh through the rooms, was satisfied with his warm appreciation of all the arrangements, and then gave him his tea in the study, chattering busily all the while.

"We shall have just enough people to fill the room without crowding it," she observed; "thirty-five ladies and twenty-nine gentlemen. An admirable proportion, isn't it?"

"Is that counting Vaughan and his friend?"

"No; I forgot them—at least, I did not count them.—But there will be plenty of *cavalieri*, after all your ill-natured doubts on that point. You see, sir, I feel quite proud of living in a neighbourhood that can furnish a ball-room so well."

"Do you intend to enjoy yourself very much this evening?"

"Indeed I do," she replied, with great emphasis. "I have been looking forward to it for nearly three weeks."

"Does it look more radiant now that you are close to it?"

"I don't know; I have n't stopped to think—I have been too busy. Of course it does, though; it must. A ball—a real ball! I never was at a real ball in all my life."

"In *all* your life!" repeated Mr. Hesketh, with his old, amused, affectionate smile at her. What a long waste of existence to look back upon. Hark! was that the gate-bell? Is it time for them to be here?"

"Not yet," said Caroline, composedly. But the flush came into her

cheek, and her hand shook as she gave him his second cup of tea. However, it proved to be no arrival, and Caroline went on talking, while the old gentleman sipped his tea, and listened in a very genial frame of mind. Nevertheless, he looked grave when he noticed by the sudden brightening of the western sky, that it was sunset.

"They must have missed the train," he said. "It is really inexcusable of Vaughan, to leave it so late, and on your birth-day, too." He muttered the last words displeasably, as to himself. But his companion heard them.

"O, they will be here in time to dress, and nothing else signifies," said Caroline, carelessly. She rose from her seat and walked to the window. "Only see how the day has relented, now it is going away," she cried; "it is the clearest, softest evening. I think I will run out on the terrace for half-an-hour before dressing."

"Do so, my dear. I fancy you look tired with being in-doors all day; and I want my little Lina to look blooming this evening."

"You are very good to your little Lina, always," cried she, with sudden earnestness. "You *think* about her so much. I wish I deserved——"

But even while Mr. Hesketh looked round, surprised and touched by the tone and manner with which she spoke, she slipped from the room. And presently he saw her, wrapped in a mantle, and with a hood about her head, walking rapidly to and fro on the terrace. There she was finishing in full the abrupt sentence she had commenced in the room.

"Yes, I wish I deserved what I have, and I wish I had more of that which I *do* deserve. Why is it, I wonder, that these kind of things are so unequal? I behaved absolutely ill to Miss Kendal, yet she loved me; I slighted her, but she was careful and thoughtful over me. And my uncle, how tender and kind he is to me. Why don't I love him better than anything in the world, I wonder? I owe him most; he loves me more than any one-else loves me——"

At this point a burst of tears—grieved, pained, proud tears—came, and would have their way. It was a remarkable instance of the utter vanity and impotence of circumstance over happiness. Caroline, on her birth-day, within two hours of the long-looked-for bliss of her first ball, leaned against the large silver birch at the end of the terrace walk, and indulged in a hearty fit of crying. In the midst of it, the outer bell sounded again; she fancied she heard carriage wheels, and she fled into the house, through side corridors and up the back stair-case, and shut herself in her own little dressing room.

There she sat, quiet and unmolested, for half-an-hour, till the tears were well dried, and the trouble subsided. She began to wonder if the expected arrival had taken place. She consulted her watch; it was late, time for her to begin to dress. She looked at the beautiful dress, Mr. Hesketh's birth-day gift to her, which lay already spread out on the sofa. She was too much of a girl not to take pleasure, even then, in regarding the delicate white lace of the robe, the tasteful fashion in which it was made, and the completeness of all the appointments, from the embroidered satin shoes to the exquisite fan snowy feathers and mother-of-pearl. Also, it gave her comfort, regarding all these as visible signs of the thoughtful love and indulgent kindness that *one*, at least, had for her.

She was musing thus, standing draped in a long, white dressing-gown, with her beautiful hair tossed about her shoulders, when a quick foot-step along the corridor made her heart leap. And then came an eager knocking at the door.

"Let me see you for a minute, Carry. Mayn't I come in?"

She went to the door and opened it. She had an idea of looking very cool and indifferent, and certainly her figure grew erect in an involuntary stateliness, as she stood facing him. But the first glance at the familiar face upset every thing. He looked so eager, so earnest, and his eyes lit up as they met hers with such an expression of pleasure, and surprise, and admiration. He took both her hands and kissed her.

"Carry, you have grown!"

"I have had time to grow since you saw me," she said, with the least bit of reproachfulness in her tone, and the quivering, smiling glance, that went with it. But look, and tone, and gesture, were all loving; there was not the smallest attempt at dignified reticence. Caroline had not talent for little or great hypocrisies; as she felt, she looked. All the pride and indignation had gone out from her; she was simply and solely happy, now that he was before her, holding her hands, and looking down on her with the old look, the dearest and pleasantest to her in the world.

He released one hand, to draw from his pocket a morocco case of ominous appearance.

"What do you think it is? What should you like best?"

"I shall like anything."

"But I don't want you to be so easily pleased. I ransacked half the shops in London, before I found what contented *me* for your birth-day present."

"Dear Vaughan! How kind—how good of you!"

He opened the case, and drew therefrom a bracelet of pearls. He

clasped it on the round arm, from which he turned up the long hanging sleeve.

"How pretty it looks! Do you like it?"

"Like it? O, I am so pleased."

She was, indeed. The flutter of happiness was almost painful, it was so exquisite for the minute. He had been thinking of her; she had wronged him. How delicious it was to hate herself, for having been unjust to him.

Yet another look was exchanged, an uplift one from her, eloquent of gladness, and of frank affection; while he gazed down at the sweet, girlish face, with a smile, the full meaning of which it might not be quite easy to interpret. He pressed one more kiss on the rosy cheek, murmuring "birth-day wishes" to her as he did so.

"For, you know," said he, "when we next meet, it will be in state. O, Carry, how came you to have a ball? A quiet evening would have been bliss. I'm wearied out with gayeties."

"Redwood will be quiet again after to night," said she, apologetically, "and when once the ball begins you won't mind it, will you?"

"I can't say. No—not even your smiling shall win me to like it."

But he answered her radiant smile with a glance that was neither one of discontent nor disapproval. Then he let go her hand, and she closed the door, and ran in to dress as quickly as she could, while looking ever and anon at her bracelet, and trembling with happiness, real, present, tangible, and recognizable, such as seldom comes within the experience of human beings after they have passed the rubicon of childhood. How is it that the instinctive comment on such a state of beatification is always compassionate?

Poor Caroline, how happy she was! The handmaiden who waited upon her came to assist her in dressing, bringing with her the dainty bouquet for which the gardener had reserved his choicest flowers. That was pleasant. She laid her flowers, and her pearls, and her pretty fan on the table, that she might look at them while Rachel brushed her hair. Sometimes, too, she looked for a moment at the reflection in the long glass before her, for *that* was very pretty to see, likewise:—the white stoled figure, with the abundant golden shower of wavy hair falling to the waist, the arms, shining from the full cloudy muslin sleeves of the loose robe, and the face, with such a vivid colour tinting its fairness, such a dewy lustre in the eyes, such a tremulous, dawn-like beauty over it all.

It was a different vision, less picturesque, perhaps, but hardly less attractive, that a little time after descended the wide staircase. Two gentlemen were standing at the foot of the stairs, and looked up, hearing

a soft rustling, and being aware of, without seeing, a very snowy presence approaching them. Dainty and deliberately, Mistress Caroline descended, feeling for the minute fully conscious of her lace, and pearls, and gold-embroidered slippers. At the last stair she paused. Vaughan held out his hand, as if to lead her into the room by the door of which they were standing. But before passing in, an introduction was to take place.

"Caroline, let me introduce my friend, Mr. Farquhar," he said, with some *empressment*.

Caroline saw a brown, intelligent face, and a pair of dark eyes bent very earnestly on her, as they exchanged bows. She had only time further to remark, that the figure was somewhat undersized for a man, or, at least, it looked so to her, leaning on the arm of Vaughan, whose stature was of the tallest. Then they all went to Mr. Hesketh's study where the old gentleman awaited them.

"Well, Lina, the truant has found his way home at last, you see. Ah! Mr. Farquhar, we shall make you pay, by a long sojourn at Redwood, for the time you have kept this boy from us."

"Do you always punish sinners after that fashion, sir?" said the gentleman addressed; "because, if so, dishonesty is the best policy, and I shall give up being virtuous."

"I am glad the renunciation is in your power," said Mr. Hesketh, laughing; at which Vaughan and his friend exchanged a rapid glance, and both the young men smiled slightly. A very faint smile, but a very disagreeable one, Caroline thought, and she instantly decided, with the usual deliberate judgment of seventeen, that Mr. Farquhar was a most unpleasant character.

"George has heard a great deal about Redwood," said Vaughan, rather hastily; "he is all anxiety to make personal acquaintance with its attractions. Are n't you, old fellow?"

"I was," the old fellow replied, looking up from his coffee cup, with an instant's glance at Mr. Hesketh and Miss Maturin. Then he turned to the latter, with the bending air of deference, the softened voice, which a gentleman naturally and becomingly assumes when he speaks to a lady, "You have a beautiful country around you, I believe?"

"It is considered so," she replied, with embarrassed politeness.

She was too much of a child to be at all expert in that art of cold courtesy which drops sentences like icicles, as chilly, as smooth, and as pretty-seeming. For Caroline to be cold and repellent, was to be very much *not* at her ease. However, Mr. Farquhar seemed unrepelled. He proceeded:

"You must be very fond of such a pretty place?"

"Redwood? It is my home," with a flush of warmth.

"Ah, and the rest follows, as a matter of course," he said, half-questioning, half asserting, and looking at her with a sort of amused interest and admiring curiosity. "I suppose you cannot conceive the possibility of having a home, and *not* being very fond of it?"

"I know it is possible. I know it is the case often," she returned, coldly, again. "People are either very much to be pitied or blamed who are in such a position, I think."

"Do *you* pity or blame them most?"

"I cannot possibly do either, till I know the circumstances," she said, with a judicial gravity at which he found it impossible to restrain a smile.

She detected it. Mr. Farquhar's smiles were peculiarly obnoxious to her, it would seem: at this one she turned away with a degree of dignity that ought to have been absolutely awful to any but a very hardened and misguided young man.

But the guests began to arrive, and Miss Maturin and the three gentlemen went into the ball-room. The melancholy-looking persons who attended in the capacity of musicians struck up a lively strain, in direct and grotesque contrast to their lugubrious faces and air of resigned depression. The room began to glow with colour; brilliant dresses and laughing faces reflected back the light; the flower-fragrant air grew warm, and the buzz and hum of many voices sounded with a vague sense of festivity, Caroline thought.

