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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

EDITED BY G. MERCER ADAM.

VOLUME IV.
FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1880.

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1880.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(*Manner of the Thirteenth Century.*)

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

SHEPHERDS abiding without in the cold,
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Why come ye hither so far from your fold?
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Kings from the East that are led by a Star—
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Red gold and incense why bring you from far?
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

We sail over sea from the land of the Jews;
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Of God and our Lady we give you good news—
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Dark on the village the night had gone down;
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Bleak the night-blast blew on Bethlehem town
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Suddenly, sweetly the angel-host sings,
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Flashing through gloom with a gold-gleam of wings—
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

Sweet is the song that they sing to us still:
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
"*Peace upon earth unto men of good will*"
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore).

CANADIAN LIFE IN THE COUNTRY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

'I talk of dreams.
* * * * *
For you and I are past our dancing days.'

I WAS born in the County of ——, on the 4th day of June in the beginning of this century. I have no recollection of my entry into the world, though present when the great event occurred; but I have every reason to believe the date given is correct, for I have it from my mother and father who were there at the time also, and I think my mother had pretty good reason to know all about it. I was the first of the family, though my parents had been married for more than five years before I presented myself as their hopeful heir, and to demand from them more attention than they anticipated. The Psalmist said in his day, that 'children are an heritage,' and he who had 'his quiver full of them shall not be ashamed; they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.' I do not know what effect this had on my father's enemies, if he had any; but later experience has proved to me that the couple that rear a numerous progeny go through a vast deal of trouble and anxiety. At any rate I made my appearance on the stage, and began my performance behind the footlights of domestic bliss. I must have been a success, for I called forth a great deal of applause from my parents, and received their undivided attention. But other actors came upon the boards in more rapid succession, so that in a few years the quiver of my father was well filled, and he might have met 'his enemies in the gate.'

My father, when he married, bought a farm,—all woods, of course;—these were the only farms available for young folk to commence life with in those days. There was a good deal of romance in it, doubtless. Love in a cot; the smoke gracefully curling; the wood-pecker tapping, and all that; very pretty; but alas, in this work-a-day-world, particularly the new one upon which my parents then entered, these silver linings were not observed; they had too much of the prose of life.

A house was built, a log one, of the Canadian rustic style then much in vogue, containing one room, and that not very large either, and to this my father brought his young bride Their outfit consisted, on his part, of a colt, a yoke of steers, a couple of sheep, some pigs, a gun, and an axe, My mother's *dot* comprised a heifer, bed and bedding, a table and chairs, a chest of linen, some dishes, and a few other necessary items with which to begin housekeeping. This will not seem a very lavish set-out for a young couple on the part of parents who were at that time more than usually well-off. But there was a large family on both sides, and the old people then thought it the better way to let the young folk try their hand in making a living before they gave them much. If they succeeded they wouldn't want much, and if they did not, it would come better after a while.

My father was one of a class of young men, not uncommon in those days, who possessed energy and activity. He was bound to win. What the old people gave was cheerfully accepted, and he went to work to acquire the necessaries and comforts of life

with his own hands. He chopped his way into the stubborn wood, and added field to field. The battle had now been waged for seven or eight years; an addition had been made to the house; other small comforts had been added, and the nucleus of future competence fairly established.

One of my first recollections is in connection with the small log-barn he had built, and which up to that date had not been enlarged. He carried me out one day in his arms and put me in a barrel in the middle of the floor; this was covered with loosened sheaves of wheat, which he kept turning over with a wooden fork, while the oxen and horse were driven round and round me. I did not know what it all meant then, but I afterwards learned that he was threshing. This was one of the first rude scenes in the drama of the early settlers' life to which I was introduced, and in which I had to take a more practical part in after years. I took part, also, very early in life, in sugar making. The sap-bush was not very far away from the house, and the sap-boiling was under the direction of my mother, who mustered all the pots and kettles she could command, and when they were properly suspended over the fire on wooden hooks, she watched them and rocked me in a sap-trough. Father's work consisted in bringing in the sap with two pails which were carried by a wooden collar about three feet long, and made to fit the shoulder, from each end of which were fastened two cords with hooks to receive the bail of the pails, leaving the arms free except to steady them. He had also to cut wood for the fire. I afterwards came to take a more active part in these duties and used to wish I could go back to my primitive cradle. But time pushed me on whether I would or not, until I scaled the mountain top of life's activities; and now, when quietly descending into the valley, my gaze is turned affectionately towards those early days. I do not think they were always bright and joyous, and I am sure I often chafed under the burdens imposed upon me; but now how inviting they seem.

My next recollection is the raising of a frame barn behind the house, and of a niece of my father's holding me in her arms to see the men pushing up the heavy bents * with long poles. The noise of the men shouting and driving in the wooden pins, with great wooden beetles, away up in the beams and stringers, alarmed me a great deal, but it all went up, and then one of the men mounted the plate, (the timber on which the foot of the rafter rests) with a bottle in his hand, and swinging it round his head three times, threw it off in the field. This was the usual ceremony in naming the building. If the bottle was unbroken, it was an omen of good luck. The bottle, I remember, was picked up whole, and shouts of congratulation followed; hence, I suppose, the prosperity that attended my father.

The only other recollection I have of this place was of my father, who was a very ingenious man, and could turn his hand to almost everything, making a cradle for my sister, for this addition to our number had occurred; but I have no remembrance of any such fanciful crib being made for my slumbers. Perhaps the sap-trough did duty for me in the house as well as in the bush. The next thing was our removal, which occurred in the winter, and all that I can recall of it is that my uncle took my mother, sister, and myself away in a sleigh, and we never returned to the little log house. My father had sold his farm, bought half of his old home, and came to live with his parents. They were Quakers. My grandfather was a short, robust old man, and very particular about his personal appearance. Half a century has elapsed since then, but the picture of the old man, taking his

* The term bent, whether correct or not, is used by carpenters for a part of a frame put together, and then raised as indicated.

walks about the place, in his closely-fitting snuff brown cut-away coat, knee breeches, broad-brimmed hat, and silver-headed cane is distinctly fixed in my memory. He died soon after we took up our residence with him, and the number who came from all parts of the country to the funeral was a great surprise to me. I could not imagine where so many people came from. The custom prevailed then, and no doubt does still, when a death occurred to send a messenger who called at every house for many miles around to give notice of the death and when and where the interment would take place.

My grandmother was a tall, neat, motherly old woman, beloved by everybody. She lived a number of years after her husband's death, and I seem to see her now sitting at one side of the old fire-place knitting; she was always knitting, and turning out scores of thick warm socks and mittens for her grandchildren.

At this time a great change had taken place, both in the appearance of the country, and in the condition of the people. It is true that many of the first settlers had ceased from their labours, but there were a good many left—old people now who were quietly enjoying, in their declining years, the fruit of their early industry. Commodious dwellings had taken the place of the first rude houses. Large frame barns and out-houses had grown out of the small log ones. The forest in the immediate neighbourhood had been cleared away, and well-tilled fields occupied its place. Coarse and scanty fare had been supplanted by a rich abundance of all the requisites that go to make home a scene of pleasure and contentment. Altogether a substantial prosperity was apparent. A genuine content, and a hearty good will, one towards another, in all the older townships existed. The settled part as yet, however, formed only a very narrow belt extending along the bay and lake shores. The great forest lay close at hand in the rear, and the second generation, as in the case of my father, had only to go a few miles to find it, and commence for itself the laborious struggle of clearing it away.

The old home, as it was called, was always a place of attraction, and especially so to the young people, who were always sure of finding good cheer at grandfather's. What fun, after the small place called home, to have the run of a dozen of rooms, to hunt the big cellar, with its great heaps of potatoes and vegetables, huge casks of cider, and well-filled bins of apples, or to sit at table loaded with the good things which grandmother only could supply. How delicious the large piece of pumpkin pie tasted, and how too h-some the rich crullers that melted in the mouth, that came between meals! Dear old body, I can see her now going to the great cupboard to get me something, saying as she goes, 'I'm sure the child is hungry.' And it was true, he was always hungry; and how he managed to stow away so much is a mystery I cannot now explain. There was no place in the world more to be desired than this, and no spot in all the past the recollection of which is more bright and joyous.

My father now assumed the management of affairs. The old people reserved one room to themselves, but it was free to all, particularly to us children. It was hard to tell sometimes which to choose, whether the kitchen, where the family were gathered round the cheerful logs blazing brightly in the big fire-place, or a stretch on the soft rag-carpet beside the box stove in grandmother's room. This room was also a sanctuary to which we often fled to escape punishment after doing some mischief. We were sure of an advocate there, if we could reach it in time.

The house was a frame one, as nearly all the houses were in those days, and was painted a dark yellow. There were two kitchens, one was used for

washing and doing the heavier household work in; the other, considerably larger, was used by the family. In the latter was the large fire-place, around which gathered in the winter-time bright and happy faces, where the old men smoked their pipes in peaceful reverie, or delighted us with stories of other days, and the old lady plied her knitting,—where mother darned our socks, and father mended our boots, where the girls were sewing, and uncles were scraping axe handles with bits of glass to make them smooth. There were no drones in farm-houses then; there was something for every one to do. At one side of the fire-place was the large brick oven with its gaping mouth, closed with a small door easily removed where the bread and pies were baked, and in the fire-place an iron crane securely fastened in the jam and made to swing in and out with its row of iron pot-hooks, of different lengths, on which to hang the pots used in cooking. Cook-stoves had not yet appeared to cheer the housewife and revolutionize the kitchen. Joints of meat and poultry were roasted on turning spits, or were suspended before the fire by a cord and wire attached to the ceiling. Cooking was attended with more difficulties then. Meat was fried in long-handled pans, and the short-cake that so often graced the supper table, and played such havoc with the butter and honey, with the pancakes that came piping hot on the breakfast table, owed their finishing touch to the frying pan. The latter, however, were more frequently baked on a large griddle with a bow handle made to hook on the crane; this, on account of its larger surface, enabled the cook to turn out these much-prized cakes, when properly made, with greater speed; and in a large family an expert hand was required to keep up the supply. Some years later an ingenious Yankee invented what was called a 'Reflector,' made of bright tin for baking with. It was a small tin oven with a slanting top, open at one side, and when required for use was set before the fire on the hearth. This simple contrivance was a great convenience and came into general use. Modern inventions in the appliances for cooking have very much lessened the labour and increased the possibilities of supplying a variety of dishes, but it has not improved the quality of them There were no better caterers to hungry stomachs than our mothers, whose practical education had been received in grandmother's kitchen. The other rooms of the house comprised a sitting-room,—used only when there was company—a parlour, four bed-rooms, and the room reserved for the old people. Up stairs were the sleeping and store-rooms. In the hall stood the tall old-fashioned house clock, with its long pendulum swinging to and fro with slow and measured beat. Its old face had looked upon the venerable sire before his locks were touched with the frost of age. When his children were born it indicated the hour, and had gone on telling off the days and years until they were grown. And when a wedding day had come, it rung a joyful peal through the house, and through the years the old hands travelled on, the hammer struck off the hours, and another generation came to look upon it and grow familiar with its constant tick.

The furniture was plain and substantial, more attention being given to durability than to style or ornament. Easy chairs—save the spacious rocking-chair for old women—and lounges were not seen. There was no time for lolling on well-stuffed cushions. The rooms were heated with large double box-stoves, very thick and heavy, made at Three Rivers, and by their side was always seen a large wood-box well filled with sound maple or beech-wood. But few pictures adorned the walls, and these were usually rude prints far inferior to those we get everyday now from the illustrated papers. Books, so

plentiful and cheap now-a-days, were then very scarce, and where a few could be found, they were mostly heavy doctrinal tomes piled away on some shelf where they were allowed to remain.

The home we now inhabited was altogether a different one from that we had left in the back concession, but it was like many another to be found along the bay shore. Besides our own family, there were two younger brothers of my father, and two grown up nieces, so that, when we all mustered round the table, there was a goodly number of hearty people always ready to do justice to the abundant provision made. This reminds me of an incident or two illustrative of the lavish manner with which a well-to-do farmer's table was supplied in those days. A Montreal merchant and his wife were spending an evening at a very highly-esteemed farmer's house. At the proper time supper was announced, and the visitors with the family gathered round the table which groaned, metaphorically speaking, under the load it bore. There was turkey, beef, and ham, bread and the favourite short-cake, sweet cakes in endless variety, pies, preserves, sauces, tea, coffee, cider, &c., &c. The visitors were amazed, as they might well be, at the lavish display of cooking, and they were pressed with well-meant kindness to partake heartily of everything. They yielded good-naturedly to the intreaties to try this and that as long as they could, and paused only when it was impossible to take any more. When they were leaving the merchant asked his friend when they were coming to Montreal, and insisted that they should come soon, promising if they would only let him know a little before when they were coming he would buy up everything there was to be had in the market for supper. On another occasion, an English gentleman was spending an evening at a neighbour's, and as usual the supper table was crowded with everything the kind-hearted hostess could think of. The guest was plied with dish after dish, and thinking it would be disrespectful if he did not take something from each, he continued to eat and take from the dishes as they were passed, until he found his plate and all the available space around him heaped up with cakes and pie. To dispose of all he had carefully deposited in his plate and around it, seemed utterly impossible, and yet he thought he would be considered rude if he did not finish what he had taken, and he struggled on, with the perspiration visible on his face, until in despair he asked to be excused, as he could not eat any more if it were to save his life.

It was the custom in those days for the hired help (the term servant was not used) to sit at the table with the family. On one occasion a Montreal merchant prince was on a visit at a wealthy quaker's, who owned a large farm and employed a number of men in the summer. It was customary in this house for the family to seat themselves first at the head of the table, the hired hands then all came in and took the lower end. This was the only distinction. They were served just as the rest of the family. On this occasion, the guest came out with the family and they were seated, then the hired men and girls came in and did the same. Whereupon the merchant left the table and the room. The old lady thinking that there was something the matter with the man, soon after followed him into the sitting room and asked him if he was ill. He said no. 'Then why did thee leave the table?' said the old lady. 'Because,' said he, 'I am not accustomed to eat with servants.' 'Very well,' replied the old lady, 'if thee cannot eat with us thee will have to go without thy dinner.' His honour concluded to pocket his dignity and submit to the rules of the house.

I was sent to school quite early, more, I fancy, to get me out of the way for a good part of the day, than

from any expectation that I would learn much. It took a long time to hammer the alphabet into my head, but if I was dull at school, I was noisy and mischievous enough at home, and very fond of tormenting my sisters. Hence, my parents—and no child ever had better ones—could not be blamed very much if they did send me to school for no other reason than to be rid of me. The school house was close at hand, and is deeply graven in my memory. My first schoolmaster was an Englishman who had seen better days. He was a good scholar, I believe, but a poor teacher. The school house was a small square structure, with low ceiling. In the centre of the room was a box stove, around which the long wooden benches without backs were ranged. Next the walls were the desks, raised a little from the floor. In the summer time the pupils were all of tender years, the large onesr being kept at home to help with the work. At the commencement of my educational course I was one of a little lot of urchins, who were ranged daily on hard wooden seats, with our feet dangling in the air, for seven or eight hours a day. In such a plight we were expected to be very good children, to make no noise, and to learn our lessons. It is a marvel that so many years had to elapse before parents and teachers could be brought to see that keeping children, in such a position for so many hours, was an act of great cruelty. The terror of the rod was the only thing that could keep us still, and that often failed. Sometimes, tired and weary, we fell asleep and tumbled off the bench, to be roused by the fall and the rod. In the winter time the small school room was filled to overflowing with the larger boys and girls. This did not improve our condition, for we were more closely packed together, and were either shivering with the cold or being cooked with the red-hot stove. In a short time after, the old school house, where my father, I believe, had got his schooling, was hoisted on runners, and with the aid of several yoke of oxen, was taken up the road about a mile and enlarged a little. This event brought my course of study to an end for a while. I next sat under the rod of an Irish pedagogue, an old man who evidently believed that the only way to get anything into a boy's head was to pound it in with a stick through his back. There was no discipline, and the noise we made seemed to rival a bedlam. We used to play all sorts of tricks on the old man, and I was not behind either in contriving or carrying them into execution. One day, however, I was caught and severely thrashed. This so mortified me, that I jumped out of the window and went home. An investigation followed, and I was whipped by my father and sent back. Poor old Dominie, he has long since put by his stick, and passed beyond the reach of unruly boys. Thus I passed on from teacher to teacher, staying at home in the summer and resuming my books again in the winter. Sometimes I went to the old school house up the road, or to the one in an opposite direction, which was larger, and where there was generally a better teacher. But it was much farther, and I had to set off early in the cold frosty mornings with my books and dinner basket, often through deep snow and drifts. At night I had to get home in time to help to feed the cattle and get in the wood for the fires. The school houses then were generally small and uncomfortable, and the teachers were often of a very inferior order. The school system of Canada, which has since been moulded by the skilful hand of Dr. Ryerson into one of the best in the world, and will give to his industry and genius a more enduring name than stone or brass, was in my day very imperfect indeed. It was, perhaps, up with the times. But when the advantages which the youth of this country possess now, are compared with the small facilities we had of

picking up a little learning, it seems almost a marvel that we learned anything. Spelling matches came at this time into vogue, and were continued for several years. They occasioned a friendly rivalry between schools and were productive of good. The meetings took place during the long winter nights, either weekly or fortnightly. Every school had one or more prize spellers, and these were selected to lead the match, or, if the school was large, a contest between the girls and boys came off first. Sometimes two of the best spellers were selected by the scholars as leaders, and these would proceed to 'choose sides,' that is, one would choose a fellow pupil who would rise and take his or her place, and then the other, continuing until the list was exhausted. The preliminaries being completed, the contest began. At first the lower end of the class was disposed of, and as time wore on one after another would make a slip and retire, until two or three only were left on either side. Then the struggle became exciting, and scores of eager eyes were fixed on the contestants. With the old hands there was a good deal of fencing, though the teacher usually had a reserve of difficult words to end the fight, which often lasted two or three hours. He failed sometimes, and then it was a drawn battle to be fought out on another occasion.

Debating classes also met and discussed grave questions, upon such old-fashioned subjects as these: 'Which is the most useful to man, wood or iron?' 'which affords the greatest enjoyment, anticipation or participation?' 'which was the greatest general, Wellington or Napoleon?' Those who were to take part in the discussion were always selected at a previous meeting, so that all that had to be done was to select a chairman, and commence the debate. We can give from memory a sample or two of these first attempts. 'Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I rise to make a few remarks on this all-important question—Ahem—Mr. President, this is the first time I ever tried to speak in public, and unaccustomed as I am to—to—ahem. Ladies and gentlemen, I think our opponents are altogether wrong in arguing that Napoleon was a greater general than Wellington, ahem—I ask you, Mr. President, did Napoleon ever thrash Wellington? Didn't Wellington always thrash him, Mr. President? Didn't he whip him at Waterloo and take him prisoner? and then to say that he is a greater general than Wellington, why Mr. President, he couldn't hold a candle to him. Ladies and gentlemen, I say that Napoleon wasn't a match for him at all. Wellington licked him every time,—and—yes, licked him every time. I can't think of any more, Mr. President, and I will take my seat, sir, by saying that I'm sure you will decide in our favour from the strong arguments our side has produced.'

After listening to such powerful reasoning, some one of the older spectators would ask Mr. President to be allowed to say a few words on some other important question to be debated, and would proceed to air his eloquence and instruct the youth on such a topic, say, as this: 'Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney?' After this wise the harangue would proceed:—'Mr. President, I've been almost mad a-listening to the debates of these 'ere youngsters—they don't know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evil of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty years and been hammered, and jammed, and slammed, all the while. Wait till they've been scolded, because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the room was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, be-

cause they came too soon for dinner, because they were a minute late—before they talk about the worry of a scolding wife. Why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, din, of the tongue of a scolding woman; yes, sir, I would. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little nigger is to a dark night.' These meetings were generally well attended and conducted with considerable spirit. If the discussions were not brilliant, and the young debater often lost the thread of his argument, in other words, got things 'mixed,' he gained confidence and learned to talk in public, and to take higher flights. Many of our leading public men learned their first lessons in the art of public speaking in the country debating school.

Apple trees were planted early by the boy settlers, and there were now numerous large orchards of excellent fruit. Pears, plums, cherries, currants, and gooseberries were also common. The apple crop was gathered in October, the best fruit being sent to the cellar for family use during winter, and the balance to the cider mill. These mills were somewhat rude contrivances, but answered the purpose for which they were designed. It was a universal custom to set a dish of apples and a pitcher of cider before every one who came to the house: any departure from this would have been thought disrespectful. The sweet cider was generally boiled down into a syrup, and with apples quartered and cooked in it, was equal to a preserve, and made splendid pies. It was called apple sauce, and found its way to the table thrice a day. There is no better cure for biliousness than a dish of apple sauce.

Then came the potatoes and roots, which had to be dug and brought to the cellar. It was not very nice work, particularly if the ground was damp and cold, to pick them out and throw them in the basket, but it had to be done, and I was compelled to do my share. One good thing about it was that it was never a long job. There was much more fun in gathering the pumpkins and corn into the barn, where it was husked, generally at night, the bright golden ears finding their way into the old crib, from whence it was to come again to fatten the turkeys, the geese, and the ducks for Christmas. It was a very common thing to have husking bees. A few neighbours would be invited, the barn lit with candles, and amid jokes and laughter the husks and ears would fly, until the work was done, when all hands would repair to the house, and after partaking of a hearty supper, leave for home in high spirits.

Then came hog-killing time, a heavy and disagreeable task, but the farmer has many of these, and learns to take them pleasantly. My father with two or three expert hands, dressed for the occasion, would slaughter and dress ten or a dozen large hogs through the day. There were other actors besides in the play. It would be curious, indeed, if all hands were not employed when work was going on. My part in the performance was to attend the fire under the great kettle, in which the hogs were scalded, and to keep the water boiling, varied at intervals by blowing up bladders with a quill for my own amusement. In the house the fat had to be looked to, and after being washed and tried (the term used for melting), was poured into dishes and set aside to cool and become lard, afterwards finding its way into cakes and pie-crust. Close on the heels of this, came sausage-making, when meat had to be chopped, and flavoured, and stuffed into cotton bags or prepared gut. Then the heads and feet had to be soaked and scraped over and over again, and when ready were boiled, the one being converted into head-cheese, the other into sauce. All these matters, when conducted under

the eye of a good house-wife, contributed largely to the comfort and good living of the family. Who is there, with such an experience as mine, that receives these things at the hand of his city butcher and meets them on his table, that does not wish for the moment that he was a boy, and seated at his mother's board, that he might shake off the phantom cat and dog that rise on his plate, and call in one of mother's sausages. The out-door task does not end with the first day either, for the hogs have to be carried in and cut up; the large meat tubs, in which the family supplies are kept, have to be filled; the hams and shoulders to be nicely cut and cured, and the balance packed into barrels for sale.

As the fall crept on, the preparation for winter increased. The large roll of full cloth, which had been lately brought from the mill, is carried down, and father and I set out for a tailor, who takes our measure and cuts out our clothes, which we bring home, and some woman, or perhaps a wandering tailor, is employed to make them up. There was no discussion as to style, and if the fit did not happen to be perfect, there was no one to criticise either the material or the make, nor any arbitrary rules of fashion to be respected. We had new clothes, they were warm and comfortable. What more did we want? A cobbler, too, was brought in to make our boots, my father was quite an expert at shoe-making, but he had so many irons in the fire now that he could not do more than mend or make a light pair of shoes for mother at odd spells. The work then turned out by the sons of St. Crispin was not highly finished. It was coarse and strong, but what was of greater consequence, it wore well. While all this was going on, for the benefit of the male portion of the house, mother and the girls were busy turning the white flannel into shirts and drawers, and the plaid roll that came with it, into dresses for themselves. As in the case of our clothes, there was no consulting of fashion-books, for a very good reason, perhaps, there were none to consult. No talk about Miss Brown or Miss Smith, having her dress made this way or that, and I am sure they were far happier and contented than the girls of to day, with all their show and glitter.

The roads at that time, in the fall particularly, were almost impassable until frozen up. In the spring until the frost was out of the ground, and they had settled and dried, they were no better. The bridges were rough wooden affairs, covered with logs, usually flattened on one side with an axe, and the swamps and marshes were made passable by laying logs as nearly of a size as possible close together through them. These were known as corduroy roads, and were no pleasant paths, as all who have tried them know, to ride over for any distance. But in the winter the frost and snow made good travelling everywhere, and hence the winter was the time for the farmer to do his teaming.

One of the first things that claimed attention when the sleighing began, and before the snow got deep in the woods, was to get out the year's supply of fuel. The men set out for the bush before it was fairly light, and commenced chopping. The trees were cut in lengths of about ten feet, and the brush piled in heaps. Then my father, or myself, when I got old enough, followed with the sleigh, and began drawing it, and continued until the wood-yard was filled with sound beech and maple, with a few loads of dry pine for kindling. These huge wood-piles always bore a thrifty appearance and spoke of comfort and good cheer within.

Just before Christmas there was always one or two beef cattle to kill. Sheep had also to be slaughtered, with the turkeys, geese and ducks, which had been getting ready for decapitation. After home wants were provided, the rest went to market.

The winter's work now began in earnest, for whatever may be said about the enjoyment of Canadian winter life, and it is an enjoyable time to the Canadian, there are few who really enjoy it so much as the farmer. He cannot, however, do like bruin, roll himself up in the fall and suck his paw until spring in a state of semi-unconsciousness, for his cares are numerous and imperious, his work varied and laborious. His large stock demand regular attention, and must be fed morning and night. The great barn filled with grain had to be threshed, for his cattle wanted the straw, and the grain must be got out for the market. So day after day he and his men hammer away with the flail, or spread it on the barn floor to be trampled out with horses. Threshing machines were unknown then, as were all the labor-saving machines now so extensively used by farmers. His muscular arm was the only machine he had to rely upon, and if it did not accomplish much, it succeeded in doing its work well, and provided him with all his modest wants. Then the fanning mill came into play to clean the grain, after which it was carried to the granary, from whence again it was taken either to the mill or to the market. It was also the time to get out the logs from the woods and to haul them to the mill to be sawed in the spring—we always had a use for boards. These saw mills, built on sap-streams, which ran dry as soon as the spring freshets were over, were, like the cider mills, small rough structures. They had but one upright saw, which, owing to its primitive construction, did not move as now with lightning rapidity, nor did it turn out a very large quantity of stuff. It answered the purpose of the day, however, and that was all that was required or expected of it. Rails, also, had to be split and drawn to where new fences were wanted, or where old ones needed repairs. There was flour, beef, mutton, butter, apples and a score more of things to be taken to market and disposed of. But, notwithstanding all this, the winter was a good, joyful time for the farmer,—a time in which the social requisites of his nature, too, received the most attention. Often the horses would be put to the sleigh and we would set off, well bundled up, to visit some friends a few miles distant, or, as frequently happened, to an uncle or an aunt quite a long distance away in the new settlements. The roads often wound along for miles through the forest, and it was great fun for us youngsters to be dashing along behind a spirited team, now around the trunks of great trees, or under the low-hanging boughs of the spruce or cedar, laden with snow, which sometimes shed their heavy load upon our heads.

But after a while the cold would seize upon us, and then we would wish our journey at an end. The horses, white with frost, would then be pressed on faster, and would bring us at length to the door. In a few moments we would all be seated round the glowing fire, which soon quiets our chattering teeth, thaws us out, and prepares us to take our place at the table which has been getting ready in the meantime. We were sure to do justice to the good things which the table provided.

'Oh! happy years! once more who would not be a boy.'

Many of these early days start up vividly and brightly before me, particularly since I have grown to be a man and to live amid other surroundings. None of these recollections, however, are more pleasing than some of my drives of a moonlight night, when the sleighing was good, and when the sleigh, with its robes and rugs, was packed with a merry lot of girls and boys. We had no ladies and gentlemen then. Off we would set, spanking along over the crisp snow, which creaked and cracked under the runners, making a low murmuring sound in harmony with the sleigh-bells. When could a

more fitting time be found for a pleasure-ride than on one of those clear calm nights, when the earth, wrapt in her mantle of snow, glistened and sparkled in the moonbeams, and the blue vault of heaven glittered with countless stars, whose brilliancy seemed intensified by the cold. When the aurora borealis waved and danced across the northern sky, and the snow noiselessly fell like flakes of silver upon a scene at once inspiriting, exhilarating and joyous. How the merry laugh floats away in the evening air, as we dash along the road. How sweetly the merry song and chorus echoes through the silent wood, while our hearts were a-glow with excitement, and all nature seemed to respond to the happy scene.

We were always on the *qui vive* when the frosty nights set in, for a skating revel on some pond near by, and our eagerness to enjoy the sport frequently led to a ducking. But very soon the large ponds, and then the bay, were frozen over, when we could indulge in the fun to our heart's content. My first attempts were made under considerable difficulties, but perseverance bridges the way over many obstacles, and so with my father's skates, which were more than a foot long, and which required no little ingenuity to fasten to my feet, I made my first attempt on the ice. Soon, however, in the growth of my feet, this trouble was overcome, and I could whirl over the ice with anyone. The girls did not share in this exhilarating exercise then, indeed it would have been thought quite improper. As our time was usually taken up with school through the day, and with such chores as feeding cattle and bringing wood in for the fire when we returned at night, we would sally out after supper, on moonlight nights, and full of life and hilarity fly over the ice, singing and shouting, and making the night ring with our merriment. There was plenty of room on the bay, and early in the season there were miles of ice, smooth as glass and clear as crystal, reflecting the stars which sparkled and glittered beneath our feet, as though we were gliding over a sea of silver set with brilliants.

Away, away, on the smooth ice we glide,
  Fair Cynthia shines bright above us ;
We heed not the cold, while gaily we glide
  O'er the water that slumbers beneath us.
Our hearts are light as the falling frost,
  That sparkles on the snow-banks' brow ;
The north wind's blast we feel it not,
  For we're warmed by excitement now.

Hurrah ! boys, hurrah ! skates on and away,
You may lag at your work, but never at play ;
Give wing to your feet, and make the ice
  ring,
Give voice to your mirth, and merrily sing.

(To be Continued.)

JEAN INGELOW AND HER POETRY.

BY FELIX L. MAX, TORONTO.

'As the voice of Mrs. Browning grew silent, the songs of Jean Ingelow began. They sprang up suddenly and tunefully as sky larks from the daisy-spangled meadows of old England, with a blitheness long unknown, and in their idyllic underflights moved with the tenderest currents of human life.'

I.

A NEW novel* by Jean Ingelow cannot fail to be welcomed by all to whom her former books have been such a source of pleasure. But whether it will add very much to her reputation as a novelist admits of question. There are fine touches of humor in the book, descriptions made up of pure, unstudied poetry, with true skill in the analysis of character and the springs of action; but, till the twenty-first chapter, the reader's interest is scarcely excited; there are many dull passages, while the author fails to present a clear idea of her purpose;—in fact (to use Schiller's phrase in a different sense) architectural beauty, harmony and proportion in construction, are absent. But from the point where the guilty husband and the suffering wife and mother are made to meet (a scene described with much solemn power,) the style becomes more elevated, and the story grows in strength and interest, till, as the last leaf is turned, the reader's heart is stirred to its depths by the representation of some of the most tragic and pathetic conditions in human life, its sacrifice and suffering,—conditions common enough, perhaps, but which we do not always realize till brought before us by the pen of the novelist. It is this which makes fiction, in spite of its faults and unhealthful influence, a power for good in the world, teaching what a man of limited experience and with not much imaginative power can never learn from his own life.

Sarah de Berenger shows traces all through of the same genius which has made the author's other books what they are, while there is a weird gloom, a strength and intensity in the analysis of some feelings, such as the fear and dread haunting Hannah Dill and her husband, or her yearning, unsatisfied love for her unacknowledged children, which Jean Ingelow has displayed nowhere else, and which in a faint, imperfect way, reminds us of Hawthorne. But taken as a whole, though perhaps in some respects it goes deeper and is certainly more tragic, *Sarah de Berenger* is not equal to *Off the Skelligs*. It confirms an opinion which probably many of Jean Ingelow's readers hold, that since it was as a poet that she won her place in the literary world, she must not change herself from a poet to a novelist if she would rise higher.

It does not often happen that a writer who has become such a favorite, whose poems have so touched human hearts that a sincere feeling of love and gratitude for her has been awakened in return, should be so little known outside of her poetry as is Jean Ingelow.

Who is she? But a shadow, a mere name? We feel sure that to most of her readers she is little more.

This, indeed, is a good deal due to herself, for she dislikes publicity, and

* *Sarah de Berenger*, by JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

has always tried to escape from the curious scrutiny of the world. But that no good magazine article to interpret her poetry has ever been written is certainly the fault of her readers. It shows that while the critical spirit of the age is in some respects keen-eyed and penetrative, it is in others singularly careless and blind.

The English 'Reviews' have been content to give but short notices of her volumes as they were issued; and of the American the only thing approaching to a satisfactory criticism is that published long ago in a second-class periodical called 'Good News.' But this is now out of print.

It speaks well for the quality of Jean Ingelow's work, that its popularity seems to be due entirely to itself and borrows none from personal interest. Yet where nothing is known of the woman and the life she lives, this sympathy and appreciation is certainly less than it might be. Besides, for a perfect understanding of her poetry as a whole, it is essential to know the circumstances amid which her genius has been developed, the conditions of birth, education, and geographical position which have determined its character.

A long and patient search, in addition to wearisome correspondence, has pursuaded us that just now it is impossible to gain a very deep insight into the life and character of this reserved, secluded poet; though the facts we have succeeded in collecting from different places (sometimes one fact or half an one in each place), will, undoubtedly, be of great service to us all. And yet our chief aim will be to show to those who have not yet come within the circle of Jean Ingelow's readers that, even without any very extensive revelations of a biographical nature, there is enough in her work to interest and charm them, if they will but pause a moment in their hurried, proseful life, and listen to her voice.

And, first, let us look at the county of Lincoln, in the eastern part of England, which has been the subject and the inspiration of some of her best poetry. It is a flat, level country, not remarkable for any magnificent scenery or wondrous beauty, bounded on the north by the river Humber as it takes its impetuous way to the sea. Along this river, extending in a south-easterly direction, are what are called the 'Wolds,'—chalk uplands covered with grass. Then come wide, long plains or 'moors' of thickly growing heather. A deep depression of the coast line on the south, then an irregular jutting out, form a large bay called The Wash, into which the river Witham flows. The land on the south is low and of equal elevation, made up of 'Fens —a term suggestive of barren desolation, and, indeed, a most appropriate one, when nothing but useless marshes or bogs were to be seen for miles, but, owing to the extensive drainage and the industry of the farmers, the soil is now very rich and productive. Some of these artificial streams are large enough to be navigable, and it is often hard to distinguish them from those formed by nature.

This part of Lincolnshire is celebrated for agricultural success, and yet the occupations of the people are mostly pastoral, because grass grows in richer luxuriance than even grain. Dotted over the fresh, green country are immense herds of cattle, horses and sheep,—everything in fact making up a scene so picturesque and beautiful that the fens of Lincolnshire have been called the Arcadia of England. The whole coast is low and sandy, and as the ocean tends to be very aggressive, large embankments have been built to keep it from flowing in. One of Jean Ingelow's most popular poems vividly described the time in 1571 when the tide broke through this old sea wall and brought ruin to the smiling fields beyond.

Among these rich level fens, just a few miles from the sea, up the river

Witham, lies the old town of Boston. Lincolnshire can boast of many grand specimens of ancient architecture, but the parish church of St. Bodolph,—a monk of the seventh century, from whom Boston took its name,—is considered the largest and finest church in all England. Inside, it measures two hundred and ninety by ninety-eight feet. Built in 1309, it has an immense tower very much resembling that of the cathedral in Antwerp. At the top there is an arched lantern in which the townspeople put a light, visible for miles and miles across the fens, and a beacon to the sailors far off on the stormy waves of the ocean.* 'From the galleries of the tower can be obtained a curious birds-eye view of the town with its irregular, open market-place, its Town-Hall and Gothic buildings,' composed of brick and stone picturesquely blended, its intricate by-lanes, its quaint old roofs and gables, and long crooked streets winding out into the green fields, all reminding us of the Middle Ages. The Witham flows right through the centre of the town, but its two parts are joined by a magnificent iron bridge. Everywhere are signs of commercial activity. The river is filled with ships carrying on trade with foreign ports, while its 'quays are overhung with enormous piles of antiquated-looking warehouses, in which is stored the corn collected from the rich district around. Its course is then to be traced across the green fields until it mingles with the German ocean.'

In this curious, old fashioned town, within sight of the sea, Jean Ingelow was born in the year 1830. And the whole character of her poetry has been formed by the simple, pastoral scenes amid which her childhood was passed. They became so dear to her heart, so linked with all her thoughts and human affections, that when the time came to write she took them instinctively as subjects for her verse.

Scattered through her works we find countless pictures of nature which could not have been painted from imagination, however glowing and vivid,—pictures such, for example, as those in the poems called *Divided*, *The Four Bridges*, *A Birthday Walk*, and *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*. This last poem shows especially the power of memory. 'She was born on the banks of the low-lying river. Her infancy was familiar with their herds of grazing cattle, the milkers and the drivers, the melick and the cowslip, the mews and peewits on the old seawall, the towering steeple and the boundless expanse of green across which the setting sun shone like a ball of gold, while its rays streamed athwart the sward like golden breath.'*

It is poetry like hers that increases the charm which the country has always had for us, enhances 'the illusion, the glory, and the dream which have hovered over it in golden fuse from Theocritus to Cowper'† and Wordsworth. But she made the sea her especial study, and watched it in all its fitful, changing moods, with the passion and enthusiasm of a lover.

Byron's imagination was most susceptible to the majesty and terror of the ocean, and some poets have seized other qualities of its wonderful nature. Jean Ingelow is among those who, with almost equal fidelity, describe it in its calmness, or when it tosses its waves high in the storm.

