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ROSE-BELFORD'S

# CANADIAN MONTHLY

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## THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

### ALTERNATE SESSIONS—BIENNIAL SESSIONS—LEGISLATIVE UNION.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

THE attention of the people of Ontario has, at intervals, during the past few years, been turned toward the agencies by which they govern themselves. Thus the questions of Biennial Sessions of the Local Parliament; the Diminution of the Representation; the adoption of Legislative Union, have arisen to the dignity of discussion as subjects of public interest. The chief aim of the present article is to make an effort to contribute to the Constitutional literature of those great factors in the problem of free Parliamentary Government, in the Pillar Province of the Canadian Confederation.

#### ALTERNATE SESSIONS.

At the opening of the Parliament of Ontario, on the 13th of January, 1881, Lieut.-Governor Robinson, in the speech from the throne, said :—

'In view of the many extensive and beneficial improvements in our laws, effected since the Province attained, thirteen years ago, control over its local affairs, and of the further legislation which will engage your attention during the present Session, I commend to your serious consideration the question whether the time has not come when the public interests may be sufficiently protected, and at the same time a considerable saving of expense be effected, by confining future legislation to every alternate annual session, except in cases of special urgency.'

It may prove of interest to reproduce, in an abridged form, the opinions expressed by leading members of the House, on the subject of a change in the mode of holding the Sessions of the Parliament of Ontario.

Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition, took ground against the proposal. 'He believed it would not obtain the assent of the supporters of the Government, and it certainly would not

obtain the assent of those on the Opposition side. The scheme would not result in saving much expenditure. A proposition which would be favoured by the country would be to reduce the membership of the House, and to alter the rules in regard to Private Bills, so that there would be no loss of time. If this were done, the business of the country could be transacted within thirty days, and four hundred dollars of the Sessional allowance to each Member would be saved. He denied that there were any members of the Opposition in favour of the abolition of the Legislature.' *

Attorney-General Mowat observed that 'the question was, whether, now that they had gone over the whole of the Statute Books, and over every subject within their jurisdiction, session after session, they should go on making laws each session, or confine their attention to that branch of their duties every other session. The Government had come to no conclusion on their part, for it was a question which required a great deal of consideration. He could see no solid objection to confining legislation to Alternate Sessions. This subject was suggested, some years ago, by Mr. Blake, who had frequently referred to it in his speeches. He (Mr. Mowat) had never heard of any opposition to the change. If they did not adopt Biennial Sessions, he did not see why they should not accept a system giving them all the advantages of Biennial Sessions.'†

Hon. Mr. Morris observed that, 'Nothing had occurred since Confederation to show that the Conservative party had any desire to destroy the autonomy of the Provinces. How could the Dominion Parliament, overburdened as it already was with business, deal with the local interests of British Columbia, the North-West, Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces? If ever an attempt should be made to destroy the Legislatures of the Provinces, all parties should combine in resisting it. He was opposed to any scheme of Biennial Sessions, but favoured short Annual Sessions, and the commencement of real business as soon as the House opened. Biennial Sessions were still more objectionable than Alternate Sessions; they were not adapted to the requirements of the country, and allowed the Government to escape public responsibility for too long a time.'*

Mr. James Young was of opinion that, 'Biennial Sessions were quite inconsistent with Responsible Government. Very little money would be saved by this change. He would not like to see any alteration simply for the sake of economy. If Biennial Sessions were adopted they would have to vote the supplies for two Sessions at one time. This would decrease the responsibility of Ministers to the People's Representatives. It would not tend to purer administration if the Government were only to account to the people every two years. The Biennial system would put it in the power of the Government to commit the people to engagements which might be ruinous; they could enrich themselves and their friends at the public expense, when the people would have no power to turn them out.'†

Mr. Sinclair said, in the same debate,‡ that 'even the *Bystander* had sneered at the Legislature regulating the relations of law and equity,' and unjustly disparaged the legal gentlemen who are members of the House. This course was altogether unpatriotic. Biennial Sessions did not appear to him to be in harmony with the spirit of our Institutions. As to short Alternate Sessions, he doubted much if it were possible to make them so short as

* Abridged from *Mail* report, Feb. 14, 1881.

† Abridged from *Globe* report, Jan. 14, 1881.

* Abridged from *Mail* report, January 17, 1881.

† Abridged from *Globe* report, January 17, 1881.

‡ Debate of January 17.

to be productive of any material benefit in an economical point of view. The necessity of a thorough examination of the Public Accounts, every year, would be a bar to very short sessions; unless, indeed, a change was made in the Constitution, so as to enable the Committee of Public Accounts to begin its work prior to the commencement of the session.

Mr. McLaughlin showed, from statistics, that the representation in the Canadian House of Commons was one member for every 14,775 souls. Ontario was represented in the Local Parliament by one member for every 18,400 of the population. The cost per head for government in the Province of Quebec, was eighteen cents; in the Dominion, it was eighteen and three-quarter cents; in Ontario, it was, in 1878, only seven and a half cents per head of the population. A member of the Ontario Parliament represented more people than a Representative in any other legislative body on the Continent.*

Hon. Mr. Hardy, Provincial Secretary, observed in the same debate, that 'if Biennial Sessions were held, the supplies for two years would have to be voted at one time. If this change were made, Ministers would be able to commit any crime or blunder they pleased; and the people would have no power to turn them out for two years afterwards. If they had Alternate Sessions, in which they did not legislate, the Public Accounts Committee would be a stronger body, and would have more time to devote to the business coming before them than they had at present. There was a cry that the country was over-governed. But, in the United States, there were no less than 6,086 Representatives in Congress, and in the various State Legislatures. In the latter, there was one member for every 6,809 people; while in the Ontario House, one member represented 18,000 persons. The number of Representatives in Ottawa was not any too large. Legislative bodies required numbers to give dignity and weight to their proceedings.'*

It will be observed that the phrase, 'Alternate Sessions,' does not seem to have been very clearly defined during the debate. A good authority has since explained it in this way:—'One Session for Private Bill legislation: the other Session for the consideration of the Estimates, and such legislation as would be declared imperative by a Rule of the House.' Based on the mass of legislation which, from the years 1868-9 to 1880, the Parliament of Ontario has helped to rear, the argument for Alternate Sessions would seem to be unassailable. A conception of the magnitude of this legislation may be formed from the tabulated statement which is subjoined:—

| YEARS. | STATUTES. NUMBER OF CHAPTERS. | STATUTES. NUMBER OF PAGES. |
|---|---|---|
| 1868-'9 | 85 | 367 |
| 1869 | 75 | 213 |
| 1870 | 105 | 368 |
| 1871-'2 | 119 | 412 |
| 1873 | 163 | 806 |
| 1874 (1st Session) | 103 | 585 |
| 1874 (2nd Session) | 94 | 292 |
| 1875-'6 | 114 | 383 |
| 1877 | 88 | 363 |
| 1878 | 75 | 297 |
| 1879 | 95 | 317 |
| 1880 | 83 | 324 |
| Total | 1,199 | 4,727 |

The Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1877, reduced the number of chapters to 224; and pages to 2,580.

It is but right to bear in mind that, although the legislation tabulated above may appear mountainous in its proportions, its bulk may be safely regarded as corresponding to the permanent as well as the varying exigencies of the community. Liberated from the unequal yoke which bound Upper Canada to Lower Canada, the Province of Ontario, free at last to manage its own affairs, demanded of its new Parliament a great body of legislation necessary under the altered condition

* Abridged from *Globe* report, January 18, 1881.

*Abridged from *Globe* report, January 18, 1881.

of things. Local institutions were to be reformed; local resources developed; new railways to be built; colonization was to be encouraged. Hence the Statute Book was obliged to keep pace with the necessities of the Province. Many of these necessities have been satisfied; the Acts of Parliament have served their purpose; but still the mere record of them fills the mind with a mingled feeling of vastness and satiety. This past legislation would seem, at first sight, to encompass everything within the circumference of the political needs, and the social and material necessities of the Province. The vast bulk of our Statute Book would, indeed, appear to justify the introduction of the question of Alternate Sessions into the arena of public discussion. But, at a later stage of this article, an effort will be made to show that, before the Legislature ought to take action in the direction of such a far-reaching Constitutional change, the electorate of Ontario should be invited to pronounce upon the question.

### ANNUAL SESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.

The custom of Annual Sessions takes its rise in the dawn of English Constitutional History. Before the reign of Edward the Third, 'it rested entirely with the King to convene the Parliament or not.'*

The language of the Statutes of Edward was terse and imperative :—

'A Parliament shall be holden every year once, and more often, if need be.'†

'For maintenance of the said articles and statutes, and redress of mischiefs and grievances, which daily happen, Parliament shall be holden every year, as another time was ordained by statute.'‡

In commenting on these enactments, Rowland observes :—

'They were intended to ensure an annual session, rather than an annual election; for an eager desire for a seat in Parliament did not then exist.'*

'Our ancestors desired frequent Parliaments, that they might get the Crown under the influence of Parliament, and might obtain redress for those grievances and abuses which flourished with impunity when the Sovereign was uncontrolled.'†

The Triennial Act of William and Mary‡ was founded on the ancient Statutes of Edward the Third, already quoted. The Act declared 'that frequent and new Parliaments tend very much to the happy union and good agreement of the King and people.'

Sir Thomas Erskine May, in referring to the subject of Annual Sessions of Parliament, says :—

'The practice of providing money for the public service by annual enactments, renders it compulsory . . on her, (the Queen), to meet Parliament every year.

'The annual meeting of Parliament, now placed beyond the power of the Crown, by a system of finance, rather than by distinct enactment, had, in fact, been the law of England, from very early times—by the Statute 4 Edward III, cap. 14, etc.§

So far, English rule and custom. Now for Canadian law and precedent :

From the establishment in the year 1791, of Parliamentary Government in Upper and Lower Canada, down to the present time, there has been but one exception to the system of Annual Sessions. This was occasioned by the suspension of the Constitution of Quebec, owing to the Rebellion of 1837 and 1838. The Annual Sessions of the Legislatures of the Old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, were fixed, declared and perpetuated by positive Statutory law. The Constitutional Act‖ provides that the

* Rowland's English Constitution, p. 123.
† 4 Edward III. c. 14, A.D. 1330.
‡ 36 Edward III. c. 10, A.D. 1362.

* *Ibid*, p. 488.
† Rowland, p. 124.
‡ 6, William and Mary, cap. 2: 'An Act for the frequent meeting and calling of Parliament.'
§ May's Parlm. Practice, 7th Ed. p. 42.
‖ 31 George III, cap. 31, sec. 27.

Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, in each of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, should be called together once in twelve months. The Union Act of 1841,* which welded Upper and Lower Canada into the Province of Canada, repeated the enactment of the Constitutional Act respecting Annual Sessions of the Legislature. The British North America Act followed the same course.† But it is somewhat extraordinary that the 86th section of this Act provides only for Annual Sessions of the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec. There is no mention of the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the other two members of the new political partnership.

### BIENNIAL SESSIONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGISLATURES.

Thirty of the individual States of the American Union hold Biennial Sessions of their Legislatures. The names are as follow.‡

There are eight Territories which hold Biennial Sessions. Their names are as follow.§

The following States hold Annual Sessions :—

Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Wisconsin.

It is worthy of notice that the length of the legislative Sessions in the Biennial States is far in excess of the length of our Ontario session : in three cases more than double the period. For example : the limit of the Biennial Session in Louisiana, Maryland and Virginia is ninety days; in Tennessee, seventy-five days; in Missouri, seventy days; in Arkansas, California, Indiana, Kentucky, Minnesota, Nevada, North Carolina and Texas sixty days; in Alabama and Kansas, fifty days; in West Virginia, forty-five; in Colorado, Georgia, Nebraska and Oregon the limit is forty days. In the Territories it is the same. In the States in which the Sessions of the Legislatures are annual, there is no limitation as to duration. In the Annual States the elections are Annual; in the others they are Biennial.

At first sight it might seem that the imposing array of thirty Biennial States and eight Biennial Territories would bear down, in a majority point of view, the principle of Annual Sessions as carried out in only eight States. But such a view would be misleading. Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, and editor of 'The American Almanac,' says in a note on page 105 of that work, edition of 1880 :—

'In Ohio and a few other States, where the Legislative Sessions are Biennial, the Legislature holds "adjourned sessions," practically amounting to annual meetings.'

It is to be observed that the law limiting the meetings of the Legislatures to Biennial Sessions, is, in the great majority of the Biennial States, themselves, liable to be put in abeyance at the will and discretion of the Governor. In twenty-seven, out of the thirty, Biennial States, the Governors are clothed with the power of convening the Legislatures on extraordinary occasions; so that the Biennial limit may, at any time be discarded.*

The power of setting aside the yearly limit is conferred on the Governors of six out of the eight Annual States, viz: Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts,

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* Imperial Act, 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 35, sec. 31.

† British North America Act, sec. 86; Revised Statutes of Ontario, cap. 12, sec. 4.

‡ Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia.

§ Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, New Mexico.

* Hughes' 'American State Constitution,' vol. ii., p. 622.

New Jersey, South Carolina, Wisconsin. The power to summon the Legislatures within the year does not seem to be conferred on the Governors of New York and Rhode Island.

It is worthy of remark that the principle of Annual Meetings of the Representatives of the People is still cherished in those older and greater States in which the problem of self-government was first propounded, and was soonest solved. The Commonwealths of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and South Carolina, have continued to adhere to the principle of Annual Sessions, which is as old as the Third Edward. The experience of these States in the practical working of Representative Institutions—ranging, in some cases, over a period of more than two-and-a-half centuries—ought to be taken into account when weighed against the experiments of younger members of the same Federal family. But, with respect to these younger members, it is only justice to observe that, as has been already shown, the great majority of them stand prepared, when occasion demands it, to set aside the principle of Biennial Sessions.

It would appear that, on the whole, the principal reason for adopting the Biennial System was that of economy. There is also ground to believe that the Governors of those States, for their own political convenience, were in its favour. Under the American system, any member of a State Legislature may introduce a measure, no matter how crude and objectionable it may be. He may do this to carry out an unreasonable promise exacted by an unreasonable constituency. In the absence of a Responsible Ministry, the burden of rejecting such a measure, falls on the Governor of the State. To veto the measure might compel him to act against a section of his own political supporters. He would, therefore, naturally favour Biennial Sessions as bringing him less frequently than Annual Sessions, into possible collision with his political friends.

But the tide of Constitutional change, in the Biennial States, seems to be on the turn. There are many indications that it will soon sweep, in full and unchecked flow, toward the old and time-tried Annual System of legislation.

A local contemporary,* of a recent date, says :—

'Within the last couple of years, thirty-one States of the Union decided upon holding Biennial Sessions; and, in many cases, says the New York *Tribune*, without due consideration. Now, when the new system is found to cause inconvenience, there is a growing demand for a return to the old system. Even Vermont, which seemed to be the most favourable for trying the experiment, on account of the stabitity of its population, is considering the question of going back to Annual Sessions. Our contemporary is of opinion that the new system has not had a fair trial.'

In reply to this observation of the *Tribune* there is an easy answer. If the new Biennial System, in the short space of two years has proved so barren of anticipated benefits as te lead to a demand for a return to Annual Sessions, then the Biennial System is impracticable. That it has failed in States so accustomed to the working of the machinery of Representative Government as are those of the American Union is a lesson for other free communities which may be standing hesitant on the verge of perilous experiment.

It has been said by those who advocate the Biennial System that it has the effect of preventing the introduction of immature and unnecessary legislation. But, under the British system of Responsible Government, this contention is of no weight. The existence of the Executive depends

* Toronto *Mail*, February 17, 1881.

upon the character and quality of the measures it brings before the country. The Executive, therefore, if actuated by no higher motive than that of self-preservation, will take care that the legislation it originates will be such as to commend itself to the majority of the electorate, as represented in Parliament.

At the present time, when our Federal system is on its trial, it might prove highly disadvantageous to break the venerable political and historical continuity of the English system of Annual Parliaments in favour of Biennial Sessions. In no British Colony in which Responsible Government has been established has the Annual System been abrogated in favour of the Biennial. It would be unsafe to change the system now existing for a purely economical consideration alone. Because in a Province developing with the rapidity of Ontario, and likely soon to be placed in possession of a large accession of territory, the business which can alone be properly transacted by the Local Legislature must continue to increase for an indefinite period.

Leaving aside for two years the consideration of measures vital to the public weal, and which might be pressing for immediate settlement, the Biennial System would not, in a merely monetary point of view, prove economical; for this reason: that the business which now, in the Annual Session, occupies the greater part of two months, would, under the Biennial System, occupy nearly four, with the added evils of public inconvenience, and the delay of necessary legislation.

The system of Biennial Sessions is one on which the Electorate should be invited to pronounce before being established by law. A system which is calculated to deprive the people of a great portion of their power in the management of their own affairs must, first of all, obtain their consent at the polls. Had this plan been pursued in Upper Canada, Lower Canada and Nova Scotia in respect to the scheme of Confederation, the political revolution embodied in that scheme would, at least, have had the force and sanction of the popular verdict. The result might have been a written Constitution, plain to comprehend and comparatively easy to operate, instead of the 'British North America Act,' that offspring of a multitudinous, dissimilar and disputed paternity, the despair of jurists and the permanent perplexity of the Supreme Court.

The appeal to the people as the ultimate tribunal in great Constitutional questions has the support of one of the most eminent of living Statesmen: the Earl of Beaconsfield.

In the debate in the Imperial House of Commons, March 16th, 1868, on the State of Ireland, Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, in referring to the abolition of ecclesiastical endowments, said, amongst other things:—

'It would be indecent for the House of Commons to attempt to come to a decision on this great question, unless we could place before the nation the enormous issue at stake. The electors may naturally say, "You have changed the whole frame-work of our social system; you have decided on the most important principle in politics, without consulting us, the great body of the Nation, as opposed to the limited constituency which sent you to Parliament, and we question the justice and propriety of what you have done." In my opinion, it is impossible to deal with this question at the present time. Technically, no doubt, Parliament has power to do so. But, there is a moral exercise of power as well as a technical; and when you touch the fundamental laws of the country; when you touch the principles on which the most ancient and influential institutions are founded; it is most wise that you should hold your hand, unless you have assured yourselves of such an amount of popular sympathy and support as will make your legislation permanent and beneficial. I say

we cannot come to a division upon such a momentous question without appealing to the country.'*

It follows from Mr. Disraeli's argument, that no Parliament, not specially directed or commissioned by the electorate to that effect, has the power to work a fundamental change in the Institutions of the country. While the 'British North America Act' accords to the Local Legislature the power to alter the Constitution, except in so far as regards the Lieutenant-Governor, it is a question whether that power can extend so far as to deprive the electorate, without their own consent, of the most momentous benefit of the franchise; namely, the right to annual representation. For Parliament to surrender for a year its constitutional control of the Executive, would be to abnegate its functions as a Parliament. Such a course was, doubtless, never contemplated, either by the framers of the 'British North America Act,' or by the Imperial Parliament, which finally passed the measure.

The Biennial System is utterly opposed to the British System of Responsible Government, which demands that, once a year, the people shall be represented in Parliament, and that they shall there, through those whom they have elected, be present at the Grand Inquest and Grand Audit of the Nation. As shown in the preceding pages, the Biennial System, even in its native home, in certain States of the American Union, is not made by law positive, imperative and invariable. This system, when set in motion, can only approach to success in a political sphere different from our own. It can only exist in a country where there is no Responsible Government.

LEGISLATIVE UNION: ITS IMPOSSIBILITY.

Those who remember the political chaos which preceded Confederation, can have no desire to break up the present autonomy of the Provinces. The solitary cry which now and again goes up for Legislative Union, is the cry of a child for change for the sake of change. The advocates of Legislative Union seem to forget that even if Ontario were to-morrow united, to a man, for such alteration in the Constitution, the voice of this Province would be raised in vain. The reasons for this assertion are best shown in the following extracts from the speech of Sir John Macdonald, when, in the Legislative Assembly, in the City of Quebec, on the 6th February, 1865, he rose to make the preliminary motion respecting Confederation. He said, amongst other things:—

'I have again and again stated in the House, that, if practicable, I thought a Legislative Union would be preferable. (Hear, hear.) But, on looking at the subject in the Conference,* we found that such a system was impracticable. In the first place, it would not meet the assent of the people of Lower Canada; because it was found that any proposition which involved the absorption of the individuality of Lower Canada would not be received with favour by her people. We found, too, that though their people speak the same language and enjoy the same system of law as the people of Upper Canada, there was as great a disinclination on the part of the various Maritime Provinces to lose their individuality as separate political organisations, as we observed in the case of Lower Canada herself. (Hear, hear.) So that those who were, like myself, in favour of Legislative Union, were obliged to modify their views and accept the project of a Federal Union, as the only scheme practicable, even for the Maritime Provinces. One great objection made to a Federal Union was the expense of an increased number of Legislatures. The Finance Minister, and the

* 'Hansard,' vol. cxc., pp. 1787-8.

* Quebec Conference, 1864.

President of the Council,* will, I think, be able to show that the expenses under a Federal Union will not be greater than those under the existing system of separate Governments and Legislatures.'†

The difficulties which, sixteen years ago, prevented Sir John Macdonald and others from establishing a Legislative Union, have increased and not diminished. The Province of Quebec still bars the way. Nor is it likely that the price she would exact for surrendering her present autonomous political system, in which her French Canadian population make themselves felt through their numbers and influence, is a price the other Provinces would be willing to pay. Further, is it likely that Nova Scotia, goaded as she was into Confederation, and restive under the change, even after the lapse of years, would consent, a second time, to a political experiment in company with the other Provinces. Old Canada had experience, previous to Confederation, of government under three different Instruments—the Quebec Bill of 1774, the Constitutional Act of 1791, the Union Act of 1841. We are now engaged in carrying out, under the Confederation Act, the fourth experiment of self-government. It is well to remember what a high authority prophesied would be the result of failure. In the House of Commons, in Ottawa, in 1868, Sir A. T. Galt gave it as his opinion that, if the new system of Confederation proved unsuccessful, there was but one other alternative: Annexation.

[Since the above article was written, Hon. Mr. Mowat, on the 4th of March, the day of the closing of the Ontario Parliament, made the following announcement in respect to the question of change in the meetings of the Legislature. Referring to a Notice of Motion he had given respecting Alternate Sessions, he wished to say a word as to the resolutions introduced by him. There had been considerable agitation going on throughout the country on that subject, and the Government had been led seriously to consider whether, in view of the amount of legislation that had already been effected since Confederation, the public interest might not be sufficiently protected by confining future legislation to every alternate session. With this view he had introduced the resolutions, but he had since found that the prevailing opinion of the House was decidedly not in favour of Alternate Sessions. In the United States the Biennial system had been introduced to a certain extent, but had not given universal satisfaction. The arguments against that system were many; but, on the other hand, it was argued that when the House met every year there were too many changes made in the law. By the proposition of the Government of meeting every year, but only legislating on every alternate session, they would overcome the arguments against Biennial Sessions, and still effect a very considerable saving in the expenditure. It might be said that this was a departure from every mode of procedure now in vogue; but he held they were not bound to follow in the footsteps of other countries in that respect. They had not done so in Confederation, nor were they doing so in many of their laws. Still, considering that the country had not as yet pronounced upon the matter, he thought that it would be better to leave it stand over for the present, and give the country time to consider it. It might be found, too, that there would be sufficient work to require legislation every year. They had passed very important legislation this session, and they might have equally important legislation next session. In view of these facts, he would withdraw the resolutions for the time being, with the view of taking definite action when the country had clearly expressed itself upon the matter.]

* Hon. A. T. Galt and Hon. George Brown.
† 'Debates on Confederation,' pp. 29-30.

# BIENNIAL LEGISLATION.

BY HON. CHARLES CLARKE, SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

A 'CRY' has gone forth against the cost of local governments, and a portion of the public, composed of those who have taken but little pains to inform themselves upon the subject, has apparently arrived at the conclusion that money may be largely saved by an abbreviation of the time annually occupied by our representatives in law-making. An attempt has been made to meet this cry, in the suggestion that the cost of legislation may be decreased by restricting it to every second year, unless when declared to be of an urgent character by a majority. This phase of the question is practically before the people of Ontario at the present moment. The average length of a Session, under existing arrangements, is two months. To suppress all legislation every other year, might reduce the length of the Session in that year, to thirty days, although this is, by no means, certain. Discussion could not be largely cut off, and it would take place upon the Address, and in the Committee of Supply, at a greater length than now. It would be possible to dispense with the action of Standing Committees, in the fallow or barren year, to some extent; but the work hitherto done by them would be transferred, in many particulars, to the Committee of the Whole. The acts of the Executive would not be less closely scrutinized and criticised than now; and although day sessions were resorted to as part of the scheme, not more than five days per week, twenty in the month, could be conveniently devoted to Parliamentary work. Men would still air their crotchets, and advocate the reforms which they deemed important. Motions, asserting the advisability of legislation, would take the place of Bills. The Public Accounts Committee, now discharging its duty through the agency of half a dozen working members, would find its old-time labours engrossing the attention of fifty enquiring minds. Notices of Motions, asking for all sorts of returns, and forming the text for numerous attacks, would bristle upon the Paper, and lead to debates, as lengthy as those at present indulged in. There would be little if any saving, other than of the fortnight of hard work, which distinguishes the end of every Session, and is given to its legislation.

But is it probable that, in any one year, legislation would be wholly thrown aside? In a new country, new wants, new ideas and new men are constantly coming to the front, and must be attended to. To be able to say 'Nay' under such circumstances, requires a Premier made of sterner stuff than that of which ordinary politicians and party leaders is composed. Nor is it possible seriously to minimize Private Bill legislation without granting to the Executive of the day an enormous increase of power. To check facilities for the promotion of private enterprises, more often of public than of private importance, must be regarded as impolitic and intolerable. It compels the enactment of a general law under which such enterprises may obtain more speedy recognition than Biennial Legislation affords;

and authorizes the Government to do the work of the Legislature, and clothe the promoters of various schemes with the requisite legal rights and vitality. These are, at present, derived from a Private Bill, with few exceptions. Is it advisable, or defensible, on public grounds, to cast such additional responsibility upon any Government, however honest or capable, as all this involves?

Something might be saved to the Province, doubtless, in the shape of a lessened sessional indemnity to members, which a shorter term might be held to justify; and in the smaller payment to temporary messengers and writers, and for gas and fuel. Would the acknowledged economy in the matter of indemnity be an actual gain? It is right to infer that no man seeks a seat for the sake of the sessional allowance made to him, but it is equally safe to assert that without it one-half of the present members of the Ontario Legislature would be absent from the House. And, it might be properly added, that the great bulk of these representatives, the farmers, the country merchants, the medical men, and others of cognate standing, are amongst the most practical of our law-makers, and come most directly in contact with the people. Materially decrease the indemnity, and but few men of this class would seek the suffrages of the electorate. Even now they serve their constituents without pecuniary remuneration. The expenditure attached to the position which they occupy, does not begin or end with the board-bill paid during the Session. Members of Parliament head local subscription-lists, help to build churches, contribute to meet party exigencies, and answer every beck and call of exacting constituents. Lop off the indemnity biennially, so as to effect a perceptible saving, and many now classed with our most intelligent and useful legislators would remain at home to mind their own business. This would end in leaving the legislation of the country in the hands of a class, finding higher rewards at the close of a political life, than fall to the lot of ordinary parliamentary representatives. What is termed the lay element would thus be eliminated from our Legislature, as is largely the case in many States of the American Union; and a profession which has most to gain from a public career would speedily, here as there, monopolise the legislative functions of the country. Whether this is to be desired, common sense will answer, if it is ever called to express an opinion upon the point at the polls.

A Session peremptorily shortened for economical reasons would check that discussion which informs the public mind, and helps to mould public opinion; seriously interfere with private rights; loosen Parliamentary control over the Executive; change materially the character of the representative body, which, since Confederation, has done so much to afford practical legislation to a practical people; save but a driblet in comparison with the annual cost of Government, to the public exchequer, and lessen the protection in the matter of Private Bill legislation, which is now possessed by the general public. It might effect a doubtful good, while it would inflict certain evils; and has so little to commend it, that it is not likely to find favour in the eyes of the thinking portion of the community.

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# ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

BY J. R. NEWELL, WOODSTOCK.

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'
—HAMLET.

THOU midnight moon, and thou serenest heaven,
Night, and thy troops of silent-shining stars,
Ye fleecy clouds, by nightly breezes driven,
And thou, my soul, inured to hidden wars,—
All-hail! nor let these weird emotions cease,
Which only when tumultuous breathe of peace.

Deep midnight, and the silence that pervades
The universe, mysteriously affright,
As if ten thousand pale and thronging shades
Were rushing onward thro' the waste of night
On clouds contiguous, and full of woe
To the inhabitants of earth below.

And yet, all-hail! deep heaven, and thou, deep Thought,
Curtains Plutonian, fold me in your gloom,
That I may read the mysteries enwrought
Amid those stars, which luridly illume
The waste immeasurable and profound,
Deep without depth and boundless without bound!

There is a silence—and the night is still—
That speaks in mystic language unrevealed;
There is a silence that will speak until
Creation's final judgment is fulfilled:
We hear it not,—we feel it, when on high
Night sweeps with ebon banners thro' the sky.

This is the mystery of the wasteful deep,
The dark revealing of a hidden thought;
Worlds may consume, and Time's proud billows sleep,
Immensity may vanish into nought,
Yet will that voice forever be the same
When the empyrean melts in fervent flame.

O, streams far other than Lethean roll
To the broad ocean of eternity,—
Streams silent-flowing; and that voice, that soul,
Speak from the tides that rush on ceaselessly
In mute commotion, till the hue of light
Forever and forever sinks in Night!

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# THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

## Book the Fourth.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A CHRISTIAN JESUIT.

ON the next day, Penrose arrived on his visit to Romayne. The affectionate meeting between the two men tested Stella's self-control as it had never been tried yet. She submitted to the ordeal, with the courage of a woman whose happiness depended on her outward graciousness of manner towards her husband's friend. Her reception of Penrose, viewed as an act of refined courtesy, was beyond reproach. When she found her opportunity of leaving the room, Romayne gratefully opened the door for her. 'Thank you!' he whispered, with a look which was intended to reward her.

She only bowed to him, and took refuge in her own room.

Even in trifles, a woman's nature is degraded by the falsities of language and manner which the artificial condition of modern society exacts from her. When she yields herself to more serious deceptions, intended to protect her dearest domestic interests, the mischief is increased in proportion. Deceit, which is the natural weapon of defence used by the weak creature against the strong, then ceases to be confined within the limits assigned by the sense of self-respect, and by the restraints of education. A woman in this position will descend, self-blinded, to acts of meanness which would be revolting to her if they were related of another person. Stella had already begun the progress of self-degradation by writing secretly to Winterfield. It was only to warn him of the danger of trusting Father Benwell—but it was a letter, claiming him as her accomplice in an act of deception. That morning she had received Penrose with the outward cordialities of welcome which are offered to an old and dear friend. And now, in the safe solitude of her room, she had fallen to a lower depth still. She was deliberately considering the safest means of acquainting herself with the confidential conversation, which Romayne and Penrose would certainly hold when she left them together. 'He will try to set my husband against me; and I have a right to know what means he uses, in my own defence.' With that thought, she reconciled herself to an action which she would have despised, if she had heard of it as the action of another woman.

It was a beautiful autumn day, brightened by clear sunshine, enlivened by crisp air. Stella put on her hat, and went out for a stroll in the grounds.

While she was within view from the windows of the servants' offices, she walked away from the house. Turning the corner of a shrubbery, she entered a winding path, on the other side, which led back to the lawn under Romayne's study window. Garden chairs were placed here and there. She took one of them, and seated herself—after a last moment of honourable

hesitation—where she could hear the men's voices through the open window above her.

Penrose was speaking at the time.

'Yes. Father Benwell has granted me a holiday,' he said; 'but I don't come here to be an idle man. You must allow me to employ my term of leave in the pleasantest of all ways. I mean to be your secretary again.'

Romayne sighed. 'Ah, if you knew how I have missed you.'

(Stella waited, in breathless expectation for what Penrose would say to this. Would he speak of *her?* No. There was a natural tact and delicacy in him which waited for the husband to introduce the subject.)

Penrose only said, 'How is the great work getting on?'

The answer was sternly spoken in one word:—'Badly!'

'I am surprised to hear that, Romayne.'

'Why? Were you as innocently hopeful as I was? Did you expect my experience of married life to help me in writing my book?'

Penrose replied after a pause, speaking a little sadly. 'I expected your married life to encourage you in all your highest aspirations,' he said.

(Stella turned pale with suppressed anger. He had spoken with perfect sincerity. The unhappy woman believed that he lied, for the express purpose of rousing irritation against her, in her husband's irritable mind. She listened anxiously for Romayne's answer.)

He made no answer. Penrose changed the subject. 'You are not looking very well,' he gently resumed. 'I am afraid your health has interfered with your work. Have you had any return ——?'

It was one of the characteristics of Romayne's nervous irritability, that he never liked to hear the terrible delusion of the Voice referred to in words. 'Yes,' he interposed bitterly, 'I have heard it again and again. My right hand is as red as ever, Penrose, with the blood of a fellow-creature. Another destruction of my illusions, when I married!'

'Romayne! I don't like to hear you speak of your marriage in that way.'

'Oh, very well. Let us go back to my book. Perhaps I shall get on better with it now you are here to help me. My ambition to make a name in the world has never taken so strong a hold on me (I don't know why, unless other disappointments have had something to do with it) as at this time, when I find I can't give my mind to my work. We will make a last effort together, my friend! If it fails, we will put my manuscripts into the fire—and I will try some other career. Politics are open to me. Through politics, I might make my mark in diplomacy. There is something in directing the destinies of nations, wonderfully attractive to me, in my present state of feeling. I hate the idea of being indebted for my position in the world, like the veriest fool living, to the accidents of birth and fortune. Are *you* content with the obscure life that you lead? Did you not envy that priest (he is no older than I am) who was sent the other day as the Pope's ambassador to Portugal?'

Penrose spoke out at last without hesitation. 'You are in a thoroughly unwholesome state of mind,' he said.

Romayne laughed recklessly. 'When was I ever in a healthy state of mind?' he asked.

Penrose passed the interruption over without notice. 'If I am to do you any good,' he resumed, 'I must know what is really the matter with you. The very last question that I ought to put, and that I wish to put, is the question which you force me to ask.'

'What is it?'

'When you speak of your married life,' said Penrose, 'your tone is the tone of a disappointed man. Have you any serious reason to complain of Mrs. Romayne?'

(Stella rose to her feet in her eagerness to hear what her husband's answer would be.)

'Serious reason?' Romayne repeated. 'How can such an idea have entered your head? I only complain of irritating trifles now and then. Even the best of women is not perfect. It's hard to expect it from any of them.'

The interpretation of this reply depended entirely on the tone in which it was spoken. What was the animating spirit in this case! Irony? or Indulgence? Stella was ignorant of the indirect method of irritation, by means of which Father Benwell had encouraged Romayne's doubts of his wife's motives for the reception of Winterfield. Her husband's tone, expressing this state of mind, was new to her. She sat down again, divided between hope and fear, waiting to hear more. The next words, spoken by Penrose, astounded her. The priest, the Jesuit, the wily spiritual intruder between man and wife, actually took the wife's side!

'Romayne,' he proceeded quietly. 'I want you to be happy.'

'How am I to be happy?'

'I will try and tell you. I believe your wife to be a good woman. I believe she loves you. There is something in her face that speaks for her—even to an inexperienced person like myself. Don't be impatient with her! Put away from you that besetting temptation to speak in irony—it is so easy to take that tone, and sometimes so cruel. I am only a looker-on, I know. Domestic happiness can never be the happiness of *my* life. But I have observed my fellow creatures of all degrees—and this, I tell you, is the result. The largest number of happy men are the husbands and fathers. Yes; I admit that they have terrible anxieties—but they are fortified by unfailing compensations and encouragements. Only the other day I met with a man who had suffered the loss of fortune and, worse still, the loss of health. He endured those afflictions so calmly that he surprised me. "What is the secret of your philosophy?" I asked. He answered, "I can bear anything while I have my wife and my children." Think of that, and judge for yourself how much happiness you may have left yet ungathered in your married life.'

(Those words touched Stella's higher nature, as the dew touches the thirsty ground. Surely they were nobly spoken! How would her husband receive them?)

'I must think with your mind, Penrose, before I can do what you ask of me. Is there any method of transformation by which I can change natures with you?' That was all he said—and he said it despondingly.

Penrose understood, and felt for him.

'If there is anything in my nature, worthy to be set as an example to you,' he replied, 'you know to what blessed influence I owe self-discipline and serenity of mind. Remember what I said when I left you in London, to go back to my friendless life. I told you that I found, in the faith I held, the one sufficient consolation which helped me to bear my lot. And—if there came a time of sorrow in the future—I entreated you to remember what I had said. Have you remembered it?'