Caroline forgot Mr. Farquhar; everything that was displeasing to her faded away at once. She had all her acquaintances to greet; they were all acquaintances; she had formed few intimacies, no friendships. This arose partly from circumstances, but far more from her disposition, which, while it led her to feel kindly to all, allowed her to entertain love for very few. And we know that the friendship of a young girl of any depth of nature scouts the idea of degree; it must be superlative, or it is nothing. Caroline did not see in Bessy Windleton, pretty little sylph as she was, or in either of the two accomplished, handsome daughters of Sir John and Lady Bracebridge that ideal perfection which she could fairly and fully adore, or that community of feeling in which she could repose, *ergo* she was to them Miss Maturin, and no more. If the enthusiasm of youth gives us something, it also loses us a great deal. Older people are apt to talk with regret of the generosity, the confiding faith of early years. Is it not somewhat hollow, this generosity that is so thoughtless? is it not spurious and not to be relied on, this faith which only holds its existence by virtue of its blindness? After all, is not a kind of passionate eclecticism one of the most salient characteristics of a young

mind of any force or originality? True, its ideals are angels, let them fall ever so short of perfection; but then, the rest of the world are nullities, no matter how good, how true, how noble, they may really be. Youth bears with it its own crown, its own divine atmosphere of light and fragrance, its own armour of hope and illimitable and dauntless ambition. Its good gifts suffice it, without taking from those which belong to another period of existence. The wide charity which believes none are all evil, and can bear to find that none are all good: the strong faith which can survive the knowledge of the shortcomings of its ideal, the clear-seeing love which can triumph over all the phases of idolatry—steadfast, enduring love one day of which were worth a cycle of blind adoration—such is the abiding faith, the catholic generosity, which rarely enters into the composition of early youth. We are too proud when we are young, too haughty and uncompromising in our loves and our ambitions. Afterwards, we grow humbler, and are content to love even what we know to be imperfection, and to aim at—what God wills, whether high or low in our own sight. It was not a *young* man who wrote

“ They also serve who only stand and wait ;”

and humility and patience are not young virtues; they grow out of knowledge, and walk hand-in-hand with faith. To all this we may come in time. Thank God, he gives a special heritage to every time of life. Childhood, youth, maturity, decline, each hath its dower; and no man needs to look back with yearning or regret to what *has been*, when he may open his eyes and see, stretch out his hands and receive, the good that *is*.

There was no looking back, no looking forward, even, and still less any regret, in Caroline's mind that evening. Keenly, fully, she enjoyed the present. Her ordinary life was too quiet and secluded for her not to overrate the attraction of society when they came in her way. Her love of variety, her appreciation of whatever was tasteful, brilliant, and graceful, were in some measure gratified by the well-lighted, decorated rooms, and the troops of smiling, soft-spoken, gently-gliding guests that peopled them. Caroline did not require much more to delight her. Vaughan came and sat beside her, and talked to her at every opportunity; she danced as often as she chose; Mr. Hesketh was happily established over a rubber of whist in his study: what more had she to wish for?

“ What a number of strange faces!” was one of Vaughan's first exclamations, as he looked round the room, wherein at present a select portion of the guests were writhing in couples, with all the spasmodic contortions of that triumph of modern inventions, the graceful *valse à deux tems*.

"I had no idea we knew so many people. Quite a numerous assemblage."

"Isn't it?" she rejoined, exultantly. "Nice-looking people, too, are they not, Vaughan?"

"Well, I can't say much for the gentlemen, Carry—white cravats with human appendages to them, for the most part. Just now, they look remarkably like cockchaffers spinning on pins, but, perhaps, you never saw that cruel schoolboy operation? You may see a highly graphic illustration of it in that long young officer who is waltzing with Miss Windleton."

"You must not laugh at my guests. Do you see that gentleman standing by the door? That is Mr. Bracebridge, Sir John's only son, just returned from travelling in the East. Don't you think him picturesque-looking?"

"Picturesque? Yes, I suppose so. Pictures are of various kinds. Do you admire *that* style of picture?"

"I do," she returned, looking up with her candid eyes; "he looks pleasant, good, and intelligent. And I believe he is so."

"Do you——Innocence?" He laughed, as he returned the look, "Well, I know nothing about him; but, as a general rule, I hate fellows with eccentric beards and *outré* style; a sure sign of a coxcomb, take my word for it."

As he spoke, the gentleman they were discussing navigated his course with some difficulty through the dancers, and came up to them. His mission was to ask Miss Maturin to dance the next quadrille, and she had half bowed her head in acquiescence, when Vaughan interfered.

"Caroline, do you forget you promised it to me?"

She looked at him, wondering and perplexed. Mr. Bracebridge still stood in the attitude of appeal, but with ready courtesy smoothed away the embarrassment at once.

"The next following, then, may I hope for?"

"If you please," cried Caroline, artlessly enough showing her own pleasure. The gentleman with the beard then moved away, and Caroline looked up to Vaughan inquiringly.

"You did not ask me to dance," she said, gravely; "why did you say I had promised? I did not even know you intended to dance at all."

"Well, I intended to ask you, and I knew, if I had, you would have agreed. Besides, I did not want our conversation interrupted by that stupid, broad-shouldered animal."

But Caroline did not smile. She examined her bouquet with some seriousness.

"You don't mean to say you are disappointed? Shall I call him back,

and resign my claim in his favour? You look as if I had deprived you of a pleasure. You know, Caroline, I wouldn't do that for the world."

She could not help laughing at his mock-heroic look and tone. Besides, by this time, she had explained and refined away by various involuntary sophistries, that which at first had struck her healthy sensitiveness as "not quite right." She was glad to turn to some other subject of conversation.

"You have not told me anything about yourself. What have you been doing all this time?"

"Oh far too much to be discussed in a ball-room. Studying law, Carry. Think of it! If we talked about it the candles would go out. You shall see some of the books I've brought with me to read."

"But you were not studying law at Mr. Farquhar's?"

"No; I was enjoying a respite therefrom. Caroline, what a pretty girl Bessy Windleton has grown. They are forming the quadrille. Let us go and choose a *vis-a-vis*."

So they went, and there followed an interval of dancing and a fragmental conversation. Then Vaughan left her to go to Miss Windleton. Caroline was amused to watch him: the half tender politeness of his manner, the polished air with which he conversed, so different from the terse, boyish style, which it seemed natural for him to assume in talking to her, his old playmate. As she thus watched them, a voice, a very mellow and pleasantly-modulated voice, sounded just at her shoulder.

"This is 'home' in a new phase, is it not, Miss Maturin?"

It was Mr. Farquhar. He was leaning on the arm of the sofa on which she sat, and when she turned to him, his dark face took a curious expression of pleasure and interest.

"We have never had a ball at Redwood before."

"Would you like to have it again—often?"

She considered. "I think not—not too often, at least. I suppose it would lose its zest."

"Have you had much experience of such gayeties?"

"This is my first ball."

"I am afraid you will never like another so much as this, the first. That is rather a discouraging philosophy, you think."

"No; there are plenty of pleasures in the world to have for the first time."

"And variety is charming. Down with old things, let us perpetually be having something new!" Mr. Farquhar cried, with energetic irony.

"I don't mean that," said Caroline, courageously, looking up at him;

"pleasure is not all, not the only thing in people's lives. And things that are the best worth having never grow old."

"You think not?"

"Do not you?"

He paused, then said, suddenly, "What are the things best worth having?"

But Caroline found herself in a difficulty, and did not answer immediately.

"Won't you tell me? Perhaps you think I ought to know for myself."

"I suppose you do know. Most people are aware what it is that they most prize and care for."

"But the question is, what is *best*, not what is *dearest*."

(*To be continued.*)

A VALENTINE.

Addressed to a Lady who would insist on having some original verses, by ——— the Author.

Poeta nascitur non fit.

You don't believe a word of it;
 Else, wherefore bid me verses write,
 Who scarce a theme could e'er indite
 In homely prose? (Ah! Muses nine,
 Sisters ye are, but none of mine!)
 Howe'er, since you will have it so,
 I'll bid my humble verselets flow;
 Though, what on earth to write about,
 I cannot clearly quite make out;
 So, Mattie dear, you'll not be vexed
 If I, for once, make *Self* my text;
 The reason being (if you press me)
 That love of self does most possess me,
 And that an author best can write on
 The subject he can throw most light on.
 Now, *self* in two must be divided,
My-self and *your-self*, that's decided
 But which the worthier of the two
 I can't determine; pray, can you?

For, if the first, I greatly fear
You'll think I hold myself too dear,
Or you too cheap, which much the same is,
And an unpardonable shame is:
And, if the second, then must I
That rule grammatical defy,
Which says that Number One is reckoned
Ever more worthy than its second.
So, that we too may not fall out,
I'll leave that knotty point in doubt.
Now comes the rub:—Shall you or I
Encounter first the public eye,
On this fair page depicted lying,
Whilst all our merits are descreying?
Aye, there's the point: the reason why 'tis,
Not over easy to decide is
That nought, I fear, can well be said,
Which by the million may be read
Without exciting dire confusion
In us, by personal allusion
To all our foibles, virtues, graces
Of mind, or character, or faces.
Perhaps then, you'll agree to this;—
Seeing that ignorance is bliss,
To make men wise were foolishness;
And that 'tis better, on the whole,
The cacöthes to control
Of writing all that's true or pleasant
On two such subjects as the present.
So, by your leave, at once will I
My drowsy quill proceed to dry,
(For now-a-days, you've doubtless heard,
Steel pens are grown upon the bird),
Begging you'll not be too severe,
But shut one eye and close one ear,
Ere you begin to criticise
What will not bear both ears and eyes:
For thus, perhaps, you may excuse
The fruitless efforts of my muse;
And kindly take, when this you read,
The will to please you for the deed.

Now let me say Farewell, and then,
Once and for all, I'll wipe my pen,
Subscribing (though full well you know it)
Myself your-self-devoted Poet.

HUGH DI BRAS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A MONTREAL MERCHANT.*

ACCOUNTS of the marvellous have been so often thrust upon the credulity of the public, that I give with the greatest reluctance this simple narrative of an adventure which befell me about twenty years ago, in the City of Montreal; and which has, in a great measure, influenced my whole after life. A desire, however, to employ with pleasure and advantage the brief space of life now left to my enjoyment, prompts me to commit to writing the substance of this remarkable incident, which may not hereafter be devoid of interest to lovers of the curious.

