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THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

PROSPECTUS.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE is not famous for putting herself forward in public print; newspapers do not teem with brilliant accounts of her convocation, nor does the world hear much of those who pass with credit from beneath her walls; insomuch that it is no uncommon thing for her members to be asked, "What are you doing at Lennoxville? We never hear anything of you." Now, while we admire the spirit which despises parade, we cannot but think that she has been somewhat unfair, both to the public, who expect to know what is going on in a public institution, and to her own alumni, who naturally feel interested in hearing what their Alma Mater is accomplishing. As long as a family is united, before the time has arrived for the members to separate and seek their appointed spheres of usefulness, there is no need of aught but personal intercourse to keep alive feelings of common interest and harmony; but when brethren are scattered here and there, over the face of the globe, with their thoughts becoming more and more absorbed in the duties of their respective stations, surely it then devolves upon those who remain under the parental roof to keep them informed of home doings, lest the tie of family affection should be snapped asunder and early associations wiped away by the turmoil and anxieties of busy life. For whom, again, is a mother most anxious? upon whom does she dwell in her thoughts with the most tender solicitude? Is it not those who are distant, who have gone forth to do battle with the world, and to put in practice the lessons of morality and wisdom so carefully instilled in early years?

Actuated by thoughts like these, we have resolved to act upon suggestions which have been repeatedly made, not only by those who have gone out from amongst us, but also by others who feel an interest in us, and to publish monthly a Magazine, containing such matter as would, in our opinion, be most likely to interest our readers.

We do not engage in such an undertaking without feeling that it is fraught with difficulties. The cheapness and multiplicity of light and entertaining publications; the distaste which prevails, to a great extent in the present age, for what is solid and improving; the want of a great name which would

inspire curiosity in the perusal of our pages; and, above all, the failure of numerous attempts similar to our own;—all these put together, form an array which might well dissuade us from the prosecution of our plan. But our prospect is not altogether dark and overcast, without any bright spots of encouragement;—and we base our hopes of success—not on the brilliancy of intellect to be displayed in the matter of our Magazine, nor the charms of fiction, nor on solidity of opinion, nor on correctness in judgment,—but on the fact that a want exists, and that we are going to do our best to supply that want;—for the sale of an article does not depend upon high finish, appearance or quality, so much as upon its usefulness, upon how far it goes towards furnishing what is needed.

But, it will be asked, “What want are you going to supply? The alumni of Bishop’s College are not sufficiently numerous to support a Magazine, and some of them do not seem to take much interest in your proceedings?” True, we answer, they could not support a magazine; we do not expect them alone to do so; and that some of them do not take much interest in us, is we believe, in a great measure our own fault, because there is not shown, on our part, any interest in them; but the want we allude to is one which Synods, Provincial and Diocesan, have discussed; one which every member of the clergy deplors; one which all thinking members of the Church in the Lower Province feel somewhat ashamed of,—the want of some organ through which the views of the Church in the Dioceses of Quebec and Montreal may be heard. It is our intention, therefore, to throw our columns open to members of the Church, and to beg them to favour us with their communications: controversial articles indeed we beg to decline, being averse to party names, such as “High,” or “Low,” and wishing only to be known as Churchmen.

This being one great aim of our publication, surely we cannot be thought too sanguine in hoping that a moderate degree of support will be given us in our infancy, sufficient to enable us to outlive it, and to present to the world something more worthy of the structure which it represents.

But this point, though important, is not the only one to which we beg to invite your attention. Religion is of itself beautiful, but it is not well to present it in its most uninviting forms—morality has its own natural attractions, but there is no necessity for putting it always into a dogmatic shape; it is intended, therefore, in order to render the Magazine entertaining as well as useful, to introduce into each number one or more chapters of a story, which shall have this great advantage over the generality of light literature, that a good moral will form the basis; a story which parents need not be afraid of putting into the hands of their children, lest they should be led to look upon unrealities as true, and truth as unreal; but one which will instil the notion that religion is happiness, and uprightness of character the best possession.

The authorities of the University have consented to make use of us. In our columns will appear notices of interest to those connected with us; reports of Convocation; results of Examinations; prizes awarded; marks of distinction

conferred; appointments made in both departments. Short accounts will also be given of the debates in the different associations connected with the University, together with the subjects for the succeeding month.

The rest of the Magazine will consist of Literary Papers and News, Original Poetry, Reviews of Books, Correspondence, Questions, &c.

TENTAMINA QUÆDAM METRICA.

These experiments in metre were originally worked out with, and in part by, the present sixth form in Lennoxville Grammar School. They were designed not only as exercises in metre,—though in this respect also they have been of use,—but as a means of bringing home to a boy's mind more vividly than the ordinary translation exercises can do, something of the rythmical flow and spirit of the original. English hexameters have one merit as a rhythm into which to render the Homeric line, they are easily written, and easily altered so as to admit of improvement in translation; being of the same length too, as the Greek line, they allow of a literal word for word rendering of the Greek. The Alcæic ode is an experiment—a wholly new one it is believed, as a rendering of Horace. The passage from Agamemnon is an attempt in a very different school of translation, that which aims merely to embody the spirit and aim of the original.

ILIAD. I. I.

Goddess! declare the wrath of the son of Peleus, Achilles
 Working ruin, which smote with myriad woes the Achæans,
 Many the souls of the brave it sent untimely to Hades—
 Souls of the heroes! but them it gave to the dogs for a portion
 And to the fowls of the air. But the will of Zeus was fulfilling
 Even from the time when first these two were parted in anger—
 Atreus' son, the king of men, and noble Achilles.
 Who was it, say, of the gods, that impelled them striving together?
 —Son was he of Leto and Zeus, for he being angered
 Sent on the host an evil disease, and the people were dying,
 For that Atreus' son had done despite to his prophet
 Chrynes, for he had come where lay the ships of Achæa,
 Willing to ransom his child, and bearing gifts that were priceless,
 And in his hands he held the wreaths of far-casting Apollo
 High on a golden wand, and he spake to all the Achæans.
 But to the twain, the Atridæ, most, the chiefs of the people:
 "Atreus' sons, and others, the well-greaved men of Achæa
 So may the gods bestow, who abide in the homes of Olympus,
 Capture of Priam's city and safe return to your homeland,
 Only loose ye my child from bonds, and take ye the ransom."
 Fearing the Son of Zeus, the King, far-casting Apollo.

So did he speak in his prayer, and the other Achæans applauded,
 Willing to ransom the maid, and to take the generous presents.
 But not so was it willed by Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
 But he dismissed him in scorn, and stern was the threat that he added :
 " Never again, old man, at the hollow ships let me catch thee
 Either lingering now, or after hither returning.
 Lest there avail thee not the wand of the god or his garland.
 Her I will not release, until that old age come upon her,
 There in my house at Argos, and far from the land of her father,
 Plying the loom, and serving my bed, a slave in the palace ;
 Go—and incense me not—that so thy return be the safer."
 So he spake, but the old man feared his word and obeyed him :
 Silent he went on his way by the shore of the clangorous ocean.
 Afterward, going apart, he prayed with many entreaties
 Unto the king Apollo, conceived of fair-haired Leto.

ALCAICS.

The just—the man of resolute purposes
 No ardour of loud-clamouring citizens,
 No menace of a despot's fury
 Shakes in his cold resolve, nor Auster,
 Who sways the storms of turbulent Adria,
 Daunts, nor the red right hand of the Thunderer,
 Though Heaven should fall in ruins round him,
 Yet as it perished, his soul were fearless.

Thee, thus, oh ! Bacchus, meriting deity,
 Tigers thy chariot dragging impatiently,
 Upbore to Heaven, and thus Quirinus
 Sped by the war-god escaped from Hades.

And Pollux thus and wandering Hercules
 Aspiring, climbed the fiery citadels,
 Amidst whom Augustus reclining
 Quaffs with impurpled lip the nectar.

HOW THE FIRE TELEGRAPH TOLD OF THE CAPTURE OF TROY.

Lady behold from Ila's height
 Hephæstus sent the beacon light.
 It streamed along the midnight sky
 And Lemnos caught the blaze on high.

It glanced along the gleaming brine
 And Helle's wave beholds it shine
 Where fast and far the sparkles sweep,
 Macistus! from thy tower-crowned steep.
 Macistus sleeps not, streaming higher
 Through midnight speeds the courier fire.
 And lo! by Euripus the gleam
 Is kindled on the winding stream.
 Each mountain feeds the fiery breath
 Of Victory, with pine and heath.

In vain! for silently and soon
 Carceering like a broadened moon,
 Asopus! past thy fields they came
 And steep Cithæron streamed with flame.
 The warders have wakened, and lo! they raise
 Bolder and broader the signal blaze.
 Goyopus marks the meteors track,
 Her mere has flashed the tidings back,
 And wafts to Hellas and to thee
 The Herald fires of Victory.

ESSAYS ON MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

No. 1.—SHELLEY.

We have selected the Poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley, as the first subject of a series of essays on the leading writers of our time; both because Shelley's poetry stands with Wordsworth's, as the direct progenitor of much of the best poetry of our own day, as on account of the attention that has been drawn to this subject by the animated discussion on Shelley and his works, at the "Union" debating societies of Oxford and Cambridge.

