THE

Lennoxville Magazine.

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THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART I.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"People ought to love dearest what is best," pronounced the legislator of seventeen.

"That ends the question," said Mr. Farquhar, laughing.

Caroline felt her old displeasure revive when he laughed. But he looked serious and earnest enough when he again spoke.

"I suppose, in your estimation, *home* is one of the things best worth having—one of the things that never grow old?"

"Yes: it never grows old. One would never tire of *that*."

"A happy thing, indeed, for those who have a home. But for *nous autres* who have not, is not our case a pitiable one?"

"But you have a home, for Vaughan has been staying with you there," cried Caroline, quickly.

"I have a home," said Mr. Farquhar, with a peculiar expression at the mention of Vaughan's name; "and I have what is called 'chambers' in London. But neither of these is what you mean by home; I never had that. Are you sorry for me?"

"Very sorry," said Caroline, expressing, because she felt, much cordiality, as she spoke.

"You, who are so rich in 'things worth having'—love and care, friends, all that make a home dear and beautiful—should have very great indulgence for your poorer brethren," Mr. Farquhar went on: "and must not quarrel with them, if occasionally they do not 'love dearest what is best.' Happy people are apt to be great tyrants; don't be a tyrant, Miss Maturin."

She was puzzled to make out his meaning, and she was about to ask him, when Mr. Bracebridge approached to claim her for the next dance.

There were no more philosophical conversations that evening. The

festivities waxed gayer and gayer up to the climax of supper. Caroline, besides her position as hostess, was far too brilliantly attractive not to be constantly engrossed, and her attention fully occupied in succession, now by one, now by another, and not unfrequently by two or three admiring swains at once. Mr. Farquhar held aloof under these circumstances. Caroline was afraid he was not enjoying himself much. She occasionally caught glimpses of him standing against a doorway, or examining the prints and books on one of the tables, or leaning by the sofa where they had been talking together, apparently watching the dancers, his peculiar but not unkindly smile curving his mouth. Once Vaughan came up to him, and they exchanged a few remarks. Mr. Hesketh, also, fresh from his hard-won rubber, and very genial and exhilarated, as whist-players always are in such cases, came into the room, with a word and a smile for every body, and finally anchored beside the stranger guest.

"Not dancing, Mr. Farquhar? I hope you have at least a dislocated ankle to plead in excuse. In these days, for a young man not to dance is to be a sort of Pariah in society."

The gentleman addressed bowed, as if in humble acceptance of his doom, and presently made some complimentary remark on the brilliancy of the evening.

"I am glad you are entertained," said the old gentleman, taking that fact for granted rather prematurely, "I suppose a festivity of this kind does not often enliven your dry legal studies. I know—I have heard that you are a most determined and indefatigable student."

"Pray believe all you hear of me that is in that strain," his companion rejoined, with his inscrutable glance from under his dark brows.

"I am glad to believe it," said Mr. Hesketh, emphatically; "the capacity of hard work is one which I greatly respect in a man. There is a kind of courage in labour that transcends most bravery, I think."

"Yet it must require more courage to be idle, I fancy," remarked Mr. Farquhar; "the reality of work and its results is a very confortable *fact*, such as few men's lives could afford to be without."

Mr. Hesketh did not reply to this, but passed on to the subject of Vaughan; his present studies and future career. He was anxious that his nephew and adopted son should make a figure at the bar, where he himself had practiced in his earlier manhood, but without much success. He told Mr. Farquhar with what satisfaction he heard of Vaughan's intimacy with himself.

"A companion like yourself, persevering and industrious, is precisely what I could have most wished for him. He has talent enough, and energy, too, when he chooses?"

"Undoubtedly," returned Mr. Farquhar, warmly, seeing that the words were uttered in a half-questioning tone; "I know few things that Vaughan Hesketh could not do, if he once resolved on doing them."

"Exactly; and he seems to have been setting to work in earnest of late. He tells me he has even brought his law-books down here, intending to study during his holidays."

"Indeed!"

The dancers were promenading round the room just now, and the speaker's eye had fallen, with a very odd glint in it, on the tall figure and handsome face of Vaughan Hesketh, who was bandying all sorts of lively nonsense with pretty Miss Windleton. But the next minute Mr. Farquhar's look changed. Miss Maturin passed, and as she went by smiled up brightly at Mr. Hesketh; the edge of the smile seemed lightly to touch the face of his companion, and that face looked disturbed for an instant, then it settled into a pleasanter expression than it had yet worn. The doubtful flicker left the dark eyes, the shade of irony and subdued bitterness went from the thin, expressive lips.

"Your niece looks thoroughly happy. What a pleasant thing to see is happiness?"

Mr. Hesketh assented, while his eyes proudly and admiringly followed the retreating figure of Caroline. But Mr. Farquhar meditatively fixed his regards on the polished oaken floor, and was silent for a while. Presently the host's attention was claimed, and he moved away to another part of the room. The mysterious, vague, but magical "sensation" which the initiated know to portend "supper" was commencing. Vaughan, still with Miss Windleton on his arms, passed his friend with a hasty nod. Then came Caroline, full of her duties as hostess, and busily engaged in "pairing off" all the ladies and gentlemen who had not performed that office for themselves. As she was arranging a last detachment, she perceived Mr. Farquhar, looking, as she thought, rather lonely, by the mantelpiece. She hesitated a minute, half blushing, and looking a very sweet picture of girlish shyness.

He came forward, and offered his arm with what seemed only a due amount of courteous eagerness. She accepted it, and they went into the supper-room. Mr. Farquhar appeared to revivify under her influence. His face brightened, his very voice changed; the atmosphere of her innocent, happy youth seemed to work a sort of enchantment upon him. Vaughan paused in the midst of his *petits soins* to the fair Bessy Windleton, and looked with amazement at his friend. He could hear his voice, distinct above the loud hum of the roomful of talkers, for George Farquhar's voice was a peculiar one—rich and clear, and with a certain

metallic resonance that seemed to hold its own place even in the midst of numbers. He could see also Caroline's face bent slightly towards her companion, with evident interest in what he was saying. And Vaughan's amazement changed into dissatisfaction, which again increased to displeasure. Miss Windleton wondered what had made him suddenly so *distrait*, and checked the easy flow of the sweet courtesy of which he had been so lavish a little while before. He was unaccountably discontented with the state of things which had seemed to please him enough until now. Bessy was a pretty little creature; but Caroline was twenty times more distinguished, more *spirituelle*, more interesting as a companion. Why had he been so foolish as to permit all this to fall to the share of any other than himself? What right had Farquhar to monopolize the attention of her who was at once hostess, the heroine of the night, and the most attractive girl in the room? Under the influence of all these moral and philosophical speculations, Vaughan's brow slightly contracted, and his voice also betrayed some disturbance. He pressed no more cracker bon-bons on his fair companion, forgot the very existence of the sentimental French motto which only a minute before they had been commenting on, and presently, nothing loth, he escorted her into the ball-room, and relinquished her with a smile of exquisite politeness, to an expectant partner there. Then he strode back into the supper-room, now rapidly thinning, and threw himself on a sofa near the table at which Mr. Farquhar and Miss Maturin were sitting. The former saw him at once.

"Vaughan," said he, Miss Maturin and myself are planning a delightful excursion for to-morrow: to go on horseback to the foot of some wonderful hill, which we are to climb, and see a marvellous prospect."

"Indeed! Is it a new arrival in the neighbourhood, Caroline, this wonderful hill? Our humble lions are not accustomed to rejoice in such adjectives."

His friend, with elevated eyebrows, was about to laugh outright at the ill-humoured tone in which he spoke; but Caroline eagerly interposed. Foolish child; she knew well the turn of the lip, the shade in the eye, and what those signs portended. Yet she did not know them well enough to disregard them, it seemed.

"Dear Vaughan!" she cried, "you remember Crooksforth, surely. My uncle told me you went up one day long ago. I have been waiting for your return to go there—it will be so pleasant!"

Well, he seemed to admit it would be pleasant. A smile dawned about his handsome mouth. It grew to full day when Mr. Hesketh called on Mr. Farquhar to come and see his much-prized Guido, which hung curtained in a recess of the room. Then Vaughan took his vacated seat, nearer to Caroline.

"You look quite radiant," he remarked, with an odd, half-discontented inflection in his voice; "I suppose you have had what young ladies, always call 'a most delightful evening.' Haven't you, now?"

"Indeed, yes," she replied, heartily; "and I was thinking," she added, after a brief pause, "that you also liked it. I hoped so."

"One must do at Rome as the Romans do," he answered, carelessly; "it is absurd to stand aloof in the midst of an assemblage of this kind, looking a grave and wise reproach to all the foolery that is going on, like my friend there. Poor George! I suppose he feels in a ball-room very much as you would feel at a smoking party."

"O, Vaughan! is he that sort of person?"

"You simple child! 'That sort of person' is nothing so very unusual or dreadful, is it? Men are not angels, Carry, and they *will* smoke cigars, and play billiards and écarté, and all sorts of uncelestial things. Your pleasures are not their pleasures: your tastes are widely different from theirs. They care nothing for what makes the glory of life to you. Their hopes, and aims, and wishes, and enjoyments, are utterly opposed to yours. Trust me, you have very little in common with them."

Caroline, in the midst of some dismay, derived comfort in noticing that he said "them," and not "us." Very wistfully she looked down at her fast fading flowers.

"But Vaughan, all the men in the world are not like that?"

"Very nearly all," he said, decidedly. "If you knew as much of the world as I do——But women never do know anything of life as it really is, happily for them, and for us, too. Where should we come for fresh air, if it were otherwise?" And he smiled down at Caroline the old, pleasant smile.

Bewildered and rather troubled as she felt, she could not resist the cheering influence of Vaughan's look.

"I am glad I am only a girl," said she, laughing, "in spite of my old ambitions. Don't you remember, Vaughan, years ago, how I used to chafe over my feminine privations? But it was not because of such delights as you tell me of that I longed for manhood. I had much nobler ideas: chivalry, heroism, and romance, were in my mind."

"I know. You were always such a dreamer," he said, with an admiring glance at her animated face.

"O, Vaughan, do *you* say it was only a dream to imagine a man might be noble?"

"No—not exactly. But there are different ways of being noble, you know. There are no crusades now, Carry; the age of chivalry is past. What opportunities are there for heroism in the nineteenth century? As

for romance, just think of romance in connection with broadcloth and upright hats!"

His jesting tone made her laugh, and with the laugh ended their talk; but not its impression on her simple, implicitly credulous mind. The first blow had been dealt at her faith in goodness; the poisonous sneer at humanity had entered into her ears, and had every chance of fructifying in her heart.

But at present life was stirring around, and demanded attention. The guests were most of them thinking of leaving, and Mr. Hesketh's courtly hospitality was manifested, at first in urging their longer stay and then in facilitating their departure. The old gentleman passed through the corridor and into the wide hall, with ladies on his arm, his gray head bent deferentially towards them—his whole manner a fine example of the chivalric courtesy of a past generation. Vaughan was idle in comparison, as he leaned on a chair near where Caroline was standing, and bowed or shook hands with a retiring visitor, as occasion suggested.

"How thoroughly my uncle seems in his element," the young man remarked; "so active and busy to the last minute. It is quite admirable to see his unwearied politeness to all these people; going out, too, into this chilly night air, assisting these fair dames into their carriages. Really, Caroline, I begin to repent me of saying the age of chivalry was past."

Caroline was too much occupied with leave-takings to reply. Vaughan's words fell on her ear pleasurably, but the full sense of them escaped her. It was Mr. Farquhar who presently suggested to her the danger of Mr. Hesketh's hasty transitions between the hot ball-room and the cold entrance-hall. She was equally touched by his thoughtfulness and her own negligence. She ran out, and was just in time to see the bare gray head bowing adieux to a last carriageful of county beauty and fashion. Eagerly she drew him from the open door, mingling reproaches with compliments to his gallantry, which the old gentleman received with great complacency.

They all four gathered in a group in the deserted ball-room, for a brief, desultory chat, much interspersed by ejaculations of weariness from Vaughan. Then they separated; Mr. Farquhar adding to his good-night to Caroline a reminder of the promised excursion for to-morrow.

