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NOV., 1892.

THE LAKE

MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO
POLITICS,
SCIENCE
AND GENERAL
LITERATURE



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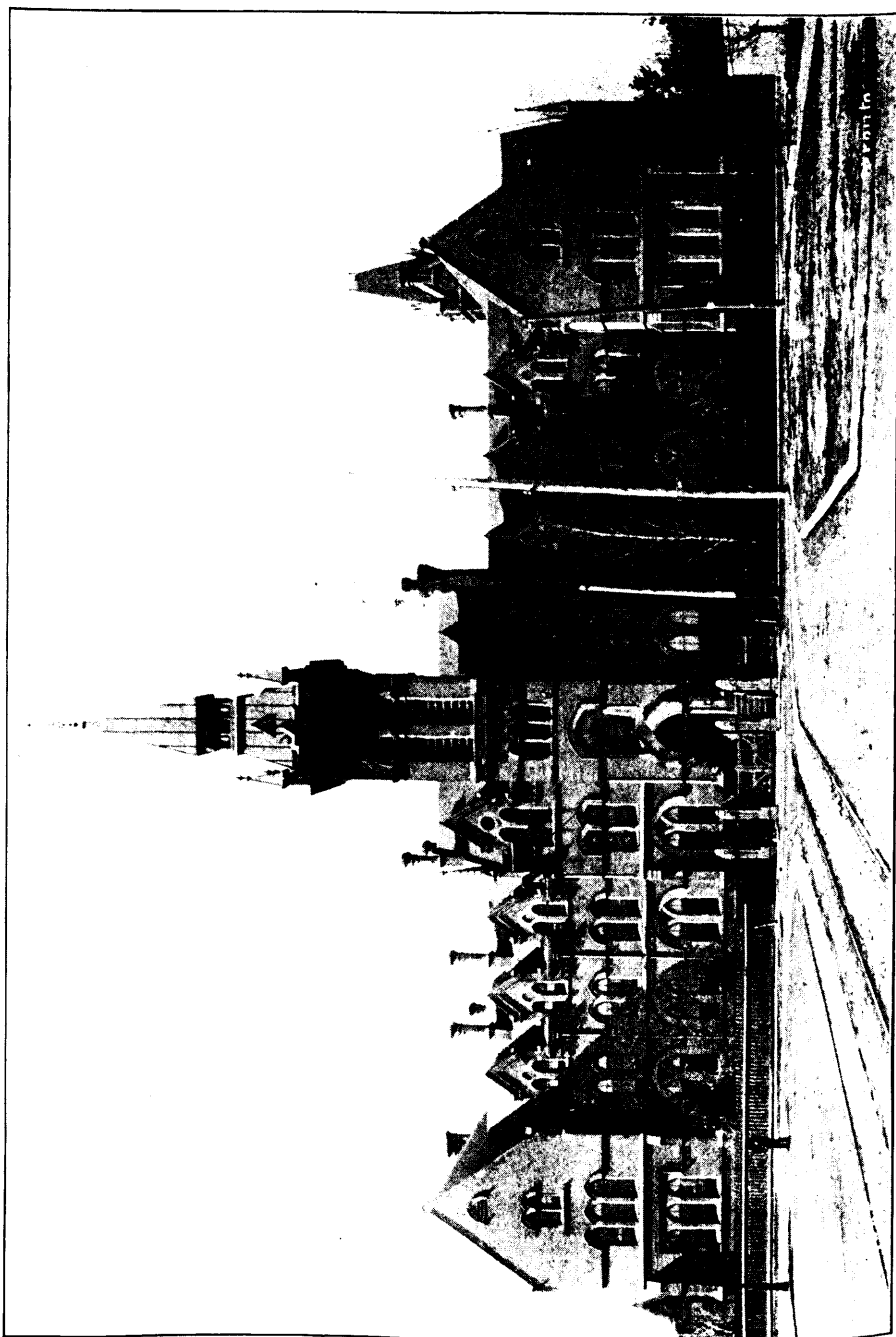
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The Lake Magazine.

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NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 4.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Some questions in the course of settlement take a certain acute form which permits free discussion. For a considerable period, any one who ventured to call in question the method by which temperance reform was sought to be accomplished, was instantly anathematized as the champion of the saloon and the advocate of vice. So in relation to female suffrage. The disposition of the hour is to intimidate any person from venturing to call in question its wisdom or necessity. If a man offers an opinion that the interests of society do not call for the direct interference of women in the affairs of legislation, he is at once put down as an enemy of the sex and the opponent of justice and moral reform. The latter charge one can stagger under, but to be considered other than devoted to the interests of the gentler sex is a strain no man can endure.

It is in a spirit of justice and sincerity that a few observations are offered on the other side of the question—not, indeed, in any dogmatic spirit, and certainly with no other than warm feelings of regard for woman. But how can a just conclusion be reached unless there be the freest discussion and the most untrammelled opinion. It is denied at the outset that opposing the conceding of the use of the

ballot box to women, implies any lack of regard for the sex: any question of their intellectual equality, which is freely conceded; any question of their moral superiority, which is as freely acknowledged. The question is, would woman's position in the world be improved by this concession? Would the general interest of society be promoted by such a step?

A general idea is abroad that man, by dint of physical strength, got political power into his hands and now refuses to share it with woman after civilization and enlightenment have made mental and moral power superior to physical strength. This is an entire error. The origin of state duties devolving upon men only, and the withdrawal of women from this range of action, was the special fitness of men for the rough encounters of the world and a chivalrous sense of woman's weakness and timidity. In the days of chivalry, men had too lofty a sense of the charming qualities of women, too much innate appreciation of their delicacy and worth to wish to subject them to the rude encounters of the battle field, the council of state, or the legislative arena. There were bickerings and ill nature, and sometimes danger in all these spheres of action, and woman was too pure, too dependent, to be harassed with such unnatural re-

sponsibilities. This was the origin of man's exclusive prerogative in state matters, and this to-day is the underlying cause of hesitation on the part of right thinking men in conceding to women the right to meddle in political affairs. It is not that any one fears the influence that women would exert upon politics—it would undoubtedly be, in the main, pure and elevated; but we fear the influence which politics would have upon women. This is, indeed, a vital and most important consideration for society.

Excluded from the political arena what an immense influence woman now exerts upon the affairs of the world! Her gentle hand soothes the brow of pain. Her loving words wake the first tokens of intelligence in budding childhood, and guide the young mind and heart through the varying developments of age into the character which fixes the man's relation to society. She is the undisputed Queen of Home, and what bears comparison with that pregnant word, Home, in its tremendous relation to the character of the race. Her influence softens the asperities of life, mollifies the coarser tendencies of men, purifies the social circle, and sheds moral grandeur upon the advancing stages of human civilization. Above all, she evokes love in the heart of man, and by this love she inspires the noblest achievements of the race. She fulfils the yearnings which she creates. She is the nurse of childhood, the guide of youth, the sweet companion of manhood, and the solace of age. With woman discharging such functions in the world, wise men will think carefully before they consent to plunge her into a new sphere which may, and probably must, diminish the influence of her finest and subtlest powers, and not lift, but lower the lofty plane in which she now moves and acts in the world.

The theory upon which certain women seek the right of suffrage is, that men make the laws to suit themselves, and that these are so adjusted, in a spirit of selfishness, as to put men on a better footing in the world than women. This is a fallacy. In the laws upon the statute books of every civilized country, women receive even-handed justice, and their interests have been protected as fully as their brothers'. Male legislators have voluntarily passed Acts giving married women control over their earnings and property acquired by them in any way whatever. Husbands are allowed, when solvent, to place all their property in the hands of trustees for the exclusive benefit and under the sole control of their wives. Even the Common law of England, which is the Common law of all English-speaking nations, gives the wife a third interest in the real estate of her husband during her lifetime. The laws of inheritance are made as free and as liberal in relation to women as to men. A husband may bequeath all his property to his wife, even ignoring his own sons. In the event of a man dying intestate his widow is as well regarded by the law as any relative he leaves behind him. There is not a statute among the laws of any civilized state that metes out unequal justice to women—that makes an act penal for her, and not equally penal for men. Indeed, the balance is in her favor, for she is, in most countries, not compelled to give evidence against her husband, and in some cases she is relieved from the consequences of voluntary acquiescence in his crimes.

But the advocates of woman suffrage will revert to social laws and claim inequality. It is so common to hear it proclaimed in tones of lofty and majestic indignation that there is one law for men and another for women in relation to

sexual offences. A lapse from virtue scarcely affects the social position of a man, who goes on through life as comfortably and, perhaps, as much respected as ever, after having been discovered in an offence against the laws of social purity, while the woman, perhaps his victim, is ostracised forever and made an outcast for life. This is true, and a just indictment against modern social ethics. But where does the injustice originate? Not in the statute books, nor in any laws which men make. The awful sentence which is pronounced upon the erring woman is by virtue of social laws which women make and women enforce. The laws which govern society and which fix the status of individuals therein are made almost entirely by women. This is their almost exclusive legislature. No man or woman can secure a social position in any city of Great Britain or America unless with the sanction and approval of the women who rule in the social sphere. It is their approbation and invitations which give status, and it is their united frowns that banish. If then the social laws work unequally in regard to their own sex, it is unquestionably they who make them. Note how this works in practical life. A woman is caught in an offence against virtue. Her conviction involves the exposure of her partner in guilt. She is condemned and banished. By whom? Not by the courts. Not by laws made by men, but by women, her peers in the social world. If the man is tolerated, and, perhaps, petted by society after his fault is known, it is by the toleration and sanction of women that it is done. They have the power to banish as effectually in his case as in the case of his victim. They do not choose to do it. Is it not a fact that when a woman has made a lapse from virtue that her hardest blows come from her own sex. The coldest looks,

the bitterest words, the most awful decrees are those which she receives and suffers from women. The poet has said in genuine terms—

“ Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

But in more special terms these words would be more expressive if they read—

“ Woman’s inhumanity to woman
Makes countless victims mourn.”

It will be seen thus that it is not statutes that are needed to dispel the unequal punishment inflicted upon lapses from virtue. It is a revolution in social edicts and customs which women can work out at their own pleasure at any time and by their own unfettered will.

One point is made against modern legislation,—that which fixes the age of consent. To this it may be answered that while in most civilized states and countries the age of consent is too low, yet, beyond certain points, there are dangers to society in having it too high as well as too low. As a matter of fact few little girls under fourteen are exposed to danger—not enough to make the evil a very glaring one, and, in most countries, the age of consent is being fixed at fourteen. It is so in every part of Canada, but the administration of the criminal law does not reveal any striking results from enlarging the age of consent from twelve to fourteen years. The comparing of this with the making of ordinary contracts or dispositions of property is really very far fetched, and does not strike the reason of the legislator nor of the administrator of the law as being worthy of practical consideration. If good sound reasons can be given for making the age of consent higher the legislatures will be ready to do it. Nothing could be more unjust or preposterous than to believe that any legislator is thinking of himself or the special interests of his sex in determining

such questions. He is thinking only of the highest good to society, the safest and fairest principle which can be worked out.

If it can be shown that it is desirable that women should have direct influence in legislation for any purposes of their own, then it is the simplest thing in the world to demonstrate that they have it. There is not an election held in any part of North America to-day that it is not in the power of the women within the constituency to control. There is not a public man in North America to-day sufficiently great and powerful to gain an election, if the women within the compass of his district should combine against him. Those of us who have spent all our days in the political arena know well the power which women exert in elections—not, indeed, by dropping ballots into the ballot boxes, but by guiding the hands that do. Every canvasser takes special pains to obtain the favor of the women in his constituency, and if he does not it is bound to go hard with him. There may be an exception to this in some densely populated sections of great cities where politics are controlled very largely by corrupt manipulations, but this is entirely exceptional. In the great rural sections which constitute the backbone of the nation and the centre of power, woman's influence is distinctly and palpably felt in every election. In England, the Primrose League is a powerful factor in the political world, and elections are saved and won by the personal efforts of some gentlewomen who specially address themselves to the task of influencing the electors. When the great tidal wave swept over the political field in the United States in November, 1890, one of the shrewdest and most experienced American politicians said "The women did it." The McKinley Bill threatened to increase

the cost of certain articles dear to the feminine heart, and they induced the men whom they have under their control to vote against its authors and votaries.

Some one will say that if women are really exerting so much influence under present conditions, why not take down the barriers and give them equal rights and full powers in the political arena. The reason is that the influence they are exerting now is a legitimate and natural influence, and, if not carried too far, quite wholesome and proper. It is the function of women to please, and to evoke the respect and regard of men. When they once possess this it is proper they should exert a good influence over their votaries. This is *par excellence* the true channel for the exercise of woman's influence in the affairs of State. They have also a right to influence the men chosen to rule and guide the country to sound, pure and elevated principles in the discharge of their duties. This sort of influence does not take woman out of her natural sphere—does not remove from her the symbols of femininity, which make her more powerful than fingering ballot boxes could possibly do. But the very instant that she is admitted to the arena of party struggle, is found elbowing her way to the polling both and contending on the highways with professional politicians, then she will no longer inspire the imagination as at present, but grows out of her lovely self into a new and less lovable creature who has nothing to demand of the chivalry of men, but stands ready in the public forum to give blow for blow. The Lord deliver us from a race of women who are incapable of suggesting dependence or inspiring deference!

But there are graver objections to woman's suffrage. Before adopting any line it is wise to reflect upon what it will lead to. If women are to be allowed to

throw off the grace of effeminacy, which has charmed the world, and take their stand at the ballot box on terms of exact equality, then there must be no limit to their exercise of this right. If they are to make legislators they have an exactly equal right to be legislators. And, if legislators, then governors, cabinet ministers, judges, rulers. Intellectually there may be no objection to this. They may be just as well fitted to the task of government as men, but it happens that the race can only be perpetuated by the birth of children, and that nature has made this the inexorable function of women. As soon as she has reached womanhood she must in most cases become a wife. For several years, covering the flower of her life, she must, in general, be bearing children and caring for them during their helpless infancy, and, if we are to have such a place as home any more on this poor earth, she must make it, be its guardian angel and form the tie which binds all the children together in an all beautiful and all potent home circle. At what period of life then is woman to discharge the functions of state-craft? Not when in happy girlhood she is led a blushing bride to the altar. Not when for the next fifteen or twenty years she is giving birth to children and attending to their nourishment and care. Is it then, after forty, that she is to go into legislative halls, ascend the bench, or preside over a department of state? But these are high functions which require enormous preliminary training and experience. When are these to be acquired? And, really, is it desirable—is it well, that the mother who has young girls growing up about her, and requiring her tenderest care at every hour of their lives, who is the proud possessor of lads whose future character is to be shaped by her constant influence, should leave them to the mercy

of the world while she prates on the public platform, or struggles for a seat in the legislature? Why should she do this when the same work can be equally well done by men who have not such encumbrances placed upon them by the edicts of nature? The mother's functions are the highest. Viewed in the aggregate, higher than any discharged by men—higher than kingship or legislation. Men cannot discharge them. They belong by nature and providence to women. Who will say that the world has anything to gain by impairing their efficient discharge in order to obtain the services of women at polling booths and in legislative halls? This is the problem in a nutshell.

It will be alleged that some women will not marry, but, developing special tastes in the direction of professional and public life, will eschew all ideas of domesticity and seek a career in the world's great sphere of action. To such, it will be contended, all avenues should be open. To this the answer is that the number to be affected will necessarily be small. Most women will marry. If not, what is to become of the world? It is not desirable to inaugurate a system which will tend to withdraw women from the paths of domestic life and encourage them to seek out other lines. Can any one show that the world would be benefitted thereby? The world can get on very well without the services in public life of a few women, who, strangling the instincts of their sex toward love, maternity and domestic duties, desire to expand themselves in the public arena and take a hand in the government of the state. The intellectual equality of woman has been freely conceded, but it does not follow that they are equally fitted for the duties of government. Viewing the two sexes in the abstract, we should say without hesitation that, for various obvious

reasons, men are best fitted for both war and statecraft. Women are best fitted for the care of children and the creation, and making pleasant of home. These are duties as important to the state as making laws—nay, profoundly more important and more far-reaching. But if dreams of fame come to women and demand their realization, do not literature and art afford a sufficient field. What man of the age has acquired in the pursuit of statecraft a wider and more enduring fame than Madam De Stael, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Elliot, or Miss Muloch, have acquired by letters?

One sometimes wonders why such an agitation for woman suffrage has ever been called into existence. The reasons against it are so striking, the reasons for it so slight. Probably the most potent cause of the activity in the woman's suffrage movement is the temperance agitation of the hour. The idea is to have women vote in order that the home may prevail over the saloon. This is not very complimentary either to the moral sentiment or honest judgment of the men of to-day. There are indeed but very few men outside of large cities who would vote for the saloon. Nearly every rational elector in North America is ready to vote for any remedy for the evils of intemperance that is just and practical. All sorts of repressive laws have been passed by men, which no executive could pretend to enforce, and they have been repealed by general consent. Prohibition could be voted in a thousand forms by Legislatures and Congresses, but that would not stop the manufacture, sale and drinking of liquor. The most vital point for the devoted women who are struggling to mitigate and finally abolish the evils of strong drink to consider is that, good as is their cause, and noble as is their mission, it cannot be achieved in a day or a genera-

tion, nor, indeed, at all, solely by the bald instrument of statutes. If they all had votes to-morrow and sent to parliament a body of the most ultra temperance reformers in the country and there exhausted their wits in devising legislation—this one thing they could not do,—namely, stop the consumption of liquor by those who wanted it in the country, and by the millions of gallons. To make any law effective it must be written upon the conscience of mankind before it is written upon a statute book. The evils of strong drink will ultimately disappear, we are disposed to hope, and, at certain stages, law will be an important factor in destroying the abuse, but the point now sought to be enforced is that no one need be impatient about getting legislation voted. The advocates of repressive legislation have prevailed often enough in elections, but the results have rarely been satisfactory. Men can be induced to vote for any measure of reform provided there is any reasonable prospect that the measure can be made effective.

The instincts of mankind are against the lowering of woman's attributes by too active a part in the rough encounters of the world. It would be a sin against nature for any mother to leave her babe to mount the hustings or deliberate in the legislature. The foundation of the nation is the home. Who is to create home and make it glad if woman is to engage in all the turmoils of statecraft? Is it power that is desired? Then every beautiful woman has more power to-day than a bishop or a governor. She can control both. Let no woman complain of the lack of power of her sex, it is all powerful. No one wishes to be ungenerous, but it must be confessed that the warmest advocates of woman's suffrage are not always those whose power is acknowledged in the social circle. The

most charming of women are seldom seek any field which would divert her
 concerned about ballot boxes. The de- from the consecrated duties which God
 voted wife and mother would scorn to and nature have entrusted to her care.

FASCINATION.

BY W. P. TAYLOR.

The gentle sea lay smooth and calm and still,
 All undisturbed by wave or sound of wind;
 No breeze the white sailed argosy to fill,
 That glides and leaves a trail of foam behind.

Silent the long oars dip the watery main:
 Propelled by slaves' strong hands it swiftly moves,
 And carries to his native shores again
 The joyous warrior—back to those he loves.

Low as the murmuring of a summer breeze,
 Soft as the gentle cooing of a dove,
 Now loud as tempest raging 'mong the trees,
 Now whispering notes like angels' songs above,

Mingling and intermingling joyous sound
 With notes short and low, then loud and long—
 The listless mariners gazing all around—
 There floated on the air the sirens' song.

Oh sweeter was the sirens' music then
 Than wifely love or duty's protestation.
 The oars dip slowly towards the sirens' glen,
 Drawn thither by resistless fascination.

Then bid your God and earth a long farewell,
 Enchanted ones; adieu to earth's love smiles;
 'Tis heaven indeed, mixed with the pangs of hell,
 To be a prisoner in the sirens' wiles.

On me, alone upon the sea of life,
 Great God, thine eye be bent by day and night
 Be thou my star; and though my path be rife
 With siren music, guide thou me aright.

WHAT DOES HOME RULE FOR IRELAND MEAN?

BY TIMOTHY WARREN ANGLIN.

The speeches made at the meeting held in the Auditorium, Toronto, for the avowed purpose of counteracting the effect of the magnificent reception given to Mr. Edward Blake at the Pavilion, and the article since published in the Canadian papers opposed to Ireland's obtaining any measure of Home Rule show that there are still many who misunderstand, or who wilfully misrepresent, what the Irish people demand and what the effect of their obtaining all they ask would be.

Some who speak or write on the question are content to allege that Home Rule means Rome Rule. A writer of distinction repeats this assertion in various forms in articles published in Canada, and in English periodicals. We are told that an Irish Legislature would be entirely under the control of the Catholic Bishops and Priests, and would at their bidding inflict on the Protestant minority wrongs which would drive them to rebellion and render another conquest of the Irish Catholics necessary. Indeed, delight has even been expressed at the prospect of having this irrepressible Irish question settled by force; though many efforts have already been made, and ineffectually made, to settle this question by such use of force as might have sated the most blood thirsty and most ruthless, and though there must generally be two parties to a fight, and the Irish Nationalists are quite determined to afford their enemies no pretext for the use of force in the settlement of this question. In the efforts they made to secure the election of Mr. Blake, a Protestant, for South

Longford, proof conclusive is said to be found that Bishops and priests would dominate an Irish Parliament and would use it to exalt the Catholic Church and to exterminate Protestantism or at least to oppress Protestants.