Then the sadness and disappointments, the changes and partings, inseparable from the sailor's life, touched her quick sympathy, and left traces in her heart which time never obliterated. She must herself have been witness of many of the scenes which she describes

* Many memories of the old Puritans cluster around this town. Of its church John Cotton was vicar for twenty years. To escape religious persecution he came to America and settled in the city in Massachusetts which Winthrop and his comrades had named Boston in honor of their native place. In 1851 a tablet with a Latin inscription by Edward Everett was erected in the old church to Cotton's memory.

* Mr. Thompson in 'Good News.'

† Hazlitt.

with such exquisite pathos, in *Brothers and a Sermon*, and in some of her finest lyrics. As St. Bodolph, the founder of her native town, is the 'patron saint' of sailors, so is she their poet.

But some readers may think that Lincolnshire life has almost monopolized her interest. For example, varied and beautiful as her descriptions are, we miss in them that form of sublimity which is the outgrowth of a long familiarity with the grandeur of mountain scenery. Her poetry has nothing of that which makes some of Wordsworth's so majestic. The scenery surrounding Boston bears little resemblance to that of the hills of Westmoreland!

Jean Ingelow's father,—a banker, with a comfortable income,—had a refined, genial nature and cultivated literary taste. But her mother (who is still alive,) is especially distinguished for strong character, power of intellect, and that practical common sense due to her Scotch origin. She is a beautiful, lovable woman, too, and the influence of the home she has made for her children is seen in many of her daughter's sweetest poems. From her our authoress must have inherited the elements of her genius.

As a child the poet was diffident and reserved, partly because the strange, beautiful world of ideals, in which she so often wandered, was understood by so few of her companions. She was not a prodigy, by any means, in the attainment of knowledge, though fond of books, and with a very good memory. However, the poetic power to discover the inner spiritual meaning in natural objects and in human action, early showed itself,—a power which the close and loving study of Shakespeare strengthened and encouraged.

Can we not trace some resemblance to her life in the scenes described so graphically in the first few chapters of her novel *Off the Skelligs?* Note the house in which Snap and his little sister lived, 'in a quiet country town through which a tidal river flowed.' Then the old minster in which they played and recited Shakespeare, could it not be the old church of St. Bodolph, beneath the shadow of whose tower her father's house did really stand?

It was probably about the time of her father's death that Jean Ingelow moved to London, where she now lives with her mother and sister. Their house is in a quiet street in Kensington, where 'all the windows are gay with boxes full of flowers.'

'The mother,' a visitor reports, 'is a truly beautiful old lady with the sweetest, serenest face I ever saw. Two daughters sat with her; both older than I had fancied them to be, but both very attractive women. Eliza looked as though she wrote the poetry, Jean the prose, for the former wore curls, had a delicate face, and that indescribable something which suggests genius. The latter was plain, rather stout, hair touched with gray, shy yet cordial manners, and a clear, straight forward glance, which I liked so much.... We pleasantly compared notes, and I enjoyed the sound of her peculiarly musical voice, in which I seemed to hear the breezy rhythm of some of her charming songs.'

The quiet, uneventful London life of the poet has almost no history, and there is little of interest to record. One of the chief excellences of her poetry is its fine moral influence, the high moral ideal it sets before us. And her own life comes not far below this high ideal. It is beautiful, unassuming, and Christlike. Her face is well-known among the wretched poor of the great city to whom she goes as a light, a guide, and a consolation in their sin and unhappiness. As an example of her wide charity and self-sacrifice, the following incident speaks for itself. In London, publishers are in the habit of giving once a year a grand banquet to the authors of the city, and they call it their Copyright dinner. Borrowing the name, Jean Ingelow gives, three times a

week, what *she* calls her Copyright dinner; and who are her guests? 'The sick poor and the discharged convalescents from hospitals who either are unable to work or have not yet found employment.' At one of the few times when she has consented to speak of herself she said: 'I find it one of the great pleasures of writing that it gives me more money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women.'

If a poet's best and most spontaneous poetry is ever a record of *personal* experience, then we may feel sure that Jean Ingelow's life has not been free from grief and tears. Not courting either the sympathy or pity of the curious world, she has carefully veiled everything which could reveal her heart history; and yet she could not have put such pathos and tenderness into many of her poems if she had not suffered,—yes, and kept her nature from being embittered by that suffering. It is supposed that the last song in *Supper at the Mill* refers to herself; that she, in the days of her girlhood, was wooed by one whom she fancied she did not love. Thinking she would wait until her heart could answer unmistakably, and not dreaming of what the end would be, she allowed him to set his

'Foot on the ship and sail
To the icefields and the snow,'

But she loved him after he had gone, and when the tidings came that he had perished, her heart was filled with a desperate longing which nothing could satisfy. It is impossible to discover anything really authentic to verify this conjecture; yet even if the poem does not express her own grief it 'gives speech to the sorrow of thousands.'

There is, perhaps, more reason for the supposition that the last of the 'Songs with Preludes,' called *Friendship*, is descriptive of her own brother who fell asleep far away in Australia.

That Jean Ingelow has borne all grief with fortitude and resignation her whole life shows. It has strengthened and ennobled her character, made her nature deeper and more sincere. And she is always cheerful, sometimes even joyous; though her heart may often ache wearily, her bright face is seldom shadowed for her friends. Quite an accurate idea of her personal appearance can be formed from the excellent portraits which her American publishers* insert in her poetical works, and which we here in words reproduce for the readers of the MONTHLY. The hair combed down over a full and somewhat low forehead. The eyes looking out from under projecting brows, their expression one of sweet and thoughtful tenderness. The mouth firm and decided, with a rather sad droop at the corners. By no means a beautiful face—indeed the word 'homely' (in its correct sense) being more the term chosen to define it, yet intelligence, strength, and gentleness are most pleasingly combined in its whole expression. There is altogether more in her face than one would realize at first glance, a face that will wear.

Not a brilliant conversationalist, Jean Ingelow is, still very interesting and original is she in her way of expressing her opinion. And she has definite, decided opinions on almost all subjects, for she has accustomed herself to think deeply and thoroughly, and keeps 'well up' in modern literature and philosophy. Her common sense and practical tendency prevent her from being led into many vagaries and useless speculations; while on the other hand her power to idealize life, affection, religion,—all things in fact,—gives a charm to every word she utters.

In her method of writing there is nothing forced or mechanical. She seems to have the true poetic inspiration, and thoughts flow spontaneously from a mind always sensitive and on the alert. And she draws inspiration directly from nature, not from books,

* Roberts Bros., of Boston.

though, indeed, her taste has been refined and ennobled by close study of some of the best. She does not sit in her library absorbed in the pastorals of Theocritus or Virgil, nor stand in the National Gallery before the sea-pictures of Turner; but crossing the wide fields made beautiful with verdure and flowers, the lights and shadows in the pools, and vocal with the voices of birds, she goes clear to the borders of the Wash, while the sea breezes blow her hair into disorder and touch her cheeks with freshness.

Jean Ingelow must have served a long apprenticeship in the service of poetry, and have exercised to an unusual degree her self-denial, for her first volume, dedicated to her brother, was not published till 1863, when she was thirty-three years of age. It was received at once with great favour. The London *Athenæum* recognised in it 'the presence of genius which makes itself surely felt in a glow of delight such as makes the old world young again.' It is said that this tribute so attracted the attention of 'Roberts Bros,' Boston, Mass., that very soon the American edition was issued,—twenty-five thousand copies, of which were sold almost immediately—the name of Jean Ingelow thus becoming a 'household word' on both sides of the Atlantic.

We do not hear that such instantaneous success intoxicated the poet, or made her any the less true to herself or to her art. She was welcomed by the literary men and women of London, and took her place among them with quiet, unassuming dignity.

This volume contained *Divided*, the first line of which has been rather enthusiastically called the best piece of description ever written in English; *Songs of Seven*, remarkable for lyrical sweetness and varied rhythm, in most suggestive language, expressing the chief epochs of a woman's life; *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, which Whittier thinks the best ballad of our time; besides two or three other poems which, for truthful idyllic representation of social and domestic life, we rank very high.

Since 1863, Miss Ingelow has published two volumes of poetry, in addition to a number of prose works.* In the second volume there is a wider range of subject (seen for instance in *The Story of Doom*), and in many places more perfect execution, while she indicates that 'decided individuality which was before apparent in her best efforts.'** In the third, however, she does not seem to have risen to her greatest height in beauty of versification, nor shown that advancement in thought, of which she had given such promise.

It has become almost an established principle of poetical criticism to say that a poet is to a certain extent representative, that in him, as in a mirror, the general spirit of his age is more or less clearly reflected. If his intellect is of unusual strength, he may even go beyond his age. Raised by his genius high above his contemporaries, he modifies their tastes and opinions, or creates the ideas which will agitate the minds of the future. Thus he sometimes causes one epoch in literature to be different from another.

But in modern times when poetical genius is so widely diffused, it is not often that one poet exercises an influence such as this. His power is shared by others. Hence it is not Tennyson alone, not Browning, nor Jean Ingelow, who is making English poetry what it is to-day, or indicating that of the next age. They are working together and have many helpers.

Then it is not often that one poet's mind is sufficiently comprehensive for the discernment and representation of a great number of the ideas ruling his age, but he unconsciously chooses to

* With the few fugitive poems, not included in the 'complete edition' of her poetical works, made up of these three volumes, we do not just now concern ourselves.

** Athenæum.

embody in his works those whose influence upon him is especially strong. The world does not lose a great deal by this, because the poetry which is its result goes deeper, though it has not a very extended range, and is, on the whole, satisfying to the popular taste.

The scope of Jean Ingelow's poetry is narrower than Tennyson's, because, either from necessity or from choice, she has not recognized, to the extent that he has, the force of contemporary thought. But she is a true representative poet, for all her poetry has been written either in harmony with her age, or in gentle protest against its more rash and pernicious tendencies.

To analyze that age at all thoroughly would be impossible within the limits of this article; hence but two or three of its most obvious characteristics will for a moment detain us.

It is especially distinguished by great eagerness in scientific inquiry and a powerful impetus given to all branches of knowledge. This undoubtedly tends to make poetry critical, realistic, devoid of much of that 'phenomenal language and imagery which is one of our most precious inheritances from the past,' for the poet is of course inclined to treat natural objects more 'as men know they actually are, than as they appear to the imagination, or to the uneducated eye.'* Choosing not to do this, especially if he have little dramatic insight, or aptitude for managing transcendental subjects, he pays more attention to the artistic form of his verse,—satisfied with technical perfection and beauty of mere expression. To him, with the change of one word, might then Holofernes's remark in 'Love's Labour Lost' appropriately be applied: '*Via*, Goodman Dull! Thou has spoken no *thought* all this while.'

Jean Ingelow's chief power is not in the artistic finish of her poems, for she has both depth and originality of thought, and never sacrifices the idea to its expression; but her workmanship has few faults, and there is a rhythmic music in it all very enchanting.

Then, even though she does not make much use of the scientific terms and allusions to be found so often in Tennyson's poetry, or in the poetical prose of George Eliot, many proofs could be given that she has a clear-sighted eye for the valuable materials now ready for the poet's shaping and inventive power, and that she has used imagery both original and beautiful, because not inharmonious with the truth regarding natural objects which science makes known to us.

This pure love of truth is not the only effect of the scientific spirit of the time, its influence is indirectly seen in the wide diffusion of democratic and humanitarian principles,—these lying at the root of the hearty and systematic benevolence which is the glory of modern life. Both principles are to be found in the works of Jean Ingelow, 'informing her thought, ennobling her style.'

Then it is a characteristic of the poet of to-day, not only to make use of new imagery, but to turn away from those perhaps time-worn subjects so fascinating to the imagination (such as the Gods and heroes of Greek mythology, or deeds of the days of chivalry and romance), and following Wordsworth's lead, to choose his scenes from common life and experience, thus touching a chord in men's hearts which would be unresponsive to less familiar influences. A few poets, like Morris, treat classical subjects in an interesting way, or strive to imitate Keats, but there are only two of Miss Ingelow's poems which take our thoughts back into the remote past. Her scenery is English scenery, her characters people like those we meet everyday, and the life they live has difficulties, aspirations, and affections very like our own.

This rapid attainment of knowledge, these astonishing inventions, this wide

* E. C. Stedman.

diffusion of democratic principles, not always judiciously applied, have, through natural causes, developed a general feeling of unrest and disappointment, reflected of course in much of the poetry of the age, especially in that of Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough. But there is a more healthful atmosphere pervading all that Jean Ingelow has written. She seems to have either passed above these fogs and mists which shroud in gloom so many minds or never to have felt their unwholesome influence. She indeed looks at life with a keen sympathy for suffering, and a thorough knowledge of its pain. And so there are touches of exquisite pathos all through her works, a gentle hand being laid upon the most delicate threads of our sensibility. But she is no misanthrope or weak sentimentalist. When she delineates sorrow she usually speaks of its cure, or of the way in which it can be patiently borne.

This restless spirit of enquiry in all branches of literature has also invaded the domain of religion. The majority of men are far from being credulous, inclined to blindly trust in long-established forms of belief. But in revolting against opinions which a more accurate science has shown to be incapable of proof, their tendency is also to reject those very truths which lie at the foundation of all happiness; hence disappointment and unhappiness is the result.

This spirit of scepticism, this disposition towards a hard materialism, is not favourable to the production of the noblest poetry or the most original art. Its influence is benumbing and paralyzing, and speaks not well for the imaginative literature of the future. But some poets escape from its contagion, and among these stands Jean Ingelow in all the dignity of her christian life. She seems to have broad sympathy for doubters, and a full appreciation of the difficulties inherent in these questions so universally discussed; yet she has kept herself firm and steadfast amid them all. This, we may say, is due to no prejudice or intellectual weakness.

Her poem called *Honors* deals with almost all the doubts which assail and perplex the understanding, and, unlike most poems of its kind, it offers a solution for these dark problems,—the only solution which Miss Ingelow considers possible in this world,—that found, not in the uncertain results of logical reasoning, but in faith.

The poem is remarkable for the number of ideas crowded into small compass. And it is by no means superficial. Penetrating beneath the surface it goes very far in its investigation of the deepest-rooted thoughts of the mind, and brings out into the light some of the most hidden and secret feelings of the soul.

The subject of the poem is a man at feud with life because many things have disappointed him, and who feels doubt 'fluttering birdlike in his breast.' The mysteries of human existence, its sin, its terrible suffering, haunt and perplex him. He is continually asking the question why he was created, for what end designed, while his hungry, despairing eyes seek in vain to penetrate the thick mist that veileth his 'Lo come.' The explanations which philosophy and science offer are unavailing; in them his struggling intellect cannot rest. At last the perplexed heart in very anguish and soul-need is forced to cry out for help to Him who, too, has toiled along the rough pathways of earth, but in whose nature beats the very heart of God. It is the Christ alone who can cure doubt, regret, and grief, give meaning to life's purpose, and inspiration in its work.

Scholar and Carpenter and *Brothers, and a Sermon* are poems akin to *Honors*; but of this last we shall speak again.

There are a few lines in the 'Prelude' to a song called *Dominion* which, perhaps better than any one short quo-

tation from *Honors* itself, express the lesson that it teaches:

'Consider it (this outer world we tread on)
as a harp—
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the
wings,
Man, of thy spirit, move on it as wind,
And draw forth melody. Why should'st thou
yet
Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was
lost:
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up, that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee.

. . . . .

Art tired?
There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sin-
ned?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"Thy Father loves thee."'

All Jean Ingelow's poetry is characterized by naturalness and ease, by quiet power—its keeping close to the level of human life. We notice an absence of extravagance which is so objectionable a feature in many of our modern works of imagination. She is calm and serene without being passionless, fired with a sublime enthusiasm for the noble and beautiful, without being carried beyond the limits of reason and common sense.

We said that the influence of Wordsworth could be seen in the way she regards nature. Not that she has imitated him, but, in common with Shelley and Tennyson, she is a true disciple of the new style of thought which he introduced. The 'boundless earth' (to use Goethe's expressive phrase) means to her something very different from that which it often means to us. 'Behind its forms, hues and sounds, there is something more than meets the external senses; something which defies anaylsis, which must be felt and perceived by the soul.' For this mysterious quality she has a clear discernment, and describes its mystical charm over her spirit in language of much grace and sweetness.

Hence her descriptions, however beautiful and truthful, are not mere 'word-paintings.' She links to natural objects the manifold impressions they create in the mind, the hundred associations they awaken; and imagination, that indefinable power which gives to the metrical arrangement of words their life and force, is everywhere at work, a transforming presence. Everywhere? Perhaps after all that is undue praise. She does once or twice descend into the common-place unaccompanied by those flashes of imagination which alone can make the commonplace poetical. For instance, the first part of *Supper at the Mill.* The poem, however, is marked by truthful representation, and its realism doubtless 'belongs to the poet's picture.' But out of just such simple materials she usually produces wonderful effects.

Jean Ingelow's vividness of touch and power to give distinct images of pastoral scenes which have delighted her eyes, is also displayed when she delineates human life. Her ear has never been deaf to the 'still, sad music of humanity.' She sings of its joys and sorrows with a good deal of dramatic skill, though she has never written what can strictly be called a dramatic poem. It is her broad sympathies, the power to enter into the feelings of others, which make the characters of her narrative poems real people, not personified abstractions. They live their life, think, and act, before us with perfect truth to nature. Her mind, indeed, tends to brood over single passions, affections and motives taken out from the world of action into that of thought. And in accordance with rules of art which determine that lyrical poems shall suggest rather than definitely represent character, Jean Inglow in her lyrics analyzes such passions and affections with a good deal of psychological skill.

As Miss Ingelow's strength is not so great as that of some poets, so are her faults not so conspicuous.* But there are, in her poems, occasional awkwardnesses of expression, or carelessness in structure, now and then a false rhyme or a break in the full, free sweep of the rhythm. The style is obscure in many places because thoughts are crowded too closely, or expressed elliptically; and because the poet does not care to submit to the 'prosaic necessity of explanation, and showing the process of transmuting the logic with which even sentiment cannot dispense into the gold of imagination.' * For an instance of this, take *A Poet in his Youth*, a poem in which she tries to escape the difficulty by ignoring it. Hence a want of sufficient premiss, of connecting links of thought.' * The same might be said of the '*Songs of the Night Watches.*' There was probably in the poet's mind some connection between the first, called *Apprenticed*, and the *Concluding Song of Dawn*, with the three poems they enclose, but she has not been able to make her readers see it.

One advantage, however, though she may crowd thoughts too closely together, she seldom fatigues us with too great splendour of rhetoric. Her poetry has little of that dazzling brilliancy and excess of colouring, so conspicuous in the diction of Shelley and Keats. Yet her figures of speech are all noble, and so suggestive that sometimes one put in the right place unfolds the whole thought.

Then, as Mr. Thompson has already remarked, the poet shows a tendency to yield too frequently to the control of the association of ideas, to wander, as her fancy leads, away from the path of the principal subject. She has made herself charming in the 'art of saying things,' but many an individual passage of exquisite beauty could be taken from some of her poems without at all destroying their harmony of proportion, or weakening the force of the thought.

About the question of Miss Ingelow's originality, we insist that her ideas and manner of expressing them are distinctly her own. She has given us glimpses of many new truths, heightened for us the beauty of nature, and made clearer its meaning; and even where she makes use of old truths she throws around them such an atmosphere of freshness that we feel a pleasure nearly equal to that caused by the discovery of a new idea.*

She has been accused of imitating Tennyson. There are few points of resemblance between them, except in the idyllic form of their verse, in the felicity of their language, and bewitching versification. They are both natives of Lincolnshire, and, of course, the scenes of which they, in their childhood, were daily witness, have determined to a great extent the nature of their poetry. But to those superfine critics who fancy themselves able to detect very subtle literary analogies, we shall leave the discussion of this subject.

Jean Ingelow need never fear the moral influence of her poetry. It is all healthful as sunlight, pure as the air, flowing inward from the sea.

And she has the true magnetic power to so impress the minds of her readers that they cannot help being lifted up beyond the influence of those thoughts which make so much of life false, selfish, and vulgar. Indeed, the hope that

'By the power of her sweet minstrelsy
Some hearts for truth and goodness she might gain,
And charm some grovellers to uplift their eyes
And suddenly wax conscious of the skies,'*

has evidently been the inspiration of

* Indeed the word strength is haroly applicable to her poetry. It has not enough to make her a *great* poet.

* Athenæum.

* For just one instance take the poem *Divided*, in which the old image by which life is compared to a river, has never been used with more freshness, seldom touched with so new a beauty.' (*Athenæum.*)

* *The Star's Monument.*

her best work. Even those who cannot sympathize in her deep religious feeling, or in her views in relation to the objects and end of the life of man, cannot but feel a high respect for her sincerity, and the intense earnestness which animates and vitalizes every line she has written.

It would make this paper too long were we to more than hint at a few of these most prominent characteristics of Jean Ingelow as a poet. Many excellences have had to be passed over in silence; many faults, too, left for others to discover. Two or three dropped stitches may, however, be taken up again, as we give a short outline of a few of her longer poems.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, TRURO, N. S.

THERE is a hue that fadeth,
With all the painter's care;
Charms that description shadeth,
Though a poet's hand be there.

And there's a fruit that shineth
With rich dyes, o'er and o'er;
And the hungry man repineth
To find an ashen core!

There is a tone that thrilleth
The longing listener's ear,
And his heart with gladness filleth—
As if it were sincere.

There is a blush that playeth
From dimpled cheek to chin;
And nothing that betrayeth
The guile that lurks therein.

There is a gleam that stealeth
From soft'ning eyes and bright,
And not a drug that healeth
The thrall of that false light.

And there is one that mourneth
A joy that may not be—
And his hopelessness returneth
At every thought of thee.

CHARLOTTE'S SYSTEM.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the low monotonous voice of one who read entirely from a sense of duty, and with the hope of elevating another mind, without any innate enjoyment of the subject matter, and the words were:—'It is impossible to over-estimate the effects of such a state of matters in a monarchy erected on the foundation, if not with the materials, of the feudal institutions. Whether society can exist in another form, and a lasting security be afforded to freedom, without the element of a body of considerable proprietors existing in the country, cannot yet be affirmed with certainty from the experience of mankind.'

A slight and rather weary sigh from the fire-place here interrupted the reader, who was seated by the window, and a voice asked very meekly:—'Please, have we nearly finished the chapter?'

At this remark, Charlotte, the elder sister, who was reading, looked doubly severe, and solemnly took out her watch. 'Our hour's reading is not nearly over, even if we had come to the conclusion of the chapter, but as it is, we are only just in the middle of it. I wonder you do not enjoy it more, May, it is really very instructive.'

'Yes, it s instructive enough,' murmured May, but somehow I don't enjoy it exactly, Charlotte.' She was toasting her feet on the fender while she spoke, and half making up her mind whether she would have full or only half-military heels put to her slippers the next time she wanted a pair.

Charlotte proceeded unmoved, with out any other interruption from the rebellious May, till the hour was over and they had come to a nice place to stop at in the book; then she laid her marker in the place, and put it back in the book-case.

'*Requiescat in pace*,' thought May, as this was done. 'Now come and sit by the fire and let us be snug,' she demanded of her sister. But this was impossible for Charlotte, she could not be 'snug;' she never was or had been 'snug;' she was not at all a snug person. 'I must write my letters now, dear,' she replied, and out came her desk, which contained everything she required, and was always in perfect order, so different to May's, which was so crammed with letters from her dearest friends, lately received and as yet unanswered, that it would not shut. Ink could not with safety be kept in her desk, because she was constantly opening it the wrong way and spilling the ink over crested paper, envelopes, and all the varied contents usually found there. While Charlotte wrote, May yawned and slightly stretched herself in her arm-chair, till she finally settled herself for one of the long over-the-fire reveries that she was particularly fond of indulging in, much to the chagrin of her sister.

The two girls—Charlotte and May Thornton—had recently been left alone in the world by the death of their father, since which time Charlotte, who was considerable the elder, had assumed the reins of government, and most despotically did she manage affairs. Her father's manner of living

had been the grief and trial of her life. Naturally lazy and thriftless, with a comfortable private fortune, which rendered it unnecessary for him to do any hard work for his family's support, Mr. Thornton had become still more careless and untidy in his habits since his wife's death. Mrs. Thornton had done her best in her life-time to keep up to the mark, and Charlotte, who much resembled her lamented mother, likewise did her best, but she lacked the piercing eye which never failed in making Mr. Thornton uncomfortable when directed fully upon him, and her heart was softer and kinder, and her manners gentler than those of her dear Mamma. Charlotte wailed in secret that things went wrong; that meals were at any time; that the rooms could not be properly cleaned or litter removed, but while her father lived she never dreamt of exerting any authority, or of making any alteration in his mode of living. But her time had come now; she could at last carry out all her fondly cherished plans; order should reign, everything be systematized, and life be as it should be—divided into regular mathematical sections.

She rushed to the other extreme and made life a slow torture. May entirely succumbed. She was young, good-natured, and fond of her sister, hated interfering, and detested responsibility in any form. She was content to leave everything to be arranged by Charlotte, as she had been content to let things go unarranged by their father. She groaned heavily, it is true, under her sister's management, but did not dispute her authority, living in a world of her own making, and happy to have as much done and decided for her as possible, and only endeavouring to escape all work of any kind, whatever. So Charlotte did precisely as she liked, and arranged and divided not only her own daily life, but May's also to a nicety.

There were hours and times for everything; she would fain have compelled not only the body but the immortal spirit to arrange itself by her clock-work, and firmly believed that moods and feelings might be regulated as well as outward and visible actions. Thus—half an hour was allowed for breakfast, when she planned that lively and pleasant intercourse was required to ensure digestion, and to brisk one up for the work of the day. Poor May, that lively half-hour was torture to her; she hated getting up early, and once up she felt heavy and 'lumpy' as she expressed it. The evening was her liveliest time, only, unfortunately, it did not fall in with Charlotte's plan for the evenings to be employed in that way. At breakfast May always felt so particularly lazy and sleepy that it was trouble enough for her to eat without thinking of anything else. Charlotte's persistent cheerfulness at that meal was most trying to her, her bright smile and happy remarks were aggravating almost beyond endurance sometimes, and yet she submitted and even feebly tried to be cheerful too, for she knew how utterly and entirely impossible it would be to make her sister comprehend her feelings. After breakfast Charlotte took her key-basket, and withdrawing into the lower regions gave herself up to her housekeeping affairs. During this time May was expected to water and attend to all the flowers in the house, of which they had a great many. May liked this occupation, and dawdled about, clipping off dead leaves, and making up nosegays willingly enough; but she did not perform this duty at all to Charlotte's satisfaction.

For instance, Charlotte always wished her to begin at the top landing, to go from there to the tiny conservatory on the stairs, thence to the hall and drawing-room, and to wind up with the dining-room. 'In this way, May, dear,' she gently explained, 'you are sure not to forget any, and besides it is more methodical.' But May declared she must be allowed to do her own work in her own way or not at

all, and that she knew she would hate her task in a week if she had to do it, in that horrid regular manner. So Charlotte only sighed when she heard May rushing about from one room to another and knew she was just doing a little watering here, and then a little clipping there, and dodging about in her own careless way. About half-past twelve was the time for the daily walk; 'our healthy constitutional,' as it was termed by Charlotte; 'the horrid bore of going out,' as May called it.

She did not want an appetite for lunch, she always said when Charlotte placed her reasons for taking this walk before her, and she wasn't inclined for walking 'just then,' but Charlotte would only remark, with much truth, that it was a singular fact, but May never was inclined to do the thing that had to be done at a certain time, and May, conscious of her own weakness on this point, would again give in to her sister.

Lunch was an easy meal; each sister brought her book to the table and conversation was not required. After lunch they took up any branches of study they happened to be cultivating at that period. It was the time for their music, painting, German or French, as the case might be; of course Charlotte took care that each branch was duly considered, each having its especial day. Study being over, fancy work came out and visitors were received.

At dinner they talked about what each had been learning during the day, with a view to individual culture, as Charlotte expressed it. Sometimes May put in remarks about the people who had been calling, but they were treated as wholly irrelevant by Charlotte, who quickly brought back the conversation to the usual topics.

Dinner being over, came that awful reading aloud by Charlotte, the worst time of all to May, as the book chosen was so evidently meant for her mental growth and improvement. 'It is so very disagreeable being improved, when you don't want to be,' she sighed. She declared that she felt just like a puzzle which, heaven be thanked, she would fervently exclaim, is taken to pieces every night when bed-time comes, but put together by slow degrees all day long, 'and oh! how well Charlotte knows the place for each bit!' Her sister's systematic mode of living made May at heart to detest more and more everything that savoured of routine or even of order. She preferred a wilderness to a Dutch garden, she said, and inwardly rebelled at her planned-out life. Her nature was too affectionate and yielding a one to show any outward signs of her weariness, and she knew how thoroughly Charlotte was bound up in her system, and how long she had been thwarted by their father.

One thing Charlotte, with all her regulations, could not prevent,—and that was casual droppers-in. They would occasionally come in for a quiet half-hour's chat at inopportune times, to Charlotte's disgust and to May's delight, more particularly if they broke in upon the evening's reading hour. Charlotte was too much of a lady, and too thoroughly kind-hearted to show any displeasure at these unseasonable visits, but they vexed her sorely, and she would often cast about in her mind to see if by any possibility they might be prevented without hurting the feelings of their friends. As yet she had found no remedy, and so it happened that on this very evening in question, just as she was in the middle of her first letter, the warning ring was heard at the door.

'I wonder who that can be?' she said in a vexed tone, looking up from her desk.

'I dare say it is Mrs. Lyall,' replied May, composedly, 'and that she has come to tell you how ill her husband has been with influenza or something of that sort, or what horrid toothaches she has been having lately.'

The lady who now entered the room was not Mrs. Lyall, however, but a Mrs. Morris, the mother of a large family of small children, and one of Charlotte's especial horrors.

She always came to borrow a book or to ask for a receipt, and the vacant space in the book-case pained Charlotte's exact eye, and the receipt was never returned; one of the children had always somehow or other mistaken it for something else, and had either swallowed it, cut it up, or destroyed it in some mysterious fashion. This evening Mrs. Morris only wanted the pattern of that charming little morning cap that she had seen Miss Thornton in.

Charlotte inwardly sighed, not that she grudged lending the pattern, but because she knew full well that when Mrs. Morris had made herself that cap, it would be always seen a little on one side, that it would very shortly present a crushed appearance, and finally a very smutty one. Charlotte knew the stages of those caps of Mrs. Morris so well, and was quite aware also that the fact that Mrs. Morris was going to have one like her's would give her a speedy disgust for own. She brought the pattern downstairs though, and even offered to make the cap herself, an offer that Mrs. Morris gladly accepted, as she had 'hardly time for anything,' she said. 'I often envy you, young ladies,' she went on, 'being able to do just what you like all day long; what would you do, if you had the care of six little ones upon you—the constant anxiety and worry of their little ailments never off your mind?' Charlotte knew what she would do, but said nothing, while May fell to thinking how Charlotte would act under such circumstances, and she began imagining the six children on six chairs suited to their various sizes all in a row before Charlotte, and each partaking in turn of a teaspoonful of salts for their 'little ailments.'

But Mrs. Morris having begun upon the grand subject of the children was not to be nipped in the bud by any seeming lack of interest in the Misses Thornton, so she forthwith branched out in discourse in all directions; first the children as a whole—a vast subject with no 'determined scope;' then 'each considered separately,' dwelling long and lovingly upon the youngest; how sweetly it tugged at its dear papa's beard, bringing out 'quite a number of hairs, its little fists were getting so strong,' and when its inconsiderate and absurd father objected, how roguishly and prettily it laughed in his face. Charlotte was not fond of children, she usually found them very objectionable and considerably in the way; she did not understand them and consequently waxed very impatient inwardly at these lengthy recitals. Involuntarily she cast lingering glances at the writing she had been compelled to leave. At last Mrs. Morris got up to go, being driven into that resolution, not at all out of pity for her friends, but on account of her having suddenly remembered that she had promised to help Carrie with some tiresome lesson that evening and that the poor child would be waiting up for her.

The moment she was fairly gone, Charlotte went at once to her desk and never stirred from thence till the reqnisite number of letters were written, addressed, and all ready for the post, then getting some work she joined May beside the fire, and began to improve the occasion, with her late visitor for a text.

'You see, May, what it is to have an ill-balanced mind. Mrs. Morris says rightly she never has time for anything from morning till night, she never knows what she is going to do next, and consequently wastes half her time and gets nothing done satisfactorily, now if——. But here May interrupted with 'it must be quite impossible for any one like Mrs. Morris to plan out her time like you do yours, Charlotte; just think of those children breaking in upon you every

minute, such a disturbing element as six healthy children would upset any one's arrangements.'

'Not at all,' replied Charlotte, 'the children might be all included in her daily regulations.'

'But children are not automata,' laughed May, and then yawned very perceptibly, for she saw her sister was getting anxious to go thoroughly into the subject, so she rose, said she was dreadfully tired, and snatching up an interesting book went up to her room, where, strangely enough, all signs of fatigue instantly left her.

Charlotte remained by the fire working till the proper hour for bed-time arrived, before which time she never felt in the least sleepy, and entertained herself by thoroughly arranging Mrs. Morris' entire household in her severest and most systematic manner, and to her own perfect satisfaction; whether the arrangement would have been quite so comfortable for Mr. and Mrs. Morris and the six dreadful children was quite another matter, and not included in Charlotte's determinations.

CHAPTER II.

A few days after Mrs. Morris' untimely visit, as the sisters were sitting at breakfast, a letter arrived which put them both into a state of great excitement, for it was addressed to their lately deceased father, the writer having apparently not heard of the death of Mr. Thornton. It was from Walter Lawson, a ward of their father, who for some years had been travelling over the civilized globe, and now wrote to say that he was at last returning to England, and would, as usual, if quite convenient, make his guardian's home his head-quarters. Charlotte and May had heard from him very seldom during the last two years, for his movements had been very erratic, and most unfavourable for regular correspondence; they had written to tell him of their loss, and addressed their letter to the last post-town he had dated from, but he had not received it.

Walter wrote now from Venice, saying he would leave that city the day after he wrote, and leisurely travel homewards, thus rendering the 'if quite convenient' of his letter a mere verbal compliment.

Charlotte was extremely vexed. 'It is so very thoughtless of him,' she exclaimed, 'to give us no chance of writing to him. I don't see how we can let him stay here now,' she added, for her sense of decorum was very strong.

'Oh!' said May at once, 'I know what we can do. We can ask Aunt Dennison to come and play propriety, she has often offered us her society.'

Yes, she had, as Charlotte full well knew, for Mrs. Dennison, a widowed sister of their father, was another of Charlotte's horrors. She had occasionally visited the Thornton's during her brother's life-time, and since his death had several times hinted that she would not object to taking up her abode altogether with her nieces. She was the very impersonation of liveliness and untidiness, and Charlotte positively trembled at the thought of her entering the house and upsetting all her plans.

'Perhaps Walter will not want to stay here when he hears of Papa's death,' she remarked.

'Oh! I'm quite sure he will wish to see *us*,' said May, emphasizing the 'us,' because in her heart she meant 'me,' 'and it will be so nice and interesting, and *instructive*, too, Charlotte, dear,' she added wickedly, 'to hear all about the places and things he has seen since he left us.'

'I will think over it, and see what will be the best thing to do,' replied Charlotte gloomily, and forthwith closed the conversation by going at once to the kitchen. May was most anxious to learn what the verdict would be, and was charmed when

Charlotte said, towards the close of their morning's walk, that she had decided to write to Mrs. Dennison, inviting her to come at once on a visit, and to receive Walter in their old, friendly way. So the letter was written that evening to their aunt, who answered it immediately, and followed her letter the very next day. Charlotte tried hard to put on a cheerful smile of welcome to receive her visitor, but the thought that the hour's study of German had been cruelly disturbed weighed heavily upon her spirits, and much she feared that frequent would be the future interruptions in their quiet, orderly life. Mrs. Dennison, however, did not appear to notice her niece's gravity; she was delighted to be with the dear girls, she said, and she seemed in her highest spirits.

The remainder of that day, of course, was given up to her, May helping her to unpack, Charlotte also waiting on her, and patiently listening to her lively rattle. 'To-morrow we shall settle down nicely,' Mrs. Dennison remarked, when at last the unpacking was concluded. Charlotte devoutly hoped they would.

'I feel quite at home already,' she added, laughing. Charlotte inwardly groaned.

There was one characteristic about Mrs. Dennison that annoyed Charlotte more than all the rest of her many aggravating traits, and that was, that she was always laughing. In season, and out of season, she laughed at everything and at everybody. In relating the simplest anecdote, she laughed so absurdly that often her story was completely unintelligible, and yet she generally compelled her listeners to laugh, too, from mere sympathy. Charlotte was never so full of admiration for the wisdom of the great Hebrew King, as when she read the third chapter of his Ecclestiastes. 'To everything there is a season,' how firmly she believed that; and then, 'a time to weep, and a time to laugh.' 'Oh! if Aunt Dennison could but remember that, and keep her laughter to its proper time and hour.' Of course, Charlotte had an unconscious, mental reservation that these 'times' must be regulated by her, or else, equally of course, they would avail nothing. If Aunt Dennison had the planning out of the 'times,' it would be worse than no arrangement; Charlotte was the only fit person to do that, but she often wished that King Solomon had been a little more particular in his divisions of time, and had descended more to the details of one's daily life.

It was with a heavy heart that Charlotte arose the next morning and went down stairs, though, as far as the breakfast-time was concerned, Mrs. Dennison adhered closely to the order of the day, for she certainly made it lively, but, unfortunately, towards the close of the meal she began a story which evidently had no immediate ending, and caused Charlotte considerable anxiety.

Mrs. Dennison had her own method, too, of telling her stories, and she laughed so outrageously over them that she greatly impeded their progress.