And in writing of Shelley, there is one subject that must be met *in limine*,—what has been called his atheism. On this subject we do not hesitate to avow our opinion, that to Shelley this word has been wrongly applied both by himself and others. To Shelley's childhood, Christianity was presented as it had been before to Cowper's manhood, only under the repulsive form of a rigid Calvinism. What was called by themselves and many others the "Evangelical school," was then dominant. We know what this school has done to all that is beautiful, tender or winning in the forms of Christianity. We do not perhaps realize how horrible its conception of the Divine character must have appeared to a nature so loving, so gentle and just as Shelley's, or how such a motive must have shrunk from the Calvinistic conception of a Supreme Being, who, to use John Wesley's

words, "predestined some to be saved, do all they will, and others to be lost, do all they can." Evangelicalism has never produced a poet. On Cowper's poetry its effect was purely negative, to check what was joyous in his temperament, to peopple the unseen world with horrible phantoms, to forbid the use of the good gifts of God, and to limit if not deny His mercy. With Cowper the hymns of Calvinism put themselves into such forms as these :

"When such a destined wretch as I
Washed headlong from aboard,
Of friends, of home, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left."

Shelley's character was a bolder one—instead of accepting the view of religion that was put before him, and breaking his heart, or losing his sanity over it as poor timid Cowper had done, he rejected what was to him manifestly incompatible with the idea of a just and merciful Ruler of the Universe, and flung from him in scorn the religious system which was to him associated only with such doctrines. And he was not wisely or tenderly dealt with in his early doubtings. Indeed an anecdote told of the late Charles Wesley, has always seemed to us an excellent illustration of the temper in which Calvinists deal with those who differ from their opinions.

It befel that Charles Wesley was preaching in that chapel, to which the indifference of latitudinarian Bishops had driven one of the ablest and worthiest priests of the Church in England. Charles Wesley was preaching, as his wont was, against Calvinism, and in the course of his sermon remarked that he had never known a Calvinist to have a good temper. "You lie," was shouted in gruff tones from a corner of the Chapel. "Oh," said Charles Wesley, placidly, "have I drawn out Leviathan with a hook?"

Shelley avowed himself an infidel when an undergraduate at Oxford. He published a pamphlet full of the crude arguments that had been urged a hundred times before. But Oxford then was not the Oxford of Pusey and Keble, of Arnold and Whately; not the Oxford where the best and ablest give themselves to the work of guidance and comfort; neither was it the Oxford of to-day, which not only tolerates but pays as its Professor, an avowed sceptic. On the one hand, the university could not tolerate heresy; on the other there was no one in those days to interest himself in reclaiming the lost one, whose youth, and the very irrationality of whose disbelief might have well challenged pity.

Soon after this, and at the marvellously early age of eighteen, "Queen Mab" was written and published. It amounts to an impassioned protest against the doctrine that evil is of God, that human error, blindness and misery, are in any sense attributable to the Divine will. Strip the poem of a few petulant phrases of hostility to what Shelley imagined wrongly was the Christian religion, and this is in fact what remains, joined with an eloquent enumeration of the glories of departed empires, drawn very plainly from an equally eloquent passage in

Vonely's Ruins, and some necessitarian speculations taken in part from the writings of Lucretius, partly from his former teachers, the Calvinists.

In Queen Mab the sustained power of melody and the lavish richness of imagery appears, which we mark in his later poems, and which Shelley was the first poet to revive from the rich storehouses of the Elizabethans. Take for example the midnight scene.

"How beautiful this night—the balmiest sigh
That vernal Zephyrs breath in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Seems like a canopy that love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world."

In Queen Mab, as in the later poem, the verse has a melodious cadence peculiar to Shelley—and which most nearly resembles the blank verse line of Tennyson. In it we find what is so much to be regretted in the nebulous half-expressed "suggestive" poetry of our time, that is, clearness and manly straightforwardness of style. What is meant is fully expressed. There is great command of language, but a command which shews itself not by affectation of ornament, or by straining after metaphor, but by a certain restrained power: the wealth of words is kept well in hand. On Shelley's character the outlawry which this publication entailed in a generation which, if not religious, was at least intensely respectable, had a depressing influence—it drove him to associations with the pariahs of literature and society. We have been told by one, whose poems were the means of leading Shelley in after life to study the Faust of Goëthe, that he saw Shelley about this period of his life, the time of his ill-timed love for Harriette Westbrook and his disastrous friendship for William Godwin. Young Shelley visited Dublin in order to be present at some political meeting. His appearance, our informant told us, resembled the portraits which represent him as a boy—his face was a winning one of almost girlish delicacy—pale and freckled, the hair thick and curling. An early marriage with a girl who, neither in education nor temperament was fitted to be the wife of Shelley, ended in separation, and some years afterwards in the suicide of the unhappy wife, not in consequence of any ill-usage on the part of Shelley, whose conscience, an unusually sensitive one, seems to have acquitted him of blame in the matter. There appears to be good evidence that her mind was disordered at the time; still the tragedy, occurring as it did, during an estrangement, ~~must have~~ been a terrible shock to Shelley—that it was so appears in many of his ~~writings~~ about this time.

"That time is dead ~~for ever~~, child,
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever;
I think on the past—and stare aghast
On the ghosts by life's dull river."

It was with his second marriage with Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, who alone deserves to be remembered as Shelley's wife, that the brief happiness of the poet's life began. No longer in difficulties for money; no longer without the intellectual sympathy for which he yearned, Percy Bysshe Shelley lived with his wife and children happily, engaged in projecting and executing the finest of his great poems. They lived partly in England, but more often in Italy—where Shelley began the dynasty of English poets which Byron, Landor, and in our own day the Brownings have carried on. The influence for good of his wife's genius and affection may be seen in the "Letters" and in the beautiful introduction to the "Revolt of Islam":

"And now my summer task is ended, Mary."

And in some of the exquisite lyrics in which the poet's domestic life is alluded to. And no one can read Mrs. Shelley's account of her husband's death, and of the happy time just before that sudden parting, without seeing the loving nature of the wife, and the intense union of affection between these two. And is it heretodox to hope that much may be forgiven, "Quia multum amavit?" It was at this happy time in the garden and among the woods of his Italian villa, that the "Revolt of Islam," the "Cenci" and the "Prometheus Unbound" were written. The "Revolt of Islam" is one of those poems, like the Faery Queen, which few read through with any sympathy for what the author intended to be the plot and idea of the work. As a story, it is tedious and wanting in human interest; but there are many exquisite passages. The meeting of Laon and Cythna in the forest, is the tenderest and purest of idyls, and everywhere one meets lines of such marked originality as these

"As when some great painter dips
His pencil in the hues of earthquake and eclipse."

The "Cenci" is a drama of powerfully conceived situation, and of the purest dramatic fervour, but, though Shelley shrinks from any actual contact with the idea of impurity which the story suggests—of a plot which made it impossible for Miss O'Neil to act his Beatrice. There is nothing objectionable in the poem, as we read it; but the story is so painful that one always lays down the "Cenci" with a feeling of revulsion. The "Prometheus Unbound" is a grander drama, Greek in its spirit and Æschylean in its proportions. Its plot is summed up in the stanza of Horace:

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatet solidâ neque Auster.
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis."

In other words, the power of Faith, of the fixed inward trust in good, against all outward appearances and semblances.

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The Titan is nailed to his rock, and suffers, but he knows that a time of restitution of all things will come yet, (the Christian millennium in fact under pagan guise) when evil shall cease to appear good, and the power of darkness, now regnant, or apparently triumphant, shall have downfall. And the great beauty of the poem consists in a long series of chorus songs wherein this faith is urged by the Nymphs who are his consolers upon the suffering Titan. Some of them are among the most exquisite of English lyrics.

"From the dust of creeds outworn,
 From the tyrant's banner torn,
 Through the darkness onward borne,
 There came floating many a cry,
 Freedom, hope, death, victory."

Or the song beginning,

"Oh! sister, desolation is a delicate thing,
 It treads not in the earth, it floats not in the air.
 But it comes with noiseless footstep, and it fans with silent wing
 The tender hopes that in their hearts the best and gentlest bear."

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The healthiest of Shelly's minor poems also belong to this period, that of his happy domestic life. Who knows not the "Sensitive Plant," the "Skylark," and that "Heart of Hearts," of love poetry, which begins,

"One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it.
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 The desire of the north for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow;
 The devotion to something afar,
 From the sphere of our sorrow."

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We have many pleasant records of those happy days in Italy, in the genial remembrances of poor Leigh Hunt—in the purer and less turbid flow of the poetry which Byron wrote during his intimacy with Shelley, in the poem wherein a great master singer of our own day describes how he walked with Shelley, and how the eagle feather fell on his path as they parted,—but none half so touching as that of the poor wife, written soon after he had been taken away. How sunny were the days to those two who loved each other so intensely! In their villa, in their garden, in their boat on the Serchio, with sky and water, of which we have a description like Turner's colouring:

"Where far into mists of aëry gold
 The clouds on the western heights unfold,"

d, against all

or as we meet them in another poem, in the pine woods listening to the cicela and the aziola. Then there were friends, such as Leigh Hunt, who were poor and needed to be helped and entertained. It was all too bright to last in this

disappointing world. We have all read (and who can read dry-eyed the poor wife's record?) how suddenly the end came, how the cloud concealed that fatal pleasure boat, and he who had gone from her so bright and hopeful, returned no more. And yet it was a death that suited not ill with his genius. In storm and darkness the spirit of a great and good man fled from this world of sorrow; the last earthly sound that fell upon his ear was the thunder, and the rushing of the mighty ocean waters which in life he loved so well.