Those who assert that Home Rule means the substitution of Catholic ascendancy for what still remains of Protestant ascendancy assert also that the establishment of an Irish Statutory Parliament would create close to Great Britain a hostile power which would prove a constant source of trouble and uneasiness in times of peace, and of embarrassment and danger in times of war.

An Irish Parliament would not be a mere experiment. A Parliament existed in Ireland almost as soon as in England. That Henry the Second sent to his representative in Ireland, a copy of a treatise entitled *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*, is regarded by some as proof that, even in his time, a Legislative Assembly was held in Ireland, which as much resembled the Parliament of the present day as did any Legislative Assembly held in England during his reign or the reign of either of his sons. And the Irish Parliament did not then, or at any subsequent period, derive its existence from an English Statute. The inherent right of the people to be governed by laws made by a Parliament in which they were duly represented, and to determine through such Parliament what taxes should be levied and what sums should be appropriated for the public service, was not questioned. In Ireland as in England, and perhaps in a greater degree, the

development of the principles of Parliamentary Government was irregular; the monarch or his representative often disregarded the authority of Parliament and sought to rule without its intervention, but all such attempts ultimately failed.

For many years, it is true, only the English of the Pale were represented in the Irish Parliament. But when the English power extended over the whole island Irish and English were represented, although never on terms really equal. That Parliament in Catholic times passed many laws which were cruelly unjust to the Irish majority, and that the laws passed after the Reformation for the extirpation of Catholicity were hideous in their ferocity is notorious. But in all the centuries from the time of the first Norman invasion to the time of the Legislative Union with Great Britain, no Irish Parliament passed a single Act designed to do injustice to the English resident in Ireland or to impose penalties or disabilities on Protestants on account of their religion. The Acts passed by the Irish Parliament, when James the Second was in the country, have, it is true, frequently been denounced as Acts of spoliation. But even these did no more than restore to the Irish owners the properties confiscated a few years before under the pretence that those who resisted the authority of the rebellious English Parliament and of Oliver Cromwell were rebels—a confiscation ratified in large part by what was called The Act of Settlement.

It is equally true that the Irish Parliament did not at any time adopt a policy of separation from England, or show a disposition to thwart the foreign policy of England or to embarrass the English Government in any way. On the contrary when called on to vote men and money to be used in the wars of England, it was quite as prompt to respond to such

demands as was the English Parliament, and quite as liberal in proportion to the means of the country. When, indeed, the American provinces were engaged in the great struggle for the maintenance of their constitutional rights the Irish House of Commons, then exclusively Protestant, passed an address expressing their sympathy with these so called rebels, of whom a very large proportion were Irish Protestants; but no one is found now to argue that Home Rule should be refused because the Irish Parliament passed that address. About the same time it proved its loyalty to English connection by voting liberal supplies of men and money. And when in 1782 Grattan and his associates, supported by the volunteers, asserted the full power and sole and absolute authority of the Irish Parliament to make laws respecting all things Irish, there was no thought of effecting or promoting the separation of Ireland from Great Britain.

Indeed, the motives of those most active in the demand for absolute legislative independence at that time, were largely commercial in their character. The Irish Parliament, while it possessed powers in all respects similar to those of the British Parliament, was not always equally free to exercise its powers. An Act of the Irish Parliament, known as Poyning's Act, passed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, provided that no Bill should be introduced in the Irish Parliament until it had received the approval of the King and his English Council. The competency of the Parliament thus to limit its own powers or to place restriction on their exercise was frequently questioned, but full effect was given to this measure. The English Parliament, too, had at various times claimed the right to legislate for the regulation of the foreign commerce of Ireland, and in order to satisfy the merchants and manufacturers of England, had

passed many Acts expressly for the purpose of restricting Irish trade and Irish manufactures. The Irish Parliament itself had been bribed or forced or frightened into passing some Acts of the same character which it was not afterwards permitted to repeal. In their operation all these laws were most oppressive, and they bore with especial weight on the Protestants of the country, who were almost exclusively the traders and manufacturers. When the volunteers made a great demonstration in Dublin in support of Grattan and those who worked with him in Parliament, the well remembered label on their artillery was "Free Trade, or else ——." And after the Irish Parliament had shaken off the trammels which had so long prevented its free action, the difficulties which arose between that body and the British Government and Parliament, and which caused Pitt to use such frightful means to effect a legislative union, were chiefly of a commercial character. There were other difficulties indeed, especially that which arose as to the appointment of a regent when George the Third became insane; and some contended that there was reason to apprehend that whenever England, engaged in war, was in sorest need, the Irish Parliament would refuse supplies: but undoubtedly the chief object of the union was to protect English trade and manufactures from a rivalry always regarded as dangerous, and to reduce Ireland to the condition to which she was very soon brought by means of that union. Pitt seemed disposed at first to make such arrangements with the Irish Parliament as would remove all cause of complaint on the part of English traders and manufacturers, and allay their apprehensions; but when that body resolved to accept the propositions made by him he no longer cared to make any agreement. He had made up his mind

to effect the Legislative Union at any price.

But it may be asked, "If a free, untrammelled Parliament was so great an advantage to Ireland; if under its fostering care the country became in a few years so prosperous as you allege, why did Irishmen rebel and endeavour to establish a Republic?"

It is true, indeed, that the Irish Parliament could, after 1782, pass what laws it pleased regarding Irish affairs, but when the feeling which forced many members of the Irish House of Commons to vote for Grattan's resolution grew cold; when the volunteers were disbanded, and the corrupt influence of the government was again free to work in a House composed largely of place holders, and of men selected by the owners of the petty boroughs in which the election of members of the House of Commons was a mere farce, it was found that many important political reforms were necessary in order to secure good government. The political condition of Great Britain was very bad at that time. The British House of Commons was made up largely of men who were the nominees of the large land owners, and the power of the crown was enormous. But in Great Britain public opinion generally had some weight: the contentions of the two aristocratic factions gave opportunities to those who were in some degree really representatives of the people, and the principles of Responsible Government were to some extent operative. In Ireland there was no pretence of responsibility on the part of the Government, the members of which sat in the House of Commons, and retained office whether their measures were accepted or rejected regardless of any resolutions of censure that might be carried. The boroughs created by James the First for the purpose of swamping the Catholic vote still sent members to

Parliament, although several of those boroughs were mere hamlets, and the electors, who in many cases did not number a dozen, were the bailiffs and other dependents of the land owners. In the cities and larger towns, the electors were few in number, and generally under control. To secure the support of a few great borough owners was to secure a majority in Parliament, and this support was secured by a lavish distribution of sinecures and pensions, of seats on the Bench, and even of commissions in the army and navy. A very large proportion of the members of the House of Commons were themselves place holders.

Grattan, when he found that the Parliament he had led to freedom had sunk to a condition so deplorable, and that his efforts to raise it from the slough in which the majority loved to wallow, were unavailing, withdrew from it in despair. The association of United Irishmen formed for the purpose of effecting a thorough parliamentary reform by the earnest constitutional efforts of Irishmen of every creed and race also despaired of succeeding by such means, and influenced, no doubt, by what had happened in the United States and by what was going on in France, sought to accomplish by revolutionary methods more than they had at first contemplated. It should always be borne in mind, that the founders of this association and nearly all its most active and most prominent members were Protestants. And although when the rebellion of 1798 did break out, most of the fighting was done in Wexford and Wicklow by Catholics, the greater number of those Catholics did not become United Irishmen until they were forced into rebellion by the emissaries of the government, who lived in "free quarters," burned chapels and private houses at their pleasure, used the pitch-cap and triangle for their amusement, and

committed every conceivable outrage under pretence of preventing or punishing rebellion. It is certain that there would have been no insurrection in those counties if the government had not chosen to find in rebellion an excuse for effecting the legislative union they so much desired as the most effectual means of accomplishing their purpose. The Union, as one of the speakers at the recent great Home Rule demonstration in the Pavilion truly said, was carried by fraud and violence and corruption. Even with all the horrors of the rebellion to help him, Castlereagh could not carry the act of union through the Irish House of Commons until he had bought, at enormous prices, the owners and the so-called representatives of the pocket boroughs and every other member of the House who was purchasable.

The Irish Catholics, who were then, as they are now, the great majority of the Irish people, could do little to prevent this great crime. After the surrender of Limerick they were not only deprived of nearly all the landed property that remained to them after all previous confiscations, but they were also deprived of all those civil and political rights which previous persecutions had left them, and were excluded from both Houses of Parliament, from all share in county and municipal government, from all the professions, and from all the trades, occupations and employments regarded as important. They were excluded, too, from the cities and towns, and persecuted in every conceivable manner. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the active persecution was relaxed, because Catholics had little which others might covet, and because it was found to be a mistake to make Ireland a recruiting ground for Spain and Austria and especially for France. But the disabilities which rendered it impos-

sible for them to take any part in the government of their own country, or in its business, or to regain any portion of the soil which for ages had been all their own, were not even partially removed until a change of policy in this respect also appeared to be absolutely necessary. It was not until 1778 that Irish Catholics were permitted to take a long lease of land. It was not until 1782 that Irish Catholics were allowed to acquire land by purchase. It was not until 1793 that Catholics were allowed to vote at the election of members of Parliament, and even then they were practically excluded from participation in the election of the representatives of boroughs. It has sometimes been alleged, indeed, that the Catholics were in favour of the union, but this is a misrepresentation. It would seem natural that, persecuted and oppressed as they had been by many of those who controlled the Irish Parliament, subjected to gross and in most cases wanton outrage by those to whom the rebellion had given power almost absolute, and violently debarred from nearly all political and civil rights, they should accept the relief which was promised as an immediate consequence of the act of union. But although many, hoping to escape from the frightful condition in which they then found themselves, and relying on the promise of Pitt, signed the petitions circulated by the Government, and though others sought in this way to avert the suspicions of those who might yet deal with them summarily as traitors, the great majority of the Catholics regarded the legislative independence of the country as too valuable to be sacrificed in order that they might the sooner obtain relief from the injustice which even then they believed could not be long lived. The number of Catholics who petitioned against the union was much greater than the

number of those who were seduced or frightened into signing the petitions in favour of that measure.

Just as soon as public meetings could be held with safety, and men could speak their minds without danger to life or liberty, a demand for the Repeal of the Union was made. O'Connell, then a young man, took an active part in that agitation. At one public meeting he declared that the Catholics of Ireland would prefer to have the country governed by an Irish Parliament, even though Catholics were to be excluded, until their political rights were restored by the free action of their Protestant fellow countrymen. This declaration he frequently repeated.

But O'Connell soon perceived that the Union had already wrought a deplorable change in the views and wishes of the Protestant minority and that it would be useless to agitate for Repeal until the Protestant ascendancy of which the Union was said to be the safe guard was overthrown. Therefore, without ceasing to demand Repeal, he prudently set to work to destroy the outworks of the Union one by one. Pitt had broken his promise, and it was necessary to work for the removal of Catholic disabilities. By a system of moral force agitation created by himself he succeeded in forcing a reluctant ministry to pass in 1829 the measure known as Catholic Emancipation. Other governments he forced to pass measures which placed the government of the cities and towns in the hands of the rate-payers, and to readjust the Tithe System so as to make it less oppressive and less offensive than it had been. Then he renewed the demand for the Repeal of the Act of Union, and the people in those wonderful assemblages, called Monster Meetings by the London *Times*, demon-

strated their intense desire for the restoration of their Parliament.

O'Connell's demand always was for a repeal of the Act of Union, preserving, however, such remedial laws relating to Ireland as had been passed by the Imperial Parliament. At one time Mr. Grey V. Porter, an Ulster Protestant, endeavored to persuade him that it would be better to seek the establishment of a Federal system, but this policy O'Connell, after some consideration, refused to adopt. Sharman Crawford, about the same time, endeavored to persuade him that it would be more politic to get the land question settled satisfactorily before he proceeded farther. Already the Ulster landlords were encroaching on the rights of their tenants, under what was known as the Ulster custom. Mr. Crawford argued persistently that Tenant Right, as it was sometimes called, should be defined and confirmed by law and extended to all parts of the country. O'Connell preferred that all such questions should be settled by an Irish Parliament.

O'Connell's repeal agitation was not successful. The famine of 1847-8, and the abortive young Ireland rebellion, which was a mere symptom of despair, it was thought had put an end to all political agitation in Ireland for a generation; but even before the people had recovered from the frightful effects of the famine they renewed the demand for legislative independence.

To Mr. Isaac Butt, who about this time became the leader of the Irish party in Parliament, and to others it seemed prudent to substitute for the demand made by Ireland in the time of O'Connell, a demand for a measure which would give to Ireland a Parliament having power to deal with all questions purely Irish, and this in time was called Home Rule. No attempt was made to

define Home Rule until Mr. Gladstone introduced the measure on which he was defeated. Mr. Parnell, when leader of the Irish party, was frequently challenged to introduce a Home Rule bill, but this he prudently refused to do until there appeared to be some probability of obtaining at least the serious consideration of Parliament for such a measure.

It is generally believed that the bill which Mr. Gladstone is preparing to introduce next session will differ in some material respects from his former bill. Those who are determined to condemn everything he proposes, insist that he should explain at once what the provisions of his bill shall be. Indeed during the elections they insisted that he should submit his scheme of Home Rule to the electors, in order that they might be able to decide its fate. Disapproval of any one of the more important features of the scheme, they calculated would work as condemnation of the whole. It is well that, failing to obtain the food for objection which they sought, they have resorted so freely to invention, as many who, misled by them, are now violently opposed to Home Rule, must, if they are intelligent and wish to do right, become converts when they find that no one proposes to do any of the dreadful things the active opponents of Mr. Gladstone and the bitter enemies of Ireland now denounce so fiercely and so persistently.

They say that Home Rule will create in Ireland a military and naval power hostile to Great Britain, a power ever ready to aid England's enemies: or that it will in some way not described, because indescribable, weaken the Empire and endanger its existence.

No advocate of Home Rule proposes or expects that Ireland will have any greater means of embarrassing England or giving aid to her enemies, after an

Irish Statutory Parliament has been established, than it has now. No one asks that this Parliament shall have even the power with respect to the voting of supplies for military and naval purposes, and the analogous powers which the Irish Parliament formerly had. All the rant about an Irish army and navy to be used against England and the sheltering of hostile fleets in Irish harbours is utterly nonsensical; the proposed Parliament would have no control, direct or indirect, of the army and navy, or of any part of it, and no power to create a military force of any kind. The absolute control of any military force, placed or raised in Ireland, would be in the Queen acting by the advice of her British Ministers. It need not be argued that Ireland contented would have no wish to separate from Great Britain, or to assist her enemies, as Ireland manifestly would have no more power to do either than she has at present.

The opponents of Home Rule say that the Catholic majority would so oppress and harass the minority that the latter must rebel and Ireland must be reconquered. Over the prospects of a Protestant rebellion and a reconquest of Ireland some of them seem to gloat. They do not attempt to explain how the majority could oppress or injure the minority without injuring themselves at the same time. They think it quite enough to assert that the Catholic majority would be under the control of the Catholic Bishops and Priests, and would be instigated by them to persecute Protestants. What form this persecution could take they do not venture to suggest. The Church of England in Ireland has been disestablished and disendowed, and therefore that could not be attacked; and the establishment of the Catholic Church is a notion too wild for even the most disordered imagina-

tion. Irish Catholics do not desire that the Catholic Church in Ireland should rest on any other foundation, merely human, than the devotion and piety of its members, and they do not object to the provision in Mr. Gladstone's former Bill which, would render it impossible for the Irish Parliament to establish or endow any church. It is true that in Ireland, as elsewhere, the education question may give trouble, if the majority, having unlimited power, chose to act unjustly, as majorities have acted in more than one of the provinces of Canada. That the majority in Ireland would not act unjustly in this respect is as certain as anything merely human can be; but the majority are willing that the power to work injustice in this respect shall be expressly withheld from the Irish Parliament, and in terms so plain and unmistakable that even the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council could not mistake or misinterpret their meaning.

It is proclaimed very often and very loudly, that the Protestants of Ulster would resist with force the collection of any taxes imposed by the Irish Parliament.

This is as absurd as the other attempts to show that Home Rule means the oppression of the minority. The Irish Parliament of former times imposed, and authorised the collection of, all duties of customs and excise. This power, it would perhaps be desirable, the Parliament about to be created should have. But this power it is not proposed that it shall have. The British members of the Imperial Parliament no doubt believe that English interests would suffer if the Irish Parliament should have such power. Payment of the duties imposed by the Imperial Parliament the Ulster Protestants would scarcely resist, and the only taxes likely to be imposed in addition to these are the county and municipal taxes imposed

by the representatives of the people of the counties and other municipalities for local purposes. These taxes the Ulster Protestants would in all probability not refuse to pay. And in all probability they would not object to having the control of their county affairs transferred from the irresponsible grand juries, who now manage them, to municipal boards elected by themselves.

In such matters as the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament the proportion of the duties collected in Ireland which should go to the Imperial treasury, the relations of landlord and tenant, and the land laws generally, the interest of Protestants as a whole cannot differ from the interests of Catholics. In the recent legislation of the Imperial Parliament the principles as to the ownership of land and the rights of landlord and tenant, are laid down on lines which, no doubt, all legislation on this subject, whether of the Imperial Parliament or of an Irish Parliament, must follow.

Much is said by the opponents of Home Rule of the danger of an ascendancy of the majority. What those, who pretend most to dread this, really mean is that the ascendancy of the minority, which still practically exists, to a large extent, is in danger. No doubt it is. But those who know Irish Catholics know that they may be relied upon to treat their Protestant fellow country men justly and even liberally. The records of the past prove this; the records of the cities and boroughs of the present day in which Catholics are a majority also prove it. But to demand or to expect that a fourth of the people should hold three fourths of all the offices of honour and emolument must seem utterly absurd to all but those who from force of habit regard the ascendancy of

the minority as the most proper and most reasonable thing in the world and honest equality an intolerable grievance.

A brief comparison of the constitution of the government and of the Legislature of Ontario, and of the powers of that Legislature, with the constitution of the government and Legislature which it is proposed to establish in Ireland, and of the powers which will be conferred on the Irish Legislature as far as can be ascertained from the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's former measure, and what is understood of the change which has been wrought in his views, and from what the leaders of the Irish party have said at various times, may serve to show how unfounded and how absurd in most cases are the apprehensions on which opposition to Home Rule now seems entirely to rest.

Ontario has representation according to population in the Federal Parliament. Mr. Gladstone in his former Bill provided that Ireland should have no representation in the Imperial Parliament, although that Parliament would continue to impose duties of customs and excise on Ireland. Taxation without representation was strongly objected to, and it is believed that Mr. Gladstone in the Bill he is now preparing, will provide for the full representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. What part the Irish members should take in the work of that Parliament has yet to be determined.

Ontario has a Provincial Government, responsible to the people of the province through their representatives. It is proposed that Ireland shall have an Irish government responsible to the Irish people through their representatives.

Ontario has a Legislature of one House, whose members are elected for the different constituencies, defined by Act of this Legislature, by the electors of each

qualified according to the law of the province, which may be amended from time to time. Mr. Gladstone proposed that the Irish Parliament should consist of one House, but that in this House there should be two different classes of members elected by different constituencies, but without distinction of powers or privileges. One of these classes would practically represent the large land owners. Strong objection was made to this part of his proposal, and it is probable that he has abandoned the idea of class representation.

The Legislature of Ontario may from time to time amend "the constitution of the Province, except as regards the office of Lieutenant-Governor." If the Irish Parliament receive such powers they will no doubt be accompanied by such restrictions as may be deemed necessary for the protection of the Protestants.

The other exclusive powers of the Ontario Legislature are in brief :

To impose direct taxation in order to raise a revenue for Provincial purposes.

To borrow money on the credit of the Province.

To establish Provincial offices, and appoint and pay Provincial officers.

To manage and dispose of the public lands of the Province and the timber thereon.

To establish, maintain, and manage Public and Reformatory Prisons and Hospitals, Asylums, and other charitable institutions within the Province, other than Marine Hospitals.

To make laws respecting Municipal institutions, and respecting shop, tavern, and other licenses, in order to the raising of a revenue for Provincial, Local, or Municipal purposes.

Local works and undertakings with some exceptions.

The incorporation of companies with Provincial objects.

The solemnization of the marriage in the Province.

Property and Civil Rights in the Province.

The Administration of Justice in the Province, including the constitution, maintenance, and organization of Provincial Courts, both of civil and of criminal jurisdiction, and including procedure in civil matters in these courts.

The imposition of punishment by fine, penalty, or imprisonment, for the purpose of enforcing any law of the Province made in relation to any of the classes of subjects here enumerated.

Generally all matters of a merely local or private nature in the Province.

These are almost precisely the powers which it is proposed to confer on the Irish Parliament. In Ireland there are no Crown Lands or Timber Limits to be disposed of, and it is said that Mr. Gladstone or some of his advisers intend to propose that the Imperial Parliament shall retain for a limited period, say five years, the power to settle the Irish Land Question. With respect to the administration of justice it is proposed that the Irish Parliament shall legislate in regard to criminal as well as civil jurisdiction, and shall have the power to make or amend criminal laws, and that the appointment of judges shall be vested in the Irish executive,

The Ontario Legislature cannot impose duties of customs or excise, and it is not proposed that the Irish Parliament shall have power to impose such duties, but the amount raised by virtue of Imperial legislation by Imperial officers will be distributed on a principle from that which obtains in Canada. No matter what duties are imposed by the Canadian Parliament, or what revenue those duties

yield, Ontario receives only a fixed annual subsidy. Of the amount collected as customs and excise duties in Ireland an amount equal to its proportion of the Imperial expenditure proper will be retained by the Imperial Government and the rest will be paid into the Irish treasury to be disposed of as the Irish Parliament may direct.