To-day she was recounting an anecdote of a friend of hers, who had always been in the habit of exulting over the fact that she had never, when visiting London, had her pocket picked. At this point Mrs. Dennison was fairly convulsed, and May thought something good was surely coming, but the story terminated, when Mrs. Dennison found voice to proceed, in a most ordinary way; the friend, of course, *had* her pocket picked, and her purse stolen eventually, and was proportionately laughed at by her neighbours,—rather disproportionately by Mrs. Dennison. The story at last concluded, Charlotte got up from the table, and, taking up her key-basket, was about to leave the room; but she was not suffered to escape so easily. 'Oh! Charlotte, just stay a minute, dear,' said her aunt coming round to

the fire, and comfortably seating herself before it, 'there is no particular hurry, is there? and that anecdote of Mrs. Lavender reminds me, I must tell you, what occurred to Mr. Henry Davison the other day; you know him—his nose—' but here Mrs. Dennison went off into paroxysms of laughter. Once or twice she made spasmodic efforts to say something more about Mr. Davison's nasal feature, which must have been something quite out of the ordinary way, to judge by the manner the very mention of it affected her. May stood with her back to the fire laughing sympathetically, enjoying the scene immensely, and wickedly revelling in her sister's tortures.

Charlotte stood with her basket in her hand, struggling bravely to conjure up a smile on her despairing face, and vaguely wondering what possible connection there could be between Mr. Davison's nose and picking pockets. It was some time before their aunt was in a fit condition to go on; at last wiping her eyes with her handkerchief she made a convulsive effort to start afresh.

But what that story was May and Charlotte never knew, for it never came coherently to the surface. After ten minutes of vain strugglings on Mrs. Dennison's part to make it intelligible, she finally succumbed entirely and went off into a perfect succession of laughing fits, till Charlotte became quite alarmed and went upstairs in search of smelling salts, which she left May to deal with, and escaped at last to her ordinary work. Everything, however, seemed to go wrong that day, the cook had been waiting some time for her mistress, and was consequently much 'put out' when Charlotte at last made her appearance.

Then, when the walking hour arrived, Mrs. Dennison thought it looked as if it would be finer in the afternoon, and suggested that they had better have lunch first, to all of which May cordially assented. Of course, too, the usual evening reading hour was postponed, Aunt Dennison proposing instead to chat round the fire; so that when Charlotte retired for the night, she exclaimed like Titus that she had lost a day, and she made herself perfectly miserable by running over all that might have been done, had everything gone on in their usual smooth way, and she sighed while she wondered how soon that happy life would be resumed.

Aunt Dennison had been three days in the house and was allowing herself to drift into some of Charlotte's ways, when a new element of disturbance was introduced, in the person of Walter Lawson. He arrived on a dull and threatening-looking day, just as Charlotte and May (Mrs. Dennison having refused to accompany them), in spite of the weather, were setting out for their morning promenade. Charlotte was just putting on her last golosh, and her eye was already on her umbrella in its corner in the hall, when his knock came at the door.

'No walk to-day,' was her first thought, and then she said 'that must be Walter, May.'

May tried hard to look supremely indifferent, and answered carelessly that she supposed it must be, and then she darted upstairs, explaining to herself as she gained her room, that it was so horrid to be in the hall when a person arrived. She listened to hear him come in, and then heard Charlotte's welcome, subdued and quiet as the occasion demanded, and then Walter followed Charlotte into the sitting-room.

'I will wait up here,' thought May, 'till Charlotte has had time to tell him all about poor papa.'

So she remained in her room, touching up her hair, and changing her earrings, and the like, till Charlotte called her down.

Walter was, of course, very much grieved to learn the tidings of his guardian's death, and his meeting with May was more expressive of sympathy

than of any other feeling. He and May had always been very good friends from childhood. They had stolen jam together, had been found together striking lucifer matches, and in most of their juvenile scrapes had been close companions.

Before Walter's travels, there had sprung up between them a different feeling from that of friendship, and though as yet it was not very deep, it was just sufficiently so to make them think sentimentally of each other when apart, and to render them intensely self-conscious, now that they met again.

After a little talk about their affairs, and what they had been doing, and of the manner of life they were leading, Walter suggested that, instead of altogether taking up his abode with them, he would go to the hotel for a few weeks, and come to them for meals. This arrangement, he thought, would put them out less than any other, 'and if I am a minute or two late for meals, it won't signify, will it?'

'Oh! no, not at all,' exclaimed May.

'Not at all,' echoed Mrs. Denison.

Charlotte only shuddered,—a new vista of horrors was opening before her.

Walter did not notice her silence, and believed that they were all pleased with the arrangement.

He remained with them that day to lunch and dinner, returning to the town to take up his quarters at the hotel, late in the evening.

Words are not available to describe the state of poor Charlotte's mind during the next fortnight. She could not accept the position at all, and her life was aimless and wretched.

She had only just begun to taste the sweets of order when, behold, disorder once more prevailed!

May and Mrs. Dennison were perfectly regardless of her distress; May felt emancipated, and Mrs. Dennison was decidedly more comfortable and at home.

The breakfast was at any hour, it just depending on Walter's appearance, and he frequently overslept himself, and then, to Charlotte's disgust, would come cheerfully in, exclaiming how jolly it was that it did not matter one bit, his being so late, as no one could be put out by it!

After breakfast he dawdled about with May as she attended to her flowers, and made her longer than ever over them, and Charlotte one day came upon her and Walter talking in low tones in the little conservatory, and saw to her horror that May was absently clipping the live leaves off a fine geranium and leaving the dead ones on the stalk, while Walter was carelessly swinging the watering can, which still contained a little water, backwards and forwards over the drugget. She only sighed a melancholy sigh, and passed on upstairs.

'It is no good saying anything,' she murmured.

Their daily walks were now taken at the will and pleasure of Walter and May, generally in the finest part of the day; but though she gave in to them, they could not convince Charlotte of the wisdom of going out when it was most enjoyable.

'Nothing can be achieved during the day, unless we systematize our life,' she always said.

'Yes, much can be done,' returned Walter, 'for we get an amount of enjoyment and pleasure from each thing we do, if we do it at the time when circumstances make it the fittest time, which we could never have if we compelled ourselves to be always doing a certain thing at a certain time to-day, only because we did the same thing at the same time yesterday.'

But Charlotte remained firm in her own opinion, and still groaned in spirit at unperformed duties and daily irregularities. There was now no hour for reading at all—the instructive book was a thing of the past; the branches of study once taken up after lunch were now altogether dropped. May

wrote her letters and took up her fancy work just when she felt the most inclined for each, but she chiefly spent the day, with her work on her lap, by way of apology, in talking idly to Walter and her aunt. She had an immense deal to say to Walter, and of course an immense deal of listening to do also. She was greatly interested in hearing all about his travels, the people he had met with, and the things he had seen. When Walter was not there, her aunt was the chief talker, and entertained her with her choicest anecdotes, these usually being incidents out of the lives of her numerous acquaintances. May listened to them and laughed absently, with her thoughts very far away.

But she not only gave up her studies, but to Charlotte's intense grief, she would spend hours at a time when Walter was away, in merely dreaming in her easy chair, and absolutely doing nothing. Charlotte, who could not at all enter into her state of mind, began to fear that May would never be a useful member of society again, though how society at large could be benefited by the working of Charlotte's system, she did not explain to herself. She thought she would just wait and see what Walter's plans for the future were, and if, in a week or so, he showed no symptoms of settling down to something, she would then speak seriously to May about the dreadful waste of time that so much pained her. Walter had not as yet said much about what he intended to do in the future; he had no need to follow any profession, as he was tolerably well off, and was just waiting now, Micawber-like, to see what would turn up.

He quite agreed with those of his friends who told him it was wholesomer and more healthful for a young man to have some occupation, but he could not as yet make up his mind what he would like to do, and as there was really no hurry about it, he thought it foolish to worry himself. Moreover, as he had a comfortable income, and really did not require any exertions to be made in his behalf, some half-a-dozen friends were extremely anxious to obtain for him the post of correspondent, just then vacant in an old-established firm. Walter neither urged them to use their influence, or attempted to dissuade them from doing their best for him, but they were perfectly convinced that this position would be just the very thing for him.

Whenever he spoke to Charlotte and May on the subject, Charlotte used her utmost endeavours to urge him to get to some useful work as soon as possible; May said nothing at these times, but doubtless she and Walter, in their very frequent talks must have made some allusions to his future mode of life.

One day at last, however, Walter came to the Thornton's very late to lunch, but with the news that he had obtained the appointment that his friends had been interesting themselves about.

Charlotte actually smiled, and forgot the delayed luncheon.

'At last,' she thought to herself, 'we shall return to our old, industrious habits, and it will be much better for Walter, too.'

She was most affable all that day, and most anxious to know how soon it would be necessary for Walter to go to London; some of her wonted cheerfulness returned to her, and she even listened with meekness to her aunt's interrupted narrations.

May and Walter that day went for a long walk together, and when they came back were remarkably quiet all the evening.

The very next morning the blow that had been threatening some time to fall on Charlotte, and crush at once and for ever all her plans for May's benefit, came. It came just when she was beginning to hope and believe that at last there was a chance of returning to their old life.

It was a pouring wet morning, so

that even Charlotte found it impossible to take her usual 'walk abroad,' and was sitting alone in the morning room, doing some plain work.

Mrs. Dennison was in her room, where she had a blazing fire, and was occupying herself by putting some things to rights at the suggestion of her niece, who had been much troubled at the condition of Mrs. Dennison's room, with every chair laden with stray garments, and every drawer in the chest with a piece of something hanging out of it.

Walter had not made his appearance at all that day, though they had waited half an hour for him at breakfast-time. Charlotte was just indulging herself by going over all her arrangements for her own and May's mutual improvement, when they would be once more alone, when May came into the room. She evidently had something to say, and did not exactly know how to word it. She leaned against the mantel-piece, hoping devoutly that Charlotte would speak first. Soon Charlotte gave her an opening by asking her, if she knew the precise time when Walter was going away.

'I think he is going rather soon,' said May awkwardly. 'Then, May, dear, as soon as aunt leaves us, we can fall back into our old ways.' 'Oh! I don't know,' replied May, 'Walter thought——' 'He will be in London,' said Charlotte quickly.

'Yes, I know, returned May, 'what I meant is, that he thought perhaps I might like to go with him.' 'Go with him!' exclaimed Charlotte, 'you, May! What for?'

'For always, you know, Charlotte, said May guiltily, and turning towards the fire gave up her whole attention to the flame from the blazing coals. Charlotte did not speak for an instant, and then said in a constrained voice: 'You mean he wants to marry you, I suppose.' 'Yes,' answered May very meekly, 'and very soon.' 'We are in mourning,' was Charlotte's sole response, as all her cherished hopes gradually faded and withered before her.

'Yes, so we thought it could all be arranged very, very quietly, and no one need know anything about it, till it is all over, and then we shall go at once to London.'

'What do you call "soon?"' asked Charlotte glumly. 'In about a month from now,' said May, 'just to give Walter time to find out and furnish a nice house, and for me to buy and see to all my things.

Charlotte made no answer; then May came and knelt down by her sister's side, and coaxed and kissed her, and made her talk about it, and insisted upon knowing all Charlotte's views on the subject, and explained herself how happy she and Walter expected to be, having known and been attached to each other for so long.

Charlotte allowed her deep affection for May at last to get the better of all her other feelings, and came round much more easily than May had dared to expect. She could not allow her own wishes to stand in the way of May's happiness, though, at present, it seemed very, very hard to give up her sister. Walter wanted her to come and live with them, but that Charlotte said was quite impossible; she would live alone, and pursue her own course of life in her own way; but this was not permitted her, for Mrs. Dennison naturally suggested that she and Charlotte should live together. 'It seems so absurd,' she said, 'for two "lone, lorn, women," with no one depending on them, to keep up separate establishments, when they could get on so nicely together.'

Charlotte was not quite of the same opinion with regard to their getting on 'so nicely together,' but her's was not a selfish nature, so when she comprehended how much her aunt disliked living alone, as she had hitherto done, she submitted, and her heart's complaint was known only to herself.

At the end of the month Walter

and May were married, and took up their residence in London, leaving poor Charlotte endeavouring to assimilate her own nature with so different a one as that of her aunt.

Mrs. Dennison took at once a very subordinate part in the household, as she hated housekeeping, and was glad enough to leave all that part to Charlotte, but, of course, she could not submit to be drilled and trained as poor May had, and she *would* read when she liked, go out walking when she felt most inclined for exercise, and work when she listed. This 'giving in to self,' as Charlotte termed it, seemed at first to her to be most wicked, but in time she got more used to her aunt's ways, and they put her out less and less, more especially as Mrs. Dennison made real and vigorous efforts to accommodate herself to some of Charlotte's peculiarities. Charlotte still continued to regulate her own life, but gradually learnt that it was as well to allow responsible individuals, to form their own plans for themselves.

She, nevertheless, presented Mrs. Dennison on one of her birthdays with a beautifully illuminated scroll designed and painted by herself, and bearing the words from Pliny, the younger:—'I look upon a stated arrangement of human actions, especially at an advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies.'

Mrs. Dennison accepted it with thanks, remarking, however, at the same time, that she thought considerably less of Pliny since she knew he said that.

The illumination was hung up in her room, where it always remained, a hollow mockery, and a bitter sarcasm, totally unheeded, however, by Mrs. Dennison.

They contrived somehow to be happy together, and became fond of one another in spite of their different temperaments, and each was certainly a great check upon the other, as neither could go too far on her own particular road of life, without being gently pulled up, and while Mrs. Dennison, though retaining all her own characteristics, tried hard not to let them disturb or destroy her niece's peace of mind, Charlotte discovered that the daily routine of a life ought to be subservient to, instead of controlling, the individual, and that our plans should be our servants, not our governors, and that still less should they be allowed to domineer over others.

GREETINGS.

"GOOD-DAY!" cried one, who drove to west,
"Good-day!" the other, eastward bound—
Strong, hearty voices both, that rang,
Above their waggons' rattling sound.
And I, within my snug home nest,
"Good-day! good-day!" still softly sang.
I saw them not, yet well I knew
How much a cheery word can do;
How braced those hearts that on their way
Speed, each to each, a brave "good-day!"

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, TORONTO.

III.

OF the great calamities which befell the City of London during the decade covered by the Diary—the plague and the fire—Pepys has given us many notices. His description of the fire is very full and graphic; while his allusions to the plague frequently rival even Defoe's famous history in ghastly and terrible reality.

The virulence of the latter pestilence, as is well known, was very great. Within six months upwards of one hundred thousand human beings were swept away by it. A person might be hale and hearty now, and in a few hours hence be dead and buried. Once the coachman driving Pepys was 'suddenly struck sick, and almost blind,' so that he could go no farther, and Pepys was forced to take another coach. On another occasion one of his boatmen, after having landed him, fell sick immediately, and soon died. A man whom he sent to enquire about some sick friends took the plague himself, and died. All who could left the city, and ere long the streets were empty, and grass grew up and down Whitehall court. Soon there were none to wait upon the sick. The awful gloom was intensified by the solemn tones of the death-bell, which was tolling all the time. At night a cart went round the parish, and the dead bodies were put into it, shroudless and coffinless, and taken away, and thrown into a huge grave. Well might men's hearts quake for fear. Friend dare hardly ask for friend, lest he might hear he was no more. And yet, during this terrible time, Pepys kept to his post. The entire business of the Navy Office fell upon him, but he stood nobly to his duty, holding himself in readiness to go should it please God to call him, and doing his best to keep up a good heart. It was difficult for him to do this. It was difficult for a man to live in a plague-stricken city, in fear lest his turn might come next,—more difficult even than to face the terrors of the battle-field. Day after day Pepys listened to the cry of woe. He heard of his friends falling around him. Through the night-mists he saw the flickering glare of the links guiding the dead-cart to the graveyard. He beheld upon the door of many a house the red cross, with the words beneath it, chalked out in piteously mournful language, 'Lord have mercy upon us!' —the sad sign that death was there, and sorrow and danger. Surely, Pepys deserved to be called a hero. He was worthy of the thanks of a better master than Charles for his faithful and noble devotion.

The next year came the fire, and for the fifth time London was laid in ashes. When its three days' work was done, 13,200 houses, 86 parish churches, 6 chapels, and St. Paul's Cathedral, a vast number of public offices and stately edifices, including 52 companies' halls, and 4 prisons, were ascertained to have been destroyed. The total loss of property was estimated at the time to be but little short of £11,000,000. Mr. Pepys writes: 'Captain Cocke says he hath computed that the rents of the houses lost by

this fire in the city comes to £600,000 per annum.'

The distress caused was, of course, very great. Evelyn says that 'towards Islington and Highgate one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire.' Fortunately no lives were lost.

The chief value, however, of Pepys' Diary does not consist in his description of great events, but, in his references to the social habits of his time. Here we have no book so rich and full in the English language. Pepys wrote that which everybody else omitted to write about. We think more of these glimpses into the customs of our ancestors than we do of the best and fullest description of a royal court. We only wish we had more descriptions of the social life of the people in those 'good old times,' than we at present possess. How many a dream of their alleged perfection would be dispelled! If in our day anything gets out of order, or is at all objectionable, there are always some ancient individuals to tell us that such things did not happen when they were young. Perhaps it is well that time blots out the annoyances and the evils of the past, and casts a sort of glory upon the things that pleased and gratified us. But it is unreasonable to look upon any period as perfect in itself, and, though one may look back to the days gone by, and revel in their good things, yet there is always a danger of carrying such a habit or taste to a ridiculous and silly extreme. Take, for example, the question of domestic servants. No order of beings seems more necessary to a household, and no order of beings seems to be the source of so much petty annoyance and worry. Ladies indulge in some very hard sayings concerning them, and invariably wind up with, 'I don't know what the world is coming to; girls are not what they used to be.'

Fortunately, Mr. Pepys kept servants in those good times, two hundred years ago, and he has given us a goodly number of hints concerning his experience. It was not one of the best. At one time he had a cook who would get drunk for a day or two at a time. Another servant was addicted to lying. A third put on too much style. A fourth was a thief. Others were blamed 'for not looking the flees a'days!' And though Mr. Pepys undertook to correct them—as, for instance, kicking one for leaving the door and hatch open, and cuffing another for giving him 'some slight answer,' and in a third case making his wife flog the girl, and shut her down in the cellar all night, one chilly Sunday night in February,—it seemed to do them very little good. About the time of the great fire the maid went home against her mistress' orders, and Mrs. Pepys followed her and gave her a good beating in the girl's mother's house. This is very good: 'The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry, and resolved to whip him for that, and many other faults, to-day.....I and Will got me a rod, and he and I called the boy up to one of the upper rooms of the Comptroller's house towards the garden, and there I reckoned all his faults, and whipped him soundly, but the rods was so small that I fear they did not much hurt to him, but only to my arm, which I am already, within a quarter of an hour, not able to stir almost.' So that we may readily see that Pepys had to bear in his day and generation all that we have to bear in ours, and, if the truth were known, no doubt a great deal more.

But lest any should think Pepys to have been a hard master, we may say that he took an interest in his servants, which, I fancy, we seldom take in ours. The girl who was discharged for lying was sent away 'with more clothes than have cost us £10, and 20s. in her purse.' The following is inter-

esting and to the point: 'This week my people wash, over the water, and so I have little company at home. Being busy above, a great cry I hear, and go down; and what should it be but Jane (the servant), in a fit of direct raving, which lasted half-an-hour. It was beyond four or five of our strength, to keep her down; and, when all come to all, a fit of jealousy about Tom, with whom she is in love. So at night, I and my wife, and W. Hewer called them to us, and there I did examine all the thing, and them, in league. She in love, and he hath got her to promise him to marry, and he is now cold in it, so that I must rid my hands of them, which troubles me.' Pepys, however, was a capital hand in a match, and to his credit or to Tom's, I cannot say which, the difficulty was removed, and a few months afterwards Tom and Jane were married, and that at Pepys' house on a Friday in Lent.

We should think it a mark of very great disrespect for a man to wear his hat in a church, but this was an old custom in Pepys' day, even during divine service. The hat was worn also at meals. Pepys caught a bad cold one day by leaving his off at dinner time. In high life periwigs were very fashionable. As our journalist became of more importance in the world, he began to feel the want of a wig, for, says he, 'the pains of keeping my head clean is so great.' After a time, having heard that the King and the Duke of York intended to adopt that article of fashion, the King being, as Pepys says, 'mighty grey,' he had his hair cut off and bought a periwig; 'and I, by and by, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it; and they do conclude it do become me; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own hair, and so was Besse.' Compare Mr. Pepys just here with M. Jourdain in Molière's 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.' When the Sunday after he went to church, he says, with a touch of comic vanity, 'I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.' I may add for the benefit of those who may have to wear wigs against their will, that six months after this he writes, 'This day, after I had suffered my own hayre to grow long, in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of periwigs is so great that I have cut off all short again, and will keep to periwigs.'

In those days, Pepys tells us, people ate turpentine for the good of their health; ladies wore black patches on their faces to add to their charms; some went out in the winter to frost-bite themselves, and in the month of May they rose early in the morning and bathed their faces in the dew that had fallen on the grass, thinking that was the best thing in the world to make them beautiful. Even as late as 1791, the virtues of May-dew were still held in some estimation. There were women also that painted their cheeks, but Pepys expresses his emphatic contempt for that and hatred for the persons who did it. Others wore false hair, which Mrs. Pepys doing on one occasion, her husband, though he wore a periwig, gave her a severe reprimand, 'swearing,' says he, 'several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it.' Extravagance in dress was the order of the day, and Pepys hailed with delight the announcement made by the King in Council of 'his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter.' This, Pepys adds, is 'to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good.' The King's 'fashion' lasted as long as that fickle-minded Monarch's resolutions generally lasted, and then passed away. That there was some need of retrenchment we may gather from Pepys' own display.

Imagine one of his attires. 'A summer suit of coloured camelott coat and breeches, and a floured tabby coat

very rich.' This was adorned with lace and a belt of corresponding colour; but, when May-day came and he put on a summer suit for the first time that year, 'it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it.' However he wore it later on in the same day. 'At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I, because Betty, whom I expected was not come to go with us; and my wife, that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine; and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and against my will I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaint. The day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure.' Pepys' mentioning 'the gentlemen's' is, as his editor says, a little too much, considering that he had but recently set up his own carriage. Such a display for a man in Pepys' position could not fail to attract attention, and so he writes a few days after: 'Walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it, which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, being what I feared; and Povy told me of my gold-laced sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so called at my tailor's for that purpose.' It seems almost a pity that Pepys could not have a coach without exciting comment, since it had been a fond dream of his for many years, and he had come by it as honestly as most officials in those times came by their equipages.

I mentioned just now the full breeches. 'Persons ecclesiastical' will remember the 74th of the Canons of 1603, where the clergy are specially enjoined not to wear 'any light-coloured stockings.' As the hose were visible to the knee this was a very necessary injunction, more especially also since gaudy colours were the general fashion, and would be most unbecoming the ministers of religion. Custom has, however, changed, and the breeches have given way to long trousers, the bishops and higher dignitaries of the church, and farm labourers in the rural districts of England and Ireland alone retaining the old style. So far as the latter are concerned in this article of dress, Pepys might have written the following of an English shepherd of the nineteenth century. He met an old man on the Downs, and says, 'We took notice of his woollen-knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet *which was mighty pretty;* and, taking notice of them, why, says the poor man, the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these, says he, will make the stones fly till they ring before me.'

It would weary the reader were I

to refer at length to the many costumes Mr. Pepys possessed. He paid great attention to his clothes, and seldom buys a suit without giving us all the particulars concerning it; frequently informing us when he goes out what he wears. He must, in his way, have been what we would term a 'dandy,' if I may use such an expression. His delight over a new watch is an amusing illustration of this: 'Received my watch from the watch-maker, and a very fine one it is, given me by Briggs, the scrivener. But, lord, to see how much of my old folly and childishnesse hangs upon me still, that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand, in the coach all the afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself how could I be so long without one; though, I remember, since, I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived.'

We may pass on from the adorning of the outer man to the replenishing of the inner, and here we have an account of a grand feast day. 'My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowles and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jacke, of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well, things being put in order, and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clerke, and his lady, his sister, and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next, a great dish of roasted fowle, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble, and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire, also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper, had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke, a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.'

Another feast: 'I had a pretty dinner . . . viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowle of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy* and two neats' tongues and cheese, the second. Merry all the afternoon, talking, and singing, and piping on the flageolette.'

At wedding and christening feasts, Pepys must have been a welcome guest on account of his good singing powers. But when he comes home from such, or any similar entertainments, he generally makes some remark upon the good cheer. And what a wealth of things he mentions! Venison pasty and turkey, wild goose roasted, good neats' tongue, swan, pigeons and hare pie ('very good meat'), lobsters and salmon and eels, and oysters and prawns; 'all fish dinner' on Good Friday, fritters on Shrove Tuesday, cakes on Twelfth night, and the wassail-bowl and mince pies at Christmas. Among his drinks, mulled sack, burnt wine, claret, ale, small beer, buttered ale, wormwood wine, 'mum' (a German malt liquor), and horse-radish ale (as a medicine): his fruits, walnuts, China oranges, and grapes and melons from Lisbon, (the melons the first he ever saw, and the grapes so rare or rich a luxury that his wife put up some in a basket to be sent to the King), to say nothing of common English products. He tells us when he first drank tea, and calls asparagus by its old name,

* 'Tanzy' was a kind of sweet dish made of eggs, cream, etc., flavoured with the juice of tansy, which is a species of odorous herb.

now considered vulgar, of 'sparrow-grass.' At wedding feasts mince pies were provided, one for each year the parties had been married. The use of this article of food, especially at Christmas, shows that the influence of the Puritans was fast dying out, the mince pie having been forbidden by them during the Commonwealth as a relic of Middle Ages superstition; its compounds being supposed to represent the spices, etc., with which the body of our Saviour was embalmed.

Drunkenness, as always in England, so in Pepys' time, was a common vice, and though our author was ashamed to be seen in the company of a red-nosed man, he sometimes drank to excess, or, as he called it, made himself 'merry.' He tells the following, which may suffice as an illustration, after a sheriff's dinner: 'Very good cheer we had, and merry musique at and after dinner, and a fellow danced a jigg; but, when the company begun to dance, I come away, lest I should be taken out; and God knows how my wife carried herself, but I left her to try her fortune.' It is true, he made vows again and again to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, but they were broken as repeatedly. One is almost amused over the manner in which he excused himself in these cases of violation. On one occasion he went with a boon companion and 'drank a cup of good drink, which,' he adds, 'I am fain to allow myself during the plague time by advice of all, and not contrary to my oath, my physician being dead, and chyrurgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take.' The opinion, however, that spirits are a safeguard against an epidemic, though generally entertained by people addicted to their use, is well known to be disproved by facts. The following idea of Pepys' is also a very common one. After regretting the heavy expenses he had been put to in giving an entertainment, he says, 'it is but once in a great while, and is the end for which, in the most part, we live, to have such a merry day once or twice in a man's life.'

Mr. Pepys was a member of the Royal Society, and as such was, of course, much interested in science. He collected all the information he could on strange subjects. The notes which are scattered through the Diary exhibit most amusingly the credulity and nescience of the man and his age. Not that all these stories are void of truth; some are, undoubtedly, correct, but others are so palpably absurd that they never fail to provoke a smile from their very absurdity.

Here is a bit of information gained from a learned man, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford: 'At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed.' This was a commonly received opinion in olden times, but in White's Selborne we are told that Ray, speaking of frogs, 'subverts that foolish opinion of their dropping from the clouds in rain; showing that it is from the grateful coolness and moisture of those showers that they are tempted to set out on their travels, which they defer till those fall.'

This is another item: 'Discoursing with a Mr. Templer, "an ingenious man, and a person of honour he seems to be," of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larkes, which they take thus: They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouths uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson upon the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in the course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long, about

which times they are most busy, there are fiddlers go up and down the fields everywhere, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung.' A course of dancing actually is a remedy for a tarantula bite, but the idea of a serpent sending a spray of poison into the air two or three hundred yards is very grotesque.

We are told of two clever birds in the Diary, one from the East Indies, belonging to the Duke of York, 'black the greatest part, with the finest collar of white about the neck; but talks many things, and neyes like the horse and other things, the best almost that ever I heard bird in all my life;' the other 'a sparrow that our Mercer hath brought up now for three weeks, which is so tame, that it flies up and down, and upon the table, and eats and pecks, and do everything so pleasantly, that we are mightily pleased with it.' Tame birds are common, but such a dog as is spoken of in the following extract is rare. 'To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes: and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper, which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe he hath killed above 100 cats. A monkey which he saw brought from 'Guiny,' would do for the 'missing-link' in Darwinism, for Pepys was persuaded that it was half human, and 'I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind that it might be taught to speak or make signs.' His wonder over that was no greater than over the first gold fish he ever saw. 'To see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity; of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign.'

The following is a perfect chapter of strange things: 'At the coffee-house I went and sat by Mr. Harrington, and some east country merchants, and, talking of the country above Quinsborough,* and thereabouts, he told us himself that for fish, none there, the poorest body, will buy a dead fish, but must be alive, unless it be in the winter; and then they told us the manner of putting their nets into the water. Through holes made in the thick ice, they will spread a net of half a mile long; and he hath known a hundred and thirty and a hundred and seventy barrels of fish taken at one draught. And then the people come with sledges upon the ice with snow at the bottom, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow, and so carry them to market. And he hath seen when the said fish have been frozen in the sledge; so as he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been; and yet the same fishes taken out of the snow, and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down. Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mud from under water, hanging together to some twig or other, dead in ropes, and brought to the fire will come to life. Fowl killed in December, Alderman Barker said, he did buy, and putting into the box under his sledge, did forget to take them out to eate till Aprill next, and they then were found there, and were through the frost as sweet and fresh, and eat as well as at first killed. Young beares appear there; their flesh sold in market, as ordinary beef here, and is excellent sweet meat. They tell us that beares there do never hurt anybody, but fly away from you, unless you pursue and set upon them; but wolves do much mischief. Mr. Harrington told us how they do to get so much honey as they send abroad. They make hollow a great fir tree, leaving only a small slit down straight in one

* Kœnigsberg in Prussia.

place; and this they close up again, only leave a little hole, and there the bees go in and fill the bodys of those trees as full of wax and honey as they can hold; and the inhabitants at times go and open the slit, and take what they please without killing the bees, and so let them live there still and make more. Fir trees are always planted close together, because of keeping one another from the violence of the windes; and when a fell is made, they leave here and there a grown tree to preserve the young ones coming up. The great entertainment and sport of the Duke of Corland, and the princes thereabouts, is hunting; which is not with dogs as we, but he appoints such a day, and summonses all the country-people as to a campagnia; and by several companies gives everyone their circuit, and they agree upon a place where the toyle is to be set; and so, making fires every company as they go, they drive all the wild beasts, whether bears, wolves, foxes, swine, and stags, and roes, into the toyle; and there the great men have their stands in such and such places, and shoot at what they have a mind to, and that is their hunting. They are not very populous there, by reason that people marry, women, seldom till they are towards or above thirty; and, men, thirty or forty years old, or more, oftentimes. Against a public hunting the Duke sends that no wolves be killed by the people; and, whatever harm they do, the Duke makes it good to the person that suffers it; as Mr. Harrington instanced in a house where he lodged, where a wolfe broke into a hog stye, and bit three or four great pieces off the back of the hog, before the house could come to help it; and the man of the house told him that there were three or four wolves thereabouts that did them great hurt; but it was no matter, for the Duke was to make it good to him, otherwise he would kill them.'

An observation on hanging may be curious to those interested in the question of capital punishment. 'Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends, and I went with them, to see the body of a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. I did touch the dead body with my bare hand; it felt cold, but methought it was a very unpleasant sight. It seems, one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavours to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this Sessions, of his own preparing, not for honour only, but, it being soft and sleek, it do slip close and kills, that is, strangles presently; whereas, a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer before killed. But all the doctors at table conclude, that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation of the blood; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant.' Perhaps the latter fact helped Harrison, who was 'hanged, drawn and quartered' for signing the death-warrant of Charles the First, 'to look as cheerful as any man could do in that condition;' and three others, who when hanged at Tyburn 'all looked very cheerful.'

An experiment—which Pepys calls 'pretty,' but which most people will justly think horrible—tried at Gresham College, by letting the blood of one dog out, 'till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own did run out on the other side, . . . did give occasion to many pretty wishes,' among them the rather grim one 'of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop.'

Sharp practice was rife in business then as now. 'Mr. Batelier told me how, being with some others at Bordeaux, making a bargain with another man at a tavern for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder, which he had the art of doing, upon a deale board, and to rain and hail, that is, make the noise of, so as to give them a pretence of undervaluing their merchants' wines, by saying this thunder

would spoil and turn them, which was so reasonable to the merchant that he did abate two pistolls per ton for the wine, in belief of that.'

I shall conclude these papers on Pepys' Diary with some extracts touching upon the superstitions of his time. These are common and void of the attractiveness of some superstitions. Pepys was very much interested in the question of Second Sight, and his correspondence contains a number of letters from different gentlemen on that subject. These friends supplied him with a number of stories, the truth of which they vouched for more or less. Here is one told by the second Earl of Clarendon in a letter dated May 27th, 1701: 'One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February, 1661–2, the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife, "What is the matter, that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?"—"She's a handsome lady, indeed," said the gentleman, "but I see her in blood." Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room, we parted; and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if she ever had it, she would dye of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopt; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she dyed, almost weltering in her blood.'

There are two letters from clergymen, Dr. Hickes and Dr. Wallis, who certainly ought to have known better, one would think, giving just as marvellous stories. The way by which any one may acquire this second sight, which, when once acquired, it seems, cannot be lost, Lord Ray says, in a letter he wrote on the subject: 'The Seer puts both his hands and feet above your's, and mutters some words to himself: which done, you both see them alike.'

The following, relating to 'body-lifting,' may be interesting. A gentleman who had been in France, after giving five lines of a charm, tells Mr. Pepys that 'he saw four little girls, very young ones—all kneeling each of them, upon one knee; and one begun the first line, whispering in the eare of the next, and the second to the third, and the third to the fourth, and the fourth to the first. Then the first begun the second line, and so round quite through; and, putting each one finger only to a boy that lay flat upon his back on the ground, as if he were dead; at the end of the words, they did with their four fingers raise this boy as high as they could reach; and Mr. Brisband, being there, and wondering at it, as also being afraid to see it, for they would have had him to have borne a part in saying the words, in the room of one of the little girls that was so young that they could hardly make her learn to repeat the words, did, for fear there might be some slight used in it by the boy, or that the boy might be light, call the cook of the house, a very lusty fellow, . . . and they did raise him just in the same manner. This is one of the strangest things I ever heard, but he tells it me of his own knowledge, and I do heartily believe it to be true. I enquired of him whether they were Protestant or Catholique girles; and

he told me they were Protestant, which made it the more strange to me.'

Our Diarist believed in charms, and gives us the words of several. Here is one which is to be used for a thorn-prick :

> 'Christ was of a Virgin born,
> And he was pricked with a thorn ;
> And it did neither bell, nor swell ;
> And I trust in Jesus this never will.'

There were charms also to be worn. After stating how good his health had been for a long time, he says, 'I am at a great loss to know whether it be my hare's foote, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne.' The hare's foot was worn to prevent colic, but in this case his immunity did not arise from that, as soon after he writes : 'Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the joynt to it ; and assures me he never had his cholique since he carried it about him ; and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his foot, but I become very well, and so continue.' Pepys wore the hare's foot to prevent colic, and some old women carry a potatoe in their pocket to prevent rheumatism, and good Romanists have about them a little wafer which they call an 'Agnus Dei,' done up daintily in some rich material, to prevent sudden death, and all three charms are of equal efficacy and equally reasonable.

The following is a cure for fever sent to Mr. Pepys by an Italian music-master : 'I did receive your last letter . . . with much grief, having an account of your painfull feaver ; I pray God it will not vex your lady too much ; and if by chance it should vex you longer, there is here a man that can cure it with simpathetical power, if you please to send me down the pearinghs of the nailes of both your hands and your foots, and three locks of hair of the top of your crown. I hope, with the grace of God, it will cure you.'

A stray ghost turns up now and then in our day, but in Pepys' time they were very common. Many of my readers may remember Clarendon's account of the 'man of very venerable aspect,' who three times appeared about midnight to an officer in Windsor Castle and predicted the death of the Duke of Buckingham. The learned historian evidently believed the story himself, for, he says, it 'was upon a better foundation of credit than usually such discourses are founded upon.' Pepys has no good ghost story to tell, but he refers to an appearance not less remarkable. 'Both at and after dinner, we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies ; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very sceptical. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down. There are books of it, and, they say, very true ; but my Lord observes, though he do answer any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one time he tried to play and could not ; which makes him suspect the whole ; and I think it is a good argument.' I do not see why the devil should be required to play an original tune on a drum in order to identification, but certain it is that in this case the whole was an imposition, proceeding from one actually in the flesh.

Most people will think of these stories as Pepys did in the following case. 'To Paul's Church ; and there I did hear Dr. Gunning preach a good sermon upon the day, being St. John's Day, and did hear him tell a story, which he did persuade us to believe to be true, that St. John and the Virgin Mary did appear to Gregory, a bishopp,

at his prayer to be confirmed in the faith, which I did wonder to hear from him.'

I will give two of Pepys' stories that amusingly and clearly illustrate in what ghost legends generally consist. Here is a short one. 'Lay and slept well till three in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but, not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afraid, but sleep overcome all, and so lay till nigh morning.'

The other one is longer, and might be called an hour of horror: 'Waked about seven o'clock this morning, with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by-and-by, increased: and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so great a while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out; and the removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by-and-by going up and down our stairs. We lay, both of us, afraid; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making a noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed, or afraid, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife; and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches, and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard anything. Then, with fear, I confess, went to the maid's chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber-door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane come, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, "yes, but was afraid," but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimneys that goes from Sir J. Minnes through our house; and so we sent; and their chimneys have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures how people may be surprized, and the more from an accident last night, that our young gibb-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom, at two leaps, and frighted us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted.'