P. M.

 ORA PRO ME.

I.

Ora pro me! The words are dear,
They were the last I heard thee say;
And now, when thou art far away,
I hear them as if thou art near.

II.

Ora pro me! When morning's light
Opens my eyes to worldly cares,
These words, like parting angels' prayers,
Mix with my visions of the night.

III.

Ora pro me! When heart and brain
Grow weak with unavailing strife,
I feel a touch of sudden life
If these sweet words come back again.

IV.

Ora pro me! When tender lids
Are closing o'er the eyes of day,
My memory whispers "She said pray;"
My spirit does as memory bids.

V.

Ora pro me! O strongest test
Of love that is by Heaven fed!
He wisely spoke the truth who said
* "He prayeth best who loveth best."

J. READE.

 * Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*.

THE KNIGHTS OF MAPLE WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"A PASSENGER TO CANADA" ARRIVES.

Clear Indian-summer sky over an horizon of pinewood, which surrounded, like a sea, a considerably large island of cleared land-field, where the charred tree stumps still maintained their forest rights against the ploughshare—in the distance the silver of a river and the tin of a church steeple—for tin it assuredly appeared to be, and looked not unlike an inverted funnel. Such was the landscape which met the eye from the avenue leading to Maple Wood, a house of some pretension near the village of Douglasville, Nether Canada, up which avenue, one fine afternoon of a Saturday, in the fall of 186— "two travellers" might be seen advancing. But, alas! for the dignity of this magazine, they were not mounted on stately steeds, nor even on one of the waggons procurable at the neighboring town of Match-brooke; one was a railway porter, laden with several boxes, and a large black trunk, labelled "Miss E. Sorrel, passenger to Canada." The other was the proprietor of the luggage, and of the name inscribed thereon—a young lady, who, from the length of her plain mourning dress (which was just short enough to reveal a glimpse of stockings purple as a Cardinal's, and ringed with black, after the manner of certain dangerous serpents), might be about the age of sixteen, that border-land of young ladyhood which forms a kind of interregnum between the nursery and the drawingroom, between the last doll and the first lover. Her face was what most women would call plain—that is to say, the features were not regular, and the thick masses of dark brown hair plainly, almost carelessly, arranged. But the clear hazel eye looked honest, and the lips were lips that might smile very winningly upon occasion. It was a face that had a character of its own—a face where there lurked, perhaps, tenderness—perhaps sarcasm; certainly not conventional missish prettinesses and aimabilities. This, with an indefinable something of girlish archness, which seemed not out of keeping with the firm step and slight graceful figure, were what a stranger might read in the face of Edith Sorrel.

Now, as this young lady is to supply the dynamic or feminine element in our present narrative, we may be allowed to digress for a moment, while she is walking under the autumn reddened maples, in order to tell what little there is to be told of her former history. It belongs to a very different scene from that in which we meet her—a wilderness, but of high-built streets—a forest, but of chimney tops, church spires, and palace pediments, in smoky London.

Those who remember much of Temple society in London ten years ago, will recall the name of Dycroft Sorrel, often spoken of with admiration, sometimes with pity, never with respect. He was one of those men who have genius, or, at least, the power of conveying that impression to others, but whose genius has not vitality enough to produce any result. Dycroft lived in dingy chambers in Grey's Inn, No. 10, garret story—that is, the rent of the apartment was yearly

eyed the poor
aled that fatal
l, returned no
In storm and
of sorrow; the
rushing of the

P. M.

READE.

paid in his name by a relative, from whom came also the small yearly allowance which was his only known means of living. Those who remained of the generation that remembered "poor old Die," a dashing law student, hospitable and splendid in his chambers in Birch Court Temple, preserved this tradition. Among some of these it was also handed down that Dycroft had married, so as to offend his relatives, who were well off, and of good family. But all notion of his ever having been married had been long lost sight of among those who knew Dycroft Sorrel in his later days. In the courts and lanes of the Temple, in the pleasant precincts of Clifford's Inn, abode in those days, as in these, a race of men whose business in life appears to be anything rather than business-like—whose very trades were species of pleasure-seeking. Artists were there—magazine writers, reporters for the press, and, above all, briefless lawyers and non-studying law students, who did a little in art and magazine literature, and a great deal in theatre going, green room visiting, alfresco dancing, and the consumption of beer and tobacco. Among these Dycroft Sorrel lived and was known; they were his only associates, yet he did not care for their amusements, and was never known either to drink or smoke. He had, in fact, been handed down by tradition from a bygone generation of Temple men. Those at whose rooms he might most often be seen, had met the tall stooping figure dressed in shabby black, with the rain-worn, dust-worn hat thrust back from the forehead, long ago, at the rooms of some older dweller in the Temple, had been amused at the strange rambling manner, and, perhaps, interested, by the sudden striking out of a vein of genius—genius of the quaint, easily scared, and fitful kind, it is true; or by queer out-of-the-way tags and shreds of book learning. Late in the evening, when the half-unwelcome guest had departed, it would be said: "That is poor old Dycroft; he is a gentleman, and a man of education; he is very harmless, and we all know him." Thus he became an institution among the young men, who, with all their faults, were not unkindly. Evening after evening he would appear at the room of one or other, happy and contented, if he could sit among them, sometimes joining the talk, especially if it turned upon antiquarianism, but often sitting listening dreamily to what passed, and half absorbed in his own thought. But what became of him in the intervals of these visits was somewhat of a mystery—the most plausible theory was a vague one, which supposed him to be constantly engaged in antiquarian researches—for, in his more prosperous days, Dycroft Sorrel, Esquire, had been enrolled among the Society of Antiquarians; and it was said that in the dingy sanctum of Grey's Inn was still preserved a tolerably perfect set of Roman coins, dug up by Mr. Sorrel in various parts of London, as also a well executed model of the ancient Roman Bath, situated in the Strand, in that city.

Now it befel one day that the idea of solving this mystery attendant on Dycroft Sorrel's doings entered the mind of Ned Hume, an acute emigrant from Edinburgh to Clifford's Inn and the Temple regions. Ned was already a writer of far more than "Bohemian" reputation, and was anxious to know something more

of Sorrel, not from mere anxiety, but as a study of character. He was a thorough realist, and a free Raphaelite in novel writing, and got up many of his situations by actual study from life. On this occasion he was to be disappointed. "Mr. Sorrel was out." It was the same answer which had sent away many previous enquirers. But for Hume the door had been opened by one who attracted his attention for a moment—a little girl—a child of about twelve, and yet she hardly looked like a child, the pale little face was so thoughtful, and the slight figure seemed so strong and firmly poised. Mr. Hume flattered himself that he possessed a rare gift for winning the confidence, at first sight, of these very young ladies. Making the excuse that he was tired, and wanted to rest very badly, he managed to get an invitation to sit down, not, however, very readily or graciously given. And he found some difficulty in drawing out little Edith Sorrel. None of the usual child's topics seemed to interest her. He talked of her father, but her matter of fact replies were those of a child who lived in a different world from her parent. He spoke of the wonderful Roman coins and of the model of the Bath. She answered him readily enough, and could tell the fractional parts of an As, as well as the dimensions in every chamber in the Bath, but no interest was awakened, none of the light which he felt sure could be called up into those large questioning eyes.

At last a thought struck him. Uncovering a large flat paper wrapt parcel, which Ned Hume, who, "Bohemian" like, gloried in being his own parcel bearer, carried under his arm, he held it up in the light before her. It was a picture, a scene in, or rather not in, Hamlet. "Take this skull to my Lady's chamber, and tell her to this complexion must she come at last." My "Lady" had received the message—she held the skull poised by her fair round arm; her face, as she looked down upon it, was of a full voluptuous beauty, yet flushed crimson, with a flush that must be hectic—on her forehead, among the golden hair, sparkled an opal coronet—the "pierres de Malheur." With that moment an intimacy began, and the heart of the little maiden opened to "the Man with the Picture of the Lady." Still more, to the man who said he will show her many other pictures, who had sat down beside her, and told stories and sang songs till she laughed and cried, and laughed again. When little Edith lay down in her closet that night, the question in her mind was the one woman's question, "Will he come again?"