Ontario has no control over the Post Office. There seems to be no good reason why Ireland may not manage its own Post Office business.

Ontario has no control over the Militia. It is not proposed that the Irish government or Parliament shall have any power to control, direct or influence the movements or actions of the regular forces in Ireland or to raise a Militia force or to authorise the organization even of a company of volunteers. They will be absolutely without any military power or authority whatever. Some insist that the Imperial government shall retain the control of the Irish Police. This seems preposterous, but it is not improbable that a change will be made in the organization of that body which will deprive it of its military character.

It requires extraordinary powers of analysis or of imagination, to discover that an Irish government and Parliament

with powers so defined and so limited could, even if they would do, any injury to the Empire or inflict any injustice on the Protestant minority. They could not exceed the powers conferred upon them by the Imperial statute which created them, and if it may be feared that they may in some way overcome or evade the other provisions placed in the statute for the protection of the minority there remains the power of disallowance which Mr. Gladstone's Bill placed in the Imperial Parliament, but which it is now said will be vested in the Crown, as the power of disallowing any act of any Provincial Legislature is vested in the Governor General in Council by the B.N.A. Act.

The real danger for the future is that in the effort to silence all objections, and to allay all apprehensions, the powers of the Irish Parliament will be so limited and restricted that satisfaction must be impossible. The settlement now to be made should be final. To be final it must give to the Irish Executive and Irish Parliament the largest measure of power and of freedom compatible with the integrity of the Empire and the maintenance of its dignity. With less power than is enjoyed by the Executive and Legislature of Ontario, Ireland could not remain satisfied.



WOULD IT MEAN AN AMERICAN EMPIRE ?

BY CHARLES A. STEWART.

There can be little doubt that the ordinary observer of current events, upon being asked his opinion as to the future of the British North American Provinces, would reply without much hesitation, especially if he were neither an Englishman nor a Canadian, that union with the great Republic seemed to him most natural and advisable. He would, moreover, feel himself quite justified in demanding from Canadians, in the first instance, their reasons for rejecting such a policy : and to such a man some adequate answer should certainly be given. A desire for independent national distinction would no doubt appear to him a very plausible one; but he would still be free to appeal to higher considerations, to considerations of general economic welfare, of continental peace, amity, and concord. Yet no matter how high the ground taken by a proposer of the change, Canadians who oppose political union should be ready to give a satisfactory answer, for otherwise no answer is satisfactory at all. We should be able to show, not only that political union would not be beneficial to ourselves, but also that it would not be best for either America or England, nor ultimately for the civilized world. "Canada First," is an attractive motto for the transitory politician, and is indeed in some cases a useful one, but it is mainly so as an antidote against "Ontario First," as "Ontario First" would be against "Toronto First:" certainly it should not be used as a mere stepping stone to "America First."

In the evolution of political morality another step must soon be taken.

The world is too closely knit together now to allow approval of "my country first" as a guiding motto for the truly conscientious voter. In Canada there is really hope that another and better motto will soon be found. Whatever line you draw as the circumference of our domestic interests, whether it be the boundaries of the Empire, of America, or of Canada alone, little enthusiasm can be created among us by appeals to domestic advantage or national glory. "The greatness of the Empire" no doubt has charms for many, but it is really powerless among Canadian voters as a motive of political action, and is now only occasionally held up as a screen for less praiseworthy purposes. The thought of "one grand and peaceful (?) continental Republic" sends no thrill whatever through our people's hearts. The hope of establishing "a great independent Canadian nation" has no doubt often been cherished by the younger and more enthusiastic, but it needed the assistance of a now decaying imperialism before the one work necessary for such a purpose could be undertaken and accomplished. It seems as if neither the glory of Britain, nor of America, nor of Canada, could stir up that noble and generous enthusiasm which is the surest guarantee of purity, honor, and manly vigor in political life. And the reason thereof is plain. Neither Canada, nor America, nor Britain is all the world. We Canadians are living in too late an age, our peculiar position has made us much too cosmopolitan that such narrow motives should influence and arouse us. What then is there left

to awaken us from our lethargy? Whence can come the consuming fire which shall purge the filth and dross from our party politics, bring forth the latent moral strength that is really in the Canadian people, and give hope and comfort to these who despair of purity in our public business? There is but one thing, I believe, that can do so, and it is that "enthusiasm of humanity" which is the essence of our religion, which recognizes fully and completely the brotherhood of man, which knows that despite the specious fallacies of the warring protectionist classes, the true interest of the people everywhere is, and of necessity must be in the end one and the same. We are but *one* race, living very near one another upon *one* planet, and what benefits the laborers of England, France, America or Germany cannot possibly be to the ultimate detriment of the laboring classes of Canada.

And here we arrive at the great objection to the proposals of the political unionist. His thoughts are confined to America; and he forgets that America is not the world. He forgets that there is a unity in human history, that we on this side the Atlantic are but the younger heirs of European civilization. He thinks of the political relations of Canada and the States, but never considers the future political relations of Europe and America. Yet nothing can seem more obvious than that those relations will be deeply affected, if not largely determined, by the attitude which Canada assumes towards political union. We should therefore earnestly enquire what the probable effect of such a measure would be. If after most serious consideration we perceive that it would not be best for either Europe or America we may rest assured that in the end neither would it be best for those who may find a home

in our Dominion; and being the guardians of our country's future we should promptly and decisively reject it.

The progress of Aryan civilization has been like the widening wave-circles caused by a pebble when thrown into the water. Around the rugged shores of Hellas and the narrow circle of the Ægean Sea its first great victory was won. The little Grecian states, each in its mountain home, worked out a system of government in which the idea of state rights was carried to its extremest limit. In Greece unity was even sacrificed to the spirit of liberty, until internal dissensions gave Philip of Macedon his opportunity and, looking to the ultimate ends of humanity, also his justification. The great lesson of Grecian history is this, that local liberty is not itself sufficient to ensure the general welfare and happiness.

The next wave of civilized life described a wider circle around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Rome with her indomitable legions established an empire in which the political liberty of local communities was slowly but steadily destroyed, and all power eventually concentrated in the hands of a single monarch. Here liberty was always sacrificed to the idea of unity, until the mighty fabric which Cæsar and Octavius had reared collapsed at last almost of its own weight. The political institutions upon which Roman civilization rested broke down to a large extent, owing to the absence of that very local autonomy whose exaggeration had been the ruin of Greece. The history of the Roman Empire teaches us the blessings of unity and law, but it also shows the weakness and the intolerable evils of centralization and tyranny.

Next followed a period in which the two principles which Greece and Rome represented struggled hard for supremacy.

For centuries the history of Europe is made up of a conflict between the unifying ideas which the Roman Empire had bequeathed and the decentralizing aspirations of the rising nationalities. The sturdy independence of the Teutonic races, the liberalizing influences of Grecian learning, above all the geographical formation of the country gave the victory to the latter side. In the great reaction of many centuries against the centralized despotism of Rome the world has found itself face to face once more with the very evil for which that centralization had been a cure. Europe has become a larger Greece, a group of independent nations engaged in continual warfare or in vast preparation for it. Will the remedy next resorted to be the old, or a new and a better one? Let us see.

Meanwhile America has been discovered. Upon her shores there has begun to dwell a third and still greater wave of civilization, which now seems destined to encircle all the oceans of the globe. Endowed with the rich inheritance that two preparatory efforts have won, with the art and literature of free Greece, with the religion and the law of despotic Rome, Aryan civilization, in this new land where Aryan races are mingling again, has girded itself for a final struggle to overspread the earth. The great problem which neither Greece nor Rome could solve, which runs indeed in one form or another through all politics, all religion and all philosophy—how to secure unity without despotism, and freedom without anarchy—has been solved, in the political field at least, by the Teutonic spirit of Federation, by combining and reconciling the opposing systems which the two older States adopted. England in her successful development of representative government had shown

how the democratic institutions of the ancient city state could be applied to a more widely-extended territory; but it was reserved for her greater offspring on this side of the Atlantic to devise a plan whereby several States, each as large as a European kingdom, might be united under one general government, while their local autonomy remained unimpaired.

But out of this union of States a single nation has been formed, which as far as its external connections are concerned, does not differ from the ancient monarchies of Europe. The United States are now but one member in the great assembly of nations. No nation, as no man, can possibly live within itself alone. It must exert an influence, proportionate to its strength, upon the world around it. Whatever may have been her policy while still young, half-organized and undeveloped, it is inevitable that when the full height of mature growth has been attained, the expanding energies of the great Republic will force her, despite all tradition, to assume a commanding place in the great world-politics of succeeding centuries. Mankind is drawing very close together. The world is moving very fast. *Some* sort of firmer political system must soon appear, and in its formation America will undoubtedly take a leading part. With her it practically rests to decide whether it is to be world-anarchy as in Greece, world-empire as in Rome, or world-federation as the natural extension of the ideas of government already adopted in her internal affairs.

It is such considerations as these that make the maintenance of the federal principle in America of the true balance between general unity and local liberty so deeply interesting to all surrounding nations. If the States should sink gradu-

ally out of sight and become, as they are becoming, overshadowed by the vaster interests with which every decade of advancing wealth is strengthening the central government, if moreover that government were extended over double the territory it now controls, and received thereby, relatively to the component States, a double increase of power, a knowledge of history is scarcely needed to enable us to foretell the position which America would occupy in international politics or the influence she would exert upon the coming form of general government.

The encroachments of the federal power upon the autonomy of the States is already a source of fear to far-sighted Americans and to many others than those of secessionist traditions. The American constitution in fact was formed for a state of society which has passed away. In 1787, each state was a commercial, social and political unit. But everything has been changed by the development of internal commerce. Each state is now an artificial not an organic unit, and represents no distinct interest at all. The power of the central government is growing, the States' decreasing, simply because in the economic revolution going on around us the matters entrusted to the federal government are becoming more and more intimately connected with the life and happiness of the individual citizen. The chief interest taken in state elections is derived from their significance in regard to the national contest. A few states like Indiana or New York rise to prominence as deciding factors, but for the others no one cares, because it is well known how they will go when the national contest comes; and the national contest of course is everything. To the Nebraska farmer, whose condition in life depends almost entirely upon tariff and railway

legislation at Washington, there is little consolation in the thought that his own state assembly still deals with the law of contract or libel or divorce.

To all but the negro civil and religious liberty is an old song now. What the workmen of America want is industrial liberty. But the whole tendency of industrial life in America is admittedly towards the concentration of capital. Industry and legislation affecting it are being centralized more and more; and excessive centralization is the enemy of liberty. As in the ancient world, the poor have still their economic weakness and their passions, the rich their vested interest and their economic strength. They are once more beginning to meet each other in battle, and blood has already been shed. Except in periods of religious excitement, economic conditions are and have ever been at the bottom of all political action. Only one thing is needed to make the riots at Homestead strictly analogous to those tumults in the streets of Rome which presaged the civil wars and the rise of the empire. That one thing is the participation of political leaders in America, as they participated in Rome, in the armed contest between capital and labor; and it would seem that such participation is near at hand. Such expressions at any rate as that of Senator Palmer, who declared in the Senate that the business of the Carnegie Company was largely of a public nature, that it was in a sense public property—a statement which approaches very near in spirit to the agrarian confiscations of Tiberius Gracchus—such expressions are not calculated to stay the passions of the mob nor to increase their respect for the rights of property. The concentration of economic power in the hands of a few was the real cause of the establishment of

a centralized political power in Rome. In America there is undeniably a danger that like causes will produce like effects. Economic power is being centralized, and political power will slowly and inevitably follow in its train. The constitution may be beautifully cast in a certain mould, but there is at work beneath a stronger power, an irresistible tendency of economic growth and change which sooner or later will burst through the fetters and arrange another constitution to suit its purposes. Herein lies the real danger to the federal system in America, and therefore the real danger of imperialism as the world-system of the future.

The continent of North America can support, and therefore will support, a population of many hundred millions of people. The development of wealth, of commercial power, of scientific appliances in all the departments of human life, which will here be witnessed baffles our imagination to conceive, and will make all past examples of civilized life sink into actual littleness. The geographical position of America is of commanding advantage for world supremacy, and is strictly analogous to that held by Rome within the Mediterranean sea. Turned on one side towards Europe and the nations of what it now seems strange to call "The West," turned on the other towards Asia and the nations of what it seems as strange to call "The East," America is the pivot-land of the globe. If not already, she will soon be, like Rome, the centre and common meeting ground of the world's life. To place such a country under one highly centralized government would mean the triumph of the spirit of unity and empire, as against the spirit of federation, in the new political system which must soon appear.

It is scarcely satisfactory to dismiss these conjectures as visionary and absurd

on the ground that the settled policy of the United States has been to avoid interference in the affairs of other countries. The policies of nations are always dependent upon existing conditions. As already said, when the people of the United States had an empty continent to possess, organize and develop it was but natural that their foreign policy should appear to be essentially negative. But when that territory has been filled to overflowing, when the enterprise of the people can no longer be absorbed in their internal trade, when American merchant princes have enormous "interests" in all parts of the globe, and at the same time enormous political power at home, the American government will be driven to support them abroad, and to assume a position of practical command. Nothing would then exist to prevent the rise of a second Imperial Republic, to which the little dissentious states of Latin America would be a far easier conquest than the Italian allies were to the city on the Tiber, to which Africa would be less formidable than Gaul was to Julius Cæsar, before which the disunited and quarrelling States of Europe, especially it exhausted by some greater Peloponnesian war would succumb as easily as the cities of Hellas did to the armies of Æmilius Paullus.

To the objection that the age of militarism has passed and that this is an age of peace, it is sufficient to observe in reply, that the desire of power and glory is innate in the human breast; and if it becomes impossible to obtain these in one way, we may be absolutely certain that they will be sought in another. The primary duty of the State is to protect itself from armed aggression in order that its members may pursue their industries in peace and gain a respectable livelihood. But this livelihood once assured, it then

becomes the duty of the State to improve the general character of the people, as far as that can be done by wise legislative action. Armed defence and industrial occupation, though indispensable, are strictly subordinate. Unfortunately they have not always been kept so. In the ancient world when two States came in contact it was a mere matter of course that they should struggle with each other until one was subdued. The necessities of national defence were urgent. The military spirit therefore became supreme, and men sought honor and power in defending their native city. But the true purpose of individual and national life—the perfection of human character—was forgotten. A subordinate means was exalted as an end. Thus arose in Rome the political power of great military commanders, which reached at last such a height that it overshadowed the constitutional government and established an empire on the ruins of the republic. In the modern world, at least in America, the necessity of national defence is of vastly less account, and the business of earning a livelihood has stepped into its place. When two corporations come in contact in the industrial field, as a mere matter of course they compete and struggle until one is subdued or a treaty of alliance is formed. The commercial spirit is now supreme. Men seek honor and influence by the acquisition of wealth. But here again, it is to be feared, the true end of man and the State is being forgotten. The second subordinate means is being exalted, and thus has arisen the political power of the great leaders of commerce. As in the ancient republic, the military chiefs allied themselves with the lowest demagogues of the capital, and rose to empire on the shoulders of a deluded populace so “when the day of rigid reckoning comes,” says one of the most

far-sighted of American statesmen, “it will be seen that the existing clique of ambitious millionaires are suggestively close to the schemers and tricksters who are playing upon the passions of the poor.” The love of liberty decays when the struggles with which it was won are forgotten; and the middle classes, who grow weary of the strife, and desire above all things the peaceful enjoyment of their property or their salaries, may cast their determining voice on the side of centralized despotism as they did in Rome. Historical parallels are seldom perfect, and if pushed to extremes, are often misleading; but where the preliminary steps of the process correspond so closely, there is surely great reason to fear that the final result will be essentially the same. To say that there is no danger of imperialism now, is to say that one enormous vice, the love of power, has been purged from the human heart—an event which would indeed be the herald of the millennial dawn. Eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty, and if we need no longer guard against the military power, nothing is more completely certain than that a jealous eye must be cast upon that power which is slowly taking its place. True it may be that no Marius may gain the chief magistracy a seventh time through the glory of defeated Cimbri, but the power of capital in American politics is becoming more evident every year, and a second Crassus might conceivably rise to imperial sway when no longer outshone by the military glory of a Pompeius or a Cæsar.

This is not an age of peace, for there is no peace. A strange new warfare is upon us—a warfare as grossly immoral as the plundering raids of a mediæval lord, a warfare much more contemptible because those who are its moving spirits incur no personal danger whatever, while not only

in other lands, but in their own, millions of laboring men and women are slowly robbed of their means of livelihood. Again, the great lords of protectionist countries are contending for power, and the poor subjects of all are meekly suffering as of old. Even the halo of romance that deeds of daring valor cast around the ancient battle-field lends here no palliating charm, and all we see is a safe luxurious struggle of the financially strong for greater wealth, for greater economic and therefore eventually greater political power. It is indeed eminently natural that a system of taxation, which in modern times had its origin in the desire of a war-like English king to escape from the constitutional control of his people, should become the instrument whereby the ambitious plutocracy of a later commercial republic might seek to increase its own power to control and therefore eventually overthrow the constitutional government. Reciprocity treaties, it may be said, indicate the peaceful tendencies of the American government and of those political influences which control it; but the countries with which these treaties are made are in fact the commercial allies of the United States. Rome had her military "allies" too, and was certainly quite conscientious in so describing them. But their eventual condition is notorious. They very soon appear as political SUBJECTS. And such would inevitably be the condition of the disorganized Latin Republics of the south, if once American commercial interests became there predominant.

And what are the means at hand for preventing such a consummation in American history? Evidently, in the first place, the abolition of the present system of taxation, which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, which may indeed serve in certain circumstances to

hasten the increase of *aggregate* wealth, but which also hastens the concentration of that wealth in the hands of a few, and therefore the centralization of economic and its concomitant political power, a system which is therefore liable to become a primary cause of imperialistic unity. The progress of free trade doctrines in the United States is the first ground of hope for industrial and therefore of political freedom in the future. The second means at hand is the maintenance of such independent political organizations as already exist on the continent free from the danger of control by the centralized economic power of American capitalists.

It is thus that the attitude of Canada thrusts itself as an important factor into the real battle of North American politics—the battle which began in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and was not ended by the surrender at Appomattox.

The Dominion is indeed in one sense closely connected with the rest of the continent, but a closer examination of our geographical features than the limits of the present article will allow, would show not only that the provinces are, each in its peculiar way, also sharply separated from it, but also that the eastern and western limits of our country are marked out by nature as the points of political connection with other continents across the sea. This position is indicative of the great work which Canada seems destined to perform in the coming political organization of the world. The maintenance of the northern confederation, with its strong tendency towards local autonomy, will prevent in America that excessive unity which brought despotism upon Rome. The maintenance of our political connections with Europe and Asia will preserve the spirit of federation, and afford the frame-work for a

world-wide union in which no one member will be so great as to dominate the rest. The present barbarous system of taxation under which a limited few in each country, claiming to be "the nation" contend against each other for supremacy, and chiefly ruin the laboring masses in the struggle, is the one great obstacle in the way. In such a commercial war that one nation which is tenfold the strongest must at last not only conquer, but permanently rule. And yet, as out of the darkest despair the brightest hopes will often rise, so the Dominion seems actually to present the readiest opportunity for the realization of better things. The overwhelming necessity, for the ordinary purposes of livelihood, of freer trade relations with all the world, the lingering respect, if not affection for that mother land which, on the whole, has treated these colonies so well, the deep half-unconscious longing of an undemonstrative people after a higher ideal of individual and public life than that which would make either commercial gain or narrow national glory the end of all ambition, will ere long force upon us the adoption of some new system of taxation as the only means of reconciling these apparently conflicting desires. Maintaining her political alliance with free-trade, democratic England, and entering into those relations of completest unity with the great and generous democracy of the South which complete free trade alone can give, Canada might then be the humble instrument of Providence in the preservation of human liberty and the restoring of human unity. The separation of 1776, perhaps that earlier separation before the dawn of history which has cost the Aryan races so many centuries of warfare and desolation, might then be healed: the dream of our dead Laureate's youth might be then realized at last.

And yet it may be that the darker

destiny is in store for us. It may be that, as in the ancient world, universal peace could only be reached through universal war, so in these modern times industrial peace can only be reached through universal industrial war. It may be that the weak must still go under, that the brute force of the economically strong must still prevail. It may be that among Americans the few must rise to political power through the concentration of wealth, and that among the nations America must rise to empire through her vastly superior economic strength and the great advantages of her geographical position. The richer and ruling classes of the United States may live, as Rome did, in and for themselves alone. They may know no other good but the glory and advancement of the "American people." They may continue that imperial policy which led to the acquisition of the Mississippi valley, of Texas, of California, of Alaska. They may establish their first "*imperium*," as many influential Republicans already advocate, over the region of the Nicaragua Canal. Urged on by the ambitions of a commercial aristocracy, and armed with the sword of a hostile tariff, they may beat down the puny and miserable opposition which Canadian protectionists are vainly attempting to raise against them. They may take the fatal step, and absorb the provinces. I don't believe that they will, for reasons already given; but if they do, it will be the triumph of force and not of humanity; it will be the victory of all that is lowest and most degrading, the defeat of all that is noblest and best in their national character. And in that hour the great American empire will be at hand. Freedom will again vanish for ages from the earth, and we look around in vain for another empty continent where with eagerness and reviving hope she may attempt to build a happier and securer home.