"O, you may rest quite easy, my friend," interposed Vaughan; "*I* won't suffer her to forget."

Mr. Hesketh and the two younger men watched Caroline trip lightly up the stairs.

"You don't seem much overwhelmed with fatigue," Vaughan cried after her.

"No, indeed!" She turned round at the landing, and waved her hand gaily, with the sunniest smile in the world. "I am quite ready to begin the evening all over again."

They all three smiled, very different smiles. Then she disappeared, and so the birth-day fête was over.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Hesketh did not appear down stairs, the next morning. He had caught cold, it seemed, and was now paying the penalty for his chivalric politeness of the night before.

So Caroline announced at the breakfast table, at which she took her usual place only a little after the usual time. It was a lovely morning after the previous day's rain. The most gracious sunshine was making all things radiant out-of-doors; the softest clouds were wafted gently athwart the sky by a southern breeze, that just stirred the pine tops, and caused the silver birch to wave her graceful tresses. All the flowers glowed with redoubled brilliancy of colour; a spirit of cheerfulness seemed abroad.

Caroline looked out on the garden from the low study window, and smiled to herself delightedly.

"O, Vaughan, what a day for Crooksforth! The air is so soft, and the sunshine so pleasant! This sort of day makes me feel as if I could fly!"

"Well, you'll find wings very convenient in mountain Crooksforth," observed Vaughan, who had entered the room with his hand full of letters, just arrived by the morning's post. "Three for my uncle, one for you, George, two for me, and—yes, this one is to Miss Maturin. Carry, surely I know that writing?" He deliberately examined the direction before giving her the letter. "It is, isn't it, from Miss Kendal?"

"Yes," said she, taking it.

She turned away to read it. It was a long letter, apparently, and took more time to peruse than either Vaughan's or his friend's correspondence. The former, having tossed his letters aside, with muttered exclamations at their insipidity, strode to the distant window whither Caroline had betaken herself.

"We're waiting for our coffee," he intimated.

She rose at once, crushed the letter into her pocket, and resumed her place at the urn. Vaughan seated himself close beside her, and the length of the table almost estranged them from Mr. Farquhar, who sat at the farther end. Breakfast commenced. Vaughan trifled with his spoon, and made intensely earnest efforts to balance it on the edge of his cup.

"Have you read your letter all through?" at last he said.

"Yes. It is not a long one."

A pause; during which the gentleman rapidly cut slices of ham, and distributed the same to his friend and himself.

"I was not aware you corresponded with Miss Kendal," he resumed in a low tone. "(Carry, won't you have some ham?) Is it of long standing—the correspondence, I mean?"

"No, thank you. Miss Kendal has written to me several times since she left Redwood."

"And you to her?"

"Once or twice. O, Vaughan, it is not courteous of you to go on talking like this."

"Farquhar, try that pie. I particularly wish to know about Miss Kendal. What has her ladyship been doing all this time? What is she about now?"

"Wait a more fitting opportunity, and I will tell you," said Caroline, colouring, as, with a slight and not ungraceful assumption of dignity, she turned from her questioner, and addressed some remark to Mr. Farquhar.

Vaughan vexedly bent all his attention on his plate, and would not for some time join in the conversation of the others. At length, however, with a sort of magnanimous toss of the head, and a frank, half-apologetic smile, he pushed aways his plate, in token of having finished his breakfast, leaned his head on his hand, and appeared to be listening with great interest to what they were saying. But some how, Caroline was not her easy natural self, and this evident scrutiny did not tend to increase her composure. She answered at random; she fell into reverie, in spite of her frequent self-corrections, when she would look round with a start, and eagerly begin to join in the conversation. It was a relief when she could rise from the table and quit the room.

But on the staircase Vaughan overtook and detained her.

"You slippery little thing, I want to speak to you."

"I am going to my uncle. He has a cold."

"It is n't a mortal complaint. Now curiosity is—suspense is. With those two diseases I am suffering, and in a very bad way. Come into the drawing-room."

He took firm hold of her wrist, and compelled her in at the open door.

"You hurt me, Vaughan," she cried, the tears starting to her eyes.

He looked intently on the pretty reddened mark his fingers had left on her wrist, then kissed it—once—twice. He glanced for a moment at her flushing face as he let the hand go.

"Is it well now?" he asked, audaciously. "Or shall I——"

"Be silent, Vaughan! I am hurt, grieved, angry enough with you for one morning. I thought my cousin—my friend—my old playmate, was at least a gentleman."

If he expected to be amused by her indignation, he was also involuntarily affected by it. The indescribable swagger was put off. In a subdued tone he addressed her.

"Sit down, then; I did not mean to offend you, Caroline. But you are very contrary this morning yourself; why couldn't you answer me just now at breakfast what I wanted to know? You are aware how keenly interested I am in anything that concerns your ancient *gouvernante*. Sanctimonious old soul, how comes she to write to you?"

"I dislike your way of speaking. Miss Kendal should be mentioned with respect at least."

"I have no reason either to respect or to like her. There was not any love lost between us, I believe. I am sure she always behaved most unpleasantly to me. I wish you would have nothing to say to her, either by personal or postal intercourse."

"It is unlucky for your wish," Caroline remarked, "that she is about to take up her residence so near Redwood. In a few weeks she is coming to live at Beacon's Cottage."

"The deuce she is! I fancied something of the kind," he added, with ire. "Miss Kendal was always famous for making differences between you and me. It reminds me of the old days of cricketing and boating, when you used to put me off because you had to 'go out with Miss Kendal.' I never had any patience with your affection for that woman. If I could have helped it, it shouldn't have been."

Caroline coloured, with many conflicting thoughts. The foremost of all was a highly sensible satisfaction that he did not know the real and effectual extent of his influence. She kept silence.

"What in the world brings her to his part of the country again?" he muttered. "I thought when she left us she was going abroad with some East Indian family. I hoped she was comfortably disposed of."

"But Mr. and Lady Camilla Blair are about returning to Madras for two years, and meanwhile leave their children under Miss Kendal's care. And she has chosen to come here. The house is already taken."

He stood pulling at the tassels of the sofa-cushion with a petulant air. At length, however, he looked up, laughing. "It isn't worth being vexed about; and, after all, Carry, I don't so much mind. She won't be your governess, and will have something better to do than lecturing you, and tugging you about, botanizing and moralizing, &c. So we won't talk about her any more. Just play me '*Fra poco*.' You haven't forgotten it in all this while?"

He looked tolerably confident that she had not. He opened the piano, and then luxuriously extended himself on the sofa, while she played to him some of his favourite operatic morceaux; luscious, flowing music, dreamy even in its passion, dulcet in its pathos, such as one would naturally close one's eyes, physically and mentally, to enjoy. He lazily opened his, when, at last, she ceased playing, and rose from the instrument.

"Don't go yet, Carry; it's so pleasant."

"But I must see my uncle now. You know the horses are ordered at twelve, and it is now past eleven."

Her step was decisive, as she passed down the long room by his sofa, whence he gazed at her entreatingly and detainingly. He saw it was no use to protest or complain. She went out at the door, and he rose, yawned, and sauntered to the window, with his hands in his pockets, meditating after the manner of men.

"How handsome she is grown! No milk-and-water school-girl, either. Something to interest as well as to attract. It is fun to see her angry, all the while knowing that her love is fifty times stronger than her indignation. Dear little soul, I prize her affection very much; it is worth anything to come back to it as a rest after—— Hum—hum!"

The meditation floated off into vague air, as he quitted the room, descended the staircase, and sought his friend Mr. Farquhar to come and play a game at billiards, till the time for riding.

Meanwhile Caroline stopped on her way to Mr. Hesketh's appartment —likewise musing.

"I wish Vaughan was—— I wish I did not care quite so much about—— I wish—I wish——"

She got no further. And very wistful and a little perplexed was her face as she thus paused, looking out on, but hardly seeing, the soft August sunshine, which seemed to rest in visible repose on the broad lawn. But her face grew clear again, and she went in to her uncle with her own fresh gayety of aspect and manner.

"O, it is the fairest, sweetest morning," she cried; "it is dreadful to

think of you in here, burrowing close to the fire, and with that fiery dressing-gown on. You will come down to lunch, won't you?"

"Surely. Come here, my child."

She came, and knelt down beside his chair. He gently turned her face, so that he could look full into the clear eyes.

"Are you very happy this morning?"

"Happy!—I? Dear uncle, what do you mean?"

"Were you pleased with your birthnight ball?"

"O yes!"

"And glad that Vaughan is at home again?"

She coloured vividly. He let her droop her face then, but she lifted it again the next minute, saying, but not quite so distinctly as before, "O yes, I am always glad of that."

"That is well." In quite a changed tone he went on:—"What do you think of Mr. Farquhar?"

"I did not like him at all, at first; but I do now."

"That is right. I like him—I have confidence in him. He is much what his father was at that age." Then, in a less thoughtful tone, "You are going to Crooksforth this morning, are you not?"

"Yes. How pleasant it will be, uncle! O, I wish you could come too. Do you think——"

"No, my pet. It would be pleasanter for me to rest quietly at home. I have some letters to write By the way, tell Vaughan I will see him in the afternoon; he can come in to me after you return from your ride."

"But won't you come down-stairs by that time?"

"I think not, dear. I have letters to write."

"You look tired. Couldn't I write the letters, or Vaughan? Do let him."

The old gentleman shook his head, and smiled reassuringly, in reply to her half-anxious look. She busied herself about the room for a little while, put fresh water to the nosegay with which she constantly supplied his table, stirred his fire, drew the blinds to a convenient height, all with the officious tenderness which it is alike so pleasant to give and to receive. Then she kissed him, and went to dress for her ride.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The ride proved a great pleasure. Part of the way lay along a broad ridge of road much elevated above the country on each side, and thereby commanding views at every turn both extensive and various. The sweet English valleys were smiling their loveliest; little nest-like villages clustered below the brown hills, or shone out from admidst soft foliage

of the goldening trees. Park, and meadow, and moorland stretched out widely under the sunny sky, with cloud-shadows dappled upon them, and breaks of intense sunlight, making islands of glory in the broad landscape.

The south wind, fresh and gentle, was like the very breath of the sunshine, Mr. Farquhar declared, while he turned his head to meet it, his face glowing with fulness of satisfaction. "To-day I can understand what has so often seemed an enigma to me—the joy of living—the absolute pleasure of existence. Simply *to be* is a good thing, after all."

"Did you ever doubt it?" Caroline asked.

"I never doubted—I disbelieved," he answered; "a much more satisfactory process," he added, with a half-bitter smile. "It saves much wear and tear of spirit. To temporize between the two points of belief and unbelief, strikes me as a dangerous waste of time and expenditure of energy. What we know—we know. It is quite enough for us, very likely."

Caroline did not reply, partly because she was not quite clear of his meaning. Had she thoroughly comprehended, she might have found rejoinder equally difficult.

"Come," Vaughan impatiently interrupted, "you may as well put metaphysics aside for once. My poor little cousin isn't used to be deluged with moral philosophy in this way, on week-days at least. You're interfering with Mr. Turnbull's prerogative."

"Who is Mr. Turnbull, may I ask?"

"Our vicar. He lives in that beautiful place we passed yesterday; he is a 'pluralist,' and has about £3000 a-year. You needn't ask any more about him. He'll speak for himself next Sunday. He always preaches at morning service."

"Exemplary man! It is not every wealthy divine would condescend to a village congregation. Such humility is quite apostolic."

"O, he is an excellent person, gives the best dinner-parties in the neighbourhood. An enviable career, I always thought. A few years ago I greatly inclined to the church myself, and sometimes I regret heartily enough that I did not take to it."

"You regret?" echoed Mr. Farquhar, with an involuntary glance.

"Yes. It's better than the bar, I should imagine. Not a quarter the labour, brings four times the result, in most cases. O, I know what you mean; of course there is less fame, less glitter obtainable. But then look at the solid advantages of a capital benifice. Say £1200 a-year; deduct £80 for your curate, and there you are!"