There is one other superstition which Pepys mentions that I may refer to here. 'Great talk among people how some of the Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand, and that next Tuesday is to be the day.' This is on a par with the multitude of idle prophecies which we hear now-a-days about the nearness of that event, when, be it remembered, the Lord Jesus Christ solemnly declared that 'of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.' The time has been set again and again, and yet the event has not taken place. It was confidently expected to happen at the end of the first millenium of the Christian era; but it did not. The Reformers, regarding the Pope of Rome as the Antichrist, and their age as that in which he was revealed, concluded that the end was very nigh; and yet three centuries, and we have a future still before us: though to be sure that future may not be a very long one, as old Mother Shipton predicted, that

> 'This our world to an end shall come
> In eighteen hundred and eighty-one,'

and some one has discovered that certain proportions of length and pecu-

liarities of position in the interior passages of the Great Pyramid indicate that all will be over in 1882; and other wiseacres that since 'the perihelia of the four giant planets would be together between 1880 and 1885,' terrible disasters as a consequence will happen to the human race. We may well afford to smile at these silly conceits, uttering, however, at the same time the pious prayer of Pepys', in view of the fact that the end will come, 'Against which, whenever it does come, good God fit us all!'

At the conclusion of these somewhat rambling papers on Pepys' Diary, I can but express the hope that, whatever else I may have done, I have at least been successful in drawing the attention of my readers to a work which, by reputation, is known to everybody, but which is, I fear, read by very few. I have tried to give an idea of its contents, with a view of inciting others to its perusal. To say nothing of the instruction that may be gained, the amusement is such as few books can give. It is certainly worth every one's while to read

'THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.'

TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THE wonder-land is nigh, tho' undescried,
And worlds shall enter with the early dawn;
One moment, ere night's curtain be withdrawn,
We pause to mark th' advancing human tide,

Which comes with steady flow; in joy and pride,
Its burden bearing from the ages gone;
Already building countless hopes upon—
That land it deems more fair than all beside.

Dark voiceless region, dreary, still, and cold!
Awaiting man's advent upon thy shore;
Thou dost not give him aught; he brings to thee:
His faith and love go with him evermore—
But yonder is the morn! upon the wold,
The New Year, smiling, steps from the "To Be!"

MONTREAL.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

'LET me see the blister,' said Amelius.

Sally looked longingly at the fire.

'May I warm my feet first,' she asked; 'they are so cold.'

In those words, she innocently deferred the discovery which, if it had been made at the moment, might have altered the whole after-course of events. Amelius only thought now of preventing her from catching cold. He sent Toff for a pair of the warmest socks that he possessed, and asked if he should put them on for her. She smiled, and shook her head, and put them on for herself.

When they had done laughing at the absurd appearance of the little feet in the large socks, they only drifted farther and farther away from the subject of the blistered foot. Sally remembered the terrible matron, and asked if anything had been heard of her that morning. Being told that Mrs. Payson had written, and that the doors of the institution were closed to her, she recovered her spirits, and began to wonder whether the offended authorities would let her have her clothes.

Toff offered to go and make the inquiry, later in the day; suggesting the purchase of slippers and stockings, in the meantime, while Sally was having her breakfast. Amelius approved of the suggestion; and Toff set off on his errand, with one of Sally's boots for a pattern.

The morning had, by that time, advanced to ten o'clock.

Amelius stood before the fire talking, while Sally had her breakfast. Having first explained the reasons which made it impossible that she should live at the cottage in the capacity of his servant, he astonished her by announcing that he meant to undertake the superintendence of her education himself. They were to be master and pupil, while the lessons were in progress; and brother and sister at other times —and they were to see how they got on together, on this plan, without indulging in any needless anxiety about the future. Amelius believed with perfect sincerity that he had hit on the only sensible arrangement, under the circumstances; and Sally cried joyously, 'O, how good you are to me; the happy life has come at last!'

At the hour when those words passed the daughter's lips, the discovery of the conspiracy burst upon the mother in all its baseness, and in all its horror.

The suspicion of her infamous employer, which had induced Mrs. Sowler to attempt to intrude herself into Phœbe's confidence, led her to make a visit of investigation at Jervy's lodgings later in the day. Informed (as Phœbe had been informed) that he was not at home, she called again some hours afterwards. By that time, the landlord had discovered that Jervy's luggage had been secretly conveyed away, and that his tenant had left him, in debt for rent of the two best rooms in the house.

No longer in any doubt of what had happened, Mrs. Sowler employed the remaining hours of the evening in making inquiries after the missing man. Not a trace of him had been

discovered, up to eight o'clock on the next morning.

Shortly after nine o'clock—that is to say, towards the hour at which Phœbe paid her visit to Amelius—Mrs. Sowler, resolute to know the worst, made her appearance at the apartments occupied by Mrs. Farnaby.

'I wish to speak to you,' she began abruptly, 'about that young man we both know of. Have you seen anything of him lately?'

Mrs. Farnaby, steadily on her guard, deferred answering the question. 'Why do you want to know?' she said.

The reply was instantly ready. 'Because I have reason to believe he bolted, with your money in his pocket.'

'He has done nothing of the sort,' Mrs. Farnaby rejoined.

'Has he got your money?' Mrs. Sowler persisted. 'Tell me the truth—and I'll do the same by you. He has cheated me. If you're cheated, too, it's your own interest to lose no time in finding him. The police may catch him yet. *Has* he got your money?'

The woman was in earnest—in terrible earnest—her eyes and her voice both bore witness to it. She stood there the living impersonation of those doubts and fears which Mrs. Farnaby had described in her letter to Amelius. Her position, at that moment, was essentially a position of power. Mrs. Farnaby felt it in spite of herself. She acknowledged that Jervy had got the money.

'Did you send it to him, or give it to him?' Mrs. Sowler asked.

'I gave it to him.'

'When?'

'Yesterday evening.'

Mrs. Sowler clenched her fists, and shook them in impotent rage. 'He's the biggest scoundrel living,' she exclaimed furiously; 'and you're the biggest fool! Put on your bonnet and come to the police. If you get your money back again before he's spent it all, don't forget it was through me.'

The audacity of the woman's language roused Mrs. Farnaby. She pointed to the door. 'You are an insolent creature,' she said; 'I have nothing more to do with you.'

'You have nothing more to do with me?' Mrs. Sowler repeated. 'You and the young man have settled it all between you, I suppose.' She laughed scornfully. 'I daresay now you expect to see him again?'

Mrs. Farnaby was irritated into answering this. 'I expect to see him this morning,' she said, 'at ten o'clock.'

'And the lost young lady with him?'

'Say nothing about my lost daughter! I won't even hear you speak of her.'

Mrs. Sowler sat down. 'Look at your watch,' she said. 'It must be nigh on ten o'clock by this time. You'll make a disturbance in the house if you try to turn me out. I mean to wait here till ten o'clock.'

On the point of answering angrily, Mrs. Farnaby restrained herself. 'You are trying to force a quarrel on me,' she said; 'you sha'n't spoil the happiest morning of my life. Wait here by yourself.'

She opened the door that led into her bed-chamber, and shut herself in. Perfectly impenetrable to any repulse that could be offered to her, Mrs. Sowler looked at the closed door with a sardonic smile, and waited.

The clock in the hall struck ten. Mrs. Farnaby returned again to the sitting-room, walked straight to the window, and looked out.

'Any signs of him?' said Mrs. Sowler.

There were no signs of him. Mrs. Farnaby drew a chair to the window, and sat down. Her hands turned icy cold. She still looked out into the street.

'I'm going to guess what's happened,' Mrs. Sowler resumed. 'I'm a sociable creature, you know, and I must talk about something. About the money, now? Has the young man had his

travelling expenses of you? To go to foreign parts, and bring your girl back with him, eh? I guess that's how it was. You see I know him so well. And what happened, if you please, yesterday evening? Did he tell you he'd brought her back, and got her at his own place? And did he say he wouldn't let you see her, till you paid him his reward as well as his travelling expenses? And did you forget my warning to you not to trust him? I'm a good one at guessing when I try. I see you think so yourself. Any signs of him yet?'

Mrs. Farnaby looked round from the window. Her manner was completely changed; she was nervously civil to the wretch who was torturing her. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I have offended you,' she said faintly. 'I am a little upset—I am so anxious about my poor child. Perhaps you are a mother yourself? You oughtn't to frighten me; you ought to feel for me.' She paused, and put her hand to her head. 'He told me yesterday evening,' she went on slowly and vacantly, 'that my poor darling was at his lodgings; he said she was so worn out with the long journey from abroad that she must have a night's rest before she could come to me. I asked him to tell me where he lived, and let me go to her. He said she was asleep and must not be disturbed. I promised to go in on tiptoe, and only look at her; I offered him more money, double the money, to tell me where she was. He was very hard on me. He only said, wait till ten to-morrow morning—and wished me good-night. I ran out to follow him, and fell on the stairs, and hurt myself. The people of the house were very kind to me.' She turned her head back towards the window, and looked out into the street again. 'I must be patient,' she said; 'he's only a little late.'

Mrs. Sowler rose, and tapped her smartly on the shoulder. 'Lies!' she burst out. 'He knows no more where your daughter is than I do—and he's off with your money!'

The woman's hateful touch struck out a spark of the old fire in Mrs. Farnaby. Her natural force of character asserted itself once more. '*You* lie!' she rejoined. 'Leave the room!'

The door was opened, while she spoke. A respectable woman-servant came in with a letter. Mrs. Farnaby took it mechanically, and looked at the address. Jervy's feigned handwriting was familiar to her. In the instant when she recognised it, the life seemed to go out of her like an extinguished light. She stood pale and still and silent, with the unopened letter in her hand.

Watching her with malicious curiosity, Mrs. Sowler coolly possessed herself of the letter, looked at it, and recognised the writing in her turn. 'Stop!' she cried, as the servant was on the point of going out. 'There's no stamp on this letter. Was it brought by hand? Is the messenger waiting?'

The respectable servant showed her opinion of Mrs. Sowler plainly in her face. She replied as briefly and as ungraciously as possible:—'No.'

'Man or woman?' was the next question.

'Am I to answer this person, ma'am?' said the servant, looking at Mrs. Farnaby.

'Answer me instantly,' Mrs. Sowler interposed—'in Mrs. Farnaby's own interests. Don't you see she can't speak to you herself?'

'Well, then,' said the servant, 'it was a man.'

'A man with a squint?'

'Yes.'

'Which way did he go?'

'Towards the square.'

Mrs. Sowler tossed the letter on the table, and hurried out of the room. The servant approached Mrs. Farnaby. 'You haven't opened your letter yet, ma'am,' she said.

'No,' said Mrs. Farnaby vacantly, 'I haven't opened it yet.'

'I'm afraid it's bad news, ma'am?'

'Yes. I think it's bad news.'

'Is there anything I can do for you?'

'No, thank you. Yes; one thing. Open my letter for me, please.'

It was a strange request to make. The servant wondered, and obeyed. She was a kind-hearted woman; she really felt for the poor lady. But the familiar household devil, whose name is Curiosity, and whose opportunities are innumerable, prompted her next words when she had taken the letter out of the envelope:—'Shall I read it to you, ma'am?'

'No. Put it down on the table, please. I'll ring when I want you.'

The mother was alone—alone, with her death-warrant waiting for her on the table.

The clock down-stairs struck the half hour after ten. She moved, for the first time since she had received the letter. Once more, she went to the window, and looked out. It was only for a moment. She turned away again, with a sudden contempt for herself. 'What a fool I am!' she said—and took up the open letter.

She looked at it, and put it down again. 'Why should I read it,' she asked herself, 'when I know what is in it, without reading?'

Some framed woodcuts from the illustrated newspapers were hung on the walls. One of them represented a scene of rescue from shipwreck. A mother embracing her daughter, saved by the lifeboat, was among the foreground groups. The print was entitled, 'The Mercy of Providence.' Mrs. Farnaby looked at it, with a moment's steady attention. 'Providence has its favourites,' she said; 'I am not one of them.'

After thinking a little, she went into her bed-room, and took two papers out of her dressing-case. They were medical prescriptions.

She turned next to the chimney-piece. Two medicine-bottles were placed on it. She took one of them down—a bottle of the ordinary size, known among chemists as a six-ounce bottle. It contained a colourless liquid. The label stated the dose to be 'two table-spoonsful,' and bore, as usual, a number corresponding with a number placed on the prescription. She took up the prescription. It was a mixture of bi-carbonate of soda and prussic acid, intended for the relief of indigestion. She looked at the date, and was at once reminded of one of the very rare occasions on which she had required the services of a medical man. There had been a serious accident at a dinner-party, given by some friends. She had eaten sparingly of a certain dish, from which some of the other guests had suffered severely. It was discovered that the food had been cooked in an old copper saucepan. In her case, the trifling result had been a disturbance of digestion, and nothing more. The doctor had prescribed accordingly. She had taken but one dose: with her healthy constitution, she despised physic. The remainder of the mixture was still in the bottle.

She considered again with herself—then went back to the chimney-piece, and took down the second bottle.

It contained a colourless liquid also; but it was only half the size of the first bottle, and not a drop had been taken. She waited, observing the difference between the two bottles with extraordinary attention. In this case also, the prescription was in her possession——but it was not the original. A line at the top stated that it was a copy made by the chemist, at the request of a customer. It bore the date of more than three years since. A morsel of paper was pinned to the prescription, containing some lines in a woman's handwriting:—'With your enviable health and strength, my dear, I should have thought you were the last person in the world to want a tonic. However, here is my prescription, if you must have it. Be very careful to take the right dose, because there's poison in it.' The prescription contained three in-

gredients, strychnine, quinine, and nitro-hydro-chloric acid; and the dose was fifteen drops in water. Mrs. Farnaby lit a match, and burnt the lines of her friend's writing. 'As long as that,' she reflected, watching the destruction of the paper, 'I thought of killing myself. Why didn't I do it?'

The paper having been destroyed, she put back the prescription for indigestion in her dressing-case; hesitated for a moment; and opened the bedroom window. It looked into a lonely little courtyard. She threw the dangerous contents of the second and smaller bottle out into the yard—and then put it back empty on the chimneypiece. After another moment of hesitation, she returned to the sitting-room, with the bottle of mixture, and the copied prescription for the tonic strychnine drops, in her hand.

She put the bottle on the table, and advanced to the fireplace to ring the bell. Warm as the room was, she began to shiver. Did the eager life in her feel the fatal purpose that she was meditating, and shrink from it? Instead of ringing the bell, she bent over the fire, trying to warm herself.

'Other women would get relief in crying,' she thought. 'I wish I was like other women!'

The whole sad truth about herself was in that melancholy aspiration. No relief in tears, no merciful oblivion in a fainting-fit, for *her*. The terrible strength of the vital organisation in this women knew no yielding to the unutterable misery that wrung her to the soul. It roused its glorious forces to resist; it held her in a stony quiet, with a grip of iron.

She turned away from the fire wondering at herself. 'What baseness is there in me that fears death? What have I got to live for *now*? The open letter on the table caught her eye. 'This will do it!' she said—and snatched it up, and read it at last.

'The least I can do for you is to act like a gentleman, and spare you unnecessary suspense. You will not see me this morning at ten, for the simple reason that I really don't know (and never did know) where to find your daughter. I wish I was rich enough to return the money. Not being able to do that, I will give you a word of advice instead. The next time you confide any secrets of yours to Mr. Goldenheart, take better care that no third person hears you.'

She read those atrocious lines, without any visible disturbance of the dreadful composure that possessed her. Her mind made no effort to discover the person who had listened and had betrayed her. To all ordinary curiosities, to all ordinary emotions, she was morally dead already.

The one thought in her was a thought that might have occurred to a man. 'If I only had my hands on his throat, how I could wring the life out of him! As it is—' Instead of pursuing the reflection, she threw his letter into the fire, and rang the bell.

'Take this at once to the nearest chemist's,' she said, giving the strychnine prescription to the servant; 'and wait, please, and bring it back with you.'

She opened the desk, when she was alone, and tore up the letters and papers in it. This done, she took her pen, and wrote a letter. It was addressed to Amelius.

When the servant entered the room again, bringing with her the prescription made up, the clock down-stairs struck eleven.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOFF returned to the cottage, with the slippers and the stockings.

'What a time you have been gone!' said Amelius.

'It is not my fault, sir,' Toff explained. 'The stockings I obtained without difficulty. But the nearest shoe-shops in this neighbourhood sold

only coarse manufactures, and all too large. I had to go to my wife, and get her to take me to the right place. See! he exclaimed, producing a pair of quilted silk slippers with blue rosettes, 'here is a design, that is really worthy of pretty feet. Try them on, Miss.'

Sally's eyes sparkled at the sight of the slippers. She rose at once, and limped away to her room. Amelius, observing that she still walked in pain, called her back. 'I had forgotten the blister,' he said. 'Before you put on the new stockings, Sally, let me see your foot.' He turned to Toff 'You're always ready with everything,' he went on; 'I wonder whether you have got a needle and a bit of worsted thread?'

The old Frenchman answered with an air of respectful reproach. 'Knowing me, sir, as you do,' he said, 'could you doubt for a moment that I mend my own clothes and darn my own stockings?' He withdrew to his bedroom below, and returned with a leather roll. 'When you are ready, sir?' he said, opening the roll on the table, and threading the needle, while Sally removed the sock from her left foot.

She took a chair near the window, at the suggestion of Amelius. He knelt down so as to raise her foot to his knee. 'Turn a little more towards the light,' he said. He took the foot in his hand, lifted it, looked at it—and suddenly let it drop back on the floor.

A cry of alarm from Sally instantly brought Toff to the window. 'O, look!' she cried 'he's ill!' Toff lifted Amelius to the chair. 'For God's sake, sir,' cried the terrified old man, 'whats the matter?' Amelius had turned to the strange ashy paleness which is only seen in men of his florid complexion, overwhelmed with sudden emotion. He stammered when he tried to speak. 'Fetch the brandy!' said Toff, pointing to the liqueur case on the sideboard. Sally brought it instantly; the strong stimulant steadied Amelius.

'I'm sorry to have frightened you,' he said faintly. 'Sally!—Dear, dear little Sally, go in, and get your things on directly. You must come out with me; I'll tell you why afterwards. My God? why didn't I find this out before?' He noticed Toff, wondering and trembling. 'Good old fellow! don't alarm yourself—you shall know about it, too, Go! run! get the first cab you can find!'

Left alone for a few minutes, he had time to compose himself. He did his best to take advantage of the time; he tried to prepare his mind for the coming interview with Mrs. Farnaby. 'I must be careful of what I do,' he thought, conscious of the overwhelming effect of the discovery on himself; 'she doesn't expect *me* to bring her daughter to her.'

Sally returned to him, ready to go out. She seemed to be afraid of him, when he approached her, and took her hand. 'Have I done anything wrong?' she asked, in her childish way. 'Are you going to take me to some other Home?' The tone and look with which she put the question burst through the restraints which Amelius had imposed upon himself for her sake. 'My dear child!' he said, 'can you bear a great surprise? I'm dying to tell you the truth—and I hardly dare do it.' He took her in his arms. She trembled piteously. Instead of answering him, she reiterated her question, 'Are you going to take me to some other Home?' He could endure it no longer. 'This is the happiest day of your life, Sally!' he cried; 'I am going to take you to your mother.'

He held her close to him, and looked at her in dread of having spoken too plainly.

She slowly lifted her eyes to him in vacant fear and surprise; she burst into no expression of delight; no overwhelming emotion made her sink fainting in his arms. The sacred as-

sociations which gather round the mere name of Mother were associations unknown to her; the man who held her to him so tenderly, the hero who had pitied and saved her, was father and mother both in her simple mind. She dropped her head on his breast; her faltering voice told him she was crying. 'Will my mother take me away from you?' she asked. 'O, do promise to bring me back with you to the cottage!'

For the moment, and the moment only, Amelius was disappointed in her. The generous sympathies in his nature guided him unerringly to the truer view. He remembered what her life had been. Inexpressible pity for her filled his heart. 'O, my poor Sally, the time is coming when you will not think as you think now! I will do nothing to distress you. You musn't cry—you must be happy, and loving and true to your mother.' She dried her eyes. 'I'll do anything you tell me,' she said, 'as long as you bring me back with you.'

Amelius sighed, and said no more. He took her out with him gravely and silently, when the cab was announced to be ready. 'Double your fare,' he said, when he gave the driver his instructions, 'if you get there in a quarter of an hour.' It wanted twenty-five minutes to twelve when the cab left the cottage.

At that moment, the contrast of feeling between the two could hardly have been more strongly marked. In proportion as Amelius became more and more agitated, so Sally recovered the composure and confidence that she had lost. The first question she put to him related, not to her mother, but to his strange behaviour when he knelt down to look at her foot. He answered, explaining to her briefly and plainly what his conduct meant. The description of what had passed between her mother and Amelius interested her and yet perplexed her. 'How can she be so fond of me, without knowing anything about me for all those years?' she asked. 'Is my mother a lady? Don't tell her where you found me; she might be ashamed of me.' She paused, and looked at Amelius anxiously. 'Are you vexed at something? May I take hold of your hand?' Amelius gave her his hand; and Sally was satisfied.

As the cab drew up at the house, the door was opened from within. A gentleman, dressed in black, hurriedly came out; looked at Amelius; and spoke to him as he stepped from the cab to the pavement.

'I beg your pardon, sir. May I ask if you are any relative of the lady who lives in this house?'

'No relative,' Amelius answered. 'Only a friend, who brings good news to her.'

The stranger's grave face suddenly became compassionate as well as grave. 'I must speak with you before you go up-stairs,' he said, lowering his voice as he looked at Sally, still seated in the cab. 'You will, perhaps, excuse the liberty I am taking, when I tell you I am a medical man. Come into the hall for a moment—and don't bring the young lady with you.'

Amelius told Sally to wait in the cab. She saw his altered looks, and entreated him not to leave her. He promised to keep the house door open so that she could see him, and followed the doctor into the hall.

'I am sorry to say, I have bad, very bad news for you,' the doctor began. 'Time is of serious importance—I must speak plainly. You have heard of mistakes made by taking the wrong bottle of medicine? The poor lady up-stairs is, I fear, in a dying state, from an accident of that sort. Try to compose yourself. You may really be of use to me, if you are firm enough to take my place while I am away.'

Amelius steadied himself instantly. 'What I *can* do, I *will* do,' he answered.

The doctor looked at him. 'I believe you,' he said. 'Now listen. In this case, a dose limited to fifteen

drops has been confounded with a dose of two table-spoonsful; and the drug taken by mistake is strychnine. One grain of the poison has been known to prove fatal—she has taken three. The convulsion fits have begun. Antidotes are out of the question—the poor creature can swallow nothing. I have heard of opium as a possible means of relief; and I am going to get the instrument for injecting it under the skin. Not that I have much belief in the remedy; but I must try something. Have you courage enough to hold her, if another of the convulsions comes on in my absence?'

'Will it relieve her, if I hold her?' Amelius asked.

'Certainly.'

'Then I promise to do it.'

'Mind! you must do it thoroughly. There are only two women up-stairs; both perfectly useless in this emergency. If she shrieks to you to be held, exert your strength—take her with a firm grasp. If you only touch her (I can't explain it, but it is so), you will make matters worse.'

The servant ran down stairs, while he was speaking. 'Don't leave us, sir—I'm afraid it's coming on again.'

'This gentleman will help you, while I am away,' said the doctor. 'One word more,' he went on, addressing Amelius. 'In the intervals between the fits, she is perfectly conscious; able to listen, and even to speak. If she has any last wishes to communicate, make good use of the time. She may die of exhaustion, at any moment. I will be back directly.'

He hurried to the door.

'Take my cab,' said Amelius, 'and save time.'

'But the young lady—'

'Leave her to me.' He opened the cab-door, and gave his hand to Sally. It was done in a moment. The doctor drove off.

Amelius saw the servant waiting for them in the hall. He spoke to Sally, telling her considerately and gently, what he had heard, before he took her into the house. 'I had such good hope for you, he said; 'and it has come to this dreadful end! Have you courage to go through with it, if I take you to her bed-side? You will be glad one day, my dear, to remember that you cheered your mother's last moments on earth.'

Sally put her hand in his. 'I will go anywhere,' she said softly, 'with you.'

Amelius led her into the room. The servant, in pity for her youth, ventured on a word of remonstrance, 'O sir, you're not going to let the poor young lady see that dreadful sight up-stairs!'

'You mean well,' Amelius answered; 'and I thank you. If you knew what I know, you would take her up-stairs too. Show the way.'

Sally looked at him in silent awe as they followed the servant together. He was not like the same man. His brows were knit; his lips were fast set; he had the girl's hand in a grip that hurt her. The latent strength of will in him—that reserved resolution, so finely and firmly entwined in the natures of sensitively-organised men—was rousing itself to meet the coming trial. The Doctor would have doubly believed in him, if the doctor had seen him at that moment.

They reached the first floor landing.

Before the servant could open the drawing-room door, a shriek rang frightfully through the silence of the house. The servant drew back, and crouched trembling on the upper stairs. At the same moment, the door was flung open, and another woman ran out, wild with terror. 'I can't bear it!' she cried, and rushed up the stairs, blind to the presence of strangers, in the panic that possessed her. Amelius entered the drawing-room, with his arm around Sally, holding her up. As he placed her in a chair, the dreadful cry was renewed. He only waited to rouse and encourage her by a word and a look,—and ran into the bedroom.

For an instant, and an instant only, he stood horror-struck in the presence of the poisoned woman.

The fell action of the strychnine wrung every muscle in her with the torture of convulsion. Her hands were fast clenched; her head was bent back; her body, rigid as a bar of iron, was arched upwards from the bed, resting on the two extremities of the head and the heels; the staring eyes, the dusky face, the twisted lips, the clenched teeth, were frightful to see. He faced it. After the one instant of hesitation, he faced it.

Before she could cry out again, his hands were on her. The whole exertion of his strength was barely enough to keep the frenzied throbs of the convulsion, as it reached its climax, from throwing her off the bed. Through the worst of it, he was still equal to the trust that had been placed in him, still faithful to the work of mercy. Little by little he felt the lessening resistance of the rigid body, as the paroxysm began to subside. He saw the ghastly stare die out of her eyes, and the twisted lips relax from their dreadful grin. The tortured body sank, and rested; the perspiration broke out on her face; her languid hands fell gently over on the bed. For a while, the heavy eyelids closed —then opened again feebly. She looked at him. 'Do you know me?' he asked, bending over her. And she answered in a faint whisper, 'Amelius!'

He knelt down by her and kissed her hand. 'Can you listen, if I tell you something?'

She breathed heavily; her bosom heaved under the suffocating oppression that weighed upon it. As he took her in his arms to raise her in the bed, Sally's voice reached him in low imploring tones, from the next room. 'O, let me come to you! I'm so frightened here by myself.'

He waited, before he told her to come in, looking for a moment at the face that was resting on his breast. A gray shadow was stealing over it; a cold and clammy moisture struck a chill through him as he put his hand on her forehead. He turned towards the next room. The girl had ventured as far as the door; he beckoned to her. She came in timidly, and stood by him, and looked at her mother. Amelius signed to her to take his place. 'Put your arms round her,' he whispered. 'O Sally, tell her who you are in a kiss!' The girl's tears fell fast as she pressed her lips on her mother's cheek. The dying woman looked up at her, with a glance of helpless inquiry — then looked at Amelius. There was a doubt in her eyes that made his heart ache. Arranging the pillows, so that she could keep her raised position in the bed, he signed to Sally to approach him, and remove the slipper from her left foot. As he took it off, he looked again at the bed— looked and shuddered. In a moment more, it might be too late. With his knife he ripped up the stocking, and, lifting her on the bed, put her bare foot on her mother's lap. 'Your child! your child!' he cried; I've found your own darling! For God's sake, rouse yourself! Look!'

She heard him. She lifted her feebly-declining head. She looked. She knew.

For one awful moment, the sinking vital forces rallied, and hurled back the hold of death. Her eyes shone radiant with the divine light of maternal love; an exulting cry of rapture burst from her. Slowly, very slowly, she bent forward, until her face rested on her daughter's foot. With a faint sigh of ecstasy she kissed it. The moments passed—and the bent head was raised no more. The last beat of the heart was a beat of joy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day had advanced to evening. A few hours of repose and solitude at the cottage had helped Ame-

lius, in some degree, to recover his tranquillity. He was sitting in the library, with Sally for his only companion. The silence in the room was uninterrupted. On the open desk at his side lay the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him on the morning of her death.

He had found the letter—with the envelope unfastened—on the floor of the bedchamber, and had fortunately secured it before the landlady and servants had ventured back to the room. The doctor, returning a few minutes afterwards, had warned the two women that a coroner's inquest would be held in the house, and had vainly cautioned them to be careful of what they said or did in the interval. Not only the subject of the death, but a discovery which had followed, revealing the name of the ill-fated woman marked on her linen, and showing that she had used an assumed name in taking the lodgings as Mrs. Ronald, became the gossip of the neighbourhood in a few hours. Under these circumstances, the catastrophe was made the subject of a paragraph in the evening journals; the name being added for the information of any surviving relatives who might be ignorant of the sad event. If the landlady had found the letter, that circumstance also would, in all probability, have formed part of the statement in the newspapers, and the secret of Mrs. Farnaby's life and death would have been revealed to the public view.

'I can trust you, and you only,' she wrote to Amelius, 'to fulfil the last wishes of a dying woman. You know me, and you know how I looked forward to the prospect of a happy life in retirement with my child. The one hope that I lived for has proved to be a cruel delusion. I have only this morning discovered, beyond the possibility of doubt, that I have been made the victim of wretches who have deliberately lied to me from first to last. If I had been a happier woman, I might have had other interests to sustain me under this fearful disaster. Such as I am, Death is my one refuge left.

'My suicide will be known to no creature but yourself. Some years since, the idea of self-destruction—concealed under the disguise of a common mistake—presented itself to my mind. I kept the means (very simple means) by me, thinking I might end it that way after all. When you read this, I shall be at rest forever. You will do what I have yet to ask of you, in merciful remembrance of me—I am sure of that.

'You have a long life before you, Amelius. My foolish fancy about you and my lost girl still lingers in my mind: I still think it may be just possible that you may meet with her, in the course of years.

'If this does happen, I implore you, by the tenderness and pity that you once felt for me, to tell no human creature that she is my daughter; and, if John Farnaby is living at the time, I forbid you, with the authority of a dying friend, to let her see him, or to let her know even that such a person exists. Are you at a loss to account for my motives? I may make the shameful confession which will enlighten you, now I know that we shall never meet again. My child was born before my marriage; and the man who afterwards became my husband—a man of low origin, I should tell you—was the father. He had calculated on this disgraceful circumstance to force my parents to make his fortune, by making me his wife. I now know (what I only vaguely suspected before), that he deliberately abandoned his child, as a likely cause of hindrance and scandal in the way of his prosperous career in life. Do you now think I am asking too much, when I entreat you never even to speak to my lost darling of this unnatural wretch? As for my own fair fame, I am not thinking of myself. With death close at my side, I think of my poor mother, and of all that she suffered and sacrific-

ed to save me from the disgrace that I had deserved. For her sake, not for mine, keep silence to friends and enemies alike if they ask you who my girl is—with the one exception of my lawyer. Years since, I left in his care the means of making a small provision for my child, on the chance she might live to claim it. You can show him this letter as your authority, in case of need.

'Try not to forget me, Amelius—but don't grieve about me. I go to my death as you go to your sleep when you are tired. I leave you my grateful love—you have always been good to me. There is no more to write; I hear the servant returning from the chemist's, bringing with her my release from the hard burden of life without hope. May you be happier than I have been! Good-bye!'

So she parted from him for ever. But the fatal association of the unhappy woman's sorrows with the life and fortunes of Amelius was not at an end yet.

He had neither hesitation nor misgiving in resolving to show a natural respect to the wishes of the dead. Now that the miserable story of the past had been unreservedly disclosed to him, he would have felt himself bound in honour (even without instructions to guide him) to keep the discovery of the daughter a secret, for the mother's sake. With that conviction, he had read the distressing letter. With that conviction, he now rose to provide for the safe keeping of it under lock and key.

Just as he had secured the letter in a private drawer of his desk, Toff came in with a card, and announced that a gentleman wished to see him. Amelius looking at the card, was surprised to find on it the name of 'Mr. Melton.' Some lines were written on it in pencil:—'I have called to speak to you on a matter of serious importance.' Wondering what his middle-aged rival could want with him, Amelius instructed Toff to admit the visitor.

Sally started to her feet, with her customary distrust of strangers. 'May I run away before he comes in?' she asked. 'If you like,' Amelius answered quietly. She ran to the door of her room, at the moment when Toff appeared again, announcing the visitor. Mr. Melton entered just before she disappeared: he saw the flutter of her dress as the door closed behind her.

'I fear I am disturbing you?' he said, looking hard at the door.

He was perfectly dressed; his hat and gloves were models of what such things ought to be; he was melancholy and courteous; blandly distrustful of the flying skirts which he had seen at the door. When Amelius offered him a chair, he took it with a mysterious sigh; mournfully resigned to the sad necessity of sitting down. 'I won't prolong my intrusion on you,' he resumed. 'You have no doubt seen the melancholy news in the evening papers?'

'I haven't seen the evening papers,' Amelius answered; 'what news do you mean?'

Mr. Melton leaned back in his chair, and expressed emotions of sorrow and surprise, in a perfect state of training, by gently raising his eyebrows.

'O dear, dear! this is very sad. I had hoped to find you in full possession of the particulars—reconciled, as we must all be, to the inscrutable ways of Providence. Permit me to break it to you as gently as possible. I came here to inquire if you had heard yet from Miss Regina. Understand my motive! there must be no misapprehension between us on *that* subject. There is a very serious necessity—pray follow me carefully—I say, a very serious necessity for my communicating immediately with Miss Regina's uncle; and I know of nobody who is so likely to hear from the travellers, so soon after their departure, as yourself. You are (in

a certain sense) a member of the family—'

'Stop a minute,' said Amelius.

'I beg your pardon?' said Mr. Melton, politely at a loss to understand the interruption.

'I didn't at first know what you meant,' Amelius explained. 'You put it, if you will forgive me for saying so, in rather a roundabout way. If you are alluding, all this time, to Mrs. Farnaby's death, I must honestly tell you that I know of it already.'

The bland self-possession of Mr. Melton's face began to show signs of being ruffled. He had been in a manner deluded into exhibiting his conventionally-fluent eloquence, in the choicest modulations of his sonorous voice—and it wounded his self-esteem to be placed in a ridiculous position. 'I understood you to say,' he remarked stiffly, 'that you had not seen the evening newspapers.'

'You are quite right,' Amelius rejoined; 'I have not seen them.'

'Then may I inquire,' Mr. Melton proceeded, 'how you became informed of Mrs. Farnaby's death.'

Amelius replied with his customary frankness. 'I went to call on the poor lady this morning,' he said, 'knowing nothing of what had happened. I met the doctor at the door; and I was present at her death.'

Even Mr. Melton's carefully trained composure was not proof against the revelation that now opened before him. He burst out with an exclamation of astonishment, like an ordinary man.

'Good Heavens, what does this mean!'

Amelius took it as a question addressed to himself. 'I'm sure I don't know,' he said quietly.

Mr. Melton, misunderstanding Amelius, on his side, interpreted those innocent words as an outbreak of vulgar interruption. 'Pardon me,' he said coldly. 'I was about to explain myself. You will presently understand my surprise. After seeing the evening paper, I went at once to make inquiries at the address mentioned. In Mr. Farnaby's absence, I felt bound to do this as his old friend. I saw the landlady, and (with her assistance) the doctor also. Both these persons spoke of a gentleman who had called that morning, accompanied by a young lady; and who had insisted on taking the young lady up stairs with him. Until you mentioned just now that you were present at the death, I had no suspicion that you were "the gentleman." Surprise on my part was, I think, only natural. I could hardly be expected to know that you were in Mrs. Farnaby's confidence about the place of her retreat. And with regard to the young lady, I am still quite at a loss to understand—'

'If you understand that the people at the house told you the truth, so far as I am concerned,' Amelius interposed, 'I hope that will be enough. With regard to the young lady, I must beg you to excuse me for speaking plainly. I have nothing to say about her, to you or to anybody.'

Mr. Melton rose with the utmost dignity and the fullest possession of his vocal resources.

'Permit me to assure you,' he said, with frigidly-fluent politeness, 'that I have no wish to force myself into your confidence. One remark I will venture to make. It is easy enough, no doubt, to keep your own secrets, when you are speaking to *me*. You will find some difficulty, I fear, in pursuing the same course, when you are called upon to give evidence before the coroner. I presume you know that you will be summoned as a witness at the inquest?'

'I left my name and address with the doctor for that purpose,' Amelius rejoined as composedly as ever; 'and I am ready to bear witness to what I saw at poor Mrs. Farnaby's bedside. But if all the coroners in England questioned me about anything else, I should say to them just what I have said to you.'

Mr. Melton smiled with well-bred irony. 'We shall see,' he said. 'In the meantime, I presume I may ask you (in the interests of the family) to send me the address on the letter, as soon as you hear from Miss Regina. I have no other means of communicating with Mr. Farnaby. In respect to the melancholy event, I may add that I have undertaken to provide for the funeral, and to pay any little outstanding debts, and so forth. As Mr. Farnaby's old friend and representative—'

The conclusion of the sentence was interrupted by the entrance of Toff with a note, and an apology for his intrusion. 'I beg your pardon, sir; the person is waiting. She says it's only a receipt to sign. The box is in the hall.'

Amelius examined the enclosure. It was a formal document, acknowledging the receipt of Sally's clothes, returned to her by the authorities at the Home. As he took a pen to sign the receipt, he looked towards the door of Sally's room. Mr. Melton, observing the look, prepared to retire. 'I am only interrupting you,' he said. 'You have my address on my card. Good evening.'

On his way out, he passed an elderly woman, waiting in the hall. Toff, hastening before him to open the garden gate, was saluted by the gruff voice of a cabman, outside. 'The lady whom he had driven to the cottage had not paid him his right fare; he meant to have the money, or the lady's name and address and summon her.' Quietly crossing the road, Mr. Melton heard the woman's voice next; she had got her receipt, and had followed him out. In the dispute about fares and distances that ensued, the contending parties more than once mentioned the name of the Home and of the locality in which it was situated. Possessing this information, Mr. Melton looked in at his club; consulted a directory under the heading of 'Charitable Institutions;' and drew the obvious conclusion that he had discovered an inmate of an asylum for lost women, in the house of the man to whom Regina was engaged to be married.