PRINCE EDWARD SAND-BANKS.

BY MISS FRANK DAVIS

It is strange, yet true, that among all the tourists, transient and permanent, visiting this fascinating locality—"a motley crowd,"—consisting of idle fashionables, weary after a long winter's campaign; anxious invalids, seeking strength from the cool, invigorating breezes of the lake; practical American capitalists—those warm admirers of the "almighty dollar,"—sincere lovers of the beautiful in nature in each and all of its varied phases; tired and overburdened mothers, looking for much needed rest and quiet after the wear and tear of the burdens of the year; accomplished coquettes, or fascinating "dudes," after "green fields and pastures new"; or the celebrated scientists, with clear, active brains, ever on the alert to surprise from Mother Nature some secret with which to electrify the world, and line their own pockets; it is strange, I repeat, that none of these have ever been able to solve the mystery of the origin of these truly wonderful banks.

It is comparatively easy to see how they are formed. Each incoming wave, however small, washes in a portion of sand, depositing it upon the smooth, glossy beach, formed of previous deposits of the same kind, the shape of the crest of the wave being clearly defined on the wet sand as it recedes. This sand dries and is blown back and scattered here and there by different currents of air, forming in process of time, all those miles of creamy banks which can never be accused of being "flat, stale and unprofitable," but charm the beholder more and more each time he sees them.

It seems almost incredible that such a bank could be thus formed, but not improbable, when you stand, as I did last summer, and watch each wave advance and retire in its ceaseless mission. The mystery, and as yet unanswered question which confronts everyone, is where does all this sand come from? There seems to be an inexhaustible mine of supply which, like the widow's cruse, only increases the more it is drawn upon.

These banks are situated in a very fertile and productive part of Ontario, Prince Edward County, a county, in fact, which is noted for its fruit production and fine roads. They are near Wellington Bay, on Lake Ontario. Luxuriant vegetation is to be found at their very base. They are to be reached by a beautiful drive of ten miles from Picton. And such a drive! Comfortable "carry-alls," covered or open according to choice, for large or small parties, are to be obtained at very reasonable rates in the town. The drive is delightful! You go bowling along past pretty and picturesque houses, well managed farms and laden orchards, whose rosy-cheeked fruit make you give a thought of sincere pity for poor Mother Eve; past barn-yards where the noisy steam-thresher is greedily chewing up choice morsels and intermittantly shrieking for "more"; underneath avenues of trees whose lapping branches form a green canopy over your heads, in some places even excelling in beauty the famous boulevards of Versailles, as anything natural, to my mind, always excels anything artificial.

Not the least interesting object to be

seen on the way, is a veritable "old oaken bucket" well, in all its pristine primitiveness. Another land-mark is an old oak tree, which stands like a stalwart sentinel in the centre of the road, and whose waving branches cover three carriage drives; and whose trunk is so large as to hide an approaching carriage. alone is worth a visit. I am sorry that I was not able to get the exact measurement of the trunk of the tree, or of the spot overshadowed by its branches. The lake shore near the bank is indented with a succession of rock-paved bays, whose gradually shoaling margins afford rare bathing. East and West lakes—each five miles long and the latter dotted with islands—are separated from Lake Ontario by narrow strips of beach. These lakes are very lovely, reminding one somewhat of some of the Highland lochs; though there is a striking contrast in the background, the creamy whiteness of the sand banks, and the dark, rich, rugged verdure of the Scotch mountains.

To approach the banks, you drive over an isthmus two miles in length, which separates the small lake from the larger one. The glistening heights of the banks are visible for miles as you draw near. No matter how much you may have been told about the banks, their height and extent—if you stay long enough to explore them fully—are always a surprise to the visitor. One great attraction in these "marvels of nature," as they have aptly been called, is their changeableness. You visit them one season, and think you know them thoroughly, only to return another and find their aspect almost entirely changed; you search in vain for dearly loved nooks and fine vantage ground for views. On near approach the banks are hidden by cedar woods, which present a strange appearance. The lower branches first become

dusted with the glistening sand, then the higher branches begin to be also dusted, and finally the roadway is barred by the approaching banks; to avoid which the road has been constructed up to the eastern end of the sand ridge. The ridge stretches like a crescent along the shore, the concave side turned to the lake, along which it leaves a pebbly beach. The length of this crescent is over two miles, the width from 600 to 3,000 or 4,000 feet.

If the distant view of the steep white banks, advancing and overwhelming the cedar woods and fields of grain, is grand; the view from the top of the range is doubly so. If you clamber up the steep end of the range, struggling through trees and grape vines, you gain the wooded summit at an elevation of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. Just imagine it my reader! A towering monument of the indefatigable waves and whispering breezes, and of the howling winds in the autumn, when to me the banks are a most dismal and forlorn place. Passing along the top of the ridge, the woods soon disappear entirely, and we emerge on a wild waste of delicately tinted cream, rising from the slate-colored beach, "in gentle undulation, and sleepily falling on the other side," down to green pastures and into cedar woods.

The whole surface of this "grandly undulating mountain desert,"—as some tourist not inaptly called it—is ribbed by little wavelets, of a few inches apart, but the general aspect is one of perfect smoothness. The sand is almost as fine as flour, and there is no dust in it; in fact when dry it is so fine that it is impossible to clinch a handful of it tightly enough to prevent it sifting out slowly but surely. The foot sinks only an inch or so in walking over it, and in returning in a few

days, you would find no trace of your foot-prints. You may roll and tumble about in it all day without soiling the daintiest fabric. One of the "regulation" delights of a visit to the banks is to climb the hills, then roll or be pulled down by some athletic and obliging friend. It is not so much of a feat as you might imagine, for the yielding sand glides along with you, making the descent of even the steepest bank not at all abrupt. It also helps you in climbing up, as the sand settles making a resting place for each foot. It is a most exhilarating place. You are not surprised to see the children gambol, but when their parents follow suit—dignified matrons and staid fathers—and when before the day is over the aged grand-parents are climbing hills and performing feats of almost forgotten youthful agility, you begin to acknowledge that there is certainly something "in the air" which seems to intoxicate and invigorate to a degree almost beyond belief.

It is not like climbing an ordinary hill, for though the sun may be blazing down on the glistening wilderness, there is little sensation of heat, for the cool lake breeze is blowing always. On the landward side the insidious approach of the devouring sand is well marked. Some farms have been almost entirely covered, and there is no redress. I noticed a wire fence running across one part of the bank, and a friend informed me that the owner of the submerged land had placed it there to mark what had once been part of a valuable and well cultivated farm. One hundred and fifty feet below, the foot of this moving mountain is sharply defined against the vivid green of the pastures on which the grass grows luxuriantly to within an inch of the sand wall. The ferns of the woods almost droop against the sandy slope.

The roots of the trees are bare along the white edge, a foot or two nearer the sand buries the feet of the cedars, a few yards nearer still the bare trunks disappear; still nearer only the topmost twigs of the covered forest are seen, and then, far over the tree-tops stands the triumphant sand-ridge. At one time a very fine species of cherry grew there, called "sand-cherry," but they have all been gradually covered under. Perpetual ice and snow are found at the base of this steep slope by digging down under the sand. I have seen it there in July an August.

There is infinite variety to be found at the banks. If the day prove warm, seek the cool green shade of the cedars and picnic on the velvety grass at the base of the ridge, or row on the shady side of the fairy lake; if cool, seek the sunny parts of the banks and climb and walk till each vein tingles with renewed life. If you have come by private carriage and your horse is still fresh, the beach is equal to a well made race-course for a good spin of two or three miles. If you are romantically inclined and fond of solitude, sling your hammock in some remote overhanging tree, and lie and listen to the lap lapping of the waves against the rocks. If you are more sociably inclined, and fond of life, take a chair on the veranda of the hotel and sit and watch the ceaseless flow of human life, and study it at your leisure.

If you are an amateur photographer, here is both life and back-ground for a score of pictures. If you are an artist, you have only to look to see a picture.

But this place has also its melancholy side. To me there is something awe-inspiring, in the slow, quiet, but resistless advance of the sand mountain swallowing alike field and forest; and the summit of one part of the ridge, where a great num-

ber of the tops of dead trees stand up in their bare bleached whiteness, in the twilight or moonlight looks ghostly in the extreme. Some years ago a farm house was submerged, not to re-appear until the huge sand wave has passed over. The contrasts of the barren regions only increase the effect of this wonderful phenomenon.

To the south is the boundless expanse of Lake Ontario. Along the shore, curving beaches and bold headlands reach far away, twenty miles or more, till the little islets and the distant fields and forests are lost in the warm blue haze of the horizon.

On the Northern side the calmness of West and East Lakes, contrasts with the heaving waters to the south, and around them, and beyond for thirty miles, are green or golden fields and verdant woods,—a landscape heightened in its luxuriance and beauty by the utter desolation at your feet.

Beyond the green and gold rise the hills of Picton, (with its charming bay, one of the prettiest towns in Canada), and still further off the faintly outlined heights of Northumberland and Hastings over thirty miles away. All this panorama is clearly visible from the ridge on any bright

day. A moonlight evening at the banks is never to be forgotten by one who has any eye for nature's beautiful sights. The white glistening banks seeming to tower higher in the dim light, the deep shadows, the dark cedars with their weird outstretched beckoning arms, the moon shining calmly down idealizing it all, form a picture to live in one's memory.

These sand-hills are said to be the most wonderful in the world. There are similar hills on the Lake Michigan shore, but they are not so high or extensive, nor is the sand so pure or fine. In the Island of Java a bank of sand of almost equal proportion stands on the sea shore, but the sand is less pure. The hills in some lights gleam white as snow, and in others a delicate cream tint, with dark shades, caused by rain, or the damp sand below the surface being turned up by the footsteps of visitors. Two or three hundred people on ordinary days visit this resort, and not infrequently several thousands, and yet there never seems to be a crowd, as the people drift away and are lost sight off on the extent of the expanse ridge.

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## RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AS REPRESENTED IN TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

BY O. J. STEVENSON.

True poets are of necessity religious teachers. Poetry is an art, and the greatness of a poet, as a poet, is measured rather by the artistic than by the didactic value of his work. Yet the artistic, though the essential, is not the sole element of poetry. Poetry is akin not only to music and painting, but also to philosophy and religion. The poet takes for the subject of his art the Beautiful. A study of the Beautiful, whether in matter or in mind, must carry with it questionings concerning the source of all Beauty—God.

“The Light whose smile kindles the universe,

That Beauty in which all things work and move.”

The poet can contemplate matter in its various forms only in connection with the Great Power that moves behind all and through all. The works of nature are to him veritably the ‘manuscripts of God.’ Nor can he consider mind, whether roused to action by love, duty or fear, without being moved by questionings concerning the origin, nature and destiny of so mysterious a form of life. To him

“God is seen God,

In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul,  
in the clod.”

The true poet, moreover, not only studies beauty in all its forms, but teaches us how we may attain to the Beautiful.

“Master, explain this incongruity.

When I dared question, ‘It is beautiful,  
But is it true?’ Thy answer was, ‘In truth  
Lives Beauty.’”

So great a factor as is religion in the growth of the individual soul, and hence also in the civilization of the world, it would be impossible for the poet to

ignore. His surroundings, his office, his poetic nature itself force the poet to give expression to a greater or less degree to his religious ideas.

Every poet is to a certain extent the child of his age. A knowledge, therefore, of the general characteristics of the age in which the poet lives must give us some idea of the nature of his religious belief. The poet cannot be said to shape the thought of the age. He merely gives expression to that thought as already shaped by forces over which he has no control. His ideas are but one of the thousand streams which, though helping to swell the great river of the age’s thought, are nevertheless carried down in the one central current whose influence all are powerless to resist.

Any particular poet may of course differ completely in belief from the men of his age. He may be behind the age or in advance of the age. Other poets, on the other hand, may, while agreeing with their contemporaries in the general outlines of their belief, differ from them in one or more of its particular details. They are, however, none the less the children of the age. The fabrics which all are weaving are of the same texture. What matter about the color of the threads?

Our age cannot, strictly speaking, be called a religious age. It displays no deep devotional spirit, and is characterized by no strong religious fervor. Yet it is an age in which religious questions are most earnestly discussed, and religious truth most zealously sought after. “Fifty

years of ever broadening commerce" has brought nation into closest contact with nation. We have a larger fellow feeling with all men. We have a common interest in the progress and ultimate destiny of the human race. Social questions are pressing themselves upon the statesmen of every nation for solution. The poverty, misery and depravity of the lower classes are claiming a larger share of attention from the men of to-day. The distribution of wealth is the problem of the hour. But there is another problem which must at the same time be considered. Why is this misery and depravity permitted? Is there a personal God who guides the statesman's hand, and who through all this evil is working out in His own time and way some good and wise purpose. These two problems stand side by side.

Science too, 'ever brightening,' has done a great deal to stimulate religious thought. Men seeing her marvellous growth are wondering and questioning where will it end. Is Christianity not in danger? The young falcon has grown up beside the old eagle and men are watching to see if they will live together in peace. The little stream flowing so quietly about the old castle has suddenly swelled to a flood. The question is, has it reached its height? Is it undermining the walls? Will the towers of the castle fall? Science may indeed advance still further. She may include mind along with matter in her theory of evolution. She may show the nature of life. She may prove a complete unity of all nature. How will such a proof affect God and the Bible? How will it affect Christ? Such questions as these must present themselves to every thinking mind. But it would be especially difficult for the poet of this century to avoid the discussion of religious questions. The range of subjects which will permit of poetic treat-

ment is to-day more than ever limited. War lends itself easily to the poet's art, but ours is an age of peace. Perils by sea are seldom encountered. Individual heroism finds few opportunities for display. The old story of love itself has by constant repetition lost half its fascination. But in the battles, in the shipwrecks, in the heroic struggles of the human soul, in the infiniteness of the 'Love Divine' the poet of to-day may find inexhaustible material. To the men of to-day, as to the poet himself, these are realities indeed. Thus the character of the age with its higher education and its finer culture, as well as the character of its religious belief, demands from the poet of to-day a psychological treatment of his subject.

The method of religious inquiry pursued by the writers of our own day has been largely determined by the pervading idea of the age. The nineteenth century has been variously designated the age of science, the age of evolution, the age of progress, the mechanical age. Underlying all these names, however, is to be found one principal idea—that of orderly development. This idea of evolution or development plays an important part in shaping the religious theories of the two great poets of our age.

Of all the various forces which have contributed to shape the character of the present century, science has undoubtedly exercised the greatest influence. Perhaps the first general outcome of scientific enquiry is the tendency to seek not only for the immediate, but also for the original causes of every effect which we see or find produced. For every action or event that comes within our observation there is a natural desire to know the nature of other events or actions connected therewith. The prime question, therefore, which must present itself in the dis-

cussion of religious questions, is not *When*, or *Where*, but rather *Why*. As a result also of its continued discoveries, science tends to place a higher value on reason as the only true source of knowledge, although at the same time it agrees that all knowledge must in the end be only relative rather than absolute. We must expect therefore that religious questions will receive a rationalistic treatment from the age in general. The men of to-day do not shrink from the discussion of religious problems. Yet it is in a devout spirit that all such subjects are approached. "Let knowledge grow from more to more" cries the poet, yet adds in the same breath, "But more of reverence in us dwell." It is recognized to-day that only through a bold examination of these subjects which were formerly held to be too sacred for criticism can truth finally be obtained. The house beautiful lies beyond. It is only by passing the lions that the porter's lodge can be gained.

As a result of the enormous expansion of knowledge, and the consequent extension of educational privileges to the masses, this century has witnessed the sudden rise of an active and enterprising democracy. This is an age

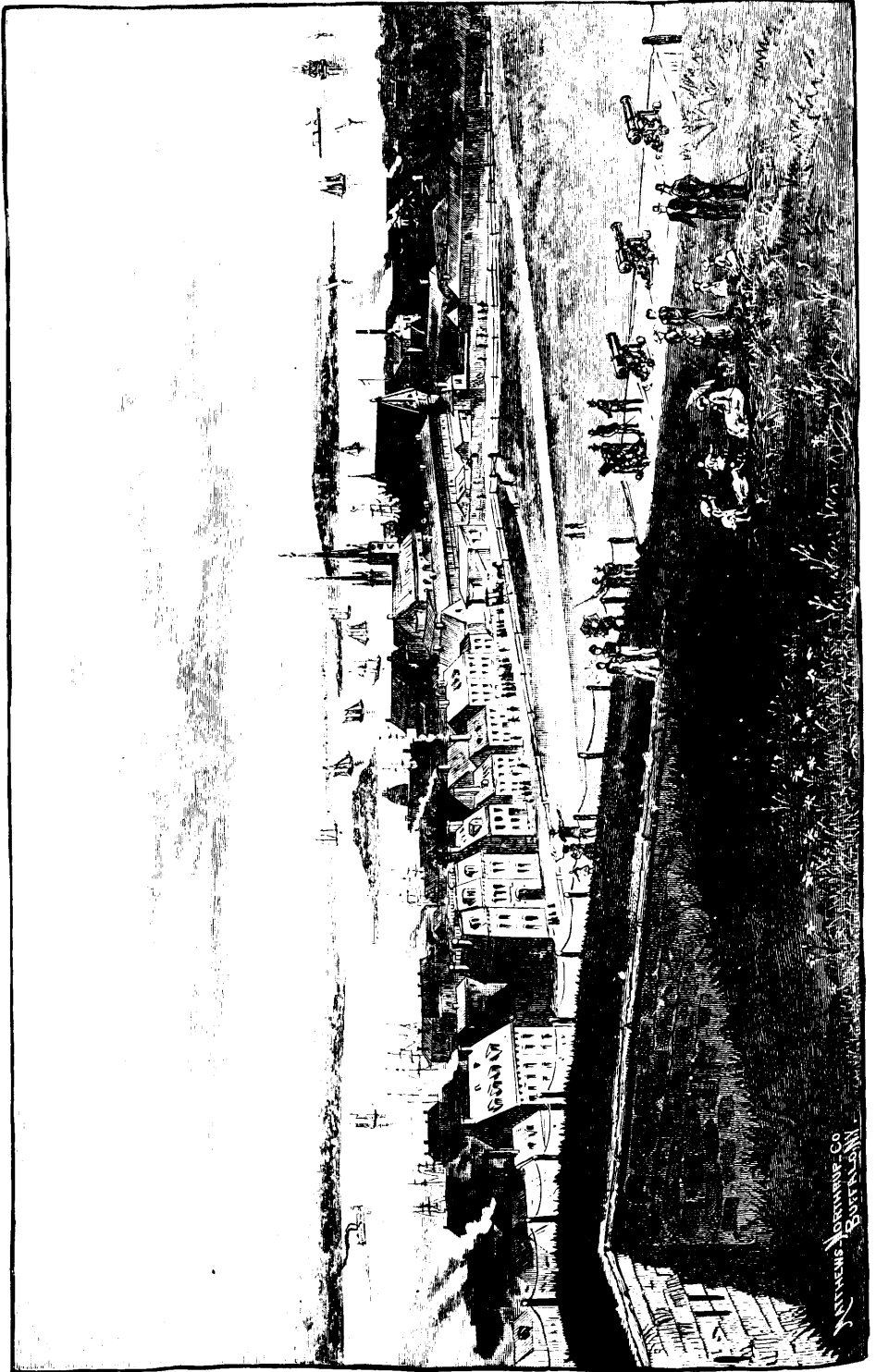
"When more and more the people throng  
The chairs and thrones of civil power."

The first outcome of this democratic progress is the gradual breaking down of the barriers between classes, and a more widespread interest felt by all men in the weal and woe of their brethren.

Another of the characteristics of this age is a passionate love of order. With the wide-spread introduction of machinery for industrial purposes has come also the practice of thorough organization for the regulation of social action; and hence the machine-like regularity which characterizes the majority of the great movements of the day. Contrasting strangely with

the love of order is the almost feverish restlessness exhibited on every hand. There seems to be on all sides a lack of fidelity, a tendency to change, as if the age were not sure of its standing place. The enormous expansion in every department of knowledge has excited the nineteenth century mind. The race has become fully alive to the glorious possibilities of the future. It has begun its march of progress at last, and the pulse of mankind is beating faster for fear of a mis-step. In the aspirations, in the hopes, in the enthusiasm of the age, no one has a greater share than the poet.