'Look at the book here on my desk—look at the other books, within easy reach, on that table—are you satisfied?'

'More than satisfied. Tell me—do you feel nearer to an understanding of the Faith to which I have tried to convert you?'

There was a pause. 'Say that I do feel nearer,' Romayne resumed—'say that some of my objections are removed—are you really as eager as ever to make a Catholic of me, now that I am a married man?'

'I am even more eager,' Penrose answered. 'I have always believed that your one sure way to happiness lay through your conversion. Now, when I know from what I have seen

and heard in this room, that you are not reconciled as you should be to your new life—I am doubly confirmed in my belief. As God is my witness, I speak sincerely. Hesitate no longer! Be converted, and be happy.'

'Have you not forgotten something, Penrose!'

'What have I forgotten ?'

'A serious consideration, perhaps. I have a Protestant wife.'

'I have borne that in mind, Romayne, throughout our conversation.'

'And you still say—what you have just said?'

'With my whole heart, I say it! Be converted, and be happy. Be happy, and you will be a good husband. I speak in your wife's interest as well as in yours. People who are happy in each other's society, will yield a little, on either side, even on questions of religious belief. And perhaps there may follow a more profitable result still. So far as I have observed, a good husband's example is gladly followed by his wife. Don't think that I am trying to persuade you against your will! I am only telling you, in my own justification, from what motives of love for yourself, and of true interest in your welfare, I speak. You implied just now, that you had still some objections left. If I can remove them—well and good. If I fail—if you cannot act on purely conscientious conviction—I not only advise, I entreat you to remain as you are. I shall be the first to acknowledge that you have done right.'

This moderation of tone would appeal irresistibly (as Stella well knew) to her husband's ready appreciation of those good qualities in others, which he did not himself possess. Once more, her suspicion wronged Penrose. Had he his own interested motives for pleading her cause? At the bare thought of it, she left her chair, and, standing under the window, boldly interrupted the conversation by calling to Romayne.

'Lewis!' she cried, 'why do you stay in-doors on this beautiful day? I am sure Mr. Penrose would like a walk in the grounds.'

Penrose appeared alone at the window. 'You are quite right, Mrs. Romayne,' he said, 'we will join you directly.'

In a few minutes he turned the corner of the house, and met Stella on the lawn. Romayne was not with him. 'Is my husband not coming with us?' she asked.

'He will follow us,' Penrose answered. 'I believe he has some letters to write.'

Stella looked at him, suspecting some underhand exercise of influence on her husband.

If she had been able to estimate the noble qualities in the nature of Penrose, she might have done him the justice to arrive at a truer conclusion. It was he who had asked leave to take the opportunity of speaking alone with Mrs. Romayne. He had said to his friend, 'If I am wrong in my view of the effect of your change of religion on your wife, let me find it out from herself. My one object is to act justly towards you and towards her. I should never forgive myself if I made mischief between you, no matter how innocent of any evil intention I might be.' Romayne had understood him. It was Stella's misfortune ignorantly to misinterpret everything that Penrose said or did, for the all-sufficient reason that he was a Catholic priest. She had drawn the conclusion that her husband (on the point of conversion himself) had deliberately left her alone with Penrose, to be persuaded or deluded into giving her sanction to aid the influence of the priest. 'They shall find they are mistaken,' she thought to herself.

'Have I interrupted an interesting conversation?' she inquired, abruptly. 'When I asked you to come out, were you talking to my husband about his historical work?'

'No, Mrs. Romayne; we were not speaking at that time of the book.'

'May I ask an odd question, Mr Penrose?'

'Certainly!'

'Are you a very zealous Catholic?'

'Pardon me. I am a priest. Surely my profession speaks for me.'

'I hope you have not been trying to convert my husband?'

Penrose stopped and looked at her attentively. 'Are you strongly opposed to your husband's conversion?' he asked.

'As strongly,' she answered, 'as a woman can be.'

'By religious conviction, Mrs. Romayne?'

'No. By experience.'

Penrose started. 'Is it indiscreet,' he said, gently, 'to inquire what your experience may have been?'

'I will tell you what my experience has been,' Stella replied. 'I am ignorant of theological subtleties, and questions of doctrine are quite beyond me. But this I do know. A well-meaning and zealous Catholic shortened my father's life, and separated me from an only sister whom I dearly loved. I see I shock you—and I dare say you think I am exaggerating?'

'I hear what you say, Mrs. Romayne, with very great pain—I don't presume to form any opinion thus far.'

'My sad story can be told in a few words,' Stella proceeded. 'When my elder sister was still a young girl, an aunt of our's (my mother's sister) came to stay with us. She had married abroad, and she was, as I have said, a zealous Catholic. Unknown to the rest of us, she held conversations on religion with my sister—worked on the enthusiasm which was part of the girl's nature—and accomplished her conversion. Other influences, of which I knew nothing, were afterwards brought to bear on my sister. She declared her intention of entering a convent. As she was under age, my father had only to interpose his authority to prevent this. She was his favourite child. He had no heart to restrain her by force—he could only try all that the kindest and best of fathers could do to persuade her to remain at home. Even after the years that have passed I cannot trust myself to speak of it composedly. She persisted; she was as hard as stone. My aunt, when she was entreated to interfere, called her heartless obstinacy "a vocation." My poor father's loving resistance was worn out; he slowly drew nearer and nearer to death, from the day when she left us. Let me do her justice, if I can. She has, not only, never regretted entering the convent—she is so happily absorbed in her religious duties, that she has not the slightest wish to see her mother or me. My mother's patience was soon worn out. The last time I went to the convent, I went by myself. I shall never go there again. She could not conceal her sense of relief, when I took my leave of her. I need say no more. Arguments are thrown away on me, Mr. Penrose, after what I have seen and felt. I have no right to expect that the consideration of *my* happiness will influence you—but I may perhaps ask you, as a gentleman, to tell me the truth. Do you come here with the purpose of converting my husband?'

Penrose owned the truth, without an instant's hesitation.

'I cannot take your view of your sister's pious devotion of herself to a religious life,' he said. 'But I can, and will answer you truly. From the time when I first knew him, my dearest object has been to convert your husband to the Catholic Faith.'

Stella drew back from him, as if he had stung her, and clasped her hands in silent despair.

'But I am bound as a Christian,' he went on, 'to do to others, as I would they should do to me.'

She turned on him suddenly, her beautiful face radiant with hope, her hand trembling as it caught him by the arm.

'Speak plainly!' she cried.

He obeyed her to the letter.

'The happiness of my friend's wife, Mrs. Romayne, is sacred to me for his sake. Be the good angel of your husband's life. I abandon the purpose of converting him.'

He lifted her hand from his arm, and raised it respectfully to his lips. Then, when he had bound himself by a promise that was sacred to him, the terrible influence of the priesthood shook even that brave and lofty soul. He said to himself as he left her, 'God forgive me if I have done wrong!'

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## CHAPTER III.

### WINTERFIELD RETURNS.

TWICE Father Benwell called at Derwent's Hotel, and twice he was informed that no news had been received there of Mr. Winterfield. At the third attempt, his constancy was rewarded. Mr. Winterfield had written, and was expected to arrive at the hotel by five o'clock.

It was then half-past four. Father Benwell decided to wait the return of his friend.

He was as anxious to deliver the packet entrusted to him, as if he had never broken a seal, or used a counterfeit to hide the betrayal of a trust. The re-sealed packet was safe in the pocket of his long black frock-coat. His own future proceedings depended, in some degree, on the course which Winterfield might take, when he had read the confession of the unhappy woman who had once been his wife.

Would he show the letter to Stella, at a private interview, as an unanswerable proof that she had cruelly wronged him? And would it in this case be desirable—if the thing could be done—so to handle circumstances, as that Romayne might be present, unseen, and might discover the truth for himself? In the other event—that is to say, if Winterfield abstained from communicating the confession to Stella—the responsibility of making the necessary disclosure must remain with the priest. In his present uncertainty, he could only decide to pay another visit at Ten Acres Lodge, and discover how Penrose was prospering in the all-important matter of Romayne's conversion.

Father Benwell walked softly up and down the room, looking about him with quietly-observant eyes. A side table in a corner was covered with letters, waiting Winterfield's return. Always ready for information of any sort, he even looked at the addresses on the letters.

The handwritings presented the customary variety of character. All but three of the envelopes showed the London district post-marks. Two of the other letters (addressed to Winterfield at his club) bore foreign post-marks; and one, as the altered direction showed, had been forwarded from Beaupark House to the hotel.

This last letter especially attracted the priest's attention.

The address was apparently in a woman's handwriting. And it was worthy of remark that she appeared to be the only person among Winterfield's correspondents who was not acquainted with the address of his hotel or of his club. Who could the person be? The subtly-inquiring intellect of Father Benwell amused itself by speculating, even on such a trifling problem as this. He little thought that he had a personal interest in the letter. The envelope contained Stella's warning to Winterfield, to distrust no less a person than Father Benwell himself!

It was nearly half-past five before quick footsteps were audible outside. Winterfield entered the room.

'This is friendly indeed!' he said. 'I expected to return to the worst of all solitudes—solitude in a hotel. You will stay and dine with me? That's right. You must have thought I was going to settle in Paris. Do you know what has kept me so long? The most delightful theatre in the world—the

Opera Comique. I am so fond of the byegone school of music, Father Benwell—the flowing, graceful delicious melodies of the composers who followed Mozart. One can only enjoy that music in Paris. Would you believe that I waited a week to hear Nicolo's delightful Joconde for the second time. I was almost the only young man in the stalls. All round me were the old men who remembered the first performances of the opera, beating time with their wrinkled hands to the tunes which were associated with the happiest days of their lives. What's that I hear? My dog! I was obliged to leave him here, and he knows I have come back!'

He flew to the door, and called down the stairs to have the dog set free. The spaniel rushed into the room and leaped into his master's outstretched arms. Winterfield returned his caresses, and kissed him as tenderly as a woman might have kissed her pet.

'Dear old fellow! it's a shame to have left you —I won't do it again. Father Benwell, have *you* many friends, who would be as glad to see you as *this* friend? I haven't one. And there are fools who talk of a dog as an inferior being to ourselves! *This* creature's faithful love is mine, do what I may. I might be disgraced in the estimation of every human creature I know—and he would be as true to me as ever. And look at his physical qualities. What an ugly thing, for instance, —I won't say your ear—I will say my ear is; crumpled and wrinkled and naked. Look at the beautiful silky covering of *his* ear! What are our senses of smelling and hearing, compared to his? We are proud of our reason. Could we find our way back, if they shut us up in a basket, and took us to a strange place away from home? If we both want to run down stairs in a hurry, which of us is securest against breaking his neck—I on my poor two legs, or he on his four. Who is the happy mortal, who goes to bed without unbuttoning, and gets up again without buttoning. Here he is, on my lap, knowing I am talking about him, and too fond of me to say to himself, What a fool my master is!'

Father Benwell listened to this rhapsody—so characteristic of the childish simplicity of the man—with an inward sense of impatience, which never once showed itself on the smiling surface of his face.

He had decided not to mention the papers in his pocket until some circumstance occurred, which might appear to remind him naturally that he had such things about him. If he showed any anxiety to produce the envelope, he might expose himself to the suspicion of having some knowledge of the contents. When would Winterfield notice the side table, and open his letters?

The tick-tick of the clock on the mantelpiece steadily registered the progress of time—and Winterfield's fantastic attentions were still lavished on his dog.

Even Father Benwell's patience was sorely tried, when the good country-gentleman proceeded to mention not only the spaniel's name, but the occasion which had suggested it. 'We call him Traveller, and I will tell you why. When he was only a puppy he strayed into the garden at Beaupark, so weary and foot-sore that we concluded he had come to us from a great distance. We advertised him; but he was never claimed—and here he is! If you don't object, we will give Traveller a treat to-day. He shall have dinner with us.'

Perfectly understanding those last words, the dog jumped off his master's lap—and actually forwarded the views of Father Benwell in less than a minute more. Scampering round and round the room, as an appropriate expression of happiness, he came into collision with the side-table, and directed Winterfield's attention to the letters by scattering them on the floor.

Father Benwell rose politely, to assist in picking up the prostrate correspondence. But Traveller was beforehand with him. Warning the priest,

with a low growl, not to interfere with another person's business, the dog picked up the letters in his mouth, and carried them by instalments to his master's feet. Even then, the exasperating Winterfield went no further than patting Traveller. Father Benwell's endurance reached its limits. 'Pray don't stand on ceremony with me,' he said. 'I will look at the newspaper, while you read your letters.'

Winterfield carelessly gathered the letters together; tossed them on the dining-table at his side; and took the uppermost one of the little heap.

Fate was certainly against the priest on that evening. The first letter that Winterfield opened led him off to another subject of conversation before he had read it to the end. Father Benwell's hand, already in his coat pocket, appeared again—empty.

'Here's a proposal to me to go into Parliament,' said the Squire. 'What do you think of representative institutions, Father Benwell? To my mind, representative institutions are on their last legs. They vote away more of our money every year. They sit helpless, while half a dozen impudent idiots stop the progress of legislation from motives of the meanest kind. And they are not even sensitive enough to the national honour to pass a social law among themselves, which makes it as disgraceful in a gentleman to buy a seat by bribery as to cheat at cards. I declare I think the card-sharper the least degraded person of the two. *He* doesn't encourage his inferiors to be false to a public trust. In short, my dear sir, everything wears out in this world—and why should the House of Commons be an exception to the rule?'

He picked up the next letter from the heap. As he looked at the address, his face changed. The smile left his lips, the gaiety died out of his eyes. Traveller, entreating for more notice with impatient fore-paws applied to his master's knees, saw the alteration, and dropped into a respectfully-recumbent position. Father Benwell glanced sidelong off the columns of the newspaper, and waited for events with all the discretion, and none of the good faith, of the dog.

'Forwarded from Beaupark?' Winterfield said to himself. He opened the letter—read it carefully to the end—thought over it—and read it again.

'Father Benwell!' he said suddenly.

The priest put down the newspaper. For a few moments more, nothing was audible but the steady tick-tick of the clock.

'We have not been very long acquainted,' Winterfield resumed. 'But our association has been a pleasant one; and I think I owe to you the duty of a friend. I don't belong to your Church; but I hope you will believe me, when I say that ignorant prejudice against the Catholic priesthood is not one of *my* prejudices.'

Father Benwell bowed, in silence.

'You are mentioned,' Winterfield proceeded, 'in the letter which I have just read.'

'Are you at liberty to tell me the name of your correspondent?' Father Benwell asked.

'I am not at liberty to do that. But I think it due to you, and to myself, to tell you what the substance of the letter is. The writer warns me to be careful in my intercourse with you. Your object (I am told) is to make yourself acquainted with events in my past life, and you have some motive which my correspondent has thus far failed to discover. I speak plainly, but I beg you to understand that I also speak impartially. I condemn no man unheard—least of all, a man whom I have had the honour of receiving under my own roof.'

He spoke with a certain simple dignity. With equal dignity, Father Benwell answered. It is needless to say that he now knew Winterfield's correspondent to be Romayne's wife.

'Let me sincerely thank you, Mr. Winterfield, for a candour which does honour to us both,' he said. 'You will hardly expect me—if I may use such

an expression—to condescend to justify myself against an accusation, which is an anonymous accusation so far as I am concerned. I prefer to meet that letter by a plain proof; and I leave you to judge whether I am still worthy of the friendship to which you have so kindly alluded.'

With this preface, he briefly related the circumstances under which he had become possessed of the packet; and then handed it to Winterfield—with the seal uppermost.

'Decide for yourself,' he concluded, 'whether a man bent on prying into your private affairs, with that letter entirely at his mercy would have been true to the trust reposed in him.'

He rose and took his hat, ready to leave the room, if his honour was profaned by the slightest expression of distrust. Winterfield's genial and unsuspicious nature instantly accepted the offered proof as conclusive. 'Before I break the seal,' he said, 'let me do you justice. Sit down again, Father Benwell, and forgive me if my sense of duty has hurried me into hurting your feelings. No man ought to know better than I do how often people misjudge and wrong each other.'

They shook hands cordially. No moral relief is more eagerly sought than relief from the pressure of a serious explanation. By common consent they now spoke as lightly as if nothing had happened. Father Benwell set the example.

'You actually believe in a priest!' he said, gaily. 'We shall make a good Catholic of you yet.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' Winterfield replied. 'I respect the men who have given to humanity the inestimable blessing of quinine—to say nothing of preserving learning and civilization—but I respect still more my own liberty as a free Christian.'

'Perhaps a free thinker, Mr. Winterfield?'

'Anything you like to call it, Father Benwell, so long as it *is* free.'

They both laughed. Father Benwell went back to his newspaper. Winterfield broke the seal of the envelope and took out the enclosures.

The confession was the first of the papers at which he happened to look. At the opening lines he turned pale. He read more, and his eyes filled with tears. In low, broken tones he said to the priest, 'You have innocently brought me most distressing news. I entreat your pardon if I ask to be left alone.'

Father Benwell said a few well-chosen words of sympathy, and immediately withdrew. The dog licked his master's hand, hanging listlessly over the arm of the chair.

Later in the evening a note from Winterfield was left by a messenger at the priest's lodgings. The writer announced, with renewed expressions of regret, that he would be again absent from London on the next day, but that he hoped to return to the hotel and receive his guest on the evening of the day after.

Father Benwell rightly conjectured that Winterfield's destination was the town in which his wife had died.

His object in taking the journey, was not as the priest supposed, to address inquiries to the rector and the landlady, who had been present at the fatal illness and the death—but to justify his wife's last expression of belief in the mercy and compassion of the man whom she had injured. On that 'nameless grave,' so sadly and so humbly referred to in the confession, he had resolved to place a simple stone cross, giving to her memory the name which she had shrunk from profaning in her life-time. When he had written the brief inscription which recorded the death of 'Emma, wife of Bernard Winterfield,' and when he had knelt for a while by the low turf mound, his errand had come to its end. He thanked the good rector; he left gifts with the landlady and her children, by which he was gratefully remem-

bered for many a year afterwards; and then, with a heart relieved, he went back to London.

Other men might have made their sad little pilgrimage alone. Winterfield took his dog with him. 'I must have something to love,' he said to the rector, 'at such a time as this.'

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## CHAPTER IV.

### FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Secretary, S. J., Rome.*

'WHEN I wrote last, I hardly thought I should trouble you again so soon. The necessity has, however, arisen. I must ask for instructions, from our Most Reverend General, on the subject of Arthur Penrose.

'I believe I informed you that I decided to defer my proposed visit to Ten Acres Lodge for two or three days—in order that Winterfield (if he intended to do so) might have time to communicate with Mrs. Romayne, after his return from the country. Naturally enough, perhaps, considering the delicacy of the subject, he has not taken me into his confidence. I can only guess that he has maintained the same reserve with Mrs. Romayne.

'My visit to the Lodge was duly paid this afternoon.

'I asked first, of course, for the lady of the house; and hearing she was in the grounds, joined her there. She looked ill and anxious; and she received me with rigid politeness. Fortunately, Mrs. Eyrecourt (now convalescent) was staying at Ten Acres, and was then taking the air in her chair on wheels. The good lady's nimble and discursive tongue offered me an opportunity of referring, in the most innocent manner possible, to Winterfield's favourable opinion of Romayne's pictures. I need hardly say that I looked at Romayne's wife, when I mentioned the name. She turned pale—probably fearing that I had some knowledge of her letter warning Winterfield not to trust me. If she had already been informed that he was not to be blamed, but to be pitied, in the matter of the marriage at Brussels, she would have turned red. Such, at least, is my experience, drawn from recollections of other days.*

'The ladies having served my purpose, I ventured into the house to pay my respects to Romayne.

'He was in the study, and his excellent friend and secretary was with him. After the first greetings, Penrose left us. His manner told me plainly that there was something wrong. I asked no questions—waiting on the chance that Romayne might enlighten me.

'"I hope you are in better spirits, now that you have your old companion with you," I said.

'"I am very glad to have Penrose with me," he answered. And then he frowned, and looked out of the window at the two ladies in the grounds.

'It occurred to me that Mrs. Eyrecourt might be occupying the customary false position of a mother-in-law. I was mistaken. He was not thinking of his wife's mother—he was thinking of his wife.

'"I suppose you know that Penrose had an idea of converting me?" he said suddenly.

'I was perfectly candid with him—I said I knew it, and approved of it. "May I hope that Arthur has succeeded in convincing you?" I ventured to add.

'"He might have succeeded, Father Benwell, if he had chosen to go on."

'This reply, as you may easily imagine, took me by surprise.

* Father Benwell's experience had, in this case, not misled him. If Stella had remained unmarried, Winterfield might have justified himself. But he was honourably unwilling to disturb her relations with her husband, by satisfying her that he had never been unworthy of the affection which had once united them.

'"Are you really so obdurate that Arthur despairs of your conversion?" I asked,

'"Nothing of the sort! I have thought and thought of it—and I can tell you I was more than ready to meet him half way."

'"Then where is the obstacle?" I exclaimed.

'He pointed through the window to his wife. "There is the obstacle," he said in a tone of ironical resignation.

'Knowing Arthur's character as I knew it, I at last understood what had happened. For a moment, I felt really angry. Under these circumstances the wise course was to say nothing, until I could be sure of speaking with exemplary moderation. It doesn't do for a man in my position to show anger.

'Romayne went on:

'"We talked of my wife, Father Benwell, the last time you were here. You only knew, then, that her reception of Mr. Winterfield had determined him never to enter my house again. By way of adding to your information on the subject of 'petticoat government,' I may now tell you that Mrs. Romayne has forbidden Penrose to proceed with the attempt to convert me. By common consent, the subject is never mentioned between us." The bitter irony of his tone, thus far, suddenly disappeared. He spoke eagerly and anxiously. "I hope you are not angry with Arthur?" he said.

'By this time my little fit of ill-temper was at an end. I answered—and it was really in a certain sense true—"I know Arthur too well to be angry with him."

'Romayne seemed to be relieved. "I only troubled you with this last domestic incident," he resumed, "to bespeak your indulgence for Penrose. I am getting learned in the hierarchy of the Church, Father Benwell! You are the superior of my dear little friend, and you exercise authority over him. Oh, he is the kindest and best of men! It is not his fault. He submits to Mrs. Romayne—against his own better conviction—in the honest belief that he consults the interests of our married life."

'I don't think I misinterpret the state of Romayne's mind, and mislead you, when I express my belief that this second indiscreet interference of his wife between his friend and himself will produce the very result which she dreads. Mark my words, written after the closest observation of him—this new irritation of Romayne's sensitive self-respect will hasten his conversion.

'You will understand that the one alternative before me, after what has happened, is to fill the place from which Penrose has withdrawn. I abstained from breathing a word of this to Romayne. It is he, if I can manage it, who must invite me to complete the work of conversion—and, besides, nothing can be done until the visit of Penrose has come to an end. Romayne's secret sense of irritation may be safely left to develop itself, with time to help it.

'So I changed the conversation to the subject of his literary labours. The present state of his mind is not favourable to work of that exacting kind. Even with the help of Penrose to encourage him, he does not get on to his satisfaction—and yet, as I could plainly perceive, the ambition to make a name in the world exercises a stronger influence over him than ever. All in our favour, my reverend friend—all in our favour!

'I took the liberty of asking to see Penrose alone for a moment; and, this request granted, Romayne and I parted cordially. I can make most people like me, when I choose to try. The master of Vange Abbey is no exception to the rule. Did I tell you, by-the-bye, that the property has a little declined of late in value? It is now not more than six thousand a year. *We* will improve it, when it returns to the Church.

'My interview with Penrose was

over in two minutes. Dispensing with all formality, I took his arm, and led him into the front garden.

'"I have heard all about it," I said; "and I must not deny that you have disappointed me. But I know your disposition, and I make allowances. You have qualities, dear Arthur, which perhaps put you a little out of place among Us. I shall be obliged to report what you have done—but you may trust me to put it favourably. Shake hands, my son, and while we are still together, let us be as good friends as ever."

'You may think that I spoke in this way, with a view to my indulgent language being repeated to Romayne, and so improving the position which I have already gained in his estimation. Do you know, I really believe I meant it at the time? The poor fellow gratefully kissed my hand, when I offered it to him—he was really not able to speak. I almost fancy I am weak about Arthur! Say a kind word for him, when his conduct comes under notice—but pray don't mention this little frailty of mine; and don't suppose I have any sympathy with his weak-minded submission to Mrs. Romayne's prejudices. If I ever felt the smallest consideration for *her* (and I cannot call to mind any amiable emotion of that sort), her letter to Winterfield would have effectually extinguished it. There is something quite revolting to me in a deceitful woman.

'In closing this letter, I may quiet the minds of our reverend brethren, if I assure them that my former objection to associating myself directly with the conversion of Romayne no longer exists.

'Yes! even at my age, and with my habits, I am now resigned to hearing, and confuting, the trivial arguments of a man who is young enough to be my son. I shall write a carefully guarded letter to Romayne, on the departure of Penrose; and I shall send him a book to read, from the influence of which I expect gratifying results. It is not a controversial work (Arthur has been beforehand with me there)—it is Wiseman's "Recollections of the Popes." I look to that essentially readable book to excite Romayne's imagination, by vivid descriptions of the splendours of the Church, and the vast influence and power of the higher priesthood. Does this sudden enthusiasm of mine surprise you? And are you altogether at a loss to know what it means?

'It means, my friend, that I see our position towards Romayne in an entirely new light. Forgive me, if I say no more for the present. I prefer to be silent, until my audacity is justified by events.'

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## CHAPTER V.

### BERNARD WINTERFIELD'S CORRESPONDENCE.

#### I.

*From Mrs. Romayne to Mr. Winterfield.*

'HAS my letter failed to reach you? I directed it (as I direct this) to Beaupark; not knowing your London address.

'Yesterday, Father Benwell called at Ten Acres Lodge. He first saw my mother and myself; and he contrived to mention your name. It was done with his usual adroitness, and I might perhaps have passed it over, if he had not looked at me. I hope and pray, it may be only my fancy—but I thought I saw, in his eyes, that he was conscious of having me in his power, and that he might betray me to my husband at any moment.

'I have no sort of claim on you. And, heaven knows, I have little reason to trust you. But I thought you meant fairly by me, when we spoke together at this house. In that belief, I entreat you to tell me if Father Benwell has intruded himself into your confidence—or even if you have hinted anything to him which gives him a hold over me.'

II.

*From Mr. Winterfield to Mrs. Romayne.*

'Both your letters have reached me.

'I have good reason for believing that you are entirely mistaken in your estimate of Father Benwell's character. But I know, by sad experience, how you hold to your opinions when they are once formed; and I am eager to relieve you of all anxiety, so far as I am concerned. I have not said one word—have not even let slip the slightest hint—which could inform Father Benwell of that past event in our lives to which your letter alludes. Your secret is a sacred secret to me; and it has been, and shall be, sacredly kept.

'There is a sentence in your letter which has given me great pain. You reiterate the cruel language of the bye-gone time. You say, "Heaven knows I have little reason to trust you."

'I have reasons, on my side, for not justifying myself—except under certain conditions. If you are ever in a position of trouble or peril—and God forbid it should ever be so—which you might blamelessly confide to a devoted friend or brother, I undertake in that case, to prove even to you that it was a cruel injustice ever to have doubted me, and that there is no man living whom you can more implicitly trust than myself.

'My address, when I am in London, is at the head of this page.'

III.

*From Doctor Wybrow to Mr. Winterfield.*

'Dear Sir,—I have received your letter, mentioning that you wish to accompany me, at my next visit to the asylum, to see the French boy, so strangely associated with the letter delivered to you by Father Benwell.

'Your proposal reaches me too late. The poor creature's troubled life has come to an end. He never rallied from the exhausting effects of fever. To the last he was attended by his mother. I write with true sympathy for that excellent lady—but I do not conceal from you or from myself that this death is not to be regretted. In a case of the same extraordinary kind, recorded in print, the patient recovered from fever; and his insanity returned with his returning health.—Faithfully yours,

'JOSEPH WYBROW.'

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SADDEST OF ALL WORDS.

ON the tenth morning, dating from the despatch of Father Benwell's last letter to Rome, Penrose was writing in the study at Ten Acres Lodge—while Romayne sat at the other end of the room, looking listlessly at a blank sheet of paper, with the pen lying idle beside it. On a sudden he rose, and, snatching up paper and pen, threw them irritably into the fire.

'Don't trouble yourself to write any longer,' he said to Penrose. 'My dream is over. Throw my manuscripts into the waste-paper basket, and never speak to me of literary work again.'

'Every man devoted to literature has these fits of despondency,' Penrose answered. 'Don't think of your work. Send for your horse, and trust to fresh air and exercise to relieve your mind.'

Romayne barely listened. He turned round at the fireplace, and studied the reflection of his face in the glass.

'I look worse and worse,' he said thoughtfully to himself.

It was true. His flesh had fallen away; his face had withered and whitened; he stooped like an old man. The change for the worse had been steadily proceeding from the time when he left Vange Abbey.

'It's useless to conceal it from me!' he burst out, turning towards Penrose. 'I am in some way answerable—though you all deny it—for the French boy's death. Why not? His voice is still in my ears—and the stain of his bro-

ther's blood is on me. I am under a spell! Do you believe in the witches—the merciless old women who made wax images of the people who injured them, and stuck pins in their mock likenesses, to register the slow wasting away of their victims day after day? People disbelieve it in these times; but it has never been disproved.' He stopped, looked at Penrose; and suddenly changed his tone. 'Arthur! what is the matter with you? Have you had a bad night? Has anything happened?'

For the first time in Romayne's experience of him, Penrose answered evasively.

'Is there nothing to make me anxious,' he said, 'when I hear you talk as you are talking now? The poor French boy died of a fever. Must I remind you again that he owed the happiest days of his life to you and your good wife?'

Romayne still looked at him, without attending to what he said.

'Surely you don't think I am deceiving you?' Penrose remonstrated.

'No; I was thinking of something else. I was wondering whether I really know you as well as I thought I did. Am I mistaken in supposing that you are not an ambitious man?'

'My only ambition is to lead a worthy life, and to be as useful to my fellow creatures as I can. Does that satisfy you?'

Romayne hesitated. 'It seems strange——' he began.

'What seems strange?'

'I don't say it seems strange that you should be a priest,' Romayne explained. 'I am only surprised that a man of your simple way of thinking should have attached himself to the Order of the Jesuits.'

'I can quite understand that,' said Penrose. 'But you should remember that circumstances often influence a man in his choice of a vocation. It has been so with me. I am a member of a Roman Catholic family. A Jesuit College was near our place of abode; and a near relative of mine—since dead—was one of the resident priests.' He paused, and added, in a lower tone, 'When I was little more than a lad I suffered a disappointment, which altered my character for life. I took refuge in the College; and I have found patience and peace of mind since that time. Oh, my friend, you might have been a more contented man——' He stopped again. His interest in the husband had all but deceived him into forgetting his promise to the wife.

Romayne held out his hand. 'I hope I have not thoughtlessly hurt you?' he said.

Penrose took the offered hand, and pressed it fervently. He tried to speak—and suddenly shuddered, like a man in pain. 'I am not very well this morning,' he stammered; 'a turn in the garden will do me good.'

Romayne's doubts were confirmed, by the manner in which Penrose left him. Something had unquestionably happened which his friend shrank from communicating to him. He sat down again at his desk, and tried to read. The time passed—and he was still left alone. When the door was at last opened, it was only Stella who entered the room.

'Have you seen Penrose?' he asked.

The estrangement between them had been steadily widening of late. Romayne had expressed his resentment at his wife's interference between Penrose and himself, by that air of contemptuous indifference which is the hardest penalty that a man can inflict on the woman who loves him. Stella had submitted with a proud and silent resignation — the most unfortunate form of protest that she could have adopted towards a man of Romayne's temper. When she now appeared, however, in her husband's study, there was a change in her expression, which he instantly noticed, she looked at him with eyes softened by sorrow. Before she could answer his first question, he hurriedly added another. 'Is Penrose really ill?'

'No, Lewis. He is distressed.'

'About what?'

'About you, and about himself.'

'Is he going to leave us?'

'Yes.'

'But, he will come back again?'

Stella took a chair by her husband's side. 'I am truly sorry for you, Lewis,' she said. 'It is even a sad parting for Me. If you will let me say it, I have a sincere regard for dear Mr. Penrose.'

Under other circumstances, this confession of feeling for the man who had sacrificed his dearest aspiration to the one consideration of her happiness, might have provoked a sharp reply. But by this time Romayne had really become alarmed. 'You speak as if Arthur was going to leave England,' he said.'

'He leaves England this afternoon,' she answered, 'for Rome.'

'Why does he tell this to you and not to me?' Romayne asked.

'He cannot trust himself to speak of it to you. He begged me to prepare you——'

Her courage failed her. She paused. Romayne beat his hand impatiently on the desk before him. 'Speak out!' he cried. 'If Rome is not the end of the journey what is?'

Stella hesitated no longer.

'He goes to Rome,' she said, 'to receive his instructions, and to become personally acquainted with the missionaries who are associated with him. They will leave Leghorn in the next vessel which sets sail for a port in Central America. And the dangerous duty entrusted to them is to re-establish one of the Jesuit missions destroyed by the savages years since. They will find their church a ruin, and not a vestige left of the houses once inhabited by the murdered priests. It is not concealed from them that they may be martyred too. They are soldiers of the Cross; and they go—willingly go—to save the souls of the Indians at the peril of their lives.'

Romayne rose and advanced to the door. There he turned and spoke to Stella. 'Where is Arthur?' he said.

Stella gently detained him.

'There was one word more he entreated me to say—pray wait and hear it,' she pleaded. 'His one grief is at leaving You. Apart from that, he devotes himself gladly to the dreadful service which claims him. He has long looked forward to it, and has long prepared himself for it; those, Lewis, are his own words.'

There was a knock at the door. The servant appeared, to announce that the carriage was waiting.

Penrose entered the room as the man left it.

'Have you spoken for me?' he said to Stella.

She could only answer him by a gesture. He turned to Romayne, with a faint smile. 'The saddest of all words must be spoken,' he said. 'Farewell.' Pale and trembling, Romayne took his hand. 'Is this Father Benwell's doings?' he asked.

'No!' Penrose answered, firmly. 'In Father Benwell's position it might have been his doing, but for his goodness to me. For the first time since I have known him, he has shrunk from a responsibility. For my sake, he has left it to Rome, and Rome has spoken. Oh, my more than friend—my brother in love——!'

His voice failed him. With a resolution which was nothing less than heroic in a man of his affectionate nature, he recovered his composure.

'Let us make it as little miserable as it *can* be,' he said. 'At every opportunity we will write to each other. And, who knows—I may yet come back to you? God has preserved his servants in dangers as great as any that I shall encounter. May that merciful God bless and protect you. Oh, Romayne, what happy days we have had together!' His last powers of resistance were worn out. Tears of noble sorrow dimmed the friendly eyes which had never once looked unkindly on the brother of his love. He kissed Romayne. 'Help me out!' he said,

turning blindly towards the hall at which the servant was waiting. That last act of mercy was not left to a servant. With sisterly tenderness Stella took his hand and led him away.

'I shall remember you gratefully as long as I live,' she said to him when the carriage-door was closed. He waved his hand at the window, and she saw him no more.

She returned to the study.

The relief of tears had not come to Romayne. He had dropped into a chair when Penrose left him. In stony silence he sat there, his head down, his eyes dry and staring. The miserable days of their estrangement were forgotten by his wife in the moment when she looked at him. She knelt by his side, and lifted his head a little, and laid it on her bosom. Her heart was full—she let the caress plead for her silently. He felt it; his cold fingers pressed her hand thankfully; but he said nothing. After a long interval, the first outward expression of sorrow that fell from his lips showed that he was still thinking of Penrose.

'Every blessing falls away from me,' he said. 'I have lost my best friend.'

Years afterwards, Stella remembered those words, and the tone in which he had spoken them.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE IMPULSIVE SEX.

After a lapse of a few days, Father Benwell was again a visitor at Ten Acres Lodge—by Romayne's invitation. The priest occupied the very chair, by the study fireside, in which Penrose had been accustomed to sit.

'It is really kind of you to come to me,' said Romayne, 'so soon after receiving my acknowledgment of your letter. I can't tell you how I was touched by the manner in which you wrote of Penrose. To my shame I confess it, I had no idea that you were so warmly attached to him.'

'I hardly knew it myself, Mr. Romayne, until our dear Arthur was taken away from us.'

'If you used your influence, Father Benwell, is there no hope that you might yet persuade him—— ?'

'To withdraw from the Mission? Oh, Mr. Romayne, don't you know Arthur's character better than that! Even his gentle temper has its resolute side. The zeal of the first martyrs to Christianity is the zeal that burns in that noble nature. The Mission has been the dream of his life—it is endeared to him by the very dangers which we dread. Persuade Arthur to desert the dear and devoted colleagues who have opened their arms to him? I might as soon persuade that statue in the garden to desert its pedestal, and join us in this room. Shall we change the sad subject? Have you received the book which I sent you with my letter?'