The next morning's post brought to Amelius a letter from Regina. It was dated from an hotel in Paris. Her 'dear uncle' had over-estimated his strength. He had refused to stay and rest for the night at Boulogne; and had suffered so severely from the fatigue of the long journey that he had been confined to his bed since his arrival. The English physician consulted had declined to say when he would be strong enough to travel again; the constitution of the patient must have received some serious shock; he was brought very low. Having carefully reported the new medical opinion, Regina was at liberty to indulge herself, next, in expressions of affection, and to assure Amelius of her anxiety to hear from him as soon as possible. But, in this case again, the 'dear uncle's' convenience was still the first consideration. She reverted to Mr. Farnaby, in making her excuses for a hurriedly-written letter. The poor invalid suffered from depression of spirits; his great consolation in his illness was to hear his niece read to him: he was calling for her, indeed, at that moment. The inevitable postscript warmed into a mild effusion of fondness. 'How I wish you could be with us. But, alas, it cannot be!'

Amelius copied the address on the letter, and sent it to Mr. Melton immediately.

It was then the twenty-fourth day of the month. The tidal train did not leave London early on that morning; and the inquest was deferred, to suit other pressing engagements of the coroner, until the twenty-sixth. Mr. Melton decided (after his interview with Amelius) that the emergency was sufficiently serious to justify him in following his telegram to Paris. It was clearly his duty, as an old friend,

to mention to Mr. Farnaby what he had discovered at the cottage, as well as what he had heard from the landlady and the doctor; leaving it to the uncle's discretion to act as he thought right in the interests of the niece. Whether that course of action might not also serve the interests of Mr. Melton himself (in the character of an unsuccessful suitor for Regina's hand), he did not stop to inquire. Beyond his duty it was, for the present at least, not his business to look.

That night, the two gentlemen held a private consultation at Paris; the doctor having previously certified that his patient was incapable of supporting the journey back to London, under any circumstances.

The question of the formal proceedings rendered necessary by Mrs. Farnaby's death having been discussed and disposed of, Mr. Melton next entered on the narrative which the obligations of friendship imperatively demanded from him. To his astonishment and alarm, Mr. Farnaby started up in the bed like a man panic-stricken. 'Did you say,' he stammered, as soon as he could speak, 'you meant to make inquiries about that—that girl?'

'I certainly thought it desirable, bearing in mind Mr. Goldenheart's position in your family.'

'Do nothing of the sort! Say nothing to Regina or to any living creature. Wait till I get well again—and leave me to deal with it. I am the proper person to take it in hand. Don't you see that for yourself? And, look here! there may be questions asked at the inquest. Some impudent scoundrel on the jury may want to pry into what doesn't concern him. The moment you're back in London, get a lawyer to represent us—the sharpest fellow that can be had for money. Tell him to stop all prying questions. Who the girl is, and what made that cursed young Socialist Goldenheart take her up-stairs with him—all that sort of thing has nothing to do with the manner in which my wife met her death. You understand? I look to you, Melton, to see yourself that this is done. The less said at the infernal inquest, the better. In my position, it's an exposure that my enemies will make the most of, as it is. I'm too ill to go into the thing any farther. No: I don't want Regina. Go to her in the sitting-room, and tell the courier to get you something to eat and drink. And, I say! For God's sake, don't be late for the Boulogne train to-morrow morning.'

Left by himself, he gave full vent to his fury; he cursed Amelius with oaths that are not to be written.

He had burnt the letter which Mrs. Farnaby had written to him, on leaving him for ever; but he had not burnt out of his memory the words which that letter contained. With his wife's language vividly present to his mind, he could arrive at but one conclusion, after what Mr. Melton had told him. Amelius was concerned in the discovery of his deserted daughter; Amelius had taken the girl to her dying mother's bedside. With his idiotic Socialist notions, he would be perfectly capable of owning the truth, if inquiries were made. The unblemished reputation which John Farnaby had built up by the self-seeking hypocrisy of a lifetime was at the mercy of a visionary young fool, who believed that rich men were created for the benefit of the poor, and who proposed to regenerate society by reviving the obsolete morality of the Primitive Christians. Was it possible for him to come to terms with such a person as this? There was not an inch of common ground on which they could meet. He dropped back on his pillow in despair, and lay for a while frowning and biting his nails. Suddenly he sat up again in the bed, and wiped his moist forehead, and heaved a heavy breath of relief. Had his illness obscured his intelligence? How was it he had not seen at once the perfectly easy way out of the difficulty which was presented by the facts themselves?

Here is a man, engaged to marry my niece, who has been discovered keeping a girl at his cottage—who even had the audacity to take her up-stairs with him when he made a call on my wife. Charge him with it in plain words; break off the engagement publicly in the face of society; and, if the profligate scoundrel tries to defend himself by telling the truth, who will believe him—when the girl was seen running out of his room? and when he refused, on the question being put to him, to say who she was?

So, in ignorance of his wife's last instructions to Amelius—in equal ignorance of the compassionate silence which an honourable man preserves when a woman's reputation is at his mercy—the wretch needlessly plotted and planned to save his usurped reputation; seeing all things, as such men invariably do, through the foul light of his own inbred baseness and cruelty. He was troubled by no retributive emotions of shame or remorse, in contemplating this second sacrifice to his own interests of the daughter whom he had deserted in her infancy. If he felt any misgivings, they related wholly to himself. His head was throbbing, his tongue was dry; a dread of increasing his illness shook him suddenly. He drank some of the lemonade at his bedside, and lay down to compose himself to sleep.

It was not to be done: there was a burning in his eyeballs; there was a wild irregular beating at his heart, which kept him awake. In some degree, at least, retribution seemed to be on the way to him already. Mr. Melton, delicately admistering sympathy and consolation to Regina—whose affectionate nature felt keenly the calamity of her aunt's death—Mr. Melton, making himself modestly useful, by reading aloud certain devotional poems much prized by Regina, was called out of the room by the courier. 'I have just looked in at Mr. Farnaby, sir,' said the man; 'and I am afraid he is worse.'

The physician was sent for. He thought so seriously of the change in the patient, that he obliged Regina to accept the services of a professed nurse. When Mr. Melton started on his return journey the next morning, he left his friend in a high fever.

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY J. C., MONTREAL.

IN the quiet of my chamber, as I sit alone to-night,
And the old year slowly dying, passes from my lingering sight,
Fades the Present from my vision, and alone beside me stand
In the gathering midnight darkness, Past and Future, hand in hand.

Past is all the old year's sunshine, all its shadows in the Past,
On its newly-written story, Death has set its seal at last;
Sadly look I on the pages, once that lay so pure and fair,
Blotted now with sin and sorrow, dimmed and blurred with pain and care.

To its earliest page, my spirit takes again its rapid flight,
In this solemn hour I read it, by a new and clearer light,
All its wealth of hidden treasure, dawning hope and budding flower,
Seeds of Promise to be scattered on Life's pathway hour by hour.

Have we strewn them? Ah! neglected, many in the garner lie,
Others sown and soon forgotten, we have left to droop and die;
Vainly seek I a rich harvest, few the gathered fruits have been,
And I scarce can see them clearly, for the weeds that lie between.

But not all my bitter longing, can recall one banished hour,
Cannot add a single blossom to its small and scanty dower;
Cannot copy fair its story, or erase one spot or stain,
From the changeless Past, which ever must unchangeable remain.

* * * * * *

From my crystal painted window, look I on the street below,
Glistening in the pale, calm moonlight, lies the white untrodden snow,
But my wayward fancy sees it, in to-morrow's busy street,
And its fair, untarnished beauty, trampled down by passing feet.

Hopeless turn I to the Future, just so fair and pure and white,
Standing in its spotless beauty, in its own first dawning light;
But in that first gleam of morning, I can see another stand,
Breaks the Present on my vision, clasps the Future hand in hand.

Breaks in on my faithless dreaming, smiling calm, and grave and sweet,
Tells me of the daily washing that shall cleanse our soiléd feet,
Whispers of the grace sufficient for all hourly need and care,
Till my faithless fears change quickly, into silent, trusting prayer.

Living Present! all our power o'er the Future rests in thee,
Following thy watchword, "Duty," we can leave what is to be
In His keeping, who holds Future, Past, and Present in His hand,
Till we see with clearer vision, as before God's Throne we stand.

BURNS AND FERGUSON.

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

WHO was Ferguson and why couple his name with that of a Scottish poet, whose fame is world-wide, and whose works are known and admired even where his native dialect is as the tongue of another and unknown world? are questions that will rise to the lips of many Scotchmen, and all other readers in Canada, except the few who delight to wander amid the by-ways of literature that may be national, but is not cosmopolitan. In the noble preface to the first edition of his poems, Burns himself has given to the works of Ferguson the best introduction and recommendation they can, or could, have, when he writes: 'To the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he (Burns), with unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions.' Burns had him in his eye, when writing, rather with a view to kindle at his flame, than for servile imitation. The ploughman poet confesses that his efforts were largely inspired by Ferguson, as well as by Ramsay; and he is found writing from Irvine in 1781, 'Rhyme I had given up' (on going to Irvine), 'but meeting with Ferguson's Scottish poems I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre, with emulating vigour.' Lockhart is of opinion that it was this accidental meeting with Ferguson's works and a personal sympathy with that poet's misfortunes that largely determined the Scottish character of Burns's writings. It is questionable if Lockhart is quite right in this, for Burns had, before he saw Ferguson's works in a collected form, though he may have seen them in *Ruddiman's* (or *Walter's*) *Magazine*, already written one of the best of his songs, *Corn Rigs*, beginning 'It was upon a Lammas night,' which is in the dialect of Ayrshire. Belonging to this period were also, if I mistake not, *John Barleycorn*, *The Death and Elegy of Poor Mailie*, as well as some other songs, all in dialect, the elegy showing that Burns had already mastered that peculiar measure in which Ferguson's happiest efforts are written. Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters, gives the impression which Burns made upon him, but what the future novelist thought of the poet is of little interest to us now, except inasmuch as it applies to his relations with Ferguson. Scott thought that Burns had twenty times the ability of Ramsay or of Ferguson, and that he talked of these poets as his models with too much humility, a humility for which Scott was at a loss to account, unless it were occasioned by Burns's 'national predilection.' It is much more probable that Burns had not yet, if indeed he ever, received an answer to his aspiration: 'O wad some power the giftie gi'e us, to see oursel's as others see us.' He was conscious of having lit his lamp at their flame; he was conscious that he had not proved a servile imitator, but he was not conscious that the world esteemed his efforts as much superior to those of his predecessors. Had Burns been capable of estimating his powers as of twenty times the magnitude of those of Ferguson—Scott's estimate—it is probable that Burns would not have spoken as he did of Ferguson's work, for the estimate which the Ayrshire plough-

man had of his own writings was simply that they were the productions of one possessed of some poetic ability. Burns certainly was intensely Scotch, but he was not so Scotch as to make believe that he esteemed what was worthless. Such national predilection would have been hypocrisy, and if there was one vice more abhorrent than another to Burns, that vice was hypocrisy. It seems rather that Burns was a conscientious admirer of Ferguson; that he was incapable of finding fault with the work of one who had preceded himself in the task of embalming Scottish life in verse; that Burns felt much the same reverence for Ferguson that the student feels for his professor or his teacher; that, indeed, what measure of success attended the pupil's efforts was entirely due to the more fortunate circumstances in which the pupil found himself. Burns would, doubtless, have considered it presumption on his part to think that Ferguson could not have produced better verses than he, had the same subjects presented themselves to each. One cannot fail to be impressed with the absence of conceit in Burns's writings, just as one has impressed upon him at every step the contempt which the plain ploughman was capable of expressing for all and every species of humbug. But this contempt was never hurled from the standpoint of conceit—it was thrown from the level of simple worth. From this level of simple worth Burns also addressed his praise, and that, always with deference; so it is not trespassing upon the borders of the improbable, to affirm, as I have done, that Burns' admiration of Ferguson emanated from singleness of heart. The personal sympathy with Ferguson's misfortunes, alluded to by Lockhart, may have caused Burns to esteem Ferguson's works, but as the dawnings of a great future, still I hardly consider it probable that Burns would have thought less of these works, as works, had Ferguson's career been other than it was. That the latter's early death exercised considerable influence on Burns, is undoubted, for did not Burns devote a portion of the proceeds of the second (or Edinburgh) edition of his poems to erecting a monument over the poet's grave? But did this influence, directly, or only indirectly, manifest itself in Burns's works? Was this influence sufficiently individualized to show its presence in what Burns afterwards wrote? That is the question which now concerns us most to answer. I think that at most Burns' sympathy with Ferguson's misfortunes was but a minor passion among the many that disturbed his sensitive heart. I am not inclined to think that it was even a great or deep sympathy, for nowhere has Burns's muse burst into song when thinking of its dead mate. Even the tombstone which Burns placed over Ferguson's grave, contains no lines other than the somewhat studied and cold—

> No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay!
> No storied urn, nor animated bust!
> This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
> To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

If this were all the sympathy which was evoked from Burns by Ferguson's fate, it is not likely that the life and writings of the unfortunate poet could have exercised much influence upon his somewhat less unlucky successor, beyond the influence to which every sympathetic man is subjected by hearing of the trials and troubles of a fellow-man. There were no bands of personal friendship to draw the two together, for Ferguson was already dead one year before Burns, then a lad of scarce sixteen, with trepidation seized his pen to write, 'O once I loved a bonny lass,' responsive to the feelings aroused in his breast by the charms of his female partner in the labours of the harvest. Thus the strongest influence that could be brought to bear on Burns in moulding the character of his verse was wanting; besides, as I have just shown, the character of Burns's verse

was already marked when he first made acquaintance with the works of Ferguson. Summing up, then, the relation in which Burns stood to Ferguson, we see that it was simply one of sincere admiration.

This may have been Burns' estimate of his own merit alongside of that of Ferguson—but is it that of the world? No! The world knows little of Ferguson because the genius of Burns has quenched all lesser lights. He presents liberally all that can be asked for in Scottish poetry except the heroic, upon which Scott afterwards threw the light of his genius, though not to raise it to a higher standard than that of blind Harry. Those who have aimed to supply the same want which Burns satisfies have been forgotten, however able were their efforts, and however appreciated they were, until the spirit personified of Scottish poetry appeared in Robert Burns. Still there is a species of satisfaction felt in recalling forgotten words, just as there is a pleasure experienced in thinking of the story-books that filled our young minds with wonderment; though while we dilate upon the boldness (baldness were better) of the primitive illustrations of the tales in our day, we may be gazing upon the rich art treasures spread before the young folks now to convey to them the dramatic scope of the hoary text. In proceeding, then, upon the assumption that a comparison of the effusions of Ferguson, the primitive, with Burns, the perfect, will not be altogether devoid of satisfaction to the reader, I think that it would hardly be just were I to ask for an endorsation of any judgment I may pass upon the works of Ferguson, without first making known to the reader, or reminding him, who and what the earlier poet was. It is offering no insult to the intelligence of the reader to give a short sketch of the poet, for, perhaps, his brief wanderings on the world are better known to foreigners than to his fellow-countrymen. The history of Burns is so well known that he is to all intents and purposes a living man to-day. Ferguson is of the past; let me see if I can animate the dust that is mouldering in the city of the dead in the modern Athens.

William Ferguson, the father of the poet, was of the conventional type, poor but honest. In serving an apprenticeship to a merchant in Aberdeen he discovered and cultivated with mild enthusiasm a propensity for stringing verses together. His business and poetic gifts do not seem to have procured for him much recognition in his native town. So he emigrated to Edinburgh, a journey of considerable magnitude in 1746, when the coasting vessel was the swiftest means of communication as well as the surest, (for just about this time quite a number of Highland gentlemen—being disappointed in obtaining English coronets for themselves, through the failure of the Pretender's invasion—were not averse to the humble crowns to be found in the pockets of their more cool-headed countrymen.) William Ferguson did not have much satisfaction with his several masters, or perhaps his various masters did not have much satisfaction with him. At all events, the father of the subject of our sketch did not fall on his feet until he procured a situation in the office of the British Linen Company, where, perhaps, the many masters were too busy looking after each other to have much time to look after their servants, a state of affairs which prevailed then, as now, in such concerns. William Ferguson's wife was an estimable woman whose life was bound up in the narrow, but exalted, sphere of promoting the happiness of home.

Robert Ferguson, the poet, was born on September 5th, 1750, and about all that is of interest in his family relations, is, that he was not an only son; that he had sisters, and that (perhaps owing to many of his poems being suggested by current

topics), he never, by any chance, betrays the fact that he was not a Scottish Topsy, but had kith and kin like any ordinary poet. The folly of sending children to school to have their poor little noodles crammed with what to them is idle jingle, when they should be engaged in the exhilarating pursuit of compounding mud-pies, prevailed in those days, as now, and so it was matter of much concern to his father and mother that little Robert was of a constitution so delicate that he had reached six years, and his brain had not yet been tortured into retaining and repeating the ponderous rumbling noises—all that the Shorter Catechism is to a child. Doubtless, the worthy Mrs. Ferguson bemoaned with a heavy heart that 'puir wee Bob,' as she would call him, had not learned 'What is Justification, Adoption, and Sanctification?' And, without doubt, her neighbours would bring in their wee 'Jocks' and 'Sandies' to repeat the 'quashtions' or carritches—all, of course, for the benefit of 'the bit bairn.' In his sixth year Robert was put under private tuition, and so rapid was his progress that in six months he was prepared for entrance into the High School, then, as now, a school of high character. The future poet's bodily infirmities prevented regular application to his studies, but such was his natural ability, and so highly was he fired with ambition, that he managed to excel most of his competitors. When confined to the house, through illness, he developed a taste for reading, and found his chief delight in the Proverbs of Solomon—reading that will be delightful to everyone for all time, but of which a want of appreciation is decidedly manifest in these days of so-called advanced taste. The lad, having continued four years at Edinburgh, was removed to Dundee High School, which is now of small importance as an educational institution, though it was, at that time, one of the best. Here, under the same depressing circumstances as surrounded his career at Edinburgh, Ferguson, for two years, earned marked distinction. Like most Scotch families of the middle class, that of William Ferguson had in solemn council decided that one of its members should 'wag his pow i' a poopit,' and Robert, being the most unlikely to give as good as he got in the turmoil of commercial life, was the one upon whom the choice fell. So, his friends being appealed to, their efforts secured for Robert a bursary at St. Andrews, where he began his university career at the age of thirteen. His natural abilities speedily commanded attention, though their scope was, perhaps, somewhat obscured by the youth's propensity for fun and frolic. At that time Dr. Wilkie was professor of Natural Philosophy, and he was attracted by the sickly lad taking such a fancy to him, it is alleged, though without much appearance of credibility, that Robert was deputed to read the professor's prelections, when the latter was unable to occupy his chair. When he was entered as a Civis of the Divinity class, Robert seems to have begun to cultivate his muse, and with charming perversity, despising the theologians' idea of the time that the drama was a device of Satan to ruin men's souls, the first use which he is found making of his talent is to write two acts of a tragedy, entitled *William Wallace*. Perchance he excused himself from dallying with the devil's hand-maiden, on the score of patriotism, as did a friend of my own whose father caught him at similar work, and, wishing to advance some arguments against play-writing, stopped to punctuate his remarks with a broomstick; perhaps it would be more correct were I to say that he made his remarks with the broomstick, and let his want of breath supply punctuation. It is the aspiration of every Scottish youth to write a tragedy on Wallace. They do not know that incident is, after all, only the framework of a dramatic picture, and that Wal-

lace's life does not present anything out of which to construct more than a dramatic panorama. The aspirations of some few Scotch youths have led them on into two acts of a tragedy on this subject before their ambition became flat and unprofitable. A very few have reached five acts, but these youths died young. Robert Ferguson having stopped short at two acts, lived, but it seems that after four years, when his bursary expired, he had advanced backwards so far in his ideas about being a minister, that he decided to turn to another refuge—the law. Two years before the end of his university career, his father died, but this had no great influence upon Robert, for the last two years of his life at St. Andrews were of a piece with those during which he earned the character of being a light-headed young man. His mother was too poor to maintain him at home, and Robert was so unsettled in his habits that he could make no provision for himself. Following his restless impulse, he went to Aberdeen to see a rich uncle, who received and entertained him hospitably for six months, then turned him out of doors. The poor youth had no money and his personal appearance had become decidedly shabby. His heart burning with anger at his uncle, who had made no exercise of his influence to procure work for him, Ferguson set his face to the south, and started to walk to Edinburgh. Halting when a short distance on his way, and seizing pen and paper he sent a bitter letter to Mr. Forbes, that had the effect of drawing from the latter the offer of a few shillings, which was accepted by the poet, who excused himself in accepting the tardy aid by pleading the absolute want in which he had to undertake his long journey. Edinburgh was reached on foot, but the poor young fellow was exhausted, and was confined to bed for several days, during which his feelings found vent in writing his *Decay of Friendship*, and *Against Repining at Fortune*. Before long, Ferguson obtained a situation in the Commissary Clerk's office, but the tyranny of the deputy drove him forth into the streets once more. A considerable time elapsed before he obtained his next and last situation, one in the office of the Sheriff Clerk, where he practised until his death all he ever knew of law—transcribing law documents at so much per folio. Ferguson really did make an attempt to study law, but he abandoned it like others illustrious in literature, among whom may be named, in passing, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, Corneille, Rowe, Scott, and Dickens. Ferguson only transcribed enough to enable him to procure simple comforts, chief among which, unfortunately, was whiskey. But while applying himself with assiduity to increasing His Majesty's revenue in this way, the poet did not neglect his muse, and almost every number of *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine* was enriched by contributions from his pen. He was speedily recognized as a man of great talent, and in the absence of men of genius, such as Scott and Burns, who came after him, was the lion of the day among that class, which then, as now, thinks that association with men of letters conceals its own illiterate conceit. From among these wealthy worshippers of what they themselves had not, Ferguson did not succeed in procuring a patron; in those days more essential for the elevation of merit to financial success than genius itself. Many there were who patronized the poor man in the worst possible way, by enticing him from the earning of his daily bread to consummating his daily death, for with pity be it said, poor Ferguson was too often snatched from sensibility by the seductive embrace of his country's Delilah—drink. As other of his finer qualities were being effaced by residence, it might be termed, in taverns, phœnix-like out of the ruins rose the strong religious principles which had been instilled into him in

his youth. In the wreck of his humanity vice fought religion, and was vanquished; but alas! the man was left lifeless—Ferguson became an idiot! He was found wandering in the streets looking for the murderers of Christ. Having seen a Jew in the street, he told a friend confidentially that he was about to have the reprobate disposed of according to law. For a time he was harmless, until by injury in falling down a stair his brain was unsettled and he became a raging maniac, with few intervals of unchained repose. In these intervals his mother and his elder sister visited him, and touching, indeed, must have been the sad interviews. On the sixteenth day of October, 1774, he had a terrible paroxysm. He fell exhausted upon the straw on the floor, and there he was found, his features in repose, and the hand outstretched towards a plaited crown of straw. Such was the end of Robert Ferguson.

That I should jog any reader's recollections of the career of Burns is unnecessary. For my present purpose what will recur to everyone of the life of the chief of Scottish poesy will be quite as fresh as the details which I have given of the poet Ferguson. They are now both known to my readers. Permit me, then, to institute a comparison between the writings of the Edinburgh scribe and the earlier works of the Ayrshire ploughman. In these poems, published in the first two editions, one may expect to find Burns' kindling at the flame of Ferguson, if at any time the greater light borrowed from the lesser. Ferguson was fond of writing pastorals in the Sicilian school. The most ambitious of these was in three parts—*Morning*, *Noon*, and *Night*. It cannot be said that this pastoral makes any great impression on the reader. The conception is devoid of dramatic strength, and borrows none of the beauty of nature which it attempts to describe. In perusing it I cannot leave out of my imagination the picture of a rural school examination when two of the hopeful 'speak their piece.' Here and there one can discern beauties which are all but hidden by uncouth expression and monotonous utterance. Perhaps an idea of the commonplace character of the diction may be appreciated when it is remembered that the best lines in *Morning* are the closing ones:

Damon—But hush Alexis, reach yon leafy shade,
Which mantling ivy round the oak hath made;
There we'll retire, and list the warbling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat;
Your easy numbers shall his songs inspire,
And ev'ry warbler join the gen'ral choir.

This is easy versification, but it is not poetry, nor can it be said that the following lines from *Noon*, the best, are much, if at all, better:

Timanthes—Ah, hapless youth! although thy early muse,
Painted her semblance on thy youthful brows:
Tho' she with laurels twin'd thy temples round,
And in thy ear distill'd the magic sound;
A cheerless poverty attends thy woes,
Your song melodious unrewarded flows.

It would be labour indeed to get enthusiastic over lines like these. Even when the poet changes from self to adoration of the Author of his being, the change of theme brings no elevation of language or of conception; as witness these lines, the best that may be culled from the third section of the pastoral *Night*:

Amyntas—By Him the morning darts his purple ray;
To Him the birds their early homage pay;
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While swans in concert heav'nly praises sing.

There is nothing with which this pastoral can be contrasted in Burns' writings, for Burns never dealt in the abstract or sentimental. In everything that the Ayrshire ploughman wrote throbs a great human heart. His poetry is always passionate, never philosophically contemplative. Still, to do justice to Ferguson, his pastorals could not well be overlooked, but

having glanced at one, and that the best, let it suffice. A poem of Ferguson's which must ever be of interest to those who read his works is that on 'The Decay of Friendship,' composed under the painful circumstances to which I have previously adverted. This poem strongly shows that the best of Ferguson's work in the English tongue hardly rises above versification. It opens thus:

'When gold, man's sacred deity, did smile,
My friends were plenty, and my sorrows few;
Mirth, love and bumpers did my hours beguile,
And arrow'd cupids round my slumbers flew.'

Another verse I may quote to show his style:

'Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;
Sweet are the blossoms to the wanton bee;
Sweet to the shepherd sounds the lark's shrill song,
But sweeter far is SOLITUDE to me.

Schoolboys have failed to earn distinction with better verses than these, though one cannot help admiring the alliterative effect in the last verse. His thought, it will be observed, is commonplace to-day, and was commonplace even when he wrote. There is a lack of energy and a forced fluency that are repellent; for, however choice may be a poet's diction, if it be lacking in life it cannot touch the soul of the reader. How different is Burns, when he tunes his lyre to lament the want of true friendship. He rises superior to a personal plaint, and speaks for the human race in '*Man was made to Mourn.*' In the very first verse of this remarkable poem the reader has pictured before him the dark side of the world by the simple words 'Chill November's surly blast made fields and forests bare,' and conviction already possesses him because he is prepared to hear speak an aged man, whose face was furrowed o'er with years and crowned with hoary hair. The patriarch speaks no words of peevishness, but out of the fulness of a heart that has room for a world's grief, and charity for a world's wilfulness, he says:

O man! while in thy early years
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours;
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn,
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

I could wish to go fully into the difference here displayed between the two poets, but must hasten on with the observation that Burns never made his own sufferings the theme of his muse; he knew that he had himself to blame for all that overtook him, and was conscious of deserving greater retribution than fell upon him. Ferguson is oblivious to his own faults and failings, and meanders in sentimental pastoral scenes, obtruding his own wretchedness against the ripe joyousness of Nature. The one is selfish, and forces his selfishness into its most unnatural setting—a surrounding of inanimate nature; the other sinks self in humanity, is humanity's champion, and boldly stands forth in the setting which of all others gives force to his warfare—the sufferings of his friends, the people, one of the least deserving of whom he, by the mystic influence of genius, shows himself to be.

What I might term the companion poem to *The Decay of Friendship* is '*Against repining at Fortune.*' This is one of the best of Ferguson's English poems, but it, too, is monotonous in expression, and commonplace in thought. Towards the end of the poem one can detect a more hopeful spirit. Indeed, were it not for the last two verses, the preceding ten might almost have followed the prior poem as a sort of mild depreciation of the fancied happiness of those neglectful friends of whom he had been complaining. The two last verses are:

'Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold
That man this jewel, happiness, can find,
If his unfeeling breast, to virtue cold,
Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.

Wealth, pomp and honour are but gaudy toys;
Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart!
Virtue's the sacred source of all the joys
That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

There is more true poetry in the last two lines than in all that precede them; still, after all, any poet, not a poetaster, has produced lines equally good. I will not cite lines of Burns to place alongside of these; to do so would be superfluous, for Burns preaches virtue as the source of joy in tones of conviction that are all arresting. A belief in virtue was taught him at his father's knee, and he could not be indebted to the 'poor unfortunate Ferguson' for inspiration in his praise of virtue. I would not have touched upon these two poems of Ferguson's were it not that these being the poems to which was attached the deepest personal interest, it might fairly be expected that had Burns really been deeply impressed by the reading of Ferguson's works, the *Decay of Friendship*, and *Against Repining at Fortune*, would have given a decided bent to his writings. I may not have succeeded in showing that the two poets are diverse in their treatment of the same subject (because I have not quoted the poems in full) where diversity of treatment did not do violence to our common humanity, but my own conviction is that Burns certainly was not affected by Ferguson's writings, when he was so situated, that Burns' strongest sympathies would be lavished upon him. And if not then, when would he be?

Let us glance at Ferguson's treatment of the rivers of Scotland, and at that of Burns. Ferguson wrote an ode on *The Rivers of Scotland*; Burns on *Bruar Water*, *Bonnie Doon*, *Ayr*, and *Lugar*. What a charm is in the simple ploughman's lays. As we listen to them we hear the gurgling waters kiss the pebbled shore. How stilted is Ferguson! What a confused vision one has of Neptune, mermaids, tritons, naiads, and artificiality generally, for even his tuneful shepherd is not a rustic swain. Burns never encumbers his verse with mystic beings, who might as well not be in the scene depicted. Where supernatural apparitions are introduced by Burns, they are already looked for by the reader, as witness the appearance of 'The Sprites that o'er the Brigs of Ayr preside.' I could have liked to contrast the two poets' treatment of the seasons—Ferguson's, unequal, inconsequent, and apostrophizing, though at times rising to considerable dignity as when he sings:

'Mute are the plains; the shepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forsaken, and the tender flock,
While echo, listening to the tempest's roar,
In silence wanders o'er the beetling rock.'

Burns, at all times a living part of what he depicts, comprehensive even when his words are brief, sings:

'While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae,
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

. . . . .

The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.'

Or, again, when in his introduction to *The Cottar's Saturday Night*:

'November chill blows long wi' angry sough
The short'ning winter day is near a close:
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,
The black'ning train o' craws to their repose.'

Surely Burns did not borrow any descriptive inspiration from his predecessor. Ferguson has written a poem on (bed) *Bugs*, Burns on a *Louse*; but how different is their treatment of this, surely a kindred subject. Ferguson's lines are most inflated, pompous, and ponderous. He drags in Homer on the Grecian plains, the movement of the spheres, the murmuring cadence of the floods, the Dryads near Edina's walls, Pan and his rural train of shepherds and nymphs, Chloe's bosom, alabaster fair, and so on. On the contrary, Burns possesses his reader with a creeping curiosity,

and at the same time deals a giant's blow at self-conceit.

Again, Burns had the faculty of making animals speak. *The Twa Dogs* and *Poor Mailie* are much more real to most men than Balaam's ass. Burns loved animals, and those who read his works speak with him to his old mare Maggie, to the 'wee sleekit cow'rn' tim'rous mouse,' 'to the wounded hare' and 'to the waterfowl.' Ferguson's nearest approach to investing animals with humanity, if I may be permitted to use such a phrase, is a fable entitled *The Peasant, the Hen, and Young Ducks*, which is so trifling that one is saved the trouble of making haste to forget it.

One would think that the wild whirl of tavern-life would have drawn from Ferguson something in which he could give expression to exuberance of spirits; in which he could reproduce what was to him the greatest excitement as well as the greatest pleasure that he could experience, but no! A cold, sentimental, lifeless elegy is all that can be placed alongside Burns' *Scotch Drink* and his *Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons*. The *Daft Days*, I think one of the best of Ferguson's writings, but it is a poor substitute for the dramatic story of *Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny*, the cronies who 'had been fou' for weeks thegither.' Two verses of the *Daft Days* I shall here quote:

'Auld Reikie, thou'rt the canty hole,
A bield for many a cauldrife soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll
Baith warm and couth,
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth.

. . . . .

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix
And rozet weel your fiddle-sticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,
Gie's Tullochgorum.'

There is more of the personal presence in this poem than anything that Ferguson ever wrote, and it is possessed of a vivifying power that is absent in his eclogues. It is a composition which above all others would justify one in taking whatever else Ferguson wrote as 'glorious dawnings.' I have reserved, for closing, a consideration of those poems in which Ferguson is seen in his happiest vein, and towards which Burns is most closely inclined. In theme and structure there is a resemblance between Ferguson's *The Hallow Fair* and *Leith Races*, and Burns' *The Holy Fair*, as also between Ferguson's *The Farmer's Ingle*, and Burns' *The Cottar's Saturday Night*. In the *Hallow Fair* and *Leith Races*, and in the *Holy Fair*, the versification is the same, but it is a versification that was old even when Ferguson wrote, and was adopted by Burns, so far as is known, before he had ever seen any poem of Ferguson's. The versification—eight lines and a rider, '— — that day'—is a modification of *Christis' Kirk of the Grene*, written by King James I., and to which Currie attributes the force and structure of most of the rural poetry, Currie making a remark, in his *Essay on Scottish Poetry*, to the effect that it is peculiar that the only nation in Europe which had an original poetry, should have had the form of its poetry handed down to its rural poets from a monarch. In Ferguson's poem on the Hallow Fair, he describes the scene at a rural fair, the chapmen selling their wares, the whisky-drinking, enlisting, fighting, and characteristic humours of such a celebration in his day. In *Leith Races* he describes meeting with a mystic being, called *Mirth*, the fairest quean 'neath the lift,' whose 'een were o' the siller sheen, her skin like snawy drift.' The two agree to go to the races, and there observe her 'power and pith.' They go, but in the agreement to go is seen the last of this sprite *Mirth*, Ferguson thereafter describing with great gusto the humours of the races as they appeared to him. Burns's poem is like a combination of the two by Ferguson. In early morning of the Sacramental Sunday he is

sniffing the caller air, when 'three huzzies cam skelpin' up the way.' The two looked like twins, and 'sour as ony slaes,' while the third, who was behind, 'came up, hap-stap-an'-loup, as light as ony lammie.' With rustic grace the poet replies to the 'curchie' of the taller one, who tells that her name is FUN, that the other two are SUPERSTITION and HYPOCRISY, that all three are on the way to the holy fair. The poet says that he will get his 'Sunday's sark on,' and join her at the fair. This is the last we see of the trio, and here observe the resemblance between the structure of the poems of Ferguson. In the eighth verse Burns would seem to imply that the three damsels were there, but nothing approaching to an interchange of sentiment takes place. Burns, like Ferguson, dwells at length on the humours of the scene, and, though the subjects be different, the treatment is, in a measure, similar. It will, however, be conceded, that Burns develops much greater power of description and moral intensity than Ferguson. So marked is this, that it is doing no injustice to Ferguson to say that Burns did not imitate him. It is impossible to suggest any other mode of treatment than that which both Ferguson and Burns followed, and besides, it is the treatment which King James gave, or Ramsay makes him give, to *Christis' Kirk on the Grene*. While inclined to set a higher value upon Ferguson's writings than, perhaps, may stand the test of common sense, I think that it would hardly be correct to add to their lustre the reflex light of Burns' *Holy Fair*.

Ferguson's *Farmer's Ingle* is a poem of very great merit, but it is essentially an effort of descriptive power, and not a heart's tribute to the dead, as was Burns' *Cottar's Saturday Night*. Ferguson described what had created admiration in him, what seemed an exceeding lovely portion of that rural life whose beauties woke response in his soul, and caused it to burst forth in song. The farmer and his 'gudame' were not a father and mother upon whose memories the flowers of love and wreaths of veneration were daily showered by a son, to stay the mildest impulse of whose wayward soul a stray thought of childhood's home was potent. Burns poured his whole soul forth to do honour to his parents, and his tribute has the intensity of despair—the despair of ever being worthy of those to whom he owed all of the heavenly that in him was for ever at war with the carnal passions of his own creation. Ferguson's poem breathes no such spirit; it is essentially contemplative. Still, it appeals strongly to the fancy, if not to the heart, as witness these two verses: (Supper is supposed to be over.)

The fient a chiep's amang the bairnies now,
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane;
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou',
Grumble and greet, and make an uncomane.
In rangles round before the ingle's low,
Frae Gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks louping round the worrikow,
O' gaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake wi' fear.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be
Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill;
That kye hae tint their milk wi' evil e'e,
And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill.
O mock nae this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring, wi' reason clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear,
The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.

The closing lines of this last verse are singularly touching. Even Burns himself could not have more gracefully or compassionately described that terrible state 'dotage.' Burns's poem is also in Alexandrine verse, the last line being of the long measure used by Byron with such effect in his *Address to the Ocean*, and which may be likened to the roll of the breaker following the fall of wavelets on the shore. The necessity of quoting *The Cottar's Saturday Night* to show that Burns did not in writing it kindle his genius at the flame of Ferguson's muse, is spared

to me by the accepted belief that the poem is a spontaneous expression of the veneration of Burns for his parents. All are familiar with that great word-picture, in which humanity sees its heart's most heavenly pulses shrined, a picture in which Heaven is beheld on earth.

Thus far and no further do we go in our search for similarity in the writings of the two poets. Fruitless it has been, if not devoid of pleasure. What need that we persevere? Is it not daily our experience that the firmament of literature is as the firmament above us? The bright stars of the early evening pale before the moon's refulgent light, and that again is resolved, as it were, into darkness by the full glare of the sun's rays. So it is when ability fades before cultured intelligence—to fall into nothingness at the advent of genius.

BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

V.—At Murray, Ontario.

SHE is dead that we laughed with so often;
And all that in thought was so fair
Is a thing shut away in a coffin,
Leaving only this lock of gold hair.

She is gone—"*requiescat in pace*,"
A point on which least said is best;
Yet, at last, little golden-haired Gracie,
May your feet that have strayed, be at rest.

Can we grieve for her, think with regretting,
Of that life, not of heart or of brain?
With its innocent trick of coquetting,
And its trifling *tendresse* for champagne!