But in order to understand the full significance of any religious movement it is necessary not only to know something of the pervading idea or watchword of the age, in the light of which all questions must be considered, but also to have some knowledge of the nature of the religious belief by which it has been preceded, and out of which it may have grown. Family history is always an important factor in the proper diagnosis of a case. Out of the wedding of the religious theories of the two preceding centuries has been born that of our own. It combines in itself the essential elements of Puritanism and Deism. Puritanism failed signally in its purpose. Deism was finally abandoned in despair. The Puritans aimed at establishing not only a theological, but also a political system, in which God should be the central figure. They were merely to supply the machinery: God Himself would constitute the motive power. This system left no room for human effort or human endeavor. Man was nothing: God was all. God was the master workman: the individual merely the tool for the shaping of his designs. God worked *by* man, and not *in* man. God was a being of justice and power; man the child of weakness and



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sin, not the fruit-bearer which grew and blossomed in the light of God's smile. But individual effort means individual growth. It is only with the hope of victory and the possibility of defeat before him that man will strive and thrive. Hence a system so repressive as was Puritanism could not hope long to exist. Reaction came speedily and decisively, and when England emerged from the debauchery and excess of the Restoration it was with a religious system almost diametrically opposite in character to that of the preceding century. Puritanism was followed by Deism. Reason was substituted for faith. Milton gave place to Hume. God was deposed from the kingship of earthly affairs as a being mysterious and distant, and man was raised to the vacant throne. Spiritual growth was disregarded. The five senses became the five only gateways of knowledge. The New Testament did not stand the test of reason, and was forthwith set aside. Philosophers deduced all virtue from an inherent love of self. Society was merely a collection of individuals bound together only by a common necessity. Man, robbed thus of his spiritual nature, learned to grovel rather than to aspire. Poetry vanished from life and literature alike. It was truly "an age of sophists, economists and calculators."

Deism, as might have been expected, did not satisfy the needs of man's dual nature. The flower needs sunlight from above as well as moisture from beneath. Men became suddenly conscious of the insufficiency of their Deistic belief. The downfall of Puritanism had been welcomed with Jubilation. The failure of Deism was followed only by a wail of despair. It was this despair, brightened as yet by no gleam of hope, which helped to make the closing years of the century the darkest perhaps in European history.

The enthusiastic reception indeed of Wesley and Whitfield by the masses proved how utterly the old system of belief had failed and gave at the same time an indication of the probable character of the nineteenth century faith. From the failure of the two previous systems one thing was obvious. In the new system God and man must find a meeting place. In earth's mechanism the small wheel, man, must be put in touch with the great wheel, God.

For such a system as this the philosophers of Germany had already paved the way. The doctrine of Transcendentalism or Idealism, propounded by Fichte, Hegel and Schelling, had already met with favorable reception in philosophic circles. By this system God was recognised as a Universal Spirit permeating all nature, the immanent and sustaining, as well as the original cause of all things.

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,

The mind of man too is but a spark from his "Fire of Fires" containing in miniature all the qualities of the original. To English minds such a doctrine was at once welcome; for, while restoring to man his spiritual nature, it still left room for human effort and growth. The works therefore of the English poets of the beginning of the century, of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley in particular, are deeply imbued with this Idealistic or Pantheistic belief. They never tire of depicting nature, for to them nature's laws are God's ideas, and her various forms are the expression of His manifold thoughts.

But it is at the same time noticeable that these poets give expression only to one phase of their idealistic belief. Their idealism extended professedly to mind as well as to matter. Yet the

beauty and the charm which they found everywhere in nature they could not find in man. They never dwell on him with the same fondness as they display in their treatment of the external world. The cause is not far to seek. They found the universal beauty marred by the presence in man of something which they did not understand. For, side by side with the indwelling God and the good, they found existing evil and sin. The presence of the one was to these poets incompatible with the presence of the other. To Shelley the birth of man was an "Eclipsing Curse"! Humanity to Wordsworth was sad sweet music! From Carlyle too the presence of evil and sin brought forth only a pessimistic wail. To him the world was all darkness, though he felt that sooner or later the dawn would come. Thus it was that the idealism of the poets of the beginning of the century was one sided and incomplete. To their successors Tennyson and Browning therefore was left the task of testing its validity, and of finally establishing it as a system of religious belief, not only by the justification of its application to man, but also by the rejection of such of its doctrines as proved in the end untenable.

But it is only by a detailed examination of the religious doctrines of both Tennyson and Browning, that a correct idea can be formed of their relation to each other, to their predecessors, and to the age. In making such an examination we find that both poets are, at the very outset, to some extent at variance with the tendencies of the age. The basis of course of all religious faith is the belief in the existence of a God. The age—and science can on the whole be considered as representing the age—is somewhat agnostic in its tendencies. Science is not so aggressive as formerly. She has learned to be cautious in her statements. She makes

therefore no positive assertions concerning the existence or non-existence of a God. She will add the weight of her influence neither to the side of belief nor of unbelief. God, says the scientist, may exist; we cannot tell. If He does exist, He has not come within the limits of our apprehension or experience. We are concerned only with the phenomena of matter and force. "Why trouble ourselves,"—to quote Huxley—"with matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing and can know nothing."

That a God does exist, neither Tennyson nor Browning, on the other hand, for an instant doubt. But the belief of Browning rests on a somewhat different basis from that of Tennyson. Browning is thoroughly agnostic on the side of human knowledge. He is certain primarily of only one fact—that he exists as a self-conscious being, separate from the rest of the universe. His own experience therefore, valid only for himself, constitutes the sum of his knowledge. Of the character of the universe existing outside of himself he knows nothing. He therefore concludes that this outside entity must be God.

The position of Browning will thus be seen to be almost directly opposed to that of science. Science bases its agnosticism on the validity of human knowledge. Browning bases his belief simply on nescience or agnosticism concerning every thing outside his own experience. To Browning then the existence of God is a potent fact: he never for a moment dreams of arguing the point.

To Tennyson indeed argument would be unsatisfactory. He confesses that reason is powerless to prove God's existence. "Knowledge," he declares, "is of things we see." How then can it prove the Invisible? Thus far he remains in touch with science, and, unless he can

substitute for reason some more satisfactory test, must accept the agnosticism of science as final. The text which he does apply science refuses to accept as valid. Finding head-knowledge insufficient he appeals to heart-knowledge. For reason he characteristically substitutes faith. He constitutes his own feelings a test of God's existence. This test he finds not only satisfactory but convincing, and on it without hesitation he bases his belief.

I found him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;  
Nor through the questions man may try  
The petty cobwebs we have spun.  
If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,  
I heard a voice—"Believe no more;  
And heard an ever breaking shore,  
That trembled in a Godless deep.  
A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath, the heart  
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

The ideas of the two poets concerning the character and attributes of God can be best understood after an inquiry has been made concerning their views of human life and human destiny. All such views, as both poets at once recognise, which can be of permanent value to their fellows, must rest on a common foundation—belief in the immortality of the soul. Tennyson and Browning are consequently both careful to express fully their reasons for the acceptance of this doctrine. Such reasons are moreover, made necessary in this age by the attitude of science. For although science has, for the time being, professedly divorced herself from materialism, yet her tendencies are nevertheless materialistic in the main.

The first step towards materialism is of course a proof of the evolution of the human body. In regard to this doctrine Tennyson stands as usual upon neutral ground. He cannot be said to favor

evolution in the least, but if its truth is conclusively proved, he is of course prepared to accept it.

Browning, on the other hand, manifestly favors evolution. Far from regarding it with suspicion, he accepts it eagerly as a proof of Divine wisdom.

I like the thought he should have lodged me once  
I' the hole, the cave, the hut, the tenement,  
The mansion and the palace. Made me learn  
The feel o' the first before I found myself  
Loftier i' the last.—*Hohenstiel Schwangan.*

Concede, however, that science has proved beyond a doubt the evolution of the human body. Concede also that she has established evolution of animal from vegetable life. Two links are still needed to complete the chain of evolution by which the unity of nature is to be proved. Science has failed to solve the mystery of life. In other words she has acknowledged herself unable to show the connection between organic and inorganic nature. Of greater importance still is her failure to prove the evolution of mind from matter, or in other words, to resolve self-consciousness into a natural force. Not until light has been thrown upon these two mysteries can science for a moment hope to establish materialism. She has herself acknowledged her inability to solve the problem and has been forced to acquiesce in a kind of dualism of mind and matter. The character of the age, however, almost precludes the possibility of such acquiescence being final. The idea of development has taken a strong hold upon the century. Men of science have conceived the idea of the unity of nature, and towards the proof of such unity, and consequently towards materialism, science must be considered as still tending.

But if Tennyson looked with something akin to indifference upon the proof of the evolution of the body he assumes an entirely different attitude towards mater-



ialism. Its establishment, precluding as it necessarily would to his mind the hope of immortality, would, in his opinion, be fatal to the progress of humanity. He has been in thorough sympathy with science in her earlier movements. He has been proud of her advances; but as soon as she has revealed her materialistic tendencies, he is not slow in giving expression to his censure.

I trust I have not wasted breath.

I think we are not wholly brain.

Magnetic mockeries—not in vain,

Like Paul with beasts, I fought with death, etc.

*In Memoriam, cxx.*

But though Tennyson looks thus with an eye of abhorrence upon the materialistic doctrine, which regards mind as merely a highly complex motion of atoms, he does not on the contrary reject the theory that the mind of man is evolved from some lower and less perfect form of mind. To this idea his brother poet gives the fullest expression. Browning is, however, no more of a materialist than is Tennyson.

From first to last of lodging I was I,

And not at all the place that harbored me.

The tone of both poets in relation to immortality is a tone rather of triumph than of doubt. If they cannot prove the truth of their doctrine to the satisfaction of others, they have at least in their own hearts the conviction that it is true. Browning for his part casts aside the sophisms of the theologians as unreliable. He has in reality but one argument which he apparently deems incontrovertible. This argument he constantly reproduces. The life of man is, even at its best, necessarily imperfect. The lower forms of life, on the contrary, come one and all to perfection, and forthwith perish. That man should be at the same time the highest and most imperfect of nature's products is to the poet inconceivable. That such should be the case is contrary to

is imperfect at death he must come to perfection in some after state: it is 'God's task to make the heavenly period perfect the earthen.'

Imperfection means perfection hid,

Reserved in part to grace the aftertime.

Life is often a series of failures. Rewards and punishments are in this life unequally distributed. Only heaven, the poet concludes, can 'repair what wrong earth's journey did.' Immortality 'levels up.'

To Tennyson it is the hope of immortality which gives supreme value to life. Life for its own sake is not worth living. It is only the white radiance of eternity which brightens earth's pain and misery. Immortality gives life a new meaning. But it is in the existence of virtue, the presence of love in the world, that Tennyson finds the strongest guarantee of immortality. Love could not originally have sprung into being without the hope of an after existence, and is moreover too holy a passion to die forever with "dying nature's earth and slime."

There are few people in this century who in their heart of hearts do not believe in some future life. But though all may agree with Browning that 'we are now and shall be hereafter,' there is on the other hand the greatest diversity of opinion concerning the nature of that hereafter. Christianity and Idealism each presents a different theory. The faith of Tennyson is partially, that of Browning thoroughly, idealistic. The discussion of idealism necessitates at the outset a study of the idealistic conception of the character of God. Browning—of Caliban can be taken as presenting his views—conceives of God as "the Quiet," a being unmoved by pleasure or pain, a serene spirit ruling in all and over all. Tennyson, in a passage in Lucretius, also gives expression to the same idea. Browning

nineteenth century ideas of law. If man conceives of God as without pleasure or pain, because the presence of either is to his mind incompatible with perfect power. The perfection of God's power cannot be doubted and requires no proof. "This Quiet all it hath a mind to, doth." God is "the power in darkness whom we guess." Perfect power of course does not postulate perfect wisdom. Yet the former can attain nothing unless associated with the latter. It is hard to conceive of God as merely blind force or "Natural Law." As far as human weakness can judge of His works they show an infinite wisdom, and though His ways may be oftentimes incomprehensible, we trust that He is still showing an equal wisdom in His dealings with man.

God, the idealist believes, is present to a certain extent in all nature. The lowest form of life contains some germs of humanity. The creature possesses some quality in common with the Creator. This quality the poet finds to be neither power nor wisdom, but *love*. Power belongs to God alone. Man's knowledge is relative only and vanishes with death. Love is the only quality possessed by God and the human race alike. Its presence truly "makes the whole world kin." The brute becomes manlike, and man Godlike, through the touch of love.

But at this point a new difficulty arises. Granted that God is manifestly perfect in wisdom and power, what proof have we that he is also perfect in love? Tennyson, less rationalistic than Browning, does not think for a moment of questioning the Creator's love. Cautiously orthodox he turns to the inspired word and, reading there that "God is Love," he accepts the statement at once on trust. Love indeed he finds inseparably connected with life, and concludes naturally that the two have a common source.

To Browning, life is measured by love. Man is superior to the brute in so far as his capacity for love is greater. If the being whom we call God were loveless man would be his superior; that is to say, man himself must be recognised as God.

For the loving worm within its clod  
Were diviner than a loveless God  
Amid his worlds, I will dare to say.

—*Christmas Eve.*

Nor can there be any limit to God's love, for if this love were not perfect man might some day by an increase of love equal if not surpass the Creator. God's love is infinite, and no matter how great the progression infinity can never be reached.

It is a law of nature that wherever a need exists there exists also something to satisfy that need.

Wherefore did I contrive for thee that ear,  
Hungry for music, and direct thine eye  
To where I hold a seven stringed instrument,  
Unless I meant thee to beseech me play?

—*Two Camels.*

If nature creates thirst she provides also something wherewith it may be quenched. Love finite longs for love infinite as weakness longs for strength. God's love only can satisfy man's longing. (An Epistle of Karshish.)

But satisfactory as these arguments may be to Browning himself, he nevertheless recognises that they are of themselves insufficient to establish beyond question the proof of God's love. That the proof of God's love should be established beyond a doubt is however of supreme importance, for in the infiniteness and potency of that love lie for the human soul all the possibilities of eternity. The object of all life is the increase of love.

But this growth, this increase, is possible only in the light of an ideal. Imperfection will cease to strive and hence to grow unless it sees before it

some state of perfection which it hopes to attain. The child, seeing in the man all that it deems perfect, strives to rise above childhood. Man must see in God all that he deems Godlike before he himself will aspire to rise above manhood.

God must have "love to reward the love!" Since therefore man's growth and indeed existence, depend on the recognition of God's love it is of vital importance that this love shall be unmistakably revealed. In whatever mystery God may have shrouded his wisdom and his power, he must in some way have manifested the infiniteness of his love. Such a manifestation Browning finds in the sufferings and death of Christ.

I say the acknowledgement of God in Christ  
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee  
All questions in the earth and out of it,  
And hath so far advanced thee to be wise.

But though Browning thus accepts the divinity of Christ, his grounds for so doing are, as will be seen, different from those of Christian teachers. Christianity plainly points to Christ as a substitute "Who bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Browning finds in him an encouragement, a comfort, an incentive to endeavor. Christ is sent by God as the revealer of infinite love to which love finite may aspire. (Saul xviii.)

Idealism regards Christ as the manifestation rather than the result of God's love. God is love; therefore Christ has died; through Christ we are saved. This is the ground which Christianity takes. Idealism reverses the order, but in reality arrives at the same conclusion. Christ has died; therefore God is love; through love we are saved. But though Browning thus accepts the divinity of Christ, the essential doctrine of Christianity, he views with indifference the other articles of the Christian faith. Christ is the manifestation of God's love. Having

ascertained this, Browning cares for nought else.

God, thou art love, I build my faith on that,

He is anything but dogmatic. He cares not whether or not theologians may find contradictory statements concerning the life of Christ. Revealed religion may not be absolute truth. If absolute truth were revealed, human weakness might not be able to comprehend it. But "truth embodied in a tale shall enter in at lowly doors." Indeed man's grasp of the truth must essentially be gradual. Through the striving after truth man's best qualities are evolved. Hence it is necessary that every age should place its own obstacles in the way of belief. These obstacles are not overcome, truth is not gained, without a struggle. Man, in his anxiety to gain the truth, grasps eagerly at mistake, wearing the semblance of truth from the grain of truth which it embodies. By the repetition of this act man will in due time become strong enough to receive the absolute truth itself. The blind on recovering their sight must at first look through the darkened glass till the eye is strong enough to bear the sun.

Tennyson, on the other hand, cannot, strictly speaking, be called an idealist, for, though his tendency may be towards idealism, he does not insist on the acceptance of the idealistic doctrines with the same persistency as does Browning. He fails, indeed, to present and carry to its logical conclusion any particular system of religious belief. He accepts, probably, the main doctrines of idealism, but does not, like Browning, put them to the test by boldly applying them to the realities of life. This difference is probably due to the deeper rationalism of Browning. Tennyson postpones thought to feeling. Browning postpones feeling to thought. Tennyson's religious faith is built on trust.

His fortress is impregnable because unapproachable.

Tennyson, as we have already seen, finds in love an essential element of God's nature. He recognizes, moreover, what an important part love plays in the growth and salvation of man. His own experience teaches him that love is of itself elevating and ennobling. Tennyson is aware, likewise, of the immense possibilities of love in the hereafter. It is a fuller love which gives eternity a fuller life. Love truly "reigns forever over all."

But though Tennyson manifestly does not desire to underrate the value of love, his references to it are after all only casual. We do not find in him, as in Browning, a constant recurrence to it for the solution of life's problems. Although he recognizes plainly the necessity of the existence of love in the soul, he does not at all insist upon its growth as essential to salvation. Love is indeed the link between God and man. (In Mem. Prologue). That man through love may aspire to Godhead he however refuses to say. He regards the work of Christ from the Christian rather than the idealistic standpoint. He sees in Christ a personal Saviour rather than a mere manifestation of love.

Browning then—to return to the subject of idealism—conceives of God as of a being perfect not only in power and wisdom, but also in goodness or love. To this infinite goodness, man, by virtue of the spark of divine love which he possesses, may through long cycles of development gradually approximate. It still remains however to consider under what conditions this growth or development is possible. Physical growth is impossible in a state of absolute rest. The unused arm becomes eventually nerveless. Labor, on the contrary, produces strength and stimulates growth.

Inertia means death. These same conditions, under which the growth of the body alone is possible, Browning finds to be requisite also to the growth of the soul. Without activity or labor, development is impossible. Labor, however, of itself postulates some obstacle real or fanciful to be overcome. This obstacle—this monster standing apparently in the road to human happiness, in the combating of which are called forth the highest energies of the human soul,—Browning finds to be none other than *evil*. Through the struggle against evil, through the endurance of pain, the necessary accompaniment of evil, man's noblest qualities are developed. Our "low nature" is in truth "made better by its throes."

Thus it is that Browning attempts to solve the problem of evil by which the idealists of the beginning of the century were so deeply perplexed. God "for our own good makes the need supreme." Evil is after all a part of the Creator's great plan, an additional proof of his infinite wisdom. But even a demonstration of the value of strife in educating good does not finally solve the problem of evil. Granted that its presence is productive of good, we are still confronted with these questions:—Could not the same results have been obtained at a much less expenditure? How is the existence of evil itself beneficent, though it may be in the end, compatible with the existence of infinite goodness? And finally, is not evil after all in many cases triumphant over good? To all of these questions, Browning finds a common answer in man's nescience. Each man's knowledge is limited to his own experience, valid only for himself. (Rabbi Ben Ezra xxii)

Nor could knowledge, however much it may be coveted, be to mankind other than a fatal gift. For man, grant him the knowledge of good and evil, would in

every case without conflict make choice of the good, and in this way lose the strength which necessarily flows from the exercise of judgment.

Since therefore man's knowledge is so limited, he can know nothing whatever of the real nature of evil. For aught which man knows that which he calls evil may in reality be absolute good. "The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound." God has, however, wisely kept the real nature of evil hidden from man; for a certainty that evil is not real but apparent, would at once put an end to man's strife, and hence also to his progress. "When pain ends gain ends too." But since "Living here means nescience simply," since man knows nought concerning evil, what assurance can there be that good will finally be triumphant? Browning does not for a moment hesitate in his reply. On this point his position is one with that of Tennyson: where head-knowledge fails, heart-knowledge convinces. If the intellect cannot look beyond the present, the heart can see into the future. Man's nature, in fine, revolts against the idea of the permanence of evil. He acts in obedience to instinctive feeling which inspires him with the confidence that evil will not be eternal.

Man's sense avails to only see in pain  
A hateful chance no man but would avert,  
Or failing needs must pity.

This solution of the problem of evil is essentially optimistic. It is Browning's optimism, indeed, which gives to him that tone of buoyancy so thoroughly characteristic of all his works. Not satisfied with once giving expression to his own heart's conviction of the eventual triumph of good, he recurs again and again to this theme which apparently possesses for him such peculiar fascination. The patriot soldier sees the ranks

of the besieging enemy closing around the walls of the city, yet knowing his leader loyal and the citadel impregnable, breaks forth into a spontaneous song of victory, "God's in heaven: all's right with the world." The idea of development gives, as will be seen, a peculiar character to Browning's faith. Tennyson is influenced scarcely less by this idea of evolution, but applies it to the progress of the material world, rather than to the growth of the individual soul.

Browning may be said to represent the religious thought,—Tennyson the religious feeling, of the nineteenth century. The truth of this statement is well exemplified by the manner in which the two poets respectively deal with the problem of evil. Browning on the one hand probes and penetrates. He examines searchingly all questions connected with the nature and use of pain. Nothing deters him. Bold swimmer that he is, he plunges into the stream, breasts the current, and stroke by stroke fights his way to the other shore, only however to find his brother poet, carried quickly over in the good ship of faith, already awaiting him at the common landing-place. Concerning the use or necessity of pain Tennyson for his part rather interrogates than asserts. Sin may be "the cloudy porch oft opening on the sun:" Tennyson knows not. Theory is seen to follow theory, but it concerns him little which theory may be true: sufficient to know that evil still exists, appalling and aggressive as ever, with which man not only must, but ought to, wage a perpetual war. "Let be thy wail"! he cries, "and help thy fellow men." Life is an 'over tragic drama.' Its actors must be in earnest if the play is to succeed.