Romayne took up the book from his desk. Before he could speak of it, some one called out briskly, on the other side of the door, 'May I come in?'—and came in, without waiting to be asked. Mrs. Eyrecourt, painted and robed for the morning—wafting perfumes as she moved—appeared in the study. She looked at the priest, and lifted her many-ringed hands with a gesture of coquettish terror.

'Oh, dear me! I had no idea you were here, Father Benwell. I ask ten thousand pardons. Dear and admirable Romayne, you don't look as if you were pleased to see me. Good gracious! I am not interrupting a confession, am I?'

Father Benwell (with his paternal smile in perfect order) resigned his chair to Mrs. Eyrecourt. The traces of her illness still showed themselves in an intermittent trembling of her head and her hands. She had entered the room, strongly suspecting that the process of conversion might be proceeding in the absence of Penrose, and

determined to interrupt it. Guided by his subtle intelligence, Father Benwell penetrated her motive as soon as she opened the door. Mrs. Eyrecourt bowed graciously, and took the offered chair. Father Benwell sweetened his paternal smile, and offered to get a footstool.

'How glad I am,' he said, 'to see you in your customary good spirits! But wasn't it just a little malicious to talk of interrupting a confession? As if Mr. Romayne was one of Us! Queen Elizabeth herself could hardly have said a sharper thing to a poor Catholic priest!'

'You clever creature!' said Mrs. Eyrecourt. 'How easily you see through a simple woman like me! There—I give you my hand to kiss; we will make it up, as the children say. Do you know, Father Benwell, a most extraordinary wish has suddenly come to me. Please, don't be offended. I wish you were a Jew.'

'May I ask why?' Father Benwell inquired, with an apostolic suavity worthy of the best days of Rome.

Mrs. Eyrecourt explained herself, with the modest self-distrust of a maiden of fifteen. 'I am really so ignorant, I hardly know how to put it. But learned persons have told me that it is the peculiarity of the Jews—may I say the amiable peculiarity?—never to make converts. It would be so nice if you would take a leaf out of their book, when we have the happiness of receiving you here. My lively imagination pictures you in a double character. Father Benwell everywhere else; and—say, the patriarch Abraham at Ten Acres Lodge.'

Father Benwell lifted his persuasive hands in courteous protest. 'My dear lady! pray make your mind easy. Not one word on the subject of religion has passed between Mr. Romayne and myself——'

'I beg your pardon,' Mrs. Eyrecourt interrupted; 'I am afraid I fail to follow you. My silent son-in-law looks as if he longed to smother me; and my attention is naturally distracted. You were about to say——'

'I was about to say, dear Mrs. Eyrecourt, that you are alarming yourself, without any reason. Not one word, on any controversial subject, has passed——'

Mrs. Eyrecourt cocked her head, with the artless vivacity of a bird. 'Ah, but it might though!' she suggested slily.

Father Benwell once more remonstrated in dumb-show; and Romayne lost his temper.

'Mrs. Eyrecourt!' he cried sternly.

Mrs. Eyrecourt screamed, and lifted her hands to her ears. 'I am not deaf, dear Romayne—and I am not to be put down by any ill-timed exhibition of, what I may call, domestic ferocity. Father Benwell sets you an example of Christian moderation. Do, please, follow it.'

Romayne refused to follow it.

'Talk on any topic that you like, Mrs. Eyrecourt. I request you—don't oblige me to use a harder word—I request you to spare Father Benwell and myself any further expression of your opinion on controversial subjects.'

A son-in-law may make a request—and a mother-in-law may decline to comply. Mrs. Eyrecourt declined to comply.

'No, Romayne, it won't do. I may lament your unhappy temper, for my daughter's sake—but I know what I am about, and you can't provoke me. Our reverend friend and I understand each other. He will make allowances for a sensitive woman, who has had sad experience of conversions in her own household. My eldest daughter, Father Benwell—a poor foolish creature—was converted into a nunnery. The last time I saw her (she used to be sweetly pretty; my dear husband quite adored her)—the last time I saw her, she had a red nose, and, what is even more revolting at her age, a double chin. She received me with her lips pursed up, and her eyes on

the ground—and she was insolent enough to say that she would pray for me. I am not a furious old man with a long white beard, and I don't curse my daughter and rush out into a thunderstorm afterwards—but *I* know what King Lear felt, and *I* have struggled with hysterics just as he did. With your wonderful insight into human nature, I am sure you will sympathise and forgive me. Mr. Penrose, as my daughter tells me, behaved in the most gentlemanlike manner. I make the same appeal to your kind forbearance. The bare prospect of our dear friend here becoming a Catholic——'

Romayne's temper gave way once more.

'If anything can make me a Catholic,' he said, 'your interference will do it.'

'Out of sheer perversity, dear Romayne?'

'Not at all, Mrs. Eyrecourt. If I become a Catholic, I might escape from the society of the ladies, in the refuge of a monastery.'

Mrs. Eyrecourt hit him back again, with the readiest dexterity.

'Remain a Protestant, my dear, and go to your club. There is a refuge for you from the ladies—a monastery, with nice little dinners, and all the newspapers and periodicals.' Having launched this shaft, she got up, and recovered her easy courtesy of look and manner. 'I am so much obliged to you, Father Benwell. I have not offended you, I hope and trust?'

'You have done me a service, dear Mrs. Eyrecourt. But for your salutary caution, I *might* have drifted into controversial subjects. I shall be on my guard now.'

'How very good of you! We shall meet again, I hope, under more agreeable circumstances. After that polite allusion to a monastery, I understand that my visit to my son-in-law may as well come to an end. Please don't forget five o'clock tea at my house.'

As she approached the door, it was opened from the outer side. Her daughter met her half-way.

'Why are you here, Mamma?' Stella asked.

'Why indeed, my love! You had better leave the room with me. Our amiable Romayne's present idea is to relieve himself of our society, by retiring to a monastery. Don't you see Father Benwell?'

Stella coldly returned the priest's bow—and looked at Romayne. She felt a vague forewarning of what had happened. Mrs. Eyrecourt proceeded to enlighten her, as an appropriate expression of gratitude. 'We are indeed indebted to Father Benwell, my dear. He has been most considerate and kind——'

Romayne interrupted her without ceremony. 'Favour me,' he said, addressing his wife, 'by inducing Mrs. Eyrecourt to continue her narrative in some other room.'

Stella was hardly conscious of what her mother or her husband had said. She felt that the priest's eyes were on her. Under any other circumstances, Father Benwell's good breeding and knowledge of the world would have impelled him to take his departure. As things were, he knew perfectly well that the more seriously Romayne was annoyed, in his presence, the better his own private interests would be served. Accordingly, he stood apart, silently observant of Stella. In spite of Winterfield's reassuring reply to her letter, Stella instinctively suspected and dreaded the Jesuit. Under the spell of those watchful eyes, she trembled inwardly; her customary tact deserted her; she made an indirect apology to the man whom she hated and feared.

'Whatever my mother may have said to you, Father Benwell, has been without my knowledge.

Romayne attempted to speak, but Father Benwell was too quick for him.

'Dear Mrs. Romayne, nothing has been said which needs any disclaimer on your part.'

'I should think not!' Mrs. Eyrecourt added. 'Really, Stella, I don't understand you. Why, may I not say to Father Benwell, what you said to Mr. Penrose? You trusted Mr. Penrose as your friend. I can tell you this—I am quite sure you may trust Father Benwell.'

Once more, Romayne attempted to speak. And once more, Father Benwell was beforehand with him.

'May I hope,' said the priest, with a finely ironical smile, 'that Mrs. Romayne agrees with her excellent mother?'

With all her fear of him, the exasperating influence of his tone and his look was more than Stella could endure. Before she could restrain them, the rash words flew out of her lips.

'I am not sufficiently well acquainted with you, Father Benwell, to express an opinion.'

With that answer, she took her mother's arm, and left the room.

The moment they were alone, Romayne turned to the priest, trembling with anger. Father Benwell, smiling indulgently at the lady's little outbreak, took him by the hand, with peace-making intentions. 'Now don't—pray don't excite yourself!'

Romayne was not to be pacified in that way. His anger was trebly intensified by the long-continued strain on his nerves of the effort to control himself.

'I must, and will, speak out at last!' he said. 'Father Benwell, I hope you understand that nothing could have kept me silent so long but the duty of courtesy towards women, on which the ladies of my household have so inexcusably presumed. No words can say how ashamed I am of what has happened. I can only appeal to your admirable moderation and patience to accept my apologies, and the most sincere expression of my regret.'

'No more, Mr. Romayne! As a favour to me, I beg and entreat you will say no more. Sit down and compose yourself.'

But Romayne was impenetrable to the influence of friendly and forgiving demonstrations. 'I can never expect you to enter my house again!' he explained.

'My dear sir, I will come and see you again, with the greatest pleasure, on any day that you may appoint—the earlier day the better. Come! come! let us laugh. I don't say it disrespectfully, but poor dear Mrs. Eyrecourt has been more amusing than ever. I expect to see our excellent Archbishop to-morrow; and I must really tell him how the good lady felt insulted, when her Catholic daughter offered to pray for her. There is hardly anything more humorous even in Molière. And the double chin, and the red nose—all the fault of those dreadful Papists. Oh, dear me, you still take it seriously. How I wish you had my sense of humour! When shall I come again, and tell you how the Archbishop likes the story of the nun's mother?'

He held out his hand, with irresistible cordiality. Romayne took it gratefully—still bent, however, on making atonement.

'Let me first do myself the honour of calling on You,' he said. 'I am in no state to open my mind, as I might have wished to open it to you—after what has happened. In a day or two more——'

'Say the day after to-morrow,' Father Benwell hospitably suggested. 'Do me a great favour. Come and eat your bit of mutton at my lodgings. Six o'clock if you like—and some remarkably good claret, a present from one of the Faithful. You will? That's hearty! And do promise me to think no more of our little domestic comedy. Relieve your mind. Look at Wiseman's "Recollections of the Popes." Good-bye—God bless you.'

The servant who opened the house door for Father Benwell was agreeably surprised by the Papist's cheerfulness. 'He isn't half a bad fellow,' the man announced among his colleagues. 'Gave

me half-a-crown, and went out humming a tune.'

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Secretary, S.J., Rome.*

I.

'I BEG to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, mentioning that our Reverend Fathers are discouraged at not having heard from me for more than six weeks.

'I am sorry for this—and I am more than sorry to hear, that my venerated brethren regret having sanctioned the idea of obtaining the restoration of the Vange property to the Church. Let me humbly submit that the circumstances justified the idea. An unentailed property, in the possession of a man of imaginative temperament, without any near relatives to control him, is surely a property which might change hands, under the favouring circumstances of that man's conversion to the Catholic faith? It may be objected that the man is not yet converted. Also, that he is now married, and may have an heir to his estate. Grant me a delay of another week—and I will undertake to meet the first of these objections. In the meantime, I bow to superior wisdom; and I do not venture to add another word in my own defence.

II.

'The week's grace granted to me has elapsed. I write with humility. At the same time, I have something to say for myself.

'Yesterday, Mr. Lewis Romayne, of Vange Abbey, was received into the community of the Holy Catholic Church. I enclose an accurate newspaper report of the ceremonies which attended the conversion.

'Be pleased to inform me, by telegraph, whether our Reverend Fathers wish me to go on, or not.'

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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# GEORGE ELIOT.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

AS when the syren voices held in thrall,
In days of old, the wanderers by sea,
Enchanting them with wondrous melody;
So did thy spirit to our spirits call,
And keep them spell-bound in new realms of thought:
And even as the song divinely sweet,
With undertone of sadness still is fraught,
So, too, thy voice with sorrow was replete.
Thyself a shining light, thou knew the shade;
But from the silence of the soul's recess,
The lamp of thy great genius shone afar:
The weary worker in his loneliness
Descried the ray, and dreamed it could not fade—
To him thou art as an immortal star!

# PHYSIOLOGY IN THOUGHT, CONDUCT, AND BELIEF.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D.,

*Medical Superintendent, Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.*

NO two people among all the sons and daughters of Adam are alike in every respect. This law of diversity applies to everything animate and inanimate, from the definite forms of the crystal, the dewdrop and organized bodies up to the planetary orbs. This absence of uniformity is also seen in the mental constitution of every individual. The phlegmatic, the nervous, the emotional, the affectional, and the intellectual can be singled out from among the masses by the observation of physical appearances, movements as well as mental states.

Temperaments are substratal agencies which modify, to some extent at least, the mental constitution of each of us. The instrument may not decide the *kind* of its operations, but it does affect the *quality*. The body may not give direction to volition, nor map out the pathway of conduct; but its condition may, and often does, affect, to a considerable extent, their force and extent. In disease, this statement needs no illustration. Each person knows how much thought is affected by a restive stomach, by a disordered liver, by a splitting headache, or by nervous prostration: so in health our minds are affected by physical conditions. The bodily medium in which, by which, and through which, are all our mental processes, cannot be ignored in judging of varieties of thought. No two persons think alike on any subject. We have only to look around among our neighbours and enter into discussion with any one of them on any speculative subject to verify this fact. The leading politicians range themselves in parties according to beliefs. The rank and file who follow each may seem unanimous when guided by personal motives, party-pride, party-success, class interests, or it may be solely love of country. These bonds may give apparent accord, yet, each individual of the millions of the electorate will differ in detail when he breaks loose from these bonds, and frankly gives his individual opinions.

Among those who study the exact sciences, this diversity is also met with where least expected.

The scientists cannot well differ about phenomenal facts, which appeal to the senses for confirmation, but they will run into extremes of diversity in drawing conclusions from these undisputed data. The moment they theorize, that instant they diverge in opinion. All scientific books are a standing evidence of this statement. The pupil may follow the master implicitly if the student walk by faith alone; but when he has thought for himself, and gained possession of new facts, he at once speculates for himself, and applies the scalpel to dissect his teacher's scientific creed. His faith is rudely shaken, and under new light disappears, to be supplanted by the latest accepted theory. This hankering after new fields of exploration; this desire to add to our knowledge; this 'biggin' castles in the air;' this cackling over the hatching of new ideas, are often all commendable, if

regulated by judgment and supported by incontrovertible evidence; yet, they point to the ever-changing nature of human knowledge and opinion, based upon idiosyncrasies.

It may seem a contravention of this law when one observes great social, political and religious upheavals in which the many are often led by a few restless, impetuous spirits, in which is a ceaseless desire for change, with the firmness and genius to bring these revolutions to a successful issue. This condition of all-pervading enthusiasm never is enduring. No sooner has the full tide of fervour and excitement overleaped the usual barriers and reached the utmost boundaries, than the ebb sets in at once. The power of the united volume is expended, and each particle of personality asserts its right to quietness and rest; in other words, it assumes its normal condition. In the same way, no sooner do the agitations excited by wrongs, despotisms and intolerance come to an end, than the individual purpose comes into play and schisms, sects, personal ambitions and egotistic ascendencies come to the front: thus the normal condition returns. In the circumscribed area of small communities one master-mind may, by its influence, control and consolidate heterogeneous elements; but no sooner is this binding element removed than disintegration sets in. The units isolate themselves, according to the law of each. The family traits, natural perversity, education by precept and example, wilfulness uncurbed, vicious license unrestrained, and the inherited tendencies so different in each, show how much one man has to contend against more than another to resist crime, and to what extent the judgment and moral sense of each is warped by these underlying forces.

'I have been fighting all my life against these secret vices, and have only partially succeeded. I was born in the midst of vice and crime, and drew in my badness with my mother's milk,' was the piteous wail of despair which fell upon the ear of the writer from the lips of a young man who longed for a better life. Good habits are of slow growth, and bad tendencies continually assert themselves. There is too often an unequal strife between a desire for good, with a weak will on the one hand, and an active vice on the other. The house must be occupied by some tenant, if not by 'the better angel of our nature,' it will be by its evil spirit. Inherent motives, passions and desires are as varied as the human face. Thought, feeling, desire, and action are all present, but in ever-changing proportions. In chemistry a very few elements in slightly different combinations form compounds, not only dissimilar in physical appearance, but widely apart in their inherent properties. Starch, sugar, alcohol and vinegar have the same constituent elements, but no sane man would say that beyond the radical atoms they have anything in common: so the few elements in the psychical man in varied proportions do produce such individual types as would make it impossible to measure humanity by a common standard. He is like the few fundamental notes of music which can be arranged in endless melodies; or like the letters of an alphabet to whose myriad words there is no end.

In heathen countries, where a blind faith prevails, reasoning in religious matters seldom comes into play, and, as a consequence, differences seldom arise. In so ignorant a state of society a hearty allegiance to mere matters of detail might be expected; yet, if historians are to be believed, when individual differences arise, it is astonishing what variety of opinion crops up. The more enlightened a community becomes, the more striking are these contrasts. It is interesting to study this matter in the light of physiology, and to try to discover how much religious opinion may share the fate of secular knowledge, by being, to some

extent at least, affected, if not determined, by physical conditions. The emotional man will never look at all things in precisely the same light as the cool, clear-headed thinker. His intellect is dominated in a greater or less degree by his feeling. The hysterical female, who seems to be wholly a bundle of nerves, is led by them into the reception of vagaries, which another, with a better balanced mind, and a less susceptible organization, would laugh at, as being evidence of the wild imaginings of a disordered mind. One man has been born with a bilious temperament, which tinges every thought and incident of his life with melancholy. The most strenuous efforts can but partially shake him at times out of this slough of despond, only to sink again into it when the stimulus is removed. Another man has from childhood been full of buoyant spirits. He always looks upon the sunny side of everything. He is the life of every party and the centre of fun, merriment and every kind of enjoyment. He cannot help himself, for it is as natural to him, and as indispensable to his physical and mental health, as is the air he breathes. We all know him; and, like the former, he is in every community. The first is always apprehensive of trouble, and goes about the world with a whine, and with his head bowed like a bulrush. He sees the judgments of an avenging fate ever impending on his head, or hears the anathemas of an angry Deity following him throughout his life. The sunshiny type of a man takes misfortune, trouble, and disaster with a patience and good humour a Turk might envy. Both may have been educated alike in religious and secular knowledge, but the one has his whole life jaundiced and beclouded, because of the temperament he has inherited, and the other has his every thought and feeling infiltrated with that hopefulness which he received as a legacy at his birth. One man finds no pleasure in certain indulgences, such as drunkenness and lasciviousness. He may never have had any taste or inclination for excesses of any kind, and hence, such offer no temptation to him. Another is continually fighting against his appetites or his lusts, and has been so warring—it may be—from childhood, because of a brutish longing implanted in his nature, consequent on his physical organization. He may fall after a struggle against this downward tendency, or his dominant will may control his constitutional defects. If not, on the other hand, being judged by his external acts, he is held up to public scorn and contempt. His fights and conquests are not counted to him, and his neighbour, who has no such ball and chain of physical degeneracy to contend against, is judged to be a model of propriety. Public opinion is not to blame, for the real hero, who has conquered a thousand inward foes in an every day struggle, is never known, because the irrepressible conflict is carried on in the inner citadel of his being. The writer, in an official document, has put this fact in another form, thus:—'It may be supposed that three culprits were selected at random for committing like crimes, under precisely similar circumstances. Were it possible for us to get behind the external acts and see the motives and tendencies which impelled each, it would be found that no two did the unlawful deeds under exactly similar impulses. Assuming 100 to be the standard of a normal man, it might be found that the inherited propensity, or the natural aptitude to do evil, might be put hypothetically 82, 76, 40. The resisting power of each against the doing of certain things, and the impelling momentum of volition goaded on by desire or passion to act in a particular direction, might be supposed, for illustration, to stand in some such proportion. It follows, then, that the crime of him who was influenced by the most powerful motives for good, and had the least constitutional strength to deter, would, in the eyes of Omniscience,

be much more guilty than the poor creature whose volition would be so largely dominated and environed by hindrances no mortal may know. This inequality needs no argument to prove it, for in a greater or less degree it enters into the experience or observation of every one in some form or other. Their actual responsibility and guilt are comparatively very unequal. For the last year or two an epidemic of murder and other atrocities has been sweeping over the Dominion, and any one who has inquired into the history of these transgressors of the law will be struck with the different circumstances by which each has been surrounded, as given in his history, anterior to the perpetration of the crime.

The slow and cautious man is typical of another class. He may be of a languid temperament, and as a natural consequence lacks energy. It takes time for him to gather and put into practical shape his plans. No one is better aware of his habitual inertia than himself. In the battle of life, he feels that he must rouse himself from his characteristic indolence if he expect to succeed. Need, greed, or ambition may excite him to put forth efforts either spasmodically, or by continuous mental stimulation, thus to rouse the flagging powers. He needs no one to tell him of his constitutional lethargy, and how necessary it is to overcome it. To some extent he succeeds, but he glides easily into his natural groove when he lets his inclination have full play. The stubborn man is a somewhat different character. Right or wrong he is hard to convince. This is doubly true, should he happen to be egotistic as most stubborn men are. His love of his own opinions, his apprehended chagrin, should he confess his mistakes in respect to his conceptions of men and things, or it may be his honest convictions, lead him to hold out with great tenacity against his opponents. From childhood this has been his trait, and were it not that it might be looked upon as a photograph of some one in particular, his physical appearance might be readily sketched. A change of base in many such might be looked upon as an example of a modern miracle. Did the occasion arise such a man would be a martyr for right or wrong. Martyrdom only implies that a man believes he is right, and has the courage of his convictions. Had he lived in the days of Mahomet, when converts were outwardly made by giving them the alternative of accepting the Koran or the sword, the stubborn man would have chosen the latter and have been thankful for the opportunity of becoming a martyr to his convictions. Such a man is a great contrast to the weak, vacillating creature who has no opinion of his own. His poor life is mostly automatic. He is almost as passive as a looking-glass, which reflects images passing before it, but can originate none of its own. He is the pliant wax ready at any time to receive impressions from every impinging stamp. The last impression remains only until a successor displaces it. He may be good-natured and agree with everybody from pliability or sheer indifference; led by the present, the influences of the past are lost upon him. He is a waif tossed upon the surf of opinion. Having neither sail nor rudder, this fickle craft drifts helplessly about on the ocean of life, the sport of circumstance and the plaything of every passing breeze. He was always of this manner and remains so in spite of warning, education, or of experience. We all know such among either kinsmen or acquaintances. Some men again have a naturally sensitive moral nature. From childhood upwards their moral judgments are so commendable that it is said of them that they are too good to live long. A child, born next door, shews from the earliest years of life bad propensities. The badness crops out with every year's growth, and in everything he does. Time, good example, a wholesome education, do

not eradicate the innate wickedness. Bluntness is seen in the sense of moral obligation. He is selfish, cruel, crafty, with low instincts; although he may behave himself, having respect to the punishment of crime in a law-abiding country, yet his conscientious scruples are of the faintest kind. Selfishness and its interests guide all his actions. From the cradle to the grave—as a juvenile specimen of depravity, or as a hoary-headed sinner and hypocrite—he is full of all manner of ingrained evil, and it seems utterly beyond human effort to straighten the crooked moral nature. He is the Pariah of society, to whom precept, example and education bring no change of propensity. Let the Christian philanthropist study these sad unfortunates in the haunts of vice, in the homes of charity, and in the prisons of any land. How far such are responsible for conduct or belief lies with Infinite Wisdom. In many such deplorable cases the generous and loving nature will see that it is pertinent to ask, as was done before on a memorable occasion: "Did this man sin, or his parents?" and the answer will be to all of us, "Our fathers have sinned and are not, and we have borne their iniquities." Can it not often be said that this downward tendency is the fulfilment of a hereditary law which "visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation?"

The next typical class is too often seen in this nervous and excitable age, in which men trot through life and gallop into the grave.

The impetuous man is continually running headlong into difficulty. He jumps at conclusions without due deliberation. He passes through life in the work of continually making mistakes and correcting them; or, as Sydney Smith has phrased it, in continually passing empty buckets down into an empty well and then drawing them up. If experience have any effect upon him, it is only by continually watching himself and standing guard over his natural bent of mind. He is a perpetual blunderer, unless on the alert to check his heedlessness in forming half-thought-out opinions and plans, then acting upon them without due forethought and circumspection. Usually of a nervous temperament, he either enjoys life hugely, or is suffering more acutely than his phlegmatic brother. If sanguine, he is anticipating with pleasure the fruition of some ill-digested scheme; or failing in that he is immediately in hot pursuit after another chimera. He, doubtless, has a mission to fulfil, but few can find it out. His schemes are of short duration, and have the spice of variety—one at a time, but nothing long.

Intellectual activity does not always mean will-strength. Mozart was a musical prodigy, not simply in the execution of music, but also in its creation; yet he had no strength of character. Coleridge had his imagination not only active but also under the control of the intellect, as is evidenced in the weird rhyme of 'The Ancient Mariner.' In decision of character he was a weakling. Poe was a man of undoubted genius and great mental activity; but was as unstable as water, being driven to and fro in the most vacillating manner by every tempest of desire and passion. His will was the slave, not the master: he wanted equilibrium. Byron has shown in his poetry the highest genius combined with keen powers of analysis; yet he was the veriest child of impulse and emotion. Cowper, in his poems and letters, shows keen discrimination, deep pathos, and rare humour, yet he was so weak-willed that his moods might have been taken like degrees on the thermometer, to indicate his mental condition, ranging from zero to fever heat. His volition was the weakest part of his being, and so he was a child of circumstance. In none of these was one faculty a counterpoise or complement of the other to constitute a well balanced mind.

Such men can be culled by the dozen out of every community. They cannot help the unpleasant fact that they have nervous, irritable, and impulsive temperaments. This typical organization is to a great extent characteristic of all true poets, musicians, and children of art, great or small. They are strung to a greater degree of tension than are ordinary mortals. At the same time, there is much force in what John Stuart Mill says ('Autobiography,' p. 169): 'I saw that though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape these circumstances; and that what is really inspiriting and ennobling in the doctrine of free will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; that our will by influencing some of our circumstances can modify our future habits or capacity of willing.'

Certain aptitudes are obviously natural to many, hence the juvenile love of certain playthings; yet perfection is acquired by practice, and so it is in all our efforts of thought and volition. The tendency of physical bias may obstruct desires, but its restraining power is made somewhat inoperative and partially powerless by a new direction being given to bodily and psychic force. In this way a new governor keeps rebellion down in the domain of potentiality and energy. This is a a most prominent influence which is brought to bear to curb a natural and malign disposition, or to intensify a good propensity. These, and such as these, are correctives or exciting agents to keep in abeyance or lead in a contrary direction the individual, yet the innate tendency, temperament, or physical condition is constantly cropping up in spite of these deterrents or directors. All proper training must take into account the aptitudes of the mind, have in view the natural bias, and incite the latent faculties. Disposition is a natural growth, and cannot be a manufactured product. Every character will assert itself according to its own laws of development, just as much as the oak or the rose. We can train them, but we cannot change their nature.

The men of keen intellect and low emotional qualities, such as Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer, could never look upon matters of speculation or faith, except by miracle, in the same light as gentle and loveable Melancthon, genial and sympathetic Wesley; soul-stirring Chalmers; kindly and attractive Pio Nono; or long-suffering, patient and brotherly Livingstone. In these men, the vehicles of emotion, affection, intellection and volition were widely varied, and, as a consequence, so were their modes of thought and conduct. It is seldom this earth is visited by men who excel in all their receptive and active powers. Even those of moderate capacity lack in symmetry of nature. If one faculty or trait towers above its fellows, it is too often at their expense. We may find the man of keen and commanding intellect low in emotion and affection. He is like a wintry sky, very clear but very cold. Intense feeling, passion, excitability and nervous impressibility are not often found with a towering intellect; yet humanity thus varied is threatened with ostracism if it give not unanimous assent to trifles in belief. We all know what reception awaits any man in society who cannot in honesty accept any of the Christian creeds in their entirety.

In discussing this matter, it is not to be forgotten that many influences are brought to bear to counteract these physiological tendencies. Constant effort to overcome bad propensities and to cultivate moral conduct, at length form a habit which becomes a rule or law of nature, and to some extent, at least, dominates over natural bias. There is a spontaneity in every person, which, in its constant exercise, is increased in potency for good or evil. The more good a man does, the more easily is it performed; and the

converse is true in respect to evil. The handiwork of the deft craftsman, which, at first, is clumsily done, becomes, by constant practice, perfect, and his fingers, arms and brain are, by exercise in a uniform direction, almost automatic in their movements. The expert needle-woman, the patient knitter, or the plodding pedestrian can let the mind wander fancy free, while the fingers and feet, by repeated uniformity of motion, do their work without special mental effort, such as was needed in the days of apprenticeship.

Example is a powerful incentive to modify natural qualities of character. Without endorsing the theory of Descent, it is evident we are *monkeyish* in the desire to copy after some human ideal. If we are in the company of any person we admire, we almost intutively make such our pattern, to some extent, in modes of speech and action. This is particularly seen in budding orators, in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the forum. The low habits of an associate are soon found to be contagious, especially if we admire any qualities he may possess, such as courage, constancy or kindness.

A second counteracting agent is education. A child can be taught to believe any faith, either of theology or metaphysics, if inculcated by those it can trust. Brahminism, Parseeism, Mahomedanism, Catholicism, Protestantism, are all evidences of the abiding power of early training. The difficulty of eradicating even the least absurd of the dogmas, which have found a lodgment in the mind in early life, shows how tenacious are first impressions. So well-known is this fact, that denomi national teachers put forth every effort by means of literature or by word of mouth to instil into the young and plastic mind, not only moral and religious precepts, but also to teach implicit faith in sectarian creeds and beliefs. The latter gain such a hold on our minds, when thus engrafted with zeal and earnestness, that it is only by considerable effort that we are able to shake ourselves loose from their grasp, so as to be able to look at the grand fundamentals of the Christian religion, or to detect specious error, with an unbiassed judgment.

All kinds of literature now so widespread in its influence, is only another form of making mental impressions by a written power.

The press, the exponent of public opinion, is no exception to this rule. Every issue of the various newspapers is full of contradictory conclusions drawn from common sources of information. This diversity is manifest when no extraneous influences could modify opinions. It is an educator of a very successful kind. Not only is this true in the dissemination of general news, and in the expounding of social questions, but also in being both the leader of public opinion and its reflector, where the general judgment of a community crystalizes into definite form. At the present day, both the secular and sectarian press is each of necessity a special pleader. The party organs plead, as a counsel does in court, for their clients, either as plaintiffs or defendants. Both sides hold with great tenacity, that the principles each enunciate, are necessary to the salvation of the country. The sectarian press is brought into existence mainly for the special purpose of formulating and defending religious dogmas. Public opinion is largely moulded by these potent auxiliaries, and at the same time by a sort of reflex action, it in return often controls them in their apologies, defences, doctrines and assertions. Thus the two forces act and react upon one another. The influence of the press to mould and direct individual thought, is very great. The reader, who from year to year, peruses the same religious or political newspaper or periodical, is almost invariably led into accepting all that these assert Human credulity in persistent and reiterated assertions, be they true or false, is wonderfully prevalent. It is not surprising then, that

the aid of the press is so eagerly desired by parties, sects, or corporations seeking to mould the opinions of the public. The press, in its many ways and means, is the most active proselytizer of the age.

Differences of opinion are to my mind evidences of higher attainments than is unanimity. Independent conclusions attest research, while general accord on mere matters of speculative thought—not containing self-evident truths—implies that the many have not investigated for themselves. Debateable ground is to be found over all the fields of mental enquiry. The exact sciences, including mathematics, are as full of argumentative principles, in some of their branches, as are the doctrines of perception or of the unconditioned in metaphysics. Theories and abstractions are as full of the elements of wordy warfare, as are the dogmas of Biblical interpretators. The fact is, we are directly certain of nothing beyond our own consciousness ; all other knowledge is inferential ; hence the room for doubt, difference, induction, and it may be delusion. This being the case, it would be surprising if all could agree on details in either secular or sectarian matters. Nothing short of implicit faith in an infallible interpreter, who could think for us, would be able to produce accord in any system founded on faith, more than on evidence. As a matter of fact, a large majority of mankind thinks by proxy. An otherwise busy life, indifference, laziness, or ignorance, each or all lead to concordance in much, where intelligent enquiry would necessarily give scope to analysis and dissent, or to enlightened acquiescence. We accept conclusions, as children take a dainty morsel, having implicit faith in the logician who lays down the premises. We reason with ourselves, that life is too short to permit us to make the least enquiry into the *why* and *wherefore* of even matters of vital importance to us now and hereafter, so we while our brief day away by attaching our faith on a something which may be true, or which in our condition may be the gravest error. Nothing short of a mental earthquake can shake such a mind out of its natural or acquired lethargy. Native-born inertia and mental freedom are hereditary foes.

This charge is not true of a large portion of an educated nation. Taking into consideration how differently constituted we are, the wonder is that we agree so thoroughly as we do, even in regard to radical and cardinal matters. Perhaps there is no subject of thought in which there is so much variety and antagonism of opinion as in religion. Here speculation runs riot. What is called free-thought is not confined to what are conveniently designated non-essentials, for every man constitutes himself a free lance to run tilt against one phase or another of even the fundamentals. It is true that believers in certain creeds can be found everywhere by the million. The wise maxims of Confucius, the philosophic abstractions of the disciples of Brahma—the fantasies of Mahomet — the fetish orgies of African magicians—the astronomical delusions of the Parsees—and the multiform creeds of Christendom, represent the religious beliefs of a large majority of the world's inhabitants, who give a general assent to the expressed or implied doctrines of each, even when formulated on mere tradition. The exceptions prove the rule. The extremes taken in religious revolutions show that intermittently whole communities are swept away in an enthusiasm, not always according to knowledge. Church History is full of these evidences of ecclesiastical upheaval. Outward forms, gorgeous ceremonials, and unpalatable exactions are rebelled against, as a tyranny, not to be tolerated ; and in their place are put severe simplicity and emotional manifestations, equally extreme, if not so apt to dwarf intellectual appreciation of spiritual necessities. One class of pious thinkers gave external expression to religious fervour in the erection

of magnificent temples, models of taste, beautiful in outline and fair in proportions. Another class equally enthusiastic with iconoclastic fury made them a mass of ruins or looked upon them with contempt, and as a standing testimony of their detestation worshipped in structures, with no more architectural taste than is displayed in a match-box or an oyster can. These hideous erections were meant as an emphatic protest against the æsthetic tastes of the former, and undoubtedly they were a remonstrance in caricature, as far as stone and mortar could embody indignation. One class worshipped with grand oratorios, wailing chants, and stirring anthems, in which is the highest style of harmony and melody. The other in marked contradistinction, must sing their uncouth rhymes to simple music. The latter were in dead earnest, but honest purpose found no rhythmical expression. The one had an elaborate ritual, the other must eschew it as an abomination : the one kneel in prayer, the other enter a *standing* protest. In the one form magnificent instrumental music assisted at worship ; therefore the other must have nothing more complicated and melodious than an *instrumental* tuning-fork. Organs, fiddles, flutes, cornets, and such like were agencies of Satanic device. The one must attach great importance to stoles, surplices, genuflexions, and divers postures, the other, in strong Anglo Saxon, anathematized the use of these and the introduction of forms as sacrilege and pride, and then took equal *pride* in going to the other extreme. These tidal waves of thought are seen ebbing and flowing in one generation after another. Christianity pure and simple is followed by a showy medievalism. Protesting heretics surge to the surface, and with trenchant billows of argument maintain the ascendency for a time, until their doctrines become heresy no longer. Prelacy is followed by Puritanism. Moderatism is submerged in Emotionalism. Now, it is naturalism against supernaturalism, or more properly, natural theology against revealed theology. Scientific truth is forced into an unnatural conflict against speculative dogma : the phenomena of nature against the evidences of Christianity. The two citadels are really one, and when the clouds of combat clear away, it will be seen that they have one common foe in *Nihilism*. The warfare will doubtless accomplish this result, that religious thought will turn to the future with its grand possibilities, and not to the past with its imperfect knowledge and halting interpretations. Few take much interest in the controversies between Augustine and Pelagius, Luther and Calvin, Wesley and Whitfield, or between High and Low Churchism.