He came again often, and so between these two a fast friendship arose. And it would come to pass that Edith would trip down, sometimes with her father, who submitted to be led by her at times; sometimes by herself to Ned Hume's abode in Clifford's Inn, when the servant, a kindly old soul, who dropped her h's and adopted irregular constructions in most of her verbs, soon took up with the motherless little girl. This was a happy time. To her Ned Hume was the picture-making man, the story-writing man, the being who held the key of an enchanted region of songs, of plays, of delicious confidence about his own stories, into the spirit of which she entered as if the characters had been her own play-

mates—delighting him, too, with a wealth of sympathy, of tears, and laughter, for which he might have looked in vain from one of the fashionable young ladies, whose mammas were content to lionize the rising novelist of the "Exeter Change" Magazine. Then there were delightful evenings, when Mrs. Briggs, at Ned Hume's request, took her to the theatre, there to behold real knights, real heroes, kings, and ladies, and there beautiful, beautiful fairies, who wear such glittering short dresses, and who pass their time for ever happily, dancing in the lime light, under those perennial groves of pasteboard, which were the only woods the poor child had yet seen.

So the days of Edith Sorrel went by as happily as those of Thalaba are said to have done, for about a year after her first interview with Ned Hume; the bright days in Clifford's Inn were relieved by many dark and dimly lonely ones, more so than ever they seemed now, amid the gaunt shadows of Grey's Inn. Even there, however, she had discovered a new source of solacement. For it befel upon a day, at about the hour of nine A.M., that Edith wandered down Oxford street, on her way to Clifford's Inn. It was a bright sunny morning, in the wicked street. "The stony-hearted step-mother" looked at her best and most innocent; Casino and dancing den were shut up and fast asleep, and few were to be seen on the pave then but those engaged in honest work of learning or labouring. Edith's attention was particularly caught by a sort of procession of children, dressed in white, and carrying such a quantity of flowers as the London bred girl had never seen before, out of Covent Garden market. A kind-looking lady, in deep mourning, with a cap such as widows wear, seemed to be in charge of them, who, seeing Edith look wistfully after the flowers, stopped and spoke to her. The children belonged to the Sunday-school of the Church of St. Margaret—that church in the next street with the tall spire. She said they were about to decorate their church for the harvest festival, which was to be held next Sunday—would the little girl like to come with them and see their church?—it was a very beautiful one. So it came to pass that Edith paid a visit, for the first time she could remember, to a Christian church. She had, indeed, known that there were places called churches—places that were open once a week when the shops were shut, whither went those who could afford to procure vestments called Sunday clothes, and in which she had never learned that she had part or lot. But here was a church where there was no one but children—children, many of them, much more meanly dressed than herself; she watched them busy themselves in arranging the flowers and the corn sheaves around the screen and the chancel pillars. And in that chancel the Divine abiding presence had been symbolized by a beauty of architecture and adornment which these poor children had little chance of seeing elsewhere in the turbulent city. What wonder that they loved it, and saved, week by week, their pence, and had risen early that morning to buy the flowers, which year by year, were always the children's offering. "What a piece of superstition!" does the wise nineteenth century reader here remark? Perhaps so—in some people's philosophy. And

yet, for Edith's sake, we confess to being glad that she was led to visit this church of St. Margaret in All Hallows street, Oxford street. Nay, more, that she went there often afterwards, and learned to love the services, and especially the choral evening service. You see there are worse temptations than beautiful churches in that London; and though it is, doubtless, a sad weakness to admire stately arches and gorgeous stained glass windows, yet her admiration for these vanities led Edith to go where she heard two chapters daily of that Good Book, which she had never yet heard elsewhere.

So rather more than a year passed. Then came a letter from the relative on whose bounty Dycroft Sorrel depended for support, signifying his pleasure that Edith should be put to school; he would pay for her maintenance during three years at a good school, on condition that she fitted herself to gain her living as a governess. He hinted that a provision of this nature might open for her in the family of some connections of the Sorrel's, who were settled in Canada. Then came a sad parting with the friends in Clifford's Inn—a sadder one still with poor old Dycroft, who was roused from his usual apathy into emotion painful to see as he left his little daughter at the gate of Miss Magnal's Academy for Young Ladies at Clapham. They never met again. Dycroft Sorrel's illness—if so we can call the lethargy which only ended with death—revealed the secret of his strange absences, his lonely habits, his excitable, restless manner. His consoler for many years—his solitary vice, and it is one which admits of no rival—had been opium.

Between father and child there had been little confidence; he had always lived apart from her, with a shrinking almost amounting to repugnance from any human voice which might call him out of the dreams in which he sought shelter. When some time had gone by, Edith began to feel almost more keenly the forgetfulness of her old friend, Hume. That impressible man of letters had, in the interval that had elapsed, quite lost sight of her—new plans, new phases of life had engrossed him. Once Edith felt so lonely, that, with much misgiving, she begged Miss Magnal's leave to break through that lady's "cordon sanitaire" against letter writing, and begged him to come and see her. He came, and they met in the best drawing room of the academy, where the Books of Beauty lay splendid on the centre table—where Miss Delia Magnal's latest water colour drawings hung gorgeously framed, these works of art were of the new water colour school, and luxuriated in orange skies over blue woods, with burnt sienna huts in the foreground, and where the grand piano stood veiled in its morning dishabille of chintz. They met, and he was very kind, and sat with her almost half an hour, during which he exerted himself much to talk pleasantly, and to appear interested in what she told him. Still it was an effort, and such efforts always betray themselves. He could not feel the same interest in that awkward school girl that he had in the graceful little child two years before. Then there had been something romantic in the little creature, so self-possessed, too, in her loneliness in that forbidding Grey's Inn region; whereas here was a tall girl of fourteen,

who had outgrown her gracefulness, and whose talk was of her music lessons and her geography. So they parted, and Ned Hume went on his way, as John Bunyan hath it, and Edith saw him no more.

And then began the dreariest years of school life, without an object, without a friend, or even the wish for friendship. Edith's intellect and her imagination had been early developed. She had enjoyed glimpses of a world which prevented her from being able to take her part in school gossip or school-girl flirtation. The girls at Miss Magnal's were, some of them, good-natured, some of them mischievous, and, in their way, disposed to snub the friendless little pupil teacher, who so seldom wore a respectable dress, and who never went home for the holidays; but none of them showed any sympathy, or seemed to share in her tastes. So as she grew older, Edith lived more and more alone. She had, it is true, friends who supplied their place. Among what remained of the wreck of her father's books, Edith had kept a few volumes, which held their place on a little book-case in her room. And when the day's work was over, and the "exercises"—those dreary anatomical preparations of music—had been all got through, Edith would light her lamp and forget red-haired Jane Short's sneers, or magnificent Julia O'Hare's arrogance. Julia was the daughter of the Rev. Julius O'Hare, a divine whose popular work in "Soon-to-be-fulfilled Prophecy," wherein he had fixed the end of the world for the August of that year, had made him incumbent of Ebenezer chapel, Clapham. Edith, we say, would forget all about the unpleasant manners of these young ladies as the evening went by, and she read of Jeanie Dean's pilgrimage into the strange land where her sister's life was to be pleaded for; or of the champion whom Rebecca armed, and prayed for, and saved, though his faith was an alien's and his love belonged to another; or of Rosalind in the Ardennes forest; or of Ellen in her exile among the mountain lakes. For Edith was not at all above feeling a healthy love for poetry; and the poetry that fell into her hands was mostly that of Scott; metaphysical blank verse of the wasted affection kind not being then common. And there was another book which Edith learned to love at this time, which was, perhaps, of more comfort to her than any other of mere verse could be, and which, by reading it every Sunday and Saint's Day, she began to understand and to get help from more and more—the Christian Year of John Keble. She had now learned to bear her loneliness with patience, if not with a kind of pleasure. Never, since her character as woman began to form, had she known the charm of another's sympathy. That dangerous draught was as yet untasted, and, therefore, unwished for.

Such was Edith Sorrel when the long expected summons to Canada came. She was to do the duty of governess to two little girls, the daughters of a relation of her father's, who had married a Canadian gentleman, Major Ellis. This lady had died a few years after her marriage, and the widower had married again. This was all Edith knew—there was she believed a boy cousin by this first marriage, whom she might meet in the strange land beyond the sea where she had some vague idea that people lived in wigwams, but had left off their

former practices of wearing wampum and hunting for scalps. At all events it was a change; and when one is young, the word "new" does not, as in Greek plays, always mean "evil."

And when we met Edith Sorrel walking along the avenue of Maple Wood, the few years that had passed had made her already outgrow the awkwardness of school girlhood, though her face was not one of the regular featured fashionable style of beauty. The clear Canadian air had flushed it with a colour that was certainly attractive, and as one watched the slight figure, there was a grace of movement, and through the thick carpet of maple leaves, a glimpse of very pretty ankles.

The house that lay before her at the end of the avenue was a comfortable looking building of the English style, except for a low wooden verandah which ran round it, and the Virginia creeper vines whose scarlet dyed leaves almost hid the cold gray of the granite walls. On one side was a large kitchen garden or orchard, on the other a lawn sloping down to the road. Edith had almost reached the house when the hall door opened, and disclosed a couple of young gentlemen, who, after looking round to the right and left as if to see whether they were observed, shut the door with what was perhaps meant to be a gentle closing, but was in reality a bang, and were hastening down the avenue, when the younger of the two was stopped by Edith's attendant railway porter, who addressed him as "Master Edward" and informed him that there was a lady wanting to see Major Ellis. "Papa's gone to Matchbrooke for the assizes," said the boy; then turning to Edith with more self-possession than most English school boys shew to that terrible phenomenon, an unknown young lady, yet with the deference which marked him at once as a gentleman's son, he asked if she was Miss Sorrel.