Mere beauty, mere youth we have buried,
No heart, but a pulse, has been stilled;
By no love-chase those fair feet were hurried
On the passionate pace that has killed.

She leaves, to buy back our affection,
Only the gold of her hair!
Dead flower! but what Spring's resurrection
Shall show us another as fair?

THE FUTURE OF MORALITY.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

NO one can have read the remarks of G. A. M. on Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Atlantic Monthly* article without, at least, respectful sympathy. The writer is in earnest, and he treats the subject as one in regard to which it is the bounden duty of everyone, either to speak with the utmost sincerity and simplicity, or not to speak at all. If this rule were more generally followed in the discussion of such matters, surely we should understand one another better, and the cause of truth be greatly advanced.

The position taken up by G. A. M. is that 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is necessary to the moral life of humanity,—that it alone can 'keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.' This may be true, but to what practical issue is it, or can it be, relevant? What men in general have to consider in connection with the doctrine of the Cross, or any doctrine, is not what it will do for them *if* they believe it, but whether it is believable. To try and influence belief by an appeal to men's interests is not right, and in matters outside of religion is generally felt to be flagrantly wrong. I fail to understand G. A. M. when he says, at the outset of his article, that 'the question for the great mass of men is not, is the Theistic or the Materialistic theory the most probable?' but that it assumes the practical shape of—'Shall we believe in God or shall we not?' Of course this way of putting it explains the *inducements to belief* afterwards presented; but how can anyone who knows what belief is imagine a man sitting down and calmly deliberating whether to believe a certain thing or not? Belief is, really, if I may use the expression, the movement of the mind in the line of least resistance; or, considered as a settled state, it is the rest of the mind following such movement. What is the line of least resistance for each man depends upon a thousand circumstances, but certainly does not depend upon his own arbitrary choice. The exercise of choice in matters of belief is always recognized as a corrupting influence. When the wish is father to the thought, we do not give much for the thought.

The misfortune to-day is, that to ever-increasing multitudes of men and women 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is becoming less and less believable (I say 'misfortune,' adopting for the moment the point of view of G. A. M.) It is nearly fifty years since Dr. Newman wrote his verses on 'The Progress of Unbelief,' commencing 'Now is the Autumn of the Tree of Life,' yet the generation of that day was a pattern of orthodoxy compared with the generation of this. What is to be done? You cannot lure men back by telling them of the value of what they have lost, nor even, supposing it possible, by making them *feel* its value. You must either re-clothe the doctrine with the power that it had in former days, or bow beneath the inscrutable decrees of an 'Intelligence' which allows the development of human intelligence to be accompanied by such a falling away from true standards of belief and practice.

To many of us, however, the proposition that only 'the apostolic doc-

trine of the Cross' can 'keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt' is one incapable of proof. It assumes in human society an inherent tendency to corruption, an assumption at variance with known facts. Every society that has ever existed on the face of the earth has existed by virtue of a certain preponderance of socially-beneficial over socially-injurious acts. If men coming together did one another more harm than good, they could not form any society however rude, but would lead the solitary lives of beasts of prey. The higher races of men have formed societies that have lasted for centuries, gaining, through long generations, in complexity and coherence. True, social disintegration has finally overtaken some of the most advanced of these, but is not the growth of such communities a proof that there is something in human nature that does *not* tend to corruption, but that tends to higher life? We know that trees die after a certain time, but we do not say of them that they have a natural tendency to corruption. All disintegration implies antecedent integration, and the latter is at least as striking a phenomenon as the former. If it be the case that human societies like all other organic structures have their pre-appointed terms, we must still recognize and do justice to the period when the sap of youth and vigorous maturity was running in their veins,—we must 'contemplate *all* the work of time,' and not only the period of decadence.*

The dying civilisations of the past, however, have contributed to the general life of the world whatever they had that was most precious. Greece handed down her literature, her philosophy, and fragments of her art; Rome bequeathed her law, and to some extent her municipal institutions; and the experiment of civilisation is now being tried upon a vastly wider basis than ever before. The highest efforts of social construction that the world has ever seen are now being made. In spite of the 'bloated armaments' which governments hold it necessary to keep on foot, the *nations* are not really hostile to one another; race hatreds are, indeed, to a large extent, a thing of the past. Taking the broadest possible view of things, modern civilisation, strong through the very diversity of its elements, is moving up an ascending grade, and is far as yet from the summit. One quite fails, therefore, to see any justification for the statement that but for a certain very abstruse doctrine, which comes but seldom into the thoughts of the vast majority of those who nominally believe it, the forces of dissolution would gain an absolute mastery, and modern society be precipitated into the abyss. Other societies have grown to a very respectable maturity without it, and modern society which has fallen heir to all the best traditions of the past, and which is based, as they never were based, upon sentiments of universal justice, as well as upon a wide knowledge of the laws of nature, may well hope to vastly exceed them in longevity, if not to remain permanent inheritor of the earth.

The rise and development of societies is a phenomenon that has occurred under such a multiplicity of varying circumstances,—in other words, the power of mankind, considered as a species, to live a superior gregarious life has been manifested over such a wide area both in space and time—that one may well ask for proof that any particular theological doctrine is now, or has heretofore been, necessary to the accomplishment of the result. It certainly rests with those who make the assertion to prove it. Many religious systems in the past have had but slight points of contact with mor-

* 'There is a floating notion that the lives of nations are limited by some mysterious law, and that they are born, grow to maturity, and die like men. But the life of a nation is a metaphorical expression. No reason can be given why a nation should die; and no nation ever has died, though some have been killed by external force.'—*Goldwin Smith, Lectures on the Study of History*; Am. Edt., p. 67.

ality ; and in many instances we have seen civilisation bearing with difficulty the burden of gross superstitions. Upon a cursory survey of history there is much to justify the dictum of Condorcet that the worst actions that men have performed have been those inspired by their creeds. There are surely no sadder or darker pages in the annals of mankind than those which tell of the wrongs that men have done to one another in the name of religion ; and, if we say that Christianity—not perhaps as interpreted by G. A. M. in the present year of grace, but as interpreted by the average consciousness of mankind in different ages—has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution, we shall hardly encounter contradiction. The ordinary duties and charities of life—hospitality to strangers, love of offspring, reverence for the aged—have owed but little to religion, which has, in general, expended its chief force upon forms and observances. Religion means, etymologically, something of binding force, and it has stood in practice for that which binds to a course of conduct that would not otherwise suggest itself as necessary or proper—sometimes to courses against which the whole moral and emotional nature revolts. So it was when Abraham prepared to slay his son Isaac, when Jephthah, Agamemnon, and, a few months ago, the Adventist Freeman, offered their daughters in sacrifice. A deeply religious community will always feel the greatest horror, not at injustice or wrong in any form, but at some violation of religious ceremonial, or some act betokening non-recognition of the national god or gods. The mutilation of the Hermae at Athens created a dismay that no positive crime could have caused ; and Socrates, who, in all moral respects, was an exemplary citizen, was put to death because he could not satisfy his judges that he was a worshipper of the gods in the same sense in which they were themselves. That the everyday duties of life have, as above stated, owed but little to the sanctions of religion, all literature more or less attests. After they have established themselves as results of social evolution, religion has stepped in and claimed them, in a certain way, as her domain ; but the difference between a spontaneous act of kindness, such as savages even are often capable of, and an act performed in obedience to a supposed divine behest, is visible on the surface. All the grace would vanish from an act, say of hospitality, if it were visibly inspired by fear of heaven, or if it were in any way dissociated from the natural human sympathy which it ought to express. How spontaneously this particular virtue springs upamong rude men, and how little it is related to, or perverted by, the religious sentiment, is nowhere better seen than in the narratives of early travel among the North American Indians. The Journals of Champlain and of the Recollet Fathers are full of examples of unforced, unaffected kindness upon the part of the Indians, both to the foreigners and to their own brethren. They had their religious observances, too ; but these had little or no connection with questions of right or wrong. 'There was a beastly superstition,' says Parkman, * 'prevalent among the Hurons, the Iroquois, and other tribes. 'It consisted of a "medicine" or mystic feast, in which it was essential that the guests should devour everything set before them however inordinate in quantity, unless absolved from duty by the person in whose behalf the solemnity was ordained ; he, on his part, taking no share in the banquet. So grave was the obligation, and so strenuously did the guests fulfil it, that even their ostrich digestion was sometimes ruined past redemption by the excess of this benevolent gluttony.' Well may we exclaim with the Epicurean poet, '*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum !*' But the in-

* Ancien Regime, p. 36.

junctions of religion, as distinguished from those of natural morality, have generally been of this irrational and aimless character, while natural morality has progressively adapted itself to human needs and to human relations.

Now 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is expressed in one place by G. A. M. as being the faith, held as he asserts by every one who has ever lived in the spirit of the Gospel, 'that He who bade him live in this spirit was delivered for his offences and raised again for his justification.' But can it really be true—and I would most earnestly press this point upon every sincere mind—can it really be true that we require to know that an innocent person was delivered for our offences, before we can rightly discharge our duties to our fellow-men? For this it is that is in question, and not the living of the very ideal life depicted in the 'Sermon on the Mount.' A degree of self-renunciation far below what is there described is ample for all human needs. Had it not been, civilisation would not have endured to this hour; for men in general, in their dealings with their fellows, have too often fallen short of bare justice, to say nothing at all of absolute indifference to their own rights. It is needless to say that even the most orthodox Christians do not feel it incumbent on them to lend to every would-be borrower, to hand over a cloak as a premium to the man who would unjustly take a coat, or to invite a second blow from the ruffian who has already inflicted one. Life can be very tolerable without such excessive self-renunciation as this: what is wanted is simply that every man should respect the rights of every other, and should be prepared to render to others all the kindness which he would desire to receive himself. I would not wish to put forward the views of Mr. Spencer on this subject as absolutely convincing and conclusive; but I will go so far as to say that no one can safely discuss the subject now in ignorance of what Mr. Spencer has written in his 'Data of Ethics.' I should much wish to have the calm judgment of G. A. M. upon that work, and particularly upon Mr. Spencer's discussion of the relative claims of Egoism and Altruism.

I must ask leave, however, to dwell for a moment on the terms in which G. A. M. has expressed what seems to him most vital in 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross;' and in doing so I must use great plainness of speech. Is there, then, not something strained and artificial in the words 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification'? Have they not the ring of a formulary, invested in imagination with a mystic or magic virtue, rather than of a true watch-word of man's spiritual progress? One has to fall back on the subtleties of exegesis to get so much as a rational explanation of the expression 'raised again for our justification;' the meaning is far from apparent on the surface. And why should men be justified, *i. e.*, held guiltless of the sins they have committed, through the simple raising from the dead of Jesus? These are questions that I press with no feeling of hostility to those who hold fast to the ancient creeds, but simply in the hope that the mere putting of the questions will lead some to deal faithfully with themselves in regard to these beliefs. G. A. M. seems to appeal to the esoteric experience of Christians for testimony as to the surpassing spiritual value of the doctrine above defined; but if the question is, not as to what nourishes certain peculiar conceptions or strains of thought, or what prompts to certain quite exceptional courses of action, but as to the moral future of mankind at large, then it is not enough to say that certain *âmes d'élite* know where the sources of their spiritual strength lie. The question discussed by G. A. M. is the widest possible, and he draws a very wide conclusion, viz., that nothing

but 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' can save the world from becoming 'altogether corrupt.' That conclusion, I say, cannot be sustained by any appeal to the spiritual consciousness of a chosen few, but only by an analysis of the causes that have favoured, and of those that have impeded, civilisation in the past, and a demonstration that, wherever we look, the doctrine in question—not in such general features as might, perhaps, be recognized in every kindly deed ever performed by man for man—but in the special form assigned to it as part of a revealed creed, lies at the foundation at once of all order, and of all progress. Prove to us, I say, that men will cease to care for their children, to cherish their wives, and to sympathize with their neighbours, as soon as they cease to believe that one innocent being was 'delivered for their offences and raised for their justification.' If anything stands out clear and distinct upon the page of history, and upon the face of the whole animate creation, it is that the domestic and simpler social virtues are a natural result of the very conditions of existence.*

It is open to G. A. M., or any one, to say that man, as a spiritual being, falls far short of his high calling if he confines himself to the practice of those duties which suffice to constitute, in popular estimation, the good father, husband, and citizen. Dr. Newman has said as much as this in the verses above referred to:

'Men close the door, and dress the cheerful hearth,
Self-trusting still; and, in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.'

More plainly still is the same thought expressed in the verses on 'Liberalism':

'Ye cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace:
Men of presumptuous heart! I know you well.
Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell
Each in his tranquil home and holy place;
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs;
Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heard no more;
But as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace ye passed them by.'

Dr. Newman, it will be perceived, hands over to the liberal school 'peace, chastised desires, good-will and mercy,' and talks contemptuously of the 'household Baal' with his 'comely gear of precept and of rite,' by which he probably means the precepts and observances of a sound mundane morality. Supposing then we admit that, without 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross,' the world will not rise to the height contemplated by Dr. Newman or G. A. M., must we despair? I trow not. The fragments that Dr. Newman throws us are enough, it seems to me, to make a very much better world than we have now. If in every home in the land we had a 'household Baal' whose sacrifices were 'peace, chastised desires, good-will and mercy,' it would seem a little wide of the mark to talk of society becoming 'altogether corrupt.'

The idealist is naturally distressed at the thought of failure in the realisation of his ideal; but is it right for him to say that *all* is lost because his dream is not fulfilled? In his 'Lectures on the Study of History,'* Mr. Goldwin Smith has dwelt with his usual force on the advantages of 'an attainable ideal.' 'Is not man,' he asks, 'more likely to struggle for that which is within, than for that which is beyond, his reach? If you would have us mount the steep ascent, is it not better to show us the first step of the stairs than that which is nearest to

* 'It is clear that the history of the race, or, at least, of the principal portion of it, exhibits a course of moral, intellectual, and material progress, and that this progress is natural, being caused by the action of desires and faculties implanted in the nature of man.' *Goldwin Smith*,—'*Lectures on the Study of History*.'—Am. Ed., p. 71.

* Am. Ed., p. 113.

the skies? If all the rhetoric of the pulpit were to be taken as literally true, would not society be plunged into recklessness or dissolved in agonies of despair? *A human morality saves much that an impracticable morality would throw away;* it readily accepts the tribute of moral poverty, the fragment of a life, the plain, prosaic duty of minds incapable, from their nature or circumstances, of conceiving a high poetic ideal. On the other hand it has its stricter side. It knows nothing of the merits of mere innocence. It requires active service to be rendered to society. It holds out no salvation by wearing of amulets or telling of beads. Regarding man as an essentially social being, it bears hard on indolent wealth, however regular and pious; on all who are content to live by the sweat of another man's brow.' Will the 'moral interregnum,' of which we have lately heard, be compatible with the increasing diffusion of the standard of morals here indicated? If so, we can await its coming with much equanimity.

I am seriously of opinion that much harm is done by many well-meaning persons in disparaging the natural foundations of morality. There are those all around us who have lost faith in Christian doctrines, and who rather rejoice to be told that apart from those doctrines there is no valid reason for living a pure or honest life. It is common enough to hear loose-living men declaim with energy against any attempts to place morality on a natural basis: they will have a theological morality or none at all. Naturally enough: a theological morality can be evaded or trifled with, because everything in the theological region is confessedly so uncertain; but a morality based on natural laws looks a man straight in the face, and pronounces a condemnation upon wrong which is at once unmistakeable and irrevocable. No one can mingle much with men of the world without feeling the truth of what I say. They are willing to confess themselves 'miserable sinners,' and they want a religion which will take a heavy discount off their offences in consideration of that confession. Talk of natural sanctions and inexorable law, and, if they have read enough, they will perhaps treat you to some stale quotations from Mr. Mallock's 'Positivism on an Island,'—a kind of satire which is perfectly to their taste.

Now, if instead of all this talk about the natural tendency of society to corruption, and the inefficacy of all moral sanctions save the theological, thoughtful and earnest men—such as everyone must take G. A. M. to be—were to apply themselves to study and discern the essential qualities of actions, if they strenuously appealed to the honour of their fellow-men not to violate by injustice a social compact from which all derive so much advantage, if, in every way, they sought to make the most of that whereunto we *have* attained, and put on a cheerful courage as to the future, can it be doubted that they would accomplish a much more useful work for society? Withdrawing one's thoughts from earth is almost certain to induce gloomy imaginings as to the course of things in the world; but he only is fitted to judge the world who believes in it, through having recognized in all its phenomena the steady working of natural law. One continually hears harsh, disparaging, or desponding things said of human life and its conditions by people who, by their own conduct, have placed themselves all wrong with life, and who have never, therefore, given themselves a chance to know what joy life affords when brought under right regulation. They complain of disappointments, when what has happened has been the simple result of their own imprudence; and, as Juvenal says, they enthrone Chance because they have not taught themselves to trust to anything better. Life may be considered as a science

that has its laws, or as a game that has its rules. He who would make satisfactory progress in the science must familiarize himself with, and guide himself by, what is already known; he who would play the game successfully must observe the rules. It would be ridiculous to hear a man, who had but dabbled aimlessly in chemistry, complain that he could not achieve results with the precision of a Faraday; it would be ridiculous to hear an unskilful or reckless whist-player complain that the best 'hands' were of little use to him; and none the less ridiculous is it to hear people, who have never given to the laws of life an hour's serious study, rail at life as being unsatisfactory and delusive. It is a very pious sentiment that 'there's nothing true but heaven;' but it proceeded, as everyone remembers, from a somewhat Anacreontic source; and Anacreontic tastes and habits have not a little to do with this particular form of piety. If one were required to find a man who had no faith in this world, it would be a safe thing to look for one who had made a very ill use of it. At the same time, I fully admit that many who have lived for the best, according to their lights, adopt the same tone of disparagement in speaking of what life affords; and I can only add—more's the pity.

Paradoxical as it may seem, what is called 'worldliness' is a vice prevailing chiefly among the so-called pious. The very people who run down this world are running one another down in their efforts to get as much as possible of this world's goods, and of its honour and glory. They have a horror of scepticism, which in addition to all its other evil qualities, has the supreme drawback of being unfashionable. They are full of zeal for ceremonial, and for implicit obedience to ecclesiastical authority, but as for the 'fruits of the spirit,' you must look elsewhere for them. Society, with its pleasures and vanities, its maxims and conventions, its novelties and fashions, its rivalries and struggles, its factions and cliques, its scandals and its never-ending tittle-tattle, absorbs all their waking and even dreaming thoughts, wakes the only passions they are capable of, and stamps itself into their very souls. And yet, of course, this earth is a very dismal place, and 'there's nothing true but heaven.' They show their piety by making no attempt to turn earth into a paradise, and by placing the lightest possible estimate upon mere human duties. Their zeal on the other hand for pure doctrine is irreproachable, their attendance on church ordinances all that fashion requires, their opinions are all absolutely correct and are likely to remain so, as their power of perceiving truth stands at zero.

On the other hand, this morally repulsive worldliness is not found among those who take the world seriously, even though they confine their thoughts to it. We have those amongst modern philosophers who are called (somewhat absurdly) materialists, and truly their talk is of life and its laws, of this globe and its history and probable future; but does any one think of them as 'worldly' men. No, the word is far more likely to call up the image of some courtly ecclesiastic, or some elegant *dévote*, than that of a Herbert Spencer, a Huxley, or a Clifford. Let a man study life—the life that now is—with the object of doing and receiving as much good as possible while it lasts, and whether he believes in, or hopes for, a hereafter or not, *his* life will be purified and elevated; his worst enemies will not say he is worldly; the worldly, who, of course, are 'looking for a better city even an heavenly,' will only say that he is a fool.

I headed this article 'The Future of Morality;' and I fear I shall hardly be held to have fulfilled the promise of that title. My leading thought, however, is this, that it has a very injurious effect upon morality for men

whose opinions carry weight to speak as though it had no natural foundations of its own, but were bound up with the fortunes of a notoriously much-disputed creed. The future of morality may depend to a great extent upon whether the teachers of the people in the present crisis throw their influence on the right or on the wrong side. A teacher who cries:—'Unless you believe the apostolic doctrine of the Cross there is nothing to restrain you from any sin—' assumes a grave responsibility. I remember some severe words that were once spoken in denunciation of 'whosoever offendeth one of these little ones *that believe on me*,' and it seems to me that the words have a modern application. Faith in nature is as yet weak and small; still there are some 'little ones' that are feeling their way towards an assurance that there are natural blessings associated with right action, and that life itself, rightly understood and used, is in itself a supreme blessing. There are some such, I say, but across their path now and then falls the shadow of one who, full of scorn for the rising faith, strives to wither and blast it with words of denunciation or derision, and strives not always in vain. 'Find motives for right action in the relations of man to man! Preposterous! man is the *natural* enemy of man. Find the sources of hope, and joy, and contentment, and sympathy in this world! A vain imagination. You must believe *my* creed or sink into brutehood. If you do not believe, and yet strive to live above the brutes, you are inconsequent to fanaticism?' And in support of these appeals, all the weak spots in human character, all the miseries of human life, all the uncertainties of human calculation, all the baffled hopes of ardent souls, all the treasons to great causes,—whatever things incline men to distrust of themselves and of others—are sedulously urged; with the effect, no doubt, sometimes of winning doubters back to the creeds, but, upon a wider scale, of inducing a contempt for life and its duties, a cynical disbelief in virtue and a hardening of the heart against all better impulses. The bad seed springs up 'in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred fold.'

The future of morality depends upon the extent to which men shall in the future be delivered from beliefs and conceptions that cramp and pervert their minds, and prevent them from realising their capacities for good, and acting upon the promptings of their better natures. As we mingle with men in the world how many prisoned souls look out upon us from the dungeons of their intellectual and spiritual captivity! In how few comparatively do we preceive any natural trust of their own intuitions, any clear vision of outward things! They do not look within, for all there is either darkness or confusion; no clear consciousness is theirs of what they either think or believe. And when they look without, it is not with the purged eyesight that comes of clear self-knowledge, but with a clouded or distorted vision that lets but little of the beauty of the universe into their souls. And what has weakened such minds, and reduced them to this condition of vassalage? Mainly, I would answer, the sedulous inculcation of irrational doctrines, and the preaching in connection with them of the duty of self-distrust. When a certain condition of weakness, physical or mental, has supervened the very thought of exertion becomes painful. Eyes long accustomed to darkness dread the light; and thus it is that the weakness and fears of men are arra ed against the very things that would give them strength and liberty. What is wanted then is the helpful hand, the cheering voice, the patient spirit, a calm, yet ardent faith, a fervent brotherly love. There is no need to attack men's special beliefs, if, by showing what the moral resources of a true humanity are, we can but cure

their inveterate distrust of humanity. For once let men realize what is possible for them, as men, and a brighter age than any the world has yet seen will be at hand.

IN A STUDIO.

BY 'FIDELIS.'

YOU smile to see the canvas bear
The golden sunshine of September,
And trace, in all its outlines fair,
The landscape we so well remember.

You mark the sky, so softly blue,
The dreamy haze,—so golden mellow,
The woods, in greens of tenderest hue,
Just turning, here and there, to yellow;

The solemn pines, above the stream,
Where yon grey mountain rears its shoulder,
And,—on the bank,—the scarlet gleam
Beside the lichened granite boulder.

You whisper, with a proud delight,
That this reflection of September
Might cheer us, on the wintriest night,
Amid the chills of dull December!

Ah, well! you kindly praise the whole,—
You cannot see the figure in it,
That graved upon the artist's soul
The sunshine of that golden minute!

You cannot see the earnest eyes
That grew so dreamy and so tender,
While watching, with a glad surprise,
The autumn landscape's golden splendour.

You cannot see the soul-lit face
That made the landscape's central sweetness,
Adding, to nature's ripest grace,
Its crowning charm of full completeness.

Well, love, *that* charm is left me still,
Though vanished is that bright September,
Though leaves lie strewn and winds blow chill,
You are my sunshine of December!

KINGSTON.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. STURT SUGGESTS A SEA VOYAGE.

MR. STURT was not Mayne's family lawyer, as Mr. Raynes had concluded, but was employed by him at the detective's suggestion for the especial purpose with which we are acquainted. To give instructions for drawing conveyances of landed property was not in his usual line of business; but, of course, he never turned away good money from his door. Moreover, Mr. Rayne's face was welcome to him as being connected, however indirectly (he had been introduced to him by his employer down at Mirton) with that great case of Walcot *versus* Everybody, which was attracting so great a share of his attention. For though all seemed lost, Mr. Bevill still kept strict, though secret, watch over 'his gentleman's' movements, and reported them to the lawyer almost daily. It was unlikely, of course, that innocent Mr. Raynes should throw even the smallest scintilla of light upon the motives of so discreet and wily a man as Walcot, but then it was Mr. Sturt's experience that light came from very unexpected places; and he was always on the look out for it. He was an astute man, nor will I do him so great a wrong—professionally—as to hint that a too delicate sense of personal honour ever stood in his way; but he was really somewhat too blunt and honest—at all events in manner—for his particular line of business. This disadvantage arose partly, perhaps, from his having so much to do with mere agents—such as Mr. Bevill himself—with whom it was well to be curt and decisive, to prevent (among other things) their ideas as to certain lines of conduct over-riding his own. With individual members of the public, even when he felt they might be pumped to advantage, he had not a winning way like Mr. Walcot, nor even a patient and courteous one, like Mr. Hayling. Fortunately his new client, though naturally taciturn, was so elated by his having got the promise of the Four-Acre Field, that he was on this occasion inclined to be garrulous.

'You found Mr. Walcot friendly, it seems,' observed the lawyer, when the business matters had been arranged.

'Well—yes—he made no objection to my proposal, that is; but he struck me as queer, sir—very queer.'

'Queer?' repeated the lawyer. 'Um—now, would you mind—I know you are a friend of the family at Halcombe, Mr. Raynes—would you mind just giving me your impressions?'

This was not the sort of proposal that would have been made to one like Mr. Raynes by a good judge of character. He was a man unequal to consecutive narration, which is as much an art in its way as speaking when on one's legs.

'Oh, I don't know about impressions; I told him the news you know—what I thought would interest him—about the young ladies at the Hall—

and he was glum—very glum. Since he'd got their money, I thought he would not have grudged their being settled in life, yet somehow he seemed to do so.'

'Seemed to grudge Miss Millicent making a great match, did he?'

'Well, yes; and even her sister's marrying the curate. I fancied, indeed, he looked blacker at that news than at the other.'

Mr. Sturt nodded encouragingly.

'You are an observant man, Mr. Raynes,' he said.

'I don't know about observant,' answered that gentleman, modestly; 'nobody can help noticing a fellow when he has fits.'

'Did Mr. Walcot have a fit.

'I think he must have had one—in his inside. I never saw a man make such faces.'. And at the remembrance of them Mr. Raynes made a face himself which threw all fits—of merriment at least—completely into the shade.

'What did he make faces at? Miss Evelyn's marriage?'

'No, at something which caught his eye in the newspaper. It was quite sudden, and seemed to seize him like the spasms. He said he was subject to them, whenever he read any case of injustice and cruelty in the Police Reports.'

'In the Police Reports?'

'Well, I am not sure he said that; but what he saw must have been in the Police Reports, I suppose, or else in the criminal trials. At all events he seemed terribly shocked.'

'It must have been a very bad case,' observed the lawyer, drily.

'And yet it had its attractions, for when I was talking to him about the field he paid no sort of attention, but kept his eye on the same page. Then he apologised, and said he was not himself, inasmuch as he had just lost a dear friend.'

'Was that in the paper too?'

'So I understood him to say; though it seems funny, doesn't it? Two events in the same morning's *Times*, each of which brings on fits. If he reads the papers much it must try his constitution.'

'Was he giving his attention to the main body of the paper, or to the supplement!'

'Oh, it was not the supplement.'

'Then his lost friend must have been a remarkable man, and had a paragraph all to himself. Ordinary folks, you know, all die in the supplement.'

'I never thought of that!' said Mr. Raynes, admiringly. 'You're a deep one, Mr. Sturt, *you* are.'

'I have to do with deepish people, at all events,' observed the lawyer, deprecatingly. 'Mr. Walcot is one of them. That being the case, may I ask you, whether you do not think it possible that that whole pantomime,' ——he paused, and held his finger up in an impressive manner—

'I'm all there,' interposed Mr. Raynes, with confidence; there flashed a grin across his face from ear to ear, and the next moment it became an imperturbable monument of gravity: the change could only be compared to the instantaneous action of the slide of a magic lantern.

'I say, are you quite certain, Mr. Raynes, that Mr. Walcot's emotion at the news in the paper—whatever it was—was not assumed, in order perhaps to hide his chagrin at something else; the tidings you yourself conveyed to him, for example.'

'I am quite sure,' answered Mr. Raynes, resolutely. 'He was all doubled up for the moment as though you had poked him in the ribs—like that.' And he made a playful movement at the lawyer with his forefinger, which at once caused Mr. Sturt to contract his learned person in illustration. It was as though you had suddenly touched the extremities of an immense fat spider, who becomes a mere ball upon the instant.

Mr. Sturt was by nature dignified, but no peculiarities of his clients ever

put him out of temper, though if they tried it too severely the circumstance was recorded indirectly in his little account.

'Well, as you say, Mr. Raynes, [he had said nothing of the kind], there may be little enough in all this; but, at all events, it's curious. All revelations of human nature are interesting, even if nothing comes of them.—I have your full instructions, I believe, as to the purchase of the field?'

'The Four-Acre field that borders on the sunk fence of my lawn,' said Mr. Raynes, with particularity, as though the little map which, thanks to Mr. Hayling, he had taken the precaution to bring with him, were not sufficient, and he should find himself the proprietor of some central strip of Halcombe Moor instead.

'I should wish the thing to be done as soon as may be, for Mr Walcot is rather a slippery customer.'

'Indeed!' replied Mr. Sturt, lifting his eyebrows (the only physical exercise, except blowing his nose, he ever allowed himself). 'Well, at all events, you may rely on me to lose no time.'

If Mr. Raynes could have been present in the spirit for the next two hours after his departure from the lawyer's office in the flesh, he would have had cause to doubt this last assurance of Mr. Sturt, for instead of immediately applying himself to the acquisition of the Four-Acre field, that gentleman gave his attention for that period solely to *The Times* newspaper. With business men, indeed, this is not considered to be losing time—otherwise there is more time lost in places where time is said to be money than would serve to pay off the National Debt; but the way in which Mr. Sturt went to work with his study of the paper was peculiar.

He first gave his attention to the Police Reports (which are somewhat neglected in the City, except by quiet junior partners), and at once lighted upon a case of skinning cats alive, in order, as the prisoner observed in extenuation of his conduct, 'to preserve the gloss upon the skin.'

'Ah! that's it,' exclaimed Mr. Sturt, not in sympathy with the offender, but because he had found what he sought. 'That's the paragraph, of course, by which "My gentleman," as Bevill calls him, would have explained his sudden emotion; now I wonder what it was that really moved him so! "Loss of an emigrant ship with with five hundred souls on board;" what does *he* care about lost souls? "Proposed tunnel in Mount Cenis"—he can't see his way through *that* to anything. "The interrupted communication to Australia caused by the breaking of the submarine cable last year will be, we are informed, resumed within a few days." Um! He was in Australia once; and was about to go there again. This may be worth nothing. "Failure of the Grand United Bank." *That* won't hurt him; he is much to sharp a fellow to have put his money there. I'm much mistaken if he doesn't carry it in his breast-pocket—or thereabouts; all the better for us when we do get hold of him. "Dean Asbestos at Westminster Abbey on the Future State of the Wicked." No; he doesn't look so far ahead as that. What the deuce *can* it be that made a fellow of that kind shew his hand, even for a moment, to a man like Raynes? It must have been something *vital*. I see nothing here. "Let A. B. communicate at once to C. D.; the danger is imminent." No, no; he'd never trust to the second column of *The Times* for anything. These cyphers, too, can have nothing to do with him; he's not one for child's play——"

Here the door opened, and in came, unannounced, a red-haired, red-faced man, in the uniform of a hotel porter, but with a flower in his mouth, which in the lower classes betrays a tendency to mental abstraction.

'Great news, Mr. Sturt, said he, laconically; No. 842 is going to hook it.'

'I *thought* as much,' cried the lawyer, excitedly, 'the devil is kicking him somewhere or another. Do you know where, Bevill?'

'No, indeed; I think I have found out enough in an hour and a half,' answered the other, pettishly; 'and near broke my back beside with cording his boxes. He's off to the London Docks after a ship—so much is certain; and it sails to-morrow.'

Mr. Stuart was already running his eyes down the 'shipping advertisements.'

'Are you sure you don't mean the St. Katherine's Docks,' he said.

'Perhaps; I did not hear the orders given to the cabman, myself; it was the commissionaire who told me.

'Bevill, can you go on board ship to-night, for a longish voyage?' inquired the lawyer, gravely.

'Of course I can.'

'You will afterwards, may be, have to remain in a foreign country, for an uncertain time; will that suit you?'

'To a T. I shall perfect myself in the language.'

'Very good; in this case, however, you will know nothing of it to begin with.'

'Oh, Lud; then it ain't the Continent,' muttered Mr. Bevill.

'Can you speak German?'

Here the detective brightened up again: modern languages were his strong point in his own opinion, and indeed he spoke them, not with servile accuracy, but in a most original manner.

'When I talk German, Mr. Sturt,' he replied confidently, 'it would take a cleverish fellow to find out I was not a native.'

'Well, you must talk German and nothing else throughout the voyage; and even then, though our friend does not speak it, it will be safer to take a fore-cabin ticket. He can't escape you on board ship; when he lands, you must keep your eye about him, and let us know his movements.'

Mr. Bevill winked the organ alluded to in the most significant manner. 'Enough said between friends,' it seemed to say; 'I have kept this eye on my gentleman before.'

'Here is a cheque to bearer, get it changed and buy whatever you are likely to want, but first of all secure your passage on board the *Bothnia* from St. Katharine's Docks for Christiana.'

'Christiana! Very good, sir. It's nothing to *me*, of course,' observed Mr. Bevill, indifferently, 'but in what part of the world may Christiana happen to be?'

'It is in Sweden.'

'Very good, sir. Let it be in Sweden by all means. You will excuse me, sir, but I was once on board of a ship with him, in which he didn't sail after all—very nearly sent me on a wild goose chase of 15,000 miles or so—how do you know for certain that my gentleman is *going* to Sweden?'

'Well, if you've any doubts,' said the lawyer, smiling, 'You had better ask at the booking office whether a first-class berth was not taken by one answering his description between ten and twelve this morning. But as a matter of fact he *is going*. He has been frightened by something he read in the paper this morning—I wish I knew what—and is leaving England in hot haste. He chooses Sweden, my good Bevill, because we have no extradition treaty with that country; a man may live there in peace and quietness upon an other Englishman's money, however he became possessed of it. And, even if he has committed murder, the law can't lay a finger on him.'

'Do you think it *is* murder, Mr. Sturt?' inquired Mr. Bevill, dropping his voice to a confidential tone.

'I don't know what to think, my man. It's the strangest case I ever had to do with; but that there's something wrong with Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, and *very* wrong, I am as certain as I am of my own existence.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ANNABEL'S CONFESSION.

MR. STURT had the fullest powers from Mr. Mayne to do anything that seemed likely to forward the coming off of that long looked-for return match between the latter and Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, and, as we have seen, he had not hesitated to dispatch Mr. Bevill at a moment's notice to Christiana, for thither indeed, had Mr. Walcot betaken himself. Nor until that gentleman had set sail did the lawyer think it necessary to inform his employer of what had been done. Then he wrote down to Halcombe, where Mr. Mayne was still residing, as though he was already one of the family, the details of what had happened. 'It is my fixed opinion,' he said, 'that matters have come to some sort of crisis with our opponent, which has caused him to leave England. We know he is not given to field-sports of any kind, such as fishing; and that he cares nothing for the beauties of nature; what then could have taken him at an hour's notice to such a country as Sweden, except the necessity of putting himself out of the reach of the law? Any one but yourself would doubless say, 'What is the use of sending a detective to look after a man who has thus secured impunity for his (supposed) transgression?' But I know this will not be your view. Bevill will stick to him like his shadow—a shadow thrown behind him and always unseen. He is certainly a first-rate hand. His name, from last night, when he went on board, will be Herr Landemann, a gentleman in the timber trade (a calling he professes to know something about), whose house at Hamburg has relations with London and Christiana. He wears gold spectacles, and has already a wooden look. . . . I send you, in case you may not have it at the Hall, a copy of the newspaper that contains, I am persuaded, the key of Walcot's departure. Perhaps the sharp wits of the young ladies may decipher this riddle, which has for the present baffled me. It will be well also to cross-examine Mr. Raynes afresh; the chance of whose getting that Four-Acre field is, I am afraid, very problematical. It is curious, by-the-bye, and, to me, inexplicable, why Walcot has not disposed of the Halcombe property; he would have had to do so, doubtless, at a loss, but where time (as it now seems) was of such vital consequence to him, why did he not realise? Reflect on all these matters, and give me your views.'

Mayne not only reflected, but called others into consultation. It was a blow to him that Walcot had withdrawn himself from England, and to a spot where no one could touch him, for he cherished quite as warmly as Mr. Sturt the idea that the man had committed some criminal act, and had been much more sanguine of inflicting retribution on him; but since he had undoubtedly fled his native land, a certain reticence which had been hitherto maintained about him at the Hall was no longer observed. Not only did Mayne put the case to the members of the family (which, of course, included Gresham and the curate) as Mr. Sturt had recommended, but the subject became openly talked about at the dinner table, as it had never been before. So Mr. Parker, the butler, learnt that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot had sailed for some place with the geographical position of which he was no better acquainted with than Mr. Bevill had been. 'What d'ye think?' said he to the cook at supper; 'that 'ere Walcot has gone clean away to Christianity.'

'Lor' who'd ha' thought it?' she replied. 'He give no signs of going there while he was with us, that's sure and sartin.'

'I mean Christianity, the *place*,

ma'am,' observed the Butler, with dignity.

'Ah, that's another thing, Mr. Parker.'

On which the conversation dropped, perished prematurely, through deficiency of knowledge, as when the theory of Development is started at a kettledrum.