The issues of to-day are between natural and revealed religion. Both have the same author, but multiform reasoning puts too often upon each different and divergent interpretations. The mere scientist defies the antiquated theologian, and points to history as evidences of his blunders and errors in Biblical hermeneutics. He flings at his head the opinions of the early fathers, in respect to cosmography, astronomy, physiology and in latter times, the science of geology and natural history. He shows how the mere dogmatic theologian has been forced to change his ground to meet the requirements of undisputed scientific facts. Within the last quarter of a century, the Christian Church has advanced in intelligent thought far beyond the old camping ground. Many creeds remain on the ecclesiastical statute books, but as far as belief in them is concerned they are virtually obsolete and inoperative. Even the most dogmatic laggard in the onward march is inclined to give a broader and more rational scope to individual thought. For example, this is especially seen in the *materialistic* views formerly held in respect to future punishment. The horrible word picturings of the physical sufferings of the

lost are scarcely ever heard now from any pulpit. The same is true in respect to many of the views held of the Divine attributes, such as those of justice and mercy. A latitude of opinion is given now, which, but a few years ago, would have led to acrimonious discussion, trials for heresy and ostracism from church organization, and even from society. The personal is asserting itself against cast iron rules in minor matters of faith. The nature of God, and that of man and his destiny, are being discussed with a freedom which indicates, not disaster to scriptural truth, but an assurance of a more abiding hold on mankind's intellect and conscience. Untrammelled judgment will gain the ascendency in spite of edicts, canons or discipline. In view of this fact, it is well to remember that latitude is not license, any more than political freedom is unbridled passion, let loose to the utter perversion of law and order.

If creeds are infallible as are the Scriptures interpreted by them, then are they permanent, unchangeable, and above revision. If their authors are finite men, with limited knowledge, then is it clear as noonday, that some time or another, their formulated interpretations must be revised, corrected, and abridged in details, as surely as have been the scientific deductions of centuries ago. The Old Testament is dim, shadowy, typical and incomplete. The New Testament is more full and integral. The latter is evolved from the former in interpretation and fulfilment. More light through man's experience and in natural religion will still be thrown upon its pages, and the minor matters in the creeds of to-day will look as absurd as many of those which were received as gospel truth in the early ages of Christianity. The recent bolt of the able and conscientious ministers of Scotland from the sharp lines of the Westminster Confession of Faith to the other extreme of the widest latitudinarianism, is only another evidence of the desire of the individual to insist upon his right to private opinion. In the volume entitled 'Scotch Sermons,' these divines play shuttlecock and battledore with the old landmarks of Biblical interpretation. One of them asserts that there is no reason to impute divine authority to those portions of Scripture which treat of matters which belong more properly to science and history than to religion. Another says miracles belong to the 'poesy of religion;' a man can disbelieve them and still be a very good Christian. The chief interest the Church now has in the signs and wonders recorded in the Gospels is a scientific one, lying in the direction of the philosophy of religion, in the field of historical speculation.' The Dutch Covenant Theology, as evolved by the Synod of Dort—with its solemn bargainings between God and Adam, and between God the Father and God the Son—appears 'a fashion as quaint and artificial as the Dutch landscape gardening, which, along with it, came into vogue in the British Islands.' By one fell swoop they attempt to destroy the creeds of Augustine and Calvin. They reject the dogmas of the descent of man from the Adam of the Book of Genesis; the fall of Adam by eating the forbidden fruit; the imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity; the consequent death of all men in sin; the redemption in Christ of an election (or body of elect persons) according to grace; the quickening in the elect of a new life; and the eternal punishment and perdition of those who remain unregenerate. This is a pretty thorough weeding out of what we have been led to believe were Gospel truths. The God of this new school is the Eternal Reason, the Everlasting Intelligence, the Infinite Love, the Only True Substance of which is this Material Universe as the phenomenal manifestation. The existence of God is assumed, and rests in obscurity and ultimate mystery. The editor (Prof. Caird) uses no figure

of speech when he says, 'he who lives nobly and wisely, who rises above the narrow life of sense to identify himself with that which is universal and infinite, is sharer in a life of humanity that is never arrested, and shall never die.' He speaks of a personality which comprehends within it the life of nations as well as of individuals. These emancipated preachers warn their hearers and readers against dogmatism, sacerdotalism, ecclesiasticism, sectarianism, and Pharisaism. These discourses are a mixture of rationalism, pantheism, and pure positivism, which ought to delight the soul of Auguste Comte. They are, doubtless, an attempt to give the moral aspect of the doctrine of Evolution, to meet the doubts of those who see no solution of a scientific nature in the old creeds. They are unsatisfactory because they put a poor substitute in place of the comforting system they would abolish.

It is well to urge man to do what is in accordance with moral government, for his own sake, as well as that of his evolved posterity; but it needs a very little knowledge of ourselves and our condition to feel that self-effort, at its best, is a poor substitute for the Cross and all the truths which cluster around it. It may be true, in an analytical sense, that religion has to do with the spiritual or moral in man, and the theological with the intellectual. As a matter of fact, the former depends on the latter. The idiot, the insane, the temporary delirious from fever, alcohol, or any toxical agent, are irresponsible, because of the permanent or temporary dethronement of the intellect. There can be no conscience where there is low intellectual capacity. The oft-quoted expression of our moral nature being 'God's Vice-gerent on earth,' is only a poetic fiction. The most atrocious crimes, and the most abominable practices, have been committed by those who in sincerity thought they were doing God's service. Our moral judgments depend on an enlightened understanding for correct knowledge. If the evidence furnished to conscience by the intellect be false, then is the moral verdict also false. The knowing and the judging are Siamese twins which cannot be dissevered by any metaphysical or theological process of reasoning; hence to speak of the purely spiritual being religion, and the purely intellectual being theological, is a fantastic distinction which these theological evolutionists have no proof of in their own consciousness, nor in the evidence educed in the conduct of others. Religion is that which brings man into proper relation with both God and man. It is not even certain routine duties and certain pious modes of thought, however good these may be at proper times and in certain places. Worship, charity, and devout aspirations are deluding if looked upon as the sum total of religion. Daily toil, recreation for mental and physical health, or even needed amusements are, in a sense, by no means less religious than are singing hallelujahs, or leading a prayer-meeting. All good and proper in themselves apart from one another, but all necessary to a Christian. A lazy man is told that, whatever his other religious qualities may be, if he do not provide for his family, he is worse than an infidel. The verdict of the world is the same. There is no denying the fact that Christianity, in its multiform aspect, has done much to improve the morals and heighten the aims of the nations where it has taken root. All sectaries seem to have aimed at this, whatever their watchwords may have been. This catholic feature makes it unique in nobleness among all the religions of the earth. The fulcrum idea of an Almighty Helper, of spotless purity, and the Golden Rule, have no parallel in any system of ethics or religion the world has ever, or will ever see, because of the perfect adaptation of these trustful relations and neighbourly requirements to all the conditions of our race. No cold abstract speculations can ever meet the require-

ments of an immortal being, seeking after and hungering for righteousness. This is an intuition of our being; it is a golden thread which runs through the warp and woof of our nature. Why, then, should a strait-jacket of dogma be put on personal beliefs, which have in them no elements of morality, or even religion, to which reasonable objection could be taken?

'What is truth?' was anxiously asked at the most momentous trial this earth has ever seen. The Christian world might be able to answer it in one short sentence: so could the sectarian world were the definition to the inquiry given on the common basis on which they all agree. Such would not likely be the case, however, for it would be alleged that the *whole* of truth consists of as many elements as there are creeds. This divergence goes further where religious freedom and secular education exist. In such communities mental diversity must compel individuals to accept as many creeds, written, verbal or implied, as there are persons. The outward assent of the multitude is no evidence of unanimity in matters of detail, and in speculative thought. It is possible for the enlightened and earnest Christians of the world to formulate a few essential articles of Faith, which may meet all the requirements of humanity, and at the same time not shackle the many whose natural and constitutional mentality must rebel against minute, and in many cases, absurd forms, ceremonies and faiths to which they are asked to subscribe. Millions of good Christians stand in the outer temple because of these adventitious obstacles. The most religious and able of the teachers of theology, at the present time, are looking for more satisfactory grounds of Biblical interpretation than are to be found in the musty tomes of the past; and in those more enlightened investigations, excrescences are being lopped off, and general principles are taking the place of unimportant details. This tends towards the emancipation of the individual from the thraldom of a coercing infinitesimal system of tenets. The knowledge of to-day and to-morrow must, of necessity, expunge much of the errors of yesterday. It is ever thus and shall be forever more, until infallible men are found to promulgate an infallible exposition of Divine procedure.

It must be borne in mind that in the past the greatest moral movements have been initiated, as a rule, outside of the Christian Church. Laymen asserting their individual opinions have revolutionized and purged the Church and society in many momentous epochs of the world's history. This is also true at the present time, only their influence is in this age more keenly felt and acted upon, because of increased general intelligence. The caged intellectual and moral nature within the Churches is pluming its wings for greater flights, and the danger is that wild imagination will carry the impetuous too far away from the realm of reason into that of wild speculation. Within the last few months, the Athanasian creed has found its critics inside the churches. Dean Stanley is so heterodox as to say: 'The Father is God in nature; The Son is God in history; and the Holy Ghost is God in individual experience.' The doctrine of total depravity is not insisted on with that positive vehemence with which it once was asserted. It is now often put in an apologetic way, with a tendency to give a poor sinner or heathen credit for disinterested acts of natural goodness and benevolence. There is little need of citing the changes daily occurring in religious thought. Its direction is towards finding a key to unlock the mysteries of natural law, and in this way account for much that was heretofore considered supernatural. Miracles, the resurrection of the body, demonology, visions, and such like, are being looked upon as normal or abnormal manifestations of physiological or pathological laws of our natures in manifest operation. If satis-

factory solutions can be found through the working of such laws, our faith gives place to knowledge of facts in natural religion. The Divine Author is the same, only the miracle-worker is changed to the law-giver. At one time tempests, earthquakes, epidemics, hobgoblins, ghosts, witches, fairies, spells, talismans and omens were looked upon as being direct and potent agents, manifestations or charms outside of natural solutions. These views now no longer are found where a knowledge of physical science exists. The many diseases which were thought to be direct judgments of God have their causes in violations of sanitary laws. The poor maniac who was supposed to be possessed of the devil, is now known to have the demon in a diseased portion of brain, and the kind of imps can be determined, to some extent, by the physical results. The same radical changes of belief are taking place in the religious world. A large section of the religious community may agree in believing that sin universally prevails, without giving credence to the dogma that *temporal* death is a consequence of it, and the result of one disobedience. Many millions may not dispute that there is a moral government in the world, without assenting to the belief that *eternal* punishment is a necessary consequence of evil. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement can be readily accepted, with our knowledge of a sin-stricken world to account for its necessity; but it is not a corollary of that doctrine to accept the idea that its efficacy extends to all without distinction of moral character. Morality teaches our duty to one another. Piety is our proper relation to our Maker. The Ten Commandments and the unparalleled Sermon on the Mount cover these two classes of duties and relations. These are believed in and acted upon by countless myriads to whom the minor and unmeaning Shibboleths are an abomination. All the faiths of Christianity and of Paganism might be classified into essentials, on the one hand, and insignificant dogmas on the other, to show that such general principles may not be matters of unanimous disagreement, even when affected by the physical ground of differences of constitution. Thought dependent on physiological conditions finds, in generalization, a common factor. The greater the area of ground, the more numerous can be its occupants, but the nearer the multitude climbs to the top of a conical hill the more contracted is the elbow-room. Radical truths may not be gainsaid, because of their wide significance and application. The unimportant may not be agreed to by any two of the community, if left to their own cogitations and reasonings.

Human reason, in healthful exercise, revolts against the acceptance of these non-essentials *en bloc*; yet, a belief in the worship of God, in the deity of Christ, in rewards and punishments, and in the law of love, would be accepted by millions outside of any church organization.

Let us suppose each religious community to be represented by a circle. If these circles are placed so as to intersect and interpenetrate one another to such an extent as that parts are common to all, it will be seen that all cover a certain uniform area. In this neutral ground of identical faith, all the Christian churches might inscribe the articles of a common creed. This might be comprised in three words—Repentance, Faith, and Godliness. These comprehend the three central ideas of all. If these are held fast, the odds and ends in the outlying segments are of little vital moment in the interests of humanity. All the *isms* may put their distinctive creed marks on these unimportant areas, only let us be free to accept or reject them as seemeth best to the earnest seeker after the cardinal truths of Christianity. Missionaries to the heathen adopt this plan, and herein do they show wordly wisdom and catholicity of spirit, such as actuated their Master in his mission

work. As a rule, religious communities are made up of those who have many traits in common. A law of selection operates here. To use phrenological terms for want of better, any observing person can see one class distinguished by conscientiousness, firmness and self-esteem. These give force, pertinacity and earnestness to their views on religion. Another is marked by courtesy, credulity, refinement, culture and reverence. Order and doctrines inculcated by their religious teachers have great weight with them. A third is characterised by the social, ideal and emotional. Feeling is paramount, and ancient traditions have no effect on such organizations. A fourth has great veneration, marvellousness, ideality and firmness, a good deal of energy, and not much personal accountability. A fifth has a good deal of intellectuality, benevolence, little veneration, and small respect for forms and ceremonies. These typical classes might be extended, and each marked with a sectarian brand. This sort of evolution from among the masses and this law of selection are constantly going on in the religious world. This grouping is seen also among the sectaries of heathendom.

The unanimity of classes is largely brought about by extraneous influences. The majority of differences can often be traced to natural bias. This is continually cropping up in all mental action. Example, education and surroundings may over-ride, to some extent, the peculiarities of mind as far as external assent is concerned. Beneath this apparent *consensus* of belief, there are varieties of faith as distinctive as are the expressions and features of the human face. No two tools of steel have the same temper; no two instruments of music have the same tone; no two creatures have the same kind of vocal notes. So it is mentally and physically impossible, as men are constituted, for two rational persons to think alike. No example and no system of education, secular or sacred, can obliterate these radical distinctions, which, for wise purposes, are implanted in our natures. Even hereditary tendencies are no exception to this rule. The reason of this is plain to any observer. Thought is affected by the body as music is affected in tone and melody by the kind of instrument which produces it. The player or composer has no control over its quality and scope of execution. Practice and skill may elicit the best notes of which it is capable, but there his power ends. A penny whistle and an organ may produce the same notes in unison, but there is no comparison in volume, scope and intensity. The colour of the prism will affect the sun's rays which pass through it. So does the body affect thought. The relation of body and mind is the battle ground of to-day. The attempts of the free-thinkers are towards bringing under one general law of development our physical, emotional, intellectual, and moral natures. The Evolution theory, promulgated by Darwin, Hæckel and that school of thought, is often held up to ridicule by those who have no other argument to offer. With superficial thinkers, irony, sarcasm, invective and cynicism take the place of refutation. Whether their arguments, based on observation, be true or not, these weapons alone are as harmless as Chinese gongs. Their research must be met by like assiduity. It will be conceded that the gap between the lowest specimens of humanity and the highest forms of the next lower creation is not very wide—in fact very close—physiologically or mentally. The distance widens very much if the average man be taken as a standard. Even were the doctrine of Evolution true, man, with his exalted powers of mind, might well be called a new creation. His greater capacity of reasoning—his keener susceptibilities—his grasp of abstract ideas—and his moral nature, all, are so transcendently above any other creature found on this terrestrial ball,

that let him be created *de novo*, or evolved in the past ages from lower organisms, still he is the crowning work in the animate creation of earth, and points more conclusively than aught, in sea or earth or sky, to his Divine origin. The lower forms of animal life, *plus* these additional capabilities and powers, virtually make man a new being, into whose nostrils was breathed the breath of life. While this is true, it is equally beyond contradiction, that if we compare our nature with that of the *quadrumana*, it will startle us to find how much we have in common. This school of thinkers do not deny a creator, but only join issue in respect to the number of creations beyond the primordial germs of life. In the same way there is really nothing alarming in materialism rightly understood and defined, yet, people go into hysterics over a caricature of this dogma of scientists. These explorers know of nothing but matter in its various forms, and hence infer that it is all that exists in the wide universe. We go to the other extreme, and deny a material existence, to much which may be found to come under that class of substances. No doubt that subtle fluid called electricity is a form of matter. As far as we know, there is nothing in nature apparently more unsubstantial, unless we except the ubiquitous ether which pervades space. Suppose that entity called spirit, soul, mind, *psyche* or any other name, could be demonstrated to be matter, but infinitesimally more refined than any known material substance. Endow this sublimated indestructable and circumscribed matter with all the qualities, faculties, and active powers attributed to that substance called mind, and there is not an objectionable feature in the thought outside of fanciful sentiments and educational bias. In that sense this substance could have in it that which is involved in the Lucretian idea of being endowed with 'the promise and potency of life.' It would even then be a living and immortal personality. This need not wed us to the Agnostic doctrine of Shelley, which defiantly says:

> 'There is no God:
> Infinity within, infinity without, belie creation!
> The inexterminable spirit it contains
> Is Nature's only God.'

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## OFF PELORUS.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

CRIMSON swims the sunset over far Pelorus;
Burning crimson tops its frowning crest of pine;
Purple sleeps the shore and floats the wave before us,
Eachwhere from the oar-stroke eddying warm like wine.

Soundless foams the creamy violet wake behind us;
We but *see* the creaking of the laboured oar;
We have stopped our ears—mad were we not to blind us,
Lest with eyes grown drunken sail we hence no more.

See the purple splendour o'er the island streaming,
O'er the prostrate sails and equal-sided ship;
Windless hangs the vine, and warm the sands lie gleaming,
Droop the great grape-clusters melting for the lip.

Sweet the golden calm, the glowing light elysian!
Sweet were red-mouthed plenty mindless grown of pain!
Sweeter yet behold a sore bewildering vision:—
Idly took we thought, and stopped our ears in vain.

Idly took we thought, for still our eyes betray us:—
Lo the white-limbed maids with beckoning arms divine,
Throbbing bosoms bare, loosed hair, soft hands to slay us,
Throats athrob with song across the charmèd brine.

See the King! he hearkens,—hears their song—strains forward,—
As some mountain snake attends the shepherd's reed;
Now with urgent hand he bids us turn us shoreward:—
Bend the groaning oar now, give the King no heed!

Mark the wondrous music by his eye's wild yearning,
Eager lips, and mighty straining at the cords.
Will we guess the song, the subtle speech and burning,
Sung to him, the subtle king of burning words:—

'Much-enduring wanderer, honey-tongued, come nigher,
Wisest Ruler, bane of Ilion's lofty walls,
Hear strange wisdom to thine uttermost desire,—
Whatsoe'er in all the fruitful earth befalls.'

So we rise up twain and make his bonds securer,
Seethes the startled sea now from the surging blade;
Leaps the dark ship forth, as we, with hearts grown surer,
Eyes averse, and war-worn faces made afraid.

O'er the waste, warm reaches drive our prow sea-cleaving,
Past the luring death, into the falling night:—
Home shall hold us yet—and cease our wives from grieving—
Safe from storm, and toil, and flame, and clanging fight.

# THE IDYLLS OF THE KING: THEIR GROWTH AND MEANING.*

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

THERE can be little doubt that, by 'The Idylls of theKing,' rather than by any other of his works, posterity will measure the greatness of their author. To the mass of the reading public, notwithstanding all that critics have said about its merits, 'In Memoriam' is as unreadable as 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' its persistent obscurity and the narrow range of feelings, and interests to which it appeals, being in themselves faults and bringing their own reward. But beyond this, in his Arthurian poem, its author has taken higher ground. He has challenged comparison with Homer and Virgil; with Milton and Tasso. He has realized the dream of Milton and Dryden, and fulfilled the promise of the long years of English literature, by enriching the language with an Epic taken from the History of England. Far then from dating, with Mr. Buxton Forman, the decadence of Tennyson from his writing the Idylls, we fully agree with the American critic, Mr. Stedman, in calling them their author's master-work — the greatest narrative poem since 'Paradise Lost.'

The greatness of the Arthuriad is two-fold. It is great from an artistic as well as from a moral point of view, for the artistic and moral purposes of their author are in equal prominence. Tennyson's perfection as an artist, when at his best, has never been doubted, and he is never greater than in the best parts of the Arthuriad. But no one can read the poem without being touched more deeply than he would be by mere artistic perfection. Much credit is due to the dexterity with which Tennyson has selected and recast his materials; but by far the hardest part of his task was to give to his reconstruction of the Arthurian legend an ideal moral unity. How far he has succeeded in this part of his task must be allowed to be an open question. Moral unity is very hard to attain; and, where Milton has failed, we must not be too rigorous with others. Yet the attempt had to be made. If he had merely told again the tale of Malory, he might have written a series of interesting narrative poems of the kind that charm our leisure in the 'Earthly Paradise'; but he would not have taken his place among those poets, who have reconstructed our views of the past, by giving an ideal reality to that background of mingled fact and legend, which is at once the picture that we dwell upon, and the curtain that conceals what is lost to us.

The Achæans became a subject race, or lurked in obscure corners of Hellas; the feudal grandeur of the Highland clans is no more; the dominion of Puck and the fairies is over; yet the glories of their past still linger among us, owing to the genius of Homer, Shakespeare and Scott. What they did for their subjects, Tennyson has done for the British King who resisted the English invaders. The Arthurian legend is, in fact, one of many similar formations, that the time spirit,

* Read before the Athenæum Club, Montreal.

as it were, by way of compensation, has allowed to grow about what is past; so that what inexorable nature with its death-struggles and eventual survival of the fittest has banished from the world of fact, survives as a new creation, and a fit representative in the ideal world of fiction. Like the canopy of vapours above, like a ruin in the world about us, this and like tales of the past have taken different shades from the rays of the rising and the setting sun; variously viewed by different ages, the historical has been re-coloured, and an unhistorical element added. History is baffled, and the work of fancy triumphs over the critical instinct of the inquirer.

In the case of the Arthurian legend,* this has been a work of time. At first a reality in the writings of the Welsh poets, Arthur soon became a tradition. This tradition, magnified and distorted, is found in the work that goes by the name of Nennius. From a tradition, nominally historical, the story of Arthur was changed to a mere romance by Geoffrey of Monmouth; from this point it began to grow, attracting to itself fragments from different sides, taking colour from the periods in which these additions were made, from the institutions among which the tangled web was spun, from the countries of the writers, from their beliefs and modes of life. Among the additions that were made to the original romance, none was of greater importance in determining the ultimate fate of the story than the element contributed by Walter de Map. 'The Church, jealous of the popularity of the legends of chivalry, invented as a counteracting influence the poem of the Sacred Dish, the "San Graal."' Walter de Map made this a part of the Arthurian cycle, and in doing so, takes his place as the first of the allegorizers.

* The gradual development of the Arthurian legend, from its beginning to the days of Spenser, is the subject of a paper contributed by the writer to the CANADIAN MONTHLY, Dec. 1880.

The legend, in its latest shape, was re-written by Sir Thomas Malory, and printed by Caxton, as a work valuable historically, as well as for its moral tendency. Thus the allegoric turn, given to the legend by Walter de Map, was confirmed, Caxton's preface holding up the character of Arthur as an example for imitation. The hint thus given was taken by Spenser, who treated Arthur as an embodiment of the Aristotelian virtue of magnificenc. From Spenser, in whom the moralizing tendency is confirmed, to Tennyson in our own days, the position of the Arthurian cycle in men's minds may be described as that of an episode, regarded as more or less historical, but as a fair subject for expansion, and most valuable as illustrating the play of the virtues and the passions. Still, all early writers regarded Arthur and his knights, as part of their secular faith, just as Milton regarded the story of the Creation and the Fall as a religious belief. To us, Arthur and Guinevere are, if anything, more real than Adam and Eve; to Milton, who actually thought of writing a great poem upon the subject,* they were only less so. It is not proposed to examine the various additions to Arthurian literature made, between the days of Spenser and Tennyson, by Blackmore, Dryden, Lytton and others; but as a preparatory step to the chronological study of the Idylls, it will be well to notice the main points, in which the treatment of Tennyson differs from that of the earlier writers.

The leading differences between Tennyson and his predecessors lie in their aspect with regard to Arthur's mission. By all of them he is regarded as a great king, the creator of an order of knights with a high ideal, the personification of an early chivalry. But in Geoffrey and his followers, it is his success which is brought into prominence; while in Tennyson the pathos of the whole poem lies in his failure. The

* See the Latin poems entitled 'Mansus' and 'Epitaphium Damonis.'

mournful beauty of decline, which is imaged by the dying year, and the sympathy that the magnificent failure of Arthur excites, are, so to speak, the ground tone of the Idylls; while the triumphant glory of success pervades the earliest writers. What was incidental with them has become essential in Tennyson.

Solon bade us call no man happy till we have looked to his end, and these early writers adopted the maxim. They gave their hero a glorious life, and he leaves it by the most glorious of all deaths—death in battle. Dunlop has noticed this point in his 'History of Fiction.' 'It appears strange at first sight, that Arthur and his knights should be represented in romance, as falling in battle, as well as Charlemagne with all his peerage, at a time when success in war was thought necessary to complete the character of a warrior. But the same fate has been attributed to all the fabulous chiefs of half-civilized nations, who have invariably represented their favourite leaders as destroyed by a concealed and treacherous enemy. . . . This has probably arisen from poets and romancers, wishing to spare their heroes the suspicion of having died in bed by the languor of disease, to which any violent death is preferred by barbarous nations.' But what was incidental, because inevitable in early writers, has become the chief point in Tennyson. We have, it is true, two Idylls devoted to Arthur triumphant, but the interest of the poem is centred in the decline and fall. The notes of approaching ruin sound more loudly as the tale proceeds, and the interest of most of the Idylls, as well as of the Arthuriad as a whole, clearly culminates in the catastrophe.

The world, like the individual, as age advances, becomes more sensible to the beauty of pathos; it has not the same contempt for the unsuccessful. Our admiration may be excited by the career of a successful man, but our sympathy lies with the struggle of the doomed. Though Homer is a greater poet than Virgil, it is the Trojans rather than the Greeks, who have our love and pity; our favourites in fiction, and history are the advocates of a fallen cause — Hector and Turnus, Demosthenes and Hannibal, Montcalm and Lee. Life presents a constant paradox. The world has pronounced a cynical maxim about success, and its is the shrine at which our worship is offered up. So far our practical instincts take us; but imagination, constantly in antagonism with the facts of the world, sides against our reason. What has failed is idealized; success is left to rest upon its merits. Thus the aspect of the whole story of Arthur has been changed; the romance writers described the glorious king, Tennyson enlists our sympathy for an unsuccessful reformer, and a falling cause.

The form that this idealization of failure assumes, is also distinctive and important. Living in an age, when industrialism and the commercial spirit were beginning to feel their strength, while the influence of chivalry, though fast declining, was not yet extinct, Spenser, as his model of a perfect man, took Prince Arthur, an ideal embodiment of the chivalric feeling. A similar tendency has influenced Tennyson in the process of writing the Idylls, and in the colouring he has given to them. Many writers have read in the character of Arthur an allegory, and Tennyson himself lets us into the secret, that his object was to shadow forth sense at war with soul. It is not inconsistent with this to see, in the gradual dissolution of Arthur's order, a symbolic account of the decline of supernaturalism, a regretful picture of the growing disregard of miracles, and of the lessening hold of Christianity upon the world—the partial rejection of which has been a marked result of the movements of the thought of late years. Fifty years have passed since Carlyle described the 'Temple now

lying in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures.'* What was so long ago apparent to the philosopher has been brought more strikingly home to us all since. The last decade has been a period of rapid growth of thought; of large expansion, during which, if not Christianity itself, yet various doctrines and ways of thinking that were generally associated with Christianity, have been discarded and sent to join 'all things transitory and vain' in the wilds of the Miltonic Limbo. These have been years of intense mental effort and strivings of spirit, and have for the present ended in a kind of world-wearied Pessimism. And this period has left deep traces on the ideal of Arthur created by Tennyson. From this point of view, as well as from many others (e. g. the characters of Æneas and Arthur), it would be instructive to compare Tennyson with the writer of the Æneid. Just as Virgil, while describing the coming of his hero to Italy and the foundation of the Trojan kingdom, is constantly thinking of the fortunes of the Julian family in his own day, and of the Empire that was being founded while he wrote; so Tennyson depicts the decline of the Round Table, and the general laxity of its morals in language that would be equally appropriate to what was going on while he wrote, and is still continuing—the Religious Revolution of the nineteenth century. In the following pages it will be shown that the Arthuriad, from first to last, faithfully reproduces the political and moral atmosphere of the period during which it was taking shape, in just as marked a manner as the feelings that most Englishmen entertained with regard to the Manchester Peace Party, at the time of the Crimean War, are mirrored in our author's 'Maud.' One of the special marks of Tennyson's workmanship is the manner in which he introduces into an apparently foreign subject matters of contemporary interest and significance. A striking thought in a book, published at the time when some poem of his may be supposed to have been in the process of construction, will often be found echoed quite naturally in the strange context. But though this feature is very marked in Tennyson—a poet, it must be remembered, whose originality, like Virgil's lies far more in his style that in his manner, in the turn he gives a thought, rather than in the thought itself—it is a feature that is to a greater or less extent common to most poets.

The poet is one possessed of nicer feelings, quicker sensibilities than ordinary men. Hence he is the first to perceive the changes in the tone of public opinion. He is like a thin-skinned animal, with an animal's quickness of instinct, an animal's sensitiveness to what is external and atmospheric in nature. When, however it is said that a poet is more quickly affected than the ordinary individual, it must not be forgotten that all he sees, he sees as a poet, and not exactly as the rest of us do. The lens of his mind is a coloured medium, and so everything appears to him coloured and reflected. Imagination and artistic proprieties affect his impression of external nature and of events. He cannot see the thing as it is, or at least he cannot see things exactly as they appear to the rest of the world. To illustrate this will be unnecessary to those who remember how constantly Scott's pictures of scenery are medievalised, and how Wordsworth fills his descriptions with religious thought. And this is not only true, when it is external nature, that the poet is studying. The emotions and feelings, the religious and political beliefs of the poet, are after all, those of the poet, and not those of the ordinary man, and so perhaps are felt in a sense less deeply. This qualification has to be made and must be illustrated.

A political landmark or a church,

* Sartor Resartus, 1831.

let us say, is doomed. It is invested with the love and veneration, the countless feelings so hard to analyze which go to make up the ordinary conservative frame of mind. To part with it is a sore blow to the ordinary individual; it is a strain to his feelings, and he deeply regrets the loss. The poet, too, feels this to some extent; but then he is a poet, and he has also another point of view. The collapse appears to him as a ruin, and the artistic beauty of the ruin is some compensation to him for the melancholy fact. He feels the loss less deeply, because he does not look at the facts as clearly—or, perhaps, we should say, because he takes in their *import* more thoroughly. His eyes are fixed alike on the present and the past; he sees institutions rise and fall, and the present loss is to him no new one. He is able to grasp more clearly than others the permanent, that is unchangeable and that will last, when time has done its work with what is mutable and evanescent. Thus the poet is a kind of spiritual Captain Cuttle, with his gaze turned into the distance, even when he is considering what is present before him. Sometimes this feeling is expressed consciously, as by Tennyson in the lines—

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be:
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Sometimes it finds unconscious expression, as in the fine lines that end the battle scene in the 'Passing of Arthur,' where the wave is described, creeping over the field strewn with the dead,

> And rolling far along the gloomy shores
> The voice of days of old and days to be.*

What then? The poet sees more clearly, we see less clearly: he feels more quickly, we feel less deeply. He is almost an Hegelian contradiction—that is, he is a poet. It follows that he is more prone than the ordinary thinker to acknowledge facts, for in every fact he has a consolation. And the more of the true poetic nature he has, the more instinctive are his utterances. What he feels forces itself into what he writes. It cannot be kept out. If in one way his view of things is less true because less common-place, in another he is a truer witness because his mind is stronger, being self-sustained by its width of interest. He is a strong man where others are weak. His strength even appears to many to be a lack of feeling, and occasionally, as in the character of Goethe, is capable of producing it. We accordingly find in the Idylls, read chronologically, a veracious echo of the tone of public opinion and a test of the average feeling in regard to questions, which it is so hard to gather from the mere party statements of writers and thinkers actively engaged in the contest upon either side. The Round Table symbolizes more or less distinctly the Christian world, at first with an enthusiastic belief in, and full of the feelings of, Christianity, but by degrees falling away and lapsing into immorality and scepticism. Arthur in its midst, an ideal and not a real man, speaks and acts like a modern Christ, passing verdict after the manner of a Greek chorus upon the phases of thought as they are presented to the reader. All this will be shown in further detail, as we examine the poem chronologically.

It has been noticed before now, that the two great sources of Romance that were the glory of the Middle Ages, the Carlovingian and Arthurian cycles, took shape under the influence of the story of the Gospels; that Charlemagne and Arthur were pictures of the Christ adapted to the lay life of Christians in general. This is especially the case with Arthur; and the likeness has been increased by Tennyson in his new rendering of the Arthurian legend (e.g., by his striking out

* This is Matthew Arnold's habitual mood. Cf the conclusion of Sohrab and Rustum, and of the second part of Tristram and Iseult. He has given a description of the feeling, as part of the true poetic nature, in the poem 'Resignation.'

such episodes as Arthur's incest, resulting in the birth of Modred), so that it is impossible to read the Idylls without thinking of the Gospels. It is not only that we have points of external similarity, such as the mystery of their life and death, their position as leaders of bands of reformers, their failure brought about by treachery and their immaculate and almost colourless piety. But Tennyson has supplemented all this by making his hero constantly use the words of his prototype. This is a feature of such constant occurrence that it will be unnecessary to illustrate it. Should illustration be needed, it will be found in detached passages in the following pages.

I will now sum up the results at which I have arrived from this part of my study. The story of the Idylls, as we have it, is a kind of idealization of failure—the picture of how Arthur came into the world and lived the life of a reformer, founding an order and binding them

> By such vows, as is a shame
> A man should not be bound by, yet the which
> No man can keep.

So the order dissolves internally, and the high ideal of Arthur passes away. In the midst he is a kind of chivalrous Christ; and the decline of belief in Arthur and his vows, and the corresponding dissolution of the society they held together, are a picture, the original of which is to be found, as will be seen, in the sentiments and feelings of the years during which the poet was framing his Idylls. Tennyson had before his eyes the decline of orthodox Christianity, while he was occupied in describing the fall of his chivalric ideal, and sometimes his description of the latter reads like a page from the history of the former—to such an extent had the times impressed themselves upon his nature. At the same time, it has been proved by other writers that the poem is an allegory of sense at war with soul, King Arthur being the King within us. Nor shall we find any difficulty in accepting this duplicate interpretation (remembering how it is certainly true in the case of the 'Fairy Queen') if we realize the comparatively conservative aspect with which Tennyson regards the religious movements of the day. The real inconsistency, as will be seen, arises from the difference of the aim with which he set out from that with which he concluded his Arthuriad. Starting in 1832 and 1842 with purely tentative work, which, however, included a poem afterwards a part of the whole, he produced, in 1859, the four original Idylls, King Arthur being an 'ideal knight.' As he grew older, the tendency to allegoric meaning increased, and was prominent in his volume of 1869 entitled 'The Holy Grail;' the poem 'Gareth and Lynette,' (published latest of all in 1872), is a pure allegory of the temptations that assail men at different stages of life. After this came the additions and alterations made through the whole series of poems (published in the Complete Edition of 1875)—alterations, which have changed the poem to such an extent that Tennyson was quite justified in at last proclaiming it, in his Epilogue to the Queen, as

> 'Shadowing sense at war with soul
> Rather than that gray king.'

As, however, in no case has Tennyson deliberately destroyed the old work, the series of poems, composing the Arthuriad, when analyzed carefully, present the appearance of successive strata of thought contorted and inspissated into one another. I shall now proceed to consider these periods chronologically.

## I.

Of the four pieces that make up the early work upon the subject of Arthur, two only deserve attention, the others, Sir Galahad and Sir Lancelot, being interesting merely as showing that the young poet's thought dwelt early

> On the dreams of all
> Which filled the earth with passing loveliness,

to quote his own words in 'Timbuctoo'—and that he was specially interested in Arthurian literature. Of the other two the 'Lady of Shalott' is an early treatment of the theme that Tennyson afterwards turned into the most touching of all the Idylls, the story of Elaine. It is quite different in character from the Idylls being written in the so-called Pre-Raphaelite manner.

In the 'Morte d'Arthur' we have the earliest contribution to the completed series. It was accompanied by an introduction, relating how Hall had written an epic on King Arthur in twelve books, but had destroyed all but one, because they were 'faint Homeric echoes.' The day is past for Homeric epics, 'nature brings not back the Mastodon,' and 'truth looks freshest in the fashion of the day.' The remaining book is the 'Morte d'Arthur.' How far are we to take this seriously?

At a much later period the Arthuriad became an allegory, and the lines have been pronounced to be an early sketch of the plan of the series. But, if so, the idea was dropped, for in the first instalment of the Idylls (in fact, in the case of the only Idylls properly so called), we have an ideal picture, but not an allegory; a beautiful quartette of poems, but no hidden meaning. But it will be quite safe to say that the lines point to an early project to write upon a subject, pointed out by our history, by the romances of the Middle Ages and by the intention of Milton and Dryden. The most natural mode of treatment, the old-fashioned epic, seemed to the author, apparently, unsuitable to the times. It was accordingly left for him to write a narrative poem, with more or less application to his own day; and this he has done.

