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AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MARCH, 1881.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, B.A.

The Clerk of the House of Commons, Canada.

CHAPTER IV.

NATIVE LITERATURE.

LORD Durham wrote, over fifty years' ago, of the French Canadians: 'They are a people without a history and a literature.' He was very ignorant, assuredly, of the deep interest that attaches to the historic past of the first pioneers in Canada, and had he lived to the present day, he would have blotted out the first part of the statement. But he was right enough when he added that the French Canadians had, at that time, no literature of their own. During the two centuries and more that Canada remained a French Colony, books were neither read nor written; they were only to be seen in the educational establishments, or in a very few private houses, in the later days of the colony.* An intellectual torpor was the prevailing feature of the French *régime*. Only now and then do we meet in the history of those early times with the name of a man residing in the colony with some reputation for his literary or scientific attainments. The genial, chatty L'Escarbot has left us a pleasant volume of the early days of Acadie, when De Monts and De Poutrincourt were struggling to establish Port Royal. The works of the Jesuits Lafitau and Charlevoix are well known to all students of the historic past of Canada. The Marquis de la Galissonière was the only man

* The priests appear to have only encouraged books of devotion. La Hontan mentions an incident of a priest coming into his room and tearing up a book; but the library of that gay gentleman was hardly very select and proper.

of culture among the functionaries of the French dominion. Parkman tells us that the physician Sarrazin, whose name still clings to the pitcher-plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*) was for years the only real medical man in Canada, and was chiefly dependent for his support on the miserable pittance of three hundred francs yearly, given him by the king. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose there was no cultivated society in Canada. The navigator Bougainville tells us, that, though education was so defective, the Canadians were naturally very intelligent, and their accent was as good as that of the Parisians. Another well-informed writer says 'there was a select little society in Quebec, which wants nothing to make it agreeable. In the salons of the wives of the Governor and Intendant, one finds circles as brilliant as in other countries. Science and the Fine Arts have their turn, and conversation does not flag. The Canadians breathe from their birth an air of liberty, which makes them very pleasant in the intercourse of life, and our language is nowhere more purely spoken.' But the people outside of the little coterie, of which this writer speaks so flatteringly, had no opportunities whatever of following the progress of new ideas in the parent state. What learning there was, could only be found among the priests, to whom we owe 'Les Relations des Jesuites,' among other less notable productions. The Roman Catholic Church, being everywhere a democracy, the humblest *habitant* might enter its ranks and aspire to its highest dignities. Consequently we find the pioneers of that Church, at the very outset, affording the Canadian an opportunity, irrespective of birth or wealth, of entering within its pale. But apart from this class, there was no inducement offered to Canadian intellect in those times.

The Conquest robbed the country of a large proportion of the best class of the Canadian *noblesse*, and many years elapsed before the people awoke from their mental slumber. The press alone illustrated the literary capacity of the best intellects for very many years after the fall of Quebec. We have already read how many political writers of eminence were born with the endowment of the Canadian with political rights, which aroused him from his torpor and gave his mental faculties a new impulse. The only works, however, of national importance which issued from the press, from the Conquest to the Union of 1840, were Mr. Joseph Bouchette's topographical descriptions of British North America, which had to be published in England at a great expense; but these books, creditable as they were to the ability and industry of the author, and useful as they certainly were to the whole country, could never enter into general circulation. They must always remain, however, the most creditable specimens of works of that class ever published in any country. The first volume of poetry, written by a French Canadian, was published in 1830, by M. Michel Bibaud, who was also the editor of the 'Bibliothèque Canadienne,' and 'Le Magazin du Bas Canada,' periodicals very short lived, though somewhat promising.

From the year 1840, commenced a new era in French Canadian letters, as we can see by reference to the pages of several periodical publications, which were issued subsequently. 'Le Repertoire National,' published from 1848 to 1850, contained the first efforts of those writers who could fairly lay claim to be the pioneers of French Canadian Literature. This useful publication was followed by the 'Soirées Canadiennes,' and 'Le Foyer Canadien,' which also gave a new impulse to native talent, and those who wish to study the productions of the early days of French Canadian literature will find much interest and profit in the pages of these characteristic publications, as well as in the 'Revue Canadienne,' of these later times.

From the moment the intellect of the French Canadian was stimulated by a patriotic love for the past history and traditions of his country, volumes of prose and poetry of more or less merit commenced to flow regularly from the press. Two histories of undoubted value have been written by French Canadians, and these are the works of Garneau and Ferland. The former is the history of the French Canadian race, from its earliest days to the Union of 1840. It is written with much fervour, from the point of view of a French Canadian, imbued with a strong sense of patriotism, and is the best monument ever raised to Papineau; for that brilliant man is M. Garneau's hero, to whose political virtues he is always kind, and to whose political follies he is too often insensible. Old France, too, is to him something more than a memory; he would fix her history and traditions deep in the hearts of his countrymen; but great as is his love for her, he does not fail to show, even while pointing out the the blunders of British Ministries, that Canada, after all, must be happier under the new, than under the old, *régime*. The 'Cours d' Histoire du Canada' was unfortunately never completed by the Abbé Ferland, (who was Professor of the Faculty of Arts in the Laval University.) Yet the portion that he was able to finish before his death displays much patient research and narrative skill, and justly entitles him to a first place among French Canadian historians.

In romance, several attempts have been made by French Canadians, but without any marked success, except in two instances. M. de Gaspé, when in his seventieth year, described in simple, natural language, in 'Les Anciens Canadiens,' the old life of his compatriots. M. Gérin Lajoie attempted, in 'Jean Rivard,' to portray the trials and difficulties of the Canadian pioneer in the backwoods. M. Lajoie is a pleasing writer, and discharged his task with much fidelity to nature. It is somewhat noteworthy that the author, for many years assistant librarian of the library of Parliament, should have selected for his theme the struggles of a man of action in a new country; for no subject could apparently be more foreign to the tastes of the genial, scholarly man of letters, who, seemingly overcome by the torpor of official life in a small city, or the slight encouragement given to Canadian books, never brought to full fruition the intellectual powers which his early efforts so clearly showed him to possess.

In poetry, the French Canadian has won a more brilliant success than in the sister art of romance. Four names are best known in Quebec for the smoothness of the versification, the purity of style, and the poetic genius which some of their works illustrate. These are, MM. Le May, Crémazie, Sulte, and Fréchette. M. Crémazie's elegy on 'Les Morts' is worthy of even Victor Hugo. M. Fréchette was recognised long ago in Paris as a young man of undoubted promise 'on account of the genius which reflects on his fatherland a gleam of his own fame.' Since M. Fréchette has been removed from the excitement of politics, he has gone back to his first mistress, and has won for himself and native province the high distinction of being crowned the poet of the year by the French Academy. M. Fréchette has been fortunate in more than one respect,—in having an Academy to recognise his poetic talent, and again, in being a citizen of a nationality more ready than the English section of our population to acknowledge that literary success is a matter of national pride.

The French Canadians have devoted much time and attention to that fruitful field of research which the study of the customs and antiquities of their ancestors opens to up them. The names of Jacques Viger and Faribalt, Sir Louis Lafontaine, the Abbés Laverdière, and Verral are well known as those of men who devoted themselves

to the accumulation of valuable materials illustrative of the historic past, as the library of Laval University can testify. The edition of Champlain's works, by the Abbé Laverdière, for some years librarian of Laval, is a most creditable example of critical acumen and typographical skill. In the same field there is much yet to be explored by the zealous antiquarian who has the patience to delve among the accumulations of matter that are hidden in Canadian and European archives. This is a work, however, which can be best done by the State; and it is satisfactory to know that something has been attempted of late years in this direction by the Canadian Government—the collection of the Haldimand papers, for instance. But we are still far behind our American neighbours in this respect, as their State libraries abundantly prove.

The Canadian ballad was only known for years by the favourite verses written by the poet Moore, which, however musical, have no real semblance to the veritable ballads with which the voyageurs have for centuries kept time as they pushed over the lakes and rivers of Canada and the North-west. Dr. Larue and M. Ernest Gagnon have given us a compilation of this interesting feature of French Canadian literature, which is hardly yet familiar to the English population of Canada.

Other French Canadian names occur to the writer, but it is impossible to do justice to them in this necessarily limited review. 'Les Legendes,' of the Abbé Casgrain, 'Les Pionniers de l'Ouest,' of M. Joseph Tassé, and the works of M. Faucher de St. Maurice, are among other illustrations of the national spirit that animates French Canadian writers, and makes them deservedly popular among their compatriots.

If we now turn to the literary progress of the English-speaking people of Canada, we see some evidences of intellectual activity from an early time in the history of these colonies. During the two decades immediately preceding the Union of 1840, there was a cultured society in all the larger centres of intelligence. Social circles which could boast of the presence of Mr. John Galt, author of 'Laurie Todd,' and other works of note in their day, of Mr. and Mrs. Jameson, who lived some years in Toronto, of the Stricklands, of Judge Haliburton, of learned divines, astute lawyers and politicians, and clever journalists, could not have been altogether behind older communities. From one of the magazines, published in 1824, we learn that there were some libraries in the large towns of Quebec, Montreal, York, Kingston, and Halifax; that belonging to the Parliament at Quebec being the most complete in standard works. Montreal, as far back as 1823, had several book stores, and a public library of 8,000 volumes, containing many valuable works, and, independent of this, there were two circulating libraries, the property of booksellers, both of which were tolerably well supplied with new books.* In this respect Montreal possessed for years decided advantages over York, for Mrs. Jameson tells us that when she arrived there ten years later, that town contained only one book-store, in which drugs and other articles were also sold. Indeed, Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie commenced life in Canada in the book and drug business with Mr. James Lesslie, the profits of the books going to the latter, and the profits of the drugs to the former. Subsequently, Mr. Mackenzie established a circulating library at Dundas, in connection with drugs, hardware, jewellery, and other miscellaneous wares, it being evidently impossible, in those days, to live by books alone.† By 1836,

* Talbot's Canada, Vol. I., p. 77. But it appears that there was a circulating library at Quebec as far back as 1779, with 2,000 volumes; it was maintained till 1809, when its books were transferred to the Literary and Historical Society.

† Lindsey's Life, pp. 36-7.

however, even Mrs. Jameson, ready as she was to point out the defects of Canadian life, was obliged to acknowledge that Toronto had 'two good book-stores, with a fair circulating library.' Archdeacon Strachan and Chief Justice Robinson, according to the same author, had 'very pretty libraries.' Well-known gentlemen in the other Provinces had also well-furnished libraries for those times.

We see in the articles contributed to the newspapers many evidences of careful writing and well-digested reading. Literary and scientific societies now existed in all the large towns, though they necessarily depended for their support on a select few. Theatrical entertainments and concerts of a high order were not of unfrequent occurrence; for instance, we read in the Montreal papers of 1833 carefully-written notices of the performances of Mr. and Miss Kemble. The press also published lengthy criticisms of new publications, much more discriminating in some cases than the careless reviews of these later times, which seem too often written simply with the object of puffing a work, and not with a desire to cultivate a correct taste. We notice, too, that half a century ago there were gentlemen who thought they had an innate genius for writing manuals of arithmetic, and so forth, for the bewilderment of the Canadian youth. The literary tastes of the people were, then as now, fostered by the Boston and New York publishers; for example, we see lengthy notices of 'Harper's Family Library,' a series of cheap publications of standard works on History, Biography, Travels, &c., an invaluable acquisition to Canadians, the majority of whom could ill afford to pay the large prices then asked for English books. Several magazines began to be published in the East and West.

The first experiment of this kind was the *Canadian Magazine*, printed by N. Mower, in 1823, and subsequently published by Joseph Nickless, bookseller, opposite the Court House, Montreal. It was intended, in the words of the preface, 'as an archive for giving permanency to literary and scientific pursuits in the only British continental colony in the western hemisphere which has yet made any progress in settlementand cultivation.' The introduction is a very characteristic bit of writing, commencing as it does with a reference to the condition of 'man as a savage in mind and body,' and to the advance of the countries of ancient civilization in art and letters, until at last the reader is brought to appreciate the high object which the conductors had in view in establishing this new magazine—'to keep alive the heroic and energetic sentiment of our ancestors, their private virtues and public patriotism, and to form, for the example of posterity, a moral, an industrious, and loyal population.' The early following issues contained many well-written articles on Canadian subjects which give us some insight into the habits and tastes of the people, and are worthy of perusal by all those who take an interest in the old times of the colony. One particularly valuable feature was the digest of provincial news at the end of each number,—civil appointments, deaths, births and marriages, and army intelligence being deemed worthy of insertion. Among other things illustrative of social progress in 1823, we find notices of the first amateur concert given at Montreal in aid of a charitable object; of the establishment of the Quebec Historical Society, an event in the literary annals of Canada; of the foundation of the first circulating library in the City of Halifax, said to contain a number of valuable works. In 1824, H. A. Cunningham published, in Montreal, a rival publication, the *Canadian Review, and Literary and Historical Journal*, which appears to have excited the ire of the editor of the *Canadian Magazine*, for he devotes several pages of one issue to a

criticism of its demerits. But these publications had only an ephemeral existence, and were succeeded by others. One of those was the *Museum*, edited by ladies in Montreal, in 1833. It contained some articles of merit, with a good deal of sentimental gush,* such as one found in the keepsakes and other gift books of those days. The first magazine of ability in the West appears to have been the *Canadian Magazine*, edited by Mr. Sibbald, and published at Toronto in 1833. The next periodical, which lasted many years, was the *Literary Garland*, published in Montreal, in conjunction with Mr. John Gibson,† by that veteran publisher, John Lovell, a gentleman to whom the country owes much for his zeal and enterprise in all such literary matters. All these facts were illustrative of the growth of literary and cultured taste throughout the Provinces, even in those early times. But it must be admitted that then, as now, the intellectual progress of Canada was very slow compared with that of the United States, where, during the times of which I am writing, literature was at last promising to be a profession, both Irving and Poe having already won no little celebrity at home and abroad. It was not till the Canadas were re-united and population and wealth poured into the country that culture began to be more general. Sixteen years after Mrs. Jameson published her account of Canada, another writer‡ visited Toronto, and wrote in very flattering terms of the appearance of the city, and the many evidences of taste he noticed in the streets and homes of its people. At that time he tell us there were 'five or six large booksellers' shops, equal to any in the larger towns of England, and some of whom were publishers also.' Mr. Maclear had at that time 'published two very well-got-up volumes on Canada, by Mr. W. H. Smith, and was also the publisher of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, a very creditably conducted periodical.' Now, in this same City of Toronto, there are some forty stationers' and booksellers' establishments, small and large; whilst there are about one hundred altogether in the leading cities of the Provinces. Of the libraries, I shall have occasion to write some pages further on.

Since 1840, Canadians have made many ambitious efforts in the walks of literature, though only a few works have achieved a reputation beyond our own country. Nova Scotia can claim the credit of giving birth to two men whose works, though in very different fields of intellectual effort, have won for them no little distinction abroad. 'Sam Slick' may now be considered an English classic, new editions of which are still published from year to year and placed on the bookseller's shelves with the works of Fielding, Smollett, Butler and Barham. The sayings and doings of the knowing clockmaker were first published by Mr. Howe in the columns of the old *Nova Scotian*, still published as the weekly edition of the Halifax *Chronicle*, for the purpose of preserving some good stories and anecdotes of early colonial life. Like many good things that appear in the Canadian press, the judge's humorous effort would, no doubt, have been for-

* The veteran editor of the *Quebec Mercury* thus pleasantly hit off this class of literature, always appreciated by boarding-school misses and milliners' apprentices:—' "The Cousins," written by M. ——, we candidly admit we did not encounter. When a man has arrived at that time of life when he is compelled to use spec —— no, not so bad as that, but *lunettes*, in order to accommodate the text to his eyes, and finds at the conclusion of an article such a passage as the following: "Beneath that knoll, at the foot of that weeping ash, side by side, in the bosom of one grave lie Reginald and Charlotte de Courci"—when a semi-centenarian meets such a passage in such a situation, it is a loss of time for him to turn back and thread his way through the mazes of the story.'

† These two gentlemen were long associated in the partnership, widely known throughout Canada, as that of Lovell & Gibson, parliamentary printers.

‡ W. H. Kingston. 1852. 2 vols.

gotten long before these times, had not the eminent publisher, Mr. Richard Bentley, seen the articles and printed them in book form. The humour of the work soon established the reputation of the author, and together with his companionable qualities made the 'old judge' a favourite when he left his native province and settled in England, where he lived and died, like Cowley, Thomson, Pope, and other men known to fame, on the banks of the Thames. The comments of 'Sam Slick' are full of keen humour, and have a moral as well. When first published, the work was not calculated to make him popular with certain classes of his countrymen, impatient of the satire which touched off weaknesses and follies in the little social and political world of those laggard times; but now that the habits of the people have changed, and the Nova Scotia of the Clockmaker exists no longer, except perhaps in some lonely corner; every one laughs at his humorous descriptions of the slow old times, and confesses, that if things were as Sam has portrayed them in his quaint way, he only acted the part of a true moralist in laying them bare to the world, and aiming at them the pointed shafts of his ready satire. The work is likely to have a more enduring reputation than the mere mechanical humour of the productions of 'Mark Twain.' Many of his sayings, like 'soft sawdar,' have entered into our every day conversation.

The other distinguished Nova Scotian is the learned Principal of McGill College. Professor Dawson is a native of the County of Pictou, which has given birth to many men of ability in divinity, letters and politics. At an early age the natural bent of his talent carried him into the rich, unbroken field that the geology of his native province offered in those days to scientists. The two visits he paid with Sir Charles Lyell through Nova Scotia, gave him admirable opportunities of comparing notes with that distinguished geologist, and no doubt did much to encourage him in the pursuit of an attractive, though hardly remunerative, branch of study. The result was his first work, 'Acadian Geology,' which was at once accepted by *savants* everywhere as a valuable contribution to geological literature. His subsequent works—'The Story of the Earth and Man,' 'Fossil Man,' 'The Origin of the World,' and his numerous contributions to scientific periodicals, have aided to establish his reputation as a sound scholar and tasteful writer, as easily understood by the ordinary reader as by the student of geological lore. Moreover, his religious instincts have kept him free from that scepticism and infidelity into which scientists like himself are so apt to fall, as the result of their close studies of natural science; and his later works have all been written with the object of reconciling the conclusions of Science with the teachings of Scripture—a very difficult task discharged in a spirit of candour, liberality and fairness, which has won the praise of his most able adversaries.

A great deal of poetry has been written in Canadian periodicals, and now and then certainly we come across productions displaying much poetic taste as well as rhythmic skill. The only work of a high order that has attracted some attention abroad, is 'Saul,' a Drama, by Charles Heavysege, who died in Montreal not long since, a humble worker on the daily press. The leading English reviews, at the time of its appearance, acknowledged that 'it is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable works ever written out of Great Britain;' and yet, despite the grandeur of the subject, and the poetical and dramatic power, as well as the psychological analysis displayed in its conception and execution, this production of a local reporter, gifted with undoubted genius, is only known to a few Canadians. 'Saul,' like Milton's great epic, now-a-days, is only admired by a few, and never read by

the many. Charles Sangster has also given us a very pleasing collection of poems, in which, like Wordsworth, he illustrates his love for nature by graceful, poetic descriptions of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay. That a pure poetic vein runs through the minds of not a few of our writers, can be seen by a perusal of the poems contributed for some years to the CANADIAN MONTHLY, *Scribner's*, and other publications, by L'Esperance, Watson, Griffin, Carroll Ryan, 'Fidelis,' John Reade, Charles Roberts, Mrs Seymour McLean, and Mulvany; the volume recently published by the latter writer is undoubtedly a good illustration of the poetic talent that exists among the cultured classes of our people.

As to Canadian novels and romances, there is very little to say ; for though there have been many attempts at fiction, the performance has, on the whole, been weak in the extreme. In historic romance, only three works of merit have been so far produced ; and these are 'Wacousta,' written by Major Richardson, in 1833 ; 'Le Bastonnais,' by M. L'Esperance, and 'Le Chien d'Or,' by Mr. Kirby, since 1867—during the long interval of nearly forty years between these works, not a single romance worth reading was published in Canada. These three books, however, are written with spirit, and recall the masterpieces of fiction. In novels, illustrative of ordinary life in the Colonies, we know of no works that anybody remembers except those by Miss Louisa Murray, the author of 'The Cited Curate,' and 'The Settlers of Long Arrow,' who, at all events, writes naturally, and succeeds in investing her story with a vein of interest. The late Professor De Mille gave us two well-written productions in 'Helena's Household,' a 'Tale of Rome in the First Century,' and 'The Dodge Club Abroad ;' but his later works did not keep up the promise of his earlier efforts, for they never rose beyond slavish imitations of the ingenious plots of Wilkie Collins and his school. Yet they were above the ordinary Canadian novel, and had many readers in the United States and Canada.

In History, much has been attempted. Every one who can write an article in a country newspaper thinks he is competent to give the world a history of our young Dominion in some shape or other ; and yet, when we come to review the results, it can hardly be said that the literary success is remarkable. The history of Canada, as a whole, has yet to be written, and it must be admitted that the task has its difficulties. The first era has its picturesque features, which may attract an eloquent writer, but the field has in a large measure been already occupied with great fidelity and ability by that accomplished historian, Francis Parkman, of Boston. The subsequent history, under the English *régime*, labours under the disadvantage of want of unity, and being for the most part a record of comparatively insignificant political controversy. To the outside world such a history has probably no very great attraction, and consequently could bring an author no great measure of reputation. Yet, if a Canadian imbued with true patriotism, content with the applause of his own countrymen, should devote to the task much patient research, and a graceful style, and while leaving out all petty and unimportant details, should bring into bold relief the salient and noteworthy features of the social and political development of Canada, such a writer would lift Canadian history out of that slough of dulness into which so many have succeeded in throwing it in their efforts to immortalise themselves rather than their country. Nor can it be truly said that to trace the successive stages in a nation's growth, is a task uninteresting or unimportant, even to the great world beyond us. But Canada has as yet no national importance ; she is only in the Colonial transition stage, and her influence on other peoples is hardly yet appreciable. So it happens, that whilst the

history of a small state in Europe like Holland, Belgium, or Denmark, may win a writer a world-wide reputation, as was the case with Motley, on the other hand, the history of a colonial community is only associated in the minds of the foreign public with petty political conflicts, and not with those great movements of humanity which have affected so deeply the political and social fabric of European States.

All that, however, by way of parenthesis. Garneau's history, of which we have a fair translation, remains the best work of the kind, but it is not a history of Canada—simply of one section and of one class of the population. Hannay's 'History of Acadia' is also a work which displays research, and skill in arranging the materials, as well as a pleasing, readable style. Such works as Murdoch's 'History of Nova Scotia,' Dr. Canniff's Bay of Quinte, Dr. Scadding's 'Toronto of Old' are very valuable in the way of collecting facts and data from dusty archives and from old pioneers, thus saving the future historian much labour. The last mentioned book is one of the most interesting works of the class ever published in this country, and shows what an earnest, enthusiastic antiquarian can do for the English-speaking races in Canada, in perpetuating the memories and associations that cling to old landmarks. Like Dr. Scadding in Toronto, Mr. James Lemoine has delved industriously among the historic monuments of Quebec, and made himself the historian *par excellence* of that interesting old city. To him the natural beauty of the St. Lawrence and its historic and legendary lore are as familiar as were the picturesque scenery and the history of Scotland to Sir Walter Scott. Both Mr. Lemoine and Dr. Scadding illustrate what may be done in other cities and towns of Canada by an enthusiastic student of their annals, who would not aim too high, but be content with the reputation of local historians or antiquarians. We cannot lose any time in committing to paper the recollections of those old settlers who are fast dying out among us. 'The Scot in British North America,' by Mr. W. J. Rattray, is an attempt—and a most meritorious one—to illustrate the history of the progress of a class who have done so much for the prosperity of this country. Historical bodies, like the New England Historical Society, can do a great deal to preserve the records of old times. The Quebec Literary Historical Society, founded as long ago as 1824, under the auspices of the Governor General of the time, Lord Dalhousie, has done a good work with the small means at its command in this direction, and it is satisfactory to know that a similar institution has at last been established in Halifax, where there ought to be much interesting material in the possession of old families, whose founders came from New England or the "old country" in the troublous times of the American Revolution.

Reviewing generally works of a miscellaneous class, we find several that have deservedly won for the authors a certain position in Canadian literature. For instance, Colonel Denison's works on Cavalry, one of which gained a prize offered by the Emperor of Russia, illustrate certainly the fertility and acuteness of the Canadian intellect when it is stimulated to some meritorious performance in a particular field. Mrs. Moodie's 'Roughing it in the Bush' is an evidence of the interest that may be thrown around the story of the trials and struggles of settlers in the wilderness, when the writer describes the life naturally and effectively.* Mr. Charles Lindsey

* In the course of my readings of old files in the Parliamentary library, I came across this reference to the early literary efforts of this lady, whose pen in later times has contributed so much charming poetry and prose to Canadian publications, the MONTHLY among the rest: 'The editor of the New York *Albion* has had the good fortune to obtain as contributor to his poetical columns the name of Susanna Moodie, better known among the admirers of elegiac poetry, in her days

has given us, among other works, a life of Wm. Lyon Ma kenzie,—wi h whom he was connected by marriage —valuable for its historical accuracy and moderate spirit. Mr. George Stewart has in 'Evenings in the Library' illustrated how earnestly and conscientiously he has studied English and American literature. Dr. Daniel Wilson, since he has made Canada his home, has continued to illustrate the versatility of his knowledge and the activity of his intellect by his works on 'Prehistoric Man,' and 'Recollections of Edinburgh,' besides his many contributions to the proceedings of learned societies and the pages of periodicals. Mr. Fennings Taylor, an accomplished official of Parliament, has given us a number of gracefully-written essays on Episcopalian dignitaries and Canadian statesmen, though he has had to labour in most cases with the difficulty of reviewing the career of men still in life, or whose political merit is still a moot point in the opinion of parties. Mr. Alpheus Todd, the well-known librarian of Parliament, has been without a rival in the dependencies of Great Britain, in his particular line of constitutional studies. For over a quarter of a century he has been accumulating precedent upon precedent, until his mind is a remarkable store-house of well-digested data, from which he has illustrated the growth of Parliamentary institutions in Great Britain and her Colonies. His style is remarkably clear and logical, —though the nature of his works and the plan adopted in their execution, are unfavourable to literary finish,—and even those who may not agree with his conclusions, on certain constitutional points, will give full credit to the conscientiousness of his researches and the sincerity of his purpose. His 'Parliamentary Government in England was described in the *Edinburgh Review* as 'one of the most useful and complete works which has yet appeared on the practical operation of the British Constitution.' It says much for our system of Government, that it has been able to sitmulate the intellectual faculties of a Canadian writer to the production of such thoughtful, erudite works. They are a natural outcome of the interest which all classes of our people take in questions of a political bearing. They illustrate the mental activity which, from the earliest times in our history, has been devoted to the study of political and constitutional questions, and which has hitherto for the most part found expression only in the press or in the legislatures of the different provinces. Works of constitutional authority like those of Hallam, May, Stubbs, and Todd must emanate naturally from the student, removed from the turmoil and excitement of political contests, rather than from the politician and statesmen, whose mind can hardly ever find that freedom from bias which would give general confidence in his works, if indeed he could ever find time to produce them.

And here we may appropriately refer to the contributions made to Colonial literature by the eminent men who have assisted in giving Canada her present political and industrial status. The great speeches of Canadian statesmen must nearly all be sought in the old files of newspapers deposited in our libraries; but as a rule the chief interest that now attaches to these speeches is the light they throw on the history of the past. The opportunities which Canadian statesmen have had of making great oratorical efforts have not been frequent in dependencies where the questions have necessarily been for the most part of purely local importance and of a very practical character. Yet

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of celibate life, as Susanna Strickland. From the specimen with which she has furnished Dr. Bartlett of her poetic ardour, we are happy to find that neither the Canadian atmosphere nor the circumstances attendant upon the alteration of her name, have dimmed the light of that Muse which, in past years, engaged many of our juvenile hours with pleasure and profit.'—Montreal *Gazette*, 1833.

when subjects of large constitutional or national importance have come up for discussion, the debates prove that Canadian intellects display a comprehensiveness of knowledge and a power of argument worthy of a larger arena. Some of Sir Alexander Galt's speeches in bringing down the Budget in old times, were characterized by that masterly arrangement of statistics which has made Mr. Gladstone so famous in the House of Commons. Sir John Macdonald's speech explaining the Washington Treaty, in 1872, was remarkable for its logical arrangement and its illustrations of the analytical power and the varied knowledge of that eminent statesman, who, in the intervals of leisure, has always been a student of general literature. Mr. Blake's speeches afford abundant evidence of the brilliant talent of a public man who is both a student of books as well as of politics, and who, were the tendency of Parliamentary oratory something higher than mere practical debate, could rise fully to the height of some great argument. But oratory, in the real sense of the art, cannot exist in our system of government in a Colonial dependency where practical results are immediately sought for. It consequently follows that the speeches which interest us to-day lose their attraction when the object has been gained. Both Mr. Howe and Mr. McGee were able to invest their great addresses with a charm which still clings to them when we take them up. The reason is, they were, like Gladstone and Disraeli, both *littérateurs* who studied their subjects in the library, among the great masters of eloquence and statesmanship, and were thus able to throw around a great question the flowers of a highly cultivated mind. But even Mr. Howe's most memorable speeches of old times would perhaps be hardly appreciated in the cold practical arena in which our public business is now transacted. Yet it cannot be said that the Legislature is no field to display the highest qualities of intellectual activity because it is no longer possible to indulge in those flights of poetic fancy or those brilliant perorations which are now confined to the pulpit or lecture-hall. The intellectual strength of the country must be of no mean order when it can give us statesmen like Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Mackenzie, whose best speeches are admirable illustrations of logical arrangement and argumentative power. And, it may be added, with respect to the present House, that no previous Parliament, entrusted with the control of the affairs of Canada, has comprised a larger number of gentlemen, distinguished not only for their practical comprehension of the wants of this country, but for their wide attainments and general culture.