Tennyson's conception of the destiny of the spiritual as well as the material world is thoroughly optimistic. He has

no sympathy whatever with anything that savors of pessimism. Do not wail, he bids us, over the evil in man, but rather rejoice over the good. "If there be a devil in man there is an angel too." He fixes his eye not on what is, but on what will be, not upon the darkness of the cloud but rather upon its silver fringe.

From the conclusions already arrived at concerning the details of the religious faith of both poets as applied to human life, an approximate idea might be formed of the nature of their respective theories concerning immortality. Idealism, as we have seen, interprets life as a growth Godward. That this growth should be arrested by death, the idealist, of course, considers as inconceivable. Influenced by nineteenth century ideas of order, he prefers rather to suppose that death favors rather than retards development. The sapling has grown strong enough to support itself; why should not the casing be removed?

But since we can know nothing positive concerning the hereafter it is impossible for us to know under what conditions this growth will take place. "To give the soul its bent," the hereafter may produce machinery of whose nature human ignorance cannot conceive. We cannot think of the unknown otherwise than as some variation of the known. It is therefore in the highest degree natural that Browning should conceive of future development as taking place under the same conditions as earthly development, viz., by means of strife. But if the future is a strife, will not this strife, it may be asked, also be accompanied by weariness and pain? Not necessarily answers the poet. Life may have served its purpose in that it has taught man the means of striving to the best advantage. Strife in this world may end in defeat: strife in the next may result in the soul's victory.

The theory of immortality supplied by idealism differs in some respects from that laid down by Christianity. This difference is due largely to the different doctrines taught by the Christian and the idealist as to the object of human life. The business of man's life according to Christianity is the acceptance or rejection of Christ as the sin-bearer of the world. The rejection of Christ leaves the individual to bear the burden of life's sin alone. Sin is so utterly abhorrent to God the all-good that, if not assumed by Christ, it can be expiated only by eternal punishment. This eternal punishment involving, as it necessarily does, God's eternal displeasure Christianity designates as Hell. The acceptance of Christ on the other hand relieves man from the curse which God has pronounced upon sin and secures for him an eternity of joy in the presence of God Himself.

The Sabbath of eternity,  
Our Sabbath deep and wide,  
A light upon the shining sea  
The Bridegroom with His Bride.

To this future bliss Christianity applies the name of Heaven. Browning himself has in the form of an interrogation concisely summed up the Christian doctrine of immortality.

Is it true that we are now and shall be hereafter,  
But what and where depends on life's minute?  
Hails heavenly cheer or infernal laughter,  
Our first step out of the gulf or in it?

Idealism, on the other hand, considers the grand business of life to be not so much the acceptance or rejection of Christ as the fostering or neglecting of love. In so far as man has succeeded in learning love and hence in educing strength will the future bring to him joy. Heaven itself is to the idealist the bliss that comes from the possession of love, a consciousness of progress made, eternal aspiration and approximation to God

Himself. (The Last Ride). Hell is the consciousness of opportunities neglected, of love unearned.

However near I stand in His regard  
So much the nearer had I stood by steps  
Offered the feet which rashly spurned their help,  
That I call hell, why further punishment?

Idealism, providing as it does for future growth, cannot favor the doctrine of eternal punishment. It is indeed the firm conviction of the idealist that in the end "no life shall fail beyond the grave." In his ideas concerning hell, Tennyson appears to abandon the doctrines of Christianity. He finds it impossible to reconcile eternal punishment with infinite love.

But the God of love and of hell  
Together they cannot be thought.  
If there be such a God, may the Great  
God curse him and bring him to nought.

This position, it will be seen, is thoroughly in keeping with the poet's optimism, and is no doubt prompted by that spirit of brotherhood which is one of the distinguishing features of the age.

With this summary of the relation of our

two poets to the Christian and the idealistic theories of immortality, supplementing, as it does, their respective theories of life, this sketch of the religious faith of Tennyson and Browning properly closes. We have in the foregoing paragraphs attempted to show to what extent both poets depart from the rationalistic methods and materialistic tendencies of the age, in what manner they have attempted to justify the idealism of their predecessors; and in what respects they differ from each other in the details of their religious faith.

We stand to-day upon the threshold of a new age. One by one the great thinkers and workers of the closing century are passing away. Browning is gone. The life work of Tennyson is over. It remains still to be seen what attitude the coming century will assume towards religion. Whether it will hold fast to the faith and the optimism of our own great poets, or drift gradually into the more thorough rationalism and deeper materialism.



## REGARDING A SIMPLE ACTION.

BY CHARLES WALTER.

What a vast amount of significance may, and as a rule, does belong to the common-place action of shaking hands with another! What a volume of unspeakable meaning may be condensed in the pressure of the hand!

No student of human nature will deny that many of his subtlest deductions concerning his fellow creatures have been to a greater or less degree assisted by the execution of the simple but admirable custom invariably adopted amongst the people of Western Europe and their descendants in the course of an introduction. I speak exclusively of the sterner sex in these lines, owing to the fact that the descendants of mother Eve exercise their prerogative in connection with the custom so frequently as to make it presumption on the part of most men to attempt to analyse the true significance underlying the act of condescension so comparatively seldom vouchsafed to the ordinary man.

Most people when grasping the hand of another, especially for the first time, look their *vis a vis* full in the eye. To one who has studied the subject, the absence in the person introduced to you of this straight, though usually very brief, glance, betokens something decidedly unusual, or even perhaps something absolutely lacking in his fellow man. When the clasp of a man's hand is markedly lacking in the strength of its pressure, in nine cases out of ten the unwavering look into your eye will not be forthcoming, and you may almost invariably put yourself on your guard against such an one forthwith. In the tenth case, which, by the way, is one only to be de-

cidated by long practice or an exceptionally keen insight into human nature, you may learn one of two things, viz, either he is not at all desirous of improving your acquaintance, owing to being totally removed from you in the social scale, or perhaps, to his imagining himself to be immeasurably above you, mentally or physically, or it may be, that for some reason, perhaps unexplainable to himself, he feels instinctively called upon to abstain from cultivating your acquaintance.

Before going further in this subject, which, to some, possesses much interest, I would say to the sceptic, whose eye may glance over these lines, "There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." You are not asked to believe what is now before you, but the suggestion is submitted for your consideration, that it might be as well to test in your own personal experience whether an intelligent application of the roughly formed theories here expressed will not give you a truer insight into and a keener appreciation of the character of your brother man.

To presume to attempt to lay down definite rules by which to absolutely gauge the sentiments entertained by another for yourself, would undoubtedly be egregious folly; but to suggest certain facts, tests, and theories which may help us to some extent to understand ourselves and each other better, is surely a pardonable excuse for using the printer's ink!

Who has not known and felt, a certain undefinable thrill of pleasure, when the hand is warmly grasped and firmly clenched by that of one whom we feel



instinctively to be a man among men, an honour to his manhood, and one who can be relied upon in any strait! Only the misanthropist and cynic are unable to recall such an one from among their acquaintances,—for *friends* they have not. Come with me through the streets of Toronto, and as we meet men whom one of us happens to know, let him introduce the other, and note the varied pressure the right hand receives in the course of our walk.

The first whom you introduce to me is the happy possessor of a title; not a very big one, to be sure, but still it is a handle to his name, which insures the presence of the son of his father at any function patronized by the élite of the city. Mark the self-satisfied air with which he returns your salutation, and the condescending manner with which he extends his be-ringed and beautifully white hand towards myself, whose paternal ancestor did not make a million in tallow, and consequently died unrecognized by royalty! As his hand is carelessly placed in my own and for one second his eye in a supercilious manner glances into mine, I feel, of course, deeply sensible of the honour thus conferred upon my plebeian self, and I at once know my own humble position places, in his estimation, an insuperable obstacle to the possibility of a more intimate acquaintance. He feels that to oblige you, he has observed *les convenances*, but the fact of his returning no pressure of my hand, tells me in unmistakable language that the less frequently we meet the greater will be our mutual satisfaction.

A faultlessly turned-out dog-cart, driven by a lady, attracts the attention of my new acquaintance, who abruptly takes leave of us, at the moment that my old friend Dr. — emerges from the hall

near which we are standing. The medical man is undoubtedly in a hurry, but can at no time drop his suave, fascinating manner, which has been no unimportant factor in the formation of his extensive practice. As you feel the steady, deliberate pressure of his hand and find his clear, thoughtful eye upon you, it is not surprising if you almost unconsciously make up your mind, that in the event of serious illness to yourself or family, you might safely trust to the skill and experience of the man before you. Everything connected with him, seems to impress you with an unexplainable sense of trust and confidence in him. If you thus feel towards your own medical adviser, you have much to be grateful for.

The next man with whom you make me acquainted is not one with whom it would be advisable to form an intimacy. He is well dressed, if somewhat loudly, and his manner is distinctly that of one moving in good circles; his appearance is, in fact, decidedly in his favour, but as, with a fascinating smile, he puts his hand in mine, the dryness and heat of his skin makes me prepared for the cold, peculiar glitter I cannot help noting when our eyes meet, and you in no way astonish me when you tell me later on that you have heard that he enjoys a quiet gamble now and then.

You do not seem to "take to" the man I met after we had parted from the gentleman with the liking for a quiet little game? I am not surprised that you object to his clammy hand and the unsteady look in his eyes, but he is what I may term a harmless man. Only a few years ago he was a bright, clever, and entertaining companion, but he experienced a bitter disappointment which completely killed his ambition, and now he is trying to find forgetfulness by means of drink by day and narcotics by night. Too weak

now to influence anybody else for good or evil, he will soon find an oblivion which will last without drugs or drink.

How different a type of man is the venerable old gentleman to whom you have just presented me! His hand is wrinkled with age, and the blue veins stand forth prominently, while he gives my hand a pressure which makes me feel that a benediction is pronounced upon me. His eyes, though slightly dim, have a light in them which speaks of a quiet content which only belongs to those who have held their own against the world when called upon so to do, and now, with the calm light of experience, he watches and benevolently assists the struggles of others waiting their turn to enter upon the great hereafter. Yes, as you say, he is behind the times and belongs to the old school, but the loving look he gave me and the gentle touch of his hand have made me feel that I would like to know him as a friend, in the deepest acceptance of the term.

One noticeable feature in following up this study is the manner in which you

yourself perform the simple act subsequent on an introduction. By analyzing your own feelings when you grasp a man's hand you will realize the fact that you very rarely shake hands twice in a similar way, unless it be with the same man. This is because you naturally entertain different sentiments towards different men; so, by thoroughly appreciating your own feelings, and observing to a nicety the consequence of those feelings as shown in this simple act, you will aided of course by the faculty you possess, to a greater or less extent, for reading human nature, be enabled, eventually, to learn considerably more of your fellow man's true feeling for you or his opinion of you than at present you might deem possible.

Of course it is possible, and indeed, highly probable, that mistakes will occur, especially at first, but I repeat, that the more closely you analyze your own personal feelings with regard to newly-formed acquaintances, the better fitted you will become to judge the estimation in which you are held by them.

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## NOVEMBER.

BY S. P. MORSE.

Now is November : Autumn almost grown  
 To Winter's strength. Presumptuously he fills  
 His moody trump with Winter's blasts and chills.  
 The year's Dead March, like as by Winter blown,  
 He blows. In cruel irony flings down  
 A scanty shroud on what his frost-fiend kills,  
 And strangles all the dirge-descanting rills,  
 Lest they respond to the 'reft woodland's moan.  
 And yet the pansies, watching Summer's tomb,  
 Her resurrection wait, and bravely bloom,  
 And hold the rainbow's tints that from the sky  
 Did fade to see the leaves and flowers die.  
 So cheer our hope supernal in the breast  
 And give assurance it shall find its quest.

HALTON.

## PERE MICHAUD.

BY T. G. MARQUIS.

Pere Michaud was in a very disheartened frame of mind. He had expected that his youthful zeal would reach the heart of the red man. Even his faith was beginning to waver a little: the Church's blessing seemed to have but little efficacy, and the hand of Heaven had never intervened in the six long months that he had labored among the Mohawks.

It was now the depth of winter,—and such a winter as had never entered into his dreariest anticipations, when, in sunny France, he had thought of this arduous mission. The snow had fallen till every trace of ground was buried several feet beneath its gleaming surface. The rivers and lakes were bridged over with a full foot of ice, and the game on which he depended so much for his daily subsistence had taken shelter in the dense forest, or gone to the more congenial South. But this would all have been as nothing, if he could only have realised that one soul had been awakened from paganism to see the light that he had come so far, and striven so hard, to bear to their benighted condition. But not a single Indian had received the Gospel with anything but derision. It was true that some had made a profession and been baptised, but, as Pere Michaud afterwards discovered, it was only that they might obtain some trinket, such as a leaden crucifix, or a string of beads, or a shirt, coat, or hat from the scant store that the missionary had portaged with great difficulty through the forest.

His spirits, buoyant at first, had

gradually sunk, until now he was utterly hopeless. In the beginning of the cold season, the physical energy required to thatch his little mission house with boughs and moss, and to heap up a bank of dried leaves and other debris about it to prevent the cold winter wind from blowing under his floor, kept away brooding melancholy. But that done, he had only to seek for game, and wait for his words to be winged like a piercing arrow to some savage heart.

The New Year had come and gone, and the thought of the little work accomplished and the long winter months before him filled him with unutterable gloom. On the second of January, 16—, he wended his way into the forest, after a meagre breakfast of crushed Indian corn, to try to add something to his store. He took firearms with him, but only to use in case he came across a wolf or a bear. He had not too much ammunition, and every grain of powder was valuable. In the old world he had played at archery, and now he found it of great service. He soon became as expert as the most skilful savage with the bow, and woe to the rabbit or partridge that came within range!

He had but little success on this expedition, however, and returned at night, tired, and half-famished, with but one rabbit. He threw his bow and arrows into a corner, cast the rabbit by the rude fire place of stones, and sat with an utterly dejected look on his countenance. A storm had been slowly gathering, and the cold north wind

shrieked about his hut, mockingly laughing a crisp laugh at his lonely condition.

His hunger and the intense cold soon overcame his depression, and he went energetically to work to make a fire. The pine boughs crackled and flamed with a joyous gleaming, as though the world was full of mirth, and the glowing oak logs flooded the room with a steady, firm, satisfying light. The father was not idle. With the experience of one who has long had to struggle for himself he took the rabbit, and in a few minutes it was skinned, cleaned, and ready for the fire. The tender meat made a generous repast, after several days of dried crushed corn and water. It had the effect of cheering his spirits, and he did what he had not done for some days, took down his only book besides his Catechism and Missal, Thomas-a-Kempis. He had only one light to read by,—the dancing flames of the merry pine boughs. Stretching himself on the floor of the hut before the fire, he read page after page of tender encouragement to his despairing soul. Why had he doubted God's goodness? It was his own selfishness that desired immediate fruit from his labors. Was it his desire to see God's kingdom advanced that had so disheartened him? Was it not rather that he had expected to be a great spiritual conqueror, and the pain he had experienced was because he saw no victories. How could he tell what the Lord was doing? Such thoughts flashed through his mind as he read the words of his saintly brother.

He became so absorbed in the book that he did not notice to what a mad height the storm without had risen. At last he was roused from his state of religious ecstasy by a fierce gust blowing open his door. The rude floor of his hut was in a moment covered with snow.

He rose hastily, brushed out the snow and stepped out.

"God help the poor fellow who is out to-night!" he said, "better far to be pursued by hungry wolves, than to be overtaken by this furious blast! How strange are thy ways, O Lord! One hour knoweth not what the next will bring forth! To-day the sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky, and made me think of my beloved France; to-night not a star gleams, not a ray of light illumines the darkness, all is gloom, fury, destruction. Oh dear Lord, forgive my fainting spirit! Oh Holy Mother, crave strength for me! I am a poor weakling without thy help! Raise up some task to try my zeal! The weak flesh tempts me to rebel; burden my spirit with some deed for thy glory. I am ready, even though thou askest of me my life!"

The heroic priest stood with his face towards the blast, and his grandeur for a moment seemed to conquer the storm. There was a brief pause in its fury as his prayer ended. It seemed to breathe a soft "Amen"! A crown of the whitest snow fell on the reverent, bowed head. His prayer had been uttered standing, but as words failed him he fell on his knees, and agonized with his divine ideal in a prayer unutterable. In a few moments he arose, and like one in a trance re-entered his cheerless little room. His hands had become numb, and the stinging pain in them called him back to himself. Heaping a pile of pine branches on his fire he squatted in front of it, while the flames danced and leaped with glad warmth.

The mood of the man changed with the changed surroundings. The comforting glow and the odor of burning pine seemed to take possession of him. His eyes became fixed on the leaping flames. He watched them dart

and dance before him with a mind free from all thought. Then ideas slowly took shape in his brain. The fire-light brought back the glad student days, when he had loved to labor with a crowd of earnest seekers after truth. The warmth suggested the cheery halls and the great open fire-places where he had often sat and invented stories, passed jokes, and laughed as merrily as the merriest. The poor priest started from his dream. What did such thoughts mean? What had his prayer meant? The devil was tempting him; a thousand mocking demons seemed laughing from the fire. Tongues of flame seemed darting from the eternal pit, to drag his weak soul down to the region of eternal gloom. He heaped no more branches on the fire, but sat burdened with sorrow, while the storm without increased in fury, roaring and laughing with mad energy.

A night-like despair took possession of Pere Michaud. A very demon seemed to spring up to tempt him. Why should he remain in this wilderness? He had accomplished nothing—he could accomplish nothing. Then the devil appeared to take advantage of an incident that had occurred a short time before, to weaken his trust and make him less determined to win against all odds. A voice seemed to say, "You are no match for a woman,—an impure woman; a child of sin has a stronger power to win hearts than you." He listened to the voice, for it had been the cry of his own heart for days.

Nearly a month before this time he had been teaching a crowd of Mohawk youths. His fire had touched their natures, and held them attentive listeners to his words. He thought that at last the seed had taken root; some would surely follow his Lord, and if he could only gain the young, the battle would be his. On the outskirts of the crowd

stood a group of squaws and children, laughing and chatting as the father addressed the young warriors. One, more mischievous and saucy-looking than her companions, seemed to be the chief mover in the mirth. She was a wild beauty, with a charm that is only seen in undisturbed nature. Her eyes sparkled merrily, and her dark olive complexion was in exquisite keeping with the hill and forest tints of her surroundings. A gay, thoughtless child of the wild wood, sinning without knowing it to be sin, she cared only for the sense of power that her beauty gave her over the men of her tribe. The bravest warriors had worshipped at her feet, and bedecked their idol with rich stores of wampum. The Black-robe hated her life, and she knew it, and now, as she listened to his harangue, she resolved to show him that her power was greater than his. As Michaud warmed to his work, he made the men seek comfort from Marie, the mother of God. The woman here burst out with a merry piercing laugh. The contrast with the priest's earnestness and gloom was too much for the savage crowd. The other women and children joined in her mirth, and soon the savages laughed the exhortation to an end.

"We will ask our Marie to intercede for us," they cried, as they left the priest broken-hearted on his knees.

"Their Marie! That horrible woman to be given the sacred name?" He fled the spot, and like one in a nightmare groped his way home with the words "Our Marie" ringing in his ears.

The whole scene played itself over again before him as the fire burned low. "Oh, if that creature," he thought, "could only be removed, he might be able to do something, but now he despaired. He could accomplish nothing while her wild beauty interfered to draw

the unregenerate souls from his words. "I would God in his providence might only see fit to." With a look of horror he fell upon his knees and craved forgiveness for the thought he was about to express.

The storm without raged furiously, apparently having increased a thousand fold, making the bare trees creak and groan, as though they were possessed by tortured spirits. His door shook. At first he thought it was the wind, but the noise was repeated, and he knew that some living thing was there,—a human being or an animal. He went to the door and asked who was without: a grunt told him it was some belated Indian. He hurriedly opened his door and found a young warrior whom he had often seen in the village. The youth addressed him with the words: "Marie, our Marie, has sent me. She wants the Black-robe. She is going home to Manitou. You will not go to-night, too much storm."

"You are right," replied Pere Michaud, "but with the first signs of daybreak I will go."

"You one fool," said the Indian, "she cannot live; you can do no good. Remain!"

"She cannot live," reflected the father. "My place is by her side; why do I say I will wait till to-morrow? What did my prayer mean,—'Burden my spirit with some deed for thy glory! I am ready, even though thou askest of me my life.'"

"Will you guide me?" he said, turning resolutely to the Indian.

"No," grunted the latter, "I will not face the storm to-night. I remain." And he familiarly cast an armful of pine boughs on the smouldering fire.

"Well, I will go myself."

"Fool white man. You will go to your Manitou if you try it."

"How did you get here?" questioned the father.

"Storm has come up since, and now it is,—"and he scowled, and shrugged his shoulders in the most diabolical manner to show its fury.

"Poor fellow" thought the priest, "he is but ill clad. I will let him rest here, and the Lord will help me find this poor woman. What can she want? Perhaps it is to add some new pain to my life with her dying breath. Forgive my uncharitable spirit, O Lord!" he cried.

He hurriedly clad himself in his warmest robes, and, placing some rabbit and corn before the savage, he hastened out into the night.