Several months before the time of its occurrence I had immigrated from a large inland town in England, in company with a considerable number of respectable men of the middle class, with the intention of bettering my condition, in a country where competition in trade had not yet assumed the proportions and aspects which it exhibited in my native land, much to the injury of many honourable and meritorious tradesmen. The vessel in which I sailed had made a speedy and pleasant voyage; my success in procuring, more immediately than I had expected, sufficient credit to enable me to commence a respectable business as a general dealer, had inspired me with new life and new hopes; and I already began to be thankful that, in a fortunate moment, I had determined to seek happier circumstances in a foreign land.

During the winter, prospects of an unanticipated success rapidly matured; and early in the succeeding spring I sent for my family, consisting of a wife and two small children, to proceed without delay to share in my unexpected prosperity. The time fixed for their arrival had already elapsed, and my anxiety for their safety daily increased. It soon, indeed, attained to so great a pitch, that I was utterly unable to attend to the requirements of my business, and spent a large portion of my time in seeking information respecting the arrival at Quebec of the vessel in which my wife and children had embarked.

* Selected from a miscellaneous collection of Tales and Sketches found amongst the papers of a Canadian gentleman, lately deceased.

Intelligence of its appearance came, at last, from below; and my anxiety was speedily converted into a feverish desire to behold again those dear ones, from whom, for the space of nine months, I had been separated by an immense and tumultuous sea.

A few days before this, a barge, with low masts and broad dingy sails, had been observed, early one morning, lying by the shore; but when, or whence, it had come, was entirely matter of conjecture. It naturally caused no apprehension on the part of the citizens, as it was not an uncommon occurrence to those who had dwelt long in the city. It was noticed, however, by some, that an unusually large number of men appeared, at different times, upon it; and then dispersed idly through the town, with no other ostensible purpose than that of spending their time as agreeably as possible. By others it was observed that they wore a coarse, but uniform, style of dress, and paid a peculiar deference to, seemingly, the youngest of their number. Several times one or two of them had entered my shop, loitered a while before the counters, and then purchasing some trifling article, had gone away without exhibiting anything marked in their conduct.

On the night previous to the day upon which my family were expected to arrive from Quebec, I remained later than usual in my shop, arranging matters so as to be absent on the following day. The clock in the office struck twelve as I placed my books in the safe, and prepared to retire for the night.

Something in the contrast between the slow, measured strokes of the clock, and the stillness which pervaded the building, created in my mind that unaccountable uneasiness which every one at times experiences,—especially when aroused from a deep reverie to the consciousness of being entirely alone. It, however, soon yielded to the reflections with which I was continually engaged; and I turned from my labour with a heart lightened by the anticipation of the morrow's happiness.

As I passed from the office a slight noise attracted my attention, and whilst looking around to discover its source, violent hands were laid upon me, and in an instant I was thrown prostrate upon the floor. My first thought was that of danger to myself; but the conduct of my assailants, who numbered some half-a-dozen, as far as I was able to ascertain—for the light had been extinguished early in the assault—soon dispelled any apprehension of immediate peril. Then the thought of robbery flashed through my mind. This, however, appeared to be quite as far from their object as the former conjecture; for I heard one of them hastily close the office door, making, at the same time, some remark to the effect that there was nothing there which they would need. Then

succeeded the painful recognition of the existence of some mystery which I was totally unable to fathom. I began to labour under the greatest agony of mind; but this was little in comparison with what I afterwards suffered in both mind and body. However, I will not anticipate the terrible scene.

All this was the work of a moment; and after a brief consultation on the part of my captors, I was raised from the floor and conveyed through a back way, with which they seemed to be intimately acquainted, and, having been placed carefully in the bottom of a close carriage, was driven rapidly away,—in what direction I could not in the least divine. While lying in this painful and contracted position I endeavoured to cry aloud, or break the cords which confined my hands and feet; but my mouth had been firmly secured by a thick, strong bandage, and my exertions to free my limbs only caused the cords to sink deeper into my flesh and increased the painfulness of my situation. My mysterious attendants uttered not a word; the rattling of the carriage wheels over the stones of the street was the only sound that disturbed the silence of night; and my mind became more and more a prey to the agonies of doubt and suspense.

At length the carriage, which seemed to have gone a circuitous route, left the streets, as I knew by the cessation of the sound of the wheels upon the pavement, and in a moment abruptly stopped. My eyes were immediately blinded; and despite of the struggling, which I still vainly continued, I was borne hastily away a short distance, into what I thought, in my fright, to be the basement of a house, and again deposited upon the floor. The bandage was now removed from my eyes, and I had no difficulty in recognizing amongst the men who surrounded me, some of the crew of the barge which lay moored in the harbour.

This instant appeared to me the crisis of my adventure, and I awaited, trembling with fear, the execution of their purpose. But to my surprise, without exchanging a word, they left me alone to the conflicting thoughts and pains produced by my confinement.

I tried in vain to conjure up some reason for such an extraordinary proceeding. Could it be that a party of freebooters, infesting some district of the country, had preconcerted a plan of seizing upon certain of the citizens for the purpose of extorting money for their restoration? The conjecture certainly seemed plausible in itself; but in such case would they choose one but little known, whose disappearance would cause little notice in a populous city? The improbability of such a purpose in obtaining possession of my person, threw me into a much greater agitation of mind and quickened my increasing despair.

An hour, a terrible painful hour, as far as I was able to judge, wore slowly away; and still no signs of their return. Had their attempt upon some other person been less successful than upon me? My heart leaped with joy at the thought, for then assistance might come to rescue me from impending peril: my mysterious enemies, at least, could not return to execute their fiendish purpose upon me.

This reflection caused a renewal of my spirits; and I resolved to await patiently the course of events. In the meantime I directed my attention towards the objects which surrounded me. The room, or dungeon, in which I lay, was barely twelve feet in length by eight in width; over head was a low ceiling, black with time and smoke; and upon the walls, in various positions, hung pistols, pikes, and swords of various kinds,—which circumstance did not in the least abate my fears for personal safety. Although I had plainly witnessed the departure of my kidnappers, I could not make out, by the aid of a dim light in one corner of the apartment, any evidence of either window or door. It might, after all, be only the horrible delusion of an anxious mind! I tried to awaken from its embrace; but the cords on my wrists dispelled the momentary hope, and I grew deadly faint.

The next moment a sudden determination to release myself seized upon me, and I renewed my exertions to break the cords upon my wrists. At length one of them gave way, and, as it snapped asunder, I imagined that I heard a sound of suppressed breathing in one corner of the apartment, in which lay a heap of articles whose nature I could not determine. I listened again, and hearing no repetition of the sound, proceeded in my endeavours to free my hands from their painful restraint. In a short time the remaining cord broke and my hands had regained their freedom; I raised myself partly from the floor, my every vein thrilling with an ecstasy of joy at this happy result of my labours.

But again that horrible sound came from the corner of the room: this time I perceived distinctly a disturbance of the articles which seemed to have been thrown indiscriminately together. I fell back upon the floor, a terrible fear crept through my frame, and my hands became palsied as I saw emerging, an immense and fierce-looking dog. Had I already succeeded in removing from my mouth the bandage which prevented all speech, I should have cried aloud with fright, and, in all probability, have brought the savage brute upon me. But my silence fortunately preserved my life; for he contented himself with lying close to my side, uttering only a prolonged growl.

The dreadful agony of my situation, from which I had but a moment before looked forward to a speedy release, was rendered a thousand times more oppressive by this additional horror.

I dared not move for fear of being torn by the jaws of the savage brute, which glared at me with eyes that seemed to emit red flames; I dared not even close my eyes lest it would be the signal for my instant destruction.

It is impossible to describe my sufferings, both mental and physical, for the next three hours; at the end of which time the sound of the return of my tormentors, drunken and disorderly, seemed to me the knell of a speedy death. Then, strange to say, I felt an entire resignation to my fate; all thoughts of my situation and the consciousness of surrounding objects deserted my mind; I seemed to have entered into a new and inexplicable condition.

.....

It was broad day-light; the noise of traffic in the streets was at its height; before me was the St. Lawrence, glittering in the morning sun; and the wharfs were thronged with busy crowds. I lay bruised and shivering upon a pile of rubbish, in an open store-house fronting the harbour. I hastily reviewed in my mind the events of the preceding night, and endeavoured to form some plausible reason for the singular adventure.

Evidently no injury had been intended to my person; the remark of the man who had closed the office door clearly implied that they had no intention of plundering my shop. My hands had been again secured; and seeing no present chance of relief, wearied by idle conjecture and numbed by the chill wind which blew over me from the water, I sunk into a sort of lethargy, in which I remained in a state of semi-consciousness, until late in the day. Then I was accidentally discovered by a carter, who kindly bore me to the nearest hotel. There my wife found me, by a happy concurrence, on her arrival; and the cheerful influence of her presence and the great pleasure of beholding her again after so long an absence, gave a surprising impetus to my recovery. In the course of a few days I was again able to attend to my business; and I then discovered the only solution which I can give to my extraordinary adventure.

I found my shop closed as it had been left on that terrible night; but when I entered, a singular scene was presented to my astonished view. Upon the counter, on one side, were the remains of a sumptuous feast; in every direction upon the floor were strewn fragments of broken glass and articles of silver plate. Suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room, was the dead body of a man, wrapt closely around with black cloth which had been taken from the shop. Upon a piece of paper attached to the feet of the corpse were these words: "*Thus perished by the hands of those whom he wronged, the basest of men.*"

In my office was a large purse of gold and a brief note expressing regret

for the inconvenience to which I had been put. I now began to experience a new and hardly less terrible fear.

How could I account for the presence of the corpse? I foresaw plainly a long complication of circumstances which might for ever ruin my prospects of wealth and respectability.

I, therefore, determined to find immediately the carter who had befriended me, confide to him my secret and engage his assistance. In this I easily succeeded; and the bestowal on him of the purse of gold insured a fidelity which was never broken to his dying day,—some ten years afterwards.

The body was buried, together with the remains of the revelry, in the cellar under the shop; and no notice was ever taken of the interruption in my business. When I again visited the wharf the barge had disappeared: weeks after, I read in the city papers accounts of the discovery of a similar craft floating bottom up in one of the lakes. From a minute description given of articles found in its vicinity, I had sufficient grounds for recognizing its identity.

It may be possible that less credulous readers may seek a verification of this narrative in the public annals and personal recollections of the city; but their labour will be vain. When this paper shall be discovered, the only tongue capable of relating this tale will be mute and lifeless.