When we come to sum up the literary results of the century that has passed since the two races entered conjointly on the material and intellectual development of Canada, it will be seen that there has been a steady movement forward. It must be admitted that Canada has not yet produced any works which show a marked originality of thought. Some humorous writings, a few good poems, one or two histories, some scientific and constitutional productions, are alone known to a small reading public outside of Canada. Striking originality can hardly be developed to any great extent in a dependency which naturally, and perhaps wisely in some cases, looks for all its traditions and habits of thought to a parent state. It is only with an older condition of society, when men have learned at last to think as well as to act for themselves, to originate rather than to reproduce, that there can be a national literature. The political development of Canada within forty years affords forcible evidence of the expansion of the political ideas of our public men, who are no longer tormented by the dread of what others say of them, but legislate solely with respect to the internal necessities of the country; and

the same development is now going on in other departments of intellectual life, and affords additional evidence of our national growth. It must also be remembered that there is a mental activity among the intelligent classes of the country, in itself as significant as the production of great works. Like our American neighbours, the mass of Canadians is able to think intelligently, and come generally to a right conclusion, on all matters of local concern ; in this respect, no comparison need be made with the mass of Englishmen or Frenchmen in the Old World, for the social and educational facilities within the reach of the people of this country, give them undoubted advantages over others. It is only necessary to consider the number of pamphlets and volumes on matters affecting Canada, that annually issue from the press in this country, to show the existence of a mental activity in entire harmony with the industrial progress of the country.* It is fair then to argue that the intellectual progress of a country like Canada must not be measured solely by the production of great works which have been stamped with the approval of the outside literary world, on whose verdict, it must of course be admitted, depends true fame. We must also look to the signs of general culture that are now exhibited on all sides, compared with a quarter of a century ago, when the development of material interests necessarily engrossed all the best faculties of the people. The development of higher education, together with the formation of Art Schools, Museums, and Literary Societies, is illustrative of the greater mental activity of all classes. The paintings of O'Brien and Verner are pleasing evidences of the growth of art in a country where, hitherto, but few pictures of merit have even been imported. It is no longer considered a sign of good taste to cover the walls with oils and chromos whose chief value is the tawdry, showy gilt which encases them and makes so loud a display on the wall of the *nouveaux riches*. In the style of public buildings and private dwellings, there is a remarkable improvement within twenty years, to indicate not only the increase of national and individual wealth, but the growth of a cultured taste. The interior decorations, too, show a desire to imitate the modern ideas that prevail abroad ; and in this respect every year must witness a steady advance, according as our people travel more in the older countries in Europe and study the fashions of the artistic and intellectual world. There are even now in prosaic, practical Canada, some men and women who fully appreciate the æsthetic ideal that the poet Morris would achieve in the form, harmony, and decoration of domestic furniture. If such æsthetic ideas could only be realized in the decoration of our great public edifices, the Parliamentary buildings at Ottawa, for instance, the national taste would certainly be improved. At present huge portraits of politicians, who by intrinsic merit or political favour have become speakers, stare down from the walls in solitary grandeur, and already begin to overcrowd each other. We search in vain for allegorical paintings by eminent

* For instance, we find in Morgan's 'Annual Register' for 1879, that during that year there were no less than 166 publications issued from the press, of which 17 were poetic ; 12 historical ; 15 educational ; 17 legal ; 24 religious ; 66 miscellaneous, &c. Some of these were of considerable merit, as 'Tassé's Pioneers,' F. Taylor's 'Are Legislatures Parliaments?' Fréchette's Poems, Hannay's 'Acadia,'&c. In this connection it may be interesting to add that the Parliamentary Library contains some 1,400 copies of pamphlets, bound in 200 volumes, since Confederation, and that the total number of original Canadian publications registered since that time is over 1,500—only a few of the pamphlets being registered copyright. The Parliamentary Library, however, is very defective yet in Canadian books, papers and pamphlets. Laval University has a far more valuable collection. We ought to have a National Library like the British Museum, where all Canadian publications can have a place. Strange as it may seem, only a few copies of old Canadian papers can be found in the Ottawa Library. Yet, if a little money were spent and trouble taken, a valuable collection could be procured from private individuals throughout the Dominion.

Canadian artists, or monuments of illustrious statesmen, such as we see in the Capitol at Washington, or in the elegant structure nearly completed at Albany.

In one respect we are still much behind hand, and that is in our Public Libraries. The library of the Parliament of Canada still remains the only institution worthy of much notice in the Dominion. It was certainly an event in the history of literary culture in Canada when this library was moved into the edifice whose architectural beauty is in itself an illustration of the rapid advance in taste of the Dominion. As one looks up at its chaste vaulted ceiling, which lights the tiers of volumes, arranged in a circle, one recalls the now forgotten poem of Crabbe, that ardent lover of books; but whilst we pay this tribute to its architectural grace, one wonders at the same time at the shortsightedness which has sacrificed everything to appearance, and given us a building not even equal to existing demands —as if a library was a thing of the present, not to increase with the intellectual requirements of the country. As it is now, the library contains only some 100,000 volumes, many of which have no particular value. The American and Canadian department is confessedly inferior in many respects, although we ought to excel in that particular. Of late years, the annual grant has been extremely small, and chiefly devoted to the purchase of books for the law branch, for the especial benefit of lawyers engaged in the Supreme Court. But we have as yet no Free Libraries like those in the United States, of which the Boston Library is a notable illustration.* But, nevertheless, the reading facilities of the people generally have increased very largely within two decades. At the present time, as far as we can estimate from the information within reach, there are some 130,000 volumes in the Parliamentary Libraries of the Dominion, 700,000 in the Universities, Colleges and Schools— all of which are necessarily of a limited professional class—and 140,000 in Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Societies. The grand total of library and prize books despatched to the Public Schools of the Province of Ontario alone within twenty-five years is over one million and a quarter of volumes—comprising of course books of an educational character, but nevertheless valuable in laying the foundation of general culture, and bringing the means of acquiring knowledge to sections where otherwise such facilities would be wanting. Last year, the value of the books imported into Canada amounted to about a million of dollars, or an increase of about 30 per cent. in ten years. Literary and Scientific Institutes are increasing in number, and some are doing a useful, if not a national work: the Quebec Historical Society, referred to on a previous page, the Toronto Canadian Institute, which has made not a few useful contributions to science and literature, and the Institut Canadien which has erected in Ottawa one of the handsomest structures yet raised in Canada by a literary association. In Ontario there are also some 100 Mechanics Institutes, including nearly 11,000 members, with an aggregate of

*Boston, twenty years ago, spent and spent well, in founding her great free library, more than two dollars for each man, woman, and child within her limits, and she has sustained it to this day with great spirit and liberality. That library has now more than 360,000 volumes, and her citizens in 1879 took to their homes more than 1,160,000 volumes. Many smaller places in New England and elsewhere, not without careful investigation, have followed her example, finding in the practical results of her 20 years' work, proof satisfactory to their tax-payers, that a free library is a profitable investment of public money, while in the West the great cities of Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, with Western free-handed energy, have already free libraries on such a scale that one at least of them bids fair to rank among the greatest in the world.—*Scribner's Monthly* for September, where the advantages of a free library are very tersely shown.

118,000 volumes in the libraries;*and it is satisfactory to learn that institutions which may have an important influence on the industrial classes are to be placed on a more efficient basis.

These facts illustrate that we are making progress in the right direction; but what we want, above all things, are public libraries, to which all classes may have free access, in the principal centres of population. The rich men of this country can devote a part of their surplus wealth to no more patriotic purpose than the establishment of such libraries in the places where they live, and in that way erect a monument for themselves far more honourable than any that may be achieved by expenditures on purely selfish objects. All through the New England and Central States we meet with such illustrations of private generosity, but there are few similar examples in Canada. Perhaps the handsome contribution recently made by Mr. Redpath towards the establishment of a museum in connection with McGill College—itself a memorial of private generosity—is a favourable augury of what we may often look for in the future, as the number of our wealthy men increase and they become more alive to the intellectual wants of those around them.

In the columns of our ablest journals there is a growing tendency to devote more space to the discussion of literary, artistic and scientific topics which are engaging attention in the world of thought. The publication of a periodical like the *Bystander* may justly be considered an event in the political and literary annals of this country. It illustrates the desire that exists for independent political criticism amid the intense conflict of party opinion; and even those who cannot agree with the views of the eminent gentleman who conducts this work will frankly admit the originality and independence of thought in all he says. But it is not only as a political writer that Mr. Smith is doing good service to this country; every one who reads his reviews of current events cannot fail to profit by the study of his graceful style as well as by the versatility of his knowledge on all the social, political and economic questions that are engaging attention at home or abroad. The pages of the CANADIAN MONTHLY have also for some time shown that there is coming to the front a number of writers of considerable intellectual power on the leading social and religious problems to which so many able thinkers are devoting themselves now-a-days. Herbert Spencer has his disciples and defenders, who prove themselves no contemptible adversaries of the orthodox school of religion. Very few of us probably sympathize with these modern iconoclasts who would destroy all motive for right doing in this world, by breaking down human faith in the existence of one Supreme Being; but, at the same time, no one can deny the earnestness and ability these writers bring to their work. It is quite obvious that such able thinkers as Mr. Spencer and his followers in Canada, with Mr. Le Sueur at their head, cannot be "snubbed" cavalierly by the professed teachers of religion. The tendency of modern thought, a wave of which has reached us, is undoubtedly in the direction of bringing all subjects, however sacred, to the crucial test of argument, fact and experience, and our religious guides must not think they will prevail by the exhibit of mere contemptuous indifference to the free thought that prevails around them. If our great theological schools and seats of learning are to prove themselves equal to the demands of the present day, it will be by moving out of their grooves of worn-out tradition and routine, and by enlarging their teachings so that the men they send out into the world may be more equal than most of them appear now to meet in ar-

* Address of Mr. James Young, President of Mechanics Institute Association of Ontario (*Globe*, Sept. 24th, 1880).

gument the Positivist, Rationalist and Materialist, or whatever the disciple of the modern schools of philosophy may call himself. The man of true liberality and faith in the truth of his religious principles must be fully prepared to allow the freest expression of opinion, however antagonistic it may appear to the true happiness of society. This very conflict of ideas and arguments between such opposite schools of opinion must, in the end, evolve the truth, and necessarily give additional stimulus to intellectual thought in this country, where, so far, there has been a great dearth of original thinkers to elevate us above purely selfish, material interests.

In the natural order of things, the next half century ought to witness a far larger development of the intellect of this country. We have already seen that, with the progress of the Dominion in population and wealth, education has been stimulated to a remarkable degree, journalism has become more of a profession, and not only have several books, of more than ordinary value and merit, been produced in various departments of knowledge, but there are already signs of a spirit of intellectual emulation which must, sooner or later, have its full fruition. If Canada makes the material progress within the next few decades that her people hope, and her statesmen are endeavouring to accomplish, in the face, no doubt, of many difficulties, we may confidently look forward to a corresponding intellectual development. So much practical work of immediate importance has to be performed in a comparatively new country like this, that native talent has naturally found chief expression in politics, the professions, and the press; but with greater wealth, and an older condition of society, literature, science, and art, will be cultivated to a far larger extent. 'It was amid the ruins of the Capitol,' says Gibbon, 'that I first conceived the idea of writing the "History of the Roman Empire."' Such a work could not have been written among the forests of Canada, while men were labouring with the many difficulties of a pioneer existence. But with the greater opportunities of leisure and culture necessarily opening up to us in the future, Canadians may yet have a literature, not merely imitative, as at present, but creative and original. It is stated somewhere in an old English review of American literature, that on this new continent we can hardly expect the rich fruition which springs from that deep, humanized soil of the old world, which has for ages been enriched by the ripe droppings of a fertile national life, where, in the words of an American poet,—

> One half of the soil has walked the rest,
> In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages.

It is certainly true that the beauty and grandeur of external nature alone will never inspire the highest and deepest writings; but human life with its manifold experiences, its glooms and glories, sorrows and rejoicings, pains, pleasures and aspirations. Every rood of ground in the old communities of Europe has its historic associations to point many a moral and adorn many a tale. Yet if this America of ours has a history only of yesterday, it, too, has its memories and associations to stimulate the genius of history, poetry and romance. Already in the first century of American literature have poets and historians and artists appeared to rival those of the older civilization of the world. The works of Parkman and Longfellow illustrate that there is, even in the early history and traditions of Canada, much to evoke the interest of the great world beyond us, when a writer brings to the task the genius of a true poet or the brilliancy of an accomplished historian. If our soil is new, yet it may produce fruits which will bear a rich flavour of their own, and may please the palate of even those surfeited with the hot-house growth of

older lands. Hawthorne, Emerson, Howells, Bret Harte, Sam Slick, are among many writers who illustrate the raciness and freshness of American production. Nor let it be forgotten that American and Canadian, in 'the fresh woods and pastures new' of this continent, have an equal heritage with the people of the British Islands in that rich, humanized soil which has borne such rare intellectual fruits. We, too, may enjoy its bounteous gifts and gather inspiration from its treasures of 'English undefiled,' although we live in another land whose history dawned but yesterday, and where the soil is almost virgin.

In this land there is a future full of promise for literature as for industry. Our soil speaks to the millions of poor in the old countries of the world of boundless hope. Here there is no ancient system of social exclusiveness to fix a limit to the intellectual progress of the proletariat. Political freedom rests on a firm, broad basis of general education. Our political constitution is not alienated from the intellect of the country, but its successful working depends entirely on the public intelligence. As our political horizon widens, and a more expansive national existence opens before us, so must our intellectual life become not only more vigorous, but more replete with evidences of graceful culture.

> For through the ages in one creasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

A VALENTINE.

BEWARE of one who loves thee but too well!
 Of one who fain would bind thee with a spell,
With power to draw thee, as an unknown land
Lures the impressioned traveller to its strand.
 Oh! if thou wouldst be free,
 Beware of me!

Beware of eyes that softly fix on thee,
Tamed in their restless glances by thine own,
And of a voice, where all things that may be
In maiden hearts are told in every tone.
 If thou wouldst still be free,
 Beware of me!

But if a longing, born within thy soul,
Gives thee a far off glimpse of unknown bliss,
Then let thy love speed cnward to its goal,
Nor thy true rest and joy for blindness miss.
 If thou wouldst not be free,
 Then come to me!

—*From Scribner's Monthly.*

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF THE HONEYMOON.

ON the next morning, Winterfield arrived at Romayne's house.

Having been included, as a matter of course, in the invitation to see the pictures, Father Benwell had made an excuse, and had asked leave to defer the proposed visit. From his point of view, he had nothing further to gain by being present at a second meeting between the two men—in the absence of Stella. He had it, on Romayne's own authority, that she was in constant attendance on her mother, and that her husband was alone. 'Either Mrs. Eyrecourt will get better, or she will die,' Father Benwell reasoned. 'I shall make constant inquiries after her health, and, in either case, I shall know when Mrs. Romayne returns to Ten Acres Lodge. After that domestic event, the next time Mr. Winterfield visits Mr. Romayne, I shall go and see the pictures.'

It is one of the defects of a super-subtle intellect to trust too implicitly to calculation, and to leave nothing to chance. Once or twice already, Father Benwell had been (in the popular phrase) a little too clever—and chance had thrown him out. As events happened, chance was destined to throw him out once more.

Of the most modest pretentions, in regard to numbers and size, the pictures collected by the late Lady Berrick were masterly works of modern art. With few exceptions, they had been produced by the matchless English landscape painters of half a century since. There was no formal gallery here. The pictures were so few that they could be hung in excellent lights in the different living-rooms of the villa. Turner, Constable, Collins, Danby, Calcott, Linnell—the master of Beaupark House passed from one to the other with the enjoyment of a man who thoroughly appreciated the truest and finest landscape art that the world has yet seen.

'You had better not have asked me here,' he said to Romayne, in his quaintly good-humoured way. 'I can't part with those pictures when I say go-bye to day. You will find me calling here again and again, till you are perfectly sick of me. Look at this sea piece. Who thinks of the brushes and palette of that painter? There, truth to nature and poetical feeling go hand in hand together. It is absolutely lovely—I could kiss that picture.'

They were in Romayne's study when this odd outburst of enthusiasm escaped Winterfield. He happened to look towards the writing-table next. Some pages of manuscript, blotted and interlined with corrections, at once attracted his intention.

'Is that the forthcoming history?' he asked. 'You are not one of the authors who perform the process of correction mentally—you revise and improve with the pen in your hand.'

Romayne looked at him in surprise. 'I suspect, Mr. Winterfield, you have used your pen for other purposes than writing letters.'

'No, indeed; you pay me an undeserved compliment. When you come to see me in Devonshire, I can show you some manuscripts, and corrected proofs, left by our great writers, collected by my father. My knowledge of the secrets of the craft has been gained by examining those literary treasures. If the public only knew that every writer worthy of the name is the severest critic of his own book before it ever gets into the hands of the reviewers, how surprised they would be! The man who has worked in the full fervour of composition yesterday, is the same man who sits in severe and merciless judgment to-day, on what he has himself produced. What a fascination there must be in the Art which exacts, and receives, such double labour as this!'

Romayne thought—not unkindly—of his wife. Stella had once asked him how long a time he was usually occupied in writing one page. The reply had filled her with pity and wonder. 'Why do you take all that trouble!' she had gently remonstrated. 'It would be just the same to the people, darling, if you did it in half the time.'

By way of changing the topic, Romayne led his visitor into another room. 'I have a picture here,' he said, 'which belongs to a newer school of painting. You have been talking of hard work in one Art; there it is in another.'

'Yes,' said Winterfield; 'there it is—the misdirected hard work, which has been guided by no critical faculty, and which doesn't know where to stop. I try to admire it; and I end in pitying the poor artist. Look at that leafless felled tree in the middle distance. Every little twig, on the smallest branch, is conscientiously painted—and the result is like a coloured photograph. You don't look at a landscape as a series of separate parts; you don't discover every twig on a tree—you see the whole in Nature, and you want to see the whole in a picture. That canvas presents a triumph of patience and pains, produced exactly as a piece of embroidery is produced, all in little separate bits, worked with the same mechanically complete care. I turn away from it to your shrubbery there, with an ungrateful sense of relief.'

He walked to the window as he spoke. It looked out on the grounds in front of the house. At the same moment, the noise of the rolling wheels became audible on the drive. An open carriage appeared at the turn in the road. Winterfield called Romayne to the window. 'A visitor,' he began—and suddenly drew back, without saying a word more.

Romayne looked out, and recognised his wife.

'Excuse me for a moment,' he said, 'it is Mrs. Romayne.'

On that morning, an improvement in the fluctuating state of Mrs. Eyrecourt's health had given Stella another of those opportunites of passing an hour or two with her husband, which she so highly prized. Romayne withdrew, to meet her at the door—too hurriedly to notice Winterfield, standing in the corner, to which he had retreated, like a man petrified.

Stella had got out of the carriage, when her husband reached the porch. She ascended the steps that led to the hall, as slowly and painfully as if she had been an infirm old woman. The delicately-tinted colour in her face had faded to an ashy white. She had seen Winterfield at the window.

For a moment, Romayne looked at her in speechless consternation. He led her into the nearest room that opened out of the hall, and took her in his arms. 'My love, this nursing of your mother has completely broken you down!' he said, with the tenderest pity for her. 'If you won't think of yourself, you must think of me.

For my sake remain here, and take the rest you need. I will be a tyrant, Stella, for the first time; I won't let you go back.'

She roused herself, and tried to smile—and hid the sad result from him in a kiss. 'I do feel the anxiety and fatigue;' she said. 'But my mother is really improving; and, if it only continues, the blessed sense of relief will make me strong again.' She paused, and roused all her courage, in anticipation of the next words—so trivial and so terrible—that must, sooner or later be pronounced. 'You have a visitor,' she said.

'Did you see him at the window? A really delightful man—I know you will like him. Under any other circumstances, I should have introduced him, you are not well enough to see strangers to-day.'

She was too determined to prevent Winterfield from ever entering the house again, to shrink from the meeting. 'I am not so ill as you think, Lewis,' she said bravely. 'When you go to your new friend, I will go with you. I am a little tired—that's all.'

Romayne looked at her anxiously. 'Let me get you a glass of wine,' he said.

She consented—she really felt the need of it. As he turned away to ring the bell, she put the question which had been in her mind, from the moment when she had seen Winterfield.

'How did you become acquainted with this gentleman?'

'Through Father Benwell.'

She was not surprised by the answer—her suspicion of the priest had remained in her mind from the night of Lady Loring's ball. The future of her married life depended on her capacity to check the growing intimacy between the two men. In that conviction she found the courage to face Winterfield.

How should she meet him? The impulse of the moment pointed to the shortest way out of the dreadful position in which she was placed—it was to treat him like a stranger. She drank her glass of wine, and took Romayne's arm. 'We mustn't keep your friend waiting any longer,' she resumed. 'Come!'

As they crossed the hall, she looked suspiciously towards the house-door. Had he taken the opportunity of leaving the villa? At any other time, she would have remembered that the plainest laws of good breeding compelled him to wait for Romayne's return. His own knowledge of the world would tell him that an act of gross rudeness, committed by a well-bred man, would inevitably excite suspicion of some unworthy motive—and might, perhaps, connect that motive with her unexpected appearance at the house. Romayne opened the door, and they entered the room together.

'Mr. Winterfield, let me introduce you to Mrs. Romayne.'

They bowed to each other; they spoke the conventional words proper to the occasion—but the effort that it cost them showed itself. Romayne perceived an unusual formality in his wife's manner, and a strange disappearance of Winterfield's easy grace of address. Was he one of the few men, in these days, who are shy in the presence of women? And was the change in Stella attributable, perhaps, to the state of her health? The explanation might, in either case, be the right one. He tried to set them at their ease.

'Mr. Winterfield is so pleased with the pictures, that he means to come and see them again,' he said to his wife. 'And one of his favourites happens to be your favourite, too.'

She tried to look at Winterfield; but her eyes sunk. She could turn towards him, and that was all. 'Is it the sea piece in the study?' she said to him faintly.

'Yes,' he answered with formal politeness; 'it seems to me to be one of the painter's finest works.'

Romayne looked at him in unconcealed wonder. To what flat common-

place Winterfield's lively enthusiasm had sunk in Stella's presence? She perceived that some unfavourable impression had been produced on her husband, and interposed with a timely suggestion. Her motive was not only to divert Romayne's attention from Winterfield, but to give him a reason for leaving the room.

'The little water-colour drawing in my bed-room is by the same artist,' she said. 'Mr. Winterfield might like to see it. If you will ring the bell, Lewis, I will send my maid for it.'

Romayne had never allowed the servants to touch his works of art, since the day when a zealous housemaid had tried to wash one of his plaster casts. He made the reply which his wife had anticipated.

'No! no!' he said, 'I will fetch the drawing myself.' He turned gaily to Winterfield. 'Prepare yourself for another work that you would like to kiss.' He smiled, and left the room.

The instant the door was closed, Stella approached Winterfield. Her beautiful face became distorted by a mingled expression of rage and contempt. She spoke to him in a fierce peremptory whisper.

'Have you any consideration for me left?'

His look at her, as she put that question, revealed the most complete contrast between his face and hers. Compassionate sorrow was in his eyes, tender forbearance and respect spoke in his tones as he answered her.

'I have more than consideration for you, Stella ——'

She angrily interrupted him. 'How dare you call me by my Christian name?'

He remonstrated, with a gentleness that might have touched the heart of any woman. 'Do you still refuse to believe that I never deceived you? Has time not softened your heart to me yet?'

She was more contemptuous towards him than ever. 'Spare me your protestations,' she said; 'I heard enough of them two years since. Will you do what I ask of you?'

'You know that I will.'

'Put an end to your acquaintance with my husband. Put an end to it,' she repeated vehemently, 'from this day, at once and for ever! Can I trust you to do it?'

'Do you think I would have entered this house if I had known he was your husband?' He made that reply with a sudden change in him—with a rising colour, and in firm tones of indignation. In a moment more, his voice softened again, and his kind blue eyes rested on her sadly and devotedly. 'You may trust me to do more than you ask,' he resumed. 'You have make a mistake.'

'What mistake?'

'When Mr. Romayne introduced us, you met me like a stranger—and you left me no choice but to do as you did.'

'I wish you to be a stranger.'

Her sharpest replies made no change in his manner. He spoke as kindly and as patiently as ever.

'You forget that you and your mother were my guests at Beaupark two years ago—'

Stella understood what he meant—and more. In an instant she remembered that Father Benwell had been at Beaupark House. Had he heard of the visit? She clasped her hands in speechless terror.

Winterfield gently re-assured her. 'You must not be frightened,' he said, 'It is in the last degree unlikely that Mr. Romayne will ever find out that you were at my house. If he does—and if you deny it—I will do for you what I would do for no other human creature; I will deny it too. You are safe from discovery. Be happy—and forget me.'

For the first time, she showed signs of relenting—she turned her head away, and sighed. Although her mind was full of the serious necessity of warning him against Father Benwell, she had not even command

enough over her own voice to ask how he had become acquainted with the priest. His manly devotion, the perfect and pathetic sincerity of his respect, pleaded with her, in spite of herself. For a moment, she paused to recover her composure. In that moment, Romayne returned to them with the drawing in his hand.

'There!' he said. 'It's nothing, this time, but some children gathering flowers on the outskirts of a wood. What do you think of it?'

'What I thought of the larger work,' Winterfield answered. 'I could look at it by the hour together.' He consulted his watch. 'But time is a hard master, and tells me that my visit must come to an end. Thank you, most sincerely.'

He bowed to Stella. Romayne thought his guest might have taken the English freedom of shaking hands. 'When will you come and look at the pictures again?' he asked. 'Will you dine with us, and see how they bear the lamp light?'

'I am sorry to say I must beg you to excuse me. My plans are altered since we met yesterday. I am obliged to leave London.'

Romayne was unwilling to part with him on these terms. 'You will let me know when you are next in town?' he said.

'Certainly!'

With that short answer he hurried away.

Romayne waited a little in the hall, before he went back to his wife. Stella's reception of Winterfield, though not positively ungracious, was, nevertheless, the reverse of encouraging. What extraordinary caprice had made her insensible to the social attractions of a man so unaffectedly agreeable? It was not wonderful that Winterfield's cordiality should have been chilled by the cold welcome that he had received from the mistress of the house. At the same time, some allowance was to be made for the influence of Stella's domestic anxieties, and some sympathy was claimed by the state of her health. Although her husband shrank from distressing her by any immediate reference to her reception of his friend, he could not disguise from himself that she had disappointed him. When he went back to the room, Stella was lying on the sofa, with her face turned towards the wall. She was in tears: and she was afraid to let him see it. 'I won't disturb you,' he said, and withdrew to his study. The precious volume which Winterfield had so kindly placed at his disposal was on the table, waiting for him.

Father Benwell had lost nothing by not being present at the presentation of Winterfield to Stella. He had witnessed a plainer betrayal of emotion, when they met unexpectedly in Lord Loring's picture-gallery. But if he had seen Romayne reading in his study, and Stella crying secretly on the sofa, he might have written to Rome by that day's post, and might have announced that he had sown the first seeds of disunion between husband and wife.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Secretary. S. J. Rome.

'In my last few hasty lines, I was only able to inform you of the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Romayne, while Winterfield was visiting her husband. If you remember, I warned you not to attach any undue importance to my absence on that occasion. My present report will satisfy my reverend brethren that the interests committed to me are as safe as ever in my hands.

'I have paid three visits at certain intervals. The first to Winterfield (briefly mentioned in my last letter); the second to Romayne; the third to

the invalid lady, Mrs. Eyrecourt. In every case I have been rewarded by important results.

'We will revert to Winterfield first. I found him at his hotel, enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke, and looking like a gloomy and dissatisfied man. Assuming not to notice this, I asked how he liked Romayne's pictures.

'"I envy him his pictures." That was the only answer.

'"And how do you like Mrs. Romayne?" I inquired next.

'He laid down his pipe and looked at me attentively. My face (I flatter myself) defied discovery. He inhaled another mouthful of tobacco and began to play with his dog. "If I must answer your question," he burst out suddenly, "I didn't get a very gracious reception from Mrs. Romayne." There he abruptly stopped. He is a thoroughly transparent man; you see straight into his mind through his eyes. I perceived that he was only telling me a part (perhaps a very small part) of the truth.

'"Can you account for such a reception as you describe?" I asked. He answered shortly, "No."

'"Perhaps *I* can account for it," I went on. "Did Mr. Romayne tell his wife that I was the means of introducing you to him?"

'He fixed another searching look on me. "Mr. Romayne might have said so when he left me to receive his wife at the door."

'"In that case, Mr. Winterfield, the explanation is as plain as the sun at noon-day. Mrs. Romayne is a strong Protestant, and I am a Catholic priest."

'He accepted this method of accounting for his reception, with an alacrity that would not have imposed on a child. You see I had relieved him from all further necessity of accounting for the conduct of Mrs. Romayne!

'"A lady's religious prejudices," I proceeded in the friendliest way, "are never taken seriously by a sensible man. You have placed Mr. Romayne under obligations to your kindness—he is eager to improve his acquaintance with you. You will go again to Ten Acres Lodge?"

'He gave me another short answer. "I think not."

'I said I was sorry to hear it. "However," I added, "You can always see him here when you are in London." He puffed out a big volume of smoke and made no remark. I declined to be put down by silence and smoke. "Or perhaps," I persisted, "you will honour me by meeting him at a simple little dinner at my lodgings?" Being a gentleman, he was of course obliged to answer this. He said, "You are very kind; I would rather not. Shall we talk of something else, Father Benwell?"

'We talked of something else. He was just as amiable as ever—but he was not in good spirits. "I think I shall run over to Paris before the end of the month," he said.

'"To make a long stay?" I asked.

'"Oh, no! call in a week or ten days — and you will find me here again."

'When I got up to go, he returned of his own accord to the forbidden subject. He said, "I must beg you to do me two favours. The first is, not to let Mr. Romayne know that I am still in London. The second is, not to ask me for any explanations."

'The result of our interview may be stated in very few words. It has advanced me one step nearer to discovery. Winterfield's voice, look and manner satisfied me of this—the true motive for this sudden change of feeling towards Romayne, is jealousy of the man who married Miss Eyrecourt. Those compromising circumstances which baffled the inquiries of my agent are associated, in plain English, with a love affair. Remember all that I have told you of Romayne's peculiar disposition—and imagine, if you can, what the consequences of such a disclosure will be when we are in a

position to enlighten the master of Vange Abbey!

'As to the present relations between the husband and wife, I have only to tell you next what passed, when I visited Romayne a day or two later. I did well to keep Penrose at our disposal. We shall want him again.

On arriving at Ten Acres Lodge, I found Romayne in his study. His manuscript lay before him—but he was not at work. He looked worn and haggard. To this day, I don't know from what precise nervous malady he suffers; I could only guess that it had been troubling him again, since he and I last met.

'My first conventional civilities were dedicated, of course, to his wife. She is still in attendance on her mother. Mrs. Eyrecourt is now considered to be out of danger. But the good lady (who is ready enough to recommend doctors to other people) persists in thinking that she is too robust a person to require medical help herself. The physician in attendance trusts entirely to her daughter to persuade her to persevere with the necessary course of medicine. Don't suppose that I trouble you, by mentioning these trumpery circumstances, without a reason. We shall have occasion to return to Mrs. Eyrecourt and her doctor.

'Before I had been five minutes in his company, Romayne asked me if I had seen Winterfield since his visit to Ten Acres Lodge.

'I said I had seen him, and waited, anticipating the next question. Romayne fulfilled my expectations. He inquired if Winterfield had left London.

'There are certain cases (as I am told by medical authorities) in which the dangerous system of bleeding a patient still has its advantages. There are other cases in which the dangerous system of telling the truth becomes equally judicious. I said to Romayne, "If I answer you honestly, will you consider it as strictly confidential? Mr. Winterfield, I regret to say, has no intention of improving his acquaintance with you. He asked me to conceal from you that he is still in London."

'Romayne's face plainly betrayed that he was annoyed and irritated. "Nothing that you say to me, Father Benwell, shall pass the walls of this room," he replied. "Did Winterfield give any reason for not continuing his acquaintance with me?"