The Indian was right. The storm was a tempest to what it had been when he stood in it a short time before, and for a moment his heart failed him; but the words—"even if Thou ask of me my life," made him press forward. He was soon on the shores of the lake. The village was on the opposite side, and he would have to make a fearful journey to get across. The snow was already very deep, and the cold wind pierced through his clothing, and cut him to the bone; but with fervent zeal and unuttered prayers he pressed on. Time and again his feet faltered, and his energy failed him, but the thought that perhaps this woman's heart had been touched from above gave him renewed strength, and he toiled on through snow banks that reached his waist. Numbed and exhausted, he at length began to think that the Indian's words were coming true,—that he, too, was about to meet his Manitou. He struggled on, half-blinded, praying with zealous heart. "Marie! Marie!" was on his lips a hundred times. His limbs failed him, and he was about to fall in the snow, when, only a few yards before him, he saw the huts of the

Indians standing out in the darkness.

"Marie! Mother!" he cried, in an agony of despair, "guide me; sustain me; come to my aid."

Just as the words were uttered, a dark figure appeared only a few feet before him. He paused with bated breath till the figure reached him. It was a woman's form, with long black hair streaming over her shoulders and wildly tossed about by the fierce wind. The puzzled priest for a moment thought that the Holy Mother had heard his prayer and come to his aid. He was soon undeceived, for almost with the thought he recognized the Indian woman he had toiled so far to seek.

She had been left helplessly weak on a couch of deerskins. There was no one by her, and left to herself, she kept continually calling for the black-robe. At last the delirium of fever seized her, and she rose and rushed half-naked into the blinding storm. She had gone but a few yards when she met Pere Michaud coming to her. When he recognized the poor woman, a chill seized his heart. He thought he was in the presence of her spirit; but her words were too natural to come from a spirit voice.

"Black-robe has come," she said, "Marie thanks him. She wants him to show her the way to Mother Marie. Look, there she is coming out of the clouds. Look! Look!" And the poor half-crazed woman pointed to a rift in the heavens, where a faint gleam of moonlight strayed out on the storm. Her fever-strength left her as quickly as it had come, and utterly exhausted, she fell on the snow at the father's feet. He bent over and tried to raise her, but could not muster enough strength. He called with all his might, hoping that some of the Indians might hear and come to his assistance, but the only answer he got was the

weird, mocking laugh of the stony-hearted gale. He must reach the huts, and yet he could with difficulty tear himself away from the prostrate woman. He noticed how thinly clad she was, and taking off his own thick robe, placed it about her. She tried to push back the offered kindness, but was too weak. He then rose, and made an effort to advance, but had not gone two yards before he fell benumbed in the snow.

His earthly warfare, he felt, had come to an end. His life must end with this sin-stained woman's. He crawled back to her side, and tried to speak, but his voice failed him. His spirit offered up a fervent prayer for this poor girl's soul.

"Marie," she said, "is going to Manitou. Black Robe has given her to Mother Marie."

The Holy Father saw that her hour had come. He took some of the snow, and melted it in his benumbed hand. It was none too soon. Just as he had obtained a few drops he saw the last flickering flame of life flutter to leave the poor, frail, beautiful body. He sprinkled the water on her brow, and blessed her with all the holy rites of the Church. Poor Marie passed away with a look of intense longing on her face, which the father interpreted to be a foresight of the Divine kingdom.

"The Lord won!" he cried, "My work in the vineyard has not been in vain. One soul has been saved from perdition. O Christ! receive thy servant's spirit!"

In the morning the two were found by the Indians in the snow. Little frozen drops of water rested on Marie's brow, while the father was kneeling with his stony eyes fixed on the blue vault above, and his hands lifted in the attitude of prayer.

## LA PENITENTA.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

"Jack!"

"Tom!"

"The same fellow—and yet, Jack, you are changed." I looked into the eyes of my friend, whom I had not seen for six years. I was more than ever impressed with the wonderful beauty of his face and the inexplicable color and depth of his eyes.

"And what about yourself, old fellow? Do you imagine Colorado's cloudless sky has done anything for you? How are the lungs, eh?"

"Your opinion," I answered. "Wouldn't suppose you had a weak spot in you."

"Here is my team," I said, "Let us be off. We have six miles to drive yet before I am home."

I took the reins and as the train drew out of the town I gave voice to my pair and we sped along together.

"You see we don't trot in this country," I said, as the horses galloped along.

Fifty yards ahead the prairie road crossed the track. The road was level and good, and the beast willing, and before Tom could guess what my purpose was we dashed across the track just ahead of the train. Tom had half risen from his seat as if about to leap.

"No more of that, please," he said, with a serious face. "If you are going to show me the ways of the west, bring on something milder to begin with."

Tom soon forgot the incident in the scenes of the drive. Everything was strange and new to my friend, who was to spend a few months with me. We were intimates, and I was not reticent.

"Tom, you are an admirer of dark

eyes. Be warned in time. Don't fall in love with the first Mexican beauty you meet with. You will probably see several. In this country you must be sure of your ground—pretend to know, and say nothing, savez?"

"All right!" replied Tom, his ears apparently taking in only half what I said, but his eyes were everywhere.

"Oh, haul up, Jack. I want a drink of water, and I see someone coming from the river with a jar."

In an instant he had leaped down and was off, and he was soon drinking from the black jar balanced in the arms of the girl who bore it.

"Jack, I'm done for. Who is she?"

"The daughter of one of my shepherds, a Mexican," I said, laughing, "and engaged."

"She is a queen, man," he cried. "Be her parents and occupation what they may, her beauty is peerless and her heart and mind are pure."

"What a form; what a face! Why Jack, do you know I have not come west in vain."

I had never heard or read of an infatuation like it.

Poor fellow! I did everything in my power to take his thoughts away from Feliz. I took him among beautiful women; gave up my best horses for his use; took him to the most beautiful scenes of the Rockies, yet Feliz was ever uppermost and first in his mind. She filled his whole being, and what he saw of the external world he saw through her. Even his visit, and the time he spent with



me, his best friend, became subservient to this beautiful woman.

"Jack, I shall never return east without her."

"Why, man, she is already spoken for. You can never influence her parents to break the bonds of her engagement. Rid yourself of this foolish fancy. What can I do for you? I have it. Come with me to-night and see the Penitentes."

At 12 o'clock we were in the little *adobe* church, where, after a tiresome two hours of waiting, we could hear the well-known sounds of the approach of the Penitentes. As often as I had heard and seen them, I was as much affected as ever with the expectation of the weird ceremony soon to be performed in our sight.

The procession came up to the door and slowly entered the church. A wild and mournful chant sounded above the blows laid upon bare and bloody backs by these self-castigators; above the grinding of the ends of the heavy crosses on the flinty earth as the bleeding wretches staggered under the weight of wood.

First came three cross-bearers who stretched themselves face down upon the floor, and as they lay, their huge crosses were placed upon their bodies in such a way as to compel them to bear all the weight. Their suffering was apparent as the crosses rose and fell with their hard breathing. Then came another, a mere boy, who advanced slowly on his bare knees, singing with difficulty, as sharp blows were dealt him by a scourge in the hands of another.

The hysterical cry of some woman hiding her face under her shawl, often added horror to the scene. The singing became louder till my blood ran cold and my head swam, for there was no abatement of awfulness.

"Gracious! Jack, look there!"

Tom's pale face and staring eyes drew my attention to an object which till now had escaped my notice. One glance told me all. There among the half-nude self-torturers, I beheld the beautiful form of a woman. Her pale face even in its pain was firm, and with slow tread she advanced. She bore a cross, smaller than those carried by the men, and she also, as was shown by the stains upon her shoulders, had been suffering the pain of the lash.

The main beam of the cross was held to her form and outstretched arms by a long rope, which, binding the cross tightly to her bare shoulders and arms, was entwined about her body. Each end of the rope bound a limb, thus leaving her free to advance slowly. Her flesh stood out between the coils in ridges. Even her breasts, scarcely concealed by a light garment, were pressed upon, and the parts of her delicate flesh left exposed, suggested excruciating torture.

She struggled on amid the cries of women and children and the general confusion. She seemed just able to advance. Keeping her eyes fixed upon the altar she at last stood before the rail. In spite of the additional agony that made itself seen in her face, she kneeled. Her lips parted as if about to join in the chant that had not yet ceased, but her eyes closed. Human endurance had reached its limit. Her face became even paler. She swayed, and attempting to regain her feet, she fell forward senseless on her face. In an instant she was surrounded by the Penitentes and was carried away.

"Feliz."

A voice spoke at my side, and as I turned, Tom fell prostrate at my feet.

Morning came and found us together, Tom and I.

"Jack, I must get away from here. My love is dead. It died last night when I saw her. I lived half my remain-

ing years in that church. I shall end them if I stay here another week."

So the poor fellow left me. With a heart full of pain, I shook his hand as we parted, for as I looked into his eyes, so sad, so deeply marked with the expression of hopelessness, I felt that I had lost my friend.

He was no longer what he had been, for the sudden blow had killed Tom, the friend of my youth.

Beautiful Feliz, you were the bane; and you were the antidote, though you knew it not.

## AN ALLEGORY ON GOSSIP.

BY ANNIE GREGG SAVIGNY.

"Done to death with slanderous tongues."—SHAKESPEARE.

In days of yore when the world was young, and men were as brave and women fairer than they are to-day; when men to men were as faithful as Orestes to Pylades, and women as sisters; when men and women had a simple faith which knew no fainting fits, believing as children in the fairy wand of the fairies, in the power over men's destinies of the gods and goddesses—in those days it came to pass that Juno, who was jealous of her husband, Jupiter, and quarrelled with him over his many escapades, one day said unto him:

"Behave thyself! and I shall throw *this* the apple of discord and scandal to earth, and it shall come to pass that amongst the mortals, my sex, not yours, [for to women, not men, have we given that undying gift of curiosity] shall catch it as it falls, and it shall come to pass that all who taste of it shall hunger and thirst for scandal, and finding none, shall form themselves into clubs, and meet, not in the "Temple of Truth," where Minos, son of Jupiter, sits as supreme judge, and where falsehood and calumny cannot approach, but, where she, who hath eaten most greedily of our apple, shall throw most mud at all outside women who have not eaten; which, the listeners with itching ears shall catch up and repeat on the

wings of the wind, and Boreas, Auster, Eurus and Zephyrus shall carry the refrain over all the lands; so that we, with the other immortals, listening to the strife of scandal among mortals, shall be glad to live happily together."

And as Jupiter pondered and listened to the voice of Juno, his queen, he was filled with fear, lest the brew of the scandal pot arising from earth should even drown the rage of his rumbling thunderbolts. And so with furrowed brow he lifted up his voice and answered her:

"Why, oh daughter of the mighty Saturn,—why throw our apple of discord to mortals! Think you they are not punished enough already in that they are not immortal? Why not throw it to the infernal regions?"

"For this reason oh Jupiter, for then, would our very throne be shaken. Pluto does us mischief enough already. Many of our goddesses might then share the fate of Proserpine they are bad enough down there already what with Vulcan's hammer, and the Furies. The dire Alecto alone

"So fierce her looks,  
Such terrors from her eyes,"

thou knowest, oh Jupiter, that her black frown robs our rainbow of its color, our cloud land of its blue; that the sharpness

of her tongue rends the very earth in twain, in the earthquake of the mortals; while with this apple as I spoke before then would our very throne be shaken. No, we cannot afford to throw the apple of discord and scandal anywhere but to earth; we, shall be at peace in ridding ourselves of it at all events."

"And what then, fair Juno? It will surely come to pass that as many as eat of it shall transmit to their offspring an undying thirst for scandal and power of invention therein." "Amen! oh all wise Jupiter: you have spoken, so let it be, and away it goes among that group of women. Haste thee: bid thy chariot forth: I dread the rising clamour midst our peace"

\* \* \* \* \*

The above fable was written of the world when young: to-day we have nothing young. Every pleasure even seems old and worn out to our satiated appetites; we are all dying of *ennui*. We were never young; *les petit enfants* are no longer children, with their dwarf-like receptions, dances, frocks and coats *a la mode*; the only perceptible difference in their revelry to that of mamma being that they don't quite turn night into day.

Listen to the voices of the women as they rise and fall upon the air in the season of the house-boat, and at our many Canadian and American watering-places. Many of these summering spots are too beautiful for description; but alas! she who hath eaten greedily of the apple careth nought for the grand panorama gems of earth and sky in array before her; she careth naught for God's Acre. She is busy brewing scandal. She hears not the melodious swish of the waters against the rocks; she sees not the flock of wild duck on the wing, or cradled on the crest of yon glad free wave; while the kingfisher merrily dips, dips, and the bird song amid the swaying branches up from the

rock bound shore hath no music to her ears. No, with an unwavering and undying curiosity she who hath eaten greedily of the apple of discord came to this beauty summer spot to add to the brew of the scandal-pot, to ask personal questions which should be fenced with—So—

*Ques.* What does your husband do?

*Ans.* Minds his own business.

*Ques.* How old were you when you were married?

*Ans.* Old enough to be wise.

*Ques.* How long have you been married?

*Ans.* Long enough not to be curious.

*Ques.* What was your name before you were married?

*Ans.* My maiden name.

*Ques.* It looks odd for you to be travelling alone: when do you expect your husband?

*Ans.* I advise you to write and ask him.

Yes, Mesdames Grundy and Rumour at times spoil our summer outings. Would that we could pack them away with our furs: their curious greedy voices should only be heard in the heated gas lit salons and reception rooms of winter.

Come with me and look into the women's clubs of the great cities—at London the modern Babylon, at New York our American Paris, at the clubs for women in the city of cities, fair Paris herself.

Listen! listen! to the voice of the women. Would that in many tongues we could cry, "Charity! *carita! charite!*" the most excellent gift is charity!" Now come to their weak imitation afternoon teas,—yea, even to the Dorcas meeting or anywhere where Grundy and dame Rumor meet.

Surely the gods and goddesses are so full of righteous anger as they listen, that envy, hatred and malice are not now known amongst themselves.

Sometimes a modern curate hath the

temerity to preach from Saint James, as to the "tongue being a fire, a world of iniquity," but who listens? Rest assured none of the women who have eaten of the apple of discord, who add to the froth of the scandal pot. And so, with many a nod and wink, scandal is invented and spread, to the detriment of thousands; and the moth eats the ermine! while society kisses the detractor on both cheeks!

In our old-fashioned Bible, such defamers are called "tattlers, busybodies;" but we of to-day have left behind the faith of our childhood: we have a newly fashioned Bible!

Why is it that to-day we have so little *real converse* between men and women?

Why is it that the manly thought and more solid tone of conversation among men is so seldom blended with the expressed thought of women? Why is it that at many social gatherings of to-day one sees groups of women here, groups of men there, as at a Quaker meeting—though Heaven knows there is naught of the Quaker about them—why is there so little of the intercourse of *friends*, delightful as it would be between men and women?

Simply because, such friendship would be misconstrued; for women—thank heaven not all—have eaten of the apple of discord and Mrs. Grundy as social astronomer *is ever in her watch tower*.

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## AN AFTER-DINNER YARN.

BY KATHERINE MACKENZIE.

Two or three days ago, I was going along Main St. about 5 o'clock, when I thought suddenly that I would go and see if Doctor Anderson were home yet. I climbed up the stairs, pushed open the office door with my stick, and looked in. It was growing dusky, but by the light of the blazing fire I saw the Doctor over by the window.

"Hallo! Doc, got back, eh? Come away from that window. Want to ruin your eyes evidently. Bills can wait; no use making them out: nobody ever has any money for a doctor: expect them to live on air or love—eh Doc? Isn't that so?"

"I hope not," he answered brightly. "You are a miserable old pessimist, Cambell. The world is a pretty good place after all, and people are not half as bad as you make out."

"Why, look here, Doc: last week you were as glum as an old woman with the rheumatics."

"Last week? Oh, yes! last week—well, life for me has changed since then."

"Changed in a week!" I exclaimed. "Why, what's happened to you; anyone left you a fortune?"

"Something better than that, old fellow."

He came and stood behind my chair, which I had drawn up to the crackling fire, and putting both his hands on my shoulders in a fetchingly womanly way, said, "You will have to give my wife a place in your crusty old heart, Cambell."

"Your wife, eh? Where is she? Did you bring her home with you and why haven't I heard—?"

"Oh!" he laughed, "don't smother me with questions: come, keep cool, Cambell."

"Keep cool, indeed: you bounce me out of a good lucrative position, install a woman in my place without the customary month's notice and then tell me to

keep cool. She can't fill the duties I say; your father confessor I am—your father confessor I'll be till the end of the chapter."

"Yes—the end of this chapter," he said, taking a chair by my side and elevating his feet to the table, "I hope it will be a pretty short one. Just wait till you see her Cambell."

"I suppose that's where you have been then. I concluded you had left your country etc.," I remarked as I filled my pipe, and settled myself comfortably for a smoke. "I decided that the devil had got hold of you at last: I am sure he deserves to: considering the way he has worked for the last three months, I believe the angels take it in turns to look after you."

"Don't Cambell, you know as well as I do that you are the only person in this town that has helped me in the least and, as for the angels or spirits or what ever you like to call them."—He began to walk up and down the long narrow room, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his head bent. It had grown so dark that the shadows began playing on the walls: up and down, slantwise and crosswise, round and round they swayed, while the flames in the open Franklin burner danced a flickering accompaniment.

He was a fine young fellow, my Doctor, honorable, upright and with all his manliness crammed full of womanly tenderness. I was taken ill very suddenly, just after he came to town. My house keeper rushed out and brought back the first doctor she could find, Dr. Anderson. We took to each other at first sight and since then, the men round town, (who gossip, by the way, far more than their wives) say with a chuckle.

"I guess Cambell is going to adopt Dr. Anderson."

Let them chuckle.

"Come Doc, now don't cheat an old man out of a good love story; I know the way you would go into it. If there is any bliss to be got out of a love affair, you are the one get it, for your heart is as tender—"

"As yours—under its crust, old man."

"This is the strangest story though,

Cambell. I don't believe there is another like it in the whole wide world."

"All the better, Doc: no ghost I hope. Don't introduce any ghosts please," and I pretended to shudder as I peered round the dusky room with its grotesque shadow pictures.

"Have you ever read anything of Robert Dale Owens?" he asked abruptly.

"No: why?"

"Because he relates a case that is very much like what I am about to tell you. I thought it all a yarn then, but I know better now."

Then he began his story. I give it to you in his own words as far as I can remember them, although towards the end, the intonations of his voice gave me glimpses of his heart that I have no means of revealing to you; more's the pity.

"I had a telegram from home the other day asking me to come at once, but giving no reason. As it is only a few hours' journey I decided to go. You know they moved about a month ago, but from force of habit I went to the old place first, and when I arrived it was growing dusk. I found them all well, so my fears for mother were put at rest, but when I asked why they had telegraphed, as I was coming home for Thanksgiving day, anyway, they said they would tell me later: it was to be a surprise."

"How do you like the house?" they asked. "I said I did not think it any improvement on the other."

"But the rent is just half," my mother replied.

"Why! how is that? It used to rent for the same as ours when Ketchums lived here last year."

"Well, since then, four different families have been in it, but none have stayed longer than a month or two."

"Why, that's strange, what's the matter with it?"

"Its haunted," my youngest sister said with wide open eyes, stealing up to me and hiding her curly head on my shoulder.

"Oh! its just awful, Dick. Knock, knock, all over the house, and you can hear the rustle of her dress sometimes."

"Nonsense, darling; you and I will go and frighten the ghost away."

"Don't laugh, Dick" mother said gravely. What the child says is really true: every night since we have been here, we have heard the rustle of her dress and the knock as she opens the door.

"What do you do, mother?"

"Do? We don't do anything. We are going to move out in two days. We got a house this afternoon."

"Why mother," I said, "I am surprised at you. How could there be anything? Your nerves must be in a bad way."

"I guess all our nerves are in that condition then" she answered drily; "for every member of this house has heard the trail of the dress and the knocks again and again."

"Well, let us have dinner now. I will hear more about this interesting ghost afterwards."

We had one of our old musical evenings. The time passed so quickly that the clock struck eleven before I had thought it ought to be ten o'clock.

"Why," I said as we went up the stairs, "I have forgotten to ask for the rest of those ghost stories, but there will be time to-morrow. The music put it out of my head."

"You are to have the blue room" my sister said. "Pleasant dreams" she added with a roguish twinkle, as she opened the door. "Why: I have been in here before," I said. "Why—this must have been the room Lottie Ketchum died in. You remember the day she died. They sent for me. She had wished to speak to me, but when I got there she was dying. All the doctors in the world could not save her then."

"Oh! is that so?" my sister asked in some surprise, and said "good night" rather hurriedly, I thought.

I closed the door and went over to a table by the window and picked up a magazine and began to glance carelessly through it. Finding something to interest me, I drew up a chair and was soon lost to a sense of my surroundings.

All at once I heard a clear sharp rap at my door.

"Come in" I said, and half got up.

The door opened and, Cambell, as sure as I am standing here, nothing came in, although a second afterwards the door was closed. Then I heard the soft rustle of a dress trailing across the floor. I picked up the magazine again and tried to recover myself. In a second I heard the sound of trailing robes coming across the floor towards me. I never moved, Cambell; I was paralyzed.

Tap, tap on the table, beside me. I put down my magazine and said as I played nervously with a pen and some loose note paper lying on the table, "Are you a spirit in distress? What can I do for you? I am at your service."