THE CHURCH IN BRITAIN TO THE TIME OF AUGUSTIN.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE general impression left by a review of the history of the English Church to the time of Augustin's mission is that its growth was vigorous but untutored. We find but little culture, and consequently but little power of dealing with theological subtleties: and hence the disproportion evident between the Church's efficiency as a self-governing body and her slender resources in dealing with heresy. At the period we have now reached, this deficiency, if it may be so called, was supplied; but the simplicity of the truth was therewith to some extent sacrificed, when the Church of England first entered into those relations with the Church of Rome which have supplied the chief material for her subsequent history. It was towards the end of the sixth century that Pope Gregory formed

the design of having the Gospel preached to the fair-haired Angles, whose beauty had attracted his notice in the Roman slave mart. The mission was readily undertaken by the Monk Augustin and a few zealous followers; and it was not until they were embarked in the undertaking that its difficulties and dangers presented themselves in their true colours. Augustin was daunted both by the prospect of the journey before him, and by the character of the people amongst whom he was to labour; and at length became so thoroughly disheartened with the project, that he besought the Pope for his recall. Reassured, however, by the advice, and encouraged by the hospitality of the Bishop of Arles, to whom Gregory had given them credentials, the missionaries continued their journey, accompanied by interpreters from Gaul; and landed on the Island of Thanet, whence they sent to inform Ethelbert of their arrival. The pagan king, influenced no doubt by his Christian Queen, after first holding an interview with the missionaries in the open air, where the magic and spells of these possible sorcerers would be innocuous, assigned a house for their use, with free toleration of their worship, at Canterbury. The king and his household being shortly converted and a public sanction thus given to the mission, Augustin crossed over again into France, and having received consecration from the hands of the Bishop of Arles, was ready on his return to England for the more arduous duties which awaited him. His first endeavour was to form a union between the British Christians and the new Anglican branch of the Church Catholic. Such a union would obviously be a great furtherance to the acceptance of Christianity by the Angles, inasmuch as the British Church was of ancient foundation, and unity in religion would tend to allay the deep-seated animosity existing between the British and those who had dispossessed them of so large a portion of their territory. Here, however, difficulties presented themselves, arising naturally from the relations of the parties concerned, whose conflicting interests caused so many complications as to delay considerably the union proposed by Augustin: nor, indeed, was it found practicable afterwards to reconstitute the Church upon the exact basis designed by Gregory. The parties to be conciliated by Augustin were, 1st. the Gallic, 2nd. the British Church, and 3rd. the Pagans, whether British or Angles, whose conversion he designed to effect.

1. Gregory's object was to establish a Church among the Angles in union with Rome and subject to its supremacy, as will be seen in noticing Augustin's conference with the British Bishops. Augustin, therefore, was to be made the instrument for reconstituting the Church in Britain on a new basis, in subjection to a foreign Church separated by a long distance from its British dependency. This was in itself a suffi-

ciently difficult task, and the more so inasmuch as the Church of Rome was just beginning to put forth claims to supremacy, which were the fruitful source of so many evils. The Gallic Churches seem about this time to have become aware of this tendency, so far, at least, as to watch with caution, though possibly not yet with actual suspicion, the movements of their Italian sister. It is probable, therefore, that the Gallic Churches would have regarded with some degree of anxiety the projected establishment of an Anglo-Roman Church in Britain, had the Church of Rome at this time been in a position to mature and carry into effect her subsequent policy. But such was not the case. The Bishop of Rome, looked up to naturally as the spiritual head of one of the most ancient apostolic churches, was, at the most, no more than *primus inter pares* amongst his brethren. To evangelize the heathen Angles was a missionary work in which Gaul might well co-operate, and in which she did render important aid which contributed largely to Augustin's success. His instructions received from Gregory were comprehensive; to establish among his new converts whatever rites or ceremonies he might deem most conducive to the glory of God, whether imported from Rome, Gaul, or any other Church, assigning as his reason, *Non enim pro locis res sed pro bonis rebus loca amanda sunt*.^{*} The same moderate and conciliatory spirit pervades Gregory's answer to Augustin's enquiry with respect to the position he was to assume towards the British and Gallic Bishops. All assertion of authority over them was to be avoided, intercourse was to be kept up on equal and friendly terms, and mutual aid to be rendered in supplying deficiencies or reforming abuses which might have crept into either Church. The effect of this infusion into the English Church of what was best as regards doctrine or discipline in foreign churches, was highly beneficial; an assurance of stability which would otherwise have been wanting being thus given to her institutions, whilst the recognition and friendship of two powerful allies secured for her consideration from the rest of Christendom.

2. Greater difficulties awaited Augustin in dealing with the native British Church. The British, oppressed and circumscribed in territory by their conquerors, would naturally look with distrust upon any movement in which they might take part, or regard with little favour anything undertaken by others for their benefit. That religion, they might argue, could not be genuine Christianity which might serve only to rivet their bondage to the Saxon race: whether genuine or not, what claim had the oppressor upon their kind offices? The above are not of course advanced

^{*} Bede Eccl. Hist. i. 27.

as Christian arguments, but such as in a rude age, if then only, the bulk of a professedly Christian nation might use when called upon to assist in evangelizing their conquerors. But apart from such reasons for refusing to take part in the mission, there were some real differences in matters of discipline between foreign and native observances sufficient to ensure opposition between the advocates of either, and to prevent their uniting readily for the furtherance of a common object. On these disputed points the British Christians believed the testimony of antiquity to be in their favour. From the account given by Bede * of these transactions, we learn that at the first conference which took place between Augustin and the Bishops and Doctors of the British Church, the latter were convinced, in consequence of a miracle wrought by Augustin, that their usages on the controverted points ought to be made to conform with those of the Church of Rome; but that, nevertheless, they could not authorize the introduction of any changes without the formal consent of their people. The discussion was accordingly adjourned to a later day, when seven British Bishops, and many learned men from the Monastery at Bangor, attended, being first advised by a holy man whom they looked up to as an oracle, to take notice of Augustin's mode of receiving them, and hence to gather whether he were, in truth, a man of God or no, and to embrace or reject his proposals accordingly. Augustin did not rise from his seat in receiving them as they had been warned he should have done, and this, of course, prejudiced their minds against him. His demands were that the British Christians should conform to the practice of the Church of Rome as to the time of celebrating Easter, and the mode of administering the sacrament of Baptism, and should also join the mission in preaching the Gospel to the English. The British having, as it would seem, prejudged the case, answered briefly that they would neither conform to the Roman practice in any of these particulars, nor admit the authority of Augustin as their Archbishop. At this Augustin is said to have denounced vengeance upon them, to be inflicted by the hands of the English, for having refused to join in preaching to that nation the word of life. This prophecy, we are told, was literally fulfilled some years later, when Ethelfrid, King of Northumbria, made war upon the Welsh. The foregoing account of the venerable Monk of Jarrow, a zealous Romanist in all his views, must be received with the allowance due to his known prejudices and predilections. Throughout his history, miracles, and especially miraculous cures, abound; and the one attributed to Augustin, on the occasion of his conference with the divines of Bangor,

* Eccl. Hist. ii. 2.

was of that class. Such miracles are of such frequent occurrence that, however sincere we may allow Bede to have been, we can hardly acquit him of credulity. If we deduct the marvellous part of the account, it would seem that at the first conference no positive reply was given, for the reason stated, viz : that the consent of the nation was a necessary preliminary to any alteration in church discipline. But the conviction said to have been wrought in the minds of the British by Augustin's miracle is scarcely consistent with their apparently unanimous rejection of his proposals at the second meeting. And in this it is observable that the reply of the British representatives, in Bede's account, does not tally exactly with his own relation just before given of Augustin's demand.— For the refusal of the British was summed up in the words, "*nil horum se facturos, neque illum pro archiepiscopo habituros esse,*" whereas the demand to be their archbishop is nowhere contained in the terms proposed to them by Augustin. So far from this, there is no assumption of authority about them: conformity in certain points of discipline was required, as well as co-operation in the general work of the mission; but minor differences in other non-essential matters would, he told them, be tolerated. Hence, it appears, that if both accounts, that of the conditions proposed by Augustin and that of their rejection by the British, be true, they do not both represent the whole truth, either of the statements actually made on either side, or of the attendant circumstances. And this may well be without any disparagement of the historians veracity; for allowing that no demand for submission on the part of the British Church to the See of Rome was made by Augustin, still the fact remained, from which the British Church might, rightly or wrongly, draw unfavourable inferences, that a Romish hierarchy had been already set up in the Kentish capital. Religious animosities are always most bitter, and when sustained by national antipathies become inveterate, and this seems to have been the case in the present instance. The Paschal controversy appears to have been carried on as warmly between the English and British as it had been already in the wider fields of the Eastern and Western Churches; and the eighth century* was far advanced before the British and Irish Christians conformed, as a body, to the Roman practice in this respect. The importance of unanimity on this subject was strongly felt, but each party claimed antiquity in its favour; and, apart from other considerations, the British refused to sink their nationality in their religion by joining the Roman mission in the work of evangelizing their bitterest enemies.

3. The heathen portion of the British nation could not be expected

* Bingham fixes the date at 800 A.D., Antiq. Bk. xx, chap. v. sec 4; Churton at 755.—Early English Church, chap, iii, p. 34.

to embrace the Gospel very readily, offered to them under such unfavourable circumstances. With the same national feelings as their Christian brethren, Augustin found in dealing with them the further obstacle of pagan ignorance and superstition, fostered probably by the influence of the more enlightened and nominally Christian portion of the nation. This statement may be thought almost uncharitable, but seems warranted by the fact that about a quarter of a century after Augustin's death* we find a Christian combining with a heathen king for the extirpation of the Angles, whose religion he held in no honour, insomuch that he would as readily have held communion with a pagan as with an Angle. The foregoing instance shews, at all events, how far, in some cases, national could outweigh religious feelings, and the slow progress made in the work of conversion during Augustin's lifetime, and that of his immediate successor, is, in part, due to this cause. The methods adopted to conciliate pagan opposition, whether British or English, are noticeable as exhibiting a spirit of compromise with the enemy which would seem likely to annul opposition by yielding the points contended for, rather than quell it by the force of conviction. For in his epistle to Mellitus, Gregory not only directed† that the heathen temples should not immediately be destroyed but converted to Christian uses; but he also sanctioned the continuance, for a time, of heathen sacrifices amongst the English converts, changing only the object of adoration from idols to the true God. The former concession would, in an age so little capable of separating the spiritual from the material, be likely to cause great offence to the Christian portion of the community; whilst the evil effects of the latter are seen in the abuses to which it subsequently gave rise. For pagan practices in the Church became so rife that it was considered necessary to suppress them by royal edict in the reign of Erconbert of Kent, A.D. 640‡. This king carried his zeal so far as to include in the same edict a clause rendering compulsory the observance of the forty days of Lent, and however unlikely it was that Church discipline could be really furthered by such means, yet the application of so violent a remedy is at least an index of the laxity which had crept into the Church, either through a desire to conciliate the heathen or in way of concession to the self-indulgent members of her own body.