The seed, however, was carried up to the upper regions by a nursery maid, and found root in a wholly unlooked-for quarter.

On the following morning, when Gresham, 'the early bird,' as he was now facetiously called (for he never ran the risk of losing his narrowed fortune by being in bed after seven o'clock), was taking his usual walk before breakfast with his Elise, she put the following question to him: 'You know Nannie Spence, of course, George?'

He shook his head. 'I am very sorry, but even though it argues myself unknown, I don't know the young lady.'

'Nonsense, I mean Annabel Spence, the young ladies' maid. You must have surely seen her, if only at prayers.'

'I don't look at young ladies' maids at prayers,' he replied stolidly, 'but it is true that I have seen Annabel.'

'Of course, and having seen her, you could not easily forgot her. She is very pretty, though rather strange-looking. Her hair is light, but her eyes and complexion are like a gipsy's; if she were not so young, one would think she wore a wig. Well, she is a strange girl, very reserved and reticent, but to my astonishment last night she asked to speak with me in private. We have been always very good friends, for like me, poor girl, she is an orphan, and we arrived here together, strangers to everybody, almost on the same day, but hitherto she has never given me her confidence. She did not say much on this occasion, though I could see she was deeply moved, but only begged that I would promise her an interview with Mr. Mayne. The request was strange enough, but her manner was so very extraordinary that, though she imposed secrecy, I thought I would take your advice about it.'

'Quite right, but I would not mention it to others, if I were you,' said Gresham, gravely.

'Of course not. You think with me that the poor girl may be out of her mind?'

'It is possible; but it is not likely that she will bite Mayne; and he will judge, from the communication she makes, whether she is mad or not.'

Accordingly, after breakfast, George Gresham took his friend aside, and not without a humorous twinkle in his eyes, informed him that a certain young person had expressed an earnest wish to renew her acquaintance with him; 'tender passages have passed between you, old fellow, but I sincerely hope, though she is actually in the house——'

'Who on earth is it?' inquired Mayne, turning a lively red.

'It's Annabel Spence, the ladies' maid. She wants to have another interview with you in private.'

'Never,' cried Mayne, resolutely.

'But the poor thing is really in a distressed state of mind, wishes, perhaps, to apologise——'

'I accept it, at second hand,' interrupted Mayne, with alacrity. 'Only I won't see her alone. Nothing shall induce me.'

'Then I will be a witness to the interview.'

'You won't do, my dear fellow. You don't know what a girl that is. No layman will be a sufficient security. If Dyneley will stand by me, then—if she really insists upon it—I'll see her.'

So they went across to the Manor Farm, and spoke to the Curate.

'I'll be Mayne's witness, of course,' he said, 'though it is rather hard upon the girl.'

'Hard upon the girl!' exclaimed

Mayne. 'You're as bad as Walcot. What has the girl to complain of? It is I who am the injured innocent.'

'*That*, of course, makes it much more embarrassing,' observed Gresham parenthetically.

'Yes, at least two,' replied Mayne, earnestly, 'and one of them a clergyman.'

'Well, of course, that makes it very embarrassing on account of one of them being a clergyman?' inquired Gresham, parenthetically.

'Nonsense. I mean on account of there being two persons,' exclaimed Dyneley. 'She has done very wrong, poor girl, but at the dictation of another; and we know how he has put the screw on other people, Gilbert Holm, for instance. Perhaps it was a mistake not to tell Lady Arden all about it at the time; but since that was not done, let bygones be bygones.'

'By all means,' said Mayne, precipitately. 'Tell her all is forgotten and forgiven, and that she needn't trouble herself to confess anything.'

'Nay,' said Dyneley; 'she may have some disclosure to make respecting Walcot.'

'Ah, that's another thing,' replied Mayne, thinking of his return match. 'If Gresham yonder will stop his sniggering'—this was in allusion to certain paroxysms of suppressed laughter to which that gentleman was giving way at very short intervals—'and you will stand by me—close by me.—I'll hear what the young lady has to say.'

'She had better come over to the Manor Farm,' proposed Gresham, drily.

'No, no,' replied the curate, hastily. 'She can see us in the smoking-room at the Hall.'

'Well, upon my word!' exclaimed the Incorrigible.

'I quite agree with you,' said Mayne, 'that that would be very indecorous. Besides, this poor girl [here he imitated the Rev. John Dyneley's pathetic tones] may object to smoke.'

'What do you think of the summer-house!' suggested Gresham, wickedly.

It was at last arranged that the interview should take place in the school-room, when the children should have gone out. Thither accordingly Gresham and the curate secretly repaired after luncheon, and found Annabel awaiting them. She rose from her chair as they entered, put the work on which she was engaged quietly aside, and made them a deep curtsey.

There was nothing impudent or defiant in her manner; but it was one obviously above her supposed station in life. A ladies' maid might have been excused, under the circumstances, if she had shown signs of nervousness; and one would have expected a 'sob' rather than a curtsey. Her face was pale, but very determined looking, and it was a pretty face—soft and intellectual too, as well as pretty—in spite of that anomaly in the colours of the hair and complexion to which Elise had alluded.

'I am sorry to have troubled you, gentlemen,' said she; 'but the time has come for me to disclose certain matters. Her voice, which was soft and gentle, was in strange contrast to the expression of her features, which was that of some over-mastering passion. 'Is it certain, may I ask, that Mr. Walcot has left England for good?'

'He has left it for Sweden,' observed Mayne, with keen significance.

'I understand you,' she said, 'and I agree with you.'

Mayne was astonished, for her voice was not that which had spoken to him in the summer-house, nor yet that which had falsely accused him in the presence of Sir Robert.

'I have behaved to you very ill, Mr. Mayne, but not one-tenth part so ill as the man of whom we speak—and who set me on to do it—has behaved to me. I have tried to do you a mischief who never harmed me, but I have not perjured myself to wrong one who trusted in him, as this man has done. You may punish me with-

out mercy, only I beseech you to punish him, and without mercy also; to put him in prison, to scourge him, to kill him, if it be possible, though whatever you did to him it would fall short of his deserts.'

It was easy to see in the force and fury with which the woman spoke that this man had deserted her, and both her hearers—being men—were touched by the spectacle.

'His sin will find him out,' observed Mr. Dyneley, in his ecclesiastical manner (his natural one not being just then at his command). 'Revenge is not befitting us poor mortals, who need, ourselves, forgiveness. If this man has wronged you, Annabel——'

'*If* he has wronged me!' she broke in with impetuous passion. 'I tell you, that never since the world was made has man wronged woman as this man has wronged me. Your looks are pitiful, but I do not want your pity. I want your help to redress my wrongs, and there is only one way to do that—to avenge them.'

'I will do my best,' said Mayne; 'so help me Heaven.'

'You will?' exclaimed she sharply. 'You, whom I have done *my* best to injure? You, whom I strove to drive away from this roof in disgrace and shame? You, whose name I would have sullied, if I could, in the ears of her who loves you? I swear, up to this moment, though I knew all that, I have felt neither remorse nor regret; I have felt nothing—*nothing*—but my own fears and hopes—and of late my wrongs. *Why?* Because my whole nature has been marred and twisted by that villain to his own ends. I was the offspring of most unhappy parents; but born a gentlewoman. That matters little now; if I had good blood once, it has been poisoned. And, oh Heaven! I was so young—so very young.'

For the first time her voice trembled. She hid her face in her little hands, and rocked from side to side, as if in physical agony.

'I beg of you not to distress yourself by these references to the past,' said Mayne gently. 'We are quite prepared to take for granted any villainy committed by Ferdinand Walcot; to have been young, and unprotected, and confiding, was to have invited wrong from such a man.'

'I thank you, sir,' she answered simply; 'it seems strange, even to myself, that I should still feel the pangs of shame; but I do feel them. I felt them when I stood before Sir Robert and that other man, and uttered those lies against you; but they are keener now. You are the last man who should wish to spare me one of them. Still, since you are so kind, I will forbear to dwell on that part of my life, though the recital of it would be a part of my just punishment. Let it suffice to say that when this man had ruined me, body and soul, he set me this task to do: to blaspheme the memory of the dead woman, by representing myself as her departed spirit. Behold her!'

'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed the curate.

She had risen to her feet, and torn away the flaxen wig that concealed her natural hair, which was now disclosed, short, black, and curling, like a boy's but exquisitely fine.

'If you have ever seen a picture of the late Lady Arden,' she continued, 'you will perceive a certain resemblance which ends, alas! with my mere looks. She was a pure, simple, kindly creature, and strove to be kind to me when I was an orphan child. I have repaid her by personating her gentle spirit, in order that a weak, but noble, nature should be induced to commit grievous wrongs on those who loved him, and who have been very kind to me. You stand with pity in your eyes—you two—instead of shrinking from me; that is because you do not believe my words, but think me mad. I tell you it is all true,—as true as hell!'

'Annabel Spence, we know it is

true,' said the curate gently. 'We pity you because you were the tool of a stronger will, on which the true guilt rests.'

'No, sir; no,' she answered sorrowfully. 'It was not his will only; I did it that he might do me tardy justice. I did it—I do not say for love of him—but for a bribe: if I succeeded in the crime propcsed, I was to be his wife. I did succeed,—and he has deserted me.'

Mayne drew a long breath between his clenched teeth, and murmured 'Villain!' It was like the hissing of a serpent, and boded no less ill.

'If it is not too painful for you, Annabel,' said the Curate, 'will you supply us with the details of your deception?'

'They were innumerable, sir. I have been a fraud and a counterfeit from the first moment when—indirectly recommended by that man—I came under this roof. He taught me the dead woman's songs, and I sung them outside Sir Robert's chamber. I spoke the words Walcot put into my mouth in her living tones; at last, and without my disguise, I personated her very presence, and held converse with her unhappy husband as though I had risen from her very grave. It was through me that that unjust will was made, by which all who have shown me kindness here were recompensed by disinheritance and the wickedest of villains was enriched.'

'Poor Sir Robert?' mused the curate sorrowfully.

'Yes, indeed,' she resumed; 'he, too, is dead, and knows now that I deceived him. Miserable, crime-stricken wretch that I am! I yet dare not die, lest somewhere, somewhere—though, alas! there is no heaven for me—I may meet them both.'

'My good girl,' observed Mr. Mayne, unconscious of the inapplicability of his epithet, 'you distress yourself too much about this matter. The dead cannot be injured by the living; and, you may depend upon it, have forgiven you any harm you may have plotted against them. I am sure I can answer for Sir Robert at least, and as for the lady—she may not have thought much of your acting of her original part; we know what the professionals think of the amateurs; but not even the women, be sure, bear malice up yonder,' and he pointed through the open window to the summer sky.

The naturalness of Mayne's cheerful tones seemed to mingle with the atmosphere of morbid woe in which the unhappy girl had environed herself, as a breeze meets the mist and thins it.

'You, sir, who are all kindness and forgiveness,' she said, with a wan smile, 'judge others by yourself, and the result is harmony and happiness; the same test applied to me begets despair.'

'Annabel Spence, who educated you?' inquired Mr. Dyneley suddenly.

'Ferdinand Walcot.'

'I guessed as much,' continued the curate drily. 'You have learnt his character, and you must now make haste to unlearn his teaching. As it happens, what there is in you of good—and in spite of what you tell us, I am sure there is much good—works just now for ill with you. If you were like himself, impenitent and callous, his lessons would serve you better—for the nonce—than those you have now to learn. With all his wickedness, he is probably the less wretched of the two. But it will not always be so, Annabel, nor for long. Your eyes are opened at last. You have taken the first step that leads to peace and joy; and you shall be led thither.'

'God help me! who shall lead me?' she cried in despairing tones.

The curate's huge hirsute face was mellowed with that light of charity and loving kindness which forms, doubtless, the raw material for saints' halos. He held out his great hand to her and answered, '*I* will.'

'You're a deuced good fellow,

Dyneley,' murmured Mayne. Perhaps, like many men of his class, he had thought a clergyman would have shrunk from undertaking a case of this sort—which, indeed, was likely to prove a very delicate and difficult one; and that he would at most have prescribed for it. It is one thing to throw a plank to a drowning creature, but quite another to jump in and save her.

Then for the first time the girl burst into tears.

'Don't cry, *don't* cry,' pleaded Mayne; the tears growing nearer to his own eyes than they had been since he left his mother's knee.

'Nay, let her grief have way' whispered the curate, wisely; 'it is better outside than in, poor soul!'

Presently she grew calmer, and asked humbly whether she need assume her disguise again.

'Yes, Annabel,' said the curate gently, 'it is necessary for the present; you are no longer a counterfeit, remember, and we must not set all the tongues in the servants' hall wagging.'

'As you please, sir,' she answered gently. 'It is a very small penance for what I have done. I thought to punish myself by confessing to Mr. Mayne in person, and—oh, how kind you have both been to me!'

'Still, my poor girl, the way of transgressors must needs be hard, even when they repent,' observed the curate gravely. 'It will be necessary for you to repeat what you have said to us to Mr. Sturt, who will set it down in writing.'

'Why so?' protested Mayne; 'let bygones be bygones.'

'If you were alone concerned, I would say "by all means,"' replied the curate; 'but there are other interests to be consulted. What we have heard to-day are surely proofs of that "undue influence," if not of fraud, for which we have been looking so long. I am much mistaken if they will not upset the will.'

'But the damned scoundrel is in Sweden, out of our reach,' exclaimed Mayne.

'For shame, sir; for shame,' ejaculated the curate. 'It is shocking to exhibit such bitterness at such a time, and in the presence of this unhappy, but truly penitent, girl. Annabel, I charge you, in the name of Him I serve, and by virtue of my sacred office, to cast out from your mind all feelings of revenge and hate against this evil doer. He has wronged you, but you have wronged others; if you do not forgive him, how can you hope for God's forgiveness?'

'O, sir, you cannot guess—' murmured the poor girl.

'Yes Annabel, I *can* guess; I know that he has heaped wrong on wrong upon you, beyond all human power of forgiveness; but nay, I trust, I believe, that your poor humanity will be aided in this matter by Divine grace. You must forgive Ferdinand Walcot.'

Annabel shook her head. 'If I say it with my lips, I shall feel it in my heart,' she cried. 'But I will try.' Yes, for your sake, I will try.'

'Not for my sake, but for your own,' urged the good priest; and not for your own, so much as for His who has taught us all to forgive our enemies.'

The unhappy girl turned perplexedly from one to the other. On the face of the priest sat an inflexible determination; on that of the layman an encouraging smile.

Mr. Dyneley is quite right, Annabel,' he said; tell him you will do your best to forgive this fellow,'

'I will do my best, sir,' she answered humbly. 'I will say no more, please, gentlemen, just now.' With that she laid her face in her hands once more, and began rocking herself to and fro in a passion of tears.

'Poor soul, poor soul! we will leave her for the present,' whispered the curate. And they left her to herself and her sorrow accordingly.

'It was a sad scene, said Dyneley,

'was it not, old fellow?' as they went softly down stairs.

'Yes, indeed; I had half a mind to give a word of comfort at parting; and I would have done it but for you.'

'But for *me*? What do you mean?'

'Well, I wanted to tell her that she might forgive Walcot with all her heart and a clear conscience; for that *I* never intend to do it till I've brought him on his knees. She had only to shift the responsibility of seeing justice done on to my shoulders.'

'My dear Mayne, it is my duty to tell *you* as I told her,' said the curate, gravely, 'that vengeance is not becoming a Christian man. Heaven will take this man into its own hand.'

'Just so; all in good time, no doubt; but in the meanwhile I consider myself retained on the same side. You may think it a personal matter with me, but there you're mistaken. I am not thinking of myself, but of the wrongs of that poor girl up yonder. Forgive him? No; I'll see him *nearer* first, and then bring his nose to the grindstone, or my name is not Frederic Mayne.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE GHOST IN CONVENT GARDEN.

THE importance of the confession of Annabel Spence had not been overrated by Dyneley. In Mr. Sturt's opinion, or rather in that of his counsel, it afforded ample grounds for disputing the late Sir Robert's will, if not for a criminal prosecution of Ferdinand Walcot. The latter measure was out of the question, as that astute gentleman had withdrawn himself from British jurisdiction; but the proceedings were at once initiated in the former matter. Walcot had really told the truth to Mr. Raynes when he said that the Halcombe estate had not yet been disposed of. For some reason or other he had been in no hurry to realize the landed property that had fallen to him, and formal notice was given to the solicitors he had appointed in place of Mr. Hayling, not to part with the title deeds, the same having been obtained by fraud. These gentlemen, a most respectable firm, replied that the title deeds were not in their possession, and that for the present they were unable to communicate with their client, who had gone abroad without leaving his address.

'We know more about the gentleman than they do,' observed Mr. Sturt, triumphantly, when he received their epistle; for he had at that moment a telegram in his desk from Mr. Bevill, with a certain address in Christiana. He was much more hopeful about getting back the estates for Gresham—to whom, as next-of-kin, they would revert, in case of the will being made void—than that young gentleman was himself.

'Why I have not yet received even my poor five thousand pounds to go to law with,' was his lugubrious remark, when they were talking on this subject during the lawyer's now frequent visits to the Hall.

'And a good thing too,' said Mr. Sturt, 'for, when the limit of time allowed by law for withholding it is passed, we can bring an action against the man for *that*, and all the rest will follow. However, we have already applied to the Probate Court, and warned the tenants not to pay their rents to Walcot, which they agree to with much alacrity "Slow and sure," is our motto, but we're getting on,' concluded the lawyer, cheerfully.

'But who is to be answerable for the law expenses in the meantime?'

'Nobody; that is, anybody. Why, my good sir, you are the heir presumptive—nay, apparent—to twelve thousand a year.'

'I wish it was apparent,' sighed Gresham, ruefully. 'I wish I had even my £5,000 down.'

'I can let you have that,' answered the lawyer, confidently, 'and on very easy terms. But lor' bless you, you

won't need a tenth of it—that is for preliminary expenses.'

'I don't want to touch it; I only want the interest of it.'

'Oh, well, there will be no sort of difficulty about that. In any case—since we have stopped the sale of the land—your legacy is safe enough, and you may make certain of your little income.'

'Thank Heaven!' ejaculated Gresham.

'For a small mercy, my dear sir,' put in the lawyer, smiling, 'considering the fortune which, I hope, will be yours at no very distant date. If this Walcot had got rid of the estates, and no embargo had been laid upon his doing so, why then, indeed, we should have had a stiffish battle to fight; but as it is—though we have only taken the first step, I already see daylight—you look now as if you saw it yourself.'

'Yes, I do—sunshine,' and in truth the young fellow's handsome face was aglow with pleasure.

'Dear me, how quickly you change about,' observed the lawyer, to whom Gresham had become much more interesting since he beheld in him the probable heir of Halcombe. 'I wouldn't do anything rash, you know, if I were you, notwithstanding things look brighter. I'd keep on getting up in the morning, for example, in accordance with the terms of your legacy.'

'I'll be prudence itself,' said Gresham. 'In the meantime, could you raise me a hundred pounds on my expectations?'

'Certainly. I'll write you a cheque this moment; though I assure you, as to legal expenses, there is at present not the least necessity——'

'My good sir, I was not thinking of any legal expenses beyond a license at Doctors' Commons,' said Gresham laughing; 'I am going to get married.'

'Oh, I see!' said Mr. Sturt apologetically; 'since you said you were "Prudence itself," I did not think of that contingency.'

Gresham thought Mr. Sturt the most charming of lawyers, a tribe he had hitherto suspected of raising objections and putting difficulties in the path of pleasure; but he little knew that that gentleman had been instructed beforehand by his employer to portray his (Gresham's) future prospects in rose-colour, and especially to furnish him with any funds for which he might have occasion.

Mr. Mayne partly shared the attorney's sanguine views as to the eventual recovery of the estate, but, had he not so, would have taken the same course, to accelerate the happiness of his friend. His own marriage with Milly was not to take place so quickly as he desired—Lady Arden having insisted on a 'decent interval' between those nuptials and the family bereavement; but he did not grudge Gresham his better fortune. Nevertheless, when the party from the Hall came up to town, ostensibly for a 'change of scene,' and also to procure Elise her *trousseau*, it is probable there was an intention of making a similar provision for Millicent. It so happened, too, that for the first time in his life, since as an undergraduate he had rowed in the University Race at Putney, the Rev. John Dyneley came up to town, no doubt on urgent private affairs, since what particular business called him thither was never demonstrated.

And the effect of this was, that at the private hotel 'off' Piccadilly, where they took up their quarters, there probably never was a family—in mourning—the younger members of which were in such brilliant condition and tearing spirits, or who had three such devoted cavaliers to attend upon them.

The 'Glamorgan' itself, as the Hotel was called, was in a dim and melancholy street of severe fashion (it had been patronized of old by Lady Arden in her day of *ton*), and its 'services of solid silver,' sepulchral waiters, and a sort of ancestral fustiness which pervaded it, would have depressed any less elastic guests. But this sombre

and sublime *régime* was so utterly set at nought by the newcomers that Master Frank played at hide and seek with the chambermaids, and the Great Baba held dramatic performances—Punch and Judy entertainments, and the Marionettes—in the private sitting-room. These little people, too, unconsciously found their uses. When they were not 'playing old gooseberry' in the way of frolic and mischief, they acted as 'gooseberry pickers,' and did propriety in spite of themselves as companions to one or other of the three young couples; for Dyneley and Evelyn had somehow become as inseparable as Mayne and Millicent, or as Gresham and Elise—indeed, as nothing had been actually declared between them (and moreover Dyneley was a parson, which always gives a man 'a pull' in such cases), they had perhaps more opportunities of what Frank irreverently called 'spooning' than the others.

Gresham himself, though nearer to his bliss, had his little *têtes à-têtes* sadly interfered with by quite another sort of companionship—namely, interviews with his solicitor; for the probability of his becoming the proprietor of the Halcombe estates was growing with every hour, and would perhaps have elated him, had he not had something still brighter to think about in his approaching marriage.

Elise, on the other hand, thought a good deal of his changed prospects, but by no means with exultation. Even to have won her lover in his comparative poverty had seemed to her too great good fortune; and now that he was about to inherit such undreamt of wealth she could hardly believe that she was fated to share it. It seemed to this modest though independent little Teuton that George could have done so much better with himself, and almost that he ought to do so now. She had not even ventured to write to her aunt at Hamburg of the prospects that were opening out for her, not because they might not, after all, be realised, but from her deep sense of their incongruity; they did not dazzle her own eyes—indeed, they were not fixed on them at all—but she understood the effect that they would have upon that relative, and, indeed, upon most people. In the household in which she had once filled so humble a part, and now played so important a one, she knew, however, no jealousies were entertained against her. If Lady Arden still nourished any disappointment respecting what might have been between her eldest daughter and Gresham, she did so in secret; no change in her manner—save that it was kinder and more familiar—betrayed any sore feeling with respect to Elise's new position; George had a perfect right to choose for himself, and though he might have looked higher, she acknowledged to herself that he had not chosen unworthily. There had been, indeed, a certain concealment in the matter, at which she might have justly taken umbrage, but the responsibility for that had lain with Gresham alone,—Elise, as we know, had both condemned and protested against it—and he had confessed as much in the same breath with which he acknowledged his engagement.

Of the two sisters, it was said, by some who boasted of their acquaintanceship without having obtained any familiar knowledge of them, that they would not have taken Miss Hurt's social elevation so coolly had they not had their own lovers to think about; that being so well satisfied in fact with their own position they had no mind to quarrel with the good fortune of their governess. But both Evelyn and Millicent were in truth by nature incapable of the envious feelings which were thus imputed to them; moreover, they loved Elise, for her own sake; her kindness, her love of duty, her devotion to the children, and the simplicity and humility of her disposition, were qualities they knew how to appreciate. Nor was it the least of

her credentials that she was honoured with the approbation and estimation of the Great Baba. He always termed her 'My Elise,' and had burst into tears upon being informed that arrangements were pending under which she would be no longer his property, but another's. In the meantime, however, she devoted herself to him as much as possible, and when Gresham was closeted with Mr. Sturt, would often take him for a stroll among the shops, in the contents of which he took so absorbing an interest that his little nose stood in some danger of becoming tabular—through being so constantly flattened against the windows.

On one of these excursions a very singular circumstance took place, which neither Elise nor her small companion are ever likely to forget to their dying day, albeit (like the windows), it only made a transient impression on the latter at the time, and hardly seemed worth speaking about. Elise, too, did not speak about it at the moment; and it being remarked that she came home looking very pale and haggard, was promptly sent to lie down for an hour or so by Lady Arden; an order she obeyed with a sense of immense relief and gratitude. 'She has half tired herself to death, lugging about that monstrous Baba,' was her ladyship's reflection, 'and George will never forgive us, if he finds it out.'

In the meantime the supposed cause of her ill looks was regaled with chocolate creams (which he loved not wisely but too well, for they made him fatter than ever) and a review of his soldiery. The circumstance of slaying a staff officer on horseback with a pea from his cannon awakened a certain association in his Highness's mind.

'Do's oo know,' observed he to his aide-de-camp (Frank)' that dear Papa was never put in the pit hole after all?'

'Hus—h, dear, hush,' whispered Frank, gently. 'Baba musn't talk about such sad things.'

'But he wasn't, I tell you,' persisted this terrible child. 'He must have got out of the feather coach when Diney (Dyneley) wasn't looking, and then they popped in somebody else.'

'What is the dear child saying?' inquired Lady Arden, looking up from her desk; 'it never does to contradict him, you know, Frank.'

'Let *me* take him,' said Evelyn rising quickly, and transferring the child to her own lap. 'Let us shoot the French, and not tell stories.'

'Baba never tells stories,' observed that potentate with irritation. 'I saw Papa in the street, and wanted to run to him. But Elise said "No," "Mein Gott, no," she said, and was very fitened.'

Fortunately Lady Arden had resumed her occupation, and did not hear this, but Franky's eyes were growing enormously large, and he murmured, softly, 'Was it his ghost, Evy?'

'Hush, hush, dear; there must have been some resemblance to dear Papa in some other person, which deceived the child, of course. If Baby will come to Evy's room, she has got a macaroon for him.'

In this prospect all ideas of the other world were at once lost to his Highness, and he toddled off in an ecstacy.

An hour later Gresham came in, and was informed that Elise did not feel equal to coming down to dinner—had thoroughly overdone herself, in fact. She had written a little note to him which Evelyn slipped into his hand.

'Come with Evy,' it said, 'When you can get away without exciting remark; I want to speak to you.'

There was a little boudoir chiefly for the ladies' use, too small to be called a drawing-room, to which Evelyn presently conducted him, and where he found Elise, still very pale, and quite unlike herself.

'Good Heavens, what is the matter, darling?'

'Don't ask her many questions,' said Evelyn. 'She will tell what she can: but the fact is, her system has received a shock. I will tell you what has happened—or what she thinks has happened—and then you may ask her about it.'

Elise nodded, and smiled feebly.

'She has not been run over!' ejaculated Gresham.

'No, no; how like a man that is! There is nothing physically the matter with her, George; but her nerves are gone. Now listen. When you parted with her, at Mr. Sturt's, she took the child to Covent Garden to see the flowers. They were in the covered walk there looking at some bouquets, when Elise saw some grapes, and asked Baba whether he would like a bunch. He said "Yes," of course, and the woman was cutting one for him when he cried out, "Look, look, there's Papy!" Elise looked round and saw a figure, very like dear Papa's, only more bowed in the shoulders, going slowly down the arcade. She was herself struck by the resemblance, but replied, "No, no, dear, your poor Papa is dead and buried you know; that is only some one like him." But Baba pulled at her gown, and taking no notice of the grapes,—which was certainly remarkable——'

'A miracle,' put in Gresham smiling; 'I am prepared to believe anything after that.'

'Don't jest, George,' said Evelyn, gravely; 'for in poor Elise's eyes the thing is most serious.'

'It is as true as I sit here,' murmured Elise.

'*What* is true?' exclaimed Gresham. 'I understand that Baba saw the back of somebody that reminded him of my uncle.'

'Yes; but they followed this man,' continued Evelyn, 'and just as he reached the door of an hotel, he turned round, face to face with them—so Elise says—and then they both recognised him. Baba wanted to follow him into the hotel, but Elise was so shocked and frightened that she called a cab, and came home, where she arrived more dead than alive herself.'

'The poor dear must have overworked herself, and been in want of food,' suggested Gresham.

Elise herself sat with her eyes closed—in appearance, as Evelyn had said, 'half dead,' so that he unconsciously spoke of her like a doctor discussing his patient with her nurse.

'No; she had a very tolerable lunch, and declares she was not at all tired. She was not thinking of dear Papa until the child spoke of him, and felt in excellent health and spirits.'

Gresham perceived that the case was serious, but not unnaturally thought that ridicule was the best cure for such an hallucination.

'I really think that we have had enough rubbish in connection with my poor uncle and the other world already,' he said. 'It is so unlike Elise's good sense.'

'Of course it is,' said Evelyn, 'but that only makes the affair more remarkable: moreover there is Baba's testimony given, I am bound to say, with all the seriousness of a bench of judges.'

'My *dear* Evelyn, what a witness! a child of four years old!'

'I saw your uncle,' murmured Elise, looking slowly up, 'as plainly as I see you. He was whiter and older looking than at Halcombe, but it was the same face.'

'Then of course he recognized you, my darling,' said Gresham, smiling.

'I am not sure: I think so,' she answered, simply. 'He seemed to look mournfully upon me, and also deprecatingly. I have been thinking about that.'

'The fact is, George,' put in Evelyn—'though I am sure Elise has nothing to reproach herself with, since it is ourselves rather than Elise, if anyone, who is to blame—it struck her that he was lamenting how soon he had been forgotten. Lost in our own selfish pleasures, we have not been so

mindful perhaps as we might have been of the loss of poor Papa.'

'I don't acknowledge that,' answered Gresham. 'That is a mere morbid view.'

'So Elise has persuaded herself; but what she has got into her mind, and which I cannot argue her out of,' said Evelyn with a faint blush, 'is that Papa is displeased with her for having won your affections; since he had other plans for you.'

'Exactly,' answered Gresham, coolly: 'that explains half the mystery. Elise had her mind already prepared for this visitation. — However, my darling,' he continued, more gently, this affair shall be thoroughly inquired into. I promise you that this ghost shall be exorcised; fortunately, we have a clergyman on hand to do it. I will go down with Dyneley to Covent Garden this very evening. Do you happen to remember the name of the hotel?'

'Yes dear,' replied Elise, and this time in less depressed tones. It was evidently a relief to her that the matter was to be seriously investigated. 'I saw it written up on the coffee-room blinds. It was "The Old Hummums."'

'Very good. No doubt the matter will admit of explanation. In the meantime pray take a reasonable view if it.'

He stooped down and kissed her tenderly; as if to make amends for his assumed severity.

'You never heard of the Old Hummums before, I suppose, by-the-bye?' he asked.

'I? No, love. But it seems to me now that I shall never forget the name.'

As he left the room, Evelyn asked him why he had put that last question.

'Well, the fact is, I thought that the poor dear had seen her apparition in a spot she knew was connected with my uncle by association. When in London he always used to put up at "The Old Hummums,"—which is certainly rather curious.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHER LAW.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

'The opening of that bead-roll which some Oriental poet describes as God's call to the little stars, who each answer, "Here am I." '—GEORGE ELIOT.

LOVE and Obedience,—these the higher law
From which Thy worlds have swerved not, singing still
Their primal hymn rejoicing, as at first
The morning stars together. I have heard
In vast and silent spaces of the sky,
What time the bead-roll of the universe
God calls in heaven, every tiniest star,
From myriad twinkling points, from plummet depths
Of dark too great for eye and sense to guess,
Send up a little silver answer, 'I am here.'
Even so the humblest of Thy little ones, dear Lord,
May through the darkness hear Thy still small voice,
And answer with quick gladness, 'Here am I,—
I love Thee, I obey Thee,—use me too!'

KINGSTON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

J. G. W. ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I had my suspicions that J. G. W., who spoke so glibly in the October number of the 'glittering generalities' that abounded in Dr. Newman's works, had but scant grounds for the charge he brought forward, and now I am certain of it. More than this, it is tolerably certain that he (or she—let us for convenience sake say 'he') scarcely knows what a generality is, and that the expression 'glittering generalities' was a mere piece of false glitter in his own writing. J. G. W., referring to my remarks in the November number, says: 'He (or she) thinks that, if the Church did something for the amelioration of slavery in distant ages, it is of little or no consequence that it has not exerted itself to put an end to the modern form of it which we know most about.' This is a wholly unwarranted inference from what I said, as any one who turns to my remarks will see. I simply showed upon unimpeachable testimony that the Church had combated slavery in its most general form, and that the claim made in her behalf by Cardinal Newman was so far justified. My object was, not to defend the Church, but to show that Dr. Newman had not, as J. G. W. would have us believe, altogether sacrificed historical truth to rhetorical effect. The extinction of slavery in Europe, I now venture to add, is a much broader historic fact than the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indian colonies—a measure, however, which was due to nothing so much as to the ever increasing sense of the moral incongruity between slavery and Christianity. Had not slavery first been extinguished and become odious in Europe, it would never have been disturbed in the New World.

J. G. W. does not like my quotations from Lecky, and he makes thereanent some remarks, the oddity of which he scarcely appreciates. 'Lecky,' he says, 'rationalist though he is, is too ready to admit the statements of the ecclesiastical historians of the period, and it is well known that their evidence requires to be carefully sifted.' (The 'and' here comes in rather funnily, and does not suggest that any very rigorous logical process was going on in the writer's mind. Let that pass, however.) The inference to be drawn is that the 'rationalist' Lecky has not carefully sifted the statements of the ecclesiastical historians. What a precious specimen of a rationalist he must be! Is J. G. W. prepared to support this charge by giving instances in which Lecky has shown an open mouthed credulity in regard to what ecclesiastical historians relate; or is this simply one of his own 'generalities,' like his remark about Cardinal Newman? To put aside the testimony of Lecky, however, in this airy fashion, simply because he testifies to facts which one would prefer to ignore, is not an honest style of argument. Moreover, to reduce the matter to believing or not what 'ecclesiastical historians' have written, is to show a singular ignorance of the resources at the command of the historian; and I am led to the conclusion that J. G. W. is no more fit to set Lecky right than he is to convict Dr. Newman of the use of empty generalities.

I have said that it seems very doubtful whether J. G. W. used the expression 'glittering generalities' with any intelligent grasp of its meaning. Here is the proof. Challenged by me to produce other instances, he 'gladly complies,' by adducing as 'one of the worst,' a sentence in which Cardinal Newman makes *a very specific statement as to Catholic doctrine*. 'The Catholic Church holds it better,' &c., &c, says Cardinal Newman (it is not necessary to quote the whole passage, which is a very familiar one), and this is cited as a striking example of a 'glittering generality'! Could the power of absurdity further go? A 'generality,' if I know the meaning of language, means a general statement—the truth of which is tested by its truth in the particular instances that it

covers. Cardinal Newman may or may not state the doctrine of his Church correctly, but to call a statement of doctrine a generality is either a wilful or an ignorant abuse of language. J.G.W. himself supplies the proof that the passage in question is not, even to his mind, a 'generality,' for he proceeds to criticise it, *not as being untrue to its particulars*, but as revealing a state of mind 'seared by sacerdotalism' and 'dead to all sympathy' with the human race; whence he passes by a natural transition to witch-burning, and thence to some new systems of morality which he sees looming up. A more typical example of mental confusion never came to my notice.

I therefore again challenge J. G. W. to produce examples of the 'glittering generalities so plentifully strewed (as he alleges) through Dr. Newman's books,' and meantime I aver that the charge which he brings against Newman of indulging in these false ornaments of style, and the charge he brings against Lecky, in an equally off-hand manner, of being over-credulous in dealing with ecclesiastical historians, are mere examples of baseless—not very glittering—generalities which happened to suit the purpose he had in view.

TINEA.

FACTS.

THERE is a large class of persons who profess to found all their reasonings on facts, and who seem to find facts the easiest things in the world to get at. They constantly appeal to 'facts' with a comfortable assurance that the 'facts' are all on their side. Yet, in listening to them, I often wonder whether they really know what a fact is. They think they are in possession of a fact when they are able to utter a proposition that cannot be, in direct terms, negatived. The relevancy, the completeness, the significance of what they allege, are matters they have no appetite for discussing; and if you raise questions on any of these points, you only seem to them to be shutting your eyes to the 'fact.' The truth is, however, that the simplest fact can only be properly understood when seen in its relations. Your mental vision must take in enough to give the so-called fact a proper setting; otherwise you are but misled by what you see. The memorable 'fly on the wheel' saw, as a fact, that the wheel revolved; but, instead of being wiser, was the less wise, for that exercise of its powers of observation. And in general the fallacy of *post hoc propter hoc* consists simply in seizing a fact and neglecting its relations. A true fact is something organic; and we require to study it in its origin and development, before we are competent to cite it as a fact for purposes of argument or instruction. Well did the Epicurean poet exclaim,—

'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.'

The more our knowledge increases, the more we perceive how powerless we are without the comparative method. If he who knows but one language knows none; so he who knows but one of anything knows nothing of that. Above all, in the history of the human race, we need all the light that we can get from every quarter before we can appreciate facts aright; and, to the last, our judgments must remain open to revision. So, when people come brandishing 'facts,' the first thing to do is to see whether the alleged facts have a character of completeness, or whether they are but mangled fragments torn from some organic whole, and void therefore of all significance and value. This method, I know, spoils a great deal of slashing argument, and robs life of many of its pleasures to a certain class of minds; but it tends to substitute breadth for narrowness, and moderation for hot-heated partizanship. Why be in such a hurry to conclude? I would say to the people I have in view. Why so impatient to shut yourselves up in a little box of opinion? Is there no pleasure in feeling yourselves at liberty to judge of all things in a free and impartial manner, and to travel up and down the bye-ways of thought, instead of forever plodding heavily on the hard and dusty macadam? Who that knows what mental liberty is, would not rather, with Wordsworth, be

'A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,'

than be bound forever to the wheel of his own prejudices, even though those prejudices be all in favour of the most 'advanced' philosophy? Our business in this world is to live the fullest life possible; and that we cannot do unless we keep our minds open to suggestions

from all quarters, and unless, above all, we can 'hearken what the inner spirit sings.' A free consciousness, reflecting light and shade and colour from every part of the universe, is worth vastly more than all the pitch and toss of opinions ever practised by sophists since the world began.