'I told the truth once more, with courteous expressions of regret. "Mr. Winterfield spoke of an ungracious reception on the part of Mrs. Romayne."

'He started to his feet, and walked irritably up and down the room. "It is beyond endurance!" he said to himself.

'The truth had served its purpose by this time. I affected not to have heard him. "Did you speak to me?" I asked.

'He used a milder form of expression. "It is most unfortunate," he said. "I must immediately send back the valuable book which Mr. Winterfield has lent to me. And that is not the worst of it. There are other volumes in his library, which I have the greatest interest in consulting—and it is impossible for me to borrow them now. At this time, too, when I have lost Penrose, I had hoped to find in Winterfield another friend, who sympathised with my pursuits. There is something so cheering and attractive in his manner—and he has just the boldness and novelty of view in his opinions that appeal to a man like me. It was a pleasant future to look forward to; and it must be sacrificed—and to what? To a woman's caprice."

'From our point of view, this was a frame of mind to be encouraged. I tried the experiment of modestly taking the blame on myself. I suggested that I might be (quite innocently) answerable for Romayne's disappointment.

'He looked at me, thoroughly puzzled. I repeated what I had said to Winterfield. "Did you mention to Mrs. Romayne that I was the means of introducing you——?"

'He was too impatient to let me finish the sentence. "I did mention it to Mrs. Romayne," he said. "And what of it?"

'"Pardon me for reminding you that Mrs. Romayne has Protestant prejudices," I rejoined. "Mr. Winterfield would, I fear, not be very welcome to her as the friend of a Catholic priest."

'He was almost angry with me for suggesting the very explanation which had proved so acceptable to Winterfield.

'"Nonsense!" he cried. "My wife is far too well bred a woman to let her prejudices express themselves in *that* way. Winterfield's personal appearance must have inspired her with some unreasonable antipathy, or——"

'He stopped, and turned away thoughtfully to the window. Some vague suspicion had probably entered his mind, which he had only become aware of at that moment, and which he was not quite able to realize as yet. I did my best to encourage the new train of thought.

'"What other reason *can* there be?" I asked.

'He turned on me sharply. "I don't know. Do you?"

'I ventured on a courteous remonstrance. "My dear sir! if you cannot find another reason, how can I? It must have been a sudden antipathy, as you say. Such things do happen between strangers. I suppose I am right in assuming that Mrs. Romayne and Mr. Winterfield are strangers?"

'His eyes flashed with a sudden sinister brightness—the new idea had caught light in his mind. "They *met* as strangers," he said.

'There he stopped again, and returned to the window. I felt that I might lose the place I had gained in his confidence if I pressed the subject any farther. Besides, I had my reasons for saying a word about Penrose next. As it happened, I had received a letter from him, relating to his present employment, and sending kindest regards to his dear friend and master in a postcript.

'I gave the message. Romayne looked round, with an instant change in his face. The mere sound of Penrose's name seemed to act as a relief to the gloom and suspicion that had oppressed him the moment before. "You don't know how I miss the dear, gentle little fellow," he said, sadly.

'"Why not write to him?" I suggested. "He would be glad to hear from you again."

'"I don't know where to write."

'"Did I not send you his address when I forwarded your letter to him?"

'"No."

'"Then let me atone for my forgetfulness at once."

'I wrote down the address, and took my leave.

'As I approached the door, I noticed on a side table the Catholic volumes which Penrose left with Romayne. One of them was open, with a pencil lying beside it. I thought that a good sign—but I said nothing.

'Romayne pressed my hand at parting. "You have been very kind and friendly, Father Benwell," he said. "I shall be glad to see you again."

'Don't mention it in quarters where it might do me harm. Do you know, I really pitied him. He has sacrificed everything to his marriage—and his marriage has disappointed him. He was even reduced to be friendly with Me.

'Of course, when the time comes, I shall give Penrose leave of absence. Do you foresee, as I do, the speedy return of "the dear gentle little fellow" to his old employment; the resumed work of conversion advancing more rapidly than ever; and the jealousy of the Protestant wife aggravating the false position in which she is already

placed by her equivocal reception of Winterfield? Patience, my reverend colleague! In my view of the future scene, the Vange property begins to look a little nearer to the Church already.

'The next day, I called to inquire how Mrs. Eyrecourt was getting on. The report was favourable. Three days later I called again. The report was still more encouraging. I was also informed that Mrs. Romayne had returned to Ten Acres Lodge.

'Much of my success in life has been achieved by never being in a hurry. I was not in a hurry now. Time sometimes brings opportunities—and opportunities are worth waiting for.

'Let me make this clear.

'Thus far the chances had only been in my favour, in the one case of the meeting between Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt in the picture gallery. The time was surely ripe for another chance? Besides, I recognised the necessity of not disturbing the renewal of relations between Penrose and Romayne by any premature proceeding. There you have two of my reasons for not being in a hurry! A man of headlong disposition, in my place, would have probably spoken of Miss Eyrecourt's marriage at the first meeting between Winterfield and Romayne, and would have excited their distrust, and put them respectively on their guard, without obtaining any useful result. I can, at any time, make the disclosure to Romayne, which informs him that his wife had been Winterfield's guest in Devonshire, when she affected to meet her former host on the footing of a stranger. In the meanwhile I give Penrose ample opportunity for innocently widening the breach between husband and wife.

'You see, I hope, that if I maintain a passive position, it is not from indolence or discouragement. Now we may get on.

'After an interval of a few days more I decided on making further inquiries at Mrs. Eyrecourt's house. This time, when I left my card, I sent a message, asking if the lady could receive me. Shall I own my weakness? She possesses all the information that I want; and she has twice baffled my inquiries. Under these humiliating circumstances, it is part of the priestly pugnacity of my disposition to inquire again.

'I was invited to go upstairs.

'The front and back drawing rooms of the house were thrown into one. Mrs. Eyrecourt was being gently moved backwards and forwards in a chair on wheels, propelled by her maid; two gentlemen being present, visitors like myself. In spite of rouge and loosely-folded lace and flowing draperies, she presented a deplorable spectacle. The bodily part of her looked like a dead woman, painted and revived—while the moral part, in the strongest contrast, was just as lively as ever.

'"So glad to see you again, Father Benwell, and so much obliged by your kind inquiries. I am quite well, though the doctor won't admit it. Isn't it funny to see me being wheeled about like a child in a perambulator? Returning to first principles, I call it. You see it's a law of my nature that I must go about. The doctor won't let me go about outside the house, so I go about inside the house. Matilda is the nurse, and I am the baby who will learn to walk some of these days. Are you tired, Matilda? No? Then give me another turn, there's a good creature. Movement, perpetual movement, is a law of nature. Oh, dear, no, doctor. I didn't make that discovery for myself. Some eminent scientific person mentioned it in a lecture. The ugliest man I ever saw. Now back again, Matilda. Let me introduce you to my friends, Father Benwell. Introducing is out of the fashion, I know. But I am one of the few women who

can resist the tyranny of fashion. I like introducing people. Sir John Drone—Father Benwell. Father Benwell—Dr. Wybrow. Ah, yes, you know the doctor by reputation? Shall I give you his character? Personally charming; professionally detestable. Pardon my impudence, doctor; it is one of the consequences of the overflowing state of my health. Another turn, Matilda—and a little faster this time. Oh, how I wish I was travelling by railway."

'There, her breath failed her. She reclined in her chair, and fanned herself silently—for awhile.

'I was now able to turn my attention to the two visitors. Sir John Drone, it was easy to see, would be no obstacle to confidential conversation with Mrs. Eyrecourt. An excellent country gentleman, with the bald head, the ruddy complexion, and the inexhaustible capacity for silence, so familiar to us in English society—there you have the true description of Sir John. But the famous physician was quite another sort of man. I had only to look at him, and to feel myself condemned to small talk while *he* was in the room.

'You have always heard of it in my correspondence, whenever I have been in the wrong. I was in the wrong again now—I had forgotten the law of chances. Capricious Fortune, after a long interval, was about to declare herself again in my favour, by means of the very woman who had twice already got the better of me. What a recompense for my kind inquiries after Mrs. Eyrecourt! She recovered breath enough to begin talking again.

'"Dear me how dull you are" she said to us. "Why don't you amuse a poor prisoner confined to the house? Rest a little, Matilda, or you will be falling ill next. Doctor! is this your last professional visit?"

'"Promise to take care of yourself, Mrs. Eyrecourt, and I will confess that the professional visits are over. I come here to day only as a friend."

'"You best of men! Do me another favour. Enliven our dulness. Tell us some interesting story about a patient. These great doctors, Sir John, pass their lives in a perfect atmosphere of romance. Dr. Wybrow's consulting room is like your confessional, Father Benwell. The most fascinating sins and sorrows are poured into his ears. What is the last romance in real life, doctor, that has asked you to treat it medically? We don't want names and places—we are good children; we only want a story."

'Dr. Wybrow looked at me with a smile.

'"It is impossible to persuade ladies," he said, "that we, too, are father-confessors, in our way. The first duty of a doctor, Mrs. Eyrecourt ——"

'"Is to cure people, of course," she interposed, in her smartest manner.

'The doctor answered, seriously. "No, indeed. That is only the second duty. Our first duty is invariably to respect the confidence of our patients. However," he resumed in his easier tone, "I happen to have seen a patient to-day, under circumstances which the rules of professional honour do not forbid me to mention. I don't know, Mrs. Eyrecourt, whether you will quite like to be introduced to the scene of the story. The scene is in a madhouse."

'Mrs. Eyrecourt burst out with a coquettish little scream, and shook her fan at the doctor. "No horrors!" she cried. "The bare idea of a madhouse distracts me with terror. Oh, fie, fie, I won't listen to you—I won't look at you—I positively refuse to be frightened out of my wits. Matilda! wheel me away to the farthest end of the room. My vivid imagination, Father Benwell, is my rock ahead in life. I declare I can *smell* the odious madhouse. Go straight to the window, Matilda; I want to bury my nose among the flowers."

'Sir John, upon this, spoke for the first time. His language consisted en-

tirely of beginnings of sentences, mutely completed by a smile. "Upon my word, you know. Eh, Doctor Wybrow? A man of your experience. Horrors in madhouses. A lady in delicate health. No, really. Upon my honour, now, I cannot. Something funny, oh, yes. But such a subject, oh, no."

'He rose to leave us. Dr. Wybrow gently stopped him. "I had a motive, Sir John," he said, "but I won't trouble you with needless explanations. There is a person, unknown to me, whom I want to discover. You are a great deal in society when you are in London. May I ask if you have ever met with a gentleman named Winterfield?"

'I have always considered the power of self-control as one of the strongest points in my character. For the future I shall be more humble. When I heard that name, my surprise so completely mastered me that I sat self-betrayed to Dr. Wybrow, as the man who could answer his question.

'In the meanwhile, Sir John took his time to consider, and discovered that he had never heard of a person named Winterfield. Having acknowledged his ignorance, in his own eloquent language, he drifted away to the window-box in the next room, and gravely contemplated Mrs. Eyrecourt, with her nose buried in flowers.

'The doctor turned to me. "Am I wrong, Father Benwell, in supposing that I had better have addressed myself to *you?*"

'I admitted that I knew a gentleman named Winterfield.

'Dr. Wybrow got up directly. "Have you a few minutes to spare?" he asked. It is needless to say that I was at the doctor's disposal. "My house is close by, and my carriage is at the door," he resumed. "When you feel inclined to say good-bye to our friend, Mrs. Eyrecourt, I have something to say to you which I think you ought to know."

'We took our departure at once. Mrs. Eyrecourt (leaving some of the colour of her nose among the flowers) patted me encouragingly with her fan, and told the doctor that he was forgiven, on the understanding that he would "never do it again." In five minutes more, we were in Dr. Wybrow's study.

'My watch tells me that I cannot hope to finish this letter by post-time. Accept what I have written thus far—and be assured that the conclusion of my report shall follow a day later.

* * * *

II.

'The Doctor began cautiously. "Winterfield is not a very common name," he said. "But it may not be amiss, Father Benwell, to discover, if we can, whether *your* Winterfield is the man of whom I am in search. Do you only know him by name? or are you a friend of his?"

'I answered, of course, that I was a friend.

'Doctor Wybrow went on. "Will you pardon me if I venture on an indiscreet question? When you are acquainted with the circumstances, I am sure you will understand and excuse me. Are you aware of any—what shall I call it?—any romantic incident in Mr. Winterfield's past life?"

'This time—feeling myself, in all probabiilty, on the brink of discovery—I was careful to preserve my composure. I said, quietly, "Some such incident as you describe has occurred in Mr. Winterfield's past life." There I stopped discreetly, and looked as if I knew all about it.

'The Doctor showed no curiosity to hear more. "My object," he went on, "was merely to be reasonably sure that I was speaking to the right person, in speaking to you. I may now tell you that I have no personal interest in trying to discover Mr. Winterfield; I only act as the representative of an old friend of mine. He is

the proprietor of a private asylum at Hampstead—a man whose integrity is beyond dispute, or he would not be my friend. You understand my motive in saying this?"

'Proprietors of private asylums are, in these days, the objects of very general distrust in England. I understood the doctor's motive perfectly.

'He proceeded. "Yesterday evening, my friend called upon me, and said that he had a remarkable case in his house, which he believed would interest me. The person to whom he alluded was a French boy, whose mental powers had been imperfectly developed from his childhood. The mischief had been aggravated, when he was about fourteen years old, by a serious fright. When he was placed in the asylum, he was not idiotic, and not dangerously mad—it was a case (not to use technical language) of deficient intelligence, tending sometime towards acts of unreasoning mischief and petty theft, but never approaching to acts of downright violence. My friend was especially interested in the lad—won his confidence and affection by acts of kindness—and so improved his bodily health as to justify some hope of also improving the state of his mind, when a misfortune occurred which has altered the whole prospect. The poor creature has fallen ill of a fever, and the fever has developed to typhus. So far, there has been little to interest you—I am coming to a remarkable event at last. At the stage of the fever when delirium usually occurs in patients of sound mind, this crazy French boy has become perfectly sane and reasonable!"

'I looked at him when he made this amazing assertion, with a momentary doubt of his being in earnest. Doctor Wybrow understood me.

'"Just what I thought too, when I first heard it!" he said. "My friend was neither offended nor surprised. After inviting me to go to his house, and judge for myself, he referred me to a similar case, publicly cited in the *Cornhill Magazine*, for the month of April, 1879, in an article entitled, *Bodily Illness as a Mental Stimulant.* The article is published anonymously; but the character of the periodical in which it appears is a sufficient guarantee of the trustworthiness of the statement. I was so far influenced by the testimony thus cited, that I drove to Hampstead and examined the case myself."

'"Did the examination satisfy you?'

'"Thoroughly. When I saw him yesterday, the poor boy was as sane as I am. There is, however, a complication in this instance, which is not mentioned in the case related in print. The boy appears to have entirely forgotten every event in his past life, reckoning from the time when the bodily illness brought with it the strange mental recovery which I have mentioned to you?"

'This was a disappointment. I had begun to hope for some coming result, obtained by the lad's confession.

'"Is it quite correct to call him sane, when his memory is gone?" I ventured to ask.

'"In this case, there is no necessity to enter into the question," the Doctor answered. "The boy's lapse of memory refers, as I told you, to his past life—that is to say, his life when his intellect was deranged. During the extraordinary interval of sanity that has now declared itself, he is putting his mental powers to their first free use; and none of them fail him, so far as I can see. His new memory (if I may call it so) preserves the knowledge of what has happened since his illness. You may imagine how this problem in brain disease interests me; and you will not wonder that I am going back to Hampstead to-morrow afternoon, when I have done with my professional visits. But you may be reasonably surprised at my troubling *you* with details which are mainly interesting to a medical man."

'Was he about to ask me to go with him to the asylum? I replied very

briefly; merely saying that the details were interesting to every student of human nature. If he could have felt my pulse at that moment, I am afraid he might have thought that I was in a fair way of catching the fever too.

'"Prepare yourself," he resumed, "for another surprising circumstance. Mr. Winterfield is, by some incomprehensible accident, associated with one of the mischievous tricks played by the French boy, before he was placed under my friend's care. There, at any rate, is the only explanation by which we can account for the discovery of an envelope, found sewn up in the lining of the lad's waistcoat, and directed to Mr. Winterfield without any address."

'I leave you to imagine the effect which those words produced on me.

'"Now," said the doctor, "you will understand why I put such strange questions to you. My friend and I are both hard-working men. We go very little into society, as the phrase is; and neither he nor I had ever heard the name of Winterfield. As a certain proportion of my patients happen to be people with a large experience of society, I undertook to make inquiries, so that the packet might be delivered, if possible, to the right person. You heard how Mrs. Eyrecourt (surely a likely lady to assist me?) received my unlucky reference to the madhouse; and you saw how I puzzled Sir John. I consider myself most fortunate, Father Benwell, in having had the honour of meeting you. Will you accompany me to the asylum to-morrow? And can you add to the favour by bringing Mr. Winterfield with you?"

'This last request it was out of my power—really out of my power—to grant. Winterfield had left London that morning, on his visit to Paris. His address there was, thus far, not known to me.

'"Well, you must represent your friend," the doctor said. "Time is every way of importance, in this case. Will you kindly call here at five, to-morrow afternoon?"

'I was punctual to my appointment. We drove together to the asylum.'

'There is no need for me to trouble you with a narrative of what I saw—favoured by Doctor Wybrow's introduction—at the French boy's bedside. It was simply a repetition of what I had already heard. There he lay, at the height of the fever, asking, in the intervals of relief, intelligent questions relating to the medicines administered to him, and perfectly understanding the answers. He was only irritable when we asked him to take his memory back to the time before his illness; and then he answered in French, "I haven't got a memory."

'But I have something else to tell you, which is deserving of your best attention. The envelope and its enclosures (addressed to "Bernard Winterfield, Esqre.,") are in my possession. The Christian name sufficiently identifies the inscription with the Winterfield whom I know.

'The circumstances under which the discovery was made were related to me by the proprietor of the asylum.

'When the boy was brought to the house, two French ladies (his mother and sister) accompanied him, and mentioned what had been their own domestic experience of the case. They described the wandering propensities which took the lad away from home, and the odd concealment of his waistcoat, on the last occasion when he had returned from one of his vagrant outbreaks.

'On his first night at the asylum he became excited by finding himself in a strange place. It was necessary to give him a composing draught. On going to bed, he was purposely not prevented from hiding his waistcoat under the pillow, as usual.

'When the sedative had produced its effect, the attendant easily possessed himself of the hidden garment. It was the plain duty of the master of

the house to make sure that nothing likely to be turned to evil uses was concealed by a patient. The seal which had secured the envelope was found, on examination, to have been broken.

'"I would not have broken the seal myself," our host added. "But, as things were, I thought it my duty to look at the enclosures. They refer to private affairs of Mr. Winterfield, in which he is deeply interested, and they ought to have been long since placed in his possession. I need hardly say that I consider myself bound to preserve the strictest silence as to what I had read. An envelope, containing some blank sheets of paper, was put back in the boy's waistcoat, so that he might feel it in its place under the lining, when he awoke. The original envelope and enclosures (with a statement of circumstances signed by my assistant and myself) have been secured under another cover, sealed with my own seal. I have done my best to discover Mr. Bernard Winterfield. He appears not to live in London. At least, I failed to find his name in the Directory. I wrote next, mentioning what had happened, to the English gentleman to whom I send reports of the lad's health. He couldn't help me. A second letter to the French ladies, only produced the same result. I own I should be glad to get rid of my responsibility on honourable terms."

'All this was said in the boy's presence. He lay listening to it as if it had been a story told of someone else. I could not resist the useless desire to question him. Not speaking French myself (although I can read the language), I asked Doctor Wybrow and his friend to interpret for me.

'My questions led to nothing. The French boy knew no more about the letter than I did.

'There was no discoverable motive for suspecting him of imposing on us. When I said, "Perhaps, you stole it?" he answered quite composedly, "Very likely; they tell me I have been mad: I don't remember it myself; but mad people do strange things." I tried him again. "Or, perhaps, you took it away out of mischief?" "Yes." "And you broke the seal, and looked at the papers?" "I dare say." "And then you kept them hidden, thinking they might be of some use to you? Or perhaps feeling ashamed of what you had done, and meaning to restore them if you got the opportunity?" "You know best, sir." The same result followed when we tried to find out where he had been, and what people had taken care of him, during his last vagrant escape from home. It was a new revelation to him that he had been anywhere. With evident interest, he applied to *us* to tell him where he had wandered to, and what people he had seen!

'So our last attempts at enlightenment ended. We came to the final question of how to place the papers, with the least possible loss of time, in Mr. Winterfield's lands.

'His absence in Paris having been mentioned, I stated plainly my own position towards him, at the present time.

'"Mr. Winterfield has made an appointment with me to call, in a few days, at his hotel in London," I said. "I shall probably be the first friend who sees him on his return from Paris. If you will trust me with your sealed packet, in consideration of these circumstances, I will give you a formal receipt for it in Doctor Wybrow's presence—and I will add any written pledge that you may require on my part, acting as Mr. Winterfield's representative and friend. Perhaps, you would like a reference, as well?"

'He made a courteous reply. "A friend of Doctor Wybrow's," he said, "requires no other reference."

'"Excuse me," I persisted, "I had the honour of meeting Doctor Wybrow, for the first time, yesterday. Permit me to refer you to Lord Loring, who has long known me as his spiritual director and friend."

'This account of myself settled the

matter. I wrote the necessary securities—and I have all the papers lying before me on my desk at this moment.

'You remember how seals were broken and impressed again, at the Roman post office, in the revolutionary days when we were both young men? Thanks to the knowledge then obtained, the extraordinary events which once associated Mr. Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt are at last plainly revealed to me. Copies of the papers are in my possession, and the originals are sealed again, with the crest of the proprietor of the asylum, as if nothing had happened. I make no attempt to excuse myself. You know our motto:—THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

'I don't propose to make any premature use of the information which I have obtained. The first and foremost necessity, as I have already reminded you, is to give Penrose the undisturbed opportunity of completing the conversion of Romayne. During this interval, my copies of the papers are at the disposal of my reverend brethren at head-quarters.

* * * * *

THE STOLEN PAPERS (COPIED).

Number One.—From Emma Winterfield to Bernard Winterfield.

'4, Maidwell Buildings, Belhaven.

'How shall I address you? Dear Bernard, or Sir? It doesn't matter. I am going to do one of the few good actions of my life; and familiarities or formalities matter nothing to a woman who lies on her death bed.

'Yes—I have met with another accident. Shortly after the date of our separation, you heard, I think, of the fall in the circus that fractured my skull? On that occasion a surgical operation, and a bit of silver plate in place of the bone, put me right again. This time, it has been the kick of a horse in the stables. Some internal injury is the consequence. I may die to-morrow, or live till next week. Anyway, the doctor has confessed it,—my time has come.

'Mind one thing. The drink—that vile habit which lost me your love and banished me from your house—the drink is not to blame for this last misfortune. Only the day before it happened I had taken the pledge, under persuasion of the good rector here, the Reverend Mr. Fennick. It is he who has brought me to make this confession, and who takes it down in writing at my bedside. Do you remember how I once hated the very name of a parson—and when you proposed, in joke, to marry me before the registrar, how I took it in downright earnest, and kept you to your word? We poor horse-riders and acrobats only knew clergymen as the worst enemies we had—always using their influence to keep the people out of our show, and the bread out of our mouths. If I had met with Mr. Fennick in my younger days, what a different woman I might have been!

'Well, regrets of that kind are useless now. I am truly sorry, Bernard, for the evil that I have done to you; and I ask your pardon with a contrite heart.

'You will at least allow it in my favour that your drunken wife knew she was unworthy of you. I refused to accept the allowance that you offered to me. I respected your name. For seven years from the time of our separation, I returned to my profession under an assumed name, and never troubled you. The one thing I could not do was to forget you. If you were infatuated by my unlucky beauty, I loved devotedly on my side. The well-born gentleman who had sacrificed everything for my sake, was something more than mortal in my estimation; he was—no! I won't shock the good man who writes this by saying what he was. Besides, what do you care for my thoughts of you now?

'If you had only been content to remain as I left you—or if I had not found you out paying your addresses to Miss Eyrecourt, when you believed

that death had released you from me—I should have lived and died, doing you no other injury than the first great injury of consenting to be your wife.

'But I made the discovery—it doesn't matter how. Our circus was in Devonshire at the time. My jealous rage maddened me; and I had a wicked admirer in a man who was old enough to be my father. I let him suppose that the way to my favour lay through helping my revenge on the woman who was about to take my place. He found the money to have you watched at home and abroad; he put the false announcement of my death in the daily newspapers to complete your delusion; he baffled the inquiries made through your lawyers to obtain positive proof of my death. And last, and (in those wicked days) best service of all, he took me to Brussels and posted me at the door of the English Church, so that your lawful wife (with her marriage certificate in her hand) was the first person who met you and the mock Mrs. Winterfield, on your way from the altar to the wedding breakfast.

'I own it, to my shame. I triumphed in the mischief I had done.

'But I had deserved to suffer; and I did suffer when I heard that Miss Eyrecourt's mother and her two friends took her away from you—with her own entire approval—at the church door, and restored her to society, without a stain on her reputation. How the Brussels marriage was kept a secret I could not find out. And when I threatened them with exposure, I got a lawyer's letter, and was advised in my own interests to hold my tongue. The rector has since told me that the marriage could be lawfully declared null and void, and that the circumstances would excuse *you*, before any judge in England. I can now well understand that people with rank and money to help them can keep their own secrets, and avoid exposure to which the poor, in their places, must submit.

'One more duty (the last) still remains to be done.

'I declare solemnly, on my deathbed, that you acted in perfect good faith when you married Miss Eyrecourt. You have not only been a man cruelly injured by me, but vilely insulted and misjudged by the two Eyrecourts, and by the lord and lady who encouraged them to set you down as a villain guilty of heartless and shameless deceit.

'It is my conviction that these people might have done more than misinterpreted your honourable submission to the circumstances in which you were placed. They might have prosecuted you for bigamy—if they could have got me to appear against you. I am comforted when I remember that I did make some small amends. I kept out of their way and yours from that day to this.

'I am told that I owe it to you to leave proof of my death behind me.

'When the doctor writes my certificate, he will mention the mark by which I may be identified, if this reaches you (as I hope and believe it will) between the time of my death and burial. The rector, who will close and seal these lines, as soon as the breath is out of my body, will add what he can to identify me; and the landlady of this house is ready to answer any questions that may be put to her. This time you may be really assured that you are free. When I am buried, and they show you my nameless grave in the churchyard, I know your kind heart—I die, Bernard, in the firm belief that you will forgive me.

'There was one thing more that I had to ask of you, relating to a poor lost creature who is in the room with us at this moment. But, oh, I am so weary! Mr. Fennick will tell you what it is. Say to yourself sometimes—perhaps when you have married some lady who is worthy of you—There was good as well as bad in poor Emma. Farewell.'

Number Two. From The Reverend Charles Fennick To Bernard Winterfield.

'The Rectory, Belhaven.

'Sir,—It is my sad duty to inform you that Mrs. Emma Winterfield died this morning, a little before five o'clock. I will add no comment of mine to the touching language in which she has addressed you. God has, I most sincerely believe, accepted the poor sinner's repentance. Her contrite spirit is at peace, among the forgiven ones in the world beyond the grave.

'In consideration of her wish that you should see her in death, the coffin will be kept open until the last moment. The medical man in attendance has kindly given me a copy of his certificate, which I enclose. You will see that the remains are identified by the description of a small silver plate, on the right parietal bone of the skull.

'I need hardly add that all the information I can give you is willingly at your service.

'She mentions, poor soul, something which she had to ask of you. I prefer the request which, in her exhausted state, she was unable to address to you in her own words.

'While the performances of the circus were taking place in the next county to ours, a wandering lad, evidently of deficient intelligence, was discovered, trying to creep under the tent to see what was going on. He could give no intelligible account of himself. The late Mrs. Winterfield, whose early life I understand to have been passed in France, discovered that the boy was French, and felt interested in the unfortunate creature, from former happy association with kind friends of his nation. She took care of him, from that time to the day of her death—and he appeared to be gratefully attached to her.

'I say "appeared," because an inveterate reserve marks one of the peculiarities of the mental affliction from which he suffers. Even his benefactress never could persuade him to take her into his confidence. In other respects, her influence (so far as I can learn) had been successfully exerted in restraining certain mischievous propensities in him, which occasionally showed themselves. The effect of her death has been to intensify that reserve to which I have already alluded. He is sullen and irritable—and the good landlady at the lodgings does not disguise that she shrinks from taking care of him, even for a few days. Until I hear from you, he will remain under the charge of my servants at the rectory.

'You have, no doubt, anticipated the request which the poor sufferer wished to address to you, but a few hours before her death. She hoped that you might be willing to place this helpless and friendless creature under competent protection. Failing your assistance, I shall have no alternative, however I may regret it, but to send him to the workhouse of this town, on his way, probably, to the public asylum.

'Believe me, sir, your faithful servant,

'CHARLES FENNICK.

'P.S.—I fear my letter and its enclosures may be delayed in reaching you.

'Yesterday evening, I had returned to my house, before it occurred to me that Mrs. Winterfield had not mentioned her address. My only excuse for this forgetfulness is, that I was very much distressed while I was writing by her bedside. I at once went back to the lodgings; but she had fallen asleep, and I dare not disturb her. This morning, when I returned to the house, she was dead. There is an allusion to Devonshire in her letter, which suggests that your residence may be in that county; and I think she once spoke of you as a person of rank and fortune. Having failed to find your name in a London directory, I am now about to search our free library here for a county history of Devon, on the chance that it may as-

sist me. Let me add, for your own satisfaction, that no eyes but mine will see these papers. For security's sake, I shall seal them at once, and write your name on the envelope.'

* * * * * *

Added by Father Benwell.

'How the boy contrived to possess himself of the sealed packet, we shall probably never know. He was in the room—as the confession mentions—while the rector was writing from the dying woman's dictation. On the next day, he might have seen Mr. Fennick employed over his own letter, and might have put the two writings together in his crazy brain. Anyhow, we know that he must have escaped from the rectory, with the papers in possession, and that he did certainly get back to his mother and sister in London.

'With such complete information as I now have at my disposal, the prospect is as clear again as we can desire. The separation of Romayne from his wife, and the alteration of his will in favour of the Church, seem to be now merely questions of time.'

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Book the Fourth.

CHAPTER I.

THE BREACH IS WIDENED.

A FORTNIGHT after Father Benwell's discovery, Stella followed her husband one morning into his study. 'Have you heard from Mr. Penrose?' she inquired.

'Yes. He will be here to-morrow.

'To make a long visit?'

'I hope so. The longer the better.'

She looked at him with a mingled expression of surprise and reproach.

'Why do you say that?' she asked. 'Why do you want him so much—when you have got Me?'

Thus far, he had been sitting at his desk, resting his head on his hand, with his downcast eyes fixed on an open book. When she put her last question to him, he suddenly looked up. Through the large window at his side the morning light fell on his face. The haggard look of suffering, which Stella remembered on the day when they met on the deck of the steamboat, was again visible—not softened and chastened now by the touching resignation of the by-gone time, but intensified by the dogged and despairing endurance of a man weary of himself and his life. Her heart ached for him. She said softly, 'I don't mean to reproach you.'