With the words of Hall before them, critics have agreed in noticing how much more Homeric the 'Morte d'Arthur' is than any other part of the completed poem. This must strike everybody. As a rule, Tennyson's manner is more that of Virgil (whom he constantly imitates and translates, doing so even in the poem before us) than that of Homer, but here it is not so. We may say then generally, in regard to Tennyson's early essays upon the Arthurian legend, that we have two inconsiderable pieces and two of more account—one in the Pre-Raphaelite, another in the Homeric style, the latter differing so little from the Idylls that next followed that it was worked into the body of the complete poem. And when we compare the calm dignity of the 'Morte d'Arthur' with the world-worn mystical tone pervading the latest written poems of the series, we feel that it was fortunate that the Laureate wrote when he did the conclusion of his modern epic. His feelings were probably more hopeful with regard to the future, he had more belief in the ideals of the reforming spirit, with which the times that preceded the Reform Bill of 1832 were informed.*

It is instructive to compare Arthur's parting-speech with the original in Malory. 'Comfort thyself,' said the king, 'and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.' It will be seen that all by which we best remember the speech is Tennyson's work. The imagery of the passage is due to two sources.

* Since writing the above, I find this difference of tone noticed by Mr. Swinburne in an article upon 'Tennyson and Musset' in the February number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The following is the characteristic comment passed on the lines :

> I have lived my life, and that which I have done
> May he within himself make pure !

'If this be taken as the last natural expression of a gallant, honest, kindly, sinful creature like the hero of old Malory, it strikes home at once to a man's heart. If it be taken as the last deliberate muffle of "the blameless king," it strikes us in a different fashion'—a merciless but acute piece of criticism.

The description of Avilion is almost a literal translation from the 'Odyssey' (VI. 43-6). The idea of the 'round world bound by gold chains about the feet of God,' comes from the 'Iliad' (VIII, 19), read by the light of Bacon's words, 'when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependence of causes, and the works of Providence; then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair.' ('Advancement of Learning' I. 1. 3.)

To come to what is more relative to the present study, the thoughts of the passage, we are struck by two leading ideas—Arthur's hopefulness about the future, and his discourse upon prayer. For the origin of these we must look to the times. As to the former, the celebrated lines, 'the old order changeth,' &c., are quite in keeping with the 'times, when reforms were begun with a young hopefulness of immediate good which has been much checked in our days.'* Now in all Tennyson's early works he appears to us as a moderate Liberal, full of sympathy with the progress of the day. For the origin of the lines upon prayer, we have to look to the Oxford Movement, then in its first decade. With rigorous logic the efficacy of prayers for the dead was insisted upon, if the efficacy of prayer at all was to be a part of the belief of Christians. It was pointed out that prayers for the dead had been left an open question in the Thirty-nine Articles of 1571, while the doctrine was expressly condemned in the previous Forty-five. In view of this we can better understand Tennyson's motive for adding the lines—

> More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of, &c.

It is not necessary to tie our author down to a belief in the fashionable doctrine. All that need be said is, that the doctrine was 'in the air' at the time when the poem was in process of gestation; that it was historically in keeping with Arthur and his times; and that Tennyson was thus led to insert the lines as we have them.

If, then, we are to sum up the impression derived from the earliest instalment of the Idylls, we shall say that it is an Homeric picture of the passing of a great king, suggesting two thoughts as uppermost in the mind of the writer—the efficacy of prayer for the dead, and belief in the future to be brought about by progress.

## II.

The next contribution to the story of Arthur was made in the year 1859. The volume, entitled 'Idylls of the King' and containing Enid, Vivien, Elaine, and Guinevere, was prefaced by a Dedication to the memory of the Prince Consort. This, the motto of volume 'flos regum Arthurus,' and its title, sufficiently indicate the nature of the work, as a series of pictures from the court of Arthur. But what was Arthur? He was not, as perhaps Tennyson originally intended him to be, the hero of an Homeric epic, nor was he an allegorical character, as he has since become. The dedication tells us that he was intended as an 'ideal knight.' Now an ideal character must be kept distinct in thought, on the one hand from an allegorical personage, on the other from a study from real life.

The history of fiction, and especially of poetry, shows a constant action and reaction from Realism to Idealism, from nature painting to typical representation; and in accordance with this there are two distinct theories of poetry—Aristotle defining it as a process of imitation, Bacon as one of creation or, we may say, of idealization. Meanwhile, as poetry becomes ideal, as it tends to describe types rather than the realities of nature, in so far it ap-

* George Eliot's 'Middlemarch.'

proximates to allegory. So that, as in the case of Tennyson, we find the same mind at different periods producing three different kinds of work —Realistic, Idealistic, and Allegorical—great minds naturally falling into allegorical writing as age comes upon them. This is manifestly the case with Goethe, as may be seen by comparing the different parts of 'Faust' and of 'Wilhelm Meister'; it is even true in the case of such a master of realistic painting as Shakespeare. In some of his early work, he is so far from allegory, or from having 'moral purpose' in what he writes, that he is not even Realistic. The best instance of this is the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—a mere work of fancy, without an afterthought in it, except as an illustration of the wonder-working poet's eye. By degrees his plays become more realistic, the perfection of this branch of art being attained in his two plays of 'Henry IV.' From this point his art changes into something higher, into the creation of ideal concretes—the character of 'Hamlet' being an illustration of this stage. At last his work becomes distinctly allegorical in the 'Tempest.' I accordingly view ideal representation as the connecting-link between Nature-painting and Allegory.

To this intermediate stage belong the four original Idylls, four pictures of Arthur's court, four attempts to give an ideal representation of chivalry or the Christianised heroic from a modern point of view,—

> Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
> New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
> Were nothing,

as Tennyson wrote, when his work became more self-conscious. These four pictures, to which unity is given by the sin of Lancelot and the Queen, a thread that runs through all, have accordingly nothing but the traditionally miraculous about them—nothing, I mean, of the supernatural introduced, the justification for which is found in the hidden meaning that is conveyed by it. As an instance of this the description of the gate at Camelot, given in Elaine,—

> The strange-statued gate,
> Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,

may be compared with the later description in 'Gareth and Lynette,' of the 'Lady of the Lake,' with her arms stretched 'like a cross'—

> And drops of water fell from either hand;
> And down from one a sword was hung; from one
> A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
> And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish.

Nor is there anything in the four beautiful poems which cannot be said to tell simply the tale apparent on the face of it, though there is a single passage that calls for attention. In a soliloquy, after Arthur has left her, Guinevere speaks of him in the following terms,—

> Ah, great and gentle lord,
> Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
> Among his warring senses, to thy knights.

This is in perfect keeping with the Arthuriad in its latest phase, and shows that Tennyson had thus early conceived the idea of Arthur, as Soul warred upon by Sense, with the difference, however, that in the earlier poems, Arthur is a concrete ideal of this sentiment; in the later, Soul is the prominent notion and the King the allegory under which it is typified. The line between the two is, perhaps, hard to draw, but in the absence of other allegorical indications, I am justified in drawing it. We may, in fact, look on this as the point where Ideal and Allegory meet. In the earlier work the character is the chief point, and the simile is introduced to illustrate the religious sentiment, so common in the Middle Ages, of which the Arthur is the ideal; yet he lives and moves like a man among other men. He has not yet passed into the company of allegorical phantoms, such as the Stars and Death in 'Gareth and Lynette.'

Having ascertained the precise nature of the poems with which we are concerned, our next task will be to see to what extent they reflect the

years in which they were composed. The special bearing of 'Maud,' published in 1855, upon the times has been noticed; we have to ask what are the prominent religious or political ideas that are illustrated by the volume of Idylls, published in 1859? In what colours is the back-ground painted before which the characters move? What impression of the mental state of the writer do the poems convey? The answer, that most people would naturally give, would be that from a political or theological point of view, the poems are without special signification, that there is nothing in them to indicate any disturbance of faith on the writer's part, nothing to mark them as the product of an age of mental or moral disturbance.

I will bring this point out by a piece of negative criticism. Every one must remember the plaintive beauty of the death of Elaine, her calm resignation to fate. Had Tennyson written the poem in 1871, could he have resisted the hint of a quite different death-scene, given by Malory (xviii. 19), 'then she shrived her clean and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Lancelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man . . . .' The poem is perfect as it is, but it would have been different, had it been written twelve years later. There is nothing in it of the turbid passion that marks the Last Tournament. Thus, as far as poems of this nature can be taken as .ndicative of beliefs of their author, we should say that his out-look into life was hopeful. There are no approaches to the fatalism of despair, that is reflected in the latest poem of the series, 'Man is man and master of his fate.' Fortune and her wheel, 'are shadows in the cloud.' Heaven is not yet 'the dream to come' of Tristram, but 'that other world,' 'where we see as we are seen,' 'where beyond these voices there is peace,' the place of general restitution. The belief in divine judgment ('he hears the judgment of the King of kings') is undisturbed. The preface points to a period of contented loyalty to the constitutional monarchy, and the poems to a satisfied acquiescence in the powers that be. The guilty Guinevere is made an abbess 'for the high rank she had borne,' and Lancelot 'reverences the king's blood in a bad man.' Nor is there, on the other hand, any overstrained pietism. The great knights do not yet take refuge from an evil time in cloistered gloom; and nunnery life is regarded as ignorance of the world. It is from this source only, from the garrulousness of the little novice, 'closed about by narrowing nunnery walls,' that we gather an inkling of the supernatural halo that shrouded the birth and early days of Arthur.

In this manner, in the absence of anything striking in their thoughts from a controversial point of view, these poems are in keeping with the times in which they were written. The years that followed the Crimean war were a period of lull in political history (there being changes of Administration but for trivial causes), a decade of Whig rule conducted in a Conservative spirit, culminating in the long and comparatively uneventful dominion of Lord Palmerston. If from the political we look to the religious annals of the times, we read the same story. Justin McCarthy has remarked that the literature of Queen Victoria's reign divides clearly into two periods, and that 'it was in the later period that the scientific controversies sprang up, and the school arose which will be, in the historian's sense, most closely associated with the epoch' (ch. 29). The Idylls are the natural product of the earlier period, and of the calm, as regards controversy, which was broken in the very year of their

publication, by the appearance of Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' This absence of controversial spirit is, in reality, one of the charms of the poems. Their interest lies rather in the field of every day life, in the loves and hatreds that agitate the breasts of ordinary men, than in the considerations of the high problems with which later poems, such as the 'Holy Grail,' and 'Gareth and Lynette,' are concerned. Jealousy between husband and wife, and self reformation, are the theme of Enid; the guilty love of Guinevere, the pure love of Elaine, and the remorse of Lancelot, distracted between the two, are the subject of the third poem; the pathos of a ruined life and life purpose is ennobled in Guinevere.* In the second of the series the tale is different, and the feelings and emotions to which it appeals are not so obvious. Yet neither has it a theological bearing. It seems to be the tale of one 'lost to life, and use, and name, and fame,' through the baneful influence of a woman. But this, which is the impression produced by Vivien, in its original shape, has been altered by the additions which Tennyson subsequently made to the poem.

In his rendering of this episode, our author has changed the story as we find it in Malory (Book iv., chap. 1). Merlin 'was assotted and doted on' Nimue, and 'would let her have no rest, but always would be with her . . . . to have her love, and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him, for she was afeard of him because he was a devil's son, and she could not put him away by no means. And so on a time it happed that Merlin shewed to her in a rock whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working, she made Merlin to go under that stone to let her wit of the marvels there, but she wrought so there for him that he came never out for all the craft that he could do. And so she departed and left Merlin.' Tennyson's poem is the reverse of this, Vivien feigning love for Merlin, who flies from her to Broceliande. There he tells her the dream that drove him from the court, a dream of a wave ready to break—

You seem'd that wave about to break up on me,
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
My use, and name, and fame.

Thus, in the original edition, it was a personal fear that drove Merlin away; but, in the new Merlin and Vivien, besides the long passage describing her migration from Mark's court to that of Arthur, and her stay there, seven lines are introduced to explain Merlin's 'great melancholy.' This passage, which begins with the words 'He walk'd with dreams,' and alludes to the 'battle in the mist,' gives a more general turn to the seer's melancholy, and adds a theological touch that was wanting in the first edition.

There is another point of view from which 'Vivien' demands our attention. The years immediately preceding the publication of these Idylls will be recollected as the time when the English public first began to interest themselves in table-turning, spirit-rapping and other ghostly doings. These phenomena and others, falling under the head of Spiritualism, had interested Americans ever since the year 1848; but though reports of marvels crossed

* Enid is taken, with very little alteration, from 'Geraint ab Erbin,' translated by Lady Charlotte Guest, in her 'Mabinogion.' Elaine and Guinevere come from Malory's 'Arthur.' In the case of the former, Tennyson had two tales of love to work upon. By one Elaine, Lancelot becomes the father of Galahad, and this story is alluded to in the 'Holy Grail.' The other Elaine is Tennyson's heroine. She has, however, been somewhat toned down in the change from Malory to Tennyson. It is interesting to remark that the celebrated scene in the oriel window between Lancelot and the Queen, occurs in both episodes. In the story of Elaine, the mother of Galahad, the Queen and Lancelot are at the window (Malory xi. 8): in the story of Elaine of Astolat, the King is with the Queen at the window when the dead Elaine passes up the river below (xviii. 20). It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, that the other Elaine does not die in the story.

the Atlantic, they excited, for some time, little attention in England, and were received with ridicule and contempt. The first thing that drew any considerable degree of attention to them was the coming to London of Mrs. Haydon, the American medium, in 1854. She was visited by several scientific men. Mr. D. D. Home, another medium, came to England in 1855, and the manifestations which occurred in his presence soon aroused newspaper controversy. 'Vivien' must have been written in the midst of this; and we at once have the reason why Tennyson was attracted to this special subject rather than to any other. It admitted of his giving it a turn suited to his genius. Merlin was mesmerised—for so may we interpret the account given by our author of 'woven paces and of waving hands.' Tennyson must have been thinking, too, of Spiritualistic phenomena when he wrote of Enid :—

> So she glided out,
> Among the heavy breathings of the house,
> And, *like a household Spirit*, at the walls
> Beat till she woke the sleepers.

Another such touch comes in the lines :

> And then from distant walls
> There comes a clapping *as of phantom hands.*

As well as in the following,

> In the dead night, grim faces came and went
> Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—
> *Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,*
> *Heard by the watcher in a haunted house.*

This again is an illustration of Tennyson's way of working. He does not necessarily feel sympathy with Spiritualists and Table-turners ; but the phenomena attracted attention at the time, and, by a natural process finding their way into his mind, are preserved, like flies in amber, in the pages of his immortal poem.

## III.

We may now pass to the next period of Tennyson's work. All his latest contributions to the Idylls might be classed together as belonging to the allegorical and didactic period, but it will be convenient as well as more in accordance with chronology to consider by themselves the volume published in 1869 and the 'Last Tournament,' which first appeared in the 'Contemporary Review,' in the year 1871. 'Gareth and Lynette,' the 'Epilogue,' and the alterations made in the completed poem, will form a supplement to the rest.

Reforming England of 1869 had strangely changed from England of the year 1859. The difference of the two periods is sufficiently well shown by the political leaders—Palmerston, the popular statesman who gave his people rest, and Gladstone, the master-spirit of Reform. Since the year 1865 politics had become a very serious matter. For three years England had been agitated by the Reform Bill, Disraeli had educated his party, and the Fenian troubles had brought up the Irish question. With the advent of the Liberal party to power, an era of great changes seemed at hand. If, turning from politics, we look to the literary and religious annals of the times, we shall find a corresponding advance. The awakening had been earlier here. The 'Origin of Species' had been published in the same year as the first volume of Idylls. In 1862, appeared Maurice's 'Claims of the Bible and of Science,' and Colenso's 'Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Examined.' In 1863, came Huxley's 'Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature,' and in 1864, the 'Papal Syllabus,' and, what testified to the troubled state of moral and religious thought, Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon.' The 'Fortnightly Review' was established in 1865, as an organ of extreme opinion, and Dixon's 'Spiritual Wives' followed in 1868. This list is the best test of what people were thinking about.

It would be natural in the case of Tennyson, no cloistered poet, or one self-centred in the Palace of Art, which he had tried and abandoned

that his new poems should bear the impress of the times. The volume entitled the 'Holy Grail' contained the Higher Pantheism, which, if it means anything, seems to indicate a changed point of view.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Such are the lines in which he returns, though from another point of view to the opinion of the 'the flowing philosophers,' who had been the subject of a spirited little poem published in 1830, but omitted in late editions :—

All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange ;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change :
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream :
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

How the changes in the atmosphere of thought affected and still affect the moral tone, we all know. The years 1868-9 were specially tainted by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's publication of Lady Byron's confessions about her lord, and by the strange perversion of moral sentiment, that the discussion in the public press exhibited. I will quote by way of illustration a solemn protest made by the *Saturday Review*, the appropriateness of which struck me forcibly at the time. 'The old and manly protests against the immorality and turpitude of Byron's life and works are now silenced. The traditional representatives of that part of the press which used to arrogate to itself special claims to be the guardian of religion and morality, have gone over to the other side. The Tory *Quarterly*, and *Blackwood*, and *Standard*, uphold the Satanic School and its Coryphæus. It is announced to be a kind and good deed to introduce Don Juan to family reading ; and an epigrammatist congratulates the world and himself, that at last the sinner—and such a sinner as Byron, a deliberate and inveterate offender against everything that has been held to be true, and pure, and good—has been canonised. And we are simply scorned and sneered at, because we think that it is a duty to confront an author, who is always a teacher, with his life, and we are told that it is simply "ludicrous to test genius by morality," and we are forbidden to object to the authority of Sterne or Rousseau, on the plain and homely ground that their lives were foul and licentious. This is the present aspect of the popular mind towards Byron, and it is of evil omen . . . Not only must we not utter word or protest against the shameless immorality of "the noble poet," but we must accept the man Byron as more sinned against than sinning. His wife is a moral Clytemnestra, a moral Brinvilliers, but the man who could and did violate every sanctity of life, every truth, and every honour, is the spoiled child of England, and our national darling and idol. This, we again assert, is of no good omen. We must, with all sorrow and indignation, confess that the popular verdict is with Byron. But what then ? "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; and the prophets prophesy falsely. and my people love to have it so ; and what will ye do in the end thereof ?"' (Jan. 29, 1870.)

It is now time to turn to the consideration of the poems. I must again utter a word of caution relative to Tennyson's own position. Because he is the mouthpiece of certain sentiments, it is by no means necessary to look, upon them as his. He is often like Hamlet's actor, but the abstract and brief chronicle of the times — his poems, from this point of view, being mainly valuable as telling us, not what we should think or what he thought, but what he saw and what people said. In reviewing the poems of this period we find three tendencies illustrated.

First, Arthur becomes more allegorical; the poems as a whole running to mysticism and double meaning. This is due to change in the author himself, and is especially marked in the 'Coming of Arthur,' the 'Holy Grail,' and the additions to the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Secondly, the spirit of the times is reflected in two ways: (1) The time was distinctly theological: points in relation to theology, suggested by the advance of science and by criticism, were discussed openly in the Press and the Pulpit. As a contribution to these questions the 'Holy Grail' was added to the series. (2) Side by side with this, a laxity had come over morals, and a tendency had shewn itself to drift from the moorings of Christianity and Christian morals. Of this, 'Pellas and Ettarre,' and the 'Last Tournament,' are distinctly illustrative.

These three tendencies, once remarked, will be recollected by all who have studied the poems, but it will be well to illustrate what has been said by a few points, and first by two contrasts which are suggested by the 'Holy Grail.' The superhuman power of knowledge is there associated with intensity of religious feeling in the person of the holy nun. In 'Vivien,' it had been identified with intellect in the 'little, glassy-headed, hairless man,' who 'read but one book.' The similarity of language in the two passages shows us, as such similarity does in Shakespeare, that their author intended us to contrast them. There is no inconsistency between them, but there is clearly a change of view. With regard to Lancelot's sin, the 'Holy Grail' may be compared with 'Elaine.' In the earlier written poem its moral aspect is prominent, 'his honour rooted in dishonour stood;' in the later work we have the theological point of view, 'in me lived a sin.' As before, there is a marked similarity of language with contrasts of thought. In the 'Holy Grail' we have probably more of Tennyson's own thoughts than elsewhere. It is doubtless the author's commentary upon the religious questions of the day, and specially upon the miraculous. One is reminded of Hegel's summary of the spiritual results of the Crusades. As these wars were the logical result and culmination of Christianity, so were they the *reductio ad absurdum* of the old view of the Catholic Church. Somewhat similarly does Arthur look upon the Holy Quest. In the early days of innocence, heaven, symbolised by the Holy Cup, had touched earth.

> But then the times
> Grew to such evil that the Holy Cup
> Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd.

The saintly Galahad catches a glimpse of higher things, 'but one hath seen, and all the blind will see.' In Malory, Arthur welcomes the incentive given by Galahad. 'Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move many good knights to the quest of the Sanegreal, and ye shall achieve that never knights might bring to an end.' (B. xiii. ch. 4.) In Tennyson, Arthur looks upon the quest as 'a sign to maim this order which I made.'

In reading the poem, we cannot help thinking it a distinct failure, taking it, as it was doubtless intended, as a contribution to the religious question. If Arthur believed in the sign he should not have blamed his knights for following it; if it was an hallucination, the whole poem is a mistake. That Tennyson himself does not feel this, is another proof of the comparatively superficial view—superficial because poetical—that he takes of religious questions. We can expect no new revelation just yet; we are still in what has been aptly called the period of dormant anarchy, the second period of all revolutions. If we did expect one, Tennyson is hardly one who is able to give it. Still he felt imperatively drawn to take up the theological question; and in doing so, in working out his allegory of the quest after holiness, he was compelled to use me-

taphor and imagery that were hardly novel, just as the writer of the Apocalypse had to draw upon the Books of Daniel and Enoch. His allegory has sometimes a meaning underlying it and sometimes is mere imagery. At the conclusion, Arthur pronounces beatitudes, clearly imitated from those of the Sermon on the Mount, 'Blessed are Bors, Lancelot and Percivale,' the different characters brought before us in the poem, representing five types of holiness at the present day. Whether the five correspond to the meek, to those that hunger and thirst, to the pure in heart, to the peacemakers who are pure in spirit, and to the merciful, I cannot feel certain. Some sort of correspondence, it is probable, Tennyson intended, adapting the ideas of Scripture to the requirements of an ideal Christian chivalry. These ideas are brought out by Galahad, the type of sanctity, that lives in a higher world; by the pure and great Percivale, who, lacking humility only attains holiness by effort. Bors, is a type of mundane goodness; Ambrosius, of mechanical religion, without much spiritual exaltation. In Lancelot we have a noble, passionate nature, that would make religion beget purity, and not purity holiness. With all of these there is contrasted the low voluptuous nature of Gawain.* Arthur's concluding harangue gives, to my mind, a very uncertain sound. It would be hard to imagine a more unpoetical theme than the confessions of an half-hearted believer.† Dante and Shelley, Keble and Swinburne, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, have each of them a poetical justification; but what has Tennyson in this unlucky passage? Still, it is redeemed by the power of style, and is interesting too, as being characteristic of the average beliefs of the day, and of Tennyson, their born exponent. Arthur first rebukes the age that will not see miracles, adding a *qualified* acceptance of the miraculous and of the higher life. Then follows a regret for those who have determined to act upon their beliefs, and adopt a mere life of religious seclusion. The conclusion follows, that a man should do his work here, and after death, he shall see—what he will see; yet, even here, we are occasionally visited by higher visions.

In reviewing the allegorical work of this period, it will be unnecessary to notice the account of Arthur's birth at any length; so much has been written by others upon this point. That the coming of the Soul into being is conveyed under the type of Arthur's birth, is sufficiently apparent, through the passage, that brings this view most unmistakably before us, comes from the subsequently published 'Gareth and Lynette:'

> For there is nothing in it as it seems
> Saving the King; tho' some there be that hold
> The King a shadow and the city real.

It is clear too, that the varying accounts of the manner of birth represents the comments of different schools upon the origin of being. At the same time the whole story, and especially Leodogran's Dream, reminds us of the Gospel History and of the reluctance of his own people to recognise the Christ as king upon earth.

As another piece of distinctly allegorical writing, I may point to the last battle scene. The original in Malory is as follows:—'Never was there seen a more doleful battle in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke.

* It may be remarked, in passing, that Tennyson has done great violence to tradition in the character of Gawain. In the Welsh triads, Gwalchmai is one of the three learned Knights, and by no means deserves the rank given him in the Idylls.

† Cf Tennyson's early poem of 1830, since omitted by our author, upon the 'Confessions of a second-rate sensitive mind not in unity with itself,' with its three emphatic lines:

> 'Oh, weary life! oh, weary death!
> Oh, spirit and heart made desolate!
> Oh, damned vacillating state!'

. . . . . And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground, and ever they fought still, till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down.' Tennyson's version is as like a confused battle as he could make it, without losing the allegory. Yet, the following words clearly point to his intention to depict a fight of such an allegorical character:

> And some had visions out of golden youth,
> And some beheld the faces of old ghosts,
> Look in upon the battle; . . .
> . . . . . Shrieks,
> After the Christ of those who falling down
> Look'd up *for* heaven, and only saw the mist;
> . . . . . . .
> Oaths, insult, filth and *monstrous blasphemies*,
> Sweat writhings, *anguish*, labourings of the kings,
> In that close mist, and *crying for the light*,
> Moans of the dying, and *voices of the dead*.*

In regard to this battle, it must be acknowledged that we have a real difficulty in its interpretation. As a piece of writing it is very effective, and Tennyson could hardly have omitted it in the history of Arthur, so prominent a place does it occupy, not only in the pages of Geoffrey, from whom its grimness comes originally, and in those of Malory, but also as the battle of Camlan, in the accounts of the Welsh writers (*c. f.* the notes to Lady Chartotte Guest's 'Mabinogion'). It had therefore to be in the poem, but beyond this it is emphatically allegorized. Of what struggle between good and evil, we may reasonably ask, is the battle a type? The importance of the question is enhanced by Tennyson's reference to the battle in some lines added to 'Vivien,' as well as in the 'Epilogue to the Queen.' The laureate there expresses his hopes for the future of England, adding that the fears of those who mark signs of storm in the future may turn out to be vain—

> Their fears
> Are morning shadows, huger than the shapes,
> That cast them, not those gloomier which forego,
> The darkness of that battle in the West,
> Where all of high and holy dies away.

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* (May, 1873), regards the battle as 'a picture of all human death, its awfulness and confusion. The soul enduring sees the mist clear up.' This I do not mean to deny, yet, though Tennyson himself surrounds the last contest with Death, in 'Gareth and Lynette,' with every semblance of horror, the battle itself proves to be the least formidable of all the encounters, and ends in a piece of most unreal and unbecoming burlesque, 'Lady Lyonors and her house making merry over death.' Nor in fact does the battle of good and evil in the soul of man take place in the hour of his death. It is the struggle of his life time, and specially of his maturing youth and mellowing manhood. By the time of his attaining three score years and ten, the victory has been given to one of the contending forces, and the human soul is already an heaven or an hell, as the principles of good or evil have attained the mastery. It would, it seems, be safest not to press the interpretation too far, to regard the battle as necessary, poetically and traditionally, the allegoric turn being given to it to make it a piece with the rest of the poem as well as to enhance its horror and mystery. This does not preclude a secondary interpretation as in Spencer, alluding to the ultimate battle in the world at large, between the principles of Christianity and of renascent Paganism. Protestant Christianity 'that once had fought with Rome,' dying by those of its own household. 'My house,' says Arthur, 'hath been my doom.'*

* Even in his most serious passages, Tennyson loves an allusion to other writings. In the present we have allusions to Cardinal Newman's hymn, 'Lead kindly light,' and to Hamlet's melancholy estimate of man [and nature, II. 2.

* The gloom that surrounds the last battle is also justified, if we recollect the period which closed the era of the gods of Asgard, Ragnarok, or the twilight of the gods. Should

It is an easy step from this to the testimony given by these poems, to the waning influence of Christianity in the world, its cause and effects. Absolute truth is unattainable,

> Truth is this to me, and that to thee;

the sacred fire of Christianity is confessedly low,

> Poor men, when yule is cold,
> Must be content to sit by little fires.

The advance of knowledge has caused faith to wither, 'seeing too much wit makes the world rotten'; yet this faith, while it lasted, was a potent means of good,

> My God, the power
> Was once in vows when men believed the King!
> They lied not then, who swore, and thro' their vows
> The King prevailing made his realm.

But the causes, that kept alive a vivid Christian enthusiasm, are over,

> Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
> The life had flown, we sware but by the shell.

We are in times of change and the religion of Christianity, of monastic Puritanism, of self-denial, self-repression, is over, and we are free to act as we will, 'the days of frost are o'er'; 'thou nor I have made the world.' We must take facts as we find them,

> Can Arthur make me pure
> As any maiden child? . . . .
> Bind me to one? The wide world laughs at it.
> . . . We are not angels here
> Nor shall be.

Thus in the midst of a standard of morals that is disregarded, and of rampant hypocrisy, there is a tendency, as with Rousseau before the French Revolution, to cast aside the restraints of civilization, to follow the instincts of animal nature.

further illustration be needed, we have one ready to hand in Carlyle's description of his father's death. 'That last act of his life, when in the last agony, *with the thick ghastly vapours of death rising round him to choke him*, he burst through and called with a man's voice on the Great God. . . . God gave him strength to wrestle with the King of Terrors, and as it were even then to prevail' (*Reminiscences*).



> Live?—we be all alike: only the King
> Hath made us fools and liars. O, noble vows!
> O, great and sane and simple race of brutes
> That own no lust because they have no law.

These are a few passages in which these Idylls reflect the mood of thought current at the time of their production. Antinomianism, that constantly tends to burst out in times of revolution, when 'the gloom, that follows on the turning of the world, darkens the common path,' had openly shown itself in the England of the day. Any one, who would seek for illustration of the state of things I have described, should turn over the pages of three forgotten publications, in which a lax morality and cynical indifference to proprieties is coarsely exhibited. These writings, which appeared as Christmas Annuals for the edification of the prurient taste of the age, were entitled the 'Coming K—,' 'Siliad' and 'Jon Duan.' Tennyson on his side, though his utterances as we have seen upon points of dogma are of rather an uncertain, fluctuating nature, keeps before the minds of his readers, the presence of the ideal ignored on earth, but bright in the heavens. The harp of Arthur unseen by Tristram

> Makes a silent music up in heaven,
> And I, and Arthur, and the angels hear.

We may now turn to the latest additions to the Arthuriad.

## IV.

The last written portions of the work are the poem of 'Gareth and Lynette,' published in 1872, the 'Epilogue to the Queen, and the alterations introduced throughout the entire series of poems. In the political and religious state of England a slight change had taken place, for while on the one hand the same tendencies that were noticed before continued—'the Descent of Man' appearing in 1871, and Tyndal's 'Belfast Address,' the so-called 'high water-mark of materialism,' being delivered in 1874; on the other,

the Conservative reaction, which in the hands of Lord Beaconsfield took an Imperialistic turn, occurred in the early part of 1874. Now, the author's edition of the poems in their latest shape was issued in 1875. We should, therefore, naturally expect little change in the texture of religious thought of which the tales are composed, while if we found something that betokened political reaction, we should be able to account for it. Perhaps we may read an indication of this feeling in the lines,

> Ye are over fine
> To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies.

So, too, the Epilogue, alluding to Canada, takes for a moment the tone that a few years afterwards was exaggerated by coarser spirits into the bray of Jingoism.

The song of Arthur's knighthood before the king has, to my mind, somewhat of the hollow ring of the so called Conservative reaction, brought on by the combined forces of Beer and Bibles, by harrassed interests and fear of Roman Catholicism :

> Shall Rome or heathen rule in Arthur's realm ?
> Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
> Fall battleaxe and flash brand ! Let the King reign.

Meanwhile the allegory is more pronounced. Arthur is now 'the Sun of Glory.' The hero of 'Gareth and Lynette' no longer fights with flesh and blood, but with Death and other symbolical personages :

> He seem'd as one
> That all in later, sadder age begins
> To war against ill uses of a life.

The words with which Lancelot hails the young knight are scriptural :

> Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth ! Knight art thou
> To the King's best wish.

What small belief we may have had in the reality of Camelot is rudely dispelled by the beautiful lines, which reveal its mystical and allegoric nature :

> The city is built
> To music, therefore never built at all,
> And therefore built for ever.

The religious belief inculcated by the poems has more of a Pantheistic tendency. 'In Memoriam' spoke of

> The great *Intelligences* fair
> That range above our mortal state,
> In circle *round the blessed gate.*

We now read of 'the *Powers* who walk the *world.*' Two lines freshly added to the poems, taken together, bring this strain of thought clearly before us. 'Man's word,' Arthur says, and the words have a didactic sound about them, 'is God in man.' This is illustrated by a fresh charge added to the list in 'Guinevere,' 'to honour his own word as if his God's.' Tennyson's first great teacher, it would seem, had come to be his last. We recognise in these lines a recollection from him, the strength and dignity of whose verses, when most inspired, is unsurpassed even by Milton, and who spoke of his God as 'a presence,'

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in *the mind of man.*

Duty, too, which the master had seen as the stay of the stars and of the most holy heavens, is thus attributed to a cataract :

> Thou dost His will,
> The Maker's, and not knowest.

In considering the additions and alterations made to the poems, for the benefit of those who have not compared them, I may say that the original Dedication, 'Gareth and Lynette,' and the 'Holy Grail,' are unaltered. One verbal alteration only occurs in the 'Last Tournament,' and several of more account in Geraint, Elaine and Guinevere. To the 'Coming of Arthur,' Pelleas and Ettarre, the 'Passing of Arthur,' and especially to 'Vivien,' considerable additions have been made. Some of these changes have been noticed in previous parts of this study. None of them is more striking than the verses that give the moanings of

the King in his tent before the battle. These twenty lines begin with the words, 'I found him in the shining of the stars,' and are of great significance; for, First of all, the whole scene reminds us of the scene of the passion in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was obviously in our author's mind when he wrote them.

Secondly, the confusion of Pantheism, Duodæmonism and general hopelessness in Arthur's mind is significant at once of the times and of their exponent.

Thirdly, the contrast between the despair embodied in these lines, and the calm hope that marks Arthur's concluding speech, is noticeable, if not actually amounting to inconsistency. 'The last line,' I have written elsewhere,* 'is obviously added to clear the speaker from inconsistency, but it does not clear the poet.' The key to this is the fact that, though the two passages come in the same poem, they were written at the interval of more than thirty years.

Lastly, the thoughts of this passage are easily traced to their source. J. S. Mill's 'Autobiography' was published in 1873. No one can forget the excited discussions that this book provoked. There were two passages especially that were the subject of frequent reference. One was James Mill's opinion, given by his son, which, though not a new remark, struck the people with a novel force, that 'human life was a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by.' The other was his opinion that Duodæmonism was, as a theory of the world, a more tenable view than the current Monotheism. 'He found it,' writes his son, 'impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. . . . The Sabæan, or Manichæan, theory of a good and an evil principle struggling against each other for the government of the universe, he would not have equally condemned, and I have heard him express surprise that no one revived it in our times.' To this passage, and to the discussion it produced, I should trace part of the thoughts of Arthur's speech. The feeling of hopelessness as to individual effort, a disappointed feeling that aided in bringing on the Pessimism of our day, was widely felt at the same time, and it, too, finds expression in this passage. As a striking embodiment of the same thoughts, I may quote an obituary notice of Earl Stanhope, written by S. R. Gardiner in the *Academy* (December, 1875). 'Instead of carrying into literature,' he writes, 'the heat of political battle, he seems to have regarded politics with the sober judgment of a student who has become aware how very little effect is produced by the best-intentioned actions of the ablest men.'

The long passage introduced at the beginning of 'Vivien' calls for special remark. It is the account of Vivien's coming to the court at Camelot from the tainted atmosphere that surrounded King Mark in Cornwall. Here she settled, creating scandals and polluting the air where she lived:

> Thro' the peaceful court she crept
> And whisper'd: then as Arthur in the highest
> Leaven'd the world, so Vivien in the lowest,
> Arriving at a time of golden rest,
> And sowing one ill hint from ear to ear,
> . . . . . .
> Leaven'd his hall.

The special appropriateness of these lines to the time in which they appeared must be obvious to those who remember a leading feature of the era of Lord Beaconsfield's administration. It was not one, perhaps, of the faults of Imperialism; but it happened to coincide in time with the period of its sway. These years were the times in which the papers dealing with petty personal scandal, such as 'Vanity Fair,' 'The World' and 'Truth,' played a leading

* 'Modern Pessimism,' CANADIAN MONTHLY, December, 1879.

part. 'Vanity Fair' was of earlier birth, its literary ancestor having been the 'Tomahawk' (now extinct); but the other papers will be specially remembered as having their palmiest days in this period of underhand politics and intrigue. The disreputable series of the 'Coming K——' and its successors in part also coincides with this period.