"That is my name," said Edith.

"Then allow me to introduce myself as your cousin, Ned Ellis—my father will be very sorry to have missed you; but we did not expect you so soon. Meanwhile you must be very tired, and I had best take you at once to Mrs. Ellis—my step-mother that is, you know. Jack," he said, turning to his companion, a fresh complexioned boy of about sixteen, "will you see after Miss Sorrel's luggage?"

"With pleasure," said the other, "and allow me, Miss Sorrel to commiserate with you on your relationship to Ned Ellis, Esquire, otherwise known as the 'Belle's Speaker,' and at the same time to congratulate you on your happy arrival to reign over us your Canadian subjects, whom you will find not inferior in loyalty to any others in England, Scotland, or Ireland. "But hark"—and he pointed to the tower of a large Gothic building, half hidden by woods, whence the tolling of a bell was now heard—"the hour is almost come when we, that is Ned, and I, his innocent but unfortunate friend, must—"

"Hark!" said the other, whose face flushed as if he was a little annoyed, "my cousin must be tired—you can go on, Jack, and I will follow you as soon as I

have seen Miss Sorrel comfortable. This is one of our happy family, Miss Sorrel, over whom you are to reign, as he says, if it so please you—let me introduce Jack Ross, better known as the Otter."

"I am sure we shall be good friends," said Edith as she shook hands with each of the boys; "but if I understand you right, you have some engagement just now from which I ought not to keep you. Is that great building your school?"

"The unhappy facts of the case are, Miss Sorrel," said Jack Ross, "that it having 'pleased Heaven to form poor Ned a thing of idiot mind,' he was yesterday moved to imitate the deeds in arms of the warrior, Major Ellis, his father, who was a great brave, and in whose wigwam are the scalps of many enemies; Ned was trying to imitate the paternal achievements by discharging bread pills through a pea-shooter at his enemies the 6th form. Now being caught ignominiously as he always is, he was sentenced to repeat fifty lines—and Saturday afternoon you know is our keeping-in day, our 'dies nefandus et tempus non mirabile.' But I beg your pardon for quoting Latin. I am sure, I hope, having a young lady living in the house with us, will make us all brush up in manners."

"And you—are you too kept in?" said Edith smiling. "I have to say the fifth proposition of Euclid in French, German, and Greek—I suppose next they'll tell me to set it to music or to put it into Latin hexameters" said the young gentleman ruefully.

"Come, come, Otter, you be off—I will only stay a moment to see after my cousin," Ned Ellis urged.

So the cousins passed into the house and into a large hall hung with guns, fishing rods, snowshoes, models of canoes, and stuffed animals of various kinds unknown to Edith. But there is not room in this chapter to tell the rest of Edith's reception, or to describe as we would wish the warm welcome which is ever bestowed upon a stranger in the house of a Canadian gentleman. Reader, fair reader, and O loveliest of all readers who hast subscribed to this magazine, we must only try again in chapter No. 2, in the February number. Suffice it to say, that the last sound Edith heard as she entered the house was the voice of Jack Ross chanting to a strange kind of air some unintelligible song which sounded like the following :

"In an
Sosceles tri-
Angle, as B. C. A.,
The angles that face
Each other at the base
Are equal in every way.

(To be continued.)

PARTED.

I

We parted a year ago,
 When the roses were blossoming red,
 And milk-white daisies were all aglow;
 And it were better at length, you said,
 Our ways should be sundered so.
 An idle word and a wayward will,
 A little blindness betwixt us two,
 Darken'd the best of our lives with ill,
 And render'd our faith untrue.
 Well, as old friends we parted,
 Plodded our ways in the world again;
 And one was dreary-hearted,
 And one was weary and wan with pain.

II.

Ah, darling, the time has been long,
 And wearier far than men wot,
 That our hearts have suffer'd from wrong;
 But all good things in this world die not,
 Tho' some be hidden and some forgot;
 And this border of purple vines,
 That over the lattice clings,
 Has wither'd and naked been
 In the suns of a many springs;
 Yet ever the summer is green,
 And ever the autumn shines;
 So ever the love that is languid
 Shall brighten again
 Like the bourgeoning groves of the spring
 In the genial rain;
 And the shadow and gloom of the past
 Shall grow gorgeous and golden at last.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Under this head it is proposed to give in each number of our magazine a monthly summary of whatever may be likely to prove interesting in the way of news respecting the work of the Church, in England and the colonies first, and also in other parts of the world.

The most important item of English Church news of the last month is the judgment of the Court of Chancery in the suit of Dr. Colenso against the trustees of the Colonial Bishops' Fund, for the recovery of his salary as Bishop of Natal. This the trustees had withheld, on the ground that their trust was founded for the establishment of Bishops with legal sees and effective jurisdiction, neither of which the Bishop of Natal was declared, by Lord Westbury's judgment, to possess. The court awarded Dr. Colenso his salary, as was expected, the law of England ignoring the Bishop of Capetown's deposition of the heretical Bishop. But Lord Romilly, the Master of the Rolls, announces his decision in a judgment filling ten columns of the *London Guardian*, in which he proposes an entirely new theory of the relations of the Colonial Church—not to the English Church, but to the English state. He declares that all the world has quite mistaken the effect of Lord Westbury's judgment in the Colenso case. That judgment was supposed by every one (including such obscure persons as all the members of the late Russell-Gladstone ministry, as witness their Colonial Bishops' Bill, confessedly introduced to carry out that view) to have completely severed the *legal* connection between the Church in the Colonies and the mother Church, leaving the Colonial Bishops without legal dioceses or jurisdiction. Lord Westbury said that "the crown could command consecration of a Bishop, but had no power to assign him any diocese or give him any sphere of action within any Colony that has received legislative institutions." This dictum Lord Romilly now says "is incorrect"—that the crown has power to assign to a Bishop in such a Colony a sphere within which to exercise his functions, which would be a proper diocese. And after reciting the powers given in the letters patent of the Bishop of Natal, he declares that he "fails to discover any one of them which a Colonial Bishop is unable to exercise"; and he lays it down broadly that all Colonial Bishops have, by virtue of their letters-patent, jurisdiction over all persons within their dioceses professing to be members of the Church of England quite as effectually as the Bishops in England have. The only kind of jurisdiction which they have not is *coercive* jurisdiction—that is to say, the Bishop may erect his court, try all causes and persons, and punish all that are criminous; only, to enforce obedience to his orders, and to remove obstructions interposed to prevent him performing his functions, he must have recourse to the civil tribunals of the Colony, which tribunals are bound to enforce obedience to the Bishop's decisions upon all professing members of the Church of England in the Colony, provided those decisions are according to the rules of justice and the principles of the Church of England. Every thoughtful person will at once see how grave a matter this new judgment is. It makes the Colonial dioceses a part and parcel of the Church of England, as by law established." It binds upon them all the decisions of the Privy Council in doctrinal matters. For example, according to the judgment of the Privy Council in the *Essays and Review* cases, it makes it lawful for a clergyman in Canada to deny eternal punishment, the inspiration of Holy Scripture, the atonement. Of course, we may have Privy

Council judgments of this kind, leaving it open to the clergy to deny every article of the Christian faith. Also this new judgment takes away from the Colonial dioceses the right of meeting in Synod to make rules and regulations for the management of the affairs of the Church, and for adapting the English parochial system to the circumstances and needs of the various Colonies. It may be said that this does not affect us in Canada, inasmuch as our Synods are established by Act of Parliament. This, however, will probably be found to be a mistake. So long as Canadian churchmen and clergy voluntarily submit to them, our synodical regulations and decisions will hold good; but in case of appeal, the Privy Council will set aside all those that are not in accordance with the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, "as by law established." Our Provincial Court of Appeal goes at once—we *have none* now—the only appeal being from the Bishop's Court in each diocese to the civil courts of the country, and from them to the Privy Council in England. Whether English churchmen throughout the world will submit to so monstrous a tyranny as this, remains to be seen. Meantime an appeal from Lord Romilly's decision lies to the Privy Council, which may wholly reject or very considerably modify his judgment. It does not appear from the English papers whether notice of such appeal has yet been given.