Such, roughly stated, were the discordant elements which Augustin had taken upon himself to harmonize, and where opposed to it, to reconcile to the Catholic faith. It remains to enquire how far he was able to carry out the ecclesiastical scheme proposed by Gregory.

(*To be continued.*)

* Bede, Eccl. Hist. ii. 20. † Bede, Eccl. Hist. i. 30. ‡ Bede, Eccl. Hist. iii. 8.

SOME ONE COMES.

I.

Some one comes—I hear a footstep—
See the shadows cast
At my lonely door that trembles
In the bitter blast!
Some one comes!—or is it fancy,
Or a friend at last?

II.

“I am Wealth, and I can give thee
Gold that men adore,
Friends and smiles and boon companions
Joyous as of yore!”
Fool! Can'st call me back from Hades,
Vanished youth once more!

III.

“I am Love—with years that vanish
Young and still the same,”—
Still, as when in Southern sunshine
First the phantom came?
A fond, false word long unspoken,—
A forgotten name!

IV.

“Open quick—the winter snow-flakes
Flicker slowly by—
Night is fleeting and the ghostly
New-year's morn draws nigh;
Shelter me—no corpse is colder
In the grave than I.”

V.

“I am Youth—Hope—the most precious
Of God's gifts.” Pass on.
“Fame—the meed of an eternal
Singer's guerdon won.”
Fool! One thing alone I needed,—
A true heart,—'tis gone.

VI.

"I remain, who offer only
 Peace. The wild day done
 Follow me into the darkness."—
 Welcome, friend! lead on—
 Only spare my dog, let some one
 Grieve when I am gone.

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

 A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

From the French of Bénédict de Révoil.

IN TWO PARTS.

II.

WAS it my menacing attitude which produced an unexpected impression on our ferocious enemies, or was it the rapid course of our horses? The fact is, they got a little distance behind, so much so that we gained an advance, which we appreciated not a little. I looked around me and perceived, very near us, the hunter's cabin, the door of which stood open.

Kosko shouted for joy, while stopping the horses with difficulty, and jumped from his seat.

"We are there! we are there!" cried he; "now, quick, quick! lose not an instant."

Aninia had already quitted the sleigh with great presence of mind, and taken refuge in the cabin. Kosko followed her, carrying in his arms the lady's maid, still fainting; I was the last.

In penetrating into this asylum, the old servant tore the gun from my hands in great haste, and went quickly out of the cabin. I stood astonished, and, following him with my eyes, I perceived the wolves who reappeared in threatening numbers, and who were in an instant close to us.

I called Kosko, and conjured him not to expose himself; but what he wished to execute, he had already done.

By the help of two blows of the whip, he had set the horses off on the gallop, and he returned at the same moment as two monsters, thirsting for blood, darted towards the cabin. He killed them both with the butt of the gun, entered quickly, and closed on us, with iron bolts, the oaken door of the cabin.

It was time!

I might seek in vain to paint the sentiment by which I was possessed.

Many years have passed since this terrible adventure, a great number of events have grown up, of which my heart keeps the remembrance, but nothing can resemble what I felt at this moment.

Joy overflowed my heart at the sight of my sister in safety. I looked at myself at the same time as a frightful criminal, I, who had doubted the power and goodness of God.

I did not dare to speak to Aninia, her confidence in God had not failed; she addressed Him now in a firm voice, with a prayer of thanksgiving.

The noise of the wolves attacking the well closed door, stopped these reflections at last. I gathered up my ideas and sought to unite my prayer to that of my sister: I succeeded at last, and I hoped that God would pardon my want of confidence, my weakness of faith.

When Kosko had driven off the horses, he had had the presence of mind to draw out the lighted lantern from the sleigh and to bring it into the hospitable cabin.

During the howling of the wolves, whilst they jumped at the door and tried to break in at the window, defended by strong shutters, we examined the interior of the cabin and the objects by which we were surrounded.

We found only naked clay walls—a stone bench extending the length of the walls; in one corner, we found some half rotten straw, but beside it we found an estimable treasure, a quantity of wood, sufficient to secure us for twenty-four hours, against a frozen temperature.

The old domestic did not lose a moment in using it, and soon a welcome blaze shone through our cabin. The smoke mounted to the ceiling and lost itself in one of those openings in the roof that are usually to be found in a hunter's cabin.

I breathed more freely now, and looked with more tranquility on my beloved sister, who was seated on the bench, occupied in restoring the lady's maid whom Kosko had laid there.

Some drops of spirits given to her, made the woman open her eyes; then we re-assembled around the fire, whose vivifying heat produced on us all a good effect though still, during the howling of our terrible enemies, we felicitated ourselves on our escape.

The lady's maid delivered from her paralysis of fear, began to relate with volubility all she had suffered; she had seen all, heard everything, although in a dead faint.

I took hold of Aninia's hand, our looks met, and without needing to exchange a word, they expressed the sweet emotions of our unhopd-for deliverance.

Old Kosko, alone, seemed insensible of the favour that heaven had bes-

towed on us. He cast gloomy looks on the vacillating flames; his brow was wrinkled, and, from time to time, I saw that he shook his head. At first I paid but little attention to him; but suddenly we heard a piercing cry sound from without, and we looked at each other with anxiety.

This cry was of such a nature, that certainly was not uttered by a man; I knew not to what animal it could belong.

It soon ceased, but the horrible plaint that it expressed, long resounded to the bottom of our hearts.

"This terrible cry," said Kosko to me, "announces to us, sir, the death of your favourite horse. I have often heard the like on the battle field, it is uttered by young and strong horses who fight up to the last moment, with useless efforts, against death. I would swear that the mare has suffered less, but one thing is certain, that these poor beasts have fallen a prey to the wolves; these monsters are still occupied, and are leaving us an instant of repose; but they will return more hungry, more famished than before."

The old servant said truly; they did not delay beginning their attacks on the cabin; we could even divine, without trouble, that their fury had increased, for they tried to scramble up the walls to reach the roof.

We were in the greatest fear, our eyes fixed on the opening in the roof. Suddenly, by a gust of wind scattering the smoke, we could distinguish the starry sky. At this moment the lady's maid fell down fainting in pointing to the opening.

Our looks met a terrible apparition; four wolves' heads shewed themselves there, their jaws still marked with blood: through the smoke, these frightful heads resembled devils. Kosko alone kept his presence of mind; he threw a fagot in the flames and said to us:

"We have nothing to fear from these; wolves are afraid of fire, they are blinded by the light of the flame, and do not distinguish us."

A terrible cracking was, however, heard; three of the monsters disappeared at the moment in which part of the roofing, which was only of wood, broke in under the weight of the fourth, who fell into the middle of the fire.

"Get away!" cried Kosko, "draw," said he to me, "but do not miss your aim."

He seized on the gun. The animal cried fearfully; I drew the trigger of the pistol and, at the same moment, Kosko finished the wolf with a blow from the butt of the gun.

We drew back from the fire, where his blood, spilt in it, had produced a thick smoke; we carried him away into a corner.

"It is probably the only essay of the kind that we shall have to fear

in the course of the night," said Kosko to me, but, added he, "when day begins we shall have more of those hellish beasts than we shall be able to kill."

I alone had heard these words, and asked of him in a low voice what he was afraid of; for my part, I hoped that with the dawn, the wolves would quit us to retire into the forest.

"What would even that serve us" replied he sadly? "the horses are dead, and how is a feeble creature like Miss Aninia to attain on foot the limits of the forests? Night will surprise us anew and the wolves will again find us. Alas! this hope is all in vain. There, where the wolves assemble in such great numbers, they do not fear the light of day. Whilst provision of wood lasts, our fire will preserve us from an attack from above. During the day, the flame does not make so great an impression on the wolves. We must gather up all our courage, all our strength, for the next event, for we must defend the women and our life to the last moment. All that may not serve us," added he, in a voice so low that I could hardly hear him.

My only hope, founded on the return of day, was then destroyed, our loss appeared to me now certain, and the bitterness of despair again spread itself over my soul.

In the fear that Aninia should see my trouble, and wishing her to preserve as long as possible the little tranquility which remained to her, I approached her. The hours were passing slowly and anxiously. Aninia was asleep, she lay like a child who knows no danger about it; she smiled in her sleep, and that smile pierced me to the heart.

Old Kosko, in silence, continued to keep up the fire; he had said truly that no other wolf would appear at the opening in the roof; but their scratchings against the door, their cries, their howlings, continued all night. Before Kosko had made his observations, all my hopes lay in daybreak, and now I desired night should never end. Foolish hopes of man. What should we have obtained by that, if it was only a slow death, that of hunger, instead of that which was reserved for us at the wolves' teeth.

The stars grew pale; day, so feared, came on again.

The moment for the predictions of Kosko were about to come.

The wolves encouraged by the day, scrambled, to the number of twenty, around the roof, which was at the point of breaking in under their weight. Aninia still slept, I thanked God for it.

At this moment, when all hope seemed to have left us, we heard the report of more than fifty shots; the sound of the hunting horn and the barking of dogs struck our ears.

The two women got up.

Our terrible enemies threw themselves from the roof and went off, howling dreadfully; Kosko opened the door with precaution, and cried out: "The wolves have disappeared, and here are the hunters coming out of the forest."

We hastened to the door; we were saved; life and liberty were given back to us, and with it the joy of the earth, the magnificence of heaven. The source of life was renewed; we breathed the morning air. We then saw our liberator at the head of the hunters: it was Ivan de Labanof. Who can paint that moment of intoxication? I was foolish with joy, I clasped him in my arms laughing, for I saw safe and sound beside me, my dearly beloved sister, gifted with all her charms of youth and virtue.

Aninia extended with a sweet smile her hand to Ivan, who pressed it to his lips.

Whilst his companions pursued the wolves, we told our liberator all that had occurred to us, and he related to us how it happened that he had come *so à propos* to our help.

The news spread to the chateau of his mother that a large troupe of wolves, descending from the immense forest of Lithuania, had invaded the country we had to go through, that several misfortunes had already happened; they named the victims, and it was known that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had united to hunt these wild beasts. Agitated by a piercing anxiety, Ivan had assembled all the men able to carry arms, and had left the moment that other proprietors arrived with their servants. These calculated on commencing the chase the following day, but nothing could stop Ivan. In painting, with the eloquence of the heart, the dangers we might run, he had conquered the anxiety of his mother and the objection of his friends.

"God be thanked," said he, "since I have been so fortunate as to serve you."

"Two months after," added our amiable relator, "was celebrated at the chateau of Arnheim, before my venerable father, restored to health, the marriage of my sister Annia and her liberator."