'Are you jealous of Penrose?' he asked, with a bitter smile.

She desperately told him the truth. 'I am afraid of Penrose,' she answered.

He eyed her with a strange expression of suspicious surprise. 'Why are you afraid of Penrose?'

It was no time to run the risk of irritating him. The torment of the voice had returned in the past night. The old gnawing remorse of the fatal day of the duel had betrayed itself in the wild words that escaped him, when he sank into a broken slumber as the morning dawned. Feeling the truest pity for him, she was still resolute to assert herself against the coming interference of Penrose. She tried her ground by a dangerous means—the means of an indirect reply.

'I think you might have told me,' she said, 'that Penrose was a Catholic priest.'

He looked down again at his book. 'How did you know Penrose was a Catholic priest?'

'I had only to look at the direction on your letters to him.'

'Well, and what is there to frighten you in his being a priest? You told me at the Lorings' ball that you took an interest in Penrose, because I liked him.'

'I didn't know then, Lewis, that he had concealed his profession from us.

I can't help distrusting a man who does that.'

He laughed—not very kindly. 'You might as well say you distrust a man who conceals that he is an author, by writing an anonymous book. What Penrose did, he did under orders from his superior—and, moreover, he frankly owned to me that he was a priest. If you blame anybody, you had better blame me for respecting his confidence.'

She drew back from him, hurt by the tone in which he spoke to her. 'I remember the time, Lewis,' she said, 'when you would have been more indulgent towards my errors—even if I am wrong.'

That simple appeal touched his better nature. 'I don't mean to be hard on you, Stella,' he answered. 'It is a little irritating to hear you say that you distrust the most devoted and most affectionate friend that man ever had. Why can't I love my wife and love my friend too? You don't know, when I am trying to get on with my book, how I miss the help and sympathy of Penrose. The very sound of his voice used to encourage me. Come, Stella, give me a kiss—and let us, as the children say, make it up!'

He rose from his writing-table. She met him more than half way, and pressed all her love—and perhaps a a little of her fear—on his lips. He returned the kiss as warmly as it was given; and then, unhappily for both of them, he went back to the subject.

'My own love,' he said, 'try to like my friend, for my sake; and be tolerant of other forms of Christianity besides the form which happens to be your's.'

Her smiling lips closed; she turned from him. With the sensitive selfishness of a woman's love, she looked on Penrose as a robber who had stolen the sympathies which should have been wholly her's. As she moved away, her quick observation noticed the open book on the desk, with notes and lines in pencil on the margin of the page. What had Romayne been reading which interested him in *that* way? If he had remained silent she would have addressed the inquiry to him openly. But he was hurt, on his side, by the sudden manner of her withdrawal from him. He spoke—and his tone was colder than ever.

'I won't attempt to combat your prejudices,' he said. 'But one thing I must seriously ask of you. When my friend Penrose comes here to-morrow, don't treat him as you treated Mr. Winterfield.'

There was a momentary paleness in her face which looked like fear—but it passed away again. She confronted him firmly, with steady eyes.

'Why do you refer again to that?' she asked, 'Is——' (she hesitated, and recovered herself)—'is Mr. Winterfield another devoted friend of your's?'

He walked to the door, as if he could hardly trust his temper if he answered her—stopped—and thinking better of it, turned towards her again.

'We won't quarrel, Stella,' he rejoined; 'I will only say I am sorry you don't appreciate my forbearance. Your reception of Mr. Winterfield has lost me the friendship of a man whom I sincerely liked, and who might have assisted my literary labours. You were ill at the time, and anxious about Mrs. Eyrecourt. I respected your devotion to your mother. I remember your telling me, when you first went away to nurse her, that your conscience accused you of having sometimes thoughtlessly neglected your mother in her days of health and good spirits, and I admired the motive of atonement which took you to her bedside. For those reasons, I shrank from saying a word that might wound you. But, because I was silent, it is not the less true that you surprised and disappointed me. Don't do it again! Whatever you may privately think of Catholic priests, I once more seriously request you not to let Penrose see it.'

He left the room.

She stood, looking after him as he closed the door, like a woman thun-

derstruck. Never yet had he looked at her, as he looked when he spoke his last warning words. With a heavy sigh she roused herself. The vague dread with which his tone rather than his words had inspired her, strangely associated itself with the momentary curiosity which she had felt, on noticing the annotated book that lay on his desk.

She snatched up the volume, and looked at the open page. It contained the closing paragraphs of an eloquent attack on Protestantism, from the Roman Catholic point of view. With trembling hands, she turned back to the title-page. It presented this written inscription :—'To Lewis Romayne from his attached friend and servant, Arthur Penrose.'

'God help me!' she said to herself, 'the priest has got between us already!'

(To be continued.)

CUPID'S MISSIVE.

A FLORA'S head ; from eyes a shower
  Of starlight over face and figure,
And in the mouth a sense of power,
  And in the step a note of vigour.

Hair blacker than the murkiest night
  No pads, no fiz—lynx eyes may scan it,
The forehead—a piece of lunar light
  Cut by an archway on white granite.

The column'd neck—but I must pause,
  My senses reel—what if I lose 'em !
Old Hogarth's line—sweet beauty's laws
  Are folded in that ample bosom.

The form—no angel's—rather hers
  Who came with Neptune's sunny spray lit,
We'd swear—or else my judgment errs—
  If you had wings to fly away with.

We met—once in the busy street—
  And once when dancing ruled the season,
We did not dance—but yet your feet
  Bore me along in spite of reason.

And so I sit, and write, and weave
  This little wreath of careless rhyming,
And half I joy, and half I grieve,
  To know my name is past divining.

As one may sing to eve's sweet star
  Upon the young night's forehead glowing,
I sing to you ; as near, as far,
  Hold on your radiant course unknowing.

Valentine's Day 1881. —TEMPLE.

GEORGE ELIOT, THE NOVELIST.

BY J. M. BUCHAN, M.A., HAMILTON.

'I SHOULD like, when I came to die, to be able to think that I had spent my life in doing something better than writing novels,' was an inappreciative criticism made in my hearing on the career of the great writer whose *nom de plume* stands at the head of this article. The author of the criticism expressed the deep-implanted feeling of society that those of its members who cater to the general desire for amusement are not the equals of the rest; and she obviously looked on George Eliot as a mere caterer for amusement. This short and easy method of settling the question cannot, however, be regarded as satisfactory. Great works of art of any kind elevate, refine and instruct, and this is particularly true of George Eliot's novels. Throughout the whole of them the reader feels himself brought into contact with a profound thinker and a robust moralist, and there are many ethical truths enforced in them with an effectiveness which the most eloquent of preachers cannot hope to rival.

Now, we shall not attempt to decide as to the relative importance of novel writing and other occupations, but shall simply direct attention to the immense influence which the novel exercises in educating the feelings and forming the opinions of civilized beings. Indeed, the position taken by the novel is the most striking fact of the literary history of this century. It, to a great extent, fills the place held by the ballad in unlettered ages and by the drama during and after the *Renaissance.* As our ancestors betook themselves to the ballad or the play for intellectual amusement, so we betake ourselves to novels. And the influence of the latter is much more extensive than that of either of the former ever was. The ballad needed a reciter, the play needed actors; but the printed novel we have always with us. When still very young, we begin with that kind of novel known as the Sunday School Book; when a little older, we read dime novels surreptitiously in school; when we grow up, we read novels on journeys, on holidays, in the intervals of ordinary business, and, some of us, even at meal times. In the case of many they remain the favourite solace and pastime to extreme old age. Henry Crabb Robinson, at the age of ninety-one, records in his diary that he has wasted a day in reading a novel, and wonders if he will ever overcome the habit.

When we read other works we are critical, we are on our guard, we examine and sift arguments. When we read a novel we seek simply to be amused; our minds are in an open and receptive state; they assimilate, without noticing it, the views of the author. Two hundred years ago some one said, 'Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws.' If he were living now, he would wish to write their novels.

The novels which any one author writes form an inappreciable fraction of the number produced. The shelves

of booksellers everywhere groan under them, and an army of authors and publishers toil incessantly to produce them. But this state of things, while it renders the average author more obscure, brings into greater prominence and renders more influential him whose excellence is conspicuous. This power is wielded not only over his readers, but over all other writers of his own and subsequent generations until he is forgotten. In such a position of conspicuous excellence George Eliot stands, and it accordingly becomes a matter of importance to form a correct estimate of her literary character and influence.

To understand an author's position in the history of literature, we must first of all know the history of the period in which his intellect grew to maturity, and, in particular, we must understand the intellectual history of that period. For all men are affected by their surroundings, and budding geniuses more strongly than men of riper years or less powerful intellect. Sometimes the effect of the intellectual ideas of the age is one of repulsion; more generally one of attraction. The latter was the case with George Eliot. Born in 1820, in an England in which the times to many seemed very much out of joint, she grew up in an age of mutation. A great advance of democratic ideas had brought about the Reform Bill of 1832 and many concomitant political changes; a great advance of the spirit of religious liberalism had brought about Catholic emancipation and the removal of many restrictions upon dissenters. While these things were disturbing men's minds, great industrial reforms were in progress. Numerous inventions and improvements in machinery for manufacturing, and the increasing use of steam as a motive power, were causing great changes in the work, and unsettling the habits of great masses of the nation. It was, in consequence, an age of intellectual unrest. No accepted religious, philosophical, political or social opinion remained unchallenged.

But to understand an author thoroughly we must know something more than the intellectual and general history of his age. We should know enough of his private history to understand how the spirit of his age operated upon him; whether it clashed or accorded with inherited tendencies and with the views of parents, teachers and elder friends instrumental in forming his mind. We should know, also, what his other surroundings in the youthful or formative period of his life were. Unfortunately, we know very little about the life of George Eliot. About her early years, in particular, she seems to have been extremely reticent, while even over some of the most important facts of her later life a cloud of doubt hangs.

Mary Ann Evans was born on November 22, 1820, at Griff, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, the native county of Shakespeare. Her surname indicates Welsh extraction, and it is probable that she, like the great majority of the inhabitants of that part of the country, was of mixed English and Welsh blood. According to Kate Field, in a letter published in the New York *Tribune*, she was fair, and of large frame, and her face, from its 'heaviness and weight of cheek-bone,' greatly resembled that of a German. Every human being, it is said, has a likeness, more or less distant, to some animal; the countenance of George Eliot, to those curious in tracing such similarities, recalled that of a horse. She appears to have been sensitive with regard to her appearance, for she never had her photograph taken. We are told, however, that a sketch of her features made by one of her friends is sufficiently good to serve as a basis for handing down her likeness to posterity.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following account of her early life:

'Her father, Robert Evans, was land agent and surveyor to five estates

in Warwickshire. He was highly respected, and his reputation for trustworthiness may be said to have been proverbial. Mary Ann was the youngest of three children by a second marriage, Mr. Evans having also a son and daughter by his first wife. She was a remarkable child in many ways, thoughtful and earnest, and at the age of twelve might have been seen teaching in the Sunday-school in a little cottage near her father's house. She received her first education at Miss Franklin's school in Coventry. Her mother died when she was fifteen. It cannot be doubted that her girlish experiences in that prosaic country district were so many hoarded treasures in her retentive memory which served to enrich her first three novels and her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Her letters of those days show a penetration, wit and philosophical observation belonging rather to mature life, and they show, also, that her life was deeply embued with evangelical sentiments. Her sisters and brothers having married, she lived alone with her father, who in 1841 removed from Griff to Foleshill, near Coventry. In this somewhat more populous neighbourhood she soon became known as a person of more than common interest, and, moreover, as a most devoted daughter and the excellent manager of her father's household. There was perhaps little at first sight which betokened genius in that quiet, gentle-mannered girl, with pale, grave face, naturally pensive in expression; and ordinary acquaintances regarded her chiefly for the kindness and sympathy that were never wanting to any. But to those with whom, by some unspoken affinity, her soul could expand, her expressive gray eyes would light up with intense meaning and humour, and the low, sweet voice, with its peculiar mannerism of speaking—which, by the way, wore off in after years—would give utterance to thoughts so rich and singular that converse with Miss Evans, even in those days, made speech with other people seem flat and common. Miss Evans was an exemplification of the fact that a great genius is not an exceptional, capricious product of nature, but a thing of slow, laborious growth, the fruit of industry and the general culture of the faculties. At Foleshill, with ample means and leisure, her real education began. She took lessons in Greek and Latin from the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, then head master of the Coventry Grammar School, and she acquired French, German and Italian from Signor Brezzi. An acquaintance with Hebrew was the result of her own unaided efforts. From Mr. Simms, the veteran organist of St. Michael's, Coventry, she received lessons in music, although it was her own fine musical sense which made her in after years an admirable pianoforte player. Nothing once learned escaped her marvellous memory, and her keen sympathy with all human feelings, in which lay the secret of her power of discriminating character, caused a constant fund of knowledge to flow into her treasure-house from the social world about her. Among the intimate friends whom she made in Coventry were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray—both well known in literary circles. In Mr. Bray's family she found sympathy with her ardent love of knowledge and with the more enlightened views that had began to supplant those under which (as she described it) her spirit had been grievously burdened. Emerson, Froude, George Combe, Robert Mackay and many other men of mark were at various times guests at Mr. Bray's house at Rosehill while Miss Evans was there either as inmate or occasional visitor, and many a time might have been seen pacing up and down the lawn or grouped under an old acacia men of thought and research discussing all things in heaven and earth and listening with marked attention when one gentlewoman's voice was heard to utter what they were quite sure had been well matured before the lips

opened. Few, if any, could feel themselves her superior in general intelligence, and it was amusing one day to see the amazement of a certain doctor who, venturing on a quotation from Epictetus to an unassuming young lady, was with modest politeness corrected in his Greek by his feminine auditor. One rare characteristic belonged to her which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation. She had no petty egotism, no spirit of contradiction; she never talked for effect. A happy thought well expressed filled her with delight; in a moment she would seize the point and improve upon it, so that common people began to feel themselves wise in her presence, and perhaps years after she would remind them, to their pride and surprise, of the good things they had said.

'It was during her residence in Foleshill that she translated the "Lieben Jesu." This work she undertook at the instigation of Mrs. Bray's brother, the late Charles Hennell, a writer now remembered only by the few, but whose "Enquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity" (1838) was recognised in England and Germany as a signal service to the cause of liberal thought. The labour of rendering Strauss's masterpiece into clear idiomatic English was by no means light, and her intimate friends of that time well remember the strain it entailed upon her. She completed her task (1846) in scarcely more than a year, and had the satisfaction of being complimented by Strauss upon the success that had attended her efforts.

'Miss Evans's father died in 1849, and in the summer of that year she accompanied her friends, the Brays, on a Continental tour, and by her own choice was left behind at Geneva, where she stayed till the following spring. On her return to England she made her home with the same family until 1851, when she was persuaded by Dr. Chapman to take up her residence in the Strand and assist him in the conduct of the *Westminster Review*.'

Shortly after this she appears to have become a contributor to the *Leader*, a long since extinct weekly. Among the other writers for this publication were George Henry Lewes, Thornton Hunt and George Jacob Holyoake. The last-mentioned writer, who is still alive, had at that time acquired a considerable reputation by the publication of a work in which he advocated a system of religion based on morality. To this system he gave the name of Secularism.

About this time, doubtless, Miss Evans became acquainted with Mr. Lewes, who was destined to play an important part in the romance of her life. He was married to a handsome woman to whom he was very much attached. Some years after this, when the *Leader* had ceased to exist, and Thornton Hunt was employed on the *Spectator*, she eloped with him. For some reason Mr. Lewes did not obtain a divorce; but he and Miss Evans, having formed an attachment for each other, assembled their friends, explained the situation, and announced that they intended to live together thereafter as man and wife. This singularly contracted union continued unbroken till the death of Mr. Lewes, in 1878.

Judgment on this remarkable step must, of course, be suspended until the motives and circumstances of those who took it are more fully known. It seems not to have involved social ostracism, for we are informed that Mrs. Lewes had a considerable number of friends, that she received them regularly on Sunday afternoons, and that a daughter and son-in-law of the Queen dined with her and Mr. Lewes. Whatever be our ultimate decision about this matter, we shall not be able from her writings to convict our authoress of loose notions with regard to the seventh commandment. No preacher in our day has more effectively enforced the duty of

observing it than the creator of Hetty Sorrel, Mrs. Transome, and Mrs. Glasher.

The partners thus unconventionally joined were in many respects well mated. Both were physically unattractive and intellectually accomplished. Lewes, a red-haired, pock-marked man, who is perhaps best known as the biographer of Goethe, possessed a versatile and powerful intellect. He has some reputation as a novelist, a dramatist, a biographer, a musical, dramatic and literary critic, a writer on scientific subjects and the history of philosophy, and as the propounder of a new philosophical system. Miss Evans was mistress of Greek, Latin, Hebrew and five or six modern languages, had an extensive acquaintance with their literatures, and was versed in music, painting and sculpture.

In 1854 Miss Evans published a translation of Feuerbach's 'Essence of Christianity,' a somewhat heterodox German book. But the writing of reviews and translations, ably as she did it, was not the work for which she was best qualified. She had before this published two short crude tales, called 'Brother Jacob,' and 'The Lifted Veil.' Feeling that her powers had ripened, stimulated by a desire for more remunerative employment, and urged on by Lewes, she published in 1857, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 'Three Scenes of Clerical Life.' These tales attracted the attention of Dickens, who expressed the opinion that a new star had risen above the literary horizon.

Her next venture was 'Adam Bede,' published in 1859. This had so great a success that the attention of critics was attracted, and George Eliot's novels were reviewed in elaborate articles. Some of these contained amusing guesses as to the personality of the new novelist. One critic came to the conclusion that George Eliot was a gentleman of high church tendencies. Then a Mr. Joseph Liggins was extensively credited with the authorship of the Eliot tales. A writer in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1859, came nearer the mark. After stating that he could not conceive it possible for any man to have written the history of Hetty Sorrel, as it is written in 'Adam Bede,' he summed up the arguments on the other side drawn from the unlikelihood of there being any woman endowed with the intellectual power, the breadth, depth, and justness of thought, and the other qualities which distinguish the author of 'Adam Bede,' and at last left the question undecided. Finally the public were authoritatively informed that George Eliot was a lady, and the translator of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus.'

'Adam Bede' was followed in 1860 by 'The Mill on the Floss.' Then came 'Silas Marner' in 1861, 'Romola' in 1863, and 'Felix Holt' in 1866. Ceasing for a time from novel-writing, George Eliot turned her attention to poetry, and produced the 'Spanish Gypsy,' a dramatic poem, in 1868, and 'Agatha' in 1869. In 1871 appeared 'Middlemarch,' in 1874 'the Legend of Jubal,' in 1876 'Daniel Deronda,' and in 1879 the 'Impressions of Theophrastus Such.'

In November, 1878, Lewes died, and his relict announced that she would cease to write. In May, 1880, she married John Walter Cross, a London business man, younger than herself, but over forty years of age. In December of the same year she died of an attack of pericarditis, thus ending a studious and laborious life of sixty years.

These are the dry bones of the biography of George Eliot, so far as known to the writer. If the skeleton were clothed with flesh, we should know how the various influences operated which we can dimly perceive to have affected her character. We have learned, indeed, that from the age of thirty-one or thereabouts she lived in a society that was remarkable for its intellectual wealth. But Miss Evans's tone of thought had probably been decid-

ed before she became connected with the *Westminster Review* or met Lewes or Herbert Spencer. We must attribute greater importance to the influence of Charles Bray, Charles Hennell, and their friends. About the other influences which moulded her in the formative period of her life we know nothing positively. The attentive reader of her novels may, however, make a feeble attempt to fill this void by conjecture. For unlike that other great native of the same county, Shakespeare, her personality is to some extent evident behind the screen of her work. The utmost ingenuity of countless commentators has failed to enable us to place before our mind's eye a good picture of the surroundings of the youthful Shakespeare, or of the opinions, tastes, and rules of action which governed the life of the matured man. But from George Eliot's works there might be collected a series of excerpts which would very fully illustrate her inner life, and she has delineated for us again and again that outer world in which she passed her youth. She was brought up among an easy-going agricultural people inhabiting a certain part of Loamshire. This is our authoress's name for the great central plain of England. To the north of the particular part of Loamshire, namely, northern Warwickshire, in which the scene of the majority of her novels is laid, is Stonyshire, probably Derbyshire, a mining and manufacturing county inhabited by a population contrasting strongly in some points with their southern neighbours. In Stonyshire dissent and particularly Methodism flourished, while in Loamshire there was less of these elements. In a few places in both counties Low Church clergymen had begun to disturb the doctrinal deadness of the Establishment, but the clergy in general belonged to the preceding school. The great evangelical movement was, in fact, just reaching this part of England. Near the borders, then, of Loamshire and Stonyshire, George Eliot's youthful mind awoke to intellectual activity. We cannot help fancying that the mental and emotional experiences of precocious Maggie Tulliver throw considerable light on those of the creator of that character. As we read 'The Mill on the Floss,' we feel that Marian Evans was the little girl who hated patchwork, fed her imagination on prints of the devil, and made the ineffectual attempt to interest Luke Moggs, the miller, in foreign races and strange animals. We feel too that there is another autobiographical revelation in the chapter in which Maggie derives consolation from reading Thomas à Kempis's 'De Imitatione Christi.' Whatever else be uncertain, we are safe in conjecturing that Marian Evans had a deep religious experience. For strange as the assertion may seem, when made of a sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*, no other novelist has represented the workings of the religious emotions with greater fidelity. Witness the characters of Mr. Tryan, the consumptive curate, Rufus Lyon, the dissenting minister, Savonarola, and Dinah Morris, the female preacher. She has worked this mine with so thorough an understanding of the nature of the ore, that we feel certain that in her early years she must have experienced what the Evangelicals call 'vital religion.'

But around the girl who had this inner life, there circled a world of human beings, mainly dull and commonplace, whom her pen has rendered immortal. There were yeomen and tenant farmers, such as Poyser, Pullett, Tulliver, Moss, and Squire Cass, grocers, butchers and farriers, doctors and apothecaries, servants in great houses, poor curates and well-to-do-rectors, lawyers, artisans, labourers, and landed proprietors. There were their wives and other female relatives exhibiting every variety of character: sharp-tongued Mrs. Hackit, Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Cadwallader, forehanded Mrs. Jerome and Mrs. Winthrop, heathen

Mrs. Patten, sillily correct Mary Linnett, lofty-natured Janet Dempster, amiable Mrs. Barton, the indescribable Dodson family, selfish and unreasoning Hetty Sorrel and Rosamond Vincy, the unendurable Mrs. Holt and her congener Lisbeth Bede. We do not, of course, mean to assert that all or even many of the characters painted in George Eliot's novels are exact copies from life, but that the general effect of the picture is correct. It is a true representation of Warwickshire society as she saw it.

It appears probable that some of George Eliot's most conspicuous mental and other traits were inherited from her father. He is generally supposed to be the original of Caleb Garth in 'Middlemarch;' we are inclined to add the conjecture that he formed the groundwork of 'Adam Bede.' Both these characters resemble each other in their honesty, trustworthiness and manliness; in the intensely practical character of their intellects; in their love for numerical calculations, and in making a religion of their business. Adam Bede, however, is quick-tempered and pecuniarily successful. Caleb Garth, on the contrary, even-tempered and always in financial difficulties. The following is George Eliot's description of the latter:—

'Caleb made no rejoinder, but presently lowered his spectacles, drew up his chair to his desk, and said:—"Deuce take the bill, I wish it was at Hanover. These things are a sad interruption to business."

'The first part of his speech comprised his whole store of maledictory expression, and was uttered with a slight snarl easy to imagine. But it would be difficult to convey to those who never heard him utter the word "business," the peculiar tone of fervid veneration, of religious regard, in which he wrapped it, as a consecrated symbol is wrapped in its gold-fringed linen.

'Caleb Garth often shook his head in meditation on the value, the indispensable might of that myriad-headed, myriad-handed labour by which the social body is fed, clothed and housed. It had laid hold of his imagination in boyhood. The echoes of the great hammer, where roof or keel were a-making, the signal-shouts of the workmen, the roar of the furnace, the thunder and plash of the engine, were a sublime music to him; the felling and lading of timber, and the huge trunk vibrating star-like in the distance along the highway, the crane at work on the wharf, the piled-up produce in warehouses, the precision and variety of muscular effort wherever exact work had to be turned out—all these sights of his youth had acted on him as poetry without the aid of the poets; had made a philosophy for him without the aid of philosophers; a religion without the aid of theology. His early ambition had been to have as effective a share as possible in this sublime labour, which was peculiarly dignified by him with the name of "business," and though he had only been a short time under a surveyor, and had been chiefly his own teacher, he knew more of land, building and mining, than most of the special men in the county.

'His classification of human employments was rather crude, and like the categories of most celebrated men, would not be acceptable in these advanced times. He divided them into "business, politics, preaching, learning, and amusement." He had nothing to say against the last four; but he regarded them as a reverential pagan regarded other gods than his own. In the same way he thought very well of all ranks, but he would not himself have liked to be of any rank in which he had not such close contact with "business," as to get often honourably decorated with marks of dust and mortar, the damp of the engine, or the sweet soil of the woods and fields. Though he had never regarded himself as other than an Orthodox Christian, and would argue on prevenient grace if the subject were proposed to him, I

think his virtual divinities were good practical schemes, accurate work, the faithful completion of undertakings; his prince of darkness was a slack workman. But there was no spirit of denial in Caleb, and the world seemed so wondrous to him that he was ready to accept any number of systems, like any number of firmaments, if they did not obviously interfere with the best land drainage, solid building, correct measuring, and judicious boring (for coal). In fact, he had a reverential soul, with a strong practical intelligence. But he could not manage finance; he knew values well, but he had no keenness of imagination for monetary results in the shape of profit and loss; and having ascertained this to his cost, he determined to give up all forms of his beloved 'business," which required that talent. He gave himself up entirely to the many kinds of work which he could do without handling capital, and was one of those precious men within his own district whom every body would choose to work for them, because he did his work well, charged very little, and often declined to charge at all. It is no wonder, then, that the Garths were poor, and "lived in a small way." However, they did not mind it.'

Whatever be the exact amount of the correspondence between the characters of Robert Evans and Caleb Garth, we have no doubt that George Eliot inherited from her father that desire to make her work complete in every detail, and that delight in a thorough performance which are exemplified by the numerous scenes and characters which she has delineated for us with all the minute fidelity of Dutch painting. There is likewise another analogy perceptible. As the poetical and philosophical reveries of Caleb Garth were nourished by the contemplation of the complex machinery by which the social body is fed, clothed and housed, as he loved to be in contact with the work of the world, so George Eliot delights in dwelling on the complexity of human affairs, in bringing her readers into contact with the actual, and in deducing her poetry and philosophy from it. Her best characters are permeated with their particular occupations.

It is easy to see the influence of these native tendencies, of some of her associations, and of the scientific and democratic spirit of the age in her theory of novel-writing. The world that she essays to paint is the work-a-day world, and in the true scientific spirit she tries to paint it as it is, whether all the facts be or be not in accordance with her pet views. Fact first, accurate fact, and then theory, if you choose. In the true democratic spirit she holds that the ordinary and common-place lives of the great majority of mankind are better worth delineating, and more deserving of our sympathy, than those of impossible heroes. She is filled to overflowing with the religion of humanity. But we must let her give her theory of novel-writing in her own words:

' "This Rector of Broxton is little better than a Pagan," I hear one of my lady readers exclaim. "How much more edifying it would have been if you had made him give Arthur some truly spiritual advice. You might have put into his mouth the most beautiful things—quite as good reading as a sermon."

'Certainly I could, my fair critic, if I were a clever novelist, not obliged to creep servilely after nature and fact, but able to represent things as they never have been and never will be. Then, of course, my characters would be entirely of my own choosing, and I could select the most unexceptionable type of a clergyman, and put my own admirable opinions into his mouth on all occasions. But you must have perceived long ago that I have no such lofty vocation, and that I aspire to give no more than a faithful account of men and things as they have mirrored themselves in my mind. The mirror is doubtless defective; the outlines will sometimes be disturbed;

the reflection faint or confused; but I feel as much bound to tell you, as precisely as I can, what that reflection is, as if I were in the witness-box narrating my experience on oath.

'Sixty years ago—it is a long time, so no wonder things have changed—all clergymen were not zealous; indeed, there is reason to believe that the number of zealous clergymen was small, and it is probable that if one among the small minority had owned the livings of Broxton and Hayslope in the year 1799, you would have liked him no better than you would have liked Mr. Irwine. Ten to one you would have thought him a tasteless, indiscreet, methodistical man. It is so very rarely that facts hit that nice medium required by our own enlightened opinion and refined taste! Perhaps you will say, "Do improve the facts a little, then; make them more accordant with those correct views which it is our privilege to possess. The world is not just what we like; do touch it up with a tasteful pencil, and make believe it is not quite such a mixed entangled affair. Let all people whe hold unexceptionable opinions act unexceptionably. Let your most faulty characters always be on the wrong side, and your virtuous ones on the right. Then we shall see at a glance whom we are to condemn and whom we are to approve. Then we shall be able to admire, without the slightest disturbance 6f our prepossessions; we shall hate and despise with that true ruminant relish which belongs to undoubting confidence."

'But, my good friend, what will you do then with your fellow-parishioner who opposes your husband in the vestry?—with your newly-appointed vicar, whose style of preaching you find painfully below that of his regretted predecessor?—with the honest servant who worries your soul with her one failing?—with your neighbour, Mrs. Green, who was really kind to you in your last illness, but has said several ill-natured things about you since your convalescence?—nay, with your excellent husband himself, who has other irritating habits besides that of not wiping his shoes? These fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are; you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people—among whom your life is passed—that it is needful that you should tolerate, pity, and love; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people whose movements of goodness you should be able to admire—for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience.

'And I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real breathing men and women, who can be chilled by your indifference or injured by your prejudice; who can be helped forward by your fellow-feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice.

'So I am content to tell my simple story without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult. The pencil is conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin—the longer the claws, and the larger the wings the better; but that marvellous facility, which we mistook for genius, is apt to forsake us when we want to draw a real unexaggerated lion. Examine your words well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings—much harder than to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth.

'It is for this rare, precious quality

of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals, than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering, or of world-stirring actions. I turn without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noon-day light, softened, perhaps, by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap, common things which are the precious necessaries of life to her; or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable contentment and good-will. "Foh," says my idealistic friend, "what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life! What clumsy, ugly people!"

'But, bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope. I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly, and even among those "lords of their kind," the British, squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions, are not startling exceptions. Yet there is a great deal of family love among us. I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on the summit of their brows would be decidedly trying; yet, to my certain knowledge, tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an elderly matron, who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love-letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife that waddles. Yes, thank God, human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not want for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.

'All honour and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses; but let us love that other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the regions of art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot house—those rounded backs and stupid weatherbeaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore, let art always remind us of them; therefore, let us always have men ready to give

the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them.