The ritual movement continues to occupy a large share of public attention in England, and seems to be viewed by the more thoughtful with an increasingly grave anxiety. Bishop Ellicott, the learned, scholarly and catholic-minded Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in a sermon preached in the Cathedral of Bristol on the 4th November "says justly of recent changes in ritual," (we quote the *Guardian*) "that they signify and are meant to signify if not changes, enhancements and developements" of doctrine: and as such he reprehends them severely, not without ample consideration for the various motives and causes which have tended and are tending to impel good men in this dangerous direction. "That is true" (the *Guardian* proceeds) "these changes are in fact substituting for the services of our liturgy other and different services which give to certain doctrines a character and prominence different from those which the liturgy assigns them; and such changes an individual clergyman has no right to make—no right toward his congregation, and no right toward the Church." There are however some cheering signs on the part of the more advanced ritualists of yielding to the general judgment and feeling of the Church. In several cases the vestments, incense, &c., have been abandoned.—On the other hand it is curious to note that the ritualistic movement has penetrated the dissenting bodies with great power. At the autumnal meeting of "the Congregational Union of England and Wales" lately held in Sheffield, the celebrated Newman Hall, the chairman, having complained that dissenters "have failed to win the upper classes, and do not even retain the children of those who have risen amongst us to a high social position," goes on to suggest as remedies greater attention to church architecture, "so as to attract persons of

culture," avoiding of religious expressions wanting in good taste, ceasing to require as essential to church fellowship a minute history of the conversion of the candidate—and, finally, the use in worship of what is beautiful to the eye and ear, or even of a Liturgy. He said, "must worship be dull in order to be spiritual? Is the divinely bestowed faculty of a good ear, a correct eye, a taste for beauty to be ignored in religion? Would it be well to associate the people more in the outward utterances of worship? Might we, with advantage, have some services entirely for praise, thus cultivating the musical talent of the congregation? Might not the people be encouraged to take a greater audible share in prayer also? With this view might some forms of prayer be expedient? Is it not possible to be spiritual in the use of a form of prayer, as in that of a form of praise? As the Liturgical Service of the Church of England is, on the whole, very scriptural and beautiful, might we not in some cases introduce, at least, some portion of it into our service? Would it be better to prepare a new Liturgy ourselves, or to adopt in whole or in part, that grand old ritual which is rather the inheritance of the universal church than of any one section of it?" Dr. Vaughan, a dissenter of equal celebrity and more learning, while on the whole opposing ritualism, yet acknowledges that "ritualism in religion is reasonable and useful—seems to give vitality to some of our most cherished ideas—and has some place assigned to it even under the Christian dispensation." These two addresses gave the tone to the entire discussion. And the *Patriot*, the organ of the dissenters in England, half astonished, says of it, "all religious communities are influenced by the ritualistic movement, and instead of nonconformists taking up their parable against it, they are actually talking about adopting some of the forms, which were to their ancestors a reason for separation from the Anglican Church. It will be no slight offset against the offences and heart-burnings of the ritualist movement if it shall turn out to have been the means of helping on the reconciliation of the great and influential body of the English nonconformists to the church of their fathers.

Dr. Goulburn has been appointed, with universal applause, Dean of Norwich. The Archbishop of Canterbury has gladdened the hearts of all churchmen by paying a visit to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and laying the first stone of a church in the Diocese of Moray and Ross, besides, in other ways showing and expressing the full union and communion which exist between that Church and the Church of England. In reference to this visit, the *Times* has drawn down upon itself the laughter of all the world by setting itself gravely to prove, in a leading article, that the only church in Scotland in union and full communion with the Church of England is the *Presbyterian Establishment*, and that, therefore, the Archbishop of Canterbury, by going among the Episcopalians turned himself into a *Dissenter!*—One would think that after the activity in church building and restoration in England of the last thirty years, all opportunity for such good works would be exhausted. Not so. During the last four weeks the following list is reported:—the restoration of St. David's Cathedral making successful progress,

taste, ceasing the conversion s beautiful to ship be dull in d ear, a correct rell to associate e, with advan- sical talent of greater audible be expedient? is in that of a England is, on ses introduce, r to prepare a ld ritual which ection of it?" , while on the gion is reason- ed ideas—and tion." These riot, the organ gious commu- oncomformists dopting some ion from the es and heart- the means of f the English

£20,000 being already contributed. The Chapel Royal of St. James thoroughly renovated. The Parish Church of *Wyton*, Hants, restored, "Mr. George Brown," (of Toronto?) contributing £400. New church, consecrated by Bishop of Chester, at *Hindly*, near Wigan, seating 700 persons, all the seats free; and next day another new church, by the same Bishop, at *Bootle*, built by the liberality of one gentleman, at a cost of £8000, as a memorial to his deceased daughter. The following may serve as a specimen of the decorations in stained glass of all the churches in this list:—"The only stained glass at present in the church is in three of the apse windows, forming part of a series intended to illustrate 'woman's faith and devotion to the Saviour;' the subjects being, 1. 'the Synoptician woman;' 2. 'Daughters of Jerusalem weeping over Christ led forth to crucifixion;' 3. 'The woman with the issue of blood touching the Lord's garment.'"—St. Anne's Church, *Soho*, re-opened after considerable alterations, effected through the offerings of a layman unconnected with the parish. The church of *Llangattuck-juxta-Usk*, re-opened after restoration. *Brettenham* Church, after complete restoration, the east and other windows filled, *in memoriam*, with stained glass. *Tockwith* Church, *Knareborough*, erected at sole cost of a lady, consecrated; cost £4,000. Church of *South Lopham* re-opened after complete restoration, principally at cost of rector. Church of *Wandy*, *Cambridgeshire*, consecrated by Bishop of Ely, cost £1,300. St. Andrew's, *Fillingham*, reopened after restoration. All Saints, *Northampton*, reopened after complete restoration. New Church of *Dulas*, *Herts*, consecrated; another at *Ovington*, *Hants*, this last having cost £2,500. Large and handsome new church of St. John Evangelist, *Horminglow*, *Burton* on *Trent*, consecrated. Chancel of *Witney* Church reopened, restored at cost of £3,000. Nearly new church at *Preston Gubbols*, *Shrewsbury*, restored at cost of £1,500, reopened. *Scholing* new church, *Southampton*, consecrated, cost over £2,000. Chancel of fine old parish church of *Wells*, *Norfolk*, reopened, restored at cost of £1,500 at sole expense of the rector's mother. Church of *Shilton*, near *Coventry*, restored at expense of £2,000. So, week after week, the good work goes on.—Lord Westbury has now a golden opportunity of improving the theology of the Presbyterians. A Presbyterian minister, strangely enough, a neighbour of Dr. Colenso in *South Africa*, was suspended by his Synod "for denying the existence of the devil, and the sinlessness of Christ's human nature." On appeal the case has been heard before the judicial committee of the Privy Council, after which Lord Westbury said "their Lordships would take time to consider their decision."—A fund is being raised in England, called the Curates' Augmentation Fund, for the purpose of increasing the stipends of all curates, of fifteen years' standing, by £100 a year. For this an annual income of £40,000 a year will be required. It is proposed not to begin distributing till a capital of £200,000 has been raised. This whole system is thoroughly unwholesome. Why should the curates—the clergy of rich parishes in England—be paid out of an eleemosynary fund? How much better to bring the same amount of zeal and energy to bear in awakening the

of Norwich, hurchmen by first stone of showing and urch and the n down upon in a leading ion with the herefore, the himself into building and h good works owing list is ful progress,

mass of the Christian people to the duty of supporting those who minister to them in holy things.—To come nearer home,—the Synod of Ontario, owing to the last winter's serious illness of the Bishop, was postponed this year from June to the 20th November. The Bishop delivered a charge of much ability and interest—calling attention to the progress of church-work in the diocese; the foundation of "Ontario College," that is, a Diocesan Grammar School at Picton, C. W.; Ritualism in England; the relations of the Colonial Church to the Church at home; and the prospects of a general council of the entire Anglican communion. The entire charge deserves an attentive perusal. The Bishop's answer to the queries of the Lord Bishop of London, respecting our relations to England, are peculiarly pungent, as well as to the point, and set forth admirably the common sense view of the various points raised by the Bishop of London, as well as the view doubtless of the great body of Colonial churchmen. If so, we are safe, Lord Romilly's judgment notwithstanding. The only matter of general interest in the debates of the Synod was the resolution of the Hon. James Patton on ritualism, which after a very lengthy and somewhat warm debate was carried (unanimously owing to the insertion of the words in italics,) as follows: "Resolved, that the Synod of this Diocese desires emphatically to disclaim any sympathy with the *extreme and unauthorized* Ritualism, which is now so unhappily agitating the Church in the mother country."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The popular reception of literary productions depends in a great measure upon their ingenious titles. Anything novel in character, even in the trivial matter of names, attracts immediate attention. There is a charm in a unique title which draws one irresistibly to the object of attraction. Thus our interest was excited by the announcement of "*Ecce Homo*;" * a careful perusal of it, however, has rendered us more wary of literary baits. We learned in the innocent days of our youth the fabled attempt of the giants to scale Heaven, and thought *giants* were introduced into the tale to illustrate more forcibly the utter futility of such an undertaking. Nor did we then suspect that a similar enterprise would ever again be designed during the continuance of so profitable a lesson. Nevertheless we have been cruelly undeceived. The mental arrogance of the present age (over enlightened, we fear, in some respects) has impiously undertaken to critically weigh in the scales of human reason the principles of Christianity, which, once for all defined, have been grounded for nearly nineteen centuries in the human heart. And the result has been, a monument of obscurities and contradictions to perpetuate the unenviable memory of yet another victim to the blandishments of folly. Another work of like character, which we sincerely hope may never appear, is promised by the same author. Having already ventured infinitely

* "*Ecce Homo*." A Survey of the Life and Works of Jesus Christ. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

who minister to Ontario, owing to a year from June much ability and the diocese; the ar School at Pical Church to the entire Anglican l. The Bishop's ; our relations to forth admirably op of London, as men. If so, we only matter of ion of the Hon. somewhat warm vords in italics,) emphatically to ualism, which is

beyond his mental depth, we can scarcely conceive of the propriety of another movement in that direction. There is, however, in this notorious work, a loftiness and beauty of diction, sustained from beginning to end with remarkable power, which fascinates, like the cadence of some weird melody, the mind of the reader, until he forgets, in the gorgeousness of the surroundings, the evil enshrined.