M. D. R

(Concluded.)

A WORD ABOUT EDUCATION AND LEN- NOXVILLE SCHOOL.

"I call that education which embraces the culture of the whole man with all his faculties—subjecting his senses, his understanding, and his passions, to reason, to conscience, and to the evangelical laws of the Christian revelation."

TO allow the moral faculties to be uninstructed, is to leave the most important part of man undeveloped, and to deprive education of almost all that makes it truly valuable. The best schools will afford a share in the excellencies of religion, as well as of learning; they will provide for the refined and generous culture of a youth in virtuous principles; they will teach him a high appreciation of his responsibilities as a member of society, so as to make him a blessing to the place where Providence fixes his abode, and a benefactor of his country. The true aim of education should be, not so much to fit for any particular station, as to modify and refine the characteristics, to train the mental capabilities, to promote habits of enquiry and deliberation, and to give healthy exercise to natural powers,—not to cultivate mind at the expense of morals, nor to encourage intellectual development at the expense of health. Health must be considered the basis, and learning the ornament of comprehensive education. Mere rote-learning or accumulation of facts, a passive reception of knowledge, is too often exalted over those exercises which call forth higher faculties, which encourage intellectual activity, which teach a pupil to think, and enable him to digest his knowledge.

As connected with moral education and discipline, it is most important to appeal frequently to conscientious motives, to convince a pupil how degrading it is to require constant watching. There will always be some whose sense of honour is not of the highest order, but the majority of right-minded boys, thus won over, may be safely left to control the mean-spirited minority.

Boys should, if possible, be convinced of the benefits derivable from order and regularity, of the necessity of learning obedience to lawful authority; they should get a clear perception of the unmanliness of indolence, and of the objects to be attained by careful industry; they should be made to understand that, in every station of life, there is ample scope for energy, industry, and self-discipline.

A public school possesses advantages not attending any other class of school. Even though a teacher be every way capable and faithful, he is not likely to infuse as much life and energy into his teaching, when the number of his pupils is small, as if he had an ordinary-sized class before him. Again, he is apt to limit the full exercise of their abilities by

doing too much for them. The pupil of a public school gets the benefit of more systematic training, of more indirect instruction and discipline. The influence of enthusiasm, the spirit of generous rivalry, the sharpening effect of competition, the opportunities (as often a check on pride as an encouragement of true ambition) for a boy to measure his abilities, exist nowhere in so pure a form as at a good public school. Every one must ultimately leave his family and go out into the world to undertake duties, to contend with difficulties and temptations; and nothing so much as life in a public school, will prepare a lad to begin advantageously his life's career. The same influences in kind, which operate in settling a boy's rank and respect among his schoolfellows, will affect the position he is to hold in the world. The fixed rules of the school, framed for the common benefit, and the just government of himself and companions, gradually prepare him to become loyally subject to the laws of society and civil government. From the great number of relations, and hence the great number of rights concerned in its existence, a public school may be called a "little world."

The teacher's is, from its nature, an office of the highest character. Some of the best and greatest men have filled this office. It is no trifling matter to be the responsible educator of all the faculties of immortal beings. A good teacher's qualifications are important and numerous. He must be well-informed, patient, unsuspecting, cheerful and affectionate. It devolves upon him to encourage, to assist, to sympathize, and to maintain supreme control with kindly firmness. How easy the description of these duties, how hard the faithful performance of them!

It sometimes happens that parents do not entertain a lively concern for the school where they send their children, for whom it ought to do more than ever can be repaid. It would encourage teachers to persevere if they received some assurance that their efforts were seconded by the parents, and their laborious pains-taking services were duly appreciated. Teachers cannot discharge their responsibilities with as much zeal as they otherwise would, when they receive no active sympathy from the parents.

A fair balance is not always cast between superior education and the cost of obtaining it. The dearest article, when the best, is the cheapest in the end. No money can pay for what parents and teachers do toward a man's education.

When we consider the geographical position of Bishop's College School, how advantageously situated for access from all quarters, how conducive the beautiful scenery of the country is to health and cheerfulness, what playgrounds, fields, and woods surround the large and commodious buildings; when we consider the character of the school, presided over by the

Metropolitan of Canada and the Bishop of Quebec, the position and influence of the trustees, the large and efficient staff of masters—three of whom are clergymen, we do not wonder that the Institution receives distinguished patronage, and enjoys a deserved popularity.

Strangers always speak admiringly of the natural beauty of the place, but nothing can exceed the compliments we frequently hear them pass upon the orderly, respectful demeanour, and the gentlemanly bearing of the boys. A finer set of lads, as a body, it would be difficult anywhere to find. Any parent who thinks of sending a son to Lennoxville, may be assured that, in the matter of companionship, there exists not in the Country any of a higher grade than of the "noble and gentle youth" at Bishop's College School. Their fathers rank among the leading men of this Dominion, and the sons will to-morrow be filling the "halls of legislation, the schools of philosophy, the ranks of literature, the marts of trade, the pulpit, the desk of the editor, and the chair of the teacher."

The present Rector has done an excellent thing for the school in raising the standard of proficiency by abolishing, for this year, the name of sixth form. We presume that he wishes the Lower School to have a creditable proficiency to work for, in order to deserve promotion into the sixth form, and he would have them anticipate with ambition the name of "sixth form boy." The school is now classified according to the attainments of the pupils in Latin, and the marks for English are counted in with those given for the subject. The wisdom of this change we must be allowed to notice by quotations from "Lectures on the English Language," by Marsh, edited by Dr. Smith. "The most numerous additions to the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, the most important modifications of English syntax, and consequently of the general idiom of our language, have been derived, either mediately or immediately, from the Latin."

"The Latin grammar has become a general standard wherewith to compare that of all other languages, the medium through which all the nations of Christendom have become acquainted with the structure and philosophy of their own. We must still turn to the speech and literature of Rome as the great source of scientific grammatical instruction. The convenience as an educational engine is eminently characteristic of the Latin.

"In laying down general plans of education, a course of foreign philology and literature has been usually prescribed, avowedly as a means of instruction in English grammar and syntax, rather than as an independent discipline." He speaks of Latin as having "somewhat influenced the structure of English, and as being in itself a sort of embodiment of universal grammar, a materialization, I might almost say, a petrification of the radical principles of articulate language. When an intelligent

foreigner commences the study of English, he finds every page sprinkled with words, whose form unequivocally betrays a Greek or Latin origin, and he observes that these terms are words belonging to the dialect of the learned professions, of theological discussion, of criticism, of elegant art, of moral and intellectual philosophy, of abstract science and of the various branches of natural knowledge, and the English student who has mastered the Latin may be assured that he has thereby learned one half of what he has to learn in acquiring any continental language." "Suppose," says Dean French, "the English language to be divided into one hundred parts; of these, to make a rough distribution, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including of course the Latin which has come to us through the French), five would be Greek: we should then have assigned ninety-five parts, leaving the other five—perhaps too large a residue,—to be divided amongst all the other languages from which we have adopted isolated words."

We have introduced these remarks merely to show our sympathy with the plan of classification adopted.

The morals of the boys are most carefully watched over, and all pupils receive direct religious instruction every Sunday and Monday. The sermons preached in the College chapel, prepared as they always are with more or less reference to the boys, must prove a great blessing to them.

The benefits of the monthly examinations need not be enumerated. A boy's position for the month is determined by the sum of the marks given at the monthly examination, and those given daily, raised or reduced to the same maximum. If a boy obtains full marks for a month, half must have been obtained by his daily recitations, and half by the monthly examination. The sum of marks for the month shews a boy's position for the term, and this most affects his promotion, but the prizes are awarded according to the combined result of marks for the term and those gained at the terminal examination. This is briefly the principle of marking, and seems to us as perfect as may be. The terminal reports contain a statement of these results in actual numbers; and this system far surpasses that of reporting a boy's work and conduct as fair, good, very good, bad, &c. It is next to impossible to be just in such general statements.

We are glad to hear that the time-honoured and divinely authorized assistance of the cane is made use of at Lennoxville. The caning has, however, been confined within narrow and prudent limits, administered not publicly, but after the dismissal of the school.

The school has for some time furnished a contribution to the military defences of the country, by a Volunteer Rifle Corps being formed among

the boys. Few companies of the 53d, or indeed of any other Battalion in the Canadian army, meet with more approbation from the inspecting officers, than the Bishop's College Corps, and we are confident that the existence of this Company is useful to the School in many ways. The drill promotes their physical bearing and health; while the habits of regularity imparted by a soldier's training are valuable throughout life. The greatest credit is due to Captain Hyndman and the other officers of the Company for its through efficiency. We believe that the Company now numbers 55, a creditable proportion out of a school of 110 boys.

We must crave the indulgence of the editor for making so lengthy, what was intended to be but a short notice of Bishop's College School. This is an advertising age, but we have often thought that Bishop's College, in mistaken modesty, has not been sufficiently active in making known, what may with truth and without exaggeration be called, her superior educational advantages. All friends of the institution will hail with hopeful pleasure the birth of the "Lennoxville Magazine," and will, we trust, as a proof of their interest, make an effort to support this publication, which, although it disclaims any official connection with the College, has yet consented to become an advertising medium for the institution. This periodical, under its old name "Student's Monthly," received some very flattering notices in English and other papers; and we recommend a perusal of a copy of the Magazine as a proof of the ability displayed in its pages.

A request has been conveyed to the editor of the *Lennoxville Magazine*, from the boys, that he would kindly insert the address which, at the time of the breaking up of the School, accompanied a valuable and gratifying Christmas present made by them to the new rector. A full account of the breaking up appeared in the Montreal and Quebec papers, but we insert here a copy of the address according to request.

VERITAS.

COPY OF ADDRESS.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Before separating for the Christmas holidays, the first since the commencement of your residence amongst us, may we request your acceptance of the accompanying small token of our affectionate regard? We regret that it is not in our power to offer you something much better; but we are unwilling on that account to lose this opportunity of expressing our respect for you as our Rector, our sense of the value of your instructions, and our appreciation of your kind and constant endeavours for our improvement.

Permit us, in conclusion, to offer our best wishes for continued health and happiness to Mrs. Walker and yourself, and to express a hope that the past term may prove to have been but the commencement of a long and prosperous career to the Junior Department of Bishop's College under your presidency. We beg leave to subscribe ourselves, with much respect,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE PUPILS.

Lennoxville, Dec. 19th, 1867.

SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

I.