'There are few prophets in the world—few sublimely beautiful women—few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common labourer, who gets his own bread, and eats it vulgarly, but creditably, with his own pocket knife. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen, who weighs out my sugar in a vilely assorted cravat and waistcoat, than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers; more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is, perhaps, rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at deeds of heroes whom I shall never know, except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.'

Surely, no finer theory of novel-writing was ever put into words. And it has been well carried out in practice. There is no novelist who has combined the same realistic power with the same capacity for lighting up the sordid details of vulgar fact by kindling the interest of human sympathy. This is one of the claims of George Eliot to lasting fame.

There is, at least, one other, and that is her power of exhibiting the development of character under the influence of circumstances. In this she is pre-eminent among novelists, as Shakespeare is among dramatists. To picture men and women to the mental eye, and to make them act and speak so that the reader feels that, if they are not, they might be real living people, requires great power; but greater power still is required to exhibit with truth to nature the development of latent tendencies to good or evil, the warping of the straight and the straightening of the crooked tree. The panoramic display of the inner life and moral growth or decay of Janet Dempster, Hetty Sorrel, Arthur Donnithorne, Tom and Maggie Tulliver, Romola, Tito, Dorothea, Lydgate and Gwendolen, are examples of a kind of work in which she is approached, but not closely approached, by Thackeray alone.

It is this power which gives peculiar effectiveness to her moral teaching. She is no mere distributor of poetic justice. Justice is dealt out; but the fate of each character is hinged by an iron necessity on his preceding life. She never represents the Power that rules this world as condoning any offence or pardoning any offender against a moral law. The breach of a law entails its own punishment in visible consequences, in moral degradation, in embittered memories, whether any earthly tribunal intervene or not.

> No penitence and no confessional;
> No priest ordains it, yet they're forced to sit
> Amid deep ashes of their vanished years.

The ramifying consequences of actions are traced out with the utmost power and fidelity. While you sympathise with the bad enmeshed in the toils woven by their own actions, you feel that their punishment is not only deserved, but a natural and inevitable result. But this is not all. The bad suffer twice. They suffer in their own persons, and they suffer in seeing that the evil they have done to others they cannot now remedy. The consequences of wrong acts, once committed, cannot be avoid-

ed; the innocent as well as the guilty feel their effects. You cannot atone for or right a wrong. Everywhere in her novels this idea comes to the surface:

> It is a good and soothfast saw,
> Half-roasted never will be raw;
> No dough is dried once more to meal,
> No crock new-shapen by the wheel;
> You can't turn curds to milk again,
> Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then;
> And, having tasted stolen honey,
> You can't buy innocence for money.

Captain Wybrow accelerates his own end by his double-dealing with Miss Assher and Tina, but he likewise ruins the whole future of Tina and Gilfil. Silas Marner's whole life is marred by the wrong accusation of his early friend, who takes from him at once his character and his sweetheart. Godfrey Cass, who thinks himself delivered from the consequences of his indiscreet clandestine marriage by the death of his wife before the fact of the connection has become public, finds the end of his life embittered by the remote results of this early fault, and his daughter suffers for what she has not done. Arthur Donnithorne does his best, yet can never feel that he has put things right, and the novel of 'Adam Bede' ends with his wail over that fact.

'I could never do anything for her, Adam—she lived long enough for all the suffering—and I'd thought so of the time when I might do something for her. But you told me the truth when you said to me once, "There's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for."'

It is obvious that, to an intellect so clear and so profound, to a moral nature so fine, to sympathies so wide and so deep, the difficulties inherent in every system of theology would present themselves in all their force. As a matter of fact, George Eliot had no theological belief. But theology is not religion; and George Eliot, if we may judge from the evidence afforded by her works, was profoundly religious. 'The first condition of human goodness,' she says in Janet's Repentance, 'is something to love, the second something to reverence;' and assuredly, her love and her reverence flow forth always in abundance to everything noble and good. Not only did her intellectual difficulties not lead her to satirize devoutness, but she introduces it, and speaks of it with a sympathy which is undoubtedly genuine. Her best characters, Adam Bede for example, are unaffectedly religious; and in whose novels shall we find pious women so lovable as Janet Dempster, Dinah Morris, and Romola? Where else in fiction can we find the character of an Evangelical clergyman painted with such loving fidelity as that of Mr. Tryan?

Perhaps, it would not be too much to say, that no novelist has better understood the human heart. There are novelists, indeed, who have attempted a larger number of characters, but there is none with so little unreality. George Eliot has no impossible heroes, heroines, or villains, like most novelists; no unreal women, like Thackeray; no humorous creations which, like those of Dickens, violate every law of probability. Yet, she has drawn an uncommon number of characters. Her female characters are both more numerous and, as was to be expected, on the whole, better than her male characters, but the latter are not failures; on the contrary, many of them are eminently successful. Adam Bede, Felix Holt, Grandcourt, and Daniel Deronda, are somewhat open to the imputation of being women's men; but who would suppose that Bartle Massey was drawn by a woman? Indeed the union of the masculine and the feminine in George Eliot's intellect is at once a remarkable phenomenon and a proof of her greatness. Her mind was both strong and acute, capable of broad and large views, and of penetrating into the subtlest working of motives in the most capricious heart, capable of expressing intense and prolonged emotions and the lightest shades of vary-

ing feeling, capable alike of coarse humour and of refined wit.

Indeed, we are inclined to think that hers is the ablest female intellect that has ever been devoted to literature. She is far in advance of any other female novelist, numerous as are the able women who have taken to that department of authorship. Her learning and multifarious acquirements suggest a comparison with Mrs. Browning; but Mrs. Browning always seems to us to stagger under the burden of her knowledge, while George Eliot is in no way oppressed by hers. It is difficult to compare a poet with a prose writer; but Mrs. Browning was only a second-rate poet, while George Eliot may justly claim to be a first-rate novelist. Nay more, she may advance pretensions to a high place in the first rank.

'Brother Jacob,' George Eliot's earliest tale, which we conjecture to have been written previous to 1850, is chiefly remarkable as showing a bent towards the delineation of character. Her second story, 'The Lifted Veil,' which would seem from internal evidence to have been written in 1850, is a sensational romance, and, consequently, unlike anything else she has written. The principal character is cursed with knowing the future.

From these crude stories to the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' is a great step. 'The Lifted Veil' is the shapeless imagination of a half-developed intellect; 'The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton' is the work of a vigorous and trained mind. In fact, the three 'Scenes of Clerical Life' exhibit all those striking qualities for which her later works are distinguished.

The best of George Eliot's novels, it is generally agreed, are 'Adam Bede' and the 'Mill on the Floss.' Of these, we prefer the former, mainly on account of what we hold to be a serious defect in the plot of the latter. 'Adam Bede' ends naturally. Every one receives his deserts, or something like his deserts, and all actions lead to the end. But in 'The Mill on the Floss,' the authoress after hopelessly entangling Maggie with Stephen Guest, invokes a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a flood, to relieve herself of the difficulties arising therefrom. 'The Mill on the Floss' would, we think, have been a much greater novel, had George Eliot represented Tom and Maggie as working out their own destiny to the end. It is true that Nature does often, by a catastrophe, put an end to the tragedies and comedies perpetually being acted among men. But these tragedies and comedies are, in general, not fully known to the public. Why take the trouble to work out with great thoroughness the history of the mental and emotional development of two young people in order to drown them in a flood? The fact that George Eliot thus disposes of Maggie, has always seemed to us a strong confirmation of our conjecture that she has embodied more of the girl Mary Ann Evans in her, than in any other character.

After the publication of 'The Mill on the Floss,' the tide of George Eliot's invention began to ebb. 'Silas Marner' is slight and gloomy, but its gloom is relieved by touches of the authoress's matchless humour. There is nothing in any of her novels better in its way than Dolly Winthrop's presentation of her religious views:—

'"Well Master Marner, it's never too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've never had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macy gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we've done

our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Theirn."

'Poor Dolly's exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly on Silas's ears, for there was no word in it that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion, and his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun, which was no heresy of Dolly's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity.'

The scene of 'Romola,' her next novel, is laid in Florence, in the time of Savonarola, who plays a considerable part in the story, and furnishes the authoress with another opportunity of displaying her wonderful power of entering into and making plain the working of the religious emotions. But its historical, foreign and antiquarian colouring does not to our mind make up for the absence of those wonderful English rustics and shopkeepers, who play the minor parts and relieve by a little comedy the tragic gloom of her other novels. Yet, with all this, 'Romola' could never be mistaken for the work of an inferior artist. It is not only conscientious but brilliant.

It is a conspicuous feature of these novels that the little worlds into which the authoress introduces us, and the characters that move in them are strikingly real. When we peruse 'Felix Holt,' we find this sentiment of reality to some degree lacking, at least as far as its hero is concerned. It is not easy to imagine that keen-witted social reformer as the son of a manufacturer of quack medicines, and of so slow-witted a woman as Mrs. Holt. George Eliot, indeed, if we may draw any inferences from the fact that she provides Adam Bede and Felix Holt with disagreeable and muddle headed mothers, seems not to be a believer in the theory that clever men usually resemble their mothers.

The character and history of Felix Holt are probably to some extent based on those of Cooper, the author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.' Cooper was a shoemaker, who acquired a considerable reputation among the working classes for his knowledge and his ability as a speaker, few men being able more thoroughly to control an audience. Having, like Felix Holt, undertaken to manage and failed to curb a mob, he was arrested, tried, and convicted of inciting to arson. While in prison he composed the poem above-mentioned.

Of all this series of novels, 'Middlemarch' is the longest, and seems to be that on which the authoress has bestowed most pains. A great number and variety of characters appear on the scene. We follow the fortunes of three pairs of lovers, Dorothea and Ladislaw, Lydgate and Rosamond, Fred. Vincy and Mary Garth; and we have the liberal allowance of five marriages. The destinies of these sets of heroes and heroines are interwoven in a complicated, yet natural manner, and the effect of the whole is that of a crowded picture. Though Dorothea is obviously intended to occupy the chief place, we must confess that our interest in her feelings is languid as compared with that which we feel in those of Lydgate. The history of the process by which he, in consequence of having married one of those 'women who hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them,' is compelled to abandon his high aims is wonderfully told.

There is in 'Middlemarch' a sufficient wealth of profound wisdom, witty and humorous observation, character and incident to furnish forth half a dozen ordinary novels. Yet for all this it distinctly falls behind 'Adam Bede' and 'The Mill on the Floss.' It is less fresh, and the humorous characters are not so good.

'Daniel Deronda' is a great novel, spoiled by the insertion of an inordinate quantity of extraneous matter about the Jews. George Eliot, has perhaps in all her novels shown herself too fond of digressing and philosophizing. This, however, is a mistake

which we frequently find ourselves ready to forgive, because the philosophizing is done so well. But we cannot forgive the digressions in 'Daniel Deronda.' It is probably true that we and our ancestors have thought of the Jews and treated them with a contempt which they have not deserved; it is certain that we feel we are doing penance for that fault when we read this novel.

'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such,' consists of a collection of eighteen short epigrammatic essays, fables and descriptions of character, much in the style of La Bruyere's 'Caractères.' In this kind of writing the profundity and breadth of her thoughts, her extensive reading and fine memory, her appreciation of the humorous, her wit, and her wonderful capacity for expressing her meaning in aphoristic sentences which have the sparkle, the polish and the clearness of a crystal, all qualified her to excel. But it is seldom given to any one to obtain the first rank in two departments. Had George Eliot attempted this species of work earlier, she might have achieved the highest success; but she came to it with an exhausted intellect. She tried poetry sooner, and her poetry is respectable; but all poetry that is not excellent is quickly forgotten. Her claim to lasting remembrance rests on her novels. The River of Time, which annually covers with the alluvium of oblivion the fame of many hundreds of writers, will doubtless, in due course, bury hers beneath the silt that it carries down; but we venture to predict that few preceding or contemporary novelists will survive her.

In the meantime her name and fame stand as a monument of what her sex can achieve, and though,

> 'Quella fonte,
> Che spande di parlar si largo fiume,'

as she is called on her tombstone,

> 'That source
> Which pours so large a flood of wise discourse,'

has in one sense been stopped forever, that which has issued from it remains a permanent fountain of delight, and of elevating and refining influences.

TO NATURE.

NATURE, I would be thy child,
Sit and worship at thy feet,
Read the truth upon thy face,
Wait upon thine accent sweet;
I would put my hand in thine,
Bow my head upon thy knee,
Live upon thy love alone,
Fearless, trusting all to thee.

—GOWAN LEA.

GREAT SPEECHES.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Atque alias etiam dicendi quasi virtutes sequatur; brevitatem, si res petet.—CIC.

MORE than two years have passed away since I laid my pen aside. During that period law and duties akin to legal pursuits have engrossed my time; and it is with some diffidence I venture to write on any subject foreign to my immediate studies; for it is possible that if I ever had any right to appear, even as the meanest recruit in the army of letters, that right is gone; I have been too long away from parade; the shibboleth of expression entitling me to admittance has, perhaps, become corrupted amid the wrangle of the courts, and the jargon of living customs borrowed from a dead past. But inasmuch as what I have to say, apart wholly from form, is calculated to do good to Canada,—calculated, I dare believe, to prove helpful to the generous young men occupied in fitting themselves for life's duties,—ardent and unsoiled spirits whose hopes are tinted with a light which is the herald of a larger day—I will, issuing like Gareth from the smoke and dinge of a lowlier office, attempt a little knightly service. The time necessary for that careful workmanship called for by even the humblest essay is not at my command. I shall, therefore, trusting to the reader's indulgence, put down my thoughts as they arise.

During the present session I have availed myself of every hour I could snatch from laborious duties, to hear, on a question of the largest dimensions, the politicians and statesmen in our Canadian parliament; and men, not in the front rank, but occupying prominent positions in both the great parties, observing this, have asked me how our leaders would compare with those of the British House of Commons. Their wonder at my replies would alone have suggested this writing, to which, however, as will be seen, I should have been prompted by yet other considerations. A certain sentiment of scorn mingled in my mind with a resentment not unrighteous, when astonishment was expressed that we should have men in Canada who would well compare with, who might stand up to, the best men of any other country.

There is a prevalent idea that the disparity between the conditions of education in the United Kingdom and those of Canada is so great that to believe Canadians could be the equal of Englishmen is like rebellion against the laws of nature. Men born and bred in old countries have, let it be at once admitted, some advantage from the point of view of culture we do not possess. But 'the wine,' says the too cynical, but observant soldier—'the wine she drinks is made of grapes.' We are of the same blood as the men of the United Kingdom. We have not, indeed, the monuments of antiquity, the picture galleries, the old cathedrals, the ancient seats of learning, the cities over which historical forms seem to

flit like the spiritual guardians of a national heritage, the arsenals with the piled-up implements of world-overshadowing greatness, and the emblems, monuments, and trophies of imperial struggles and bloody battles; the graves of heroes and poets and statesmen; the moving pictures, the stirring memories which come from stored-up achievement in every field; the mixture of the venerable and the new —the crumbling ivied wall, which saw feudal barons strike at the life, through mail of proof, protecting the delicate specimens of the modern floriculturist, or the castelated ruin whence great earls overawed the surrounding country, forming the back ground for a croquet party, or a church bazaar; the shepherd's pipe minging its plaintive voice with the warlike summons of the clarion; there the loom, the spinning jenny, the miner's lamp—here the colour and pomp, and circumstance of a conquering race. On the other hand, we have none of the squalor and poverty of an old country. We have no vast superincumbent mass of aristocracy to awe us; none of the difficulties which arise from the struggle between the latter part of the nineteenth century and modern feudalism. On reflection, I think, I have overstated the case against Canada. We have at least one city unequalled in its situation, of antique lineament and great associations, and in the Capital we have an Imperial site bearing buildings not unworthy of that commanding throne. Nor is it true to say we are wholly, or necessarily to any extent, cut off from the precious historical traditions of Great Britain and Ireland. All we need is the historical imagination to make these treasures our own. Ours by inheritance, certain mental conditions have only to be fulfilled in order to take possession. The gulf is great which separates the historical and the antique from the land of the woodman, the snaké fence, the prairie; but the mind can bridge the chasm; nay, imagination has only to spread her wings and it is passed. We have schools and universities, far indeed, at present, from what is desirable; but where, nevertheless, our sons can hold communion with the mighty dead, catch their spirit, and learn the arts by which they rose to be the cynosure of nations. Inland, we have not the salt sea air, but the wind which sweeps under our cloudless skies and over our snow-clad landscape is not less exhilarating. Too many are ready to subscribe to the statement made by a Yankee, that it is all tail in Canada —meaning thereby that it is all third class. I have found men—and some of these, I blush to say, born on the soil—quietly assuming that no one would stop in Canada if he could make a good living elsewhere, and this, in the face of the fact, that we have settled amongst us a distinguished literary man of large private fortune. Not a few men have resisted strong pecuniary temptation to go to the United States. The career of Mr. Benjamin shows how much in the way of money gains a first-class lawyer foregces, by remaining in Canada. Why do such remain here? The answer is to be found in the fact that Canada, although without arts, which would be an anachronism in a young country, has, in her climate, her institutions, her youth, her future, attractions sufficient to fix the affections. In one of those fields to which the word art is applied with peculiar appropriateness, we have made a good beginning. From Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Mrs. Schrieber, Mr. J. C. Forbes, and their associates in the Society of Artists, we have not merely the promise of the future Academy, but present results marked by sincere workmanship and permanent value.

This want of self-belief is the one drawback of young peoples who are too often ready to efface oneself before whatever comes with a foreign imprimatur. There is in certain quarters a sort of despair of art of any kind in

Canada. Some time ago, one of the leading papers, the *Mail*, characterised Canadian literature as 'Hog's Wash,' and the other day the *Globe* speaking of Monsieur Louis H. Fréchette, the Canadian poet, who sings in French, said, he had a career, but he would not find it on this continent. Why not on this continent? Nay, why not in his own beloved country? The people must take this in hand. The poet and artist cannot look for recognition to the worshippers of gold, some of whom are no better than public robbers. In England, in France, the wealthy and noble will be glad to honour them—shall the traditional disgrace of Nazareth rest, in the opinion of Canada's own children, on Canada? Is no good to come out of her? It is lamentable to think that had M. Fréchette not been crowned in Paris, most of our own people would have thought him a worthless doggerel-monger, deserving only of tolerant pity. If he has to find a career elsewhere he will have to refurnish his imagination, which is now steeped in local tints; the lakes, the mighty rivers, the snowy landscape, the bright skies of Canada, the blizzard of winter, the rapid vegetation of May, all these are reflected in his song. He is our first national poet. The heroes of Canadian history call forth the deepest and most touching notes of his lyre. The picture of the old age of Papineau is suffused with more than the atmosphere of Canada; it has over it the simplicity and elevation of heroic times. In the 'Nuit d'Eté'—a poem which has all the tenderness and subtle music of Alfred de Musset, with a purity to which the French poet was a stranger—could hardly be understood by any one not a Canadian; the pictures are all racy of this soil; the vast solitudes, the meteoric sky, the sonorous pines, the young man seeing his sweetheart home, the liberty, the confidence, the long farewell. The national poet is a singer, in whose song we find his time and country. In the little poem on Québec, the contemporary feeling is painted on the back ground of the majestic river, which flows past its storied citadel.

Careful observation of the way the Canadian Parliament gets through its work has given me a high idea of its business capacity. I have been constrained to admire the ability, the statesmanlike manner and workmanlike qualities of the average member. The whole body, as a legislative machine, is, on the whole, efficient. You can hardly conceive a question affecting legislation on which from some member of that body an authoritative opinion could not be had. Skilled farmers, leading merchants, the best lawyers in the Dominion, doctors in abundance, cattle breeders, travellers, pioneers, manufacturers, miners, mechanics, engineers, ex-contractors, and, like leaven in the lump, or steel on the ridge of the wedge, men who have studied the best which has been written on one or two subjects at least, of large experience in public affairs, who have met and communed and fought in friendly contests the leading spirits of other lands—all bring their spoils of experience to the hive.

How would Sir Charles Tupper, or Mr. Blake, or Sir John Macdonald, or Sir Leonard Tilley, or Mr. Macdougall, or Mr. Mackenzie, or Sir Richard Cartwright, or Mr. Langevin, or Mr. Huntington compare with the statesmen of the English Parliament? This question is the summary of a number of questions addressed to me at several times by different persons. Now, it was an admirer of Sir Charles Tupper who said, 'How would Tupper do in England?'—again, a follower of Mr. Blake, who made a similar demand. My answer was, that either one of our leading statesmen would take a prominent place in the House of Commons in England; that, moreover, of three or four of them it might be said with certainty that, unless the stars in their courses fought against them, they would attain the place of First Minister.

Sir John Macdonald is a type of politician which has never failed to delight the English people—the man who, like Palmerston, can work hard, do strong things, hold his purpose, never lose sight for a moment of the honour and welfare of his country, and yet crack his joke and have his laugh, full of courage and good spirits and kindly fun. I am not going to talk politics here. The place forbids it, if my own quasi-judicial position had not been before-hand with a veto. But I apprehend there is nothing to prevent me criticising the ability of our public men; praising their admirable qualities clearly distinguishable from opinions, and from prejudices in the nature of opinions, and animadverting on their defects in mental endowments, their faults of method, or their errors in tactics, not as politicions or party leaders, but as orators. To return. Sir John Macdonald in the English House of Commons would have been equal, in my opinion, to Mr. Disraeli in finesse, in the art of forming combinations and managing men. He never could have equalled him in invective, or in epigram, or in force as an orator. Sir John Macdonald brings up his artillery with more ease. He is always human, even in his attacks. Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, approached his opponent like some serpentine monster, coiled himself ruthlessly round him, fascinated with his gaze, and struck out with venomed fang. But Sir John is probably the better debater of the two. His delivery is lively, natural, mercurial; Lord Beaconsfield's is laboured. The power of making a statement is not the forte of the author of 'Endymion.' Sir John Macdonald makes a luminous statement, and his reasoning faculty is at least as high as Lord Beaconsfield's. He has very little, comparatively, of the latter's *curiosa felicitas* in coining phrases, but his humour is more spontaneous. Lord Beaconsfield has the charm which is inseparable from genius, but it may well be doubted if his power of conciliating men and fixing their affections surpasses that of the Prime Minister of the Dominion. I am sure that in sober, strong sense the balance is in favour of the Canadian statesman. There is nothing viewy about Sir John Macdonald. Though a man of imagination, reason is lord every time.

Sir John Macdonald is perhaps the only man in the House whose speaking combines all the qualities necessary to complete effectiveness as a debater, and whose speeches could be pointed to with justice as useful models. They combine clearness and fulness of statement, vigorous reasoning, ample information, the play of fancy, the light of wit; and they have what no other speeches heard in that House since Thomas D'Arcy McGee and Joseph Howe were there, the flavour of literary culture. In the old world gentlemen are accustomed to put their whiskey in a wine cask to improve the flavour. Everything flowery is offensive in oratory. Literary culture is not necessary to make a great orator. Nevertheless the ideal oratory will always come, as it were, from a vessel which has often been filled at Pierian founts—will betray a nature saturated with the thoughts and language of the great teachers of the world. 'We remember,' says an able writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, speaking of Lord Beaconsfield, 'to have heard him say in one of his felicitous after-dinner speeches, that the reason the Hebrews and the Greeks were by far the most powerful races in history is, that they had a literature. The same remark might apply to statesmen: no oratory, no diplomacy, no legislative ingenuity, confers so great and lasting an influence on a ruler of men as that which he derives from a combination of literary excellence with political power.'

There was one other man, indeed, in that House since the time of D'Arcy McGee and Howe all the movements

of whose mind were radiant with the gleam of the highest culture. I speak of one whose name I may, without affectation, say it is hard for me to write without renewing the tears which fell when I heard of his death. Strong in all the faculties of mind, without affectation, wholly free from conceit, so noble that envy died in his company, he was made to do great things with ease, and to win rapid success with universal acclamation. He was an innate gentleman. Only those who were bad could know him without loving him. He was that 'good man' of whom St. Paul speaks, for whom those who might hesitate to sacrifice themselves for the just, 'would almost dare to die.' A great loss to the bench, he will, if possible, be a greater loss to his University. He was calculated to supply that literary feeling which is so conspicuous by its absence in the foremost offices of the University, and the absence of which is so much to be regretted. Men who, having taken their degree, plunge into a laborious profession, and spend twenty or thirty years in the legal mill, unless they are endowed with the happiest aptitudes, and have (this does not happen once in five hundred times) cultivated these, will generally have as much literary flavour about them as a smoked herring. Chief Justice Moss, or 'Tom Moss,' as he is still affectionately called—having shown how well he was calculated to serve his country in parliament, passed on to the Bench, whence, having for all too brief a period presided over the highest Court in the Province, with rare dignity and success, and given promise of making a name in Canada such as Mansfield made in England, has gone from honours and hopes and usefulness. If the harsh fates might have been broken! If the gods had only loved him less well! With his passing out of parliament the hope of adding something more of colour and grace and charm to its debates was destroyed for the time. There are distinguished graduates in parliament, but they only prove that a man may apparently be educated at our universities without becoming cultivated, just as one sometimes sees the star of knighthood glitter on the breast of one who does not know what a chivalrous impulse is. We have a few proprietors of newspapers, and they represent a most important interest. But the proprietor of a newspaper is not necessarily the subject of the refining and elevating influences of literature any more than a blind milch cow belonging to Mathew Arnold must prove the embodiment of 'sweetness and light.'

Mr. Blake, were he a man of ordinary force, would hardly deserve the name of an orator. The greatest—the most essential—gift for an orator is force, and this he has in the highest degree. 'Force,' says a great authority, 'is the sole characteristic excellence of an orator; it is almost the only one that can be of any service to him.' This is stating the case too strongly. Again, the same writer says: 'To be a great orator does not require the highest faculties of the human mind, but it requires the highest exertion of the common faculties of our nature.' Mr. Blake's intellect is strong, well equipped, quick. His mastery of facts is astonishing. He is hardly so successful when he deals with figures. His command of language leaves little to be desired for immediate effectiveness. But there is a total absence of literary tissue in his speeches, and there being nothing to relieve the excellent monotony, they are not easy reading—and how speeches will read has become an important question in modern times. But this is a point I must recur to again. I have not the least doubt that if Mr. Blake were to go into the English House of Commons now, he would in a very brief time be in a Liberal ministry. The fight for the first place would soon be

between him and Sir William Harcourt, and the result would be easy to forecast.

Mr. Mackenzie is one of the very first debaters in Parliament, and his speaking not only indicates with what strong powers nature endowed him, but how much is within the reach of assiduous cultivation. No one on hearing his first speech could have believed he would ripen into a consummate master of parliamentary discussion. He is always ready, be the subject what it may. His vast stores of political knowledge have been amassed in the course of a life devoted to party warfare, on which probably an idle day never dawned. Mr. Forster, the present Secretary for Ireland, is the man he reminds me of; but he is readier than Mr. Forster, and has a better style and better delivery.

Sir Charles Tupper's most distinguishing characteristic, like that of Mr. Blake's, is force. Though he has not the scholarship nor finish of Mr. Gladstone, it is with Mr. Gladstone—were I searching for a comparison—I should compare him. Yet they are dissimilar in so many other ways, that the choice does not seem happy. They are alike however, in this. Extraordinary capacity for work, power of going from place to place, and making great speeches with little or no time for rest or study. Different in kind, his command of expression is as ready and effective as Mr. Gladstone's. He has the faculty of growth—the sure mark of a superior mind when found in a man over forty. He has, in recent years, soared beyond himself, and developed a lightness of touch which one would not have suspected to have been within his reach.

I am sure both he and Mr. Blake speak too long. If they could take off about thirty per cent. in time without impairing the texture of thought; if they could pack closer; how much more effective both would be. Sir Charles Tupper is not content while a single wall of the enemy's defences remains standing. Mr. Blake elaborates details in accordance with the habit of years, and can hardly resist the lure of a technicality. Neither seems ever to have considered that a suggestion for a popular audience may be as good as a syllogism; that the arch of a pregnant thought may be trusted to round itself to completeness in the quick sympathy of the hearer. When I said something like this to a gentleman, whose duty keeps him a close observer of parliament, he replied: 'But then Blake and Tupper must cease to be Blake and Tupper.' The extraordinary force of both these remarkable men has made them careless of arts absolutely necessary to others.

I have given my opinion of the career which would await Mr. Blake in the English Parliament. If Sir Charles Tupper went into the English House of Commons now, before two years had elapsed—that being about the time it would take him to master English politics—he would be leader of the Conservative party in that chamber. The party wants a leader there. Sir Stafford Northcote is a respectable mediocrity, and pitting him against the Liberal leaders is like throwing a Christian to the lions. There is no use in trying to make a leader of a party out of anything short of first-class material. The result is always debilitating to the party, and disappointing and mortifying to the individual. The weight of responsibility would, as was the case with Mr. Gladstone, develop in Sir Charles Tupper unsuspected strength for the position. Before Mr. Gladstone assumed the leadership, it used to be said he could not lead; he was a good second, and a splendid speaker, but that was all. The time came when his leadership was acknowledged to be a necessity to his party. The incapable and the envious always bark at clever men, and even sometimes succeed in worrying them, until these fulfil their destiny, and then the barking and snarling are exchanged for fawning

and feet-licking. 'Why don't you follow the hounds as I do?' said a sportsman to a witty, ailing statesman. 'I make the hounds follow me,' was the prompt reply.

The distinguishing characteristic of Sir Leonard Tilley is sincerity. No man could appear more lost in his subject. This is a great element in persuasiveness. This earnestness is enhanced by a style of pure Saxon and unaffected simplicity. His ease of expression would at once mark him out in the English House of Commons, and the 'auctoritas' with which he speaks give him weight and secure a following. He has the rare power of making a budget speech interesting, a power which no Chancellor of the Exchequer I ever heard in the English House of Commons had, Mr. Gladstone, of course, always excepted, who, in the art of financial statement, leaves all other men behind.

Sir Richard Cartwright—perhaps at once the severest and the most eulogistic thing that could be said of him, is that he never does justice to himself. He can hit hard, but his desire to hit too hard sends the blow wide. In the course of his speech he made a quotation which was first employed for political purposes by Mr. Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke. They are noble lines, but the House laughed when they were quoted, evidently supposing them to be of a humorous character—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.

Happy is the man who has not, one time or other, been placed in this dreadful dilemma. The situation is tragic. But, owing to some want of manner in the orator, the House evidently supposed they were humorous lines. Sir Richard Cartwright reminds me of a former Home Secretary, Mr. Ayrton. But Sir Richard is a better read man, with stronger powers of thought and expression. Mr. Ayrton had not more sweetness and light than Sir Richard. What an Ayrton did, therefore, a Cartwright could have done.

Mr. Macdougall is a finished speaker. Rather a great debater than a great orator, he has nearly every gift by which a man can command the attention of his fellow-men; presence, delivery, a noble diction, constitutional grasp, a mind well stored with political facts. He is not so much wanting in passion as in sympathy. He has no humour. A formidable critic, the independent turn of his mind would have suited him more for the arena of English than Canadian politics. Where great questions agitated men's minds, in times of commotion and peril, he might have made a party follow him. But he has too little of that most attractive of all elements in character or manner,—the power of creating personal attachment,—to secure a following under less heroic conditions.