"Exactly; there you are!" repeated his friend, looking at him meaningly.

Vaughan met his eye, and laughed, in some confusion.

"Of course," he went on, "you must not take what I say *au pied de la lettre*. Unluckily, I am troubled with a conscience," he sighed, while pensively switching his horse's neck, "and that stands confoundedly in the way on many occasions."

"How so?"

"In this very case, for instance. There was preferment in the family—my uncle wished it—it would have been, in a worldly sense, an excellent thing. But——"

"Did my uncle ever wish you to be a clergyman?" asked Caroline, innocently. "I thought——"

"O, it was before your time," said Vaughan, hastily; "you were not likely to hear of it. In fact, I have carefully avoided the subject with my uncle ever since. It is a sore point."

"But why didn't you do as he wished," persisted she, "if it would have pleased him so much?"

"My dear Carry," he answered, loftily, but affectionately, "I would do much to please my uncle, but a man must satisfy his own sense of right before everything."

She looked rather puzzled.

"You cannot understand? It is not to be expected that you should," he said, looking down at her with an indulgent air. "Life has many things in it that you would find incomprehensible at present."

"At present, and always, let us trust," said Mr. Farquhar, earnestly. "The tree of knowledge was always fatal to the daughters of Eve. Avoid it, Miss Maturin; don't stand under its shade, far less eat of its fruits."

But Caroline did not approve of the doctrine. She always felt tenaciously inclined when people asserted superior knowledge, seeming to shut her out from discussion as a child, or an *ignorante*, whether the subject were polenical, ethical, or a mere simple matter of social experience.

"On the contrary," she declared to Mr. Farquhar, "I shall take every opportunity of enlarging my information. I despise ignorance. If I could, I would like to know thoroughly all the good and evil in the world, and take my choice."

Though he smiled at her energy, his eye kindled into a sympathetic fire with that which flashed over all her young face.

"You are ambitious," he said.

"Are not you? Does not everybody that *we* should count worthy, aspire? I think to be easily contented is a very mean virtue."

"Excelsior!" cried Vaughan, enthusiastically. "Carry, we always liked that story, you remember?"

She nodded, her eyes beaming at the dear old memory which he knew so well how to evoke.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Farquhar, more drily than he had before spoken, "to be easily contented is a comfortable faculty, greatly longed for by older persons than yourself, Miss Maturin."

"*Comfortable!*" she echoed, with profound scorn.

"Even so, man must have something. He sees nearly all his ambitions crushed, his dreams dissolved, his hopes, aims, and ends, dwarfed, distorted, or destroyed, by the time he is forty; so he even falls back on what you contemn, and when he can neither be great nor happy, he finds it very convenient to be comfortable."

She did not understand the bitter irony with which he spoke: she took all he said literally, and in the uncompromising insolence of her youth and inexperience, disdained it as mean and unworthy. Yet the next minute a glance at his face obtained from her instinct, what it would have been vain to ask from her reason and justice. She could not help compassionating this man, nay, she could not help a certain involuntary trust in him. His reality and truth magnetically appealed to her own. So the curl of the rosy lip waved into a smile, half sad, half sweet, and wholly womanly, with which she turned to him, saying, "Let us, at least, wait till we are forty, before we believe in such a dreary doctrine."

"Are you so happy as to be able to command your belief?" he asked her, smiling also, but with a curious earnestness in the midst of his jesting tone. "What a benefactor to his species would he be who should impart such a gift to the world at large! 'Belief taught in six lessons!' They professed to teach memory in that way, some time since; why not Faith? which, after all, is to the future very much what memory is to the past."

"But, though artificial memory might be of some service," said, Caroline, amused, "artificial faith would be a very frail, useless thing, I am afraid."

"From flowers, upward or downward, Caroline scorns simulations," cried Vaughan; "let us have the real article, or none. It is the genuine British disdain of shams."

He laughed, and so did Caroline, because she was too young and too happy to feel at all deeply in the matter they were discussing. Like many another, she thought and talked ignorantly of Faith, as one who had never been in deep waters might think and speak of a life-boat.

Mr. Farquhar looked at their laughing faces, silently. They rode

onward at an increased pace, and conversation was checked for a time. When they drew rein, it was to dismount from their horses, and, leaving them in charge of the groom, to ascend the much-talked-of Crooksforth Hill.

Caroline, in glee, ran forward. Vaughan linked his arm within his friend's, and they followed more deliberately.

"Well, what do you think of my cousin? Isn't she pretty?"

"She is pretty," returned Mr. Farquhar, with an unusually sententious air.

Vaughan was surprised; and oddly too, felt both relieved and annoyed at the moderation of the reply.

"Is that all you have to say? Why, I myself was struck when I saw her last night. She was a mere school-girl when I left Redwood—a child, comparatively."

"She is little more now, I think." And the speaker's eye followed the lithe figure of Caroline, as she bounded up the somewhat steep ascent.

Once she turned back to look at them, and her laughing face and golden hair flashed on them for a moment, like a sudden light upon the bare, brown hill. But, presently, in its dusky crest of pines she was lost to view.

"She is very young still; her manner is uniformed, and so forth," Vaughan then resumed. "She has little of what you would call 'style,' or *l'air de société*. But all that will come."

"Will it?"

"Of course it will. Miss Maturin is not likely to lack those necessary graces when they become necessary. At present, in this country circle, their absence may pass unnoticed; but trust me," added the young man, slightly chafed by the other's indifference, "you'll hear of her yet in London."

Mr. Farquhar seemed amused.

"You defend Miss Maturin's claims as a belle and a woman of the world with most creditable zeal," he remarked.

But even while Vaughan looked at him, a little puzzled as to his meaning, the unconscious subject of their talk came towards them, back from the summit of the hill. She was arranging some sprigs of heather, purple, pink, and white, into a little bouquet.

"Are not these lovely? Look, Vaughan, this is a peculiar kind of heather which does not grow on the moorlands."

"I see; it is very pretty. How carefully you have arranged them. Are they for me?"

"No, indeed; I gathered them for my uncle. He has a mountaineer's love of heather."

Vaughan detected Mr. Farquhar's slight smile, and was annoyed thereat.

"Carry, *do* give them to me; I want them," he whispered. "I will get some more for my uncle—give me these."

She gave them, looking half-wonderingly at him. He bestowed them with much *empressment* in his button hole, and then turned to Mr. Farquhar.

"We may as well descend, I suppose. The horses will be impatient."

"And we have sufficiently enjoyed the romantic view we came to see," was the grave addendum.

In fact, only Caroline had thought about the magnificent prospect at all, and she had been very speedily diverted therefrom to the tiny flowers glancing so brilliantly and invitingly from the ground.

"Such is life!" Mr. Farquhar said, theatrically waving his hand; "and so end its great aims! We climb with much toil and trouble—and forget what we came for. The more philosophical gather the flowers at their feet, it is true——"

"And give them away when gathered!" Caroline concluded with a ringing laugh. "Oh, Mr. Farquhar, how soon I could learn to talk wisely and metaphysically, like you! I think I begin to see the vanity of all things already. What is sunshine, and a south wind, and a breezy hill, and a broad prospect, after all? What good does it do us to be able to see the steeple of Fairpoint on one side and the Thurlstons Hill on another, and the ships in Stilford Harbor on another, and wide valleys, and spreading pastures and abrupt moors in between? What use is it all?"

She shook her head with an affectation of grave discontent irresistible to see. And, still chattering her saucy nonsense, she began tripping down the hill. Her companions followed, laughing.

"It would take a good deal to make *her* see 'the vanity of all things,'" said Vaughan; "she has too keen a sense of enjoyment. Such a day as this makes her happy—she needs nothing more."

"I perceive." A pause. Then Mr. Farquhar added, "Indeed, she seems—Miss Maturin seems specially constituted by nature, as well as by circumstances, to be *happy*. Fate seems to have pleasure in crowning her with all her best gifts. Her cup of joy overflows."

"O yes!" said Vaughan, carelessly; "she has been happy enough, I suppose, since she came to Redwood. My uncle adopted her, you know. She has no other friends in the world but us."

Mr. Farquhar looked at him with a queer glimmer in his eyes for an instant; then he relapsed into meditation, which lasted even till they overtook the young lady, and were walking beside her.

The ride home was a merry one. The mood of all seemed lightened and exhilarated by their taste of the free air on Crooksforth Height. Mr. Farquhar, especially, after his last reverie, seemed to fling off the last suspicion of "wisdom and metaphysics," and yielded himself to the pleasurable influences of the time. A fund of quiet humour, and better still, of genial appreciation, began to be evident in this gentleman. Caroline had no idea he could be half so pleasant, so likeable. Her fast-increasing regard manifested itself in the bright glances she turned upon him, and the unconstraint and entire frankness with which she began to talk.

When she alighted from her horse, Mr. Farquhar being at some little distance, she was able to relieve her mind, by whispering to Vaughan, "O! I was very unjust to your friend. I like him *so* much!" With which she gathered up her long skirt, and flitted into the house.

"Vaughan," Mr. Farquhar proposed, "let us take a few turns on the terrace. This sunshine is like veritable *elixir vitæ*. Come!"

But Vaughan's face was slightly clouded. He demurred. "I have to go to my uncle. I'll join you afterwards, if you like. Must go now." And he turned in at the wide-open door, leaving Mr. Farquhar to make his way to the terrace by himself.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

How oft and oft to these beloved bowers—
Oh, could I from myself!—from others flying,
Bathing with tears my bosom and the flowers,
I've wandered forth and filled the air with sighing:
How oft have sought out nooks where shadows lower,
My gloomier spirit to their gloom replying,
Seeking in thought the bliss of happier hours
Which death hath stolen, and thus his powers defying.
Now, like a nymph or other form divine
Which from the purest depth of Sorga's waters
Rises, and droops in beauty o'er the brink,—
Now I behold her, where bright beams entwine,
Treading—oh, loveliest of Earth's living daughters!—
Seeming with sorrow on my woes to think.

T. H. S.

JOHN STRACHAN, D.D., BISHOP OF TORONTO.

It is not given to many men to review their finished work. To most, death comes as the destroyer of expanding energies, the interrupter of undeveloped plans. For the most part, the plow is left in the unturned furrow; and the crop that, in the fallen plowman's vision, was nodding to the scythe, is unharvested for ever. But there has lately passed from among men, one who was in this as in some other respects an exception to the ordinary lot. It was his lot—or it may be privilege—to play out his own part of the drama of life, and then, retiring among the spectators, behold other men assume their stations and carry on their parts. It was his lot—it may be privilege—to witness the development of many of the elements of our national life; the germs of many of which he had himself introduced, and which great part of his life was expended in combatting or encouraging. It was his fortune—it may be privilege—to witness the success, and in some cases the overthrow, of his projects; and they were neither few nor unimportant—so that when the end came he was ready, as a warrior whose warfare is ended, and whose harness is hanging battered and dinted and now unused. The history of John Strachan, first Bishop of Toronto, would be almost a history of the old Province of Upper Canada. He was the contemporary of our fathers' fathers; and he was a power in the days of their children. There is no one who has filled so large a space in Upper Canadian History; and it seems not inappropriate that his death should have occurred in that year when the country was entering upon a new form of political life. It has severed one of the last links which connect our present with our remote past.

John Strachan was born in 1778. His birth place was the city of Aberdeen, North Britain. His father was a man of humble station; but that excellent desire for knowledge which is characteristic of the Scottish people, bore its fruit in obtaining for young Strachan a college education. In 1796 he proceeded to a master's degree in the University of King's College, Aberdeen; and shortly after removed to St. Andrew's. It would seem that, before this, his father had died. At any rate, in conversation a few years ago, the Bishop related to me as a matter for encouragement to others, that during the summers and vacations he was obliged to earn his own and his mother's support; and during the college sessions had to give up a great portion of the time that ought properly to have been spent in college work, to the less agreeable but more profitable drudgery of private tuition, to enable him to pay his college fees. While at St. Andrew's he formed an acquaintance, which deepened into life-long friendship, with Thomas Chalmers and others, afterwards eminent men.