I PURPOSE in this and in future numbers of the "Lennoxville" to give some sketches of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and more particularly of that part of it which is almost a *terra incognita* to all except the fur traders; I allude to that portion of it lying between Lake Superior and the southern shores of Hudson's Bay, with some account of Moose Fort, or Moose Factory as it is more commonly called. My narrative will consist merely of the copy of a journal of a canoe voyage from Moose Factory to Michipicoton on Lake Superior, in Lat. $47^{\circ} 50'$, Long. $85^{\circ} 5'$, which I performed in the year 1862; but as I was long resident on Lake Superior, I will give some account of the great lake, and also of the way in which I got there nearly a quarter of a century ago.

I left Montreal in the latter end of May and got to the Sault St. Mary about three weeks afterwards.—a journey which can now be performed in, at least, one. The Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad was the only one in the country in those days, and the traveller had to trust to steamer and stage coach on the great line of travel. Up to Toronto we got on very well, there being no detentions any where, as we carried, I presume, the mails. On crossing over to American territory at Niagara, it was nothing but a detention of several hours at the different stages; we were always sure to arrive too soon or too late for the conveyance which was to carry us forward. At Buffalo we were detained nearly a whole day, and at Detroit nearly two, the steamer for Makinac requiring some repairs; the delay, however, was turned to good account in visiting the Lions of Detroit. The principal street is Jefferson Avenue,—one of the most magnificent I have ever seen, with its long line of houses, the residences of some of the merchant princes of the place.

We got under way for Makinac at last with a goodly array of passengers. On board, I was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of a young Southerner of the name of Gray; he was like myself bound for Lake Superior.

An intimacy soon sprung up between us. By profession he was a land surveyor, but, besides that, he knew a good deal of geology and botany, and was employed either by the State of Michigan or the General Government of the United States to survey lands on the south side of Lake Superior, which have since become so valuable, and known as the Copper Regions. Gray was one of the pioneers of discovery in this remarkable country; for its great mineral value, even at that time, was more than suspected, from the huge masses of native copper found there, some weighing from 500 to 1000 lbs.

Gray, when he found that I was bound for the north shore of Lake Superior, immediately suspected that I was sent there on an errand somewhat similar to his own; but I immediately told him that I never had the honour of being an employee of the Government, and perhaps never would; and gave him just as much of my history as I thought it necessary to communicate.

Let me here bear testimony to the great sociality of the Americans on board their boats. I am describing what I saw myself in several voyages, at different times, on the great lakes. Every one, whom business or pleasure brought on board the boat, seemed determined to be pleased himself and to use his best endeavours to please every one else.

We at last got away from Detroit and steamed up to the St. Clair river to get into Lake Huron, and in the evening, as we were taking tea in the cabin, our steamer which was going probably at the rate of 7 or 8 knots an hour, suddenly came to a stand still, throwing the dishes on the table out of their equilibrium.

"We have stuck in the mud," says Gray, who was sitting beside me. "Better that," I replied, "than being on the rocks."

Our gallant Captain immediately rose from the table and went upon deck; but returned with the information that the steamer was aground on the St. Clair shoals, and would have to remain there until another steamer or tug were passing, to haul us off; which would probably be about noon, next day. If the Captain had looked well after his own business, the mistake would not have occurred; but we were in his hands and had to submit to circumstances.

Our friend got up a dance in the saloon in the evening; and if he was not at home any where else he certainly was there. Gray any myself

declined participating in the amusements, as we considered that sort of thing out of place in a stranded vessel. The expected steamer came to our rescue next day about noon; and succeeded in taking us out of the mud after about two hours' labour. The coast was now clear for us to Makinac, and there we arrived in due course; but found to our disgust, that, like the man who always arrived half-an-hour too late for the train, we had arrived too late for the "General Scott," a little steamer that, in those days, made a weekly trip to the Sault St. Marie at the foot of Lake Superior. At Makinac we must remain for another week. This place is remarkable only for its garrison which commands the straits, leading from Lake Huron to Lake Michigan, and is built on a hill,—the little village itself lying at right angles to its base. Then, as now, it was not much more than a fishing place, and there was not a single hotel in it. So we had to get quarters in a private boarding house. Our host was a tall fellow with a thin characteristic face, being the only man in that line of business in the place. He did not trouble himself much about the comfort of his guests. We fared badly at the rate of a dollar a day.

Here Gray and myself formed the acquaintance of the surgeon of the garrison, whose name I forget. He was a nice pleasant man, and boarded at the house. We expressed some surprise that he should have exchanged the "Mess" for the boarding house. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I am the only disciple of Esculapius in the place, and as my services in healing the sick are more needed outside the fortress than within it, I decided to take up my quarters here where I could be found at all hours of the day and night, the fort gates being always shut at a certain time." The doctor wished to introduce us to the commander of the garrison, Major S—, but we excused ourselves, and had a stroll *incog.* within the walls. Every thing was in capital order, neat and clean, and, so far as we could judge from the nature of the defences, very difficult for an enemy to take. The guns swept the straits of the Michilima river, and it would be impossible for any vessel to enter Lake Michigan without coming within range.

Our residence at Makinac was becoming tiresome and our host of the boarding house more and more unpopular; it was with some satisfaction, therefore, that about two days after our arrival we learned that a small steamer had arrived from Detroit bound for Green Bay on Lake Michigan; and that the voyage, going and coming, would occupy about three days. Leaving our heavy luggage behind, we, therefore, embarked on board the little steamer and got to Green Bay in due time. It was suffering from great depression in trade at the time; it was possibly, like many other towns in the western states, built in the wrong place.

There was a large hotel which was open ; but a bank which was shut. It appears that this latter institution, which had started into an ephemeral existence some two or three years before, had suddenly come to a stand still,—in fact, if it had capital, it was all wasted, and all its bills, called in those days, wild cat money, were worthless. This information I had from the owner of the hotel. Boniface himself, with all the owners of property in Green Bay, suffered severely by the suspension of the bank. Chicago was coming into importance at that time, (in the year 1845,) and might have a population of from 4000 to 5000, and the tide of travel and trade toward it was rapidly increasing in volume. There was a fine agricultural country, however, about Green Bay ; a large stream called Fox river passed by the town, which was well timbered some distance up ; but I presume the town has never recovered from the suspension of its bank.

After a pleasant voyage, we returned to Makinac, where the "General Scott" had arrived from the Sault St. Mary, before us. We were right glad to get on board, and the steamer soon started for the eastern end of the great lake. We arrived in due time at the Sault, and here Gray and myself parted, he going up the South Shore in a boat or canoe, while I went up the North Shore in a schooner. I left him with regret, and have never seen or heard of him since. If he be alive I have little doubt that he has got on well in the world. One could not be long in his company without feeling convinced that he was a man of more than ordinary ability.

I have occupied more space than I at first intended in writing my personal narrative of the voyage to Lake Superior ; and the remainder of the paper must be devoted to a short description of the great lake itself, which many have read or heard of, but few have seen.

The name is appropriate in some respects ; but in the earlier times it was called Lake Condé. The name, in all probability, was changed by the Jesuit Missionaries who followed the fur traders, about twenty or thirty years after the latter had established themselves there. Besides being the source of the St. Lawrence, it exceeds any other fresh water lake in its extent and the clearness of its water (for one can see, in a calm day, the bottom to a great depth), and is also noted for the abundance and fine quality of its fish. In round numbers it may be said to be from 350 to 400 miles long, with an average breadth of 80 miles, while in some parts it is at least 150 miles wide ; it is about 620 miles above the level of the sea, and has an area of from 30,000 to 35,000 square miles. Its northern shores are extremely rugged ; in some places the cliffs rising perpendicularly from the water's edge, some 500 or 600

feet; indeed, from its lower extremity at the Sault St. Mary, to the northwest corner, at the Pigeon River, which is the boundary line, one could hardly imagine a more bleak and inhospitable country. It is indented by numerous bays, some of them of great width and depth. Proceeding upwards from Sault St. Mary, there are Butchewana, Michipicoton, Pic, Nipigon, and Thunder Bays. The latter is near Fort William, and is about 21 miles wide, with nearly an equal depth. Rivers of considerable size flow into the great basin by the bays which I have mentioned. From the coast or shore line to the height of land, a distance of about seventy or eighty miles to the north, the whole country may be described as hilly, with numerous lakes, and here and there patches of good land in the valleys of the rivers. The timber is principally the different kinds of fir, birch, and aspen; some pines and maples are also found, but not of a large size.

I am not well acquainted with the south shore of the Lake; but from all accounts, it presents a remarkable contrast to the north, being low, and presenting none, or very few, of those high cliffs which distinguish the other side. It has, however, two remarkable projections or necks of land, jutting out into the lake, one called Point Keweenaw, and the other Whitefish Point; the latter is near the Sault St. Mary, and possesses a lighthouse; the other, of which I shall have something to say by and by, about half way up the Lake, is the great copper region of Lake Superior.

Altogether, about thirty rivers of more or less magnitude, empty themselves into Lake Superior; and it has only one outlet, at the Sault St. Mary, and that not a very large one. It consists with my knowledge, that the volume of water of any three of the precipitous rivers of the North Shore taken together, is more than equal to the volume of the St. Mary River, and yet with all this, the fact which had been noticed long ago, I believe can be proved, that the Lake is not so high now as it was fifty or sixty years ago. In the deep bays which abound in the Lake, and some ten or twelve feet from the present level in the bush, are small boulders, waterworn and covered with grey moss, clearly shewing that the lake water covered them at one time. Evaporation is not sufficient to account for the waste of water, and it only remains to believe that there is a great subterranean outlet to Lake Huron, or elsewhere.

There are a great many islands, lying chiefly along the shores; but the principal among them are Isle Royal or Royal Island, and the island of Michipicoton, the former about 100 miles long, the latter about 40, and both of them not far from the Canada shore; but at the time of the

settlement of the boundary question by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, and principally through the tact and skill of the latter, Isle Royal was given over to the United States. The boundary line passed up the River St. Mary, and straight through Lake Superior, on the same parallel; a little below Isle Royal, however, it turned round a little to the north, thus putting the island on the south side of it, whereas, to all intents and purposes, the boundary line ought to have passed south of Isle Royal, and taken a turn north at the head of it, towards the Pigeon River, on the mainland, and which may be distant about thirty or forty miles in a northwest direction.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHURCH.

TWO of the Bishops who attended the Synod at Lambeth, have, within the short space that has intervened, passed away from among us. Both have gone to their rest full of labour, honoured and beloved; and for both, we have good reason to believe that there is laid up the crown of glory, which the Lord, at His appearing, shall give to his saints. The Church of England has obtained for the see of Lichfield a successor to Bishop Lonsdale, who is in every way worthy of the high and holy office to which he is called. There are probably trying times coming upon her, and few men of the age are better fitted to guide and support her through the storm than Bishop Selwyn, who, after twenty-five years labour in New Zealand, returns to his home with undiminished vigour of mind and body, having proved in his distant diocese, the exactness of his faith, the strength of his will, and his great foresight in times of doubt and difficulty. We trust that the American Church may find as worthy a successor to Bishop Hopkins as the English Church has to Bishop Lonsdale. Not in England only, but throughout the world, a great and noble future is dawning for the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic; if only her members, and especially her Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, do not fail to take full advantage of the opportunities now offered to them. If the Church cannot turn them to good account, there are others all around her who will occupy the ground; seeds of error will be widely sown, unless the Truth is earnestly taught.