The series of poems upon Arthur is appropriately closed by the 'Epilogue to the Queen.' The passage in which the writer points out the true nature of the poems, as an allegory, has been quoted before. With what limitations we may accept this has been shown. In this Epilogue, Tennyson recurs to the underlying subject of the whole series, the hopes and fears, the political and religious prospects of the day. He expressses his trust—

> That Heaven
> Will blow the tempest in the distance back
> From thine and ours: for some are seared, who mark,
> Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm......

And, in the lines that succeed, these signs were enumerated—political instability, infidelity, luxury, cowardice, licentious art, and ignorance supreme. It may not be unnecessary to remind the reader that, about the time that Tennyson published these lines, there appeared 'The Warnings of Cassandra,' by Mr. W. R. Greg. These warnings, which excited no small share of public attention, insisted on many of the points here specified. The Epilogue ends with the belief that the 'crown'd Republic's common-sense' will bring England safe through her troubles.

Thus wisely, with hope for the future, has Tennyson closed his series. His last word shall be mine. In this Study much has been omitted. I have not attempted to show what has been shown before, the meaning of the allegory in each individual case, or the correspondence of season from the birth of Arthur on 'the night of the New Year' to his Passing just before 'the new sun rose bringing the New Year.' Much, doubtless, that would have fittingly made a part of this Chronological Study, has been neglected also. But I cannot close without a remark on the interesting comment upon the age and its difficulties that the Arthuriad will afford to posterity. Not with less certainty, than that with which we recognise the utterances of extinct theories of science, the religious belief of the Puritan, and the influence of the classical Renaissance in the majestic roll of 'the organ voice of England': will a future age listen in the haunting music of Tennyson's lyre to the last and noblest hopes of Old-World Christianity, mingling with the daring thoughts of new-born Science, with the Scepticism and Melancholy Unrest of this our Nineteenth Century. The poem is a distinctive product of the age; to it with its mingled stream of Art and Science, of moral earnestness and intellectual perplexity it belongs.

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# AFTER THE STORM.

*(On the preservation of the daughter of a friend from a great danger. Toronto, March, 1881.)*

BY C. P. M.

AS the fresh sound of the fountain
In the desert parched and bare,
When noon is high on the hot blue sky
And the still unmoving air.

As the first glimpse of his homeland
To the sailor boy must be,
Which the glad eyes strain to behold again
Over the heaving sea!

As amid the work-day tumult
Of the City's noise and din,
Where men know nor care which is greatest there,
The misery or the sin.

I have sometimes strayed a moment
Into some cathedral old,
Where the windows expand like rainbows, grand
With purple light and gold:

And have heard the solemn music
Peal through the incensed air,
Till I could forget the toil and fret
And my heart was hushed in prayer!

Even so that gentle courage
In form so frail as thine,
While thus I view the dark hour through,
I make its lesson mine.

Pain comes to all, comes soonest
To purest, gentlest, best;
And each home's cheer has cause to fear
One dark unbidden guest!

Yet we who know and worship
The Power that could supply,
To form and face so fair, such grace
Of courage, calm and high.

For such as thee unfearing
May see the tempest lower;
Its stress that broke the forest oak
Falls harmless on the flower.

# GEORGE FOX AND QUAKERISM.

BY W. R. G. MELLEN.

THE new life which came in with the Reformation, quickening so wondrously the human intellect, and stirring so deeply the human heart, was not to be restricted within preordained limits. It was as when long pent and slowly rising waters are given vent under the impression that they can be easily checked or directed; but which soon pass utterly beyond control, rushing rapidly far and wide, and sweeping away all barriers in their progress to the sea. Many of the immediate results of the new movement, accordingly, were as surprising to those who had initiated as to those who had resisted it. Yet what more natural, after the rupture with Rome, and the impetus imparted to intellectual and moral life, than disagreements among the Reformers themselves? What more natural than that many, released from irksome restraints, and puffed up with a little knowledge and a great deal of vanity, should become victims of silly vagaries, and rush to hurtful extremes? The rise of numerous and conflicting sects around certain prominent ideas or prominent persons, therefore, was to be anticipated—could, in fact, be hindered only by a more stupendous miracle than has yet been reported. Both on the Continent and in England such sects sprung up with mushroom rapidity, and had a scarcely more protracted than mushroom existence. Out of this general ferment came Anabaptists and Pedobaptists, Muggletonians and Brownists, Fifth-Monarchy Men and Independents, and heaven knows what, most of which are now known only by name, and many of which are known by that only to the antiquarian.

But while any, or all, of these are interesting only to a few, and to them mainly as illustrative of the temper of the times and the idiosyncrasies of the human mind, there arose about the same period a very different body of Christian believers which has not only maintained its separate existence until now, but which from its peculiar ideas and customs, its intrinsic worth, and its large contributions to human welfare, is well deserving the careful study of the philosophic and the sincere regard of the humane. Reference is made to the people popularly designated 'Quakers,' but who themselves have chosen the much more significant and appropriate title 'Friends.' Indeed, the former name— whether originating in their trembling or *quaking* in their more exciting worship,* or in the response of the judge who, on being summoned by George Fox to *quake* before the word of God, answered by terming him a *Quaker* †—seems to have been first bestowed on them in contempt; though the spirit and character of the persons who bore it long since relieved it of all odium and made it honourable the world over. If, therefore, the terms 'Quaker' and 'Quakerism' be herein more frequently used than their equivalents, it is not from disrespect for the body, or the principles for which it stands, but simply because they are more popular and convenient.

* Barclay's 'Apology,' 359.

† Clarkson's 'Portraiture of Quakerism,' vol. i., Introduc. vii.

The founder of this Society—for it has never styled itself a church or a sect—was George Fox, a peculiar, if not a unique, personage, and some account of whom is indispensable to a comprehension of either the origin or the character of Quakerism. Fox was born in Drayton, Leicestershire, in July, 1624—a little less than four years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. His father, Christopher Fox, a weaver by trade, seems to have been in better circumstances than his calling might imply; since he was able to relieve his son at an early age from the necessity of toil, and enable him to prosecute, unhindered by pecuniary considerations, his itinerant missions at home and abroad. He was, moreover, of so good repute for integrity that his neighbours termed him 'righteous Christer.'* George Fox's mother, Mary Lago, was a woman of some education and reading for one in her position. Her prominent characteristic, however, was a deep and intense religiousness, in part, doubtless, inherited from martyr-ancestors, which the deepening life of the times contributed to strengthen, and which she was glad to transmit to her grave and thoughtful boy.† Thus, out of the hot hearts of men of low degree, who knew nothing of the learning of the schools or of the amenities of polite society, who had little eloquence of speech and no personal influence, came what its contemporaries branded as Quakerism, and feared as anarchy; but what posterity has been pleased to recognise as a movement for mental freedom, moral purity, and spiritual completeness. Perhaps only among the common people, having everything to gain and nothing to lose, could such a movement then, or at any other time, have arisen. Be that as it may, the Quakers cheerfully accepted their humble origin, saying with stout-hearted William Penn, 'Poor mechanics are wont to be God's greatest ambassadors to mankind,'* or, with the gentle Robert Barclay, 'He hath raised up a few despicable and illiterate men to dispense the more full glad tidings reserved for our age;'† which was only echoing what the veteran Apostle long before affirmed, 'That God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.'‡

* Fox's 'Journal,' vol. i., 49.

† *Ibid.*

Of Fox's childhood and early youth we know little beyond what he has recorded in his 'Journal.' He there tells us that he had in his 'very young years an unusual gravity and stayedness;' so that when he 'saw old men carry themselves lightly and wantonly,' he said within himself, 'If ever I come to be a man I shall not do so.'§ This is the same as to say, what he so often implies, that he had no boyhood of abounding animal spirits, gratified with mere innocent hilarity, but was a moody, introspective, abnormal child. In further confirmation of his youthful gravity, he says, 'When I was eleven years old I knew pureness and righteousness;'‡ while a little later, and when in the service of one who trusted him largely, he records, 'While I was with him he was blest; but when I left him he broke and came to nothing. Yet in all that time, I never wronged man or woman. In my dealings I often used the word Verily; and it was a common saying among those that knew me, "If George says *verily* there is no altering him."'‖ Whether these accounts of his early life be not somewhat tinctured with vanity; and whether it would not have been wiser to let another man praise him, and not his own mouth are

* Bancroft's 'Hist.,' vol. ii., 330.

† Bancroft, ii., 330.

‡ 1 Cor. i.27.

§ 'Journal,' vol. i., 49.

‡ *Ibid.*

‖ 'Journal,' i., 5.

questions which will naturally occur to many minds.

Observing his unusual gravity, some relatives urged that he should be trained for the Church. This project, however, seems to have met with little favour; for the youth was soon after placed with one of those factotums, frequently found in small communities, who combine several occupations. This man was shoemaker, grazier and wool-dealer; though it was much less with the first employment—as Carlyle supposes,* picturing Fox as stitching leather-breeches while meditating highest themes—than with the last two that the young man had to do, and in which, as partaking somewhat of a pastoral nature, some of his followers have found a 'just emblem of his after-ministry and service.' Yet the care of flocks and herds could not wholly engross him. So strong and preponderant was his meditative temper, increasing with years, that it ere long made him seem very unsocial and churlish, so that such young associates as he had made him the butt of many a joke and gibe. But 'I let them alone,' says he, 'and went on my own way; while people generally had a love to me for my innocency and honesty.'†

When eighteen or nineteen years old, his mind was greatly exercised on religious subjects. Going home one night from market, where he had witnessed much dissipation, he was so keenly distressed that he could not go to bed; but spent the night walking up and down, thinking of the condition of those about him, and how to improve it. Then in the still watches of the night, 'the Lord said unto me,' he records, 'thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth: thou must forsake all, keep out of all, be as a stranger unto all.'‡ To hear what he believed to be the voice of God speaking

* 'Sartor Resartus,' 164.

† 'Journal,' vol. i., 50.

‡ 'Journal,' vol. i., 50.

within was for Fox to obey. Very soon thereafter, accordingly, he quaintly remarks, 'At the command of God, on the 9th of the 7th month, 1643, I left my relations, and broke off all familiarity or fellowship with young or old.'*

Having thus, at nineteen years of age, sundered all restraining business and social relations, this thoroughly earnest soul sought first of all the mental peace which comes from right relations with God. To this end he requested clerical advice; but only to find himself at the end of each interview more perplexed and doubtful than before. One jolly old parson, pretty correctly diagnosing his condition, 'bid him take tobacco and sing psalms,' thinking, doubtless, that some soothing and cheering influences would drive away the blue devils that were torturing him. But tobacco he did not love, and sing psalms he could not.† Another, of some reputation, advised to 'bleed the young inquirer, and give him physic,' as though the debilitation of the body were the best medicine for the soul. But not a drop of blood could they get from the pale and over-anxious youth;‡ and he was forced to say, as one of old, to friends who came to console him in sore anguish, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.'

Unrestful and tormented, Fox roamed from place to place, tarrying where the fancy seized him, or where he heard of some person with whom profitable conversation seemed possible. He affected lonely and solitary places, preferring the society of Nature, of his own thoughts, and of the Unseen Spirit to that of man. Walking alone in a field on a First-day morning, he clearly perceived that merely to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge did not make a man a priest.‖ Then, to the great distress of relatives, he refused to go to church and listen to the

* *Ibid.*

† 'Journal,' vol. i., 52.

‡ *Ibid.*

‖ *Ibid.*, 53.

priests, whom he had found so incompetent to deal with his difficulties, turning for a little toward some dissenters who were making a stir in the neighbourhood. These he soon found to be equally shallow and unsatisfactory; and, turning his back on them, he resorted more earnestly to his Bible, and questioned more deeply his own soul.* At length, hope being well nigh gone, and his heart sinking in despair, he heard a voice, saying, 'Jesus Christ can speak to thy condition;' and then his heart leaped for joy. Soon after this experience, and while dwelling much alone, spending whole days in solitary walks, sitting through other days in a hollow tree, studying the Bible, and pondering the great problems of life, Fox had numerous revelations, or, in other words, worked himself clear of his principal difficulties. He 'saw' that though it was customary to call houses of worship 'churches,' 'holy places,' 'temples of God,' and the like, yet 'God did not dwell in temples made with hand's, but rather in the hearts of his people. † He 'saw' the unscripturalness and unreasonableness of many current dogmas, as Original Sin, Tri-personality of the Godhead, Vicariousness of Atonement, and Imputed Righteousness.‡ He saw the baselessness and wrongfulness of hierarchies and priestly orders; that, under the Christian dispensation, all true believers are 'kings and priests unto God;' and that all have equal right to preach the word as the Spirit may move, and natural gifts enable.§ He 'saw' the 'great love of God and was filled with admiration of it,'|| and that 'Christ died for all men, and was a propitiation for all, and enlightened all with his divine and saving light.'¶ And still more, and as lying at the foundation of Quakerism, he 'saw' that every soul is illumined by Divine Truth, and quickened by Divine Power according to its capacity, and needs only to obey the light it has to attain a complete harmony with God.*

Having this clear sight of truth, and being filled with inexpressible peace and joy, he could not be silent. As well might water refuse its level, or the sun to shine. Especially, as he saw the monstrous errors, the superficial religious life, and the fearful moral corruption that prevailed, did he feel himself resistlessly summoned to break every hindering tie and go forth, proclaiming to all who would listen the truth revealed to his inner consciousness. Now, therefore, began that missionary work which lasted more than forty years, and ended only with his life. Through all these years it is neither possible nor desirable to follow him in detail. Briefly, it may be said, he went up and down the land, visiting all places and all sorts of people; preaching by the wayside, in private houses, and parish churches, and wherever he could find men to hear. Nor did he limit his travels to England, but extended them to Scotland, Ireland, Germany, the West Indies, and what are now the United States—spending about two years in his visit to this continent. Of course, he soon became a thorn in the side of the clergy and the churches, shocking them by his irreverence for many things which they esteemed holy, and shocking them still more by his astounding heresies concerning the equality of all Christian believers, and concerning the Inward Light. His burly form, his sing-song speech, his unmovable hat, and his leather-breeches—'one perennial suit'—soon attained a wide notoriety; the report that 'the man in leather-breeches' was coming being enough to throw many a rural community into great

* 'Journal,' vol. i., 54.

† *Ibid.*, 60.

‡ Janney's 'History of the Friends;' a very able work.

§ 'Journal,' vol. i., 109, 182, 195.

|| 'Journal,' vol. i., 57.

¶ Journal,' vol. i., 71.

* *Ibid*, 71, 307, 308, &c.

excitement. Nor shall we wonder at this when we recall the language and methods he employed. For he was no amateur reformer, coquetting with truth, and insinuating reproof of evil. In the strongest Saxon words he could command, and with a sincerity and vehemence equal to those of the old Hebrew prophets, whom he seems to have taken as his models, he hurled anathemas at the follies, falsehoods and crimes of his day. He denounced the clergy as blind leaders of the blind, hireling shepherds caring for nought but the fleeces of their flocks, sordid mercenaries, trafficking in the free Gospel of Jesus Christ. Nor did he do this merely to people who came, of their own accord, to hear him, at meetings of his own appointment. He entered parish churches, interrupted the regular service, ordering the priest to come down from the pulpit, while he himself attempted to harangue the assembly.

The results were what might have been anticipated. He was often very roughly and cruelly handled; here assailed with clubs and stones, and then knocked down and mauled with Bibles, and almost smothered in the press of enemies; now having his clothing torn to tatters, and then being driven out of town when scarce able to stand, with threats of death if he dared to return. In various places he was set in the stocks, and in others thrown into prison; having been incarcerated no less than nine times, and on some occasions with most vile and abandoned creatures, and in most dismal horrors. But still he persisted, bearing testimony by the spoken word not only to the common folk and ecclesiastical dignitaries of his own land, but to Cromwell, and both the Charleses, and by his writings to several foreign potentates and the Pope of Rome. And that these testimonies were effective with some of high position and large culture, as well as many in humble condition and of little learning, is evident from such facts as that Cromwell on parting with him once, caught his hand, and, with moistened eyes, exclaimed 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour a day together, we should be nearer one to the other,' adding, he wished him no more harm than he did his own soul;* and that several members of Cromwell's family, as did Robert Barclay, and William Penn, and the princess Elizabeth Palatine,† grand-daughter of James I., were among his converts and followers. At the age of forty-four, he found time to marry Mrs. Margaret Fell,‡ a placid creature, ten years his senior, herself a minister amongst the Friends, once the widow of one Judge Fell, who had befriended him in earlier times; but he married with the express understanding that the new relationship should not interfere with his missionary wanderings. Thus he lived and laboured, till, at the age of 66, and while away directing the work so dear that he could not leave it even to go home to die, the messenger that comes to all, overtook him, and all that was mortal of the Leicestershire weaver's son, followed by a large concourse of fellow-believers and friendly admirers, was laid to rest in Bunhill Fields, near London.

In studying Fox's character, one of the first things to arrest attention is its *many and marked angularities.* Certainly it was not rounded out on all sides, as though cast in a perfect mould, and having all its little projections ground away by the best culture, and its surface polished by the finest society of his age and country. It was a jewel of no mean magnitude and brilliancy; but it was a jewel in the rough, and would have borne no little cutting and burnishing to its manifest improvement. For, if its excellencies stand prominently out, challenging the respect and admiration of all right-thinking persons, equally manifest are

* 'Journal,' vol. i., 186.
† 'Journal,' vol. ii., 180.
‡ 'Journal,' ii., 75.

its imperfections, repelling many, and requiring of all frequent qualification, and considerable abatement of regard. Certainly, whatever the case with others, Fox's was not the type of character to abash criticism, and to be held aloft for all men's imitation. Yet every historical student knows that, with rare exceptions, the men providentially appointed to initate and carry forward any great undertaking—the emancipation of bondmen, the organization of nobler ideas into corresponding institutions, and the authoritative summoning of men to a worthier life—have been of very similar character, seeing very clearly in some directions and very dimly in others, feeling profoundly certain realities while comparatively indifferent to others just as essential and urgent. They have been men of tremendous moral intensity, compelling everything to yield, or to become tributary to their purpose—like Peter the Hermit, preaching the crusade; like Savonarola laying bare the corruption of the Church; like Garrison, thundering at the door of the American conscience against slavery.

Nor have many men whom history mentions, been more largely characterized by moral earnestness than George Fox. Perhaps this may be said to have been his most marked peculiarity—the ruling trait of his nature. He was quite as profoundly dissatisfied, as destitute of all patience with shams and pretences, and quite as destitute of respect for any who accepted or deferred to them, as our late modern apostle of sincerity and reality, Carlyle—between whom and himself in this respect, there is a striking similarity. He would dig to the foundation of things; would put his feet on the eternal rock. Let him once recognise the truthfulness of a principle, or the utility of a custom, and no bribes could allure, and no threats drive him from either one or the other. Let him perceive the falsity of a doctrine, or the perniciousness of a custom, and no more could he be induced to accept the former or sanction the latter, than a stone can be kept in the air without support, or the vapour that exhales from the lake can be confined to its surface. From an early period, his soul was unreservedly consecrate to what seemed to him true and just. Hence his abandonment of—if indeed he ever participated in—the sports and pastimes of the rural youth of his class, and which appeared to him useless and hurtful. Hence the rupture of all business, social, domestic, relations which threatened interference with his inward life, and his devotion for more than two score years to the work of deepening the religious experience of his countrymen. And surely this was no trifling undertaking, no child's play, to be accomplished by no dilettante reformer. It was planting Christianity anew in the world. And as the early disciples took their lives in their hands, and went up and down the old Roman world, preaching the then new gospel of Jesus Christ, so this sturdy English yeoman, with equal moral earnestness, met the exigency of his day. In the voice which summoned, and the spirit which impelled him, he recognised the voice and the spirit of the Almighty. This was enough. Unhesitatingly he set forth, taking neither purse nor scrip for his journey, premeditating not what he should say in any emergency, assured that the Heavenly Father would provide, and the Holy Spirit would speak through him. His, if ever a man's were, was the temper of the unsophisticated African, who, should God command him to jump through a stone wall, would instantly obey; since jumping *at* it belonged to him, while jumping *through* it belonged to God.

Through this moral earnestness came the clearness of his moral vision. For no man of his time saw so clearly, and few men of any time have seen more deeply into things divine than George Fox. In him was strinkingly verified the saying, 'If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light.' He put, and he

kept, himself in a receptive attitude before God. He listened, constantly and reverently for the Divine Voice. He watched, more than they who watch for the morning, for the dawnings of heavenly light. He seldom attempted to reason out a conclusion, or to justify a position by argument. It may be doubted if he could do so very effectively. Like all great religious teachers, he was essentially a *seer*, telling what he 'saw,' and leaving men to accept it as they could, or reject it as they must. And this singleness of aim, docility to the teaching of the Spirit, and faithful following of the Inner Light, were what made him the leader and prophet he was.

Intellectually, Fox was far from being a great man. Of culture, in the ordinary sense, he had none. His knowledge of the English tongue, while sufficient to enable him, when mentally excited, to express himself orally with a certain rude and trenchant vigour, was yet so slight as to render it impossible for him to write with either ease or correctness, saying nothing of perspicuity or force. The style of his composition, in fact, is wretched beyond description ; it being often difficult, and sometimes impossible to make out what he means. His 'Journal' was rendered somewhat less unreadable by having been revised by some of his more scholarly followers. His 'Testimonies' on various subjects, gathered into a huge folio, though the writer has several times dipped into, he confesses to have never read. He greatly doubts if there be a score of persons living that have ever read them all. So obscure, dry, uninteresting do they seem, that to compel one to read them for whatever offence might well be objected to as a cruel and unnecessary penalty. Not unfrequently Fox scoffed at human learning as unnecessary to a Christian minister, and as leading its possessors to disobey the monitions of the Spirit.

The outcome of this intense moral earnestness and deplorable lack of culture was a corresponding intellectual and spiritual narrowness. For while Fox saw some things—and very important things they were—more clearly than any of his contemporaries, he yet saw scarcely anything not directly before him. What lay beside, and greatly modified the truths he discerned most plainly, he often failed to recognise, and therefore to appreciate. His intensity was purchased at the expense of breadth and catholicity. Hence his insensibility to the measure of truth held by the Anglican establishment, and to the really great good that it was in various ways accomplishing ; deriding its churches as 'steeple-houses,' berating its clergy as 'dumb dogs,' and often interrupting its service in most unseemly ways. Hence, also, the great importance which he attached to many essentially very insignificant things. He not only thought it a grievous offence to drink an acquaintance's health,* but almost an equal sin to bestow any other title upon one than 'Friend,' basing his opinion in this respect on the expression in one of John's epistles. 'The friends salute thee.' To him it was adulation and falsehood to use the second person plural when addressing a single individual ; and so he would *thee* and *thou* every man and woman without distinction. To bid people 'Good morning,' or 'Good evening,' was highly censurable ; since it implied that God had made bad days and bad nights. To take off the hat to any person was so great a humiliation that it were better to die than to submit to it. 'Even the Turks,' he said, 'never show their bare heads to their superiors ; and shall not Christians exhibit a virtue at least equal to a Turk's?' 'This hat-honour,' he exclaimed again, 'is an honour from below, which God will lay in the dust.' He likewise disapproved of bowing when two persons met in the street or elsewhere ; regard-

* 'Journal' i., 50.

ing it as in some way related to Satanic influence, because the woman in the Gospel was *bowed* together while she had the spirit of infirmity, and stood erect as soon as she was emancipated from the Evil One. The use of the ordinary names of the months and the days he would not tolerate, because to employ them was to render idolatrous homage to the heathen deities, or the heavenly bodies, after which they were named. January was *first* month, and Sunday *first* day, and so on through the circle of the year and the week. All variety of colour, all beauty and taste in dress, were proscribed as tending to vanity and vice ;* as though God had robed the world in drab, and framed the universe on principles of coarsest utility, instead of having adorned it with strange and innumerable tints, and making every wayside bloom with beauty. So far, indeed, did Fox's eccentricity—or, speaking plainly, *fanaticism*—carry him, that he sometimes, on approaching a town, in imitation of the old Hebrew prophets, pulled off his shoes and walked barefoot through its streets, crying, 'Woe, woe, to the bloody city ;'† while still stranger, he applauded the zeal, though he did not imitate the example of those disciples, one of whom walked *naked* through the streets of Skipton, another of whom was divinely impelled to visit market-places, and the houses of gentlemen and clergymen in the same pristine condition. Recalling these things, we can scarcely wonder that Fox often found himself in very disagreeable positions—now pelted by the mob, then thrust into the stocks, and anon shut up in prison ; or that Macaulay, lacking sympathy for Fox and the society which he founded, notwithstanding the historian's Quaker origin on one side, should have declared that 'his intellect was in the most unhappy of all states ; that is to say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam.*

But let us not do injustice to Fox, as we certainly should, by forgetting that there was another side to his character. With all his earnestness and narrowness, pushing him sometimes to so foolish and lamentable excesses, he was, in many respects, greatly superior to his time. He summoned men's attention from forms and ceremonies to essential and everlasting verities. He asserted, with all the strength and vehemence of his nature, the reality of Truth ; the fact of a *living* God. How much also, does the world owe to his doctrine of the *Inner Light*—that there is in every soul what, enlightened and quickened by the Divine Spirit, is the ultimate test of truth, and the final authority of the soul. Certainly this is the tap-root of all the better theology of to-day. To those in any way interested in what is called the Woman movement, which is now assuming so commanding an aspect, it will be grateful to learn that one of the first 'odd notions' that George Fox publicly combatted was that 'women have no souls ; while in †the Friends' society, woman has from the first stood on a perfect equality, teaching, preaching, voting, and holding office, with man. Fox was also greatly interested in Prison Reform, having himself experienced the abuses and horrors of the existing system, and, in the names of humanity and decency, demanding their abolition.‡ Clarkson, in his 'Portraiture of Quakerism,' declares that 'George Fox was probably the first person who publicly declared against African slavery ; for nothing that could be deplored by humanity seems to have escaped his eye.§ For the poor and suffering, few men have manifested a tenderer compassion, or laboured more assiduously according to

* 'Journal' i., 193.

† 'Journal' i., 100.

* 'History of England,' iv., 21.

† 'Journal' i., 55.

‡ 'Journal,' i., 96.

§ Quoted in 'George Fox and Early Baptists,' p. 167.

their opportunities. The amiability and gentleness of his disposition in later life—for it seems to have mellowed with age—are attested by numerous Friends; while his domestic affections, if not demonstrative, were constant and strong. His marriage with good Margaret Fell, though undertaken in as unromantic a way as one would set about the purchase of a house or a horse, was one of genuine, though sober affection, and productive of no inconsiderable happiness to both parties. And what was very honourable in him in regard to it, and what will commend him still more strongly to the advocates of woman's equality with man, he insisted that all her property should be settled on herself, and not a dollar of it come to him—an almost unheard-of-thing in those days.

In person, George Fox was large and of dignified bearing. His friend and disciple, William Penn, says, that 'his very presence expressed a religious majesty. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behaviour, and the fewness and fullness of his words have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living reverend frame I ever beheld, I must say, was his in prayer. And truly it was a testimony that he knew, and lived nearer to the Lord than other men, as they that know him most will see most reason to approach him with reverence and fear.'*

Such, as well as he can easily be pictured, was this Leicestershire shepherd boy; this inspired prophet of the Inner Light; this founder and patron saint of the Society of Friends—strong, brave, earnest, uncultivated, often rushing to fanatical extremes, and yet of so great shrewdness and self command as to enable him, on the whole, to shape his course with remarkable success; and endowed with so much good sense that he, sooner or later, swung round from, or worked himself clear of, his worst vagaries; not eloquent, so far as the tricks of rhetoric are concerned, yet often, says Penn,* 'going to the very marrow of things;' exerting, not unfrequently, as we know, a strange power over the vilest and most insusceptible, and, by his tremendous personality, impressing his ideas and spirit upon whomsoever he came in contact with. A true man, a devout man, a heroic man in his way, without whom the world would have been poorer, and religions less spiritual and catholic than they are.

A few words now in regard to the religious system whose foundations this man laid. *Is* it, in any just sense a system? It neither is nor has a *formulated creed.* Very early and clearly did Fox recognise the vast difference between theology and religion; that while there may be innumerable theologies, there is and can be but one religion; or that while thoughtful minds do and must differ in their intellectual opinions, they need not, and they do not widely differ concerning the essentials of religion—purity, integrity, devoutness. The basis of his Society, therefore, Fox made practical and not doctrinal; precluding by one of his first public utterances, not only all desire, but all possibility, of forcing upon men a creed, or of testing their opinions by the letter of the Bible. For on hearing a clergyman affirm that all doctrines, opinions, and religions are to be tried by the Holy Scriptures, Fox arose, and exclaimed, 'O, no! it is not the Scriptures, but the Holy Spirit by which all opinions and religions are to be tried; for it is the Spirit that leads into all truth, and gives the knowledge of it.'† Accordingly he refrained, the Society has ever refrained, from setting up any formal, doctrinal, test of membership. Not that certain tolerably well-defined opinions do not prevail amongst the Friends, and that

* 'George Fox and Early Baptists,' p. 145.

* *Ibid*, 158.

† 'Journal i., 75. See also 'Journal,' i., 96, 0, 132; ii., 141, 133, &c.

pronounced hostility to them would not be regarded with great disfavour; but that a formulated, dogmatic symbol, Quakerism has not, and has never had. Such a creed seems necessarily barred by its grand principle of the Inner Light, by which every man is to be guided, but which can hardly shine with equal brilliancy in, or be used with equal success by, any two minds. This central and formative element of Quakerism has, perhaps, already been sufficiently described. Yet, at the risk of some repetition, and with the hope of greater clearness and impressiveness, let it here be said that this assumes not only that every human being is a child of God, endowed with somewhat of his precise nature, but that the avenues of every soul are more or less open to the Divine Spirit; that an inward illumination, independent of scholastic culture or personal refinement, directs the docile and obedient soul, no less of the untaught rustic than of the profound and well equipped philosopher, into the radiant path of eternal life. Not that this principle ignores the Written Word; or forgets the teachings of Nature; or is indifferent to the processes of reason; or despises the experiences of the saintly ones that have gone before; but that it affirms that God is just as living and active a Reality to-day as ever; is as near to the reader and writer of these lines as he was to Moses, Isaiah, Jesus; speaks as clearly on our hill-slopes, and by our lake-shores, and through the sweet and holy souls that walk among us, as He did on Tabor, by Genesareth, and through the souls of John, and Peter, and Paul—yea, just so much clearer as our circumstances are better, and our hearts more receptive. It affirms that inspiration is not an abnormal and capricious fact of the past, whose melodious echoes linger in the world, as 'in the shell ripples the by-gone freedom of the sea,' but a natural, present, constant Reality, known and felt by every open and up-looking soul; and that the words of Jesus, 'The Holy Spirit shall guide you into all truth,* are, to his disciples, its complete and everlasting justification.

This, then, the doctrine of the Inner Light, lighting every man that cometh into the world; to which Jesus appealed when He said: 'Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?'† to which every argument for truth, every illustration of beauty, and every influence for worthy living is necessarily addressed, is the fundamental principle of Quakerism. But though brought into so great prominence by the Friends, this principle was no *discovery* of theirs. It is so true; it has always lain so near the human heart, that, in all ages, under all civilizations, and in the domain of all religions, more or less distinct glimpses of it have been caught. Thus Buddha, 'originally the most thoroughly human and self-dependent among the founders of religions,' says Max Muller, 'appeals only to what we should call the Inner Light.' 'Mendicants for the attainment of these unknown doctrines,' exclaims the sage, 'the eye, the knowledge, the wisdom, the clear perception, the light are developed within us.' So Pythagoras talks of a 'Domestic God,' which Penn identifies with the 'interior voice of God.'‡ Of the Socratic demon, checking wherever the philosopher was tempted to wrong, everybody has heard; while the 'Divine Principle' of which Plotinus so often speaks, the early Quakers were fond of identifying with the Inner Light.§ This too, in their judgment, was the Comforter which Jesus promised his disciples; was the *Spirit* of which John so often speaks, and by which so profound and inexpressible a peace was imparted to the soul. The same thing may be recognised also in St. Bernard, Eckart, Tauler, Behmen, and all the other mediæval mystics; and in those

* John xvi. 13. † Luke xii. 57.
‡ Bancroft's 'Hist.' ii. 344. § *Ibid.*

of later times, outside the domain of Quakerism, as Fenelon, Madame Guion, John Wesley, and him whom Goethe calls 'the holy Novalis.' Indeed, what soul in any age or realm, touched with the awful mystery of being, and looking up for light and help, has not been more or less deeply conscious, not merely of a brooding, quickening, comforting presence, but of the indwelling and sanctifying God? Whoso has had no such experience is not to be reasoned with about the Inner Light, any more than a blind man is to be reasoned with about colours, or a deaf man about sounds. He is to be pitied, and his spiritual faculties, if possible, are to be summoned into activity by a process analogous to that by which the occulist couches the blind eye, or the aurist opens the closed ear.

Of course, this doctrine of the Inner Light is a very radical doctrine. It strikes at; it tears up the last root and vestige of the notion that religion is in any sense a dogma; puts all dogmas, however true, in a very subordinate position. For who has now to be told the utter impossibility of any considerable number of persons *thinking alike* on any theme, and especially on the transcendent theme of theological truth. It also brings all dogmas to the searching test, not of tradition, or any written word merely, but of reason, conscience, affection, affirming that to its own master, God, every human soul standeth or falleth, and that one is not only at liberty, but is bound to pass, as it can, upon whatever opinions challenge acceptance. Nor had some of the *results* of this principle to be long waited for. The current orthodoxy of the time was very soon subjected to this test; and while not, of course, altogether rejected, was very greatly modified by the founder of Quakerism and his immediate followers. The term 'Trinity,' Fox rejects as unscriptural and misleading. From some expressions in his writings he seems to have rejected the idea of the Divine Tri-personality; while elsewhere he seems to have held it in a somewhat modified form. Possibly he was not altogether clear in his own mind in regard to it.* The awful dogma of Original Sin 'whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil,'† was quickly put aside.‡ That the salvation of one soul can be purchased by the merits of another was also found to be preposterous.§ If the doctrine of the final salvation of all souls were not accepted by Fox, as it is by many modern Friends who think they find it in his teachings, it is certainly difficult to tell what he means when he says, 'I saw that Christ had died for all men, was a propitiation for all, and had enlightened all with His divine and saving light;|| or when he writes, 'Do not think anything will outlast truth, which standeth sure; for the good will overcome the evil, the light the darkness, the life the death, virtue vice, and righteousness unrighteousness;' or when in reply to some objectors he exclaims, 'You say God hath ordained the greatest part of men for hell, and that they were ordained so before the world began; but doth not the Scripture say, God will have all men to be saved?'¶ But whatever the meaning these and many similar expressions were intended to convey, the writer has found no pronounced utterances of Fox, or of any prominent early Friends in favour of the doctrine of eternal punishment. As the final indication of the extent to which the current orthodoxy was

* Janney, whose 'History of the Friends' an 'orthodox' writer pronounces a 'most thorough and accurate review of George Fox's doctrines,' has shown that the apparently 'evangelical' tone of some of Fox's writings, as the letter to the Governor of Barbadoes is the *exceptional*, rather than *general* characteristic of his theology.' See Tallack's 'George Fox and the Early Baptists,' p. 61.

† 'Westminster Confession,' Ch. vi. s. 4.

‡ 'Journal' i. 311.

§ Tallack, p., 61.

|| 'Journal,' i., 70; ii., 814.

¶ 'Journal,' ii., 72.

soon questioned there may be mentioned the fact that William Penn, the ablest and best educated of all the primitive Quakers, published about the year 1668, and soon after his entrance upon the ministry of the Society, a tract bearing this title: 'The Sandy Foundation Shaken, or those generally believed and applauded doctrines—One God subsisting in Three distinct and separate persons—The Impossibility of God's pardoning Sinners without a Plenary Satisfaction—The Justification of Impure Persons by Imputative Righteousness—confuted from the Authority of Scripture and right Reason, by William Penn, a Builder on that Foundation which cannot be moved.'* How far Fox agreed with Penn, or how far the latter represented the general sentiment of the body, it might be difficult to say; though of the negative opinions of this eminent Friend and founder of the great State of Pennsylvania, this and other like testimonies leave little doubt.