This friendship, after the separation of distance, was "kept alive by a constant correspondence during more than sixty years." After leaving St. Andrew's, the family "bread-winner" applied for the appointment of master of the parochial school of Kettle, in Fifeshire. There were 49 candidates, and he was successful. At the age of nineteen he began the actual battle of life. He began, as he stated in a charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Toronto, in 1860, "with something of a foreknowledge of that success which afterwards crowned his efforts." In the charge alluded to, the Bishop gave a brief sketch of the early part of his career, and to it I am indebted for some of the facts mentioned in this article. Among his pupils at that time, was one David Wilkie, now well-known wherever painting is known. It seems that we owe the possession of Wilkie as a painter, to the discernment and interest of the young school-master of Kettle. He soon perceived Wilkie's genius, in youthful efforts —it may be supposed—upon the slate; his pencil, while it should have traced figures of a mathematical nature, perversely drawing landscapes and portraits, and perhaps caricatures. Wilkie was the ward of an uncle, and the generous master with difficulty induced his guardian to send him as a pupil to the celebrated Raeburn. While at St. Andrew's Mr. Strachan had attracted the favourable regard of Professor Brown, who being shortly after appointed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, proposed to him that he should "become his attending assistant in the lecture room." This plan was never carried out, although it would appear that the mastership of the school at Kettle was resigned in expectation of it. Dr. Brown was induced to retire on a pension; and the life and energy of the future prelate were diverted to their destined channel.

Governor Simcoe had proposed the establishment of a number of Grammar Schools, with a University as the caping stone of the educational system of Canada. He commissioned the Hon. Robert Hamilton and the Hon. Richard Cartwright "to procure a gentleman from Scotland to organize and take charge of such College or University." The appointment was first offered to Mr. Duncan, afterwards Professor of Mathematics at St. Andrew's, and when declined by him, to Mr. Chalmers. He too, declined it, and then it was offered to the last of the three friends. Mr. Strachan was by no means eager to accept the appointment, for, in those days, such an acceptance was, in effect, passing upon oneself a sentence of modified banishment; and it was also the relinquishment of every hope of advancement at home. He was, however, at the time, still suffering from the disappointment caused by the resignation of Dr. Brown, and his ambition was possibly modified by his disappointment. At any rate

it is to this that Upper Canada, and the Church of England in Upper Canada, are indebted, the one for one of her most eminent politicians, the other for her most zealous Champion and Prelate. On the last day of the last century, after a voyage of four months, Mr. Strachan arrived at Kingston, at that time the seat of the Colonial Government. He found on his arrival, after he had severed himself from home and from preferment at home, by the broad Atlantic—which in those days was several thousand miles broader than it is now—for the purpose of organizing the projected university, that the project had collapsed, and Governor Simcoe had returned to England. These circumstances were sufficiently trying; and a little want of cheerfulness may fairly be excused. The buoyancy of the Bishop was worthy of the occasion, and with his characteristic energy he readily adopted a proposal of Mr. Cartwright to become tutor to his sons. This was the beginning of a step which altered the whole complexion of his life. The Church of England minister of Kingston, the Rev. John Stuart, was a man of marked strength of character. That he was so is sufficiently attested by the strength of the influence which he exerted upon one whose most characteristic feature was the power of swaying others, and of retaining his own individuality intact. The Bishop has, however, stated that before this, he had gone to some length in weighing the relative grounds for Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, and that the balance of his mind was inclined towards the Threefold Order. Be the promoting cause what it may, the advice of Mr. Stuart that he should devote a portion of his time to the study of theology, ended in his entrance into the Church of England. In 1803, he was ordained by Dr. Mountain, first Protestant Bishop of Quebec, whose diocese, in fact, included the whole of Canada. He was appointed to the mission at Cornwall, and if his work had ended there, it would still have been of incalculable influence upon our country. For from the school which he there established, went forth, as from a radiating centre, men who seemed to have caught up from their tutor all high qualities of mind and heart, and who bore a high part in shaping the life of their country. The Stuarts, the Robinsons, Sir James Macaulay, and Chief Justice MacLean were prepared for their future work by the future Bishop. While he was minister at Cornwall, the father of his successor in the Bishopric was Presbyterian minister in the same district. The kindest relations existed between Mr. Strachan and Dr. Bethune, and I have reason to believe, though not positively, that the Bishop's successor was the Bishop's pupil. His elder brothers, I know, were educated at Cornwall. I have heard from an uncle of mine—not the least distinguished of the Bishop's pupils—many anecdotes of his life at Cornwall, and were it not for swel-

ling this paper to disproportionate size, I should give some of them.* But a few weeks before his death, one of his earliest pupils came from Cornwall to spend a few days in Toronto, and the fond old man would not be contented till the pupil had promised to spend some time with his tutor every day so long as he was in Toronto. And on one of these visits, the tutor produced a bundle of faded papers, which on being opened proved to be school exercises done by the late Chief Justices Robinson and McLean. "Ah! I liked Cornwall," said the Bishop, "they were all gentlemen *there;*" the last word with a pregnant emphasis.

In 1812, Mr. Strachan was induced by the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Isaac Brock, to remove to York, at that time the seat of the Upper Canadian Government. The duties of his ministry were much increased by the change of mission; but he kept up what had been his chief relaxation at Cornwall—missionary tours to the distant settlements. This is a relaxation which most men would find rather more fatiguing than ordinary parish work; and it shews the remarkable energy and strength of his physical constitution. It is a melancholy consideration, but one not far from truth, that greatness and success in life are often but the conclusion of a syllogism of which a strong muscular or nervous condition is the major premise.

In his removal to Toronto, the late Bishop was first introduced to the political life of Canada. His influence grew, until in 1818 he was appointed by the Crown a member of the Legislative Council, and also of the Executive Council. From this date, his history is to be found in that of Canada. From this date, for more than twenty years, he was the most powerful member of the Government. It has even been

* The Bishop's mode of instructing his boys in practical morality, was itself thoroughly practical. He held, and rightly, that telling boys to be honest will not make them so; that they should absorb honesty and truth from the atmosphere of their teachers; and that in the case of a boy who will not learn thus, only a practical lesson, and not a theoretical one, will avail. This practical lesson might assume several shapes, as, for example, the penalty of consequences, or the penalty of the ridicule of school-mates. Once the Bishop received from Upper Canada a large box of peaches. There was in the school, at this time, a boy who was suspected to be troubled with what we now politely call kleptomania. Mr. Strachan shrewdly guessed that under the cover of midnight, this boy would visit the peach-box. He removed all the peaches. An ox had been butchered the day before, and the gory head, horns and all, was placed where the peaches had been. Night came on, and from the silence of deep sleep the whole school was aroused by shrieks of "Oh! the Devil! the Devil! Oh! the Devil!" The boy was cured; his kleptomania never re-appeared.

said that he was the mainspring of the Governmental machinery: that he was, in fact, the Governor. Yet his political schemes were not successful; and looking back to them in the light of after experience, it is probably well that they were not. The end of his political intentions was the establishment of a connexion between Church and State. If he could have had in his own hands the moulding of our Canadian constitution, the Church of England would have been established as a State-Church, with hampering conditions binding the Church to the State and the State to the Church, equally to the disadvantage of both. He would have translated to this country, with its new conditions of society, with its nascent development, and its wants peculiar to itself, the system which exists in an old-world Country with old-world conditions. He would have bound upon our necks the millstone of a state connexion, from which the far-seeing among the English Clergy are now striving to hasten the Church's release at home. It is well that the temper of the times and the people did not allow him to succeed. It would probably have been better for the Church if he had never made the attempt. It may not be necessary for me to examine more particularly the political endeavours of the late Bishop. They were fought chiefly round this standard and to the battle-cry of "Clergy reserves." And while the Bishop and his adherents maintain that loyalty and attachment to the British Crown were preserved alive in Canada only by the assertion and prevalence of his principles; those who opposed his measures quite as conscientiously maintain that the unconstitutional and high-handed assertion of these principles was the provoking cause of the popular dissatisfaction which terminated in rebellion. I believe that study of the history of the period, and calm reflection, will lead to the conviction that, in a measure, both these assertions are true.

In 1819, Dr. Strachan, in his seat in the Council, revived the question which had originally brought him to Canada. Several years passed, however, before he succeeded in bringing the matter into a clear and organized shape. In 1827, he obtained a royal charter for a University to be founded at Toronto, a large appropriation of public land being made for endowment. For over twenty years the government of King's College was in the hands of the Church of England. But this was not to continue; and at last the University was remodelled and the Divinity Faculty abolished. Hereupon the venerable Bishop deemed that his work was undone, and to be done over again; and with his high stedfastness to principle he at once set on foot the establishment of a new university, to be the embodiment of his views with respect to higher education. To him, therefore, Canada owes two universities: the University of

Toronto, and the University of Trinity College. A short while after the University of King's College (the original title) had been made national in its character, there followed the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. "But, after all," it has been well observed, "the Church of England has found the self-reliance of these latter days better than the dependence of those that went before." From this time, the Bishop's energies were chiefly directed to what may be considered, more properly, the Episcopal field of action; and those of his acts which partook of a more provincial character, are too fresh in the memories of all to demand a particular account.

The large space which he must always fill in early Canadian history was carved out by himself. The success which crowned his life, he owed to a union of qualities not often met with, although it is a combination which is not unfrequent among men of similar career. He seemed intuitively to discern the key to other men's characters; he possessed the faculty of taking long views, and was never satisfied with an immediate end; he was remarkable for singleness of purpose and concentrativeness of energy; with unyielding firmness he never submitted to defeat; and above all, he enjoyed the highest confidence in himself, a confidence seldom, by the event, shown to be misplaced.

L.

THE CHURCH IN BRITAIN TO THE TIME OF AUGUSTIN.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—*Continued.*

The first and most important step in this process was the division of the Church in Great Britain into Episcopal sees. Gregory directed that Augustin, as Archbishop of Canterbury, should have jurisdiction over the whole Church in Britain; that after his death the archiepiscopal see should be removed from Canterbury to London; that the Bishops of London and York should be metropolitans, each with twelve suffragans under him, and taking precedence one of the other, according to seniority in their respective provinces; that each should be appointed by the synod of his own suffragans, and should be of independent jurisdiction. During the seven years which followed Augustin's arrival, though many thousand converts were made in Kent, yet the paucity of labourers was so great that no other sees were created; and it was not until the year of

Augustin's death, or that immediately preceding, that Mellitus and Justus, members of the legation which had brought Gregory's scheme to England, received consecration at the Archbishop's hands to the sees of London and Rochester respectively. Of these, Rochester was in the kingdom of Kent, and London immediately under Kentish influence, being at that time ruled by Sabert, Ethelbert's nephew. These were the only two Bishops consecrated by Augustin, with the exception of Laurentius, whom he fixed upon as his own successor, and consecrated with that view probably some years earlier, lest the Church should be for a moment deprived by his death of its proper guardianship. The reasons for his deviating so completely and at once from the plan proposed, were, firstly, that King Ethelbert, by whose sanction the English Church had been established, would not, under any circumstances, have suffered the primacy to be removed from his own capital; for this would have been to deprive the mother see of Canterbury of its leading position. Nor, in the next place, would it have been safe to do so; for Christianity had a very weak hold upon the affections of the people of London, and seems to have been rather imposed upon them by Ethelbert's authority than voluntarily embraced. For at the death of Sabert, we find the kingdom of the East Saxons, under his sons, lapsing at once into paganism, and the bishop ejected from his see. The spirit of disaffection extended also to Rochester and Canterbury after Augustin's death, for Justus accompanied Mellitus on his flight into Gaul; and Laurentius intended to have followed them, but was deterred by the timely conversion of the lapsed Eadbald, Ethelbert's successor in Kent. To this event the salvation of the English Church at this time may, humanly speaking, be attributed. He recalled Mellitus and Justus, and restored the latter to his see; but the people of London successfully resisted the reinstatement of Mellitus, the new King's influence not being, like Ethelbert's, sufficiently powerful to impose a Christian bishop on a mainly pagan population. About the time of Augustin's death occurred the persecution, if such it may be called, which Bede notices as fulfilling the primate's denunciation on the contumacious British Church for rejecting his proposals. There is no reason to suppose either that Augustin was in any way concerned in the massacre of British priests said to have taken place at this time, or that the event can properly be regarded as a fulfilment of his prediction. For Augustin's words contained merely a general denunciation of God's vengeance on what the Archbishop regarded as an impious refusal to join the mission in preaching to the Angles; whilst the monks of Bangor were slain in a moment of irritation for having appeared on the battle-field to aid their countrymen by their prayers, or, as the enemy interpreted the

act, by their curses. Bede records that twelve hundred of them perished on this occasion; but the number is probably over-stated, and no general persecution appears to have taken place. It may have been, indeed, that so numerous a fraternity was regarded beforehand with suspicion by the Angles, as likely to foment rebellion among the British, so that they were the less inclined to pass over this act of hostility, and perhaps seized the occasion as a pretext for wreaking vengeance upon them.