Speaking, now-a-days, is hardly intended to persuade parliaments. The orator has the audience outside the House in his eye. But a long speech is undoubtedly a bar in the way of getting at the popular mind. I am greatly mistaken if the masses care to follow lengthy elaborations of detail, and would not be more easily influenced by broad, bold effects. The length is the more serious when there is nothing but a vigorous discussion of the subject matter to bear the reader on. The road is a good macadamized road, but there are no happy fields, no wooded vistas, no glimpses of the distant sea, to gladden and relieve the eye. You might hear Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Blake for ever, without finding any reason to suspect they had committed the crime of reading a book. All this is undoubtedly a measure of their power. But it is a reason why compression and brevity should, as far as is consistent with effectiveness, be studied.

What, however, is pardonable in leaders, whose vigour of delivery makes us forget the clock is without excuse in smaller men. There is reason to believe that many think a long speech

a great speech; 'So and so made a great speech, he spoke for four hours, or five hours, or six hours,' as the case may be.

The weak point of the average politician is the desire to make a great speech. Some such receipt as the following seems to be present to the mind of the budding Demosthenes :—

Take long extracts from the leading organ of the opposite party. Mix these with quotations from the speeches of your opponents. Throw in a little bitterness. Let there be a currant or two of slander and a plum of scurrility. Make an incongruous piece of pastry of the whole, and there you are. Don't forget the figures—not of speech, which yet must not be forgotten, and need not be elegant,—but of arithmetic. These are a perfect God-send for the orator who aims at drawing out his 'linked sweetness' for hours. Let them be drawn up in battalions, so as in their stern array to be all but incomprehensible and entirely repulsive to the ordinary reader, and your great speech is complete. Add to this an old joke or two, of which you will have forgotten the point, and a poetic quotation, without the least relevancy, to be introduced with the words 'as the poet says.' Be sure when your ideas, or somebody else's, are failing you to cry out, 'Well, Mr. Speaker! What do we find? What do we find, sir? Yes, Mr. Speaker—what do we find?' Whereupon you will draw out of your pocket a yellow bit of newspaper of ten or twenty years before, and while you uplift your finger you will read the precious contents to a deeply interested and edified assembly. Conclude by hinting that the leader of the party opposed to you is a brigand or an unconvicted felon, and having shaken your fist at him and prophesied that he will meet some disgraceful end, sit down with the consciousness that you have contributed to the immortal pages of *Hansard*, at large expense to your contemporaries, a monument of which posterity would see you where it is said the wicked do not cease from troubling, ere they would read a line. It would be natural for a retailer of cheese or sausages to measure a speech by the yard or the pound weight. But looked on as a means of persuasion this test is hardly conclusive.

No man would call a painting great because it covered miles of canvas, or a house a great building because it sprawled over half an acre of land, or a poem a great poem because it contained as many verses as Homer and Virgil combined ever wrote. If a picture produces great and striking and true effects, though the scale may be small, we say it is a great painting. The extent to which strength, beauty and utility are combined will decide the character of a building. In the poem, quality is the sole test. A few verses have stirred the hearts of nations, and almost regenerated men. If Burns never wrote anything but 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' he would stand out in history as a great poet. He wants to create heroic emotion, and in a few lines he strikes, with fingers of fire, not merely on the master chords of the Scottish nature, but on those which are common to them with all brave peoples. He touches his own countrymen at once as men and Scotchmen. The man with Scotch blood in his veins that could read this song without being a follower of Bruce for the time, and desiring to die for his country, would not deserve to live. Men, not Scotchmen, can never repeat that song without longing to be soldiers and feeling a deep hunger for battle, just as Campbell's lines on the death of Nelson wake up the smouldering fires of the sea king in the blood—the reachings out after adventure, and daring deeds, the charms of danger, the rough caresses of the stormy sea.

Reasoning from analogy, one should expect that when people spoke of great speeches they would mean great utterances, which had produced great

effects on men as rational or emotional beings, or as both. When Napoleon, seeking to stir the imagination of his soldiery, told them forty centuries looked down on them, he made a great speech ; so did Nelson, when he sent, like a bugle-call from ship to ship, the stirring words for ever associated with Trafalgar. When the American orator, dwelling on the duty of his countrymen in a great emergency, pointed to Washington's portrait and said : 'If those pictured lips could speak,'—he made a great speech if he never said another word. He had said more to to move his countrymen than if he had delayed them with arguments and bewildered them with carefully arranged statistics regarding the evil of the policy he deprecated. When the Duke of Wellington said, 'The Queen's Government must be carried on,' he uttered a great speech by which he made converts by the dozens. When yet a little boy I heard the Rev. Hugh Stowell preach. He took for his text the words, 'Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;' and commenced thus, 'The bird that sings the sweetest and soars the highest is the bird that makes his nest the lowest.' There was a great sermon which I have never forgotten. How brief are Paul's letters—but what colossal effects they have produced and continue to produce! These are great utterances on religious subjects. You have profound thought combined with heroic devotion—either of which will make a great sermon—which is a speech delivered on a religious subject and for practical ends. Whitfield had no thought. There is nothing, as people say, in his sermons. But look at the effect he produced—the fervid soul melting his hearers. In the same way the inner fire burned out on the hearers of Wesley.

Mr. Rainsford puts more work into his sermons now, than he used when he first came amongst us, but his sermons are not so effe tive. Then you felt that a really fervid soul was speaking to you, and his blunders of thought and expression were trifles. But the fire is low now ; the *rôle* of the evangelist, not that of the thinker, is what he was most suited for.

On a recent occasion at St. Alban's, Ottawa, Dr. Jones denounced the frivolity of the capital, declared it was given up to the worship of Bacchus and Venus, and then supposing the apostle to visit the city, elaborates a dialogue between the incumbent of St. Alban's, full of forms and ceremonies, and the rugged apostle of the Gentiles, who set no store by things indifferent. The apostle addressed Dr. Jones as 'Mr. Presbyter,' and 'Friend Presbyter.' I never met Paul. But I am familiar with his writings, and hold the theory that the style is the manifestation of the man. The reader may judge of my astonishment on this occasion, when I found that Paul carried his principle of being all things to all men, so far as to transform himself into the double of Dr. Jones. Versatility has never been emphasized as a characteristic of the devoted Jew. Great progress is, no doubt, possible in the other world. Be that as it may, Paul was no longer the Paul with a hurrying style, thoughts struggling for expression, aspirations divinely heroic, self-abnegation to the death. No; he spoke remarkably like Dr. Jones. 'I pe ceive,' said the Apostle, 'that some persons take an interest in the ornamentation of the house of God. I see "Alpha" and "Omega" under which name the Lord had revealed himself to my brother John, over the sacred table where the commemoratory "sacrifice" is offered. I see many divine symbols —and in my day people believed in symbols—but where are the people?' Very like Paul! Very like a whale. The whole thing was like a bandbox getting up a dialogue between itself and a thunder cl oud.

If St. Paul really entered that church on that day, what he would have asked

was, not where the people were, but where were the men to preach the Gospel. The Apostle (according to Jones) spoke at great length, and was very severe on the people, but his severity created only amusement, smiling and tittering being the order of the day. He said nothing about the extraordinary language held at the Church Conference in Toronto, the Bishop telling 'his' clergy to cultivate only a 'street recognition' with men every whit as well bred and well educated as they, and, above all, engaged in the same great work; Mr. Rainsford bringing an indictment against a whole body of Christians, which an explanation did not improve. Where are the great pulpit speeches to come from in the Church of England when such is the spirit which is abroad? From Dr. Potts, Dr. Hunter, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and Principal Grant of Kingston, I have heard sermons which showed that the men were alive to the problems of the time. But in my own church I find feebleness the rule, and a childish devotion to forms and fripperies, ecclesiastical millinery, band box devotion, and spiritual conceit founded on mistaken theories. Such language as that held at the Church Conference—and it is a sample of some I have heard from the pulpit—betrays the vices without the virtues of bigotry; we have the intolerance without the earnestness. The attack on the Methodists was doubly inappropriate from Mr. Rainsford, because his chief claim to recognition seemed to be that he was what somebody declared the poet Southey to be, 'a Methodist of the Church of England.' The most striking thing about him originally was—and this enabled him to preach effective sermons—that he was an old country University man, in the Church of England, with the opinions and manners of Moody and Sankey. When do sermons anywhere out of one or two churches move men now? There are essays bad, good and indifferent—mostly bad. But where is the wind amongst the dry bones? The amount of religious activity apart from the social activity which is called religious, is very small. No doubt the heart is hard, and the devil active. But this is all the more reason why fire is needed to fight the one and melt the other.

At the bar there is no limit as to the length of a speech, but the exhaustion of all the arguments that can be stated for your case. The forensic orations of Demosthenes are three and four and five times as long as his political speeches. In addressing a jury, the one thing to consider is the result. O'Connell used to say: 'A good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is the thing.' Crabb Robinson, in his 'Diary,' tells of one Henry Cooper, who was his senior on circuit, and in many respects an extraordinary man. His memory, his cleverness, his attainments were striking, but so adds the diarist, was his want of judgment, and it often happened that his clever and amusing hits told as much against as for his client. One day he was entertaining the whole Court, when Rolfe (afterwards Lord Cranworth), whispered to Crabb Robinson, 'How clever that is! How I thank God I am not so clever.' Cooper was forgetting the object he he should have in view and sacrificing his client's interests to his own vanity.

I am sick of speeches made from the pulpit, made at the bar, made in politics, under the inspiration of vanity. But, in politics, and especially in the House of Commons—owing to *Hansard*—speaking up to a misleading and degrading standard is most common. Many useful things are forgotten, but most of all, that the power of attention is limited. After the main arguments for or against a measure have been stated once or twice, the proper thing for any speaker who follows is to refer to these arguments, not to state them afresh, and then to proceed to make some new points. This course is common sense; it is respectful to parliament; it is respectful to one's self; it

is considerate for the time and money of the country; it is the surest passport to success. If the same thing is to be repeated over and over again, it is not to listen I want but to sleep. If a fresh point has occurred to a speaker, by going over old points, he obscures what would prove interesting and enlightening. In the House and the papers the next day the old and worn and threadbare repel, and the one or two useful things never reach the mind.

At the core of all sound criticism on human efforts are two questions—What is the end aimed at? How far has the end been gained? These two questions, applied as a wise man would apply them, ought to be exhaustive. The end aimed at by a cutler in making a knife is to produce an implement which shall cut. But numberless side considerations have to be taken into account. A clear conception of the object sought is not enough to enable one to give an authoritative opinion. There must be in the mind of the critic a knowledge of what has already been achieved in the particular field; the possibilities within the grasp of arduous endeavour there; he should apprehend how effects may be most economically produced; his idea of man should be as wide and various as that complex mystery, so as to see how far all the keys of life are touched, and whether in each case to harmonious or discordant issues. The convenient habit of fixing attention on mental functions has made us the slaves of a barren and futile analysis, weakened our hold on the fact that the mind is one, affected in its constitution through all the range of its capacities by whatever appeals to the smallest of its powers. The common-place circumstance of a sound tooth aching in sympathy with one the subject of decay has moral analogies. For whatever is said or done, an ideal standard would exact regard to man's nature in all its manifold developments. The lofty and the practical really meet. A high inspiration never fails to reach the inmost springs of even the meanest hearer, though sinister motives may countervail the suggestions of the better nature. The soul, like a stronghold, is soonest taken when approached from all sides.

Henry Flood, who created, in the face of corruption, in the teeth of unscrupulous power unscrupulously used, in a parliament of pensioners and placemen, an opposition, could never have done this at that time, had he not united to strong logical faculties, statesmanlike attainments and scathing invective, a charm of expression at once manly and attractive, which won attention from the interested and unwilling. The influence exercised by Mr. Bright is due not only to his force, or to his reasoning power. Whatever cause he advocates gains incalculably, because, while he seeks to convince, he makes certain he shall delight. I once heard Mr. Lowe, in the midst of a denunciation of Mr. Bright's opinions, say he would walk twenty miles any day in the year to hear him speak. An old friend of mine, the late Professor Rushton, sought to learn the secret of the great tribune's charm. Waiting on him, he asked—1st, whether, in his opinion, the orator was born and not made? 2nd, whether he (Mr. Bright) had carefully studied the ancient orators? 3rd, to what he attributed his command over the English tongue? Mr. Bright replied that, in his opinion, the orator was born and not made, that he had not studied the ancient orators, and hardly thought doing so would repay time and trouble, and that whatever facility he possessed in conveying his ideas to his fellows, was due to the constant perusal of old English poetry. The scent of old English songs pervades his style. It is wrought in with web and woof. This is the only way literature can be of any value to a speaker. Lugging in a quotation for purposes of grace only, is putting a jewel in a swine's snout; the hog is

not less a hog; indeed, his swinish qualities are emphasized by the incongruous gems. Sterne, I think it is, who says that the dwarf who brings a standard of height along with him is something worse than a dwarf.

All that we know of public speakers who have attained eminence, from Demosthenes to Bright, shows that excellence can be had only at the price of hard work. The genius of oratory does not smile on us without years of courtship. Mr. Gladstone, some time ago, dwelt on the evidence of painstaking thought and labour found in the MS. of Mr. Canning. How Brougham worked is familiar to all who have read the works of that great but vain and garrulous man. Yet, probably, there is no art in which so many are ambitious of excellence as that of speaking, and in which they think success so easy.

Now, what is the end aimed at in speaking—whether in the forum, from the pulpit, or in the Senate? Lectures do not properly come under the head of speeches. The name imports that a lecture is a composition thought out, and prepared, and written in the study for the purpose of being read. If a lecture pleases, if it has enabled you to pass an evening pleasantly or instructively, it has justified itself. Not so a sermon, a legal argument, an address to a jury, a speech in Parliament or on the stump. What raises the sermon, the legal argument, the jury speech, the political harangue, infinitely above the lecture is this—they all contemplate action as an end. And so far as any one of them, or any part of any one of them, is not instinct with this aim, the speaker is guilty of impertinence. The end aimed at is not to delight the imagination or tickle the fancy, though delighting the imagination and tickling the fancy help you on your way, but to convince the judgment. How can this best be done? By giving adequate reasons why the course you propose must be considered the best, and inflaming the passions so as to bring them to your aid. The logic should be red hot. Most oratory in modern times is addressed to the masses of the inhabitants of the country of the orator. Therefore a speech, or sermon, or oration, which aims at persuasion must be easy of comprehension, must appeal to the understanding, must court the weaknesses of those whom we try to persuade, and must pay some regard to the fact that we do not live in antediluvian times, when, no doubt, a few years might be spared to digest a discourse.

A great deal of the speaking in the course of the Syndicate debate was excellent, a great deal made me fancy that the speakers had forgotten all that Hazlitt says on the subject of oratory, with the exception of his striking but only half-true words, 'that modesty, impartiality and candour, are *not* the virtues of a public speaker.' They certainly forgot that brevity is. The first men in the British Parliament rarely speak beyond an hour or an hour and a quarter. The latter is the utmost limit Mr. Bright used to allow himself. Mr. Cobden always spoke within moderate compass. Mr. Gladstone is diffuse. Yet his speech moving the House into Committee to consider the Acts relating to the Irish Church, contained only twelve thousand words. His speech on March 2nd, 1869, bringing in the church measure—a large question necessitating a detailed statement and elaborate calculations, contained only 22,680 words. Sir Charles Tupper's speech introducing his Syndicate resolutions, contained 36,000 words; Mr. Blake's reply 32,400 words. Mr. Lowe's speech on the second reading of the Borough Franchise Bill, 1866 contained 6,960 words; his speech on the first reading of the Representation of the People's Bill, 9,280 words; on the second reading, 16,008 words. Grattan's great speech on the rights of Ireland, contained 13,524 words; on 'Simple Repeal,' in reply to Mr. Flood, 7,674 words; his philippic

against Flood, 2,352 words; the first of his anti-union speeches, 5,880 words. Windham's 'Defence of the Country,' one of the longest of his speeches, contained 8,280 words; Huskinson's great speech on the 'Effects of the Free Trade system on the Silk Manufacture,' 23,322 words.

Now let us look again at home, and we shall, at all events, see abundant reason to be proud of the industry of our public men:—

Mr. Langevin's speech contained 17,640 words; Sir Richard Cartwright's, 14,440; Mr. McLennan's, 5,760; Mr. Ives', 12,600; Mr. Laurier's, 5,580; Mr. Anglin's, 11,520; Mr. Mills', 16,560; Mr. McCallum's, 4,320; Mr. Coursol's, 3,960; Mr. Charlton's, 12,235; Mr. Patterson's (Essex), 4,402; Mr. Rinfert's, 3,900; Mr. Gigault's, 2,850; Mr. Lanley's, 5,760; Mr. Ross's (Middlesex), 12,135; Mr. Rykert's, 12,500; Mr. Cockburn's (Muskoka), 4,320; Mr. Mackenzie's, 7,200; Mr. Dawson's, 3,950; Mr. Wright's, 3,420; Sir A. Smith's, 10,420; Dr. Bergin's, 9,360; Mr. Orton's, 4,860; Sir John Macdonald's, 6,840; Mr. Blake's (proposing amendment and exclusive of this), 30,000; Sir Leonard Tilley's, 7,187; Mr. Kirkpatrick's, 10,440; Mr. Guthrie's, 10,799; Mr. White's (Cardwell), 18,000; Mr. Casey's, 5,400; Mr. Macdougall's, 9,360; Mr. Cameron's (Victoria), 5,580; Mr. Scott's, 3,240; Mr. White's (Renfrew), 1,580; Mr. Rymal's, 5,040; Mr. Tassé's, 5,080; Dalton McCarthy's, 7,560.

A great man as well as orator placed Demosthenes at the head of the art of speaking, and when we think of the orations of the patriotic, fearless, but prudent Athenian statesman, much as we believe and rejoice in the daily press, we cannot but bless God that there was a time in the world's history when the newspaper was unknown. Had newspapers existed in the days of Demosthenes, what quotations we should have had from the leading papers of Athens and Macedon. We should have had—did I say? The orations of Demosthenes would never have been thought worthy of being handed down to posterity. Judged by the standard of the mediocre members of either party in Canada, how poor Demosthenes shines! Why his first olynthiac does not contain two thousand five hundred and twenty words; the second only two thousand seven hundred; the third two thousand eight hundred and eighty. When the Alabamas of Philip were chasing Athenian commerce from the Ægean, the first philippic was delivered. If we assume that the whole of this oration was spoken at the same time, and allow six pages for the statement of ways and means, and four for the letter of Philip to the Eubœans, we have seven thousand two hundred and eighty words. The oration by which he averted war, bearing down a host of flattering orators, contains only 1,960 words. The third and fourth philippic contain respectively 10,080 and 6,480 words.

I do not care much what other people have done. I prefer to ask what, under any given circumstances, the reason of the case suggests. I will not say the above figures make out any case against Mr. Blake or Dr. Tupper, because we live in an age when the mind is more arithmetical than it used to be. Nor does a subject often arise in which so many calculations must be made as in this last great issue connected with the Pacific Railway. But if Grattan, a leader, could say all it was necessary for him to say on the 'Rights of Ireland,' in 13,524 words: on 'Simple Repeal,' in 7,624 words; against the 'Union,' in 5,880 words; if Windham could say all he wanted on the 'Defence of the Country,' in 8,280 words; if Demosthenes, in less than 8,000 words, could state the case against Philip of Macedon; if the same great statesman and leader could usually overbear all opposition by his logical and fervid thoughts, bristling with solid arguments, compressed into from two to

three thousands words—is it not likely that the subordinate members of both parties speak too long, when they equal or exceed the limits allowed themselves by such great leaders as I have mentioned? The speeches of Fox, Channing, Pitt, would yield like results with those analysed.

Easy writing makes hard reading. The same is true of easy speech-making. South, when complimented on the shortness of a sermon, characterised by his usual eloquence, said, that had he had time he would have made it shorter. To realize the fulness of suggestion in the above statistics it must be borne in mind that those men who spoke thus briefly thought long and burned the midnight oil, gave muscle to reason, wings to imagination, and the eagle-glance to high purpose, by conversation with the best and greatest subjects. They were not thinking how to rig a convention, but how to become great men—great intrinsically, so that they could bear to have their official trappings taken from them and stand forth in all the naked majesty of inherent power. The hero is not less a hero when stripped of his star, and the great orator brings himself, as somebody said of Burke, along with him. He has not on each occasion when it is necessary for him to plead the cause of his country to retire to make himself up like a meretricious beauty. He does not fear surprise. He does not shrink from conversation. The outlines of his mind, as presented to the public, will bear pinching. '*Nemo poterit esse*,' says Cicero, who took all knowledge for his province, *omni laude cumulatus orator, nisi erit omnium rerum magnarum atque artium scientiam consecutus.*' It is not poring over the *Globe* or *Mail*, and filling a scrap-book with the rags of political discussion which will make an orator—by which, I mean, a speaker approaching the maximum of utility and practical effectiveness, able to counsel wisely and persuade men to follow his counsels; not guzzling champagne and eating heavy dinners; not an eye to the main chance and swaggering delight in your own abasement; not small spurts of study and long lapses of idleness. The true orator must have a love of justice, a hatred of wrong, a delight in liberty, a passion for the people's welfare, wide knowledge mastered into system by prolonged reflection on the problems of his time; his heart must have been compounded by nature in her most generous mood, and his brain originally strong, made supple, swift, hardy, enduring, by incessant training and persistent toil.

I have not, of course, heard all the speakers, and can only speak of those I heard. Among these, I was much struck by the speaking of Messrs. Ross, Laurier, Cameron (Huron), Guthrie, Charlton and Rymal, on the Opposition side; and by Messrs. Cameron (Victoria), Plumb, White, of Cardwell, and White, of Renfrew, Royal, Rykert, and Dalton McCarthy. In one or two instances, there was repulsive and discordant slang. But, as a rule, the distinguishing feature of the speaking of these gentlemen, was grappling with the question in an independent and business-like way. They seemed to be aware, on the whole, that the duty of a speaker is to seize the question by the throat, to worry it with his own incisors and molars, and, not like a caterpillar on decaying leaves, to draw out an ignoble rhetorical existence on the strength of scraps of newspapers; nor yet to prove himself a statesman by severely trying his own and his audience's physical strength, while hurling through space common-places or well-worn arguments, as though they were thunderbolts just forged in a mind active with the stormy vigour of great powers engaged on a momentous theme. In their speeches, on the whole, there was little or none of impotent invective or purloined vivacity; nor, save in one instance, quotations sanctioned originally by a master's use with the edge of brightness

taken off by currency for half a century. Mr. Guthrie spoke like a gentleman, and in a manner to do credit to parliament; Mr. Ross (Middlesex), with much force but, as I think, at too great length; Mr. Cameron (Huron), with the force of a practical man and an astute lawyer; while Mr. Laurier's manner is imbued with the best parliamentary traditions. I wish the people of the Dominion, who are accustomed to read little sneers at Mr. Plumb had heard his speech. Vigorous, terse, pointed, it showed that he has the growing mental energy of a young man full of the future, and his university training and its memories active and enlivening. Mr. Royal's speech was a masterly effort, and Mr. Thomas White's in matter and manner left nothing to be desired.

'Tam knows what's what, full brawley.'

Mr. White, of Renfrew, spoke briefly, but with weight and point. This was debating; 'spreading' oneself is not debating. Mr. Hector Cameron's speech made every one regret he does not speak oftener. Although a great lawyer, and accustomed to meet judges and juries, he had that slight nervousness as he launched off which, according to Cicero, never fails sometime or other to manifest itself in a speaker who has the root of the matter in him. Forcible and dignified, practical and original, his speech displayed a facile command of a fine parliamentary style. Mr. Dalton McCarthy reasons closely and sticks to his point. He is ready, instructive, painstaking and practical. He is emphatically a useful member. Mr. Rymal fell into a hackneyed quotation: (Will nobody catch and kill those fleas, big and little, for ever biting and for ever reappearing?) and I do not fear being accused of hypercriticism, when I say that one of his sallies was not in good taste. To call a man a pocket edition of Judas Iscariot, because he interrupts you may be very clever, though I fail to see it. I noticed it made men on both sides of the House laugh. It may have been insulting, but two blacks will not make a white, and however insulting, it did not justify Dr. Orton, who, as a professional man, has had presumably advantages which were denied his opponents, in referring to certain functions at one time discharged by Mr. Rymal, functions it may be remarked in passing, not one whit more repulsive than those discharged every day by medical men. If an employment is honest and useful, there is no reproach in having followed it, though it may not be of a character, proficiency in which would lead to your being knighted. Dr. Orton's sally called forth the remark from Rymal, that he was engaged just then in currying down a jackass. And all this is embalmed amid sweets of the same kind in the immortal pages of *Hansard!* Mr. Rymal is coarse. But he is no popinjay; and the way he was listened to shows how glad an audience is to hear any one possessing real individuality. Mr. Rykert spoiled a good speech by quoting at the end an absurd travesty of a nursery rhyme. With this exception, Mr. Rykert's effort was up to a high mark.

And speaking of quotation, what is its use? The use is like that of an illustration, to make a point or situation more vivid, more emphatic, by a new light, by a suggestion which may be ridiculous, elevating, degrading, which enables you sometimes to put in the hearer's mind what you hardly dare, and could not, put into your own words. The praise which would be fulsome in prose may be elegantly conveyed by a line of poetry, and where prose would fall blunt and innocuous a rhyme will often cling and sting. A well-chosen quotation is like a diamond, useful as a noble kind of ornament and capable of cutting through the brittle sophistry of a pretender. Poetical quotations, however, are not necessary, and therefore their use must always be justified by success. To apply lines of playful satire written on a man of stupendous genius

to an opponent of great talent is not to hit him with a sword, but to crown him with a diadem beyond his rank; while to make quotations for the sake of quoting is to invite to a banquet of choice dishes and fine wines and give nothing but wind and emptiness. If a hand-saw were to break into a smile the sight could hardly be more purposeless or bewildering on the spectator than is on an audience one of those helpless attempts to display a reading which does not exist, and the very suggestion of the existence of which is incongruous.

Reading speeches is a most reprehensible practice, and one which is unfortunately aided by the desks. The theory of the Chamber is that it is a place to think, to consider, to debate, to take counsel one of another. A written speech is an impertinence with the complexion of a fraud—the very name of Parliament shows that it is intended for the interchange of thought by spoken speech, and, therefore, of the man's own thoughts. But if a member is permitted to read speeches, he may employ a secretary to do his writing and his speech-making for him, just as some clergymen have been known to buy sermons at so much a dozen. Reading a speech may be an elaborate imposition on the public, and especially on the constituents of the member. One of the papers says Mr. Blake encourages the practice. If he does, he is, as leader of a party, guilty of a very high crime and a very great misdemeanour against the practice of Parliament and the best interests of his country. But I see no evidence that he does. The most ludicrous spectacle I ever saw was at Washington. A member of Congress, arms akimbo, a pile of printed matter before him, from which, striking a theatrical attitude, to a jabbering house, the 'speaker' read out his 'speech.'

Were the practice permitted, it would end in speeches being put in as read, which would more than ever transfer the consideration of questions from parliament to the stump. The stump has its use; parliament has its use. But the utility of both is impaired if their functions are not kept distinct. The real object of meeting in parliament is too much lost sight of. If one of the great fathers of parliamentary discussion were to enter our assemblies, and see the pages running hither and thither, whenever the snap of the fingers is heard, members writing, letters and books being sent off to the post, he would feel as much shocked as if he came on a Presbyterian divine keeping the Sabbath by line fishing and skimming a volume of 'Zola' or 'Ouida.'

I have, or think I have, a great deal more to say. But I must not offend against my own precepts. The audience I have been thinking of while writing thsee hurried lines is not in Ottawa but Toronto, not members of parliament, but the young men who meet every Saturday night in Osgoode Hall, and of whose generosity I have not been able to avail myself this winter as I did last. Unable to criticize them, I have criticised others for their sake—not less impartially, not less wholly free from all political motives, I hope, than if I were speaking in that convention where no politics are allowed to intrude—and as a pledge that my thoughts have often reverted to them, I dedicate to the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, this brief essay, which from first to last hints at rather than lays down, and establishes the propositions for which I would fain find a home in their minds, and kindred minds throughout the entire Dominion. The present belongs to older men, and may it long belong to them. But the future is for the young. Let them see to it that they shall be equal to their fate.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

OH, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it flows through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the minutes are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summers like buds between ;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing ;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper's chime,
And the tunes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasure there :
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
They are heaps of dust—but we loved them so !
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer ;
There's a harp unswept, and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air ;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night ;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May that Greenwood of soul be in sight.

'PROGRESS AND POVERTY,' AND THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

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

MR. HENRY GEORGE, as the reading world is now pretty generally aware, has produced a book in which some of the most important problems of political economy are treated from a new point of view. As to the merits of the work, considered as a contribution to economic and social science, opinion is, as might be expected, somewhat divided. In the eyes of some, it is the harbinger of a better time; in the eyes of others, it is a portent of revolution and social disorganization. As to the ability and force with which it is written, there is, however, but one opinion. The literary purist might here and there discover what seemed a flaw; but the work as a whole will be pronounced by any one competent to judge a splendid piece of composition. A man who can think as Mr. George thinks, and write as Mr. George writes, need not fear minute criticism; for the minute critic would be far more likely to render himself ridiculous by his trifling discoveries and objections than to impair the reputation of the work which he made the field of his industry. The book is one which will win its way more and more widely, because it is written to be read, and is, in point of fact, the most readable book, in the class to which it belongs, that has ever been given to the world. It is, in a certain sense, a treatise upon political economy; but, if previous treatises upon that subject had at all resembled it, we should never have heard political economy spoken of as the 'dismal science.' It was, however, precisely because the point of view taken by Mr. George was never seized by any earlier writer that political economy became 'the dismal science,'—a science that could never be reduced to scientific form; in which everything was at loose ends; and in which, from year to year, confusion seemed only to grow worse confounded. It is a somewhat significant fact that, up to the present, the regular or professional economists have fought shy of Mr. George. Prof. Cliffe Leslie is the only English economist of note, so far as I am aware, who has undertaken to criticise the new theories; and he, as every one knows, is not, in his own profession, 'of the straitest sect of the Pharisees.' If the economists will not notice it, however, the people will; and in that case the heresies of the book, if they are heresies, will only be the harder to deal with in the end for the conspiracy of silence with which they were met at the outset.

My object in the present paper is not to discuss the views put forward by Mr. George, so much as to consider how far a certain method of dealing with them, which is resorted to in the Editor's Table of the *Popular Science Monthly*, (February No.) is legitimate. The editor of that ably-conducted periodical finds that the author of 'Progress and Poverty,' places himself in opposition to the doctrine of Evolution; and, that being the case, dispenses with all specific objections to his theories, and waves him out of court as an unscien-

tific rebel against nature's laws. In order, however, that I may show how the issue arises between Mr. George and his evolutionist critic it will be necessary to give some little preliminary information as to the positions assumed by the former, in his—we may say—now famous work.