Not that there was little interest in, or entire unanimity concerning, theological matters among the primitive Quakers. Their central principle, to which they clung with a tenacity stronger than life, would, as we have already seen, have prevented both indifference and concord in regard to them, as history attests that it did. Still, it was a considerable period before the dogmatic spirit largely affected the body, and the questions which, in latter times, have so greatly disturbed its harmony, rose into prominence. It was only within the present century in fact, and after some of the English Quakers had been educated at the great universities, and considerably infected with the spirit of the Establishment, that the dogmatic temper began strongly to assert itself in the Society. This went on increasing, begetting violent animosities, and bitter hatreds—for passion can exist under a drab coat and poke-bonnet, as well as a black coat and a Parisian hat—until, in 1828, there occurred the complete severance of the body into what are now known as the Orthodox and Hicksite branches, which have scarcely more communion with each other than had the Jews with the Samaritans; between the leading members of which the feud was so fierce that Elizabeth Fry, so celebrated for her labours in Newgate Prison, would not pass a night under the same roof with gentle, saintly, but inflexible Lucretia Mott. Yet some most candid writers on both sides concede that the Hicksite branch of the Society has more faithfully adhered to the principle, if not the spirit, of early Quakerism.*

But the Society of Friends, though nearly two and a half centuries old, has made very little progress in the world, so far as *numbers* are concerned. Its entire membership has never much, if any, exceeded two hundred thousand souls; while now it is probably somewhat less. During the last generation some more than hitherto zealous efforts have been made to increase its adherents—missionaries having been sent to various unchristian lands, as Hindostan and Australia, New Zealand and Madagascar, Iceland and Greenland. Yet spite of these, and kindred endeavours in Europe and America, it can hardly be denied—is not denied by some of its members—that the Society is slowly waning. Its trifling growth and now manifest decline are, doubtless, due to various causes, such as plain language and dress; its long-cherished and pronounced hostility to amusements, as though they were not a legitimate demand of human nature; its banishment of musical instruments and music from its public worship and homes; its disowning of members for marrying outside the Society; its opposition to a trained ministry, since whatever the possible objections to it, it is patent that whoso, in this age of

* 'Christian Examiner,' vol. li., p. 321.

* Tallock's 'Fox and the Early Baptists.'

intense mental activity, would interest and instruct a congregation from week to week, must devote every energy of the heart and brain to the work; and, still more than all, probably, to the great progress of its principles outside its own borders, and the elevation of its spirit above the popular mind and heart. But a comparatively small part of mankind has been able to appreciate it.

But though Quakerism has been small and insignificant numerically, it has not escaped persecution, even to the shedding of blood. Its very name was given it in opprobrium. All through Fox's 'Journal' are scattered references to their many and cruel sufferings. 'At one time,' says old Sewell, 'there were upwards of 4,000 Quakers, men and women, crowded into English prisons; sometimes in such numbers that there was not room to sit down; amidst outcasts and felons of every sort.' Some of them suffered almost every indignity before incarceration; having their clothes torn off them, being cruelly beaten with knotted scourges; having their ears cropped, their noses bored, and their bodies branded in sundry places. In New England, however, it was worse than in Old; and of all places in New England the persecution was hottest in Boston. The first Quakers that arrived in the harbour of that town were taken from the vessel in which they came and sent away with threats. Laws were enacted against their coming; banishing all who should set foot on the sacred soil, and denouncing the penalty of death against those who, having been once transported, should presume to return. And so when one Edward Wharton, in spite of the statute, ventured into Boston to visit a sick friend, he was arrested, and punished, at the cart's tail in the market place, with thirty lashes well laid on to his naked back. And when Mary Dyer, after banishment, returned--somewhat fanatically courting martyrdom—she was condemned and executed on Boston Common, where Marmaduke Stephenson and William Robinson had suffered before her, and where William Leddra suffered soon after, 'whose brave, serene, and joyful death,' says a recent writer, 'finds a modern parallel only in that of old John Brown.'

But how often in human history have the prophets been stoned, and the inspiration of the Almighty taken for new wine! Are the true prophets of humanity and the apostles of righteousness, therefore, not to be honoured? How poor a test of the worth of an organization, or a movement, is the number of those who throw up their caps and shout their huzzas in its behalf! How little a peninsula is Greece—only about two-fifths the size of the State of New York—and having in its palmiest days probably not more than two millions of souls, yet whose subtle thought, whose matchless art, and whose wondrous feats of arms have tinged all modern civilization, and the threads of whose influence will be traceable while time shall last. A narrow strip of land on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean is Palestine—contemptible in dimensions and in population, but out of which has come the power which, more than any other, is shaping the world's destiny, and making it to every reverent soul the Holy Land of earth. Besides these petty provinces, and petty peoples, what are the immense territories and the immense hordes of the ancient Syrian, or the modern Russian empire? Had neither of the latter ever been, can we say in what respect the world would have been essentially poorer? Had Hellas or Judea never been, what, comparatively, would our life, our prospects, our hopes of the eternal future be? So though Quakerism is, and always has been, small, it has been mighty. It has laid the world under immense obligations. It has illustrated the possibility of a Christian church without a dogmatic basis—without priest and without ritual. It has demonstrated that one man on the side

of God is a majority against the world. It has exemplified the subtlety, pervasiveness, and power of truth and love, and so strengthened all men's faith in their reality and ultimate victory.

In theology, it is true, Quakerism has accomplished nothing. So far as is known it has produced not a single work in this department that has had any considerable effect upon the course of thought, or is worthy a moment's notice. Its grand principle, however, affords the only hope of a better theology than the world has yet seen. In Art it has not yet only done nothing, but been a positive hindrance, adhering with strange tenacity to a vulgar utilitarianism, and almost wholly ignoring the principles of fitness and beauty. In literature it has few conspicuous names; and these not standing in the foremost ranks. For, take away those of William and Mary Howitt, and of America's impassioned lyrist, Whittier, and none others are recalled that men will care to remember long, or that they care much for now. But in social amelioration and practical philanthropy, who have been more active, more unselfish, more successful than the Friends? It is believed the instance is yet to be known of a Quaker's having been an inmate of a public almshouse, or charity hospital. While to the grand and Christian enterprises of modern times—Universal Freedom, International Peace, Penal Amelioration, Sanitary Improvement, Temperance, Protection of the Aborigines, Protection of Dumb Animals, and last, though by no means least, the Relcamation of Fallen Women, and the Elevation and Enfranchisement of the whole sex—to all these how large their contributions. As each of these is mentioned what names—as Penn and Barclay, Sturge and Bright, Fry and Gurney, Benezet and Hopper and sweet-souled Lucretia Mott—all rise, to memory dear, to be forever cherished by the world.

Be it that the Quakers have their faults. Who have not? What Christian body, on the whole, can show a better record? Be it that the Society is now languishing and threatening to become extinct. How noble the work it has done! How ample the justification it has given of its existence! But its great principles, and its divine temper can never die. And if the organization be passing away, it is because there is no longer need of it; because its ideas and spirit have been so largely taken up by other bodies, and put into forms more in harmony with modern life and thought. It is because the world is in some measure obeying the injunction of the Quaker preacher, 'We should so live that the garment which fits to-day will be too small to morrow.' If it thus die, it will be with honour. 'If its barque thus sink, it will be to a noble sea.'

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## PRAISE OF SPRING.

VIOLET scent and verdure fair
Sky-lark's carol—thrush's lay—
Shower in sunshine,—balmy air—
When such words as these I sing,
Needs there any greater thing
Thee to praise, O sweet Spring Day.

—*From the German of Uhlan.*

# CANADIAN IDYLLS.

## THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY W. KIRBY.

' Victoria !—may you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day !
May children of our children say :
"She wrought her people lasting good."

TENNYSON.

### PRELUDE.

A CALM of days had rested on the broad
Unruffled waters of Ontario,
Which in their bosom all night held the stars
Now vanishing before the morning beams.
Forerunners of the day, like Uhlan spears,
Chasing the night's dark shadows far away.
The sun was rising seaward of the point
Of a low promontory thick with trees,
Which, like the sacred bush by Moses seen
Were all ablaze with unconsuming fire.

A smooth horizon cut with clear divide
The sky above it from the sea below,
Each touching other, save one spot of white
Where stood a glistening sail caught by the sun
And held becalmed upon the distant verge.
Landward the orchards were in bloom, the peach
In red and pink, the apples white and red,
While every bush, after its kind, in flower,
Wrought once again the miracle of spring
And showed God's wisdom, love and power divine

A breezeless night had filled the trees and grass
With heavy dew that sparkled in the sun,
Like summer snow so thick and white it lay—
A barefoot lad brushed through it singing blythe,
Leaving a track behind him as he ran,
And drove the lowing kine full uddered home,
Where stood a rosy maid in shortened gown
That showed a foot elastic as the fawn's—
With dimpled arms across her milking pail—
She called her favourite cows by soft pet names
Which each one knew, and gently breathing came
And round the maiden stood with great calm eyes,
Waiting their turn to fill her snowy pail.

The glorious waters lay serene and blue—
Some white winged gulls flapped lazily the air,
Showing their under pinions as they wheeled
In circuit round and round, keen eyed to see
The luckless fish they seize and bear away—

While far and near, the kaweens clanging shrill
In spattering flocks cry out incessantly
Word of denial in Algonquin tongue,
The spirit taught them as the legends say;
An Indian maid wooed by a chief unloved:
'No! no! indeed! *Ka-Ka-ween!*' cried in grief
Until she died, drowned in Ontario,
Where these wild birds caught her despairing cry,
And still repeat it as they swim or fly
In screaming thousands o'er her watery grave,
From sharp mid winter till return of spring—
And then fly screaming it to Arctic seas.
Upon the bushes, trees, and on the wing,
The maddening black birds formed a noisy choir—
While thrush and oriole and robin pipe
In softer strains their vernal roundelay
Heard in the pauses.
'Twas a morn to feel
The heavens unladen, and on earth poured down
The treasures of the inner world, where are
Things in their essences. The flood of life
That sometimes overflows its bounds, and fills
The earth with loveliness, supernal, rare;
As sunrise fills with light the ambient air,
This morning seemed to make all things anew,
Retouched afresh, by the Creator's hand
With brightness as of Eden. He who made
The earth so beautiful and Heaven so near,
Each touching other with harmonic chords,
Like music in the night, by wind harps played,
Reveals at times, to pure of heart and eye,
Just for a moment of ecstatic vision,
A moment and no more—the abyss of light
Behind the veil; gives us to feel the breath
Of angels on our face and airs that fan
The tree of life and flowers of Paradise.

Beneath the lake's steep banks of marl and clay,
Furrowed with winter frosts and summer rains.
With many a boulder fast embedded— stretched
Long beaches of grey sand, earth's ancient rocks—
The grinding of a thousand æons past.
God's mills are winds and waves, and heat and frost,
That change all things to other—old to new—
And new to newer, that are still the old;
Returning on their circuits ever more,
Slow it may be as cycles of the stars,
But sure as God's great purposes, that work
Unceasingly all change for sake of man.

A group of fishers stood upon the beach,
Strong hardy men with neck and face and hands
Tanned to a brownness—else as fair of skin
As any born of purest English race.
Their shapely boat was laden with their nets
Ready to launch into the lake that swarmed
With shoals and myriads of the silvery fish
Migrating slowly round the sinuous shores.
The fishers' voices mingled with the morn
In cheerful talk or song, and by and by
Sent up a cheer—nay three—to greet the day
Which was Victoria's, and a holiday.

That royal name revered in every clime
The round world knows, is honoured to the height
Of chivalry beneath the clear blue skies
That cope the boundless plains of Canada—
The home of loyalty from days of old—
Fought for and kept !—a crowned Dominion fit
For freeest men to live the noblest lives !

The sturdy fishers cheered with one accord,
Threw up their hats and swore with kindly oaths,
So full of frank good nature, that in sooth
None frowned who heard them, that her natal day
A holiday of holidays they'd keep
In honour of her Majesty.

Upspake
An old deep-chested carl, whose hands and arms
Corded with sinews, bare and brown, seemed fit
To drag Leviathan with hook ashore.
His ruddy face was honest, frank and bright
With shrewd intelligence, and eyes that straight
Beneath his shaggy brows looked deep in yours.

'Well spoken men !' said he, 'This is the day
The brightest in the royal month of May !
The flags are up ! I hear the belfry ring
A joyous peal, and booming o'er the lake
Toronto's guns with glad salute awake
The loyal city to the festival.
We too will pass the day in gaiety
And, as our Queen would wish it, soberly—
With wives and children, friends and neighbours all.
Whatever differences may else befall,
We are as one for country and for her,
Whose crown imperial is our bond and pride.'

They greeted him with cheers. 'And now,' said he,
'The fish shall have a holiday and swim
Free as they will—only the tribute due
Our feast, claim we from them—one haul—no more !
And then will reel our nets, and don our best,
And go with baskets laden to the grove,
Beneath the old French thorns, or round the boles
Of spreading oaks just flushed in early leaf,
Sit down and hear the dancing music play—
Eat, drink, tell tales—I have a book full—till
The games of afternoon bring out the crowds,
Which seated on the slopes of old Fort George,
As on an amphitheatre survey
The athletes stripped to struggle on the plain,
Who drive the ball like lightening at Lacrosse,
Or run, or ride, or leap—and win or lose,
With grace and gaiety, cheered by the throng
Who make the green old common like a fair.'

So said, so done ! And now the sun was up,
And shining on the grey square tower that stands*
Above the place of landing nets—its walls
Thick as a feudal keep, with loopholes slashed
Contain the wreck and ruin of a town :

* Fort Mississaugua.

Fair Newark once, gay, rich and beautiful,
By ruthless foes, when flying in retreat,
Burnt down to blackened heaps of bricks and stones.
The fragments of its walls and hearths were built
Into that stern memorial of a deed
Unchivalrous, in days of war, gone by.

The fishers launched their boat, laden with nets,
Threw out their oars, and rounded in the lake
A mighty semicircle with their seine.
A hundred fathoms, and a hundred more,
Ran out behind them as they stoutly plied
Their ashen oars—then leap to land—'Haul in!'
Cries the old master—see the lines are taut
To point of breaking with the mighty draught
Of one good thousand white fish in the net!—
All leaping, struggling, flashing like a mass
Of quicksilver—and brighter, they will lie
Heaped on the sand a pile of life and death —
The treasure of the lakes! The fisher's wealth!—
Enough of them, he cares for none beside!
The glittering silver ones! rose-gilled, with mouths
Too small for aught but water dainties! and
Themselves of all that swim the daintiest,
Most beautiful and best! yea! Catius missed *
The choicest thing e'er lay in golden dish—
The Addikameng of Ontario!

There is a grove called Paradise—well named,
With leafy lanes, to love and musing dear;
It overlooks the high and abrupt banks
Of cliffs and land slides, wooded at their base,
And filled with wild flowers, that, save by the bees,
Unrifled, bloom all summer.

Underneath
Like a great opening in the world, the broad
Majestic river sweeps above—below—
Its silent course, serene, and brimming full
Of captive seas it bears away, despite
Their Titan struggles in the whirlpool's depths,
And leads them forth, as on God's Appian way:
Two nations on its banks look on, and see
The grand triumphal march that never ends!
Whether in summer calm, twixt banks of green,
It smoothly flows, or rough in winter's gloom,
With formless ice-flakes filled from shore to shore,
It bears the burthen—nor a moment halts
In its sublime, resistless, onward flow—
Niagara the grand and world renowned!

That pleasant grove of intermingled glades
And shady walks, thick carpeted with leaves
Under the footstep yielding, gently draws
The loiterer on and on till to the brink
It leads him of a jutting precipice,
That overlooks the river's grandest sweep
Before it mingles with Ontario.
A clump of doddered oaks, with roots half-bared

* Vide Horace, Lib. 2. Sat. 4.

In air, look down the cliff. A level plot
Of greenest sward, behind it, holds to day
A crowd of merry makers, seated round
In careless ease, listening with eager ear,
The master fisher from a manuscript
Of faded ink and yellow paper, read
An old Canadian Idyll of the past.

'Read, Uncle Clifford!' cried a rosy maid,
The same who waited with her milking-pail,
In russet gown and kerchief; but who now,
In style and stuff of fashion's newest mode,
Was dressed like any lady of the land,
As is the wont of our Canadian girls,
Bearing themselves with native grace and ease,
The old refinement of an epoch rare
Of honour, loyalty and noble deeds,
Which gifted them with beauty's heritage
And all the charming ways of lady-hood.

Her hand lay on his shoulder, as she bent
Her rich locks mingling with his steel grey hair,
And overlooked the pages, turned and fixed
One with her finger, which she begged him read.
He smiled, looked up, and caught her eye. The maid
Flushed quick, like summer lightning in a cloud
It makes transparent; so her face betrayed
Some latent warmth and longing of the heart,
Such as a woman hides and yet reveals.

The old man spoke—'My darling May! be sure
Of your own self before I read this tale!
If rashness ever tempt—be wise, nor give
Your love for asking—caught by fancy, face,
Or fortune it may be, before you know
His worthiness who asks your yes or no!'

'Nay Uncle!' answered she, with sunny smile,
That brought a dimple to both cheek and chin,
''Tis why I choose this tale' and then she laughed,
Sweet as the chime of old St. Mark's that rang
Most musical in honour of the day—
For she had read the old book through and through,
Wept, laughed, and dreamed of it, and often played
Its heroines in fancy all day long—
Giving her heart in lavish gift away
To some fair prince of dreams, in woman's way.

'I would be wise in all things, and in that
Which most becomes a girl like me to know,
Wisest of all,' said she, 'So Uncle read
This old true story for the good of all—
And my good in especial!' whispered she—
Kissed his bluff old cheek and skipped away
Beside her young companions, all aglow
To hear the tale of love that's always new
Making or marring lives forever. Then
Sat down upon a broad flat boulder stone
Mossed thick and soft, love's choice of many seats

In that fair grove, a stone of witness too—
Of vows or kept or broken, smiles and tears,
Kisses and curses—it remembers all—
That silent witness of the former years!

'First tell us of the book' continued she—
'And him who wrote it—and who in it poured
His very soul, which wrought into his lines
Left him alive in them—even when he died!
Pray tell us of him.'
'Well! 'tis briefly told
What I know of his story'—answered he—
'He came among us from the mother land
In search of health, for he was thin and pale,
From overstudy or some deeper cause—
A youth, yet grave enough to be a man,
Than most men wiser—pensive, somewhat shy,
A gentleman with hands unused to toil,
A student, poet, painter and what not—
That makes a man of mark in woman's eyes,
As he had been in yours, my pretty May!
Who love the thrice-told tale that tells of him—
Had you lived then, who knows what might have been?'

May blushed, 'Who knows indeed what might have been?
A poet, pensive, sick and needing sore
A woman's sympathy akin to love
To ease his life or smooth his way to death!
Had I lived then, who knows what might have been!'

'Yea, he had won you in full measure, May!
All loved who knew him, for his kindliness,
While some admired his looks, and some his lore.
He came in summer with the swallows—Why?
None learned, I think, but one—a secret told
Your mother, May! my sweetest sister, she!
As like to you in face and fancy too
As rose to rose that grow upon one tree—
Then in her freshest youth—a girl to see!
And none alive is like her, only you!'

The girl looked up and laughed to hide a sigh—
'Thanks Uncle!' said she, 'for your flattery,
But I delight in mother's praise from you—
I know when young as I, she pitied him,
And might have loved at last, had he not died.'

'Well so it chanced,' replied he, 'that the youth
Though not uncheerful, oft was melancholy
Enough to draw a woman to his side—
And soon drew one who pitied him indeed!
To her he told his story—showed the grief
That preyed upon him—he had loved and lost,
His hope in life had broken like a reed—
By frost or frailty—said she not, but shook
Her head and wondered that such things could be;
As lack of love for one so debonaire
So worthy of a woman's life and care.

'What more she learned I know not, for she kept
His secret safe, but did herself grow sad,
Silent and pale as one who over much
Broods on unspoken thoughts—as still he led
His solitary life. In woods and lanes
He used to wander—or upon the shore
Of the loud lake when waves came rolling in,
Or watched the cold stars as they rose at night
Above the east horizon, wet with dew;
As if he waited one, that bore for him
Some message from the under world.
Then home—
And in his room he wrote and read till dawn,
For he was sleepless and refused to drink
The syrups which we made for him, of balm
And poppies mixed with honey, good for sleep
Unless the heart be wakeful. Then in vain
Our simple medicines; and so with him.

'Our help thus failed him, but he used to smile
As if to cheer us, and with thanks and words
That sounded like farewells, we saw with pain
His cheek grow thinner, with a fever flush
That came and stayed. His brilliant eyes enlarged
As if they caught a glimpse of death not far,
That solemn glimpse we all get ere we die!
That warning once or twice which strikes us mute
With premonition like a second sight
Of that last hour of life, when on our couch
With feeble hands we reach, to grasp the staff
That through the valley of the shades of death,
Will lead our doubtful steps to shores unknown.
As darkness from within beclouds our eyes,
The lights grow dimmer till they vanish quite;
Appeals of love sound fainter on the ear,
Unheard, unheeded on the silent bourne
Of life and death—love's kiss without response,
The clasp of some dear hand, the last thing left
Ere comes the wrench, and the unconscious soul
Sinks helpless in the everlasting arms
Outstretched beneath it, as a mother lifts
Her drowning child from waves that overwhelm!

'Thus sickened the pale student, until came
The swallows back, bringing new summer in—
New life to many, but new death to him.
The cycle of his time on earth was run.
He died amid the sunshine and the flowers,
And prayed it might be thus. The summer seemed
More like the land he longed for, and he left
This faded memory of a poet's life,
This book then freshly writ, now old and sear,
Its leaves like those of Autumn dropped and dry—
Tear stained and thumbed by readers like my May.

'A troop of friends who loved him, bore him to
The old Churchyard, that in the spring runs wild
With strawberries and violets, just where,
Upon the greenest spot, St. Mark's grey tower
Points like a dial at the hour of eve.

The tall trees rustled round him, full of leaves,
While aromatic shrubs, acacias,
And flowering currants loved by humming birds,
Which haunt them all day long, their perfume shed
Across the fair God's acre, where at rest
Lies many a brave old patriarch of the land,
And many a loyal soldier's honoured grave.
We buried him beneath a nameless stone,
Which those who loved him know, and oft a wreath
Of freshest flowers is found at eve or morn,
Where bluest violets grow, and strawberries
Most thickly overrun the poet's grave.'

The old man's story ended mid soft tears
That dimmed his listeners' eyes ; fair May's the most.
She came and sat beside him on the grass,
Holding his strong brown hand in hers, and turned
For him the pages of the faded book.
He read as not unlettered– clear his tones,
Not harsh but facile, and his accent pure,
As our Canadians speak their mother tongue,
In its refinement over-passing all
The wide world round who claim it as their own,
And thus he read this tale of other years.

## SPINA CHRISTI.

### PART I.

There is a thorn—it looks so old
In truth you'd find it hard to say—
How it could ever have been young—
It looks so old and grey.

—WORDSWORTH.

The city walls of Avignon are built of stone, and high
The houses stand with balconies above the streets that lie
Around the old cathedral, whose sweet bells were ringing clear
A merry tune, one day in June
Of seventeen hundred year,
And half a hundred years beside, while crowding far and near,
Beneath the flags and tapestries, the people loudly cheer—
The regiment of Rousillon is ordered to the war,
A thousand strong, the pick among
The mountaineers of Var.

The great Church portals open wide, the crowd goes surging in,
The soldiers tramp with measured tread—the services begin,
A blessing is invoked upon the King's Canadian war—
Beyond the seas there is no ease,
And all things are ajar—
The English in America do boldly break and mar
The peace they made ; but we will keep the treaties as they are !
And now the Royal Rousillon take up the route with joy,
And march away while bugles play—
Mid shouts of 'Vive le Roy !'

There lives a lady beautiful as any Provence rose,
The chatelaine of Bois le Grand who weepeth as she goes—
For sleep has left her eyelids on the banks of rapid Rhone—
'But three months wed ! alas !' she said,
'To live my life alone !

Pining for my dear husband in his old chateau of stone,
While he goes with his regiment, and I am left to moan,
That his dear head so often laid at rest upon my knee,
No pillow kind, but stones, shall find—
No shelter but a tree!'

'Weep not dear wife!' replied the count, and took her in his arms,
And kissed her lovingly and smiled to quiet her alarms—
They stood beneath the holy thorn of the old Celestine,
Pope Clement brought with blessing fraught
And planted it between
The wall and wall beside the cross, where he was daily seen
To kneel before it reverently. It came from Palestine,
A plant from that which cruelly the crown of thorns supplied,
Christ wore for me, when mocked was He
And scourged, and crucified.

'I'll take a branch of it,' he said, 'across the stormy sea
That roars between New France and Old, and plant it solemnly
In that far country where I go campaigning for the King.
It will remind and teach mankind
Of pains that blessing bring.'
Above his head he plucked a spray acute with many a sting,
And placed it on his plumed chapeau, in token of the thing
Alone can turn the sinful man—the piercing of the thorn—
The healing smart—the contrite heart—
Of penitence new born.

Despairingly she kissed his lips: 'O welcome sharpest pain,
That cuts the heart to bleeding and bids hope revive again!
*O Spina Christi!* to my heart I press thee wet with tears—
If love outlast as in the past
Each parting that endears!
Our sky has been so bright and filled with music of the spheres,
So gloomy now in sad eclipse it suddenly appears!
For joy dies out in silence like sweet singing that is done,
If men forget their sacred debt
To women they have won.

'But I will have no fear,' she said, 'although in our New France
They say the fairest women live, and eyes the brightest glance.
In all the King's dominions else, are no such sunny smiles,
From beauty's lips, such honey drips
In sweetness that beguiles—
There's no escape forever from the witchery of their wiles—
They win all hearts and keep them from Quebec through all the isles,
And rivers, lakes and forests, to the setting of the sun—
And he is blest above the rest,
Whose heart is soonest won!

My husband dear! last night I stood alone by Laura's tomb,
Where Petrarch laid the laurel wreath that crowned his head in Rome,
The polished marble sweated cold in token of some ill,
Befalling me, befalling thee,
As I do fear it will;
For out of it arose a mist that struck me with a chill;
I could not move—I dared not speak—but prayed in silence, till
I heard a feeble voice within, that disembodied said:
"His love was tried and magnified
While living—mine, when dead!"'

'O, Laura never knew nor felt the might of love,' said he—
'And Petrarch sang away his life in vain—so cold was she.
Perfect in all proprieties of virtuous disguise,
The poet's need—the poet's greed
For woman's love, to rise
On wings of immortality that bear him to the skies;
She never knew the joy of it with him to sympathize;
And all his glorious raptures did but minister to pride
When he had done—'twas all he won—
A smile—and nought beside.

'O, care not for such omens, love! for Laura's words were naught
But echoes to the ear of what was fancy in thy thought—
A soldier serves the King with life or death, without rebate,
And gaily goes to fight the foes
That dare assail the state,
And yet will melt when women crowd about the city gate,
With faces pale and wet with tears, embracing each her mate,
And kissing him as if for death—nor cares who sees or knows,
While far away the bugles play;
"Farewell, my Provence rose!"

Adieu! my wife and chatelaine; keep safe my house and land,
Should God so will that I return no more to Bois le Grand.
My heart is thine forever, and so pierce this holy thorn,
And stab it through, if e'er untrue,
I leave my wife forlorn—
New France may boast the fairest and the sweetest women born,
And the chateau of St. Louis laugh the continent to scorn—
I would not give these eyes of thine, and tresses falling down
Upon my breast—to be possessed
Of sceptre and of crown.'

Then beat the drums a gay rappel—the fifes and bugles ring—
As rank on rank the mountaineers march out with martial swing—
They pass the city gate and walls of old Avignon.
Mid parting cheers and women's tears
The Royal Rousillon,
Commanded by brave Bois le Grand upon his prancing roan,
Are fairly on the march towards Bordeaux on the Garonne—
Where ships are waiting to transport them far from kith and kin,
Beyond the seas, where victories
Are ripening to win.

From fair Bordeaux they sailed, and soon with crowds upon the deck
Cast anchor in St. Lawrence 'neath the walls of old Quebec.
To welcome their debarking all the city seemed alive,
And thronged the quays as thick as bees,
When swarming from their hive.
With waving hats and handkerchiefs, both men and women strive
To greet the gallant Rousillon becomingly—while drive
The Governor and Intendant along in royal state
With halberdiers and musqueteers,
And those who on them wait.

(*To be continued.*)

# JOHN PASTON'S FUNERAL.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE. B.D., TORONTO.

ON the 21st or 22nd day of May, 1466, in the sixth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, died John Paston, of Paston Hall, in the County of Norfolk. Though not of noble birth or great wealth, yet as the son of one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, himself also a man of law, and partly by inheritance, partly by bequest and marriage, possessed of considerable land, he had been able to take rank among the gentry of his neighbourhood. His business habits and thorough knowledge of the world, as well as his hopeful elasticity of spirit, though combined with a sober and almost humorless temperament, had done him good service in his battle of life; while his desire of increasing his family position, and of maintaining his rights in those troublesome times, if not by fair means then by any other that came within his reach, had made him ever ready to avail himself of the mistakes and misfortunes of those with whom he had to do. In this object he had been ably assisted by the practical and loving devotion of his wife, who as a true and affectionate helpmeet, always anxious to defend and further her husband's interest, is worthy of being placed among the first of noble matrons. But now all was over; the active and acquisitive mind, and the stout, bold heart were at rest, and the wedded life which had lasted for a quarter of a century was at an end. The master of Paston Hall was dead.

He had died in London soon after his release from an imprisonment of several months in the Fleet. The envy and covetousness of others, perhaps in a measure, incited by his own unyielding and grasping proclivities, had for the third time in the course of five years procured his incarceration upon charges connected with his possession of the castle at Caistor and the lordship of Cotton, which had been bequeathed to him by the historic Sir John Fastolf, into which we need not at this time enter. Suffice it to say, that after his death it was determined to bury him in his native county, and to give to his funeral that magnificence which he seems in his efforts to obtain the means, to have despised during his life, but which was thought necessary and proper for one of his wealth and rank.

Paston is a little village, situate in a remote corner of the County of Norfolk, about twenty miles to the north of Norwich, where no railway has as yet penetrated, and where few travellers ever come. The country around is low and flat, while, at a little distance, the sea breaks upon the sandy shore. About a mile from Paston is Bromholm Priory, now a heap of ruins, but in the times of which we write among the most celebrated of the monasteries of that part of England. Its fame was only second to that of Walsingham, for among its treasures was a holy rood, brought from Constantinople, some two hundred years before, and composed of a portion of the wood of the true cross. The Priory which was dedicated to St. Andrew, was under the authority of the Abbot of Cluny, and in common with all the houses of the Cluniac monks, observed, or was

supposed to observe, an extraordinary discipline. The rule was that the monks should every day join in two solemn masses, that they should observe rigid silence before the hour of prime, and that when at work they should recite psalms, and this besides enforcing the ordinary monastic rules of fasting and self-denial and poverty. But in the fifteenth century the order had decayed, the discipline had relaxed, and the black-robed fathers had departed very far from their primitive habits. The close proximity of Bromholm to the home of the Pastons, gave that family a lively interest in all that concerned the Priory. Nor do we find that their relations to the monks were anything but satisfactory and cordial. John Paston, though a selfish man, was not tardy in his duties to the Church. He attended its services and replenished its coffers. The priors of Bromholm were his warm friends and earnest supporters in all the troubles that his acquisitions brought upon him. They looked upon him as their patron and benefactor, and when he died it was within their walls the funeral rites were to be observed and the body deposited.

Great preparations were made in anticipation of the event. Such a funeral must have been a rare thing in the annals of Norfolk. It must have been an important break in the monotonous lives of the priests and countryfolk. From far and near people wended their way to the centre of attraction, and monks and friars left their convents to be present at the grand services in Bromholm. The dependents of the Pastons must at this time have numbered several hundreds, not only of tenants and labourers, but of servitors and armed men, for these were days when might was right, and actual possession could bid defiance to the mandates of the court. Many of these retainers, besides a priest and his waiting men, a hired woman and twelve poor men bearing torches, accompanied the corpse from London. The indications we have suggest a large procession, a procession that would be remembered for many years in the towns and villages through which it passed. Churches and monasteries on the way, and there were many, vied with each other in their offerings of respect. The last notes of one tolling bell no sooner died than the sad burden was taken up by another, while at each resting place solemn masses were offered for repose of the soul of the departed.

At last the City of Norwich was reached. Here the Pastons were well known and in high repute. The advowson of St. Peter's Church belonged to them, and they had been frequent benefactors to the many priories and convents with which the city abounded. On one occasion when John Paston was sick, his mother besides giving to Walsingham his weight in an image of wax, gave to each of the houses of friars in Norwich, a noble, that they might pray for his recovery, and his wife vowed to go on a pilgrimage to St. Leonard's Priory in the same place. The famous preacher, John Brackley, a brother of the Grey Friars, had been an intimate acquaintance of the Pastons, though he was now dead, and many other ecclesiastics had been their guests and received of their bounty. It was therefore fitting, and so much the more so since the family could afford to pay for the expense, that a grand reception should be given to the remains as they passed through Norwich. Accordingly the body was borne in a magnificent hearse, and followed by a long procession to St. Peter's Church, where services were held upon a most extensive scale. The four orders of friars were there, and thirty-nine children in surplices, and twenty-six clerks, besides thirty-eight priests who sang the solemn dirge. Alms were given with a lavish hand. The friars received eight pounds, the Sisters of Normandy eight shillings, the Prioress of Carrow six shillings and eightpence, and an anchoress, forty pence; forty-six yards of broad-cloth were bought for gowns,

etc., which with the dyeing cost about seventy shillings; and to the priests, clerks, children and bell-ringers, were paid over twenty-one shillings. The fee for wax burned in candles was twentypence; for wine for the singers twenty shillings, and to the parson of St. Peters, was given six shillings and eightpence, and to the clerk twelvepence. Considering the high value and purchasing power of money in those days compared with the same sum now, it will be seen that these amounts were anything but small.

Two days after, the bearers of the dead beheld the towers and turrets of Bromholm, and the long journey was at an end. The body was laid out in state in the Abbey church, and the candles, which but dimly lighted up the place, so heavily was it hung with black drapery, were placed beside the bier. In silence the brethren watched through the long night hours, and then ere the first rays of the sun fell upon the painted windows, the mass was sung and prayers were said that he who rested now within those sacred walls might be vouchsafed a speedy entrance into Paradise. The chant of the monks was rendered still more strange and weird by the low moaning of the sad sea waves as they died upon the beach outside. But when the time for the interment came round then all that the Church could do to give solemnity and grandeur to the proceedings was done. Parsons and priests and friars from the churches and religious houses around were present in large numbers. Near the body were children clad in surplices, and monks in the habits of their various orders. At the high altar the Prior of Bromholm sang the *requiem*, the assembled multitude answering back with measured notes. Throughout the church, flaming torches shed a lurid light upon the assembled multitude, and indeed caused a smoke so great that panes of glass had to be taken out of the windows. And thus amid the pomp and magnificence of those mediæval times, the funeral rites were celebrated, and soon the deep tolling bell proclaimed that all was over, and the dead squire was lying in his grave. Surely he had received a burial befitting a Paston, and the honour of his family was vindicated. Such services and such a gathering of spectators, the quiet Abbey had rarely, if ever before, witnessed. Whatever John Paston's faults may have been, men forgot them now, and had he been the Church's choicest saint, nothing more could have been done to give him rest.

But living men as well as dead have wants, and when the *misse* was pronounced, the people hasted to the funeral feast. This was held in the Priory Hall, and what a feast! Besides the friars and priests and monks, there were nearly a hundred servitors and fourteen ringers, as well as hosts of poor people and dependents. The provisions provided for this and the other three or four days of the funeral were abundant. The roll of the expenses contains accounts for 135 dozen of eggs, 54 geese, 70 ducks, 27 chickens, 48 pigs, 49 calves, 33 lambs, 22 sheep, 10 'nete,' 20 gallons of milk, 8 gallons of cream, and 4 pints of butter, and £20 besides for beasts, etc. Herrings, mackerel and salt fish, were bought in large quantities. Thirteen barrels of beer, and one of the greatest assize, 4 barrels and 38 gallons of ale, and a runlet of red wine of 15 gallons, were supplemented by the brewing of 5 coombs of malt on one occasion, 10 more on another, and 20 quarters on a third, besides a hundred and fifty shillings spent on beer, wines and spices. All this was in addition to the board and lodging of distinguished visitors and servitors, paid to various outside parties, the Priory's accommodation being necessarily limited. Such a glimpse at the preparation speaks for itself. To say the least, our forefathers' hospitality and love of feasting were boundless, and the good Cluniac fathers of Bromholm must have strangely departed from the rule of their founder,

in allowing such revelry to be held within their borders.