Laurentius followed exactly in the steps of his predecessor, and the Church appears to have been contained within nearly the same limits during his primacy, outwardly prosperous during the life-time of her royal patron. At the close of his long reign followed the troubles above noticed, caused by the accession of a heathen king; and they lasted until his conversion restored tranquillity to the Church. Laurentius made the same overtures as Augustin had done to the British Church, extending them also to the Scots in Ireland, but with no better success. The opposition to Augustin, arising mainly from the national antipathy existing between the Saxons and Britons, naturally descended to his successor, as the causes which had first aroused it continued still in operation: and in the following century Bede* points to the animosity still existing between the two nations in his day, as a sufficient evidence of the fruitlessness of all efforts at reconciliation. No great changes appear to have taken place in the Church during the short primacy of Mellitus, who succeeded Laurentius, and his death (A.D. 624) may be considered to close the period to which the present paper is limited; for the episcopate of Justus witnessed the commencement of that rapid extension of Christianity, which resulted, before the end of the seventh century, in its permanent establishment under Archbishop Theodore. It may at first sight appear surprising that, during the quarter of a century, or thereabouts, which elapsed from the landing of Augustin to the death of Mellitus, the English Church should not have spread over a wider surface than we find it did: but, compared with modern missionary labour, the work performed by these pioneers of Christianity among the heathen English was probably as great as could reasonably be expected. The progress of the truth was sure if not rapid, for it may be safely asserted that the conversions made were for the most part genuine, since the Church was doubtless freed from insincere and vacillating members by the troubles which ensued on the death of Ethelbert. The flame of truth which ensued was all this time increasing in intensity, to spread throughout the length and breadth of the land at the first removal of the barriers which impeded its progress.

* Hist. Eccl. ii. 4.

The Monastic system, which enters so largely into the Church's history from the reign of Ethelbert to that of Henry VIII., had not, up to the time of Augustin's death, assumed so prominent a position. There were, indeed, monasteries in the early British Church, as that of Bangor, founded by Germanus, and as this contained in Augustin's age so large a body of monks, we may fairly suppose it to have been, if not the only one, by far the most important then existing in the native Church. The idea of monasticism is said to have been first started, as far as England is concerned, by Pelagius, and carried out by Germanus on his second visit to Britain; and, as this cannot well have taken place more than twenty years before the arrival of the Saxons, it is not surprising that we do not find traces of the general prevalence of the system at that period. For permanent monastic institutions in any country are inconsistent with general insecurity to person and property, such as must have prevailed in England after the Saxon invasion: religious retirement and learning, no less than wealth, shrink from the approach of an armed enemy. The places of Christian worship were certainly not spared in the common spoliation; and the monastaries connected with them doubtless shared the same fate. Monasticism in England, up to the end of the sixth century, is chiefly notable for the strong contrast it presents to its subsequent condition in the Anglo-Saxon Church as established by Augustin and his successors; a contrast which has been before remarked as holding good of the Church generally, before and after the period we have been considering. This contrast consists in the change from simplicity of life and manners to a more artificial state, accompanied too often, as it must needs be, by the loss, to a certain extent, of Christian purity and sincerity. It is probable that monastic life, here as elsewhere, was at first of that solitary nature which its name imports, and that in this form it existed long before the foundation of the monastery of Bangor. Thus, it may well have been of native growth, and have arisen in troublous times, just as it did in other parts of the Roman empire, where it is said to have owed its origin to the *Decian persecution. The Christian confessors, driven into dens and caves of the earth by their persecutors, seem, many of them, to have continued this mode of life, by choice, after the necessity had ceased; and from this would arise, by a natural and healthy change of feeling, the idea of a gregarious life of the same kind. Germanus appears to have organised such a system in Britain, and his monastery may perhaps have been intended as a model for the establishment of others on the same plan. Such societies were most probably based only on mutual consent, and this must have

* Bingham's Antiq., Bk. vii. c. 1.

been the result of earnestness in a common cause. No vows were needed, for a religious spirit would of itself dictate self-denial and the active duties of almsgiving and hospitality. A life of celibacy was of course almost exclusively the one which could admit of such expansiveness in its duties as our English monasteries seem to have exhibited: and from this arose, as a parasitical offshoot, the practice of vows binding men and women to this state of life in perpetuity. Where such vows did not exist, many would, after perhaps some years of usefulness in monastic houses, leave them for the no less Christian duties of domestic life; and others again would, after a life of care and business, retire, or, it may be, return thither to end their days amid the religious retirement so well fitted for the wants and feelings of old age. Allowing such a system, even if free from abuses, to be unsuitable for the wants of a later age, its value up to and after the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon Church, can hardly be overrated, the aim of such societies being apparently limited only by the requirements and need of the community at large. They were schools for the young, especially for orphan children, as well as homes for the cultivation in mature age of religious and useful learning; and they were also nurseries of the useful and liberal arts. As seats of learning, they supplied the Church with bishops, and other monasteries with abbots; whilst the most skilful artisans and agriculturists were dwellers within their walls. Like other human institutions, they were far from being as faultless as enthusiastic admiration has represented them, but still invaluable as centres for the maintenance of Christian zeal in the early Church. It would be beyond our present purpose to trace further the changes in monasticism which rapidly ensued on the establishment of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons, and led, step by step, to the great abuses of the system which Bede deplores*—abuses as detrimental to the cause of true religion as such a system, guarded from abuse, would have been advantageous to it.

The lessons to be learnt from a review, however short and imperfect, of the state of our Church at this important period, may, in conclusion, be briefly noticed. Of all the numerous ends to which the study of history, rightly pursued, is subservient, one of the most important is the aid it gives to religion by keeping constantly before our minds the fact, that the manifold events which diversify its pages, though brought about by human agency, are all and always subject to the divine will, and instrumental, each in its own place, to the furtherance of the designs of God's providence. Unless the one great mover of the world's machinery be kept constantly in view, though the action of its separate parts may be

* Epist. ad Egbertum.

understood, yet there will not be discernible in the whole that unity of purpose without which the enquirer must ask in vain for what ends they are severally designed. For a world necessarily involves the idea of a divine agent, and this of a divine purpose. This truth, applicable to all history, applies in a peculiar degree to that of the Church of Christ, in which we can look back directly to its divine original, through the inspired Word which has been preserved and handed down to us. Here, in the fundamentals of belief, there is nothing of doubt and uncertainty, for our building rests surely on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. Starting from such a basis, it cannot be unprofitable to trace God's dealings with his Church in past ages, and by so doing to brace ourselves for encounter with the internal dissensions or attacks from without which are now trying her. The storms of unbelief are more destructive than the fires of persecution, and comparable in their results, though less speedily brought about, only to the cyclones of the tropical seas which have of late caused such devastation in the physical world. It is time surely to look to our defences, lest the storm find us unprepared. It cannot be said that we are not forewarned, when, for example, one of the leading periodicals of the day, on the table of every public reading-room, gives open utterance to such statements as that the time is come or close at hand when our choice must be between a new Christianity or none at all; and plainly advocates the acceptance of a "pure theism," such as, it asserts, was propounded by our blessed Lord himself. One good effect of storms is to clear the atmosphere; and of this, as true also in the history of our Church, the foregoing brief sketch may assure us. We gather thence how opportune were the several changes of external circumstance to the emergencies of each particular epoch in her history. The long period of repose, for instance, which preceded the outbreak of the Diocletian persecution, naturally gave birth to corruption and laxity through intercourse with the heathen: zeal was rekindled and faith purified when that great attack upon the truth reached the shores of Great Britain. Again, the Arian and Pelagian heresies did their work, by testing the foundations of the faith: when these storms had blown over, the truth was more firmly established than before. The foreign invaders of a remote and then insignificant island, who founded the greatness and glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, must needs base it on the rock of truth. Both the design of Gregory and the mission of Augustin may be looked upon as divinely ordered to this end, though human motives and passions entered largely into the minds of the agents employed, no less than in purely secular concerns. It is to the Church of Rome in Britain, no

less than on the continent of Europe, that the preservation of learning and religion is instrumentally attributable in the dark ages: but as soon as the mind of Europe was once more roused into activity, we find the Church of England asserting anew her independence, and the connection with Rome severed, which, when its work in the divine counsels was accomplished, had become at once a drag on her energy and an alloy to her purity. Somewhat in this way do the struggles and trials of our Church in past ages, if rightly read, transmit to us their lessons of encouragement, and "we build our hope for the future on our knowledge of the past."

W. H. P.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL AFFECTION.

I.

Thou faithful one, in cloud or calm, for ever by my side,
Oh, constant still when all are changed, Oh, true whatever betide!
Companion in the Heaven of dreams, the hope of better years,
Consoler in this waking world of sorrow, pain and tears!

II.

Alas! and other eyes are changed, and other words are cold,
But thine unfaltering from the love I yearned for oft of old;
Those eyes of wondrous loveliness that but to dreams belong,
That voice the soul of all I loved, the magic voice of song!

III.

And yet, as I have fancied oft, that brighter time may be,
When happiness and human love reveal themselves in thee;
Thou longed for friend and beautiful, who liv'st but in my dreams,
And yet with years that give thee life, the mystic future teems!

IV.

I know not, all is as a dream that dies and melts away,
A fading picture whose bright hues are fleeting day by day;
To the hearts pure cloister only can we flee from life's dull throng,
The lovely and the beautiful are ours alone in song!

C. Pelham Mulvany.

GORILLA HUNTING IN THE FORESTS OF GUINEA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI REVOIL.

M. Du Chaillu, a name illustrious among sportsmen, claims to be the discoverer of the Gorilla, or as the natives call it the Nshiego-onbourés, though in the opinion of Du Chaillu, there is a difference in the two animals.

The gorilla is a ferocious beast, unconquerable, of herculean strength, whom no being can resist, let his vigour and strength of nerve be what it will; but the Nshiego-onbourés are susceptible of education of civilization even; for they construct cabins from fifteen to twenty feet in height, and lean them invariably against a tree, separated from others and surrounded by a clear space.

The gorilla, on the contrary, lives in the most impenetrable thicket, which makes the chase of them extremely difficult. In killing one of these animals, one requires to be within eight or ten feet, and if he misses his aim, he is a dead man.

Before M. Du Chaillu, in 1847, missionaries had brought from Gabon the skulls of gorillas that the inhabitants declared to them were the heads of certain hairy and ferocious men living in the impenetrable forests of Guinea; but they had never been in the presence of these legendary beings.

M. Du Chaillu was the first to meet one day, to his great astonishment, the "king of the forest," as he was pleased to call the gorilla. This bold explorer had entered Guinea amongst a tribe of Fans, bound to seek out this animal, of whom the inhabitants had given such a fantastic description. Although these Africans were reputed the bravest in the country, their warriors were by no means willing to meet the gorilla, and hunted him only when they were in great number.

The chief of the Fans, called Ndiagi, greeted with a certain cordiality the white man, who so bravely risked himself amongst his cannibal tribe.

According to Du Chaillu, his host did not offer precisely one of these countenances which reassure and give heart to the visitor.

I have said that the subjects of Ndiagi were cannibals; it is, perhaps, because of this taste for the flesh of their equals, that they give themselves to the chase of the gorilla. The brain of this animal passes in Guinea for a true talisman, to give courage to those who have none, and success to those who want it.