L.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Distracted Young Preacher. By THOMAS HARDY. *Hester.* By BEATRICE MAY BUTT. No. 41, Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1879.

THE first of these two short tales is (probably unintentionally) a farcical rehash of our old friend and acquaintance, the smuggling story. With what keen joy did we follow in our school-boy days the mythical adventures of some hero of the narrow seas, till overwrought imagination could see

> 'The fire-flash shine from Reculver cliff,
> And the answering light burn blue in the skiff
> As there they stand,
> That smuggling band,
> Some in the water and some on the sand,
> Ready their contraband goods to land!'

The smugglers were always brave and generous, with a *penchant* for Jacobite conspiracies and other trifling irregularities; the Custom-house officers were always baffled, stupid noodles, with just enough pluck to show fight and make their defeat a little interesting. We thought the bold smuggler had been neglected, but quite recently he seems to have come into fashion with the taste for Queen Anne furniture, and we see his well-known features again in Besant and Rice's ''Twas in Trafalgar Bay,' and now in this little tale. It certainly was a novel idea of Mr. Hardy's to make a young Methodist minister fall in love with a female smuggler, and spend the greater part of his time in watching her illegal operations by moonlight, while he pipes out his mild expostulations. The love affair and the smuggling take up so much of the tale that the ministerial side of the young man's character is almost entirely omitted, and we can only imagine that he was made a minister in order to add piquancy to the position.

The idiotic conduct of the Custom-house officer, in sending off a lot of captured barrels across country roads by night, under charge of only four men, is also a little too much for our credulity; and the wind-up in which Lizzy, the fair smuggler, acknowledges the guilt of that occupation after the gang is broken up, is completely unnatural, since no argument, except want of success, is employed to bring about this change in her mind. We must excuse this, however, on account of Mr. Hardy's desire to settle his moral and distracted preacher comfortably for life.

We have only one more thing to draw attention to. In palpable imitation of a certain mannerism used by Kingsley, in his 'Water Babies,' our author gives long lists of places where the excisemen hunted for the hidden tubs. These words are printed in double columns like extracts from a spelling-book. Now the sooner this is put a stop to, the better. Any scribbler can fill a page with lists like this:

Horse-ponds,	Wet ditches,
Stable-drains,	Cesspools,
Cinder-heaps,	Mixens,

but there is not the slightest humour or advantage gained in doing so. Kingsley (who took his idea from Rabelais, and did not disguise it) had a meaning in the selection and juxta-position of the words in *his* lists, and the quaintness of the result was in accordance with the plan of his work. In Mr. Hardy's hands it becomes mannerism, and nothing more.

Hester is even more worthless than its companion, which does sometimes be-

come interesting. *Hester* is a tale written by an American, with the scene laid in France, and the usual disastrous results follow. The characters are not French, they do not act, speak, or think as French people would, their very names smell as of shoddy manufacture, and the heroine, in particular, has a perfectly impossible Christian name. When the authoress finds a young French girl of good family (although her genealogy is decidedly shaky as related in these pages) who is called Hester, it is possible she may find her indulging in long private conversations with a gentleman who 'kisses her passionately,' 'presses her in his arms,' and for a change (the said gentleman having married some one else in the interval) 'catches her in his arms and covers her face with kisses.' These remarkably free and easy manners may obtain in the society which Miss Butt adorns, but she must pardon our informing her that an *ingenue* is too carefully watched and guarded in good French society to be exposed to such conduct. The whole tale is full of absurdities. At one page Hester is 'certainly not beautiful,' at the next she 'strangely resembles her lovely grandmother.' A private soldier escaped from Metz relates that he casually saw a wounded officer taken prisoner. Intense excitement on the part of Hester, who believes it is her married lover! Did the soldier hear his name? No, but he wrote his initials from the saddle-cloth of his horse, 'for fear of forgetting them!' Why should this miserable private take so much trouble about a man he never saw before, except to save our authoress the trouble of devising a more probable mode of communicating this important intelligence (which leads to nothing) to Hester? Then we have the touching and truly French expression, 'and now kiss me for good-by,' which fills up the measure of disgust, and makes us think that if many good Americans like Miss Butt are to go hereafter to Paris, society there will become strangely altered for the worse.

Uncle César. By CHARLES REYBAUD. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. New York: 1879.

VERY different is the account to be given of this tale, which is throughout racy of the French provincial life it depicts. The Faubertons are, it seems, a race or dynasty of provincial magnates, with a rooted aversion to matrimony, and whose riches and influence have, for several generations, descended from uncle to nephew, for lack of direct descendants. Uncle César, the chief character in the book appears on the high road to confirmed celibacy; he has already his nephew Theodore with him, ready to succeed to his position, but in the meantime César Fauberton intends to amuse himself. In his young days he was a dandy of the first water, fond of flirtations, handsome and a great favourite among the ladies. Now he has grown more than middle-aged he still has the relics of a fine figure and contrives by the aid of an expert tailor and wig-maker to present an almost dazzling appearance when, as mayor of the little town, he gives a ball at his hôtel. The description of the old-fashioned manners he is so pleased to keep up, is amusing and lifelike; for it is a homage that a small society readily pays to those old people who entertain it, in conforming to those trifling customs and habits which speak to us of a bygone generation. When we read the never-failing complaint which each age brings against its successor, of failing courtesy, of diminished politeness, of forgotten forms that once enshrined a soul of gentleness and self-respect, we are tempted to wonder whether this degradation is to continue for ever till good manners are absorbed in self-satisfaction. But this is a digression and we must return to our tale. Still it will not do to let the reader into the secrets of the loves of Theodore and the fair but poor Camille, they are too interesting for us to discount in this manner. It will be sufficient for us to say that on the next day after the grand ball, Uncle César is invisible. Strange rumours creep about,—he is not ill, but he shuts himself in his room, admits no one but his *valet* Cascarel, throws all his cosmetics and toilet requisites out of the window, and from a gay old gentleman with pretensions to youth, sinks into a misanthropic old bachelor. In this self-imposed imprisonment he is amused by trifles. Two sparrows that build their nest opposite his window afford him much occupation in watching them. At last, as their young fledglings are ready to fly away, he calls Cascarel, with all the caprice of an old man with nothing to do, and bids him catch them. Alas! in the attempt they all take flight,

never to return, and poor old César is left in despair, almost crying and unable to eat his breakfast. Cascarel proposes getting turtle-doves in a cage, a canary, or some other domesticated pet, but in vain, the old man is furious at the idea. The last order he gives is to bid Cascarel keep the cage, for he thinks the sparrows will return, and Cascarel leaves him 'watching the hole with all his eyes.'

But if he is miserable, so are Theodore and his mother, who don't know what to make of this lengthened penance. They are kept so close, too, in the way of household expenses, that the nephew looks to what can be cut off the old man's cutlet without being noticed, for his chief meat diet. And yet he lives on, upon his expectations! Years roll by, he has no profession, no income, and as we see, next to no dinner, he is desperately in love, and yet—he waits. One cannot imagine that all French writers are in league to vilify their young compatriots, so we are driven to the belief that a young Frenchman will waste the best years of his life in subjection to a doting old man, rather than run the risk of losing a problematical inheritance. It is the case with all the heroes of French novels. They live on with their fathers and uncles, miracles of subordination, and never venture to marry the girl of their choice, unless the relative dies or relents, and under no conceivable circumstances do they abandon the paternal table and seek their fortunes elsewhere. M. Theodore, in this story, is not rewarded for his patient forbearance in the way he expects, and we can only say that it serves him right.

The Dramatic Art of Shakespeare, with especial reference to 'A Midsummer Night Dream,' being an Inaugural Lecture delivered at McGill University, Montreal, by Prof. CHARLES E. MOYSE, B.A. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company. 1879.

MR. Moyse finds the key-note of his lecture in the statement of M. Taine, that in all English literature the pulse of seriousness is discernible beneath the most playful exterior. A moral purpose underlies our poems and our plays. If our old writers tell an immoral tale, they adopt the least immoral phase it is capable of, and let so much of the fresh out-of-doors air of ordinary life in upon it, that the close, feverish feelings which are induced by the perusal of the French or Italian original are entirely missing.

In the elaboration of this idea Mr. Moyse points out the lesson which he conceives Shakespeare intended to impart by his 'Midsummer's Night Dream.'

'The dream is simply the experience of years narrowed to a span by the active mind of the dreamer, and intensified;' again, 'the *wood near Athens* is the world.' In other words, the dream 'is allegorical.'

We hope Mr. Moyse will feel inclined to qualify these views a little on reconsideration, and particularly to dismiss the use of the term 'allegory.' In an allegory the tale exists, and is told for the sake of the truth which it conveys, which is the *vera causa* of the work, and which usually could not be related in a vivid form without being clothed upon by the attributes of persons and of things. How does this agree with the case under discussion? The every-day life of two pairs of lovers, their jealousies and conflicting passions evolving slowly by means of natural causes—these form the central truth, according to Mr. Moyse, upon which this allegory depends. In the first place, this central truth is capable of being told directly, having already all the necessary machinery with which to display itself, and does not need the aid of allegory in order to display itself in a concrete form. And, secondly, the play does not need this 'apologia pro vita sua,' but bears upon the surface its own effective cause.

Postulate the existence of fairies and of the limited range of superhuman powers which these tricksy fays possess, practically limited here to the power of 'translating' Bottom (not 'transporting' him, as Mr. Moyse has it), and to the possession of the wonder-working flower, love-in-idleness, and with these disturbing elements at work upon our Athenian lovers, the results come naturally enough to pass. It is this marvellous power of our greatest dramatist, the power which enabled him to make his Calibans and his Ariels act upon his other characters, and be acted upon in turn by them, exactly after the fashion in which such beings, if they really existed, *would* interact with ordinary flesh and blood, that has induced so many Shakespearean

critics to attribute to these supernatural creations a deeper meaning than their creator ever intended. In the present instance, we can conceive the slow processes of ordinary events working out, in the course of years, much such a game of cross-purposes as is played by the two couples in the moonlit forest within the narrow space of a few hours; but the circumstance does not justify us in supposing that Shakespeare had such a co-respondence in his mind, far less that he intended to shadow it forth. The very fact that the allegory, if such it is, would be a lame one, should make us ponder before accepting this theory. As already mentioned, the wood is to be the world, and our lovers 'all fled into the world, and they suffered.' If this be so, in what forgotten limbo is Athens, where the first two scenes and the last Act (besides the last scene of Act IV.) take place? We cannot but think that it is like chaining a moon-beam to lade this delicate play with the weight of an allegorical meaning.

A not much less important fault is to be found in the analysis of Puck, for we make bold to say that Mr. Moyse 'mistakes his shape and making quite.' How much over-attention to derivation may deceive a scholar is evident when we find the following sentence gravely enunciated: 'He is called the *lob* of spirits, *lob* denoting heaviness, either mental or physical, probably the latter.' This is positively misleading. Let us throw philology to the winds if it is to blind our eyes to the fact that this 'physically heavy' Puck is described as, not untruthfully, boasting

> 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes.'

And, again, in answer to Oberon's injunction,

'About the wood go swifter than the wind.'

is represented as replying

> 'I go, I go, look how I go;
> Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.'

—not a very heavy comparison! We need not vindicate the merry, knavish 'wanderer of the night' from mental heaviness; the 'will-o'-the-wisp,' 'misleading night wanderers,' is the personification of lightness.

Neither is Puck identical with Milton's 'lubbar fiend,' despite the analogy of 'lob' and 'lubbar.' We c n guess how Mr. Moyse fell into this error, and he must excuse us if we add that it smacks of superficial reading. Milton's fiend is the huge, overgrown goblin of German extraction, hard-working, stupid and good-tempered, who regularly comes at night to the favoured farm-house or mill, churns the cream, thrashes the grain, and looks for the supper which is 'duly set' for him by his grateful host. This goblin played no pranks, but worked for a small reward, only showing his teeth if some stranger ate his supper and usurped his place by the chimney-corner. But Puck is not of this calibre. His 'labouring in the quern,' which must have misled Mr. Moyse, consists in preventing the butter from coming

> 'Bootless he makes the breathless house-wife churn.'

The work which he does for those who call him 'sweet Puck' is not the household drudgery which the 'lubbar fiend' performed. Had we space, it would cost but little labour to re-habilitate Puck's moral character also, and show that he is by no means 'the incarnation of the Manichæan Ahriman!'

One more remark. What authority is there for supposing the pansy to be the 'little western flower?' Perhaps some botanical historian will enlighten us on the point whether the pansy was so cultivated in Shakespeare's time as to be properly called a purple flower. Certainly if Mr. Moyse is right in calling it an 'emblem of mischief and trouble,' its old English name of hearts'-ease was most inappropriate.

Di. Cary, a novel. By M. Jacqueline Thornton; New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

It is an offence against good manners to thrust such a novel as this upon the public. One is perplexed, in reading it, to tell what aim the authoress had in her mind when she essayed to write it. The moral of the first part of the book seems to be, 'manure your worn-out land,' a purely agricultural maxim which has never yet found its inspired poet that we are aware of.

But before long the keynote is changed, and we hear the old familiar tune 'Beware of Widows,' performed by the full force

of the orchestra. This tune appears persistently until the close of the tale; worked in with it, however, we notice a grand movement signifying a rush of Yankee emigrants to the depopulated Southern States.

Di. Cary is a lovely, but somewhat sulky being, who lives in an old house, Fleetsbay by name, on Chesapeake Bay. Her eyes, we are told, not only 'flashed magnificently, but were Babels for the varied language they spoke.' This is rather a doubtful compliment, and we are still more perplexed in forming our idea of Diana (we wish the authoress would remember the old phrase 'never say *Di*') on being told that she 'had come with a crown of thistles into her dominion of womanhood.' She has a brother, Captain Carlos Cary by name, who makes a great show in the first twenty chapters or so, and who then (like the victories of the Boojum in the 'Hunting of the Snark') gently and suddenly vanishes away, only to be seen thenceforth at long intervals. This coming and going of characters is a peculiar feature in the book.

Long after the canvas has been filled, whole groups and families are lugged in upon us, neck and crop, and we are kept perpetually on the alert, in order to remember who is who, as they pop in and out like rabbits in a warren.

Fleetsbay is a fine specimen of an old ruinous Virginian homestead after the war, and the pictures of life there would have been very interesting if presented to us with more care. The Carys are very poor,—'jaded aristocrats trying to live beyond themselves,' as Miss Gazetta Basset elegantly expresses it. This young lady (presumably named after her good parent's favorite newspaper) is, in vulgar parlance, a 'regular stunner.'

'What a round, clear cheek she had, that *lined* (?) into a tender, faultless throat! Such gloves! how they fitted!'—and so our authoress rhapsodises on, confounding person and toilette together with truly womanish appreciation. The portrait ends by describing Gazetta as '*replete* with comfortable superiority' over somebody else.

Of course, Di. has plenty of lovers. They are all very outspoken. Indeed, Virginian hospitality seems to make people (if Miss Thornton is to be credited) extremely blunt and personal in their remarks. Mr. Hunsdon, a perfect stranger, who has claimed that renowned hospitality, instantly makes himself at home, and reads his hosts a series of lectures on various topics. But he is not nearly so eloquent as another lover, Captain Wylie, who bursts into such poesy as this, 'Last night the moon was in tender sheen, but the maiden crescent must orb into golden fullness,' for which, we are glad to say, Di snubs him. He is not at all abashed, tells her that he will wait till she learns to love him, and winds up—'Let us not quarrel, my Peri! Let the future sleep on *powdered roses!*' Di treats all her lovers with sovereign contempt, and suddenly, at the last moment, succumbs to Mr. Hunsdon's fascinations, although three seconds before she would have nothing to say to him. She seems conscious of her coldness towards her lovers, indeed, in one soliloquy she remarks that no one has yet loomed up '*on the rim of her mentality.*'

On the whole we hear more of the Basset family than the Carys. Harry Poinsett, the head of the house, is a widower. He has one little girl, and an angelic governess looking after her, and a lovely, but villainous widow looking after *him*. All the household hate and scheme against the widow, and the widow reciprocates these feelings. The widower, we regret to say it, for, undoubtedly, he is meant for a hero, shuffles. There is a fine trouble over a diamond necklace of the widow's, which the angelic governess is supposed to have stolen. The widower gets it out of the A. G's boxes at an early stage of the tale, and is perplexed to guess how the—mischief!—it got there. Either the angelic is a thief, or the widow is a villain, who wishes to ruin her. With remarkable decision of character he keeps them both in the house, making love to the widow, and allowing the angelic (or diabolic) governess to bring up his child. It is true, he eventually casts off the widow, escaping from her by the skin of his teeth, and marries the angelic one, who is in a state of innocence, almost worthy of canonisation,—but he is humbug enough then to pretend that he never believed the widow's story about the jewels. Lest we should think him a weak or maudlin man, the authoress displays this forcible trait in his character,—he *keeps the necklace!* At least, we trace it in his possession to a very late date, and don't find him returning it. Let this be a warning to widows, not to put their jewels in

other people's boxes, which is, perhaps, after all, the moral to be deduced from these pages.

A Ministry of Health, and other addresses by Dr. Richardson; New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

There is a considerable amount of food for thought in this work, although, to get over the disagreeable part of our task at once, we cannot praise the mode in which Dr. Richardson has laid his ideas before the public.

Our great scientific enquirers have carried the beauty and purity of English style into fields of research hitherto abandoned to crude and pedantic pens, —and this has been pushed so far that some modern essays of this class fail to impress a casual reader with the magnitude of the thoughts enunciated, on account of the transparent clearness of the language in which they are couched. Dr. Richardson appears to think in some of his pages that to have caught a certain easy-going air of picturesqueness, is to establish his claim to rank among our grand masters. Self depreciation is often a merit among leaders of thought, —it sits with an uneasy air on men whom we should never think of bragging about, and it has this appearance when displayed by our author. Lastly, his expressions often offend against the rules of construction, as in the case of the contorted sentence 'See the learned professional what aids he calls?' The change in the natural sequence of the words, and the dropping of the word 'man' give no additional force to the thought, which is in itself so hackneyed that good taste demands its introduction in the simplest and most retiring form possible. Occasionally he uses curious expressions, such as '*incanted* visions,' for visions produced by incantations,—which simply provokes the mind to think of 'decanted spirits' and spoils the solemnity of his period.

Passing on to more important matters we are glad to be able to agree with Dr. Richardson on many of his views as to the science of health. He is an earnest pleader for a Minister of Health, with a proper department under him and a position independent of political ins and outs. Without accepting all the details, his idea is undoubtedly a good one. Another suggestion of his appears to us to strike the right nail on the head. It is, and always will be, a moot point how far Government encouragement and patronage can benefit science. Certainly payment by results will not do. The wishes of Government as to what the result should be would leak out, and men would work for that result and not for the simple truth. Can any one doubt that if the rewards of science were exclusively in the hands of a State Church, the views of that church (say as to the question of development) would materially influence the bulk of current scientific research? Our 'Descents of Man' and 'Antiquities of Man' would be replaced to a great extent by an enlarged series of Bridgewater Treatises.

Nor will endowment do. You cannot endow research. You may give a man a thousand pounds a year to investigate such and such a phenomenon, but you cannot make him do it to any effect if his heart is not in it. He may be very conscientious and potter about his laboratory for the full term you pay him for, but the thousand pounds will have gone in smoke, and science be none the richer.

What then can Government do? It can do what individual energy and private means are unable to accomplish. It can perform the Herculean task of collecting those materials upon which genius is to work. At present the sanitary reformer has to drudge through the weary labour of collecting his own statistics of disease from a hundred different sources, like the Israelites searching for the stubble wherewith to make their bricks. He comes exhausted from this mechanical and never-ending routine work to that part of his task which demands his entire capacity and should receive the full benefit of his intellect. Is it to be wondered at that the results of his investigation are not what we should expect?

It is in the power of every Government to keep such sanitary records as will enable students to arrange and systematise those great laws of health and disease, of weather, of climate, and of vitality which at present are only guessed at empirically.

In time it will, we hope, be a matter of friendly rivalry between the countries of the world, which shall best preserve these muniments of Life and Death.

How small and uninteresting such a table of statistics appears when taken by

itself, and when viewed by the uninitiated! But what a world of facts, social, moral and political, it unfolds to the careful analyser! The germ of nations, the seeds of the decay of kingly races are written in its dry, speechless columns!

What would we not give for a week's bill of health of Thebes under the greatest of its Pharaohs? of Imperial Rome, thickly clustered round the palaces of the worst of its Cæsars? We cannot hope to look on these, but we *can* provide the means by which so keen a regret may be spared posterity, as far as concerns our own country and our own era.

The Apostolic Fathers. By REV. GEORGE A. JACKSON, New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

A LITTLE volume, attractively bound and well printed. To those interested in patristic lore, and who have not much time to devote to extensive reading, the work will be found very useful. Divinity students in particular may use it with profit. The value of the writings of the old Christian Fathers, however, is purely historical. As interpreters of Scripture they are unreliable and differ from one another even more widely than do the great scholars of the contending sects of Protestantism, while from a literary point of view they are inferior in a marked degree to the heathen productions of their day.

Mr. Edward Arber's English Reprints. London: Edward Arber. Toronto: Willing and Williamson.

FEW individuals have done so much for the English scholar as Mr. Arber, Lecturer in English Literature, etc., London, England. The residents of the colonies are, in particular, indebted to him; for, by his efforts, they are enabled to provide themselves, at a trifling cost, with reprints of works the originals of which are as valuable for their intrinsic merits as for their rarity, even in England. To be worth anything, English literature must be studied from the originals; no second-hand knowledge can replace the effect of immediate soul-contact; and, even had Mr. Arber not laid us under a debt of gratitude by his scholarly prefaces and general commentaries, he deserves more, probably, than most editors, the thanks of all students of 'our wells of English undefiled.' Mr. Arber has published at his own risk, and at a surprisingly low rate, the less known or less easily obtainable works of from forty to fifty authors, extending over a period of more than five centuries—from the reign of Richard I. to that of Queen Anne. Amongst these we may mention *The Monk of Evesham, The Paston Letters, Ascham's Toxophilus, Latimer's The Ploughers, and Seven Sermons, Ralph Roister Doister, Totle's Miscellany, Ascham's Scholemaster, Gascoigne's Steele Glass, Gosson's School of Abuse, Lyly's Euphues, Sidney's Astrophel* and *Stella* and *Sonnets, Selden's Table Talk, Raleigh's Last Fight of the Revenge, Earle's Microcosmography*, etc., A few of the publications are of interest possibly to the literary antiquarian only, but no man who professes to be an English scholar can afford to be without a set of the reprints, the whole fourteen volumes of which may be bought, post paid, for £2 6s. sterling. The *English Scholar's Library*, of which eight numbers have already been published—price 13s. 6d.—is also an invaluable contribution to our editions of early English classics; and *An English Garner*, intended for general readers, contains mater of inestimable importance to the student of English literature. The writer of this notice, who has studied with delight most of Mr. Arber's publications, heartily recommends the series to the lovers of English literature in the Dominion who desire to have an intimate acquaintance with the many phases of the national development of the Mother land.

The most expensive and, to the general reader, the least interesting of the Reprints, is *A Transcript of the Company of Stationers of London, England*, which contains all entries relating to books, the career of individual printers, binders, publishers, and other members of the company, and items affording data towards the history of wages, prices of food, etc., in London. The *Transcript Reprint* ends with the opening of the Long Parliament, as this date is a distinct and definite turning point in our printed literature, and the period selected comprehends the culmination of English action and thought. To quote from

Mr. Arber's prospectus, 'Of many books —still lost to us—the Registers are the *only* record. They are also, and ever will be, the foundation of English Bibliography; and, besides, are *the* chief authority, for their period, in the history of English Printing. They are therefore especially valuable to the book-collectors and the administrators of public libraries. They chiefly enregister FIRST EDITIONS, but there are also occasionally TRANSFERS from one publisher to another. Most of the Poems, Interludes, and plays are recorded in them: together with the earliest Voyages to the East Indies, and the publications relating to the foundation of our American colonies. In fact there is nothing like them anywhere extant in any foreign language; so early, so precise, so voluminious, so certain, and therefore so authoritative.' While the private collector would hardly be justified in purchasing a word of this character, there can be no doubt but that in the interests of present and future Canadian scholars, our public libraries should each possess a copy. Not the least drawback to the progress of literary development amongst us is the impossibility of procuring authentic data and obtaining access to the more expensive class of works of reference. Neither our business nor our literary men are financially on a par with those of the British islands; and what to the Canadian scholar or the Canadian Literary Institute would prove an unwarrantable expense, might, with grace and usefulness, be borne by a government that has hitherto not been conspicuous for its recognition of the requirements of literature. Nowadays, of book-making there is no end, and instead of spending their appropriations in the purchase of all the ephemeral literary and scientific works of the time, the custodians of our public libraries might, with advantage, provide for the necessities of the future of Canadia research.

To Canadian readers, however, we strongly recommend those of his volumes which Mr. Arber especially calls *English Reprints*. In the quaintness and freshness of the editor's style and remarks, there is a depth of pleasure which we should gladly know that everyone had tasted.

The Bystander: A Monthly Review of Current Events, Canadian and General. No. 1, for January. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

THE readers of THE MONTHLY, who were wont to peruse with lively interest the critiques upon 'Current Events' which used to grace our pages, from the pen of a well-known and scholarly writer, will specially welcome the publication of *The Bystander*. Its appearance in separate serial form, though somewhat a novelty in journalism, is, for many reasons, an advantage. It relieves the MONTHLY and its writer from some embarrassments which, under the circumstances of our national and political position, were more or less always present. Of its *raison d'être* in any form, however, there can be no question. The point is far from being yet reached in this country of surplus, or even of adequate, intellectual activity and supply, and there is an imperious necessity still for the expression of outspoken and independent opinion. Not only is this the case, but the thronging interests of the time require discussion and criticism from a broad, philosophic point of view, and with all the aids which earnestness and strong conviction, coupled with clear and vigorous writing, can bring to their assistance. In the absence, in Canada, of a weekly press devoted to the work of higher criticism, there is the greater requirement of a publication that will discuss current topics with the vigour and ability that mark the editorials and criticism of the English journals. And no one can read the *Bystander* without believing that politics and literature, as well as our national, commercial, and social life, will gain in influence by the treatment of such themes in the style and with the thought characteristic of its learned writer. Great thoughts are of necessity the inspirers of great actions, and the influence of the publication, emanating from the source from which it does, can only and wholly be good. The writer's standpoint may not always be that of the reader; but to the lover of independent thought this will be no bar to the perusal and consideration of the disquisitions of a profound intellect, and of opinions presented with all the force and charm of a cultured mind. The first number, now to hand, justifies the expectation which the announcement of its appearing has excited, and doubt-

less will be largely and eagerly read. We need hardly wish the publication success—it will command it.

A Manual of Government in Canada; or the Principles and Institutions of our Federal and Provincial Constitutions, by D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A. Toronto: J. C. Stuart & Co.

This excellent little manual reaches us as we go to press and we can at present only notice its publication, deferring a review of it until another issue. Its purpose is, in a brief and elementary manner, to give some idea of "how we are governed," and to supply, for popular use, a knowledge of the machinery of government and the principles which underlie the Canadian Constitution. Chapters are given on the Crown, the Senate, and the Commons; on the Federal System of Government in Canada; the Powers of the Central and Provincial Legislatures; and the various administrative and executive departments. Our system of representation, the rights and liberties of the people, etc., are also dealt with, as well as the facts concerning the constitution of the Provincial Governments, and other useful material which ought to be familiar to the student of Canadian history and every resident of the country.

A Few of the Issues of the Season.

In these days while 'many run to and fro and knowledge is increased,' the return of the great Christian festival would withdraw us for a time from the varied duties and eager speculations that engross us the year round to the exercise of those acts of love and brotherhood which make the season a glad one to all and serve to remind us of the occasion when—

'Shepherds of old upon Bethlehem's plain
Heard angel ministrelsy singing above;
Glory to God—'twas thus the strain—
Good-will to man; the message is Love.'

Whatever estrangements the materialistic philosophy of the day may have brought about between faith and intellect, the literature and art display of the season, at any rate, bears little mark of it; for the symbols of our common faith meet the eye as usual, in much of the issues of the holiday press. Beautiful indeed are some of these productions, and, while fulfilling a higher office, they must largely aid in developing the artistic taste of the community. Nothing could be more elegant, in the minor attractions of the book-stores, than some of the Christmas cards imported this season, the designs of which not only manifest a refined taste, but are remarkable as triumphs of art in the service of religion. The importations of Messrs. Willing & Williamson, of the city, are particularly noticeable in this respect. The novel ribbon-series of Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, consisting of religious poems and devotional books, with hand-painted floral decorations on the canvas binding, are also highly deserving of notice and merited the patronage they received. Two other issues of this house form attractive presents for the season and mark a degree of art taste in our home publishers well worthy of encouragement. We refer to a little *brochure* entitled "Pleas for Books," prettily printed on plate paper, with red line border, and tied with a ribbon, and an elegant date-block calendar for 1880 of native design and execution, with appropiate quotations from well-known authors on books and reading, on each leaf of the calendar. Messrs. Belfords, Clarke & Co. issue an *edition de luxe* of Miss Mitford's "Our Village," a volume of graceful sketches of country life which has long enjoyed public favour, and which will enter upon a new lease of life in this sumptuous edition, to which both artist and printer have done full justice. The annual volumes of the English family serials form a considerable body of attractive literature, the appearance of which adds a pleasure distinctively its own to the season. The importations of Messrs. James Campbell & Son of those favourites of the household, the *British Workman*, the *Band of Hope Review*, the *Children's Friend*, and *Infants' Magazine*, bring perennial delight to the domestic hearth and exert an influence for good which should open every door to their coming. The volume issues of the London Religious Tract Society, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, and the new annual for youth, the *Boy's Own Magazine* (Toronto: Wm. Warwick), are additional and successful claimants for public favour to which they make adc-

quate and pleasing return. The Christmas numbers of the illustrated periodicals, the varied and useful issues of almanacs, calendars, and diaries for the ensuing year, add their quota of interest to the season, and furnish suitable material for the kindly offering of friend to friend, which speaks of loving remembrance, if the tongue does not utter it.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

[The Publishers have lately received hints from many quarters conveying the idea that an extension of the minor departments of the Magazine would be favourably received, and particularly urging that a department might be opened in THE MONTHLY for the preservation of 'a good story,' an anecdote, miscellaneous ana, or some 'bit' of humour, which could either be culled by those in charge of the publication, or contributed by its many subscribers. With this idea the publishers have fallen in, recognizing the truth that life is apt to become a very humdrum affair indeed, unless relieved by a sense of humour and the opportunity occasionally to gratify it. In the introductory words which ushered the present Magazine into existence, it was remarked that 'humour is as rare as it is acceptable.' Its appreciation, there is no doubt, is universal, and we have no misgivings in opening the Department for the delectation of our readers. If, as Captain Cuttle expresses it, we shall sandwich in some 'solid chunks of wisdom,' we shall the more heartily disport ourselves in the intervals, and the lighter bits will be all the more enjoyable.]

Into whatsoever house you enter remain master of your eyes and your tongue.

Why should tailors make irresistible lovers?—Because they know how to press a suit.

Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

'Talk about the jaws of death!' exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife. 'I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life!'

When Moses wore a heavenly radiance, 'he wist not that his face shone.' The best people are those who have the least to say about their own goodness.

A traveller says he saw an English family stop before Titian's 'John the Baptist,' and heard the father sum up his impression in one sentence, 'Quite my idea of the party's character.'

When you see a man sit down in a barber's chair, pin the newspaper round his neck, and begin to read the towel, you may put him down as absent-minded.

A handbill announcing a temperance pic-nic was conspicuously headed 'N.B.' '"Take notice," I suppose,' said a man who stopped to read it. 'Oh, no,' replied his friend—'"no beer!"'

We are all sculptors and painters; our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of Omniscience alone.

The man who professes to believe that evil is only the underside of good, the dark side of the moon, and properly a

component part of human life, will never have the satisfaction of dying from inflammation of the brain.

All things must change. Friends must be torn asunder and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom and, perchance, no more. For ever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away.

A short time since, as a regiment headed by its band marched by, a little boy, standing at the window with his mother, said, 'I say, ma, what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?'

'We wish,' says a Texas newspaper, 'that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently healthy country Texas really is.'

There are two little girls of the same name in New London, Conn. The other night one of them said her prayers, and for fear they would be credited to the other child, she added, after the Amen, 'No. 10 Orange Street.'

An old Bridgeport (Conn.) woman, who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years, having never been sick a day in her life, is growing discouraged; some people are born to ill-luck, she says.

SCENE IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.—Customer—'Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster; it's as hard as flint." Waiter—'Beg pardon, sir. A slight mistake. That's the papier-maché lobster out of the show-case! Shall I change it?'

A Georgia coloured debating society was lately discussing: 'Which is best for the labouring man, to work for wages or part of the crop?' An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he said: 'Bofe was de best, ef dey could only be brung togedder somehow.'

HOME RULE.—The O'Finigan—'Bedad, sorr, we were pestered wid those rascally spies of Government reporters at our meeting last night.' The O'Brady—'Rimmints o' Tory barbarism, sorr. Be more careful, sorr; stand at the door, and don't let a man in unless he comes himself.'—*Fun.*

The boy who doesn't leap over seven hitching posts, kick a lame dog, snatch a handful of navy beans in front of every grocery store, knock over a box or two, and work the handle of every pump on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either lazy or doesn't feel well. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

We all love pleasure and abhor sorrow. No one will choose a cloudy sky and a rough path; but these evils have their good parts, and those who really long for peace and happiness will try to find out and extract them, instead of hurrying along resentfully or with forced gaiety.

Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the schoolboy, that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker, that his work shall be well done.

Charles Lamb was at a dinner-party, and a lady, who talked to him incessantly, sat next to him. At last she said, 'I don't think, Mr. Lamb, that you will be any the better for what I've been saying.' 'N-n-no!' he replied, 'but my neighbour on the other side will, for it went in at one ear and out at the other.'

The following conversation was lately overheard on the beach at Treport between two children who were playing in the sand together. The small boy said to the little girl: 'Do you wish to be my little wife?' The little girl, after reflection: 'Yes—' The small boy: 'Then take off my boots!'

Old lady (on donkey): 'Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?' Boy: 'Wery dangerous indeed, marm. There was a lady a-ridin' up here, last year, and the donkey fell, and the lady was chucked over the cliff and killed.' Old Lady; "Good gracious! Was the donkey killed, too?' 'No, marm; that's the wery donkey.'

In catechising some scholars at a Sunday school on Isaiah ix., where the passage 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light' occurs, the clergyman inquired of one of his youthful pupils, 'What arose upon the people?' The boy to whom the question was put answered very readily and complacently, "The moon, sir!"

A lady sent a note to the newspaper to get a recipe to cure the whooping-cough in a pair of twins. By a mistake a recipe for pickling onions was unconsciously inserted, and her name attached; and she received this reply through the 'Answers to Correspondents': 'Mrs. L. H. B., if not too young, skin them pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentifully with salt, and immerse them for a week in strong brine.'

General Grant is a modest man, and proud of his wife's popularity. As the steamer brought this itinerant couple to the wharf at Portland, Or., the General looked at the vast multitude of people gathered on the shore to welcome him, and remarked, 'I think this demonstration must be in honour of Mrs. Grant. When I landed here alone, twenty-seven years ago, not half-a-dozen people came down to meet the steamer!'

Here is a story that shows that ancient saints—we will not say enjoyed but—possessed privileges altogether denied to modern Christians. The Dean of A— (now Bishop of B—) was in the habit, at his weekly pastoral visit, of 'expounding the Scriptures' to two maiden ladies of uncertain age, much to their gratification and edification. It so happened that the first Book of Kings formed the subject of one of these discourses, but the poor dean was somewhat startled in the course of his remarks by one of his hostesses saying rather abruptly: 'May we *really* believe Mr. Dean, that King Solomon had 700 wives?' The expounder having assured his fair questioners that he had no reason to doubt the fact, was greeted with the following remark from the second of his attentive listeners: 'Ah, *my dear Mr. Dean*, what privileges those early Christians had, to be sure!'

Certain Americans were recently entertained by certain London university men. A toast in honour of the guests was proposed. It was—'The United States, bounded on the north by Canada, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the great Atlantic, and on the west by the broad Pacific.' This, however, did not satisfy the more Republican members of the university. They proposed—'The United States, bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the Antarctic Ocean, on the east by the Gulf Stream, and on the west by the illimitable ocean.' Even that did not satisfy one member of the party. His toast was—'The United States, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by infinite space, on the east by the procession of the equinoxes, and on the west by the day of judgment.' The toast was drank with great applause.

THE GENESIS OF MATERIALISM.—The preparation of the new Bible, which is to be inspired by sweet reasonableness, has not made much advance yet. We lay before our readers the improved version of the first chapter of the book of Genesis:—

1. There never was a beginning. The Eternal, without us that maketh for righteousness, took no notice whatever of anything.

2. And Cosmos was homogeneous and undifferentiated, and somehow or other evolution began and molecules appeared.

3. And molecules evolved protoplasm, and rhythmic thrills arose, and then there was light.

4. And the spirit of energy was developed, and formed the plastic cell whence arose the primordial germ.

5. And the primordial germ became protogene, and the protogene somehow shaped eozoon; then was the dawn of life.

6. And the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its own kind, whose seed is in itself, developed according to its own fancy. And the Eternal without us that maketh for righteousness neither knew nor cared anything about it.

7. The cattle after his kind, the beast of the earth after his kind, and every creeping thing became involved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion.

8. So that by the survival of the fittest there evolved the simiads from the jelly fish, and the simiads differentiated themselves into the anthropomorphic primordial types.

9. And in due time one lost his tail and became man, and behold he was the most cunning of all animals; and lo, the fast men killed the slow men, and it was ordained to be so in every age.

10. And in process of time, by natural selection and survival of the fittest, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and Charles Darwin appeared, and behold it was very good