The adjourned meeting of the Lambeth Conference for the purpose of receiving the reports of the Committees, was held on the 10th of December, and after that the conference was finally closed. The state of the

Church in Natal was one of the subjects referred to a Committee, and, according to the form of the resolution of the Conference, the Committee had two questions with which to grapple :

I. How the Church may be delivered from a continuance of the scandal now existing in Natal ?

II. How the true faith may be maintained ?

On the first question the Committee recommend an address being made to the Colonial Bishopric's Council, calling their attention to the fact that a stipend is being paid to a Bishop lying under the imputation of heretical teaching, and that it is of the utmost importance that there should be pronounced by a competent English Court, such a sentence as would warrant the suspension of the stipend. The report of the Committee, is, by the resolution of the Synod, to be forwarded to all Bishops of the Anglican communion, whose opinion upon it is to be asked ; but, from the accounts given of the action of the Committee, it does not appear who is to make the address to the Colonial Bishopric's Council, nor who is to undertake to bring the matter before the Court, if any mode of laying the allegations of the Committee before such Court, be discovered. It is to be hoped that this weak point does not exist really, but that some persons may be entrusted speedily with the duty of taking action upon these resolutions.

On the second question, the action of the Committee is very clear and explicit ; their decision is, that in consequence of the acts of the South African Church in this matter, having been approved by the Convocations of Canterbury and York, by the Convention of the Church in the United States, and by the Episcopal Synod of the Church in Scotland, and the Provincial Synod of the Church in Canada, and further, on account of the spiritual validity of the sentence of deposition having been accepted by fifty-six bishops on the occasion of the Lambeth Synod, the see is spiritually vacant. Consequently they consider that it is the duty of the Metropolitan and the Bishops of South Africa to proceed, upon the election of the Clergy and Laity, to consecrate a Bishop to discharge the spiritual functions, of which the members of the Church in Natal are now in want. After these resolutions of the Committee, we may trust to see a Bishop sent out soon, for in the meantime the Church is suffering sorely in Natal. On the one hand, Dr. Colenso is attempting to force his authority upon all her members, and on the other, his pernicious heresy appears to be spreading rapidly. Clergy, who at first resisted firmly, are now presenting candidates to the deposed Bishop for confirmation, and one at least of their number, appears formally to have submitted himself, perhaps in despair at the present aspect of affairs, to Dr. Colenso

as his legitimate Bishop. This conduct of the Rev. W. Lloyd appears to have caused great distress to the small body of the faithful, who can, at this trying season, ill afford to lose one of their number, and one, too, who holds an influential position in the Colony.

Another very important matter referred to a Committee, by the Lambeth Synod, was the constitution of a Voluntary Spiritual Tribunal, to which questions of Doctrine may be carried by appeal from the Tribunals of the several Provincial Churches in the Colonies. The Committee consider that the arguments in favour of such a Tribunal outweigh the objections that have been raised, and that such a court is required in order to prevent the dissatisfaction which would arise, if important questions came for ultimate decision before the tribunals of separate Colonial Churches. There is considerable difficulty in the establishment and in the subsequent action of such a court, and the Committee are fully alive to the necessity of making such arrangements as shall neither, on the one hand, cause a collision between it and the legal civil courts of the several countries, or so cramp its actions as to render it practically a nullity. The Committee further recommend that the Court should not listen to appeals on the question of facts, but only on the points of doctrine or discipline involved in the facts; there is a very important distinction thus made as to the subject matter with which the Court is to deal. It is not in any way to take evidence, but assuming all the facts to be fully proved, solely to pronounce the permissibility (or otherwise) of the teaching or practice of the accused party.

The standards of faith and doctrine by which the tribunal shall be guided in their decisions are to be those of the United Church of England and Ireland, and such canons, or conclusions, as shall hereafter be agreed upon by any Council or Congress of the whole Anglican communion, and accepted subsequently by that branch of the Church. Archbishops and bishops only are to be the judges in this tribunal; the Archbishop of Canterbury being president, or in the event of the Archbishop being unable or unwilling to act, another member of the Council being nominated as President, either by the Archbishop or by the tribunal at its first meeting. The tribunal itself is to be composed of two members from the collective dioceses of the Colonial Church not associated into Provinces; two members for each Province of the Anglican Church; two members elected by the Church of Scotland; and five members from the Church in the United States. Further rules are appended as regards the mode of hearing and defending cases, and the means of ascertaining the judgment of the prescribed majority; so that everything appears to have been ordered by the Committee in such a

way that the tribunal, if the consent of the different Provinces and dioceses be given to it by the elections of representatives, may be constituted without hindrance or impediment, at once, and may render very valuable help, of the kind much needed at this time, to all the Churches in our communion.

Another Committee was appointed by the Conference to inquire into the question of Diocesan, Provincial, and General Synods, in the various Churches of the Anglican Communion; and very important opinions were laid down by that Committee as to the general value of such Synods in the several Churches, especially if, from time to time, a Council of all the Bishops of all the Churches could be convened. It is the opinion of the Committee: first, that such Synod would not interfere with the civil laws and the contract of Church and State in those countries where the Church is established; and secondly, that it ought to be attended by clerical and lay representatives of the several dioceses as assessors and advisers to the Bishops. The action of Diocesan and Provincial Synods is well understood in this country, so that it is not necessary to refer to the recommendations of the Committee on that head, especially as it appears to have taken the Diocesan and Provincial Synods of Canada and New Zealand, as the principal models for the proposed Synods.

Reports were also read by other Committees, but on points of somewhat lesser importance. Resolutions were then passed, embodying the recommendations of the Committee and tendering the thanks of the Conference to the Bishops who had laboured in the work as secretaries, &c. and to laymen who had acted as assistant secretaries and aided the Conference with legal advice; and then, after the benediction had been pronounced by the Archbishop, the Conference was closed. Surely this first Synod of the whole Anglican Church has indeed been greatly blessed by the great head of the Church. May He, who is the True and Only Vine, from whom comes strength and grace to His Church, continue to bless her until she shed the pure rays of Gospel truth over the world!

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

LOVE SONGS.

(From the German of Heine.)*

1.

They have racked my heart and brain,
They have watched and lain in wait:—
Some of them with their love,
And some of them with their hate.

They have driven me half insane,
They have poisoned the food I ate:—
Some of them with their love,
And some of them with their hate.

But, alas! the deadliest pain,
And the sorest stroke must be,

From one who does not hate,
And has no love for me.

2.

Where the drawing-room window is lighted,
In the mansion of my love,
And I am not invited,
A shadow appears to move.

Me, in the gloom, she sees not
From her bright post above,—
Still less in her happiness sees she
My gloomy spirit's love.

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

ADDENDA.

THE RURAL DEANERY OF ST. FRANCIS.

A MEETING of the chapter of the Rural Deanery of St. Francis in conjunction with the anniversary of the St. Francis District Association, was held at Sherbrooke on the 17th and 18th instant. Several of the clergy were unavoidably absent, from whom letters of apology were received, expressing sincere regret.

The meeting was one of great interest. In the chapter of the Deanery a proposed constitution submitted by the Rural Dean, was discussed with good feeling and much thought.

Two clauses of this constitution are worthy of some particular notice, as indicative of certain views which it is desirable should be understood.

One of these provides for a Deanery Board, whereby the interest of the laity may be more generally enlisted in the affairs of the Church. To render this board effective, a clause was introduced making the members of the Church Society Committee, members of the Board. The wisdom of the provision will appear when it is understood that the business of the Deanery Board and of the Church Society Committee is of a similar nature, and all clashing in the legislation of the two bodies will thus be avoided.

The most interesting feature in the constitution of the Deanery Board

* Heinrich Heine, a German lyric Poet and Wit, was born by the Rhine 1799, and died in Paris in 1856.

is the provision for the introduction of papers upon all matters of interest connected with the Church from both clerical and lay members. No doubt, many very important and interesting subjects will be brought before the members of the Church by the co-operation on the part of the laity in this branch of the proposed constitution. These papers, by publication at the discretion of the Board of Deanery, could be made to diffuse much useful intelligence, calculated not only to draw together more closely the members of our Church, but to influence, in a happy measure, persons who have never openly declared themselves to belong to any religious denomination.

The other clause to which reference has been made, distinctly marks the view taken by both the clergy and laity as to the appointment of R. D. That clause provided for the nomination of the R. D. by the clergy of this District, and then proceeded to recount the duties of his office. It was felt that the appointment to the office of R. D. rested entirely with the Bishop, and that the Bishop's communion deformed the interests of that office, and it was unanimously agreed to strike that clause off the constitution.

The anniversary of the St. Francis District Association, was held the next day in St. Peter's Church.

The reports from the clergy gives evidence of strong local efforts in behalf of our holy religion; while the resolutions proposed and seconded by speakers of much ability, pointed to those objects more immediately claiming the attention of the well wishers of our Zion. Many appeals were made to the members of the Church in the District for increased exertion to enable the Church Society to supply the means of grace to those missions who immediately claim our sympathies. The missions of Hereford and Georgeville were especially referred to as localities calling for and deserving assistance.

The subject of endowment, contained in the third resolution, was eloquently urged upon the various missions in a speech by the mover of the third resolution. Mr. Hencker referred to the propitious terms under which endowments can, for the present time, be formed.

The total withdrawal of the S. P. G. grant, which is likely to be carried out in 1868, under the formation of Parochial Endowments, an absolute necessity, if the hope is to be cherished of adding to our missionaries and supplying the increasing wants of new Districts. The terms upon which endowments can be formed, are of a very encouraging nature. A mission subscribing two hundred dollars, will receive from the Church Society one hundred and fifty dollars, and from a gentleman, whose views of the importance of endowments has induced him to supplement every

effort made by this mission, two hundred dollars; to this will be added one fifth of the whole, for the S. P. G. Thus by a slight effort on the part of any mission, a very handsome nucleus of an endowment fund could be secured.

May the members of Christ's Church faithfully do their part to extend the truthfulness of that Church, and in faith, remember the promise—
"Cast thy bread." S. E. C.

The publication of "Sister Lavoie: A Tale of London and of South Africa" is deferred until the Summer months.

The article on the late Bishop of Toronto was received too late for insertion in the present No. 1

The acknowledged contributions will be used as soon as possible.