The negroes of Guinea relate that the gorillas place themselves in

ambush on trees, and await patiently their prey, and that when a man passes they jump down on him, strangle him and devour him at once. Better still, they affirm that if any one throws himself on his knees before the gorilla and asks grace, he will raise him by the hand and allow him to depart, making him understand that this homage rendered to his strength has infinitely pleased him.

To sum up, this man of the woods, of unparalleled strength, has a distant resemblance to man. It is particularly in the length of the arm, and the size of the shoulder blade that the analogy of structure is observable; the inferior members, the legs, are shorter than in man; the heel projects more, and lastly, the big toe, entirely separated from the other toes, serves to the gorilla, to stand upright.

His ordinary height varies from five to five feet and a half, and the colour of his skin, which is covered with hair except on the face, is of the deepest black. The fur of the animal is of an iron grey. His eyes are black, with a sinister expression, set far apart and strongly imbedded in their orbits under an arched protuberating eyebrow; the neck so short, that one may say it scarcely exists; the mouth filled with formidable teeth; ears small and like those of a man; the nasal bone jutting out; the back arched, the shoulders very large, the hands square and the fingers terminating with black nails; the legs short and scarcely formed to sustain the weight of the animal, who generally goes on four feet, and who, if he goes upright, is obliged to advance in a see-sawing motion. When on all fours, he runs as fast as a horse can gallop. The gorilla does not live in society; when he has no longer need of his father and mother he leaves them.

They live in the deepest retreats of the forest, and when they sleep, it is leaning the back against the trunk of a tree.

When hunger forces them to leave their retreat, they advance to the glades, in search of bananas, sugar cane and ananas, which form their usual food, for these animals are frugiverous and their appetite is enormous; this accounts for the wandering habit of the animal, who leaves as soon as he has exhausted the canton in which he has stopped.

M. Du Chaillu, who has passed several years in Guinea, and who returned to Europe with several skins and skeletons, had also made various efforts to tame young gorillas, but they all died in captivity.

I will terminate this description of the gorilla by relating an anecdote of a gorilla hunt by this daring sportsman, taken from the magnificent work called "Wild sports of the world."

"The greatest difficulty in hunting the gorilla consists in the nearly absolute impossibility of penetrating the thicket that he has chosen for his

dwelling. An encounter of this kind is mortal for either him or the hunter, the only chance that the latter has, is in forseeing his spring and killing him by one shot, so as not to be caught and torn by him. Never think of reloading your gun, the gorilla does not hesitate a single moment, and the man who has faced this meeting must be prepared to die, if his aim has not been true. We have seen negroes, frantic in presence of an inevitable end, turn about and precipitate themselves on the gorilla, the butt of the gun in their hands, to kill him if they could by a cross blow. Helas! the poor wretches succeeded in prolonging their existence but a few moments; the brute broke their weapon and put an end to their life, by the simple compression of the hand on the breast of the enemy who had dared to attack him."

"The first time I met a gorilla face to face," says the narrator in the English work mentioned above; "I felt, I must confess, an indescribable terror. I walked with the greatest precaution, and I heard around me a noise of breaking branches which would have frightened the boldest, all those about me looked without daring to utter a syllable.

"We kept advancing, and at a given moment, we appeared to see through the trees a gigantic animal, who drew towards him the branches of a large tree and broke them, to eat more at his ease the fruit which they bore.

"Suddenly a piercing cry, which had nothing human in it, struck our ears, and was taken up by the echoes of the forest. The foliage parted, and an enormous male appeared before us. He advanced on four feet in the jungle, but hardly had he perceived us than he raised himself up and looked fixedly at us.

"Never shall I forget that ferocious glance, never will the memory of the sight of this man of the woods leave me. The brute was six feet high; a chest hairy and round; eyes of deep grey, which darted lightning; sharp teeth, which he showed between his open lips, without manifesting the least apprehension.

"With his enormous paws, he kept rapping his breast, which sounded like a well tightened drum.

"The more quiet we remained, arms presented, the more he roared, the more he multiplied his gestures.

"He advanced two steps forward, then suddenly stopped, to give another of his horrible roarings, it was at this moment that a triple discharge was heard, at the signal which I had given. The animal fell face forward, uttering a last cry of rage. For several minutes a quivering ran through his limbs. They were the convulsions of the agony which soon ceased, death came, there was nothing more to fear, we might approach and examine at our ease this giant of the African forests."

The stories of M. Du Chaillu are all equally interesting, and after all, the author has proved that it is not so difficult to get the better of the gorilla.

I am disposed to think that the hunters of lions, panthers and tigers will not have to withdraw in favour of this animal. To tell the truth, the European wandering in the midst of a new country, lost in the immensity of the forests of Guinea, is likely to experience a certain uneasiness, when he finds himself, for the first time, in presence of one of these men of the woods, whose terrible jaws clack one against the other, and whose acute cries tend to carry terror into the soul of him who has not yet confirmed his hideous resemblance to man. The fear of the unknown suffices to explain this vague and mysterious apprehension. But let us relate another of the hunter's experiences.

"Our troop separated, according to custom, to beat the woods in all directions.

"Gambo (his servant) and I remained together. One of our bravest companions advanced into a part of the forest, where he assured us the gorilla would be found. The three others directed their steps in an entirely opposite direction. Scarcely an hour had passed, when Gambo and I heard a report, which sounded not far from us, and was followed by a second, at a short interval.

"We darted forward in the direction of the sound, persuaded that the gorilla was dead, when terrible cries burst forth, re-echoed by the forest.

"Gambo seized hold of my arm, trembling from head to foot. For myself, I was equally agitated. We advanced, when suddenly we perceived the unfortunate who had set off alone, lying on his back, with his entrails torn out.

"His gun twisted, broken, lay besides him, and marks of terrible teeth were imprinted in both iron and wood.

"We hastened to raise the unfortunate and bind his wounds with the help of my pocket handkerchief, and some strips of cloth from the flap of my coat.

"When he had come to his senses, by the help of some mouthfuls of brandy, he explained to us his adventure.

"He had met the gorilla which he sought, an enormous animal, who appeared terrible to him; however, he had not thought of running away.

"The place in which he found himself, when in presence of the animal, was in the midst of the thickest forest, and it was without doubt, because of the obscurity, that he had missed his aim; whatever precaution he might have taken, he had only wounded the creature in the side, and the enraged animal darted forward towards him. To fly was impossible to

the unfortunate hunter, who was caught before he had made fifteen steps. He tried to reload his gun, and had succeeded; but at the moment he was about to fire, the gorilla sprung forward and tore the weapon from his hands. With one blow from his terrible claws, the beast opened the abdomen of the man and tore out his entrails. As soon as the hunter fell to the ground, the monster laid hold of the gun and after examining it, broke it in two."

Two days after this event, the unfortunate man died in the arms of M. Du Chaillu.

AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Where are they gone, the beautiful,
The fond, the fair, the free,
Who carv'd their names upon thy bark,
Thou lordly beechen tree?—MACKAY.

O tree, thou art a living monument!
All thy inscription is this little name;
But at the sight of it my heart feels pent,
Thick-coming memories oppress my brain.
Twas years ago, upon a summer even—
The birds sang joyously; the falling sun
Shed its glad radiance from a golden heaven;
And tender whisperings shook the leaves; and one
With sunny hair, and laughing hazel eye,
Gay as a bird, and graceful as a fairy,
Stood by my side and watched me lovingly,
That in thy rind I cut it. Oh, my Mary,
We little thought that hour that adverse fate,
With wintry breath, was drawing nigh to wither
Our budding promise of a joy too great
For earth to yield, or mortal man to gather.
We thought in our simplicity, alas,
The way of life was but a grassy lane,
O'er whose bud-broidered carpet we might pass
Together, hand-in-hand, a heaven to gain,
Scarcely more beauteous, or from grief more free,
Than the bright earth we left behind. What may
Have been your lot I know not, but to me

Life's road has been a very dusty way,
Thorny and rough, producing, here and there,
A gaudy poppy or a pale henbane,
But few flowers lending fragrance to the air,
And none that, gathered, could its charms retain.
Oh, Mary, years have passed since here we stood
(We nevermore shall stand together here);
This stately tree hath well those years withstood;
Me, gnarled have they left, sapless and sere.
Aye, I am sadly changed in outward form,
Thou would'st not know me, darling! but the scope
Of my old love for thee, Time hath not drawn—
'Tis broad in hopelessness, as 'twas in hope.

T. W. FYLES.

SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

PART II.

THE title at the head of this article has hitherto been a misnomer; for it has been anything but "Sketches of the Hudson's Bay Territory." These, however, are looming in the future, and the readers of the *Lennoxville*, for some time longer, will have to suffer the infliction of reading my "pencillings by the way," which, if they have no other charm, can, at least, lay claim to the charm of novelty.

The subject of the present paper will be the narrative of a canoe voyage from Fort William, situated at the north-west corner of Lake Superior, at the mouth of the River Kaministigewa, lat. 48° 24′ and long. 89° 22′, along the shores of the lake to Michipicoton—a distance of about 300 miles—in company with the late Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and his able Secretary, Mr. Hopkins; and I will conclude with a brief sketch of the career of Sir George himself, who for so long a period ruled over that vast country from a mean parallel of 49° latitude to as far north as one might choose to go. This, I hope, will prove interesting, not only from the fact of a probable annexation of this Territory, but also from the circumstance that many will be glad to learn something of the career of a very remarkable man, the impress of whose management will be felt in the country for at least half a century to come.

In was on a fine afternoon in the month of July, 1854, that we left Fort William; and as there was no room for me in the Governor's canoe, I had to get one of my own, which was manned by six voyagers, half of them French half-breeds, and the other half pure Indians, selected out of the best men of the place. The Governor was a very Napoleon for rapid marching, and would wait for no one; so I had to take every precaution I could, that I would not be arriving at Michipicoton the day he left it, or the day after the fair. Besides the usual paddles, I mounted the canoe with four short oars, two of which, in smooth water, are equal to six paddles. We crossed Thunder Bay, which is 21 miles wide, in about three hours, and encamped for the night, at sunset, about ten or twelve miles further on, tortured by myriads of musquitoes. The rapidity with which a Nor'-wester on the march can consume his victuals, would astonish a fashionable gentleman about town; for within the half hour we had eaten, smoked, and turned in. Next morning we started between three and four o'clock; that was always the programme of march when there was no danger ahead: starting at three or four o'clock, and encamping at sunset. The morning was beautiful and calm, not a ripple on the water, and my fellow travellers in the other canoe went to sleep again. I was not so fortunate, and kept awake the whole morning. The scene was exciting enough; the two canoes going ahead, side by side, propelled by the paddle and oar; but it became more so when old Dominique Monique, the Governor's perennial steersman, struck up one of his famous canoe songs, "La belle Rose," the others joining in the chorus. Poor old Dominique; he is dead long ago! I I had known him for years: he was remarkable for his great strength, and his attachment to Governor Simpson, who, on his side, had a great regard for him. The sun rose at last; and we took breakfast on the Saginaw Island, at about eight o'clock. These are famed for being good fishing grounds, for both trout and whitefish. The trout are, however, of an inferior quality to those found in other parts of the lake. During the whole day we were coasting along among numerous islands, occasionally having the benefit of a light breeze, but more frequently using the paddles and oars. The Governor always travelled with choice voyagers, stout, burly fellows, able to stand any amount of fatigue, who would go through fire and water for him, and were principally Iroquois from Caughnawaga. Their physique was quite different from that of the thin, lathy fellows I had for a crew; but they kept up wonderfully, even to the end of the day's march. Off again next morning, between three and four o'clock, old Dominique breaking the silence occasionally by one of his songs, which he knew so well how to sing, my fellow travellers