I had the pen in my hand and felt impelled to dip it in the ink; then I felt my hand begin to write; I did not see, did not know, what I was writing. On, on, my hand rushed: I was in a whirl. All at once it stopped. I looked down and read.

"I am Lottie Ketchum. Helen McPherson saw me in your arms the night I fainted—that is the reason she broke off her engagement. I have been trying to tell your mother and sisters, but they would always run out of the room. I can rest now. Good bye."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, "that explains all."

I remembered the night distinctly; it was two days after I had proposed to Helen. I met Lottie about half past seven. She was walking very slowly. I noticed that she looked very ill; so I offered to go home with her. Going up the steps it was so dark she tripped, and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms.

I knew by her weight that she had fainted. Just then the electric light flashed up, and I found the bell; a moment afterwards we had her lying on the sofa in the parlor. Helen must have seen us in the second that the electric light was lit. That explains the note I received. It had no beginning and consisted of two short lines.

"I find I have made a mistake in telling you that I cared for you. Pray do not ask me to re-consider: this is my final answer."

All this time I was reading the lines I

had written over and over, although the words were dancing all over the page.

My thoughts were whirling so swiftly that it was some time before I collected them sufficiently to say, "And that was what you wanted to see me for just before you died. I have often wondered." Then as I heard the faint rustle of her dress as she moved towards the door, I instinctively sprang to open it for her, saying, "Thank you very, very much. I will go to-morrow. Good-bye," in a voice that did sound like mine.

I need not tell you I did not sleep that night. In the morning I told my mother the story, and showed her the paper.

The McPherson's have moved, of course. You know, there is a train at 9 30, and here is the address.

\* \* \*

All the way there I pondered how to see Helen alone. I knew her too well not to know that she would refuse to see me if she knew it was I. I plotted and plotted, but could arrange nothing. I grew desperate. As I jumped off the train, whom should I see but her brother? I rushed up to him and nearly wrung his hand off.

In half an hour the plot was hatched, and a pretty bold one it was, as you will see.

Helen's cousin was coming out that very evening to take her for a drive. "Now," planned this bold brother, "all you have got to do is to come five minutes before eight, and I'll manage the rest."

I don't know what I did the remainder of that day. I only know that when I at last got into the carriage and drove round to the house I could hear my heart beating just as distinctly as I could hear the clicking of the horse's hoofs.

Oh! if her cousin should drive up, all would be lost. I am sure I don't know how her brother managed it. He had her in the carriage two minutes after I drew up at the door, talking all the time at a rate I never heard equalled.

I could hardly breathe with excitement. I took the whip, touched up the horse, and away we flew. I made straight for the country. Luckily the moon went under a cloud for nearly five minutes. By that time we were out of the town.

The first words I heard Helen say consciously were:

"You are very quiet to-night, cousin Harry."

The moon came out just then, and I knew my time had come. I deliberately rolled down my collar—it was a rather cold night—pushed back my hat, and turned so that I could see her face distinctly.

"I am not your cousin Harry."

Then the storm descended. I waited quietly till she said:

"You will please drive me home at once."

"I will turn round in exactly five minutes," I said; "but I owe it to myself that you should hear what I have to say."

Helen had her face turned away when I began, but when I took off my gloves to get the paper on which the spirit of Lottie Ketchum had written, she exclaimed:

Oh! Dick, don't; I don't want to see it," and involuntarily she nestled close to me.

"You assisted," I suggested.

"No, I did not: I knew Helen better."

"Poor girl, poor girl: think what she must have suffered. I met her two days after that night and"—she hesitated. "I don't know how it came about, but I had told her that I had seen her and that she could have you just as soon as she liked. She only laughed. Just after that she took the fever."

A moment or two passed; then I said, "You felt that you could not care for a man like that, so you wrote that note."

"I might have known better," her voice trembled.

"By this time you had knotted the reins and flung them over the dashboard. You see the bad habits you have acquired with me comes in useful sometimes when you don't expect them to. Come now, confess Doc."

"Well, I did, Cambell, before I knew it."

"Then you took her in your arms, etc., Oh! its the old story after all."

"Indeed, I did not; Helen is not the kind that you take in your arms so easily."

"Well what did happen?"

"Well, I just talked, without any thought of anything else,—the night, the road or the horse."

"Oh! yes; you made yourself out a wretch, hoped she would forgive you, etc. Just like you. I tell you, Doc, you are far too good for the finest woman I ever met."

"Not for Helen" he said soberly, as he came over and took his old position with his hands on my shoulders.

"And that was all of it" I growled out.

"No, not quite, I—"

He rocked to and fro sideways, but said nothing.

"I suppose the rest is too holy for my profane ears?"

"For yours—or any one else's in the whole wide world, although you know what you are to me, Cambell."

"I am going home" I said abruptly.

"Will you come?" But he said:

"Not yet:" so I left him there with the shadows and the fire light to talk to him.

## "THE TRAITOR."

### A STORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY EMILY WEAVER.

*Author of "My Lady Nell," "The Rabbi's Sons," etc., "Now, Mother shall I do"?*

Sybil Vernon was standing in the dark oaken doorway. The light from the lamp, which she held high in her right hand, fell full upon her slight graceful figure, and sparkled on the diamonds round her neck and in her hair. A long-waisted dress of pink brocade, a satin petticoat of white and silver, high-heeled, white satin shoes, lace ruffles, and the jewels a ready mentioned—such was the dress of which its wearer so gaily challenged criticism as she stood there in the doorway with her head half turned away to display the wonderful arrangement of towering plumes and powdered locks, while her mischievous dark eyes flashed sidelong glances at her mother, who sat regarding her half proudly and half (as it might seem) in nervous apprehension.

"Well, mother," she repeated, setting her lamp upon a table, and coming forward with a sweeping courtesy that admirably exhibited her perfect management of her long train, "how do you like it all?"

"You look splendid, Syb! I shall be proud to have the honor of escorting you!" exclaimed a boyish voice, as its owner came forward with a bow that matched the courtesy in its quaint burlesque of stateliness.

"I did not see you, Dick! I am glad

that you are ready!" said Sybil, looking at him approvingly. He was a handsome lad of seventeen or eighteen and was very fashionably attired in a long velvet coat and small clothes, lace ruffles, silk stockings and shoes with silver buckles. He wore his hair in a queue and powdered like his sister's.

"Your dress is becoming, Sybil," said her mother at length," but I wish you would not go! It makes me very unhappy I am afraid some misfortune may happen to you!"

Sybil's face clouded, and she stamped her foot impatiently on the floor. "Mother! mother!" she exclaimed, "I am tired of staying at home. I am tired of living in this tedious fashion. I want to see something more. It was all very well when we were poor, but now—I cannot bear it, mother. What is the use of having money if I must live shut up like a prisoner in this dull place?"

"Now, mother dear!" said Dick kissing her, "do not fear. Trust Sybil to me. I will bring her home safely!"

"It is so far!" urged Mrs. Warren. "Sybil, my dear child! I know it is not safe! You may be robbed, murdered! Mrs. Lane ought not to have asked you!"

Sybil flung back her head proudly, "She thinks, mother, that I ought to go out now!"



"Hark!" said Dick, "I hear the coach."

Sybil hastily put on her cloak, kissed Mrs. Warren, and had reached the door, when a sudden impulse seized her, and she ran back to say, "Now, mother dear, do forgive me! *Don't* look so distressed!"

Five minutes later, she and her brother were seated in the great coach, driven by a stately black coachman and attended by two servants on horseback.

"Sybil!" said Dick, suddenly, "have you ever heard what has become of Harry?"

"No!" said Sybil, impatiently; "I do not wish to hear. He has disgraced his family shamefully."

"I used to like him, and so did you, Syb!" persisted Dick.

"That was long ago. I did not know that he was a *traitor* then."

"Yet, I sometimes think," continued Dick, meditatively, "that Uncle John was too severe with him."

"If it hadn't been for Harry and men like him, there wouldn't have been this dreadful war. Why couldn't they leave things alone? We were happy enough before."

"Well, but really, Sybil, it doesn't seem just that we should be taxed, and have no voice."

"Oh, I know what they say perfectly well," interrupted Sybil. "It's all nonsense, Dick. Nothing can excuse rebellion—so do *not* argue about it! People are bound to obey the king, whatever happens, and I, for one, will never promise to obey any one else. I wonder how they will feel about this fine 'Declaration of Independence,' when King George has them punished as they deserve."

Dick did not answer, for he was by no means sure of the final triumph of the king, but he did not care to say so to Sybil, for nothing annoyed her more than the idea that the "rebels" might conquer.

She had been brought up in a household where it was thought to be almost criminal to hold any political opinions but those of the most complete and uncompromising Toryism. She was scarcely of age when an event happened that had perhaps added intensity to her political creed. Her granduncle, an ex-

remely wealthy Royalist, died, expressly disinheriting his only son, whom he stigmatized as a traitor and a rebel, and left all his property to Sybil.

Harry Vernon, from his boyhood, had shown a marked interest in all the great political questions of the day, and as he grew older, he joined heart and soul with those of his countrymen who had begun to agitate against the oppressive system of taxation then pursued by the English government. Unhappily, this course of conduct caused an ever widening breach between himself and his father, and though he had been undutiful in nothing else, the intolerant old man could not forgive him, and on his very deathbed had written the words that doomed his son to poverty.

To do Sybil justice, she had had no idea of gaining such substantial benefit by her energetic expressions of horror and indignation at the colonists for their impatient and rebellious attitude towards the Imperial government. Indeed she had been most sincere; she thought her cousin's actions "a wrong and a shame to his family." Therefore, is it to be wondered at that she should take possession of his inheritance with an easy conscience? If she had any scruples, she stifled them with the thought of his treachery, and strange to say, thoroughly enjoyed her newly acquired wealth and all it brought her. She liked to wear rich dresses and live handsomely, and she liked to be able to provide her twice-widowed mother with luxuries, and to give a generous allowance to her young half-brother, Dick Warren.

The house of which Sybil had been mistress for nearly two years, was situated near a small village within ten miles of Boston. It was a beautiful, but by no means a comfortable residence for a family of such well-known Tory proclivities, but hitherto they had escaped annoyance, though Mrs. Warren lived in constant apprehension of it.

On the evening of which I am writing they had been invited to join a small party composed chiefly of Tories like themselves. Mrs. Lane's house was scarcely four miles from their own, but there had been heavy rain for some days,

and though the storm had been succeeded by a clear, starlight night, the roads were bad, and their progress was slow.

So slow that Sybil began to get impatient, and Dick uneasy, for the weight of his responsibilities oppressed him.

"Sybil!" he said at last, "I *must* go on, but will not you turn back? I can easily walk from here!"

"No! no! Dick. I want to go on. Why should you go on alone?"

Dick leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear. Sybil started and exclaimed.

"Hush! hush! Sybil dear!" said Dick warningly. "If we are prudent there is no danger!"

"What would mother say if she knew?"

"I could not help it, Syb. There was no one else, and it seemed such a good opportunity!"

"The roads are very bad," said Sybil presently. "I had no idea the mud was so deep."

At that moment the coach stopped suddenly after several heavy plunges that nearly threw its occupants from their seats.

"I am afraid we must be off the road!" said Dick. "I will get out and see!"

"Don't get out! Open the window and ask what has happened!" said Sybil.

The coachman was shouting to the horses and to the groom alternately, but after some little difficulty Dick made him hear his question.

"It is the mud, sah. I'se 'fraid we can't get on to Mis' Lane's to-night!" was the answer.

"Do your best, Tom, that's a good fellow!" cried Dick, earnestly.

"All right, sah! dat we will!" he answered cheerfully.

The horses struggled on for a few seconds through the deep mud, then seemed to gain firmer ground, and presently began to trot.

"We have passed the worst," said Dick, with a sigh of relief, "we shan't be long now."

But, as he spoke, they heard a loud shout, and again the coach stopped abruptly.

"Oh, Dick!" cried Sybil, leaning

from the window, and then hastily drawing in her head. "Dick, what shall we do?"

In the dim light they could see that the coach was half surrounded by armed men, who seemed to have started from the ground, so suddenly and silently had they appeared.

Dick spoke no word, but flung open the door, threw himself from the coach, and dashed at full speed down the road by which they had come.

His action was so sudden, that for a moment the men seemed startled: then they cried out loudly to him to stop, and when he took no notice, a pistol shot was fired, and then another. But they missed their aim, and he ran on, followed by half a dozen men in hot pursuit.

Sybil sank back on the cushions afraid to watch any longer. She heard Tom shouting still, but she could not see the other servants, and she feared that they had been made prisoners.

Suddenly she rose, and leaning from the window, demanded to know by "what authority" they "dared thus to molest peaceable travellers on the king's highway?"

"By the order of Colonel Farnham, madam!" was the reply, in a stern, gruff voice.

"He has no right to give such orders, —you know it, sir, as well as I do; and I require you to release my servants immediately, and to permit me to proceed on my way."

The man made no reply, but ordered one of his men to mount the box-seat of the coach. Upon that, Sybil made an attempt to get out, but was not allowed to do so. Resistance was out of the question, so she submitted to her fate as well as she might, and made no further effort to escape.

She tried to discover what her captors intended to do with her, however, but received no reply.

After a time the coach was turned round, and driven slowly for some little distance, in the direction of their home.

In the meantime, Dick had run as fast as he could, hoping to reach a certain deep pool by the road-side, before he was overtaken. He had hoped, when he

made his first dash from the coach, that the soldiers would attribute his conduct to cowardice (much as he would have disliked the imputation), and so permit him to escape with the precious packet that had been entrusted to his keeping.

What it contained he was not certain; he had but a general idea that a number of letters were enclosed in it, which were meant only for the eyes of staunch and loyal Tories, and he feared that disastrous results might follow if they fell into the hands of any of the opposite party.

He soon saw that he was followed too closely to have any hope of ultimate escape, but he still strained every nerve to reach the pool, into which he intended to throw the packet, for he thought that he might thus render its contents illegible, even if by any chance it was recovered.

His object was almost gained. He drew the packet from its hiding place, ready to throw, but, at the last moment, he slipped in the treacherous mud. Before he could regain his feet, his pursuers were upon him; the precious packet was wrested from his grasp, and he was marched slowly back to meet the coach, between two strong men—a prisoner!

When they reached the carriage, they bade him get in; and he was not sorry to obey, for he knew his sister must feel frightened and lonely. His dress was covered with mud from his fall, but Sybil forgot her finery, and flinging her arms around his neck, kissed him again and again, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Dick, I am so glad that you are safe!"

But Dick answered sadly, "It was of no use, Syb—they have got the packet after all. I wouldn't have left you all alone but for that."

"I know, Dick. I wish they would let us go home. They might just as well—*now!*"

"I wonder what those letters were!" said Dick. "I have no idea. Mr. Maynard didn't tell me," he added in a whisper.

"Oh dear, what will they do with us? sighed Sybil." Why didn't we stay at home as mother advised?"

"They won't hurt *you* at any rate, Sybil. You had nothing to do with the

letters at all!" said Dick, with an air of resolution.

The coach rolled on through the heavy mud, guarded on either side by well armed men, till it reached a little wayside inn, (lately named the "George," but now the "Patriot,") where the prisoners were made to alight, and were locked in separate little chambers till the morning dawned.

At daybreak, Dick was taken before Colonel Farnham, who sat at a small table in the rough inn kitchen, where the grey light fell clearly on his cold stern face. Behind him stood a younger man, so much in the shadow that Dick scarcely noticed him. The Colonel had the opened packet before him, and frowned most forbiddingly as he read.

He asked Dick many questions, in a rough, disagreeable voice, and Dick, with boyish resentment at the tone he took, defiantly refused to answer, denying his right to question him, and daring him to do his worst.

As it happened, the letters were so cautiously worded, that, though it was evident that a large number of the Tories of Boston and the neighbouring places were forming schemes for the restoration of the king's authority, it was difficult to discover anything definite. Colonel Farnham had received information that led him to suspect that Dick Warren might occasionally be employed by his party to carry messages and papers to the disaffected Tories who were accustomed to meet at the Lanes' house, but he was mistaken in supposing that the boy knew anything of importance concerning their schemes, though Dick's persistent refusal to answer "a rebel," confirmed him in his impression that he knew more than he would tell.

He threatened him with imprisonment and even *death* on the one hand, and promised him magnificent rewards on the other, but Dick was obstinate and immovable, and at last the Colonel bade them take away the lad and bring his sister, saying "perhaps she would be more reasonable."

At that, Dick's fortitude gave way, and he condescended to entreat the old man "not to hurt or frighten Sybil."

"Then listen!" said Colonel Farnham, "I will promise to let her go, without even questioning her, if you will tell me all you know about these papers!"

"I don't know what is in them!" answered Dick. "I cannot tell you anything!"

"But you know who sent them and whom they are for!"

Dick was silent.

The Colonel waited one moment before he ordered him to be taken back to his room. Then he sent for Sybil.

All this time the young man behind him had stood without speaking or moving, watching the lad with a curious intent expression that showed his interest in the scene. The light was stronger now, and shone faintly into the dim corner which he had chosen as a retreat, bringing into view his clear-cut features, blue eyes and fair hair.

When Sybil entered the bare, squalid room, still in the magnificent attire that she had put on the evening before, the young man watched her even more closely than he had watched her brother.

She was evidently much alarmed for Dick's safety, and asked almost immediately to be allowed to see him.

The Colonel did not answer her request, but put some questions to her concerning the letters. She answered in a conciliatory but evasive manner and the Colonel's dissatisfaction increased. She really knew very little about them, but that he would not believe and at last he lost his temper altogether, and declared with tremendous oaths that he would have her imprisoned and Dick shot without delay.

She fell on her knees and begged him to be merciful, but he only swore more loudly. In her despair she turned to the younger man and entreated him to intercede for her. But as the words left her lips, she recognized him. Alas!—it was the cousin, whom she had supplanted,—"The Traitor," Harry Vernon!

She rose to her feet then, set her teeth proudly, and uttered no word to save either herself or her brother. What was the use? She turned away; she did not, would not, hear the words her enemy was speaking. She knew they would

but add to the bitterness of her humiliation!

Yet, when she reached her room again, it occurred to her that she might yet save them, and she sent a message by one of the soldiers, begging Captain Vernon, for that was his rank in the revolutionary army, to come to her.

He came at length, and Sybil began at once: "Cousin Harry, I will give up all—everything that your father left me—if you will help us to escape."

Vernon did not answer immediately, and Sybil continued eagerly, "I would sooner have died than ask this for myself—but I cannot, I cannot let Dick come to harm if I can help it! I will sign anything you like, here and now, if you will let us go!"

"I do not know that it is in my power. I have no idea what Colonel Farnham intends to do!" said Vernon.

"Surely you could help us a little—but perhaps you will not help *me!*" She paused, adding after a struggle with herself, "If you feel so bitter against me, I am not surprised—I suppose I should feel bitter if I were in your place! but as you do—at least, save Dick. He is too young, and good, and brave, to die like this. Save him, and I will still give up *all!*"

"Do you really mean it, Cousin Sybil? Shall you be willing for me, a *Revolutionist*, to have all?"

"I would do anything to save Dick—besides, perhaps—I do not know! It may have been wrong to take it from you. Look, I will give you these now! and trust you to help Dick afterwards!" So saying, she took the shining jewels from her hair and unclasped the necklace from her throat, but Vernon scarcely looked at them.

"Sybil, I blamed my father more than you. You need not fear me now. I have outlived my wish for vengeance. I promise that I will help you if I can."

So saying he left the room, and Sybil waited hopefully through the dull autumn day, expecting their release. But the daylight faded, and the darkness of night fell, and still they were prisoners.

At last she threw herself on the hard bed in despair, and tried to sleep, but

fear and disappointment kept her awake till past midnight. She had just sunk into a troubled sleep, when she was awakened by some one speaking her name softly.

It was Dick, who whispered to her to rise and go with him. Wrapping her cloak about her, she followed him on tip-toe out of the house and down the garden, and after walking about quarter of a mile across the fields they came to a green lane and found Tom waiting for them with horses. The servants had been allowed to return home in the evening, but their own escape was a mystery, especially to Dick. He had found a note on the floor of his room, informing him that at midnight the doors would be left unlocked, and that he would find horses in a certain place described by the writer. Who their friend was, Dick had no idea, and was much surprised when Sybil told him.

They did not return home, but went to visit some friends at a distance. As far as they knew they were never even pursued; perhaps Colonel Farnham was not ill pleased at their escape, for he had been much perplexed what course to take with regard to them. Some months later a

was killed in the battle of Brandywine River, and soon afterwards Dick received another note from his unknown friend advising them to return home and assuring him that all danger was now over.

Sybil made a great effort to keep her promise and restore the property to her cousin, whom, by some strange freak of conscience, she now regarded as the rightful owner; but at first he absolutely refused to take it. He rose rapidly in his profession, and before the end of the war attained to the rank of Colonel; he was therefore necessarily much occupied with the affairs of the army, and always made this an excuse when Sybil urged on him her desire of coming to a settlement. It was decided at length that the property should be divided equally between them. Dick much approved of this arrangement; in fact, he had always wondered in secret that Sybil could be content to dispossess her uncle's son.

Other changes took place in course of time. Dick's violent Toryism softened to a gentle regret for the lost monarchical institutions, and Sybil's disappeared so far that before the end of the war she had consented to become the wife of the 'traitor!'