Nor were these all the expenses. Two men were employed for three days in killing and dressing the beasts, a carpenter for the same time, and for five days a barber to shave and dress the monks. The butlers, porters and bakers of the abbey also received wages, and twenty pence was paid the prior for eight pieces of pewter lost during the feast. The wax used for candles to burn at the grave and in the church cost more than 120s. The sumptuous hearse cost £22 9s. 8d., for the making, besides £6 16s. 2d. for grey linen cloth and silk fringe to put upon it, and £9 3s. for cloth to one draper, and 33s. to another. A cope 'called a frogge of worsted,' was given to the Prior of Bromholm, ten yards of black cloth to the vicar of Dalling, and cloth for a riding cloak to a Master John Loveday. Heavy fees were of course paid the priests for their services on the dirge-day, forty shillings to our friend the prior, and half a mark to each of his monks. Presents were also made to the parish churches in the neighbourhood, and large doles to the poor. At one time forty pounds were given away in small money. Twenty-five householders at Caistor received three pence each, and 75s. were sent to the Austin Friars in Yarmouth. Altogether I calculated from the roll the total expenses connected with the funeral, including gifts and alms, to have amounted to over £236. Even then, there were Trentals and the Year-day, which involved more masses and more expense. On the Christmas Day after the interment, the four orders of friars got another 10s. each, and to the vicar of Dalling 'for bryngnyg home of a pardon from Rome to pray for ale our frends sowles,' was given 8s. 4d., and a black gown worth 8s. The enormous amount thus expended can be better realized when we are told that the eggs cost but about three farthings a dozen, milk a penny a gallon, a quarter of wheat six shillings, a quarter of oats two shillings and eight pence, a quarter of malt eight pence, a cow nine shillings, a sheep less than two shillings, and a pig three pence. Red wine was ten pence a gallon, ale less than two pence a gallon, and beer a half-penny a gallon. A horse's hire for the day was four pence, a barber's three pence, a labourer's from one penny upwards, and a butcher's five pence. The fee of six shillings and eight pence to a priest for one mass was therefore no small sum. Compare these prices with present prices, and the immense expense is at once apparent.

With this feast the funeral observances came to an end. The friends and dependents of the late squire, having expressed their respect for him and sympathy for his family by their presence, and by their participation in the good things so lavishly provided, departed to their several homes, and the monks were left to their old quiet dreamy life. It would seem, however, that the family felt that they had exhausted themselves by the extravagant display, for many years passed and the tomb was still unfinished. Nine years after the prior complained of the cloth that lay over the grave as torn and rotten, and 'not worth two pence,' and in 1478, Dame Paston writing to her son, spoke of the great shame it was that no gravestone had been erected. So also said the people throughout the whole country side, and yet the monument they would have raised, would have been of little use, for among the first of the monasteries dissolved by Henry the Eighth, was the Priory of Bromholm, and now a few ruined walls alone remain to remind us of men who played their part in life and have passed away. The breaking waves chant the same song as of old—that is all, the masses and the monks have gone, the candles and the incense burn no more, and amid the dead grandeur in quiet and peace, rests all that is left of John Paston.

# FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY E. C. K.

A WOMAN with a gentle face,
And hair as white as snow,
Sat silent by a glowing fire,
Thinking of long ago.

The dusk had gathered, 'twas the time
T'wixt afternoon and night;
The room would have seemed dark and drear
Save for the fire's light.

And as she thought, she seemed to see
A shining light to grow;
And in its midst she saw herself
Just fifty years ago.

And as she gazed, she sighed and thought
How changed her face was now;
Her glorious golden hair was white,
And lined with care her brow.

How careless was her spirit then,
Her youthful heart how light;
What compliments were paid to her
That well remembered night.

How proud her parents seemed to be
To know it was their child
Whose face was fairest in the room,
On whom the noblest smiled.

One voice alone she still doth hear
In accents soft and low;
Which took her maiden heart by storm
Just fifty years ago.

T'was Allan's, pleading for her love;
She could not well say "no;"
So she became his happy bride
Just fifty years ago.

And then the vision died away,
And dark became the room,
The fire seemed struggling faintly now
To chase away the gloom.

But soon a figure came in sight
With feeble step and slow ;
Who would have thought it was the lad
Of fifty years ago?

Yet it was Allan, aged grown,
His hair, too, white as snow ;
How straight and stalwart was the youth
Of fifty years ago.

And o'er his wrinkled brow there shone
A kind, benignant light,
As eagerly was told to him,
The vision of the night.

He heard it all and then a smile
O'er his old face did glow :
He whispered you're more lovely now
Than fifty years ago.

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# THE PROSPECTS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

BY A LIBERAL.

THE Session of 1881 is over, and one is reminded by the figures that the present House of Commons has but two sessions more to live. It is not then too early to begin to forecast the future, with a view to prognosticating the political complexion of the next House—the question being whether the Liberal party can win back the suffrages of the electors which they lost in 1878. My answer to this is that, in my opinion, they cannot, unless they will be guided by the stern logic of facts, and leave the abstract discussion about free trade and protection to those impracticable doctrinaires out of whose hands it never should have been taken.

To discuss intelligibly the present position and prospects of the Liberal party, it is necessary to go back to 1877 and 1878, when they were in power, supported by a large majority of the members of the House. The Liberal leaders at that time committed a great, and I fear an irretrievable, blunder. We often read that 'a blunder is worse than a crime,' and that the saying is true politically was never better illustrated than in recent Canadian history.

The Government of Mr. Mackenzie, in those years, had a golden opportunity which, in their obstinate adhesion to a supposed principle, they blindly threw away ; and the consequences are that they have lost power and place, that the country has the claws of a protective tariff securely fastened upon it, and that the authors of the old Pacific Scandal have been enabled to perpetrate a new Pacific Scandal, com-

pared with which the old one completely pales its ineffectual fires.

Let us look back at that time for a moment.

There had been several years of hard times; there had been a series of annoying deficits in the budgets; there had been a good deal of interference with the regular business of our manufacturers caused by the large importations from the United States, the Government had raised the duties on manufactured articles two-and-a-half per cent.; there was a very general demand for a further increase of the duties; there were many of their own most influential supporters who urgently pressed for an increase in certain branches of manufacture which were clearly suffering from the 'slaughtering;' and the Government themselves were seriously thinking of making the increase. They wanted more revenue badly. They could have had it by raising the tariff another two-and-a-half per cent., or more, on some articles, without violating any principle of political economy, and without departing from the precedent laid down by themselves but a short time before.

If the Opposition had declared such a Policy to be the entering of the thin edge of the wedge of Protection, as they had done before, Mr. Cartwright could have answered with the most perfect truth, 'Not at all, gentlemen. I am by principle a free trader, but I must have so much revenue; and I think the people of Canada would prefer to pay their taxes in such a way, that in paying them they may give incidental protection to their fellow countrymen engaged in manufacturing industries.' He might have said: 'I want to have as few restrictions upon trade as possible, but the people are not prepared for direct taxation, nor do they want a principal part of the taxation to be levied upon their tea, sugar, coffee, and other things, which must in any case be imported; I can't get any more out of whiskey and tobacco; I must have the money, and therefore I will raise it from these other imports.'

He might have left their raw material free to manufacturers, and they would have been better satisfied than they are to-day. He might have left coal free to tens of thousands in Ontario, who are cursing the coal tax to-day. He might have left flour free, to the great relief of the Maritime Provinces; and he might have omitted all, or almost all, the unpopular and oppressive incidents of the 'National Policy' tariff, which owe their existence to its having been framed as a purely protective one. Why did he not do so? I suppose Mr. Mackenzie and others thought they would be violating some principle if they did, and that they chose to go down into the cold shade of opposition, rather than appear to give way to what they must have considered to be a baseless clamour. The result was what many of us expected. During the contest, the Reformers generally adhered to their party leaders, and those who saw the blunder they had been guilty of on the tariff question, preferred to remain silent upon it rather than do anything to bring back the unrepentant Pacific Scandal Minister to power. But the demand for some measure of protection was too strong, and too many were willing to overlook the old delinquencies of the Tories, for the sake of getting that protection which our party had, upon principle, denied them. The people, in short, overlooked the crime of one party in order to punish the blunder of the other.

And that blunder has been, unfortunately, persisted in from month to month and from year to year, so that the Liberal leaders have been under the necessity of appearing to rejoice at every supposed evidence of a lack of prosperity, and to belittle and dispute every indication of the return of good times. They had to argue with one breath that the National Policy, inasmuch as it was a protective tariff, would destroy the revenue from the

customs, and with the next that, as the duties were not prohibitory, it was a protective tariff that would not protect.

And whilst the revenue has largely increased, and the former deficits have been changed into surpluses, we have seen a great impetus given to manufactures of various kinds. Nor have the prices to the consumer, except in certain lines, increased so largely as to give rise to any considerable discontent. So that Mr. Cartwright, when he thinks of these facts, must say within himself, 'All these things are against me. Until hard times come again, I shall have no chance of getting the people to listen to me.'

What a position for a politician or a statesman to be placed in!

It could have been nothing else but the attitude of the Reformers on this tariff question, for the last three years, and at the present time, that saved the Government and the Syndicate during the recent Session of Parliament.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the great majority of the people, and probably a majority of their representatives in Parliament, really disapproved of the terms of the Contract, especially after the proposal of the Howland Syndicate; and under other circumstances, they would never have supported Sir John as they did. But they reasoned in this way—Sir John is committed to this Contract, he must stand or fall by it, if we turn him out, the Grits must come in, and then they will reverse the National Policy, and turn the affairs of the country upside down.

This was the true reason why so many Conservative members were prepared to vote for so monstrous a sacrifice of the interests of their country, and why they braved the indignation of the people as they did.

And they may make use of the same argument when the next contest before the people comes on. The people will be disposed to condemn the conduct of the present Government in forcing through the contract with the St. Paul Syndicate. Beyond all doubt, they will. But the Tories will say, 'If you put us out the Grits will come in, and where will your protection be? Are they not pledged to reverse the National Policy at the first opportunity? And will you allow your manufacturing industries to be crushed; the Pacific Railway to be abandoned, or indefinitely postponed, and everything to be put into confusion merely for the sake of punishing us for what is past and for what cannot be undone?'

To such an appeal there can only be one response, and therefore I say that, to my mind, it is perfectly clear that, unless the Liberal party changes its platform on the tariff question very considerably, it will be beaten at the next election.

Those who have followed me thus far, may ask what changes I would suggest in the platform of the Liberal party on this question. The changes I have to suggest are all founded upon this, that the true fiscal policy for Canada is—a REVENUE TARIFF, so adjusted as to give INCIDENTAL PROTECTION.

A certain large sum must be raised every year from the customs and excise duties, for no one seriously urges the imposition of direct taxation. Certain articles of general consumption can be advantageously produced in the country and certain others cannot.

Suppose we were a purely agricultural people, and had no manufactures whatever, but imported everything that we used except the actual produce of the field, forest and stream. If such were our condition, we might as well pay our taxes on one class of imports as another. Some things must be rendered dearer to the consumers in order that a revenue may be raised. Well then, would it be economical folly for a Finance Minister to lay the highest taxes on such imported articles that a few simple manufactures would be encouraged into life? I

think the most rabid free-trader would not say that.

I am neither a manufacturer nor a protectionist; but I have no objection to paying a portion of my share of the taxation of the general government every time I buy a suit of clothes, merely because *thereby* woollen manufactures are encouraged and assisted. That this latter is the *incidental* result does not injure me, and I might as well pay in that way as on tea or sugar, which cannot be produced here.

Again, if it was politic to levy 17½ per cent. on certain manufactured articles of import, as Mr. Cartwright insisted in 1874; is there any charm in that particular number, or any relation between that particular number and the divine fitness of things?

If one is constructing a calendar, he must provide for exactly 365 days in a year and 366 in leap-year; or, if one is making a glove, he must ordinarily provide four fingers and a thumb, but if 17½ per cent. was not a base pandering to protectionist clamour in 1874, why should 20 per cent., or 25 per cent., of necessity be wrong in 1877 and 1878, when more revenue was needed to meet current expenditure, and some old established industries were languishing for want of it?

In levying our tariff, I think the geographical relations of the different Provinces should be taken into account. The other Provinces should not be specially taxed for the benefit of an industry, which can only flourish in one Province. Therefore I think it will be not only a popular, but astatesmanlike policy, to advocate the abolition of the coal tax, which bears hardly upon Ontario, and the flour tax which bears hardly upon the Maritime Provinces. Coal and flour, it should be remembered, are both necessaries of life to the poor, and a wise policy would leave them untaxed on that account if possible.

Again, in adjusting a revenue tariff so as to afford incidental protection, it should be the aim of the minister to leave the manufacturers' raw material as free as possible. Of course what is raw material to one manufacturer may be the manufactured product of another, and in such cases there should be a gradation of duties, so as not to press unduly on any one industry, and to give some assistance to all.

Duties which are purely protective, and which are higher than the necessities of the revenue call for, should be reduced. And in deciding what industries should be thus incidentally protected, regard should be had to the suitability or otherwise of each particular industry to the natural and geographical capabilities of the country.

Starting with a few such general principles, let me indicate briefly the outline of a tariff policy, which in my humble judgment is the true policy for Canada, and the only one with which the Opposition can expect to achieve success at the next Dominion Elections.

Restore coal and flour to the free list.

Restore pig-iron to the free list (at least until there are signs of the establishment of some more blast furnaces. At present the duty on pig iron is a heavy tax upon the manufacturers, and I do not know of more than one place in the Dominion where it is made).

Decrease the heavy duties upon certain lines of imports, which are not needed for protection, and now only enable rings to rob the people by unjust combination.

But in other matters leave the present tariff very much as it is, whenever that can be done consistently with the cardinal principle of 'a revenue tariff adjusted to give incidental protection.'

In such an adjustment it should be borne in mind, that not all industries are the proper subjects of protection. We are told that protection is needed for certain industries, because

without it the products of those industries can be imported so cheaply, that the native manufacturer cannot *at first* compete with the foreign, but may be enabled eventually to do so. Take axes for instance. If they had been always on the free list, there might be no axes made in Canada to-day, whereas it is likely that, even without the duty, we would now be making most of our own axes. But can the agricultural industries be crushed out by foreign importations? Did our farmers cease to till their fields and reap their harvests when there was no duty on grain? Will apples and strawberries cease to grow if they are put on the free list again?

An import duty on the necessaries of life is an unfortunate one, because in time of plenty it does not benefit the farmers; whilst in times of scarceness it is positively unjust to the poor. It was in securing the abolition of the Corn Laws that the free-traders of England achieved their great victory, and, so far as provisions go, we would do well to follow their example here. But when we try to imitate them in other matters we are very apt to forget the essential difference in the industrial conditions of the two countries.

The English manufacturing industries are now so strong that they do not require protection any longer; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would get very little revenue indeed from such a tariff as ours is. Therefore, he has to raise his revenue in other ways, and partly by direct taxation, so that we may be as good theoretical free-traders here as they are in England, and yet be unable to follow in their footsteps very closely, at least for many years.

Some such policy as I have indicated would, I believe, *have* to be adopted by Mr. Cartwright if he were appointed Finance Minister to-morrow. He could not go back to the old tariff of 1878 if he wanted to, because he must have all, or nearly all, the revenue produced by the present tariff to carry on the Government, and to fulfil the enormous obligations now resting on the country.

If this is true, surely the best policy for the Liberals to adopt is to come out boldly, and tell the people what their policy will be.

Such a policy as I have very roughly outlined would be popular with the farmers, with the importers, with the coal consumers of Ontario, with the flour consumers of the Maritime Provinces, and with consumers generally; whilst it would please the manufacturers just as well to have less protection if they could get their raw material more cheaply.

It remains to be seen whether the Liberal Leaders will have the wisdom to catch the popular breeze, and to turn it in the right direction.

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## CARLYLE.

*(Buried in the place of his birth, February,* 1881.)

BY GARET NOEL.

BACK unto thy childhood's meadows
They have borne thee, mute, unheeding,
Prophet heart, that midst life's shadows
Spoke the truth with earnest pleading:
Once men feared thy scorn of error,
Now the meanest knows no terror.

Dead, they say no trace remaineth
Of the power that thrilled our labours ;
Him no more our weakness paineth,
He is quiet like his neighbours :
Hast thou not a word of scorning
That will shame their idle mourning ?

Dead, like common weak hearts, creeping
From the world as some disaster,
Folded hands and quiet sleeping,
Will that suit thee, fiery master ?
Can that rugged heart no longer
Teach us truth and make us stronger ?

Can it be the voice is ended
That rang out in early morning,
When we sat with bright dreams blended,
Like a clarion note of warning ?
'Rouse thee, on such sloth is madness,
Work is thine and human sadness.'

Can it be his heart grew weary,
In the end, of hotly beating
'Gainst the baser lives and dreary
That we labour in completing ?
That the brave eyes missed the yearning
'Neath our outward falseness burning ?

Not so, on, his voice is calling
From the heights far on before thee,
Where the purer light is falling
And the shadows melt in glory :—
There the true for which he panted
Leads him on through realms enchanted.

On, he is not dead nor sleeping ;
He has dropp'd but human weakness ;
Age that held him in its keeping,
Grief that taught the proud heart meekness;
And his feet are strong for running.
He hath finish'd life's atoning.

But we dumbly stand and palter
Where he passed in swift pursuing;
And our footsteps shrink and falter
From his path of earnest doing.
Let us rise from idle dreaming ;
Learn his scorn of outward seeming.

Let us wake, 'tis *we* who slumber,
And our dreams oft hold us downward,
Turn like him from things that cumber,
And with braver hearts press onward ;
Till we grasp him through the stillness
Walking free from human illness.

# SIR EUSTACE DE RIBEAUMONT.

## A BALLAD FROM FROISSART.

[In the year 1348, during a truce between the English and French, and while the former were withdrawn from the Continent, an attempt was made to procure the surrender of Calais. Sir Amory de Valence, the English Governor, having feigned acceptance of the offered bribe, sent word to King Edward who equipped a small expedition, which sailed under Sir Walter Manny in time to reach Calais secretly on the appointed day.

The French, who marched from St. Omer, were admitted by the Governor, but were at once tacked by Sir Walter Manny, under whom the King served as a private knight. The interlocutor in the following ballad is Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont who relates the incidents of the French defeat.]

THE little town was very dull,
Slowly the weeks slipped by
Without a sign upon the earth
Or omen in the sky ;
I ween it was a twelvemonth since
I raised my battle-cry.

The little town of St. Omer
The truce had left to France,
And many an archer harboured there
And many a sturdy lance,
And many a knight who fretted for
The order to advance.

There was no noise of champing bit,
No ring of metalled heel,
No sound of clarion in the ear
No rasp of sharp'ning steel ;—
The hilt grew stranger to the grasp
It once was wont to feel.

You heard the tinkling sacring bell
Pass down the noontide street,
Or marked the dog turn out and bay
The noisy peasant's feet ;
Beyond the wall, across the stream,
You heard the yearlings bleat.

*  *  *  *

The key of France is Calais town,
And bitter shame it were
That England's King that golden key
Should at his girdle bear
And, like a jailor, turn the lock
On all our kingdom fair.

This truce,—God's malison upon
The men who swore it through !—
How say you friends, is't binding now
On either me or you ?
And may we not be false to that
Yet to our country true ?

Then came a post from Calais town
And strange word did he bring.
That Amory de Valence holds
*His* oath a slender thing,
And names the price that tempteth him
E'en to betray his king.

I ween it is a sorry act
To grasp a traitor's hand ;—
But there are other things as hard
For men to understand ;
And good and evil in this world
Are tied up in one band.

*    *    *    *

Unbar your gate, Sir Amory,
Let your portcullis down !
Within this bag the price is laid,—
It lacketh not a crown
Of the round sum you bargained for,
The price of Calais town.

Unbar the gate, Sir Amory !
The sea fog gathers chill,
It tarnishes our armour plate
It clings to blade and bill.
St. Denis !—is the knave distraught
To keep us waiting still ?

Sir Amory undid the gate
With cautious hand and slow,
A moment poised the heavy bag
Then it aside did throw ;
'We'll count the tale at break of day'
He said, in accents low.

With that he steppéd on one side
As if to give us way ;
We heard a whistle, long and shrill,
I saw a glimmer, gray
And rough with point of pike and spear
That right before us lay.

'O welcome, welcome ! sons of France !
Right welcome are you here,
Although you thought to buy too cheap
A town we hold so dear !
Full many a league of sea we've crossed
To mend your Christmas cheer.

'A Manny to the rescue,—ho !'
—Then did we know right well
That silver crowns no more availed,
They were as weak a spell
To buy the gates of Calais town
As pave a road from hell !

But steel may win where silver fails,
And 'tis the fairer way ;—
We told down drops of blood for gold
Until the east was gray ;
'Twixt inner wall and barbican
The tide of fight did sway.

And three times in the hurtling press
I met the self-same knight,
Whose manhood shone o'er all the rest
With far exceeding might;
And once I struck him to his knee
—Then lost him in the night.

Pledge we a cup to all brave knights
Whether they lose or win!
Though we banged sore the city gates
In nowise got we in.
And in the early morning light
Our scattered ranks showed thin.

When one has fought from dirk midnight
Until the rising day,
And half one's blood and all one's strength
Have slowly oozed away,—
I trow it is no shame one's sword
Upon the ground to lay.

I yielded mine to that same knight
With whom I thrice had fought;
Right frankly as a brother would
My hand in his he caught
'I wis' said he, 'thou art a man
Made after my own thought!'
* * * *

A hall, a hall! the feast is done,
The knights come flocking in,
The minstrels to the right and left
Keep up their merry din
As the king's jester marshals them
With courtly jape and grin.

In a fair weed of seemly silk
The king himself appears,
His face does wear the trenching marks
Of troublous warlike years:
Each wrinkle on his brow cost France
A wealth of blood and tears.

Yet does he smooth his face to me
While thus he smiling says,
'Sir Eustace, no such knight as thou
I've met these many days,
And I am bent thy hardihood
Shall have deservéd praise.

'Wear thou this chaplet of fair pearls
Which from my brow I take;
But pledge me first thy knightly word,
For English Edward's sake
To all who ask its history
A true accompt thou'll make!'

With gifts of price he sent me thence
Honored and ransom-free;
It was a happy stroke of mine
That brought him to his knee,
And brought me out of Calais town
With these fair pearls ye see! F. R.

# ROUND THE TABLE.

## REJOINDER TO A. B. C.

I AM most happy to afford A. B. C. all the light I can on the subject of Mrs. Oliphant's story, referred to by me in a former number. I gave the story, *exactly as I got it*, from a friend, now far distant, who had read the article in *Fraser's Magazine*. I tried to procure the Magazine myself, as I would rather in any such case give the *ipsissima verba*, but not being able to do so, I gave it as it was told to me, relying on my friend's intelligence and accuracy. Moreover, we are supposed to be 'round the table' here,—not in a witness box,—and may venture, as people habitually do round the mahogany, to tell a story on hearsay evidence, subject, of course, to the correction of our better informed friends; especially if it is told not in proof of anything, but simply as an illustration of what we frequently see in everyday life.

The only material difference between my version of the story, and what I have no doubt is the correct one, given by 'A. B. C.,' is, that mine had lost (instead of gaining) by transmission, the fact, which I quite admit to be an important fact,—that the 'boarders' in question were *pupils* in the first place. How this fact happened to escape my friend's memory I don't know, but I am certain at least that it was not owing to *animus*. Certainly I understood that Mrs. Oliphant laid stress on the fact that the wife's labour made a very important factor in the accruing income,—as indeed it must do, even in the case of pupil boarders,—though in that case, of course, only as a supplement to the husband's labours. It would have been more satisfactory if A. B. C. had quoted the reference entire from Mrs. Oliphant's article, as he evidently could have done. I should have much preferred givin the story *entirely in her own words*, to begin with, had it been in my power to do so. So much for the chivalrous insinuation of '*resorting to devices*,' &c.! I think the guests 'at the table' should not forget the ordinary amenities of social life, or the good old motto 'honi soit qui mal y pense.' As to the question how far the co-operation of a wife is necessary in making it profitable to take even pupil boarders, I happen to know a case in which a husband, who had made considerable preparation to receive pupils, was obliged to abandon the project because his wife's health failed, and it ran away with too much of the profits to employ an efficient housekeeper. In such a case, is a wife the business partner of her husband, or is she not? If she is—is it not a little out of place for him to talk of his 'buying her a pair of gloves?'

As to the point of the story and its relevancy to the question, I must leave 'A. B. C.' to settle that with Mrs. Oliphant if he likes. She does not usually write nonsense,—and it is at least open to conjecture, that it is A. B. C. who may be mistaken as to what the story 'contains.' Had he given us the whole context, we could have better judged; for disjointed quotations are notoriously misleading. As I take it, she simply told the story—as I did—in illustration of a very common masculine trait,—the underrating by men of the work of women for objects in which both are concerned. It is probably a 'survival' of the contemptuous estimate of women held in barbarous times and still held among barbarous tribes; the traces of which, even under the combined influence of Christianity and civilization, have not yet wholly disappeared.

F.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

*The English Poets*. Edited by THOMAS H. WARD, M. A. [*Third notice*. Vol. 2, Ben Jonson to Dryden.] London & New York : Macmillan & Co. ; Toronto : Willing & Williamson.

ALTHOUGH Donne, with whose works the first volume of these Selections ended, was born in the same year as Ben Jonson, and died a few years before the great dramatist, we cannot but consider that their places should have been reversed. Ben Jonson, in his old age, presents to us just such a colossal figure, grand in its pride of classic isolation, as befits the close of a great period. On all sides he shows the living bands that connect him with the brotherhood of Elizabethan dramatists and poets. In his strength and in his weakness, alike in his highest moments and in his lowest levels, he is one of them ;—the parent of Captain Bobadil could not but be of kin to his 'beloved Master,' the creator of Ancient Pistol. How different are the characteristics we find in the poetry, nay in even the life, of Donne! The full, surging tide of human action no longer wells up, irrepressible, in dramatic representations ; a smaller, and more courtly spirit deals in less exalted strains, and Donne, the fit inaugurator of a transition school of poetry finds his external life cast in the narrow circle of the Anglican priesthood instead of burgeoning out among the robust surroundings which Ben Jonson enjoyed to the last. We do not wish to disparage Donne, who in many respects was vastly superior to the crowd of feeble imitators who followed him, but his deeper earnestness was in no small degree due to his greater proximity to the school of poets which he was the first to leave. In the quaintness of his conceits, in the distance from which his metaphors and allusions are often brought, and in the curious involution of his thought, Donne is not unfrequently to be paralleled by his immediate predecessors. But he cannot upon this score claim to belong to their company, any more than Carew, Suckling or Lovelace can claim to rank with the man who wrote 'Sigh no more, ladies,' because of the few admirable love songs they have left to us. The distinction in both cases is complete. The Elizabethan poets indulged in affectations, in humours and quips ; they also interspersed throughout their works some of the most exquisite lyrics in our tongue. But neither this beauty nor this blemish formed their chief claim to attention. They have purchased the love and gratitude of succeeding ages by a vast mass of work, mainly dramatic, which displays the most consummate knowledge of human nature, and the most varied command of those metrical forms in which such knowledge is best exhibited. It speaks volumes for the true greatness of such work, when we reflect how small a portion of the pleasure we derive from it is attributable to the occasional songs it contains. Gloriously beautiful as are the songs in Shakespeare's plays, their entire removal would make no appreciable difference in the estimate we form of him as a poet.

To such men succeeded a race of poets who very successfully imitated and even occasionally exceeded the exaggerated and affected style into which the Elizabethan had ever been too ready to slip, and who (to their honour be it said) also caught up the strain of lyric sweetness and power which was so soon to become a lost note among the woods and copses of fair England. In these two points of similarity alone lies the connection between the school of the early Stuarts and that of their predecessors. With a blindness that seems to our eyes infatuation, their contemporaries exalted them to the highest rank and credited them with having improved and carried forward a literature, of which, as we have seen, they were incapable of assimilating more than a structural blemish and an accidental ornament. Much as we may and must admire Herrick and Herbert, and the

others we have named above, it is impossible to refrain from asking ourselves where are the great, the really important works, which they produced, and how much would be left for their fame to rest upon if we put on one side a number of their songs equal to those we have just supposed might be removed from Shakespeare's pages without shaking his position?

Ben Jonson having written more occasional and non-dramatic poems than any other of his fellows, it was to him that the succeeding generation of poets more closely allied themselves. So narrowly did they scan his verses that their imitations at times put on all the appearance of plagiarisms. The last verse of *Charis' Triumph*, commencing with the exquisite lines

> 'Have you seen but a bright lily grow
> Before rude hands have touched it?
> Have you marked but the fall of the snow
> Before the soil hath smutch'd it?'

appears to have been an especial favourite with Ben Jonson's poetic progeny, as the Cavalier Wits were proud to dub themselves. Sir John Suckling (in a selection quoted at p. 179) contents himself with copying the form while reversing the idea:

> 'Hast thou seen the down in the air
> When wanton blasts have tossed it?
> Or the ship on the sea
> When ruder winds have crossed it?' &c.

but Thomas Carew (at p. 122) coolly appropriates the original thought down to the veriest detail of its imagery, and seeks to hide the theft by changing the metre!

The poetry of the dramatists had been distinctly devoid of any religious element, the province of human action seemed to absorb even their vast power and grasp of mind. No doubt this is in part attributable to the fact that the machinery of the drama, in the hands of a master, does not lend itself at all to didactic teaching. But there appears to be more in it than can be thus explained, when we reflect that the Shakespeare, whose plays we ransack in vain for evidence that his sympathies were with Catholic or Protestant, also used the sonnet, the form of which is peculiarly adapted to that introspective analysis which so surely discloses the inner thoughts of the heart when it is allowed its full scope. The general explanation is that England was imbued with the hearty paganism of the Renaissance, which took a firmer hold upon the national mind than it would otherwise have done, owing to the unsettlement of opinion during the slow and vacillating overthrow of the State religion. During Elizabeth's reign we must turn to the persecuted Jesuit, Southwell, if we are in search of distinctively religious poetry, but as the curtain falls upon the last of the great dramatists we are conscious of a national movement which, in the literary no less than in the political world, tends towards the subordination of earthly things to a heavenly polity. Many of the poets became clergymen after having been courtly wits, and they devoted their art to that new service in much the same spirit as that in which Loyola laid his stained earthly feelings of chivalry at the feet of a Lady purer than any for whom Roland had laid lance in rest.

The newly-created English Church was making, under the auspices of Laud, the first of those desperate struggles to lay hold of Catholicity and an unbroken antiquity, which have since then almost periodically convulsed her frame, and the fervour of which has brought to the front whatever poetic afflatus breathed within her fold upon the lips of a Herbert or a Keble. In the former we find child-like simplicity mixed with passages of great force, which must have owed their power to severe conflicts of inward emotion. No man could have written '*The Collar*' (p. 200), who had not experienced an inward revolt against the constraints of a morally well-regulated life with all its petty galling annoyances.

In some thirty broken lines of marvellous power, the poet declares his freedom and his determination to enjoy it; ..'There is fruit, and thou hast hands.' He encourages himself to 'recover all his sigh-blown age on double pleasures,' and desperately exclaims:

> 'Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears!
> He that forbears
> To suit and serve his need,
> Deserves his load.'

Then comes the soft answer to all this wrath:—

> 'But as I rav'd, and grew more fierce and wild
> At every word,
> Methought I heard one calling, "child"!
> And I reply'd, "My Lord"!'

Whither, Herrick, Herbert, Sandys, Crashaw and Vaughan represent the right wing of this movement towards an alliance between poetry and religion, the wing that pointed in the direction of prescriptive authority embodied in an Anglican or Roman Catholic hierarchy. The corresponding wing which led to independent thought in matters of Church and State is represented practically by Milton alone; but one book of his great poem far outweighs the religious verse of the others put together. We do not propose to touch upon the vast subject of Milton here,—he alone formed the school of Puritanic poetry, and it died out with him, for we cannot count for much the weak echo afforded by Marvell, his 'satellite, paler yet bright,' as Professor Goldwin Smith aptly describes him in his biographical notice attached to the selections from his works.

Space will not allow us to devote much attention to the poems of Cowley and of Waller, and in our opinion they do not merit much. We cannot help thinking that Cowley wrote with very great ease, and cordially agree with Mr. Ward's opinion that he is now 'unread and unreadable.' Pope himself asked 'who reads Cowley?' a question which two lines in the poem, '*On the Death of Mr. Crashaw*,' enables us to answer. Pope read him at any rate:

> 'His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
> Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.'

These verses have a familiar sound to students of Pope, which can hardly be accidental. The searcher for designed or undesigned coincidences will also note down the parallelism between a well-known hymn and the following lines from Dryden's '*Hind and the Panther*':

> 'The gospel sound diffused from pole to pole
> Where winds can carry and where waves can roll.'

While on the subject of Dryden, we notice that Mr. A. W. Ward quotes Wordsworth's remark that his works do not contain a single image from Nature. The criticism was perhaps a hardy one, but the Editor might have noticed that it was originated by an earlier critic, no less a man than Dryden himself, who, in one of his prologues, declares that he finds:

> 'Passion too fierce to be in fetters bound
> And Nature flies him like enchanted ground.'

There are several errors in this volume we should like to see corrected. 'Ere' and 'e'er' are doubly confounded at pp. 84 & 187. At p. 101 the putting a capital letter to the word 'master' spoils the sense of Wither's hymn. Throughout, the Editor has no fixed rule to go by in noting triplets, they are sometimes bracketted and sometimes not. Surely this disfiguring mark is no longer needed and should be dismissed to follow the old custom of printing at the foot of the page the first word you will come to over-leaf; both were mere contrivances to prevent bad readers from stumbling.

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*The Consolation, a Poem:* By GEORGE GERRARD. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; 1881.

Among the many poetical productions which have marked the present period of returning prosperity, the handsome volume before us is one of the best. It treats of some of the most serious and momentous topics; but it is written in a style of sustained power, and has a freshness that imparts interest even to metaphysics. The writer of such a book deserves the thanks of all interested in our National literature. We regret that space only allows us to give a scanty extract from a volume which we commend to all lovers of poetry:

> 'When some fond mother sees upon her breast
> The first-born infant quietly at rest,
> What happy thoughts fleet inward as she lies,
> And oft escape half formed, in gentle sighs;
> She thinks not of the past, for he has none,
> On future years alone does sweetest fancy run.'

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*Studies in the Mountain Instruction*, by GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

As its title indicates this work is an exposition of the Sermon on the Mount by the learned pastor of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia. He takes as his central idea the words of the Master: 'Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect,' and shews that Jesus Christ came to save men from the evil in and around them and raise them to God's standard of moral perfection. This standard is presented in the Sermon on the Mount. In so far as its teaching is appropriated and carried out in this life will men be perfect and redemption

complete. He regards it as a system of the noblest philosophy or of Christian ethics, containing principles worthy of being made the foundation of all true society and, with a deep reverence for the authority of the Great Teacher, the author proceeds to explain and illustrate those principles in their relation to, and practical bearing upon, the lives of men. Though from time to time Mr. Boardman gives utterance to opinions and interpretations with which all may not agree, yet the work as a whole may be read and studied with profit. The exposition was first given as a course of lectures, fourteen in number, treating of Christ's teaching concerning blessedness, the church, fulfilment, reconciliation, asceticism, words, perfection, worship, prayer, wealth, sonship, society and character. One cannot well rise from the perusal of these lectures without having added something to the store of one's ideas bearing upon the great Mountain Instruction.

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# LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. Hunter, Rose & Co., in anticipation of the early completion of the story in this magazine, have brought out in book form Mr. Wilkie Collins' new novel, 'The Black Robe.' The author, after his usual manner, which was also that of Mr Charles Reade, constructs his story and designs his plots with a purpose—that of the present work being to expose the subtle machinations of Jesuitism and to hold up to public obloquy priestly intrigue and the Church's covetousness. Like all of Mr. Collins' stories, this new one fastens itself upon the reader's attention, and, with the art of which he is such a master, carries him intently along with him to the end of the book. This Canadian edition is published by arrangement with the author, and is issued uniform with his previous novels copyrighted by the publishers.

A complete and elaborately indexed Catalogue of the Library of the Ontario Parliament has just been issued by the Librarian, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. John M. Watson. The work on every page manifests intelligence and industry in its compilation, the classification and detailed enumeration of the contents of the library being only surpassed by the facilities for reference which the catalogue affords. Mr. Watson has done a special service to the student of Canadian history in citing the contents of the forty-six volumes of Canadian pamphlets, and in supplying a list of the Canadian newspapers, from 1830 to the present time, which are among the treasures of the Library.

We are in receipt of the eighteenth annual issue, for 1881, of Mr. Martin's *The Statesman's Year Book*, a statistical and historical summary of the various countries of the civilized world. The volume, we acknowledge, is of much utility as a reference book, particularly to him who makes acquaintance with it for the first time. To make it a profitable investment each year to the purchaser, however, the revision of the several countries should be undertaken by some competent person in each of the localities from whence the official returns are drawn. This strikes us as being specially necessary in the case of Canada, where the information, statistical and general, might be more ample and of later date than appears in the work. To give the population of the cities of the Dominion as it was in 1871, for instance, and to repeat this, with much of a similar kind, every year, is not to show the most commendable enterprise. The information under 'Church and Education,' moreover, is absurdly meagre and inconsequential. In many respects the book could be improved and made of greater value, did the compiler not rely so much, as he seems to do, on official blue-books and, as is often the case, on antiquated works of reference. The space given in the volume, annually, to the enumeration of the sources of information, we also think, might be turned to a more useful purpose. The publishers are Macmillan & Co., London and New York; the Canadian agents, Willing & Williamson, Toronto.