asleep, and myself awake. We took breakfast, as usual, at 8 o'clock, on one of the Pic islands. Here the finest trout in the lake are caught. We started soon afterwards, and about noon were nearing the great Bay of the Pic; but my men were showing signs of weariness, and were gradually falling behind the Iroquois. All the provisions were in the Governor's canoe, and it was clear that if we could not overtake our friends the Iroquois, our dinner and supper would have to be taken together, at the post of the Pic. My poor fellows did all they could, but it was in vain; so that about 1 o'clock, the dinner hour, the Governor's canoe was five or six miles ahead of us. Bone and sinew will always tell on a long stretch, and the Iroquois had the advantage in this respect over my men. When we rounded the south-west corner of the Pic Bay, we saw the Governor's canoe far ahead, like a speck on the distant horizon; but he was considerate enough to leave our dinner behind him, on a small, rocky isle at the south-west corner of the bay, near which we had to pass. We found abundance of cold fowl and ham, with bread and cheese. After partaking of a good dinner, we started for the post of the Pic, which was about forty miles distant. The day was hot and sultry, and I felt wearied by sitting in the same position all day in the canoe, and stretched myself out to have a sleep. How long I slept I cannot say; but it must, at least, have been two hours. On awakening, I found we were enveloped in a thick, heavy fog, which covered the lake as with a pall. These fogs frequently come on when least expected, and are, no doubt, caused by the difference of temperature between the air and water. Both in summer and winter, a cold N. E. or warm S. W. wind is sure to bring them on. They rise suddenly, and after remaining a day or so, disappear in the same manner. There was a heavy swell running at the time, evidently betokening a storm, and yet my men were paddling away with the greatest unconcern. "Where are we?" I asked of the steersman. "Don't know," was the answer, so that it was as likely as not that we were going the wrong way. I often carried a compass with me before when I did not want it, and now, when it would be of service, it was not to be had. The Indians in that region are amphibious animals, live nearly as much on the water as on the land, and care as little for a storm on the one as they do on the other. They never drown, and are out in all weathers in their little cockle-shells of canoes, with an old blanket for a sail. But the case was quite different with me. I never crossed these wide bays without a certain feeling of dread, and an intense desire of being well over them. We were fully two hours in the fog. There was a great swell on the lake, and the wind coming in fitful gusts behind us, the steersman would occasionally

cry a halt, and listen, and then go on again. He did this several times without my knowing the reason; at length he told me he heard the noise of the breakers on the lake shore. My Indian friend became a perfect Solomon in my estimation after this, although I never considered him a very great genius before. I insisted on his going in the direction where he heard the breakers; and we got ashore at the expense of carrying with us half a canoe load of water. We went supperless to bed. My men turned the canoe upside down and crept under it, and had a first rate sleeping place, whilst I myself, in a sheeting tent or marquel, spent a very uncomfortable night.

For at least two hours after we had turned in, it rained as if it never had rained before, and the rain in big drops came through the tent, which was not well pitched. We started next morning for the post of the Pic, which was only a few miles distant. We found, as a matter of course, that our friend, the Governor, was off, leaving a message for me to the effect that I was to follow him with all despatch. But as there was little chance of my overtaking him, I procured from the officer in charge of the post, a sufficient stock of provisions to take us on to Michipicoton. Shortly after leaving the Pic we entered what is called the "Narrows"; it is a canal of nature's own making, about eight or ten miles long, and not more than fifty or sixty rods wide, and defended on the lake side by low round-backed granite rocks, with scarcely a tree or a shrub on them. This is the usual canoe route, and whatever storm may be raging outside, it is always smooth water here. At nearly the upper end of the Narrows, we came upon the Governor and his party, who had just breakfasted, and the *chef de cuisine* was gathering up his pots and pans preparatory for a start. The Governor himself was sitting on a drift log, smoking his cigar. "Oh, how are you? Glad to see you, thought you had gone to the bottom. What in the name of wonder became of you last night?" "Well, sir," I replied, "I was caught in the fog, and was glad to get ashore anywhere." "Well," said he, "the wind is fair and we will be off in five minutes, so you had better have breakfast." Five minutes is an exceedingly small portion of time for a hungry man to satisfy his appetite in—particularly one who had had no supper the night before. But the old Governor stuck to his log and his cigar longer than was his wont, so that my time for breakfast was nearer fifteen minutes than five. We started soon afterwards, with a fair wind, our sails being set, and were carried along famously. My men were jubilant, and kept up with the Iroquois, and passed rapidly by the Otter's Head. This is an oblong block of granite, about thirty or forty feet high, and about a third of that in diameter, standing upright

on one end, and is a conspicuous object in these parts. How it got there nobody knew, although one might think it had dropped from the clouds.

The south-west wind was gradually freshening, so that when we arrived at "Les Ecors"—a long reach of coast about twenty miles in length, and formed of precipitous cliffs some fifty or sixty feet high, where there is no harbour, and if overtaken in a storm, one has to run for it—it became a moderate gale. It is wonderful what a sea these frail canoes can stand, when well managed, although a false stroke from the steersman would send the whole affair to the bottom. We arrived at Michipicoton in the evening, and here I remained for two days, transacting the business of the district, along with the Governor and some of the other officers. After that the Governor set out for Montreal, and I returned to Fort William.

George Simpson was a native of Ross-shire; he was born towards the close of the last century, I think in the year 1792 or 1793. After receiving the best education which the parish schools could afford in those days, and passing through one or two terms in the University of Aberdeen, he removed to London, and entered the counting-house of a firm engaged in the West India trade, Messrs. Webster, Simpson and Scott, one of the partners being his own relative. I will not enter at any length into the details of his life, which was invariably the same round of duty, and marked by few incidents worthy of notice. In early life he was remarkable for that energy and vigour of character which up to the close of his career distinguished him. Among other houses engaged in the West India trade in those days, was the firm of Colville, Wedderburn & Company, with which the house of Webster, Simpson, & Scott, had extensive business transactions, of which Mr. Simpson had the charge. He attracted the attention of Mr. Colville, a shrewd man of business, and who, if not Governor, was certainly a Director of the Hudson's Bay Company, at that time. The height of Mr. Simpson's ambition then, no doubt, was to be admitted a partner into the firm which he served, and no doubt would have been so, in course of time. A different destiny awaited him. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; and George Simpson was carried along with it.

About the year 1817 or 1818, the great fur trade of North America was a bone of contention, as, in fact, it was several years before, between the two rival companies, the North West Company, trading from Montreal, and the Hudson's Bay Company, trading from London, by the way of Hudson's Bay. About this time the latter Company was on the

look out for a governor to superintend their affairs abroad, and Mr. Colville recommended Mr. Simpson to the Board of Directors, sitting in their old house in Fenchurch Street, as a fit and proper person. Great was the amazement of the Directors. Who ever heard of such a thing? It was against all rule and precedent, which rule or precedent consisted in this:—the sending out to the country some old naval officer, who after spending the best part of his life in the hottest climate in the world, was to wind up by passing the remainder of it in the coldest. Mr. Colville, however, stuck to his man, and carried his point. Mr. Simpson came out to the country in 1819, by the way of Hudson's Bay, with the commission of Governor in his pocket, and remained till his death in 1860, at the head of the Company's affairs. That he managed them well, every one connected with the business must admit. What is called the coalition between the two companies, took place in 1821, and it was here the peculiar talents of Mr. Simpson showed themselves. He possessed more of the *suaviter in modo* than any man I ever knew. He had conflicting interests to consult and arrange; private quarrels and animosities of all kinds, between men who had been rival traders, to smooth down, if not entirely remove. He was, however, assisted in this by a gentleman who had great influence in the country at that time, the late John George McTavish; and, as he was a man who never forgot a good turn done him, he remained Mr. McTavish's firm and fast friend to the last. The details of his management of the Company's business would be of no interest to the public, and I must pass on to sketch rapidly what I venture to call the public acts of his life; namely, the Arctic Expeditions, which have made his name famous. In 1839, he planned and saw carried out to a successful issue, the Expedition of Dease and Simpson, by which the coast of North America was explored and surveyed, from Franklin's Boat extreme up to Behring's Straits. For this service he received the honour of knighthood, an honour which he would have declined, but was urged to accept it by the Directors of the Company. Afterwards came Dr. Rae's, equally planned by Sir George Simpson, so that it may be safely asserted, that of the whole line of coast between the Straits of the Turg and Hecla and Behring's Straits, only about one hundred miles remain yet undiscovered; and two-thirds of the discoveries have been made by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. In fact, long ago, people imagined the continent of America extended to the Pole, but one of their officers, the late Samuel Hearne, told them a different story.

I must be drawing to a close this paper, already, perhaps, too long. I believe it was in 1850, that Sir George Simpson made his voyage round

the world, which occupied him about a year and a half. Although his despatches were models of composition in their way, he had no skill in book-making. Like all the other North-west travellers, he lacked that scientific turn of mind, which is necessary to success in the present day.

He was well known in Montreal for a period of forty years, and had, I believe, many personal friends there. At Lachine, where he always resided, he was quite an institution in himself. Everybody knew him in his daily rambles through the village; he had a kindly greeting and a kindly word to say to everybody. In the Indian country he was generally popular with the officers, with the men and Indians decidedly so. When he was seen approaching one of the trading stations, there was a signal for a general exodus from every house, lodge and Indian encampment, to meet the Governor as he stepped out of his canoe. "How are you, Sir George," "Bon jour, mon Gouverneur," were heard on all sides; and, as he shook some old Canadian voyageur by the hand, who, like himself, had grown old in the service, and said, "how are you, my old friend," one could not help feeling the truth of the saying that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The scene was now about to close upon him. Some years before the Prince of Wales' visit in 1860, he had been failing rapidly, and was far from well at that time; but he exerted himself to the utmost, gave a magnificent entertainment to His Royal Highness and suite, at his residence on Isle Dorval, near Lachine, which was followed by canoe races on the river. There can be little doubt that the inhabitants of every town through which the Prince passed, did their best to shew their loyalty; but it was pretty much the same thing that he had seen before, whereas the display made by Sir George Simpson was quite new to him; and when the late Duke of Newcastle took the old man by the hand, on leaving, and complimented him in his own name, and in the name of all Her Majesty's ministers, for the able manner in which he had administered the affairs of one of the largest dependencies of the empire, he was greatly moved, and within a week after that, he was dead. The excitement was too much for him. He sleeps his last long sleep in Mount Royal Cemetery. Of the crowd who followed his remains to the grave, few were aware that for a space of about forty years, his word was law over half a continent.

THE CHURCH.

IN the last number of the Magazine, mention was made of the lamented death of Bishop Hopkins, presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States. We now gather from the American papers a few of the principal events of the late Bishop's life and labours. His ministry began late in life, as it was not until he had risen to considerable eminence at the bar, that, in consequence of the conviction that his talents ought to be devoted to the sacred ministry, he resolved to forego all the prospects before him of wealth and fame, and give up everything to devote his life more immediately to his Master's service. He was at this time thirty-two years of age, and in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, who urged upon him the greatness of the sacrifice which he was intending to make, for he was at that time receiving a large income from his provincial labours, and might fairly have looked forward to the very highest political honours, he did not flinch from his noble resolve, but received ordination, and was soon afterwards elected Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg. At that time there was no church in the District, and the pastor's earliest labours were devoted to erecting a suitable building. He furnished, himself, the working plans for its construction, and superintended the workmen, and thus succeeding in erecting the first church built in Gothic architecture in the country. In 1832, when Vermont was made an independent diocese, being cut off from the "Eastern Diocese," which then comprehended the whole of New England except Connecticut, Mr. Hopkins, without his own knowledge or consent, was elected to be its first bishop; with much reluctance he accepted the Episcopate, and was consecrated in St. Paul's Church, New York, by the venerable Bishop White, by whom he had been previously ordained successively, Deacon and Priest. Bishop Hopkins, after his consecration, removed at once to Burlington, where he was elected Rector of St. Paul's Church in a parish which had been organized only the year before; at once he entered upon the work of his parish and diocese with that energy and vigour for which his whole life has been pre-eminently remarkable. A systematic plan of Church schools had long been a cherished scheme in his mind, and now that the providence of God had given him the opportunity of starting upon them with fair prospect of success, he proceeded to develope his plans, and to carry them into execution. For this purpose he purchased an extensive property in the south part of the village, and erected three large buildings upon it, investing in the enterprise all his own private means. He soon gathered round him a large school of boys, which thus gave employment to a number of teachers who

were candidates for holy orders. The very success of his school caused failure, for a commercial panic occurring at the very time when he was erecting additional buildings, he was compelled to close his school and sacrifice his property. He did not regard the loss to himself, but mourned the loss to the Church, which was caused by the closing of the schools. His friends came at this juncture to his aid, and, purchasing one hundred acres of land at Rock Point, they erected the house in which he lived up to the time of his death. Not even then did he resign his scheme of establishing Church Schools, both for the education of boys, and for the supply of candidates for holy orders; but in order to carry out his original design, he, in 1856, resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's Church in order to give his time to re-establishing the Vermont Episcopal Institute. By his own personal exertions, he raised an endowment fund of forty thousand dollars, and both planned and superintended the erection of the buildings on Rock Point, which still remain an enduring memorial to their noble hearted founder.