Mr. George attacks, in the first place, the celebrated 'wage-fund' theory of the economists, and attempts to show that wages do not in reality come out of capital, but that labour earns its own wages as it goes along. He gives various illustrations and proofs of this, starting from the simplest cases where one man is employed by another to gather food—berries, shell-fish, be it what it may—and is paid out of a portion of the proceeds of his own toil, and not at all out of any previously-stored capital of the employer. Passing to labour performed under more advanced and complex conditions, Mr. George shows that every moment of labour bestowed by an artisan adds to the market value of the object upon which he is working; and that if that object could be immediately turned into cash, the wages of the labourer would be found stored up there in the work of his hands. If wages were really paid out of capital, then a man's capital would be reduced by all the wages he paid out; whereas in point of fact it is *not*, seeing that, just as he pays out wages, the value of his stock—which, according to all economists, is part of his capital—increases. He has less capital in cash, but he has more capital in goods; and his first sales will help to restore the former balance. Take any manufacturing business that is in steady and successful operation: far the larger part of the capital employed in the business consists of buildings, machinery, and goods manufactured or in course of manufacture. Labour is constantly adding to the value of the latter; and, as goods are constantly being sold, that value is realized from day to to day. The labourers, on the other hand, are probably only paid by the week—some of them, such as clerks and bookkeepers, by the month—so that, instead of labour being in debt to capital, capital is constantly in debt to labour. The profit on the sales of the day must, on the average, exceed the wages of the day, or else the business is a losing one; so that, in the most literal sense, labour produces, day by day, its own wages. What capital does, as Mr. George fully explains, is to render certain forms of labour possible that, without it, would be impossible. The capitalist is the only man who can afford to *store up value in goods or permanent works*, the only man who can, on a large scale, transmute cash into other forms of capital, and await the time when the balance will be restored. But not for one moment does he willingly reduce his capital; though he may, under certain circumstances, run his cash balance very close; and, if his calculations have not been well made, may overstrain his resources and land himself in failure. This function of capital it is that has led previous economists to the doctrine that wages are everywhere paid out of capital, and that has burdened political economy with the preposterous 'wage-fund' theory—a theory, it will be remembered, that the late Mr. Mill was led, by the arguments of Mr. Thornton, to abandon, though without a complete perception of wherein its falsity lay. The wages of labour depend, according to Mr. George, not upon the volume of the 'wage-fund,' but upon the conditions under which labour can be exerted, the most important condition of all being the degree of facility and profit with which *labour can apply itself to land.* I do not here undertake to prove Mr. George's propositions, but simply to indicate what they are; and those who wish to see how this view, and others that follow, are sustained must refer for themselves to 'Progress and Poverty.'

Mr. George next attacks the Mal-

thusian doctrine, which, he holds, has owed its popularity to the singular manner in which it has appealed to the prejudices of both rich and poor. In this part of his book he gives a very encouraging exhibit of the resources at the disposal of civilized humanity, showing that the food of man is drawn at once from earth, sea and sky, that man, by his power of fostering the animal races that are serviceable to him, and destroying those that diminish his food supplies, occupies an altogether exceptional position in the creation; and, moreover, that, just as fast as population increases, labour, through increased subdivision, becomes more productive. Attention is also called to the fact that, as civilization becomes higher, as the mental powers become predominant, the rate of increase in population diminishes; so that, in all probability, long before the earth is fully peopled, a point will have been reached at which gain will do little more than balance loss.

The next question considered is that of the distribution of wealth, and Mr. George here discovers that economists generally have lost sight of an essential point—viz., that rent is a tax upon capital as well as upon labour, inasmuch as whatever tends to make labour less productive will also diminish the return which labour can afford to pay for the use of capital. He here catches sight, as he thinks, and as many will think with him, of the true cause of those periods of commercial and industrial stagnation which have been the source at once of such dire perplexity to speculative observers and of such dire distress to large sections of society. Land in civilized countries is an article in which all but unlimited speculation is allowed. It is of course the *sine qua non* of all human effort, and it is limited in extent. The monopolization of it by a few in any given country must be a source of severe suffering to the many, who, for the bare right to work upon a small portion of the soil so held in absolute ownership, have to resign far the larger part of the product of their labour. Still the sacred rights of property must not be invaded; and the multitudes must swarm and huddle as best they may in the small areas to which they are restricted; while the deer of my lord roam at large with all the freedom, and many times the dignity and safety, of their untamed ancestors in the primeval forest. But as the population of the earth is continually increasing, and as this alone gives increased value to land, the holders of land for sale or for rent are always tempted to discount the future by asking for their land the value which they anticipate it will have in a certain number of years. Particularly during a period of great commercial activity does land run up in nominal value, or, in other words, does the expectation of future increase in value become keen. For a time industry struggles with the increasing burden implied in exaggerated land values; but finally, without well knowing why, it succumbs; credit collapses; production slackens; employment fails; the tramp is 'abroad' in a very disagreeable sense; misery spreads and crime shows an upward tendency. Then the political economist is called in to survey the desolation, and give a professional opinion as to the cause,—'to give,' as Matthew Arnold has said, 'the ill he cannot cure a name.' Shaking his 'sapient head,' to quote the poet again, he sadly mutters, 'Over consumption!' But, scarcely have the words escaped his lips, before a brother doctor appears upon the scene, and, with equal gravity, pronounces it a bad case of 'over-production.' Then follows a discussion, that for instructiveness can only be equalled by Swift's 'Consultation of Four Physicians upon a Lord that was Dying.' Fortunately, the economic doctors do not administer any medicine; and the patient slowly recovers. But, how does he recover? Partly by the collapse, amongst other things of the artificial land values, and

partly by the steady creeping up of society to a point at which labour becomes again sufficiently productive to afford employment for capital. All this will be found very fully illustrated in Mr. George's book. He shows most conclusively, that labour and capital always prosper and suffer together, and that it is rent which, *by anticipating the future too greedily*, periodically starves both.

It is also shown, and we now come to the point which has given the book its title, that so long as land is held in absolute private ownership, and so long as there are physical difficulties of greater or less magnitude in the way of taking up land that is rent-free, the whole increase in the productiveness of labour caused by the introduction of improved methods or by simple growth of population, accrues to the landlord; so that, however civilization as regards the upper classes, may advance, the mere agricultural or mechanical labourer scarcely improves his status from age to age. In so far as his status is at all improved, it is through free land being rendered accessible, and the landlords being thus forced to award to labour a portion of its own enhanced productiveness. We thus see that railway extension in the United States, and cheap freights across the Atlantic, are lowering rents very seriously in England,—in other words, forcing the landlord to abandon a portion of the tax he had before levied on labour. Still the principle holds good, that ownership of the soil implies a right to all that is produced from it, less only what may be necessary to give a bare maintenance to labour; and that, under no circumstances, need a landlord, whose tenant or labourer cannot secure other land, allow the latter more than a bare maintenance, even though his labour, through improved methods and machinery, may be worth that of four men in an earlier age. Mr. George therefore contends that the reason why poverty is a constant attendant upon civilization and seems only to assume more hideous forms as civilization advances, is simply this, that possession of land entitles the holders to exact the whole product of labour, save only what is needed to maintain a succession of labourers. The system is of course modified in practice by what the economists call 'friction'—that is to say, by the humanity of individual employers of labour; but upon the whole it works with crushing and unpitying force.

In order that all classes in society may benefit from that advance in civilization and that increase in the productiveness of labour to which all contribute, it is necessary that any increase in values to which this gives rise should be distributed amongst all. Now, where is the progressive increase in the value of labour registered? Where is it stored up? It is registered, it is stored up, *solely in land.* While the products of labour become cheaper land becomes dearer. Why dearer? Because labour exerted upon it becomes, from generation to generation (in all progressive societies, at least), more and more fruitful. Now, what Mr. George holds—agreeing herein with Mr. Spencer and the late Mr. Mill—is that this increase in value never should have been allowed to accrue to private holders of property, but should have been laid hold of by the State for public purposes. It has so accrued, however, and Mr. George, waxing desperate over the evils which, as he believes, owe their existence mainly to this cause, proposes that the mistakes of the past should be remedied, at one stroke, by the adoption of such a system of taxation upon bare land values as should reduce all land to one level in point of market value, and that the money so raised should be a substitute for all other taxation. The scheme, in other words, looks to the abolition of rent, or, at least, to the application of it to public purposes; and to the liberation at once of industry from all the taxes

and imposts that now weigh upon it. This is free-trade with a vengeance, but it is free-trade, not as an absolute or metaphysical doctrine, but free-trade as the natural accompaniment of a natural mode of social existence. The chapter which Mr. George has devoted to the principles of taxation is one that will well repay perusal, and one which greatly helps the general argument of the book. The evils of indirect taxation have never been more strongly set forth. What is recommended is not really taxation at all, in the strict sense; for taxation is properly a levy upon the proceeds of individual labour, whereas, according to the scheme proposed, the State would simply apply to public purposes a portion, or the whole, of the annual value acquired by land, independently of individual exertions, while labour would go free.

It will be a matter of regret to all who have followed Mr. George's very lucid argument thus far, to find him supposing that this change could be carried into effect without some provision being made for the compensation of the present owners. Here his reasoning is so obviously at fault, that it would almost seem as if his object were rather to rouse attention to a very grave problem, than really to press an impracticable (because unjust) method of dealing with it. And no doubt it is the case that if people could once be led to see that, just as fast as the methods of industry improve, or as in any way whatever the working power of the world is increased, the main, and often the whole, advantage is reaped by the land-owner, and helps to place in his hands capital that he will afterwards loan on interest to those who have produced it, there would arise throughout the land an exceeding great cry for a reversal of so fundamentally unjust a system; and monopolists would only be too glad to meet the popular demand half way, lest a worse thing should happen to them. In every country the money value of the land, *as last sold*, is circulating as capital, subject to the highest rate of interest the market will allow; but that value was in the truest sense earned by the people, not by the land-owners as a class. The effect of the private ownership of land is thus constantly to push labour back to primitive conditions by gathering in the capital that it progressively accumulates; and this effect it has, not upon the humbler forms of labour only, but upon all labour. The land-owner himself, in so far as he is a labourer, has really divided interests, and might open a set of books in which the exactions of rent from his labour would be clearly shown.

Having thus propounded his remedy for pauperism considered as a wide-spread social evil, Mr. George advances a theory of his own, suggested by the whole previous course of his argument, as to the law of social progress; and here it is that he falls foul, as it appears, of the doctrine of Evolution. The law of progress, he says, is 'Association in Equality,' or, as he understands the words, association under conditions of justice. When tens of thousands of servile backs are bending beneath the burdens imposed by one taskmaster, there is association, but not association in equality; and there we see progress arrested at an early stage. Great material works, such as the pyramids, may remain; but the civilization that produced them has perished from the face of the earth. Progress depends, says Mr. George again, upon the application of thought, of mental power, to progressive purposes; and, as mental power is a limited quality, what can be applied to progressive purposes is only what is left over after non-progressive purposes, such as maintenance of the existing status, and any wasteful conflicts in which the community may be engaged, have been satisfied. Consequently those conditions, whatever they may be, which set free for progressive purposes the greatest amount of physical, mental and moral

energy, are the conditions under which the most rapid and continuous progress will be made. This may sound like a truism, but all truths become truisms when seen in a sufficiently strong light. Now manifestly a state of society in which perfect justice obtains between man and man, in which every man can reap where he has sown, and gather where he has strawed, and not only so, but reap *all* he has sown, and gather *all* he has strawed; and in which (by necessary implication) *no man will be allowed to do more*, will be that in which there will be the smallest loss of force in useless friction and the largest surplus available for growth and improvement.

This, in substance, is Mr. George's theory; and it is to this that, in the name of evolution, a strong opposition is filed. 'It sounds,' says the *Popular Science Monthly*, 'like last-century talk, before science had entered upon the investigation, and ignores a whole continent of facts that have been upheaved during the last two or three generations, and which are fundamental to any theory of human advancement.' The force of this criticism is not, to my mind, very apparent. Mr. George does not necessarily 'ignore' facts which the enquiry on which he has entered do not require him to mention. The law which Mr. George brings forward is a sociological law, and should be criticised simply as such. It may have been, and I think, for my own part, that it has been, too broadly stated. It certainly will not, as its author claims, 'explain *all* diversities, all advances, all halts and retrogressions.' The mental forces of humanity may not only be wasted in conflicts springing from social injustice, but may be paralysed by superstition, may be drawn off to regions of speculation wholly removed from all living human interest, or may be completely overmastered through the effect upon the imagination of the physical powers of nature. Still the practical and important question in regard to Mr. George's law is this: 'Is it one of wide (though not universal) application?' If so, it constitutes an important contribution to sociological science. If not, then its falsity should be demonstrated by an appeal to facts. What there seems some reason to fear is that 'Evolution' is going to be made a summary, and rather unreasoning, arbiter in all controversies with which it can claim to have anything to do. It is a grand and comprehensive theory; but just because it is so grand and so comprehensive, because it is an induction from so enormous a field of observation, much care should be used in applying it to the criticism of narrower inductions which grasp more closely the smaller groups of facts with which they deal.

Mr. George is blamed again for saying that, 'Whether man was or was not gradually developed from an animal, it is not necessary to enquire.' But really, for the purpose he had in view, I venture to agree with him that such an enquiry was *not* necessary. We want to know whether private land ownership is right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient; how shall we be helped to a decision by knowing whether Mr. Darwin's theory of man's origin is the correct one or not. The disposition to force an investigator to face such an issue as this, whether he needs to do so or not, points to a kind of metaphysical absolutism, rather than to that rational freedom and poise of the human spirit which is the best result of true science.

'The cave-men,' we are told, 'did not say, "Go to, let us progress; but they blindly struggled with their circumstances, and out of these struggles came improvement."' Not so; out of a really 'blind' struggle no improvement can come; and such improvement as was reached by the cave-men was reached through some adaptation of means to ends, and through co-operation. It is when men unite their efforts that they begin to prevail over

nature. 'The aboriginal savage,' we read further, 'was cruel, revengeful, and delighted in the infliction of pain. How could such a creature with his unsympathetic and unsocial nature be brought into even the rudest forms of society? Only by a coercion so stern that it could subjugate his refractory passions, and force him into some kind of co-operation.' The writer of these lines has surely forgotten Spencer's lessons, not to mention Comte's, on the relativity of all knowledge, and, not of all knowledge only, but of all virtue. He applies to the savage certain epithets which are intended to mean a great deal, but which could only mean a great deal if applied to civilized man. The growth of the idea of justice was no doubt slow in early communities, and before the sentiment was well-developed injustice could only be partially felt. Mr. George holds that injustice is a bar to progress. Well then, the injustice which in a savage community would be a bar to progress, would be an injustice, *relative to the then existing condition of social and moral development*, or in other words an injustice that would then be felt as such. Will the *Popular Science Monthly* say that, in any community, however low in the scale, an observance of the *relative* justice of the tribe and the period will not be favourable to the general improvement of life, and conversely, injustice unfavourable? To say that such an 'unsympathetic and unsocial' being as the primitive savage could only 'be brought into even the rudest forms of society' by the sternest coercion, is to do injustice to human nature, to fly in the face of known facts, and to mistake a condition for a cause. Injustice is done to human nature by the denial to it of a social instinct. Facts are set at naught by the statement that the 'rudest forms of society' are impossible without a stern coercion. The Indian tribes upon this continent (to go no further) furnished examples of societies, in which there was a large amount of mutual helpfulness with the very minimum of coercion.' Finally the stern coercion of war and slavery never could of itself have caused the formation of societies. Would any amount of stern coercion force into chemical union elements that have no affinity for one another? And had men been naturally repugnant to one another, under what possible conditions could they have been formed into societies? War has indeed at times been favourable to social and even moral development — but how? Through being, as Comte expresses it, 'the great practical school of the social virtues.' A nation cannot go to war as a nation until there is a certain organic union in its members; and such an organic union existing, the dangers and fatalities of war may render it yet closer. But what could ever be accomplished in war by an army of slaves? How illogical the position of Mr. George's critic is may be seen at a glance, if we suppose the question asked: 'How is the wonderful social development of the human race (as compared with other races) to be accounted for?' and the answer given: 'By the acts of cruelty and injustice, of which the early records of the human family are full. These things developed the germs of sociability, and the result has been what you see,—a society in which the bonds of sympathy between man and man are ever growing stronger.' No; cruelty and injustice never did aught but alienate man from man, and Mr. George would be right in maintaining that, in every age, whatever degree of justice and humanity was possible under existing conditions, would have been, and, where applied, was an aid to social improvement. With primitive man the personal feelings had necessarily to be in almost constant exercise. So little headway had been gained, so little capital had been stored, that man could rarely enjoy the privilege of forgetting his own personal wants. This was the fatality of his position and organization; and a higher intellectual power than any

possessed by the lower animals coming to the aid of his self-regarding instincts, he exhibited in many cases, as he exhibits now, a depravity of character, which none of the lower animals could equal. At the same time the germs of sociability were there, ready to be developed whenever a condition should be reached in which personal wants became less pressing. In war it was not the cruelties practised by hostile tribes upon one another, but the fidelity exercised by the members of each tribe towards one another, that constituted the aids to social progress. Or, again, it was the security from aggression resulting from a successful campaign that liberated a certain amount of force for what Mr. George calls 'progressive purposes.' If slavery ever benefited a race, which is not very certain, it was not the δούλιον ἦμαρ that can be credited with the effect, but the subsequent habituation of the subject tribe to the higher modes of existence of their masters—a process implying, on the part of the latter, a considerable exercise of justice and humanity. The more we look into these questions the more convinced we shall be that Comte is right in saying that 'No combination of men can be durable if it is not really voluntary;' and that Mr. George, in the law which he formulates, has embraced, if not the whole truth, a very important section of the truth.

The writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* thinks, very singularly, that he has scored a point against Mr. George by recalling the fact that slavery in the United States was banished, not 'as a behest of the humanity of the nation,' but through 'a convulsion of domestic carnage.' Why, Mr. George expressly says that injustice—such as was involved in Southern slavery—is, and must be, a cause of social disturbance, and an impediment to progress. What wonder then that this huge system of injustice should, like a legion of departing devils, have rent in twain the nation that had harboured it? The critic, in a truly metaphysical spirit, would credit the abolition of the evil to war in the abstract; whereas, in point of actual fact, it must be credited to a particular war, which had its origin in the determination of the Northern States to resist the extension of slavery. There was certainly, on one side, 'a behest of humanity,' which, unfortunately had to be executed by war. Mr. George has propounded no theory, that I am aware of, which declares that this should not have been. He only says that communities will thrive in proportion as men are able to *combine their efforts under just conditions.* How injustice, where it exists on a great scale, will be, or ought to be, got rid of, he nowhere attempts to say.

The greatest misunderstanding of the scope of Mr. George's work appears, however, in the last paragraph of the criticism to which we are referring, where the writer charges Mr. George with audaciously attempting to anticipate ever so many stages of the work of that leisurely divinity Evolution. The following sentences will show the nature of the objection taken, and will show, too, how Mr. Spencer's nervous style of writing communicates itself to his followers. 'Dwelling, by virtue of his predominant culture in an ideal world that he constructs to suit himself; taught by novelists, dramatists and poets, whose function it is to create imaginary worlds; familiar with religious doctrines which teach the facile convertibility of human nature; studying history which is ever occupied with human doings, and ever exaggerates the offices of great men; and surrounded by a world filled with suffering and injustice—men come to think that all this evil might be quickly done away with if there were only the disposition and the will. . . . Science, as it confers a deeper knowledge of the order of the world, sobers our judgment and dissipates these pleasing illusions.'

The first remark to make upon this is, that as a reproach addressed to Mr. George, it is not called for. The author of 'Progress and Poverty,' has nowhere expressed the opinion, or indulged the anticipation, that a great change might in a very short time be wrought in the statics either of human nature or of human society. He deals only with dynamical manifestation, the variations of which may, from a subjective point of view, be very great with an extremely small amount of statical change. The reason of this is, that a given organization is capable of expressing itself dynamically in the most diverse modes, according to the special or secondary influences under which it acts. It is a knowledge of this fact which makes parents who have a due sense of responsibility so careful as to the associates of their children, which makes them desirous of educating their children properly, and forming their characters aright. Now let us suppose some one coming to such a parent and addressing him as follows :—'Why trouble yourself? Nature has been working on this child of yours for untold ages; and are you foolish enough, are you "unscientific" enough, to suppose for a moment that anything you can do, in the brief space of half-a-dozen years, can affect in any perceptible degree, your child's organization, or make much difference to him in any way? Send him out into the streets. Let him go to school or not, as he likes. Let him pick up habits and form associations just according to his tastes. The work of the ages past cannot be undone, nor that of the ages to come anticipated, in a life-time.' To such a discourse what would the parent reply? 'As to changing my child's organization I never thought of it. That may have been moulded and fixed in the way you say. What I am concerned about is his happiness and usefulness in life; and upon these I am quite convinced that the measures I am taking, and propose to take, will have the most important bearing. Let the organization remain, if it will, a fixed quantity, I intend to see to the medium, the environment, the influences that determine activity.' And the unscientific parent would answer well. The same answer, in effect, runs through a whole chapter of Mr. George's book, that on 'Differences in Civilization.'

The next answer to make to the criticism is that Mr. George does not directly aim at any *general* change at all, though he hopes that an improvement in the condition of the humbler classes in society would react favourably on the higher classes, just as the abolition of slavery might be expected to benefit, not the slaves only, but their former masters. The theatre, however, of Mr. George's direct efforts is local and limited. He sees certain secondary influences at work debasing human life; and he wishes to remove those influences. What has Evolution to say to that? Supposing that Mr. George anticipates greater results from the change he advocates than it is adapted to produce; the error is of the same nature as expecting too much work of a mill-wheel or any other piece of machinery; it involves no lese-majesty of Evolution. Mr. George's law is, as I have remarked, a sociological law—at least it is offered as such—and it should be criticised, if at all, upon sociological data. To confront it with the theory of Evolution in all its breadth is not dealing with it in a practical way. What the world will want to know in regard to Mr. George's proposals is, first, whether they are practicable, and, second, how they would work. No wise man will seek to make war upon nature, or try to goad her into a quicker pace; and Mr. George, though enthusiastic, is not fanatical. He will be as prompt as any one else to recognise the limits which nature has set to human improvement, when once those limits are made visible; but, on the other hand, he will not be lightly turned from his purpose by vague assertions as to na-

ture's decrees, before any satisfactory effort has been made to ascertain where the influence of secondary and modifiable causes ends, and that of primary, unmodifiable, causes begins. The doctrine of Evolution, as a whole, is too huge a weapon to handle; and the attempt to wield it, in a discussion which lies within comparatively narrow limits, can only result in confusion and obstruction. Wisely conceived and employed, it will greatly aid human thought and purify human feeling; but there is evidently danger of its degenerating, through a too purely 'symbolical' use (to adopt an expression of Mr. Spencer's) into a mere metaphysical dogma, oppressive alike to thought and to activity. To point out this danger, as exemplified in what I cannot but regard as a misdirected criticism upon Mr. George's book, and to call attention to the book itself which, whatever may be the final verdict upon it, is one eminently worthy of perusal, has been the double object of the foregoing pages.

FORGIVENESS.

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

IF (for we know not what a day may bring)
Among the living I should seek in vain
To morrow for thy face, with what wild pain
Ever I should recall thee, lingering
As loth to go, and looking in my eyes
And on my lips for any word or sign
Of due contrition for a false surmise,
Unworthy of thy friendship or of mine!
Upon the margin of how black a hell
I stood when, having wronged thee, friend, my pride
Tempted me, as the serpent at Eve's side,
Against the pleading spirit to rebel!
But now, whatever comes to thee or me,
My heart shall hold thy sweet "*Absolvo te.*"

MODERN THEOLOGY AND MODERN THOUGHT.*

BY FIDELIS.

WE are continually receiving illustrations of the truth, which in these latter days has become almost a platitude—that true religion is one and theology is manifold. For by *religion,* we mean not theory or creed, which is intellectual belief, but the *living principle of action* which has been the main spring of so many lives. The practical side of religion has been defined by an Apostle to consist of active sympathy with the distressed and purity of life. And the essence of that 'Christian religion' which St. Augustine tells us has never been at any time absent from the world, is the reverent and loving trust in a personal God, and obedience to His will so far as it is known, which was the faith of faithful Abraham, as it has been that of so many faithful souls in all ages of the world's history, under differing race and name. Under the more concentrated light of the 'Christian Dispensation,' this loving trust and obedience in a dimly revealed God became faith in God as a Father manifested in the Lord Jesus Christ, and obedience to him as so manifested; in other words, love of the heart and righteousness of the life. This at least has been the Christian ideal, felt to be so by all true hearts, though the perversity of human nature has led to endless deviations from it. Still, the latest and most 'advanced' Christians of to-day, and even many who hesitate to call themselves Christians at all—in so far as they live *by faith,* live by the same faith as did 'the world's grey fathers,' to whom God was really in the earthquake and the storm, as in the still small voice within.

But theology is manifold; and the various and varying conditions of the human mind make it inevitable that it must be so. For theology is of the intellect, and the intellect of the race is as diverse as the heart of it, after all, is *one.* It has been sometimes made a matter of reproach against the Bible, that theological systems so diverse have been supported from its pages. It seems strange that it does not occur to the objectors how much, in this respect, it resembles nature herself. She, like the Bible, has been interpreted in endlessly different ways. Endless controversies have been, are still being waged as to the right interpretation of her pages also. It is only gradually, by slow and painful degrees, that men become able to spell out clearly her meaning; and so it is with the Bible,—just because both are beyond the compass of any human intellect fully to sound. If it were not so, we might well doubt the Divine origin which we claim for it. It is not rash, but warranted by all past experience to predict that the higher the human race advances in knowledge and in thought, the more will it be able to discern the profound truth contained in the Bible, which will yet always be found in advance of human knowledge, though that truth may not be always exactly what 'orthodoxy' at first saw in it. Of the Bible we may say, as truly as of the ways of Providence,

> 'God is His own interpreter,
> And He will make it plain.'

* 'Proceedings of the Second General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance,' Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

Such thoughts present themselves naturally in relation to the contents of a large volume, which, perhaps, may be characterised as the latest important contribution to modern theology. This is the Authorised Report of the Proceedings of the late Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia. As the meeting of the scattered branches of a great historic church, more wide spread as to territory than any other church of the Reformation, and with a longer roll of grand historic names, this Council could not but be a deeply interesting one to all interested in the life of the Church at large. There were delegates from the various branches of the Church, in Scotland, in England, in Ireland, in Bohemia, Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Ceylon, Australia, New South Wales, New Zealand, the New Hebrides, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal and the Orange Free State; besides mission stations innumerable. The walls were hung with historic names and emblems, from Britain and all the old continental churches that bore their part so nobly in the stormy Reformation days, which might well impress the least imaginative Presbyterian with that sense of unity and continuity of tradition which is one of the advantages possessed by a venerable historic organization. The volume containing the 'Proceedings' is illustrated with reproductions of these emblems and devices, and as it is well got up and clearly printed, it would form a respectable addition to any library.

Its contents consist of about one hundred papers, specially prepared for the council, besides a considerable amount of supplementary discussion. As a reflection of modern theological thought, it is at once a hopeful and a disappointing volume, inasmuch as two very diverse currents of thought meet and mingle in its pages. It is disappointing, because both papers and discussions bear so many traces of a narrow, obstinate tenacity of certain traditional forms of thought, and blind antagonism to certain modifications of belief, which the progress of thought and research must ere long render inevitable. It is hopeful, because there is scarcely a narrow or obstructive opinion advanced which does not find a corrective or counteractive somewhere in the book. It is, therefore, very much like a photograph of the Church of to-day, generally,—the main body, moving slowly, as all large bodies do, and lagging considerably behind the active and thoughtful minds, whose leadership the body must feel in time, however reluctant to acknowledge it. And, just at present, owing probably to the natural alarm felt, on the conservative side, at the attitude of the very advanced school of modern thought, a sort of reactionary wave seems to have swept over the churches,—a tenacious clinging to ancient landmarks and traditions as if this alone could save faith from being swept away by a torrent of scepticism. Wiser counsels will no doubt prevail,—indeed are beginning already to prevail,—but it is interesting, in the meantime, to compare, in a few points at least, the noticeable diversity of thought and position apparent at this great Council, consisting of trusted delegates from all quarters of the globe. The dusky Indian sat side by side with representatives of the most ancient civilisations of the world,—the Brahmin, Narayan Sheshadri, for instance, with his snowy turban and dark interesting face. Missionaries, too, were there from every part of the globe, with a noble record of what the Presbyterian Church is doing in the dark places of the earth. On the grand review evening, when missionary after missionary gave a brief account of his work, the practical unity of religion rose above the diversity as regarded thought, and all united in swelling one grand tide of Christian enthusiasm.

It was a curious circumstance that the narrow and illiberal element in

the Council proceeded mainly from the American portion of the Assembly; while the most liberal and progressive opinions proceeded, with few exceptions, from British and Colonial delegates. The very narrow and intolerant position taken by the Council in excluding from it the delegates of the Cumberland Presbyterians, a body accepting the Presbyterian system and doctrines, but modifying, in its confession, the articles on Predestination, was mainly upheld by American delegates; while the able minority who opposed an exclusion almost incredibly bigoted in this age, and in a Council professing Catholicity, was led by Dr. Bruce, of Glasgow, a theological professor and an able author, and by Principal Grant, of Queen's University. And if some of the more conservative of the delegates—more especially the American ones—showed a decided desire to stereotype theological thought at the date of the Westminster Confession, the impossibility of so doing was shown most clearly by the paper of Dr. Rainy, Principal of the Free Church College, Edinburgh, on 'The Tendencies of Modern Thought,' and in the brilliant paper on Agnosticism, by Professor Flint, of Edinburgh University. Some passages of Professor Rainy's paper are well worth quoting, as showing the most distinct recognition of the principle that the general advance of thought in other directions must have a modifying influence on theological thought also.

'Theological thought,' he tells us, 'is affected by the progress, the natural progress, of the various subordinate departments of theological science, which are, as it were, the tools with which theology works. For example, it has benefited by improved methods of exegesis, and by the increasing agreement about the principles according to which the sense of Scripture should be elicited. For another instance, the prosecution of the work of Biblical theology, as a distinct department, has done much both to clear and to enrich theological thought. Again, a very sensible effect has been produced by the study of historical theology. The calm, comparative survey of the work of different schools of thinkers, the curious dissection of each competing system, with a view to assign the theological motive of each—these studies have produced a mental attitude toward controversies distinctly different from that which once obtained. Still further, new modes of centring theological thought, new assignments of the axis on which it should revolve, modify from time to time the cast of prevailing conceptions. Such changes may be influenced by pressure from without; but they are much more to be referred to internal developments of religious life, which demand to be represented in the field of thought.

'Theology, like other systems, must be pervaded by the questions: How do I know that I know? In what sense do I know? Theology is to be placed in harmonious relation to man's faculties; and not to these alone, but to the whole world of thought and impression which man has acquired, and to the maxims he has learned to hold valid. In short, theology is to be contemplated in the light of man's best conceptions of the intellectual world he lives in, and his best conceptions of the conditions of his intellectual and moral life.'