It was Prentice, we believe, who said every back woodsman in America possessed two books only, the Bible and Shakspeare; with which he was thoroughly conversant. Without venturing to defend this somewhat extraordinary statement, we would, nevertheless, bear witness to the zealous and laudable attempts which are being made to place the writings of the immortal bard within the reach of even the most indigent. A short time ago we thought the summit of benevolence had been attained in the celebrated "*Globe*" edition, which was complete, strikingly well executed, and published at the exceedingly low price of one dollar. A London publisher, * however, offers all this, together with thirty-seven illustrations, a memoir, and several portraits of the author, for the trifling sum of three shillings. The excellence of its execution bears a just proportion to the cost of publishing; and the illustrations, for all we know, may have had their origin in the fashion plates which decorated the shop of some mediæval tailor. Economy evidently falls short of its true end when the sight of a people is injured by miniature type, and its appreciation of the excellent and beautiful vitiated by worthless engravings.

to measure upon rivial matter of ique title which rest was excited it, however, has nocent days of thought *giants* futility of such rise would ever

Were that eloquent advocate of Homeric studies, Coleridge, now living, he would rejoice at the rapidly advancing interest everywhere displayed in the cultivation of the classics. Within the last few years translations of Homer in almost every possible variety of metre have sprung up. Earl Derby's English version of the "*Iliad*," which, in correctness of rendering and vivid representation of the spirit of the original, surpassed all existing versions, is now followed by another from the pen of the Scotch professor Blackie, † which is commendable for the general accuracy shown in the details of translation. The four expensive volumes, in which it is published, will materially impede its popularity.

Nevertheless esent age (over en to critically y, which, once in the human contradictions blandishments pe may never ured infinitely

Mr. John Connington, ‡ in rendering the "*Æneid*" into English verse, has achieved no small conquest in the field of modern scholarship. Fortunately he has avoided the almost impracticable hexameter, choosing rather the octo-syllabic metre of Scott, the rapid movement of which does away, in a great measure, with the monotony so often experienced in a long poem. Always accurate and elegant, his rendering is often extremely felicitous.

We have here a translation of three of the plays of Euripides. § The tran-

* All the writings of Shakspeare. A cheap edition. London: Alexander Strahan, 1866.

† The *Iliad* of Homer, translated into English verse, by Prof. Blackie.

‡ The *Æneid* translated into English verse, by Prof. John Connington.

§ Translations from Euripides. By I. Cartwright, A.M. London: D. Nutt & Co. 1866.

slator has endeavoured to give rather the general meaning of the tragedian than an exact rendering; and in this, with here and there an exception, he has admirably succeeded. Of late the older dramatists have received so much the greater share of attention that we are glad to see the beauties and peculiarities of the younger poet so faithfully represented. In a few instances, however, the care of the translator to render the sense evident has prevented him from preserving the exquisite melody and beauty of the original.

"Black flows the source of every sacred stream,
And justice, like all else, is turned aside."

Is but a faint reflex of the opening lines of that sublime chorus in *Medea* :

*ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν
χωρῶν παγῶν,
καὶ δίκαια πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.*

Whatever may be the fluctuation in other classes of literary productions, the monthly number of poetic publications continues undiminished. The love-sick knights of the middle ages never sang with greater pertinacity than do the innumerable poetasters of the present day. No subject is so humble, no theme so lofty, but that it must suffer the infliction of rhymes, oftener feeble and discordant, than even melodious; and, interspersed with endless nonentities, or, what is worse, with endless fallacies, be despatched, as the latest remarkable production of Mr. Such-an-one, whose only titles to fame are a set of incongruities in imitation of the eccentricities of a certain literary man of the past, who enjoyed a comfortable reputation, to the thousand and one poetically inclined people, who exist in every country. From the numerous volumes of verse at our command we select the following only as worthy of notice.

Mr. Irwin has given us a great deal of exquisite poetry in his modest little volume. * He is a genuine dreamer, whose temperament inclines him to pore over the past rather than the present, or, future, and to sympathize rather with the sentiment than the action of nature. How vividly are these lines :

"Lone clouds that move at set of sun,
Like pilgrims to some sacred star;
Long moonlight hosts that seem to bear
White banners through the waste of air;
Like steeled crusaders marching on
Through deserts to some field of war."

Does he represent, by the tone and colouring of his landscape, the impressions which associations arising from the spiritual relation in the picturesque, leave upon the mind? In his handling of the artificial picturesque his delineations are always consistent with the natural; and in the "Night on the Lagunes," one might easily imagine the poet musing from his moon-lighted casement in Venice.

"While o'er the blue waves flow,
A bacchant group below,
Quaff wine at leafy windows in the moon's autumnal glow."

* Poems by Cauldfield Irwin. Dublin: McGloshan & Gill, 1866.

But by no means the least distinct characteristic of Mr. Irwin's poetry is the chaste classical feeling which pervades it. There is abundant evidence of an imagination impregnated with the fancy and gorgeousness of classic times; but the inspiration is always pure.

In Professor Plumptre's new volume* of poems the gloss of refinement sometimes conceals the charming simplicity of nature. He lacks creative power, and, therefore, moulds to exquisite proportions the material he has discovered. For this reason we are inclined to admire him more in his translations than in his original pieces. This work, however, will add considerably to the fine reputation he has already acquired as an author.

"*Atalanta in Calydon*" presents an eminent example of the successful adaptation of modern mind to the order of ancient thought. No other modern poet, with the exception, perhaps, of Landor, whose mind harmonized less with his own than with the age of Pericles, could have treated with such consummate art, or have surrounded with an atmosphere so similar to the classic original, the scanty remnant of a once popular Grecian legend. There is in it an absence of appeal to the sentimentality of human nature which is refreshing, indeed, in an age professedly given to imitation, and pandering to desire of public applause. But this spirit of independence and disregard even of the allowances extended to a young and ambitious hope, are closely interwoven with an insolence of originality, and a defect of moral tone, or rather misapprehension of the Grecian theory of theology, which disclosed at once a dangerous element in the mental character of the poet and placed him in a critical position with respect to his future success. Fully appreciating the deep pathos, constituted largely of the mystery of sorrow and the contradiction of life, which pervades to so great an extent the literature and legends of ancient Greece, we find in it nowhere that utter despair, resolving itself into open defiance of the Supreme Ruler and bitter antagonism to theism, which the poet represents as the leading passion in his tragedy.

"For the gods very subtly fashion
Madness with sadness upon earth :
Not knowing in any wise compassion,
Nor holding pity of any worth ;"—

Is rather an aberration of fancy than a correct expression of Grecian mind, which however implacable it considered the Destinies, to whom both gods and men were subject, never represented those powers as cruel, capricious, and delighting in the miseries of mankind. Holding this opinion of Mr. Swinburne's previous productions, we naturally look for the same tendencies in his later publication. † Nor are we in the least disappointed. We find everywhere the same artistic power and individuality; the same bountifulness of imagery and mastery of the music of versification.

But, however deep he had drunk at the sources of Grecian inspiration when

* "Master and Scholar," by L. H. Plumptre, M.A. London : Alexander Strahan, 1866.

† Poems & Ballads, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. London : E. Moxon & Co., 1866.

"*Atalanta in Calydon* was produced, he has infinitely departed in his poems and ballads from its true spirit. Disregarding the evident moderation of those poetic masters, the divine spirit of whose art he would fain have us to believe he has thoroughly conceived, he revels in a profusion and gorgeousness of colours, which howsoever fascinating, are neither classical nor natural. The primary objection, however, we would urge against Mr. Swinburne's poems, presents itself in the character of the subjects he has chosen for delineation. He has in no wise attempted to revive the old pagan conception of joy, but to exhibit in the fierce glow of passionate language those nameless abominations, from the very mention of which the human heart recoils, and to elevate to the seat of dethroned reason the sickly pleasures of sense. The habits of Pasiphaë and Faustina furnish him with food for poetic reflection, and make up the only version of the dreams of fair women he is capable of appreciating. Page after page he gloats upon a single subject, the most shameful and depraved qualities of human nature, and embellishes it with all the adornments of poetic art. Yet in the midst of all this immorality there are occasional passages of singular beauty and purity of thought, that leave it to be regretted that a genius so remarkable should grovel down amongst the abominations which inspire in it such frenzied delight. There is, also, a rapidity, a variety, and a revelling in power, which fasten upon the attention of the reader, and carry it along even to the end of the subject with unflagging impetuosity. Nor can we better conclude than by giving a short extract from the "*Song in Time of Revolution*," which may confirm our preceding statement.

"The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high priest covers his head ;
For this is the song of the quick that is heard in the ears of the dead :
The poor and the halt and the blind are keen and mighty and fleet ;
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound of the noise of their feet.