On the death of Bishop Brownell, in 1865, Bishop Hopkins became, by seniority of consecration, presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States, and of all the one hundred and fifty-two Bishops of the Anglican communion throughout the world, there were but two his seniors by consecration. Few were more versed in the canon law of the Church, both ancient and modern, and as a recognition of his dignity and his learning, he recently received from the University of Oxford, the honorary degree of D.C.L.; the fourth person, it is said, in the United States, who had received that high distinction from that ancient and famous University.

In the Synod which has recently been held at Lambeth, Bishop Hopkins took a leading part, bringing forward the heresies of Dr. Colenso, and procuring their distinct condemnation by the assembled Bishops. It is further stated that a suggestion made some years since by Bishop Hopkins, was partially instrumental in procuring the Synod: to our own metropolitan the Synod is generally considered to be, humanly speaking, due; but, be this as it may, Bishop Hopkins attained the highest honour of his honourable life, when he took so leading a part in the first great council of Bishops of the Anglican communion which has ever been held. Nor may we omit to mention the noble letter which he addressed to the Dean of Westminster on the exclusion of the Bishops from Westminster Abbey; although, in itself, the whole affair was but a trivial episode in comparison with the great objects and enduring work of the Council, yet, as calling forth a letter which sets forth so strongly the real basis of the Church, in contrast to the painful Erastianism of the 19th century, it

takes no mean place in the history of a meeting which has influenced, and will yet far more influence, the course of the Church of Christ while time shall last.

The immediate cause of the Bishop's death is said to be the change from a heated railway carriage to an open sleigh, which change was necessitated by the burning of a railway bridge at Burlington. None can doubt the blessedness of the change for him; a long life spent in work, to which, after the manner of apostles and saints of old, he devoted himself to the entire renunciation of brilliant prospects on earth, entitled him to say with the apostle, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory," and gives to his friends who are still left to complete their course on this earth, the blessed assurance that to him death is gain, for his life had been hid with Christ in God. It is commonly said, and is undoubtedly true, that there is no trial of faith so great as the careless lives of professing Christians; on the other hand, the fact that men of the stamp of the late Bishop of Vermont, are even now in a pleasure loving age, ready to sacrifice all for their Master's cause, ought to be, and we may hope is, a powerful aid to our faith, and a constant reminder that we, too, are called to go and do likewise. The lives of such men are the glory and the strength of the Church. As children are the glory and support of a mother, if they are pure, noble, and God-fearing, so are those of our beloved mother Church. To quote the words of St. Augustine, "God is their father, and the Holy Church their mother", to whom they are a pride and an ornament, even unto eternity.

In England, the enthronisation of the new Bishop of Lichfield has taken place; the ceremony was an interesting and imposing one, both from the nature of the service itself, and the character of the Bishop, to whom it constituted one portion of the formal commencement of work in a new and arduous sphere. We hear from accounts from the diocese that the Bishop is losing no time in attempting to organize both Diocesan and Arch-deaconal Synods; many have spoken about the desirability of having such Synods, but it has been reserved for a Bishop coming from a distant branch of the Church, where she is fettered by no golden chains of State position or endowment, to actually set about their re-introduction into the dioceses of England. Doubtless his mature experience in New Zealand will not only supply him with models for such Synods, but also have pointed out to him what conditions are necessary for their vigorous efficiency, so that they may neither be hampered by needless restrictions, nor clash with the Councils of the Church of higher authority. Moreover, he has caused it to be recorded by a formal vote, that it is considered by himself and his clergy to be highly expedient that the larger

dioceses of England, and among them the diocese of Lichfield, be divided: and in organizing the Synods of the diocese, the prospect of its division will be considered, and any plan which shall be adopted, will be formed on the supposition of such future division.

From a letter addressed to the *Guardian* by the Bishop of Capetown, we learn that the Bishop has selected the Rev. W. K. Macrorie, M. A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, for the office of Bishop of the Church in Natal, in pursuance of a resolution unanimously adopted by the Synod of that Church there on the 25th of October, 1866. The words of the resolution are as follows:

"That if the person now elected be hindered from accepting the holy office, "the Bishop of Capetown and the Bishop of Grahamstown be requested to "choose, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a fit and pro- "per person, whom, when canonically consecrated, we hereby bind ourselves "to receive as our Bishop."

The Bishop of London has, in consequence of the letter addressed by the Bishop of Capetown to the newspapers, written a letter to the Bishop, in which he first re-opens the question of the vacancy of the See of Natal, and, secondly, states that, in his view, the consecration of the new Bishop cannot take place in any of the dioceses in England. He certainly gives fair warning to the clergy of the diocese of London, that, should they venture upon having the consecration in any of their Churches, they will be visited with whatever penalties the law allows. The Bishop, however, by alluding in his letter to the "schism of the nonjurors," appears to acknowledge the possibility of differing from the views he sets forth, and as the nonjurors do not appear schismatics to very large numbers of English Churchmen, possibly some Bishop will be found who will not bring down the terrors of law upon the incumbent of the Church where Bishop Macrorie shall be consecrated.

In Montreal, the annual Business Meeting of the Church Society of the diocese of Montreal, has taken place, as the Secretary's able report informs us, for the last time. In that diocese, the Synod and Church Society are incorporated together by an Act of Parliament, and much confidence is felt that very largely increased facilities for good, will result from this step. We notice with thankful feelings the high appreciation of the great Council of the 19th century, which was manifested in the Report which was passed by the meeting, an appreciation which, as the Rev. Dr. Balch said, might well reconcile them to the loss of the wise counsel of the Metropolitan, seeing that their loss is the gain of the Catholic Church. The condition of the Church Society, financially, is not quite so satisfactory as might be, not from the means being wanting

not yet entirely from want of will to contribute, but from the lack of a due organization for collecting, periodically, the willing offerings of members of our communion. It was well pointed out by the Secretary, that a working man or woman, to whom fifty cents yearly would seem a heavy contribution, would easily contribute one cent weekly, and be almost unaware that such contribution exceeds the former at the end of the year; and the same principle applies not only to the poorer classes, but to the wealthier also; and if every one, rich and poor, would accept the apostolic rule of setting aside weekly a fixed proportion of his weekly income, the result would be most beneficial to themselves, and satisfactory to the still poor and struggling Church. The Secretary, in his report, might have gone one step further, and asked his wealthier brethren, which of them dedicates the tithe of his income to sacred or charitable purposes; the Jewish Church, the Early Christian Church, gave their tithe, but do Christians of our day ever consider that the service of their Redeemer needs their tithe still? Does the Churchman whose income is ten thousand dollars devote his thousand dollars to God? "What is the measure of the proof, which, of all proofs, God most esteems as the daily evidence of our devotion and grateful acknowledgement for all the blessings which socially, politically, and spiritually, he has poured out upon us?" Liberality, to quote again from the Secretary's speech, would increase "the ability of the Church to obey her Lord's command, 'for "look,' says scripture, 'what a man layeth out it shall be paid him "again,' God will be no man's debtor,' and 'there is that scattereth and "yet increaseth.'" The closing sentences of the report remind the clergy, who, amid the privations and discouragements of outlying missions, are doing their Master's work, of the value of their work and their efforts for Christ, and in earnest tones exhorts them not to faint or be weary in their well-doing.—*Speech of Rev. Dr. Balch.*

ANDRE CHENIER'S DEATH-SONG. *

[*Translated from the French by John Reade.*]

* André Chenier, for having dared to write against the excesses of his countrymen, was summoned before the Revolutional Tribunal, condemned and executed, in the year 1794. The first eight stanzas (in the translation) he composed in prison, after his condemnation; the two last he wrote at the very foot of the scaffold, while waiting to be dragged to execution. He had just finished the line, "Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupière," when his turn came, and the words had their fulfilment. In the translation, the spirit, not the letter has been regarded.

I.

When one lone lamb is bleating in the shambles,
And gleams the ruthless knife,
His yester playmates pause not in their gambols,
Their wild, free joy of life,

II.

To think of him; the little ones that played,
With him in sunny hours,
In bright, green fields, and his fair form arrayed,
With ribbons gay and flowers,

III.

Mark not his absence from the fleecy throng;
Unwept he sheds his blood;
And this sad destiny is mine. Ere long
From this grim solitude

IV.

I pass to death. But let me bear my fate,
And calmly be forgot;
A thousand others in the self-same state,
Await the self-same lot.

V.

And what were friends to me? Oh! one kind voice,
Heard through those prison bars;
Did it not make my drooping heart rejoice,
Though from my murderers

VI.

'Twas bought, perhaps. Alas! all, all is lost!
And yet why should my death
Make any one unhappy? Live, my friends,
Nor think my fleeting breath

VII.

Calls you to come. Mayhap, in days gone by,
I, too, from sight of sorrow
Turned, careless, with self-wrapt unpitying eye,
Not dreaming of to morrow.

VIII.

And now, misfortune presses on my heart,
Erewhile so strong and free,
'Twere craven to ask you to bear its smart;—
Farewell, nor think of me!

* * * * *

IX.

As a faint ray or zephyr's latest breath
Revives the dying day;
Beneath the scaffold, that stern throne of death,
I sing my parting lay.

X.

Before an hour, with wakeful foot and loud,
Has marked its journey's close
On yon bright disk, the sleep of death shall shroud
Mine eyes from worldly woes.

ADDENDA.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED TO FEB. 12.

CANADA.—A. T. Galt; Francis Pope; H. Williams; W. Stevenson; H. Morgan; Rev. A. Mountain; Rev. J. Kemp; W. Ives; Mrs. Ross; Master Wurtele; W. Thomas; G. Rhodes; Mrs. M. E. Kittson; Rev. W. King; Capt. King, M.D.; E. A. King; M. Curtis; Miss Cushing; Rev. C. P. Reid; Mrs. Davis; Rev. Charles Abbott.

ENGLAND.—Rev. G. Buckle.

UNITED STATES.—Mrs. Harsen; G. H. Nicolls; Rev. J. Dekoven, D.D.; James Parsons; J. Hankey.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

We would call the attention of the members of this Association to its next annual meeting. Let there be, if possible, a full attendance. Every provision has been made to secure an excellent literary entertainment; and measures will be taken to lessen the expenses of those who have the interests of *Alma Mater* sufficiently at heart to be present.

Important matter will be referred to the Association for its consideration.

LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

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&c., &c., &c.

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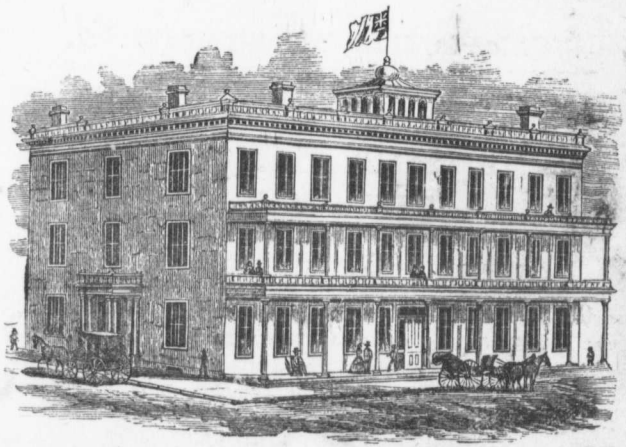

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