Dr. Anster of Dublin has published a translation of the second part of Goëthe's great poem, *Faust*. * It is prefaced by an essay on German literature, and forms the best possible introduction to an acquaintance with the writings of Goëthe. We hope in a future number to present our readers with a review of Dr. Anster's rendering of *Faust*, parts 1 and 2 ; and, therefore, we shall say nothing more respecting it, at present, than to heartily recommend it to the attention of all who feel interested in German writings.

NEPTUNE'S RETURN.

I.

Cold falls the night on starless seas and skies :
Stretched on the waves the weary north wind lies ;
With cracked and shrieking voice he shouts and sings
The maddest yarns about the maddest things,—

* Goëthe's *Faust*, Part II. A Translation. By Dr. Anster of Dublin. London : Longman & Co., 1866.

Storms, shipwrecks, flying Dutchmen, all that be,
 The wicked, ghastly secrets of the sea,
 So wicked that they make each water sprite
 Leap from the water screaming for delight.

II.

But lo, on the wet sands
 A stranger stands,
 About his manly form in many a fold
 A Spanish mantle wraps him from the cold.
 The storm blows wilder as he passes by;
 And where he steps red sparkles flash and fly.
 He bends his way to where you lonely light
 Gleams from the fisher's cottage on the height.

III.

Her father and brother are out at sea,
 The fisherman's daughter is there alone,
 The fairest girl in the land is she;
 No maiden half so fair as she
 Can at Church, or market, or dance be shown;
 And her merry gray eyes, and her gold-bright curls,
 Win the love of all men, and the hate of all girls;
 And now she sits by the fire alone,
 And over her face in the red fire light
 The golden curls fall glossy and bright.

IV.

The stranger enters—now she flushes red—
 I come to keep my promise, as I said,
 The good old times are come again,
 The good old Pagan ages, when
 The gods took wives from the daughters of men,
 Begetting heroes, men of renown,
 Who mightily ruled over castle and town;
 And I am Neptune, shaker of the sea,
 So now, my dearest girl, come home with me.
 In this lone place I bet you what you wish
 You feel as lonely as a stranded fish.

V.

The fisher may search for his home and his daughter—
 Nothing is here but the cold grey water.
 And the men were sad,
 And the women were glad,
 For she never came back howe'er they sought her.

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The Medley.

ACROSTICS.

CHRISTUS SALVATOR.

I.

Choro sancto nunciatus,
Homo, Deus Increatus,
Regum Rex, Puellâ natus,
In ignaris habitat,
Sumens vilem carnis vestem,
Tradit gloriam coelestem,
Ut dispellat culpae pestem
Satanamque subigat.

II.

Surgit stella prophitarum,
Adest Victor tenebrarum,
Lumen omnium terrarum
Via, Vita, Veritas.
Animas illuminavit,
Tartarorum vim fugavit,
Oras coelicas monstravit
Redemptoris claritas.

JOHN READE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

i.

Lesbia to her lyre is singing,
Lesbia all alone,
From it dulcet notes forth bringing,
Echoing her own.

ii.

Flashes forth my last with fire
Casting upward glances,
Sure Apollo must inspire
My first with his own fancies.

1.

She sang of Dido's passion, Helen's flame,
The cause of Cleopatra's haughty death,
Of Hero and of Sappho, and her breath
Falter'd, and her quick colour went and
[came.]

2.

Then sudden changed and struck another
[chord,
Man, busy, toiling, grasping, man her
[song
How cities rise, how men together throng,
How commerce spreads her swelling sails
[abroad.

3.

Then struck a sweeter note—she sang of
[war
Forgotten, feuds made up; all wrongs
[forgiven,
Of Earth become again a little Heaven,
Rancour and hatred dead for ever, ever
[more.

APOTHEGMS.

I.

Men of the old school are like the trees
which woodmen spare to shade their posterity; they serve to remind us of what has been.

II.

Literature is a fragment of a fragment. Of all that ever happened, or has been said, but a fraction has been written; and of this but little is extant.

III.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.

IV.

The praises bestowed on the dead, like the flowers strewn over their graves, though gratifying to surviving friends, are nothing to them.

V.

Whatever is only *almost* true is false, and among the most dangerous of errors; because so near the truth, and therefore the more likely to lead astray. Precise knowledge is the only true knowledge; and he who does not teach exactly, does not teach at all.

VI.

Some persons who ask for advice, mean *approbation*.

CHARADES.

I.

Should woman change her sex at all,
My first she needs must be.
My next a gallant admiral
As ever dared the sea.
My whole, by searching in the ground,
An ancient patriarch's heir soon found.

II.

We're expecting the Prince,
'Tis all bustle and noise;

Call my first, and its music
Will quiet the boys.

The boys? Aye, my second's
Not dull to its charms:
E'en my second's aroused
When my first calls to arms.

Alas! for those arms
Bring my whole into need
To staunch the sad wound
That without it must bleed.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes: Peace in thy
[breast.
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to
[rest.

II.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright,
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall.
And she who means no mischief does it all.

III.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they come, fear but augments the pain.

IV.

How grandly beauty beams
From tender eyes;
The angry out-flash gleams;
Sweet beauty dies.

QUESTIONS.

I.

Can any of your readers furnish me with
the true derivation of the word *Whitsun-*
day?

II.

In I Cor. iv. 4, is the word "by" a mis-
take of the translators, or was it used in
old English as equivalent to "against?"
Can any of your readers illustrate this use
of the word "by" from English writers of
the age of our version?

III.

In Exodus, x. 29, Moses is made to say to
Pharaoh, with all the solemnity of a pro-

hecy, "Thou hast spoken well, I will see
thy face again no more;" and yet in the
next chapter (Exod. xi. 8), we find Moses
again with Pharaoh, and yet again, appar-
ently, in the next chapter, Ex. xii. 31.
Did the word of Moses in this instance fail?
E.Y.

IV.

At what time did the "godly discipline,"
mentioned in the Commination Service,
cease to be enforced? G. Z. R.

V.

Can any of your readers inform me of the
derivation of the word "*Pew*," and when
it came into use!

ARITHMOREMS, ENIGMAS, &c.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

II.

- 1—A city of Canada.
- 2—A river of South America.
- 3—A territory in the United States.
- 4—A river in England.
- 5—A country of Africa.

- 6—A mountain in Palestine.
- 7—A city of Sweden.
- 8—One of the Crimean battles.

The initials give the name of a celebrated
Mexican General.

IRENE AND GYPSIE.

ENIGMA.

III.

My—7, 6, 11, 15, is disagreeable in summer.

My—11, 1, 6, 7, 3, 14, 5, 4, sometimes play practical jokes.

My—12, 13, 9, 10, 2, is a period of time.

My—4, 13, 6, 15, 2, 8, 18, is an English poet

My—10, 8, 14, is a number.

My—17, 13, 9, 3, 17, 18, is solitary.

My—3, 15, 2, 8, 17, is a girl's name.

The success of my whole is greatly to be desired.

IRENE AND GYPSIE.

DECAPITATIONS.

IV.

1. Complete, I am a clergyman's seat in a choir; behead me, and I am not short; behead me again, and I am whole.

2. Complete, I am a material for covering houses; behead me, and I am always behind hand; again behead and transpose me, and I am a foreign plant.

IRENE AND GYPSIE.

HARROLD ASSOCIATION.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE,
Lennoxville, Dec. 7th, 1866.

The general monthly meeting of the members of the Harrold Association was held this evening, in the College Library, the President (Rev. Dr. Nicolls) in the chair. The meeting having been opened in the usual manner, the Rev. H. Roe, M.A., acting Professor of Divinity, read a most instructive paper, suggesting a course of private study for a theological student supplementary to his College lectures in divinity. After a few introductory remarks, the Rev. gentleman treated the subject under the following heads, (1) The Study of the Scriptures, (2) of the great English Divines, and (3) of the Fathers; shewing the great

need of a thorough acquaintance with them all, and recommending a number of those works of modern authors, which he considered best suited to assist a student in prosecuting such studies.

Mr. E. King, B.A., next read from a copy of the "Colonial Church Chronicle," an interesting account of the last days of Kamehameha the IV, (the husband of Queen Emma) king of the Sandwich Islands.

The subject for discussion was then taken up, "What Ritual does the Church of England enjoin in her prayer book in the performance of Divine Service?" and sustained with great animation until the hour of adjournment.

B. B. SMITH, Recorder.

QUINTILIAN SOCIETY.

Most of the alumni of the University will, I feel sure, be glad to learn that the Quintilian or Debating Society is still well sustained. The old registers containing the constitution and bye-laws, drawn up by those who first formed the Society, have passed through the hands of the successive secretaries, and are still in existence; in them also the curious may find the nominal rolls of members and the minutes of the proceedings of every meeting of the Society since its establishment. During this term a regular meeting has been held fortnightly,

besides a less formal one in each intervening week.

The President, Mr. B. B. Smith, B.A., and the Vice-President, Mr. J. King, have, with exemplary regularity, always been in their places.

Reports of the regular meetings to be held next term will be handed in to the Editor of the "Students' Monthly," for publication.

ERN. AUG. W. KING, B.A.,

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, }
Dec. 10, 1866. }

Secretary.