Dr. Rainy frankly points out that the 'juridical element,' so conspicuous in the Reformed Theology, has fallen very much into the background in the theological mind of our time, *i. e.*, as he puts it, 'the conception of reckoning according to justice,' being, to a great extent, replaced by the conception of an administration of government which encourages goodness by benefits, and follows sin with sorrows that tend to school men out of it—a conception which, he says, naturally gives rise to the present stirring of eschatological problems which is so conspicuous a feature of modern

thought. This change he ascribes to the greater prominence which has been given to the Divine Fatherhood and the correlative idea of a Divine training of the race, which is, indeed, the Christian evolution, which, he truly says, 'is present and operative everywhere.'

The tendency to obliterate the distinction between the natural and the supernatural is another to which he gives a good deal of prominence, a question, however, which is somewhat obscured by obscurity of definitions.

While Dr. Rainy frankly admits that Christian theology is undergoing a thorough revision, he does not anticipate sweeping changes. But he quite distinctly admits that the older theology is not to be considered the absolutely perfect and completed truth which some rigid conservatives would have it to be. He glances at the altered manner in which doctrines are now presented, not so much as the expression of revealed fact, but 'rather as modes of human feeling and experience, moulds into which human thought may or ought to shape itself.'

And one of the most pressing needs of our time, as regards theology, he thus describes :

'That which we doubtless all desire for the churches we represent is that they may be found ready to vindicate the place and testimony of God's Word. And yet this duty is not always so simple as it seems; for it is always possible that the older theology may have retained a leaven from the maxims and methods of the days when it was formed—a leaven which claims no respect now; and it is possible that the modern theology, in its busy converse with various forms of human thought and learning, may receive suggestions on some points which do not mislead from Scripture, but which help to discern and seize their true sense. The question, after all, is, how the mind of Christ bears upon, and is related to, the mind of our time in its various forms. "Such and such have said unto you, but I say unto you." One would wish to be able vigilantly to mark and clearly to enunciate how the very mind of Christ—His revealed mind—strikes upon and strikes into the human ferment, dividing, judging, guiding. In order to this we must study the revealing word; but we must also study our time in its mental workings, and that with candour, and, as much as may be, with sympathy. We must encounter, with God's help, the pressure of its thought, and seek both to know and to show how the thoughts of our Lord bear on it. Without this there may perhaps be high meditation in some directions; without it there may be useful theological rehearsals of truth received, and there may be useful preaching, theological or not, but without it there will not be in any sense that that will be helpful in our time—Theological Thought.' 'It will not improve our influence if we bring Christ's word mixed copiously with the wisdom of our own minds or our father's; nor will it improve our influence if men see cause to think that we have no especial anxiety or care to avoid that mixture.'

And he says, with no less truth than force, that much might be gained 'if our theology accustomed itself to mark differences of the kind I have indicated; if, with its believing fervour, it combined more of a critical reflection on itself; if it exhibited an effort, cordial and habitual, to estimate how far it is dealing with immutable certainties, and how far moving into regions and along lines where the consciousness of human liability to err should be not only cherished, but acknowledged, and even emphasized.'

Had these principles been a little more influential in the Council generally, both in papers and discussions, the result would have been more generally edifying. We should hardly have had reverend delegates—hailing chiefly from the Great Republic—gravely arguing that whenever a minister found

himself mentally diverging from some of the long list of philosophical propositions contained in the Confession of Faith, he should incontinently leave the Church of his Fathers, without even waiting to be ejected. To confuse essentials and non-essentials, certainties and theories into one undistinguishable mass, and impose that on the consciences of young men who are just beginning to come into real contact with the problems of life, is the surest way for any Church to court dissension and defeat in this age of all ages.

The large unity and diverse expression of Christianity was ably vindicated also by Principal Grant and Professor Hitchcock, who was almost the only noticeably Liberal thinker among the American delegates. As Principal Grant's interesting and suggestive paper has already been reproduced in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, any further reference to it here is unnecessary. Dr. Hitchcock reviewed the threefold aspect of Christianity—the Ceremonial, the Moral and the Emotional, giving due weight to each. He admitted the large unity of the Christian Church in a way that is refreshing to meet at a denominational Council. 'In time,' he says, 'we shall see that still better ecumenic Christian Alliance, of which there is scarcely a sign as yet. And then, at last, in God's own time, far down the horizon now, we shall have not union only, but *unity*, the real unity, for which our Lord prayed and the ages wait. Christendom is not Occident alone nor Orient alone, but the two together. Nor is the Occident either Protestant alone, or Roman Catholic alone, but the two together. And these nineteen Christian centuries are more and better, taken all together, than any three of them, whether the first three or the last three or any six of them, or any eighteen of them. The one Christ is in them all, in all and in each.'

'The old polemic theology,' he says, 'is anachronistic. What we had better have to-day and must have to-morrow, is an Irenic theology, our guns all trained on the common foe. Let us allow the Lord as many helpers as possible. He has none to spare. Whoever is really casting out devils, I will not say in any name, but in the name of Christ most surely forbid him not. He may not be going just our way, but our way, even though the best, is not the only way. Folds may be many, while the flock is one.'

In regard to the ceremonial element in religion, Dr. Hitchcock pleads for a greater liberty in regard to Liturgical forms,—liberty for a partial acceptance of them in churches, which have rejected them,—liberty from too great a bondage to them in churches which accept them. He pleads also for a recognition of the great commemorative days of the Church, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter and Whitsuntide. In this he gives expression to the feeling of very many Presbyterians, who now see no reason why they should not unite with the rest of Christendom, in observing these great waymarks of the Christian year. In discussing the moral element, he points out how the old penitential discipline of the Mediæval Church curbed and punished the strong appetites and bad passions of men, and slowly but surely, lifted Europe from lower to higher levels of condition and character. He urges that in these days there is less need of theological preaching, telling men what to believe, than of practical preaching, telling them what they are *to be* and *to do.* Many true Christians, he says, will never become Bernards or Fenelons, or Wesleys; but all can be taught that *Christianity means righteousness.* Of the emotional or intuitional, he speaks as the highest type of Christian experience from which come saints, prophets, psalmists, those who, out of the riches of their own spiritual life, can enrich the spiritual life of others. 'Still,' he says, 'we beckon, as Peter did, to the disciple that is leaning on the Master's bosom.' And it is this high emotional

type that is the inspiration of missions at home and abroad. 'Mankind must be not merely our brethren, ignorant and distressed, but sinful, imperilled beings, for whom Christ died. The sign of conquest in our sky to-day is still the same old passionate sign of the cross.'

As this is not a formal review, we can only glance at a few of the leading papers which bear most directly on our subject. The lucid and forcible paper of Professor Flint, on Agnosticism, is certainly one of these. It would do for the missing chapter on this subject, which one would like to see in his book on 'Anti-theistic Theories.' He defines it simply as the refusal to assent, because of the alleged incompetency of the mind to ascertain the truth. He points out that it is 'largely founded on narrow and partial doctrines as to the nature of belief,' and that its cure and the prevalence of a true theology greatly and intimately depend upon 'the successful culture and general diffusion of a sound and enlarged philosophy, such as will repel all exclusive doctrines, allow us to be just to every order of facts and ideas, and leave room for faith and affection fully to develop themselves.' 'Its irreverence must be confronted with piety; its narrow and exclusive views of development with adequate and comprehensive ones; its ingenious but erroneous conjectures with sound and true inductions; its hypotheses, plausible merely because drawn from facts arbitrarily selected and illusively combined with conclusions drawn from all classes of the relevant facts. A truly reverent, truly enlightened, profound and thorough biblical scholarship can alone successfully combat agnostic criticism.' He would also have pointed out, had the time allowed him permitted, how Agnosticism arises also from false views of the relations of science to religion, and how it must be combatted by true views on this point; but, as he remarked, Dr. McCosh and Dr. Calderwood, had already, in able papers on the relations of Science and Religion, sufficiently enforced this lesson. Some of his closing remarks are so wise and practically suggestive, that no apology is needed for quoting them. 'A church which rests satisfied with the acquisitions which former generations have drawn from nature, Providence and Scripture; which does not seek to add to the old treasures stored up in its creeds, catechisms, and dogmatic systems, new treasures, may be orthodox,—may have espoused, as yet, no grievous positive falsehood, but its whole attitude towards the truth is a wrong one. When a church loses that love of the truth as it is in Christ, which constrains it to seek in him ever new treasures of wisdom and knowledge; when it comes to look with suspicion on new discoveries and to discountenance the spirit of independent and original investigation; when theological research and theological instruction are the last things it strives to encourage, that church is not far from the terrible condition in which errors are justified and lies embraced. Every such church presents its theology in a light admirably calculated to make men conclude that it is a sham science, a pretended exposition of the unknown and unknowable. Every church, on the other hand, which seeks earnestly more and more divine light, which welcomes what is new in theology, if it be true; which encourages fresh and original theological speculation, if only it be sincere and reverent, cannot but bear a powerful practical testimony that theology is real and vital knowledge, and eminently worthy of study. I believe that the human mind scarcely ever worked more energetically or successfully in the fields of theological science than it has been working during the nineteenth century—entire theological sciences, like biblical theology and comparative theology having been built up almost from the foundations within that period; and there are still in theology worlds to conquer by the human.

mind, divinely guided and enlightened.' 'The strongest of all anti-agnostic forces—in fact, the one great safeguard of humanity against the general or final triumph of Agnosticism—is none other than the redemptive power of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. The grand argument against anti-religious Agnosticism is the practical one of a consistent and vigorous Christian life—the argument which, through God's grace, we can all use.'

This paper, together with a very conservative one by Dr. Van Zandt on 'Creeds and Confessions,' gave rise to an animated discussion, in which it was eloquently pleaded, on the one hand, that it was unwise and at variance with Protestant principes, to stereotype the creed of a church at a given period in the past, and that it was unscriptural to demand unqualified assent to an extended series of philosophical propositions, as a necessary condition of admission to the ministry; while the other side was evidently quite satisfied with the wisdom of the past, and unable to sympathise with any who could not comfortably fit their thoughts into the mould of another age. One doctor of divinity even maintained that a young man who had just finished his theological course, though he has not as yet come face to face with a single problem of life, should have his system of belief so fully thought out as to require little further consideration!

On the great question of Inspiration, it is much to be regretted that there is no paper such as the Rev. Newman Smyth, author of 'Old Faiths in New Lights,' would have written. The papers in the volume are utterly inadequate to meet the difficulties of thoughtful men, because they are scarcely more than expositions of one theory of it, which, in the opinion of most thinkers, is as untenable as it is unnecessary; while even the nature of inspiration is confessedly inscrutable. They do not enter upon the larger reasons for believing the fact, and they ignore the great principle of historic interpretation whieh is the key of the removal of much difficulty. 'Read the Bible,' says Newman Smyth, 'as our modern discoverers of the mistakes of Moses read it, without taking in its historical perspective; look upou the biblical revelation as a plain surface without depth or distance, and you cannot possibly gain a much truer conception of the divine wisdom in it, than you could of the glory of God in the heavens, if you should regard the sky as a flat surface in which the stars are fixed, forgetting the vast astronomical distances and the grouping of worlds, and the harmony of all. The unhistorical interpretation of scripture is as childish as an unastronomical view of the sky.'

In direct contrast to the narrow literalism or verbalism of the papers professedly on Inspiration, we find some refreshing paragraphs in the noble and large-hearted paper on 'Apologetics,' by M. de Pressensé, which, unfortunately was not read, and is given only in the appendix, because its author was not present. We give a few sentences from it:

'Most theologians of the seventeenth century described revelation as the supernatural communication of the doctrines of God and man. It was for them essentially an orthodoxy. A similar theory makes the book containing the divine formula, almost identical with the revelation itself. It became the direct object of faith, and signified that it was divinely proved by prophecy and miracles. There has been one point gained to-day—that is the distinction between the revelation itself and its document. Revelation is a history and a person; the book which guards it for us is the Bible. It has no other mission than to make us know him who has said, 'I am the truth.' In reality, the book loses nothing by this. On the contrary, it has gained what it seems to lose. When it was considered as a code or catechism fallen from heaven, it became cold and dry. Since it has been considered especially a testimony to the ef-

fective manifestation of God in history, and above all to the highest, the Incarnation, it is living like the Christ whose image is stamped upon it.'

In the same way the radical error that runs through Dr. DeWitt's paper on the relation of art and worship, the very error of the materialistic school of art critics—that art is merely the expression of *material* beauty—meets a correction well put in the paper read the same evening by Dr. Graham, of London, who said truly that 'the task of art is to make the eternal and perfect beauty shine through, sound out, in some poor dust, some feeble tone.'

We cannot even glance at other papers, as to do so would occupy too much space, though the papers on the relations of science and religion deserve more than a passing notice—in particular that by Professor Calderwood, one of the ablest critics of Herbert Spencer. As for the paper on the 'Distinctive Principles of Presbyterianism,' and others which incidentally urge the 'divine right' of Presbytery, we should like to see their authors shut up in a select committee on church government with Archbishop Lynch and Mr. Langtry or Provost Whitaker, on the principle on which a jury are shut up, until they come to an agreement. When a number of able, learned and honest men are each of them convinced that the church represented by each is '*the* Scriptural Church,' we must either accept the somewhat incredible proposition that one is right and all the others wrong, or else conclude that absolute truth does not coincide exactly with the views of any one of them. Is it not at least reasonable to suppose that if a system of church government were really Divinely ordained, this divine system would have been revealed in a somewhat more unmistakable manner, and that no such system has been divinely imposed, in order that the outward form of the Christian Church might be left free to be moulded by its inward life, and the needs of its members, under the varying circumstances of place and time? Only when this principle shall have been conceded throughout Christendom can anything like an organic unity, based on the great central truths of Christianity, become more than a dream. One thing is distinctly noticeable throughout all these papers and discussions—the thorough sincerity and earnestness that pervades them. There is no question of 'augurs laughing in each other's faces' here. Those who still think the thoughts of a former age, and those who feel that they must go on with the thought of their time, are alike thoroughly in earnest. And if the numerical majority is still, as is natural in councils, too rigidly conservative, the ability largely preponderates on the side of a wise toleration and progressiveness, founded on love of truth and a perception of the needs of this age, which cannot be met by endeavouring to force upon it the conceptions of a former one. The germs of truth dropped by the leading minds of this Council must bear fruit, and that which is expected to meet in 1884 will doubtless show still less of denominational narrowness and still more of Christian Catholicity. In time, in the words of the first paper read, 'we may see that still better Christian Alliance, of which there is scarcely any sign yet. And at last, in God's own time, we shall have not union only, but unity, the real unity, for which our Lord prayed and the ages wait.'

GOOD NIGHT.

'Ich denke immer an dich.'

GOOD night! Rest craves this wearied brain,
And rest those eyes of mine;
But lo! they're wide awake again,
And looking into thine.

Thy glance sincere my fancy takes,
And every pulse it thrills,
And o'er my heart thy calm smile breaks
Like morning on the hills.

The wintry night a summer light,
At thy approach doth show,
The morning stars glow still more bright,
More pure those banks of snow.

O little room—O shabby room,
That'st heard my sacred vow,
In splendours veil thy dingy gloom,
She's thinking of me now!

I know it by yon stars that roll—
Bright sister lamps apart,
The soul may strike thro' space to soul—
Heart telephone to heart.

O happy pain!—conflicting fate!
To love what's all divine,
And yet to have no offering great,
To lay upon her shrine.

Away such thoughts!—'tis vain to grieve
At smallness of my store,
For had I Empire's dower to give,
I fain would give her more.

And had I more than Empire's dower,
Still more I'd fain bestow,
Great Jove might lend me all his power
Yet my demands would grow.

Beyond the verge of mortal bounds
My heart's desires expand,

Far—far—thro' wide eternal rounds,
I'd lead her by the hand.

But that my bliss her bliss should mar
Did God this hour me show—
I'd face cold ways that know no star,
I'd wipe my tears and go.

For may my years stand all accurst,
My flag fall in the strife,
If I don't rate her peace as first
And love her more than life.

Good night! Thou'rt here!—my heart-throbs vouch,
Thy heart too sure must leap:
Sweet! bend thee o'er my wintry couch,
And kiss these eyes to sleep.

—TRISTRAM TEMPLETON.

THE POET'S GREATEST WORK.

BY W. E. A.

IT was half-past nine of an April morning. In our family sitting-room we had a small fire burning, because it was so chilly, and all the doors and windows wide open, because it was so warm. Jenny walking up and down, and taking long breaths on the veranda, declared that it was a regular poet's day—so moody and variable; now overflowing with a sudden radiance, and again lapsing into settled melancholy.

'And here,' cried Charley from the flower bed, 'is the poet coming out in honour of his day.'

True enough, at the end of the long, muddy lane, we detected the small, rather stooped figure of Dick Mowbray, the poet of our neighbourhood, the odd little bachelor of forty-five, the man whom every one half despised and wholly loved. We could see him picking his way carefully around the puddles, clutching his over large hat as it threatened to be blown away from him, and at last halting upon the door mat to look in, half-confidingly, half-doubtfully, upon us all.

'Good morning, Dick,' said mother's cheery voice, at sound of which all his doubt vanished. 'Come right in, we are glad to see you.'

She did not shake hands—he was too frequent a visitor for that—but she gave him her kindest smile. I handed him the chair next to me, but he gracefully eluded it, and sank lightly into a much more comfortable one.

'The grass is beginning to show quite green and pleasant again,' he

said, 'but the weather is womanish. Oh, dear,' heaving a little sigh, 'I feel tired. I walked all the way round by Almiry Sloper's, to see when the funeral of her grandchild was to be. It seems they're going to keep the body till day after to-morrow. Well, dear me, what a sweet, innocent-looking little fellow he was. And he looks like a broken lily now! When I went into the other room and looked at him, and all the women crying round, I couldn't help wishing that I was a woman too, for a little while, so I could cry without feeling ashamed. I tell you,' nodding at Jenny and me, 'there's more disadvantages about being a man than you girls would think for. Mrs. Sloper would have it that I should write some poetry about little Eddy's death. She said she wouldn't trouble me, only I could do obituary poetry so beautifully. Those were her own words. *Trouble*, I said, and I declare I was on the very nick of saying that it would be a pleasure! But I tell you,' looking seriously round upon us, 'it makes a man feel very solemn and humble like, when he reflects that it is to his poor lines that bereaved ones will look for consolation.'

We sat in silence for a moment, while the poet leaned back and closed his eyes. His verses were very popular with some of the middle aged, and all of the old women in the neighbourhood, while the rest of society either laughed at them in private, or were utterly indifferent to them. In our own home, his productions had often been called 'sad rubbish;' and it was the very sadness of the rubbish that made us think of it with pity, and treat its author with respect. Apart from his writings, and the too-numerous evidences of his own high estimate of them, we all found it impossible not to like Dick Mowbray. As Jenny once remarked, 'Because he can write poor poetry, is no reason why we should look down on him. Why, everyone is capable of writing his poetry, but no one is capable of leading his life.' And to this mode of reasoning we always gave our approval. Dick had a womanly genius for small kindnesses—that blessed gift of being unselfish in detail, which makes a place in every heart for the possessor of it. I believe he considered it almost a crime to pass by any human being, without the offering of a warm, interested, brotherly look. He gave a great deal of consideration, and he expected a great deal in return. Poor Dick was never happy unless he was sunning himself in the light of somebody's smile; it mattered little to him whether it illuminated the face of an heiress or a tramp. A hard glance, a chilly tone, would send him home shuddering. But in the end, his generosity would get the better of his susceptibility, and he would return again and again to the individual who had repelled him, until, like the softening and ever recurring influences of the spring, he had melted the last film of ice away. There had been a few cases of frost remaining underground, but this would never be guessed from the appearance of the surface. Pleasant looks, and words, and ways, were as necessary to Dick Mowbray as air, and light, and sunshine. The hardest and worldliest people were forced to be hypocritical in his presence. He looked at them with so much innocent faith in their better natures, that they were obliged to pretend that they were sunny-hearted, and sweet-natured and true. Or, perhaps it was that he owned the secret of calling out the best that was in them, which, but for that, would never have been known to exist. However that may be, it is a faet that some of our neighbours had suffered a good deal, during a part of their lives, under Dick's loving persecutions. Mr. Harding, our village school teacher, was one of these. He was dignified, silent, severe, rigidly just. He treated Dick at first with stately courtesy, used a great deal of conventional consideration, said his few words with unnecessary deliberation and distinctness. The poet

craved more, and received less, for the teacher hardened perceptibly after each attack, until at last, during a walk in which Mowbray overtook and accompanied him, he confined his part of the conversation to a single, fiercely explosive, yes and no. The poor, simple fellow kept his sunniest humour, until just as they reached the teacher's home, when he said softly :

'Mr. Harding, I must have grieved you some way. I don't know how, but I'm awfully sorry ! Won't you forgive me ?'

Mr. Harding wheeled savagely around, seized him by the shoulders, and emphasizing each word by a shake, cried out,

'Oh, Dick ! you good, loving, kind-hearted, magnanimous, unmerciful old *fool*, you ! Can't you leave me alone ?' Thereupon he vanished immediately, and Dick, pondering this parting speech in puzzled bewilderment, did leave him alone for a time. Then Mr. Harding made the first advances, and they have ever since been on the friendliest terms.

Could any of our family ever forget the dreadful days in which we were nearly all sick of the scarlet fever together, when no one visited us except the doctor and Dick. The little old bachelor was nurse and physician, and best of friends in one. When Bertie was a fretful convalescent, he carried him about, or rocked him in his arms, softly chanting bits of his own poetry to the child, until he fell asleep. It was he, only, who had the patience to comb out all the tangles in Jenny's thick chestnut mane, when every one else thought it would have to be cut off. Dick alone could be trusted to 'sleep with one eye open,' and keep account of the times when medicine was to be given. He had a peculiar fancy for writing directions in rhyme on labels, or on the bottom of pill-boxes ; such as,—'Take one powder every hour, until the patient gains in power ;' 'thrice a day shaken, and thrice taken ;' and the most objectionable medicine of all, was nearly covered with a huge label, on which was scrawled, 'One big dose on going to rest—not to be stopped till Dick thinks best.' There was no comfort for us in this last line, for I remember he did not 'think best,' until the last bitter drop was drained. These couplets had all the rare flavour of finished epigrams to him, and as they enlivened the monotony of the sick room, we greeted each fresh effort with appreciative laughter. One morning a dewy bud flew in from the open window on to my bed, bearing the inscription—'Extract of rose, to be applied to the nose.' I read it aloud to Charley, who was tossing restlessly about in the next room, and he declared his intention to present the poet with a testimonial, which was to consist simply of two lines, in large, highly-ornamented letters : 'Old Bachelor Dick ; best thing out for the sick.' But he never carried it into effect. Our boys could never refrain from treating Dick as a great joke. He had such a keen sense of humour, it seemed strange that he could not see anything odd and mirth-provoking about himself. 'Ah, Dick !' Charley once exclaimed, his black eyes flashing with fun, as that faithful nurse brought him his beef-tea, and straightened the pillows ; 'you'll make a good wife for some poor fellow !' Once with the fretfulness resulting from a weakened state of body and mind, I am ashamed to say that I flung the pillow on the floor, and burst out into the half crying declaration that everything was hateful. The kindly poet picked up the pillow, procured three or four more, and arranged me in an entirely new and agreeable position before he remarked : 'Well, now, Miss Addy, sickness does seem to take the young ladyishness out of you mighty quick ! don't it now ? Why, there's your brother Jim. The doctor says he is the worst of all, and there he lies, day in and day out, just as good as gold.' Presently, he went back to Jim, and softened his objection to

taking medicine with the words: 'Now then, Jimmy, I do wonder at you a little. There's your sister Ad, never had a wink of sleep last night, and I left her looking like a lamb. And I'm sure she did not get any sleep,' he added, convincingly, 'because I was up all night watching.' Dear, good fellow! that was not the only sleepless night he spent in the service of people who were no kin to him, except as we are all related to each other.

But to return to that April morning when Dick called in, for no earthly reason but that he liked to see us, and was nearly sure that we would be glad to see him. When not engaged in works of active charity, he was never quite certain that he would be welcome, and it was this delicate fear of intrusion which made everyone more warm in their greeting. There was a good deal that was noticeable in his appearance. He was rather short and small, and there was a faded fairness in his face and hair. Only a few gray threads were visible, but these were contradicted by the child-like expression of his eyes and mouth. His head was finely shaped, high and full above and in front of the ears. He was a fluent talker, and it was a much greater pleasure to listen to his spoken thoughts than to read his written ones. His very vanity was inoffensive, it was so honest and transparent.

'It is very curious,' he continued, after telling us about the verses he meant to write on little Eddy's death. 'Writing poetry is a very curious thing. Your mind gets in a terribly mixed condition first, and all your ideas on the subject seem to be boiling up together. You never feel like meddling with it then, but you keep watching it a little anxiously, and after a while it gets to be the right consistency, and cool enough to handle; just like molasses candy, and almost as easy to cut off in regular sized bits. But suppose you wait until it is hard before you pull it. Then it is all wasted, spoilt, gone! no warming up will make it what it was before. Sometimes there is a little bit that won't melt, do what you will with it; and that little bit makes more trouble than all the rest of it put together. It *will* be too long or too short for the line, or it *won't* rhyme with anything else decently, and then you have to twist and turn until you can get that into shape. Sometimes I think I will just do without that trouble some part, and be done with it at once. But that never does at all. It is sure to come back again and again, looking more pretty and appropriate than ever, and making me feel like the mother of a family, who can't help thinking that her dead baby would have been finer than any of her living children. Oh, thank you, dear! those are lovely, aren't they?'

This last was addressed to Bertie, who brought him a small handful of snow drops and crocuses. He placed one arm around the neck of the little fellow, who leaned against him, and looked at the simple flowers with reverent delight. 'Sometimes' he said, with a strange, humble look, 'I think it is as impossible to make a poem, as it would be to make a flower; but such a thought only makes me sad, and does no one any good. I'd better be improving the talent God has given me, and write something that will comfort poor old Almiry Sloper's heart. Well, I must be going!'

'Wait a moment, Dick,' I said, as he took up his hat, 'Jenny and I are going with you as far as the store.'

When we came out into the sunshine, which was now a brilliant and permanent fact, and not the quick appearing, fast fading brightness of an hour before, we encouraged our friend to talk by every device we knew; first, obliging him to walk on in front, so that we might exchange glances, and possibly smiles, unseen.

'I'm glad you spoke of the store, girls,' he said. 'It just reminds me that I must get some liniment for Joe Crubon. He's had an awful time with his leg. You've heard all about it, I

suppose. Well, I don't think his mother is a very sympathizing woman. She does a great deal of good, but she don't talk right, some way, and it's wonderful what a power there is in a person's tongue. Some people appear to be genuine Christians, right through and through, all except their tongues. Well, Mrs. Crubon, she kept nagging and nagging at Joe, telling him of the harm done by the cattle breaking in, and so on, while he was abed, and of all the spring work that was to be done, and one thing and another, until she got Joe just about desperate. I promised to go over and sit up with him to-night, and I wouldn't have forgotten the liniment for anything.'

'You ought to be a happy man, Dick,' said Jenny, 'you are so good.'

'Well, you see, it's just this way, Miss Jenny. The things that you call good, are not good in me at all, because they come natural. There's nothing very fine in doing what you like to do, and what you would be miserable for not doing. I may do Joe some good to-night, and I may not, but anyway, it will give me a comfortable, satisfied, right-minded sort of a feeling. I'm that sort of a person, I can't bear to do anything that won't bring pleasure to myself. As for real, deep, thrilling happiness, there is only one way for me to find that—' he looked back to see if there was interest and sympathy in our faces, and then, reassured, continued—'and that is in writing poetry. I heard some beautiful music in the Catholic Church in the city, and I saw some beautiful pictures there, but after all, they only belong to one's eyes and ears—they don't strike so deep as poetry does. But, perhaps, if I made music or pictures, instead of poetry, I wouldn't think so about it. Some days in April and October, it does seem to me, as if they couldn't be having any better weather in heaven than we are having here. It fills me full with joy and sorrow.'

'Sorrow, Dick?' we both said together.

'Yes,' he responded in a tone which had suddenly become deeply despondent. 'Joy that I can feel so much, and sorrow that I can never write all I feel. I never told any one else so, and though nobody complains, and every one seems real pleased with my verses it often appears to me that the fingers of my mind are all thumbs, when I am writing them. There are such lots of things that there are no words in the dictionary for.'

But you never doubt that you are a poet, do you?' I asked.

'I couldn't doubt that,' answered Dick, with grave simplicity. 'Poetry was born in me; it is part of myself. I could just as soon doubt that I was alive. Of course I never had any education, only a few months at the common school, when I was a boy; but a rose is a rose, whether it happens to grow in a garden, or spring up wild on the side of the road. I am not proud of it,' he added, simply; 'but I can't help being glad.'

As we neared the village, we saw Mr. Dolpage, the storekeeper's hired girl, coming toward us. She was a comparative stranger to our quiet little neighbourhood, as she had only lately come from the city. No one, not even the most inquisitive old gossip, had been able to discover anything concerning her antecedents, as she preserved a studied reticence with regard to herself. She had the reputation of being a trustworthy and efficient servant, and beyond this nobody appeared to know anything, although the unusual prettiness of her face and figure kept the general curiosity active. The hard, repressive look, which we had been accustomed to notice on her face, gave way utterly at sight of the poet, in whose own eyes shone an eager tenderness. He retained her hand while he made enquiry after her health and well-being, and her gaze was fixed on him. She scarcely noticed us at all.

Jane and I looked at each other in dumb surprise after we passed on, and then tried to discover what and how much Dick knew of Sarah Culp, but he had suddenly turned uncommunicative, and scarcely spoke again till we reached the store.

Dick Mowbray had not a relative in the world. He lived all alone in an old frame house that had never been painted, with a very small vegetable garden at the back, and a very large flower garden in front. He frequently adorned his hat with a few ornamental leaves, or pinned a scarlet rosebud over his left breast. On the morning of little Eddy Sloper's funeral, all the younger school children met at his gate by special request, and each pair of little hands were filled with flowers ; not white ones only, but all except the very showy and scentless kinds. Then, just before the coffin was lowered, each sad little schoolmate, looking all the more mournful because of the prominent part given to him, strewed his flowers within the damp, yawning grave. Poor old Almiry Sloper turned her wet, grateful eyes on Dick, and he did not shrink shame-faced from her look, but returned it with his own sweet-hearted gaze.

The next time we met with Mrs. Sloper, some months after, she was voluble in her praises of Dick. 'Dear boy,' she said, 'he seems like an own son to me. Them verses he wrote about Eddy was beautiful—they was just beautiful. It makes me cry every time I read them, and I've read them over so many times, I know them off by heart. Well, Richard Mowbray's a real talented man, and he doesn't put on any airs either. I think, as a rule, those that show off the most, know the least. But I was going to tell you. My daughter Betsy, and her man, think of moving away to Dinsborough, and she asked Dick to write a piece about it. Well, he made a splendid Farewell Address, and brought in the names of every one of the family. They all think their very eyes of that, and no wonder! He didn't make no pow-wow about it neither. Just went and did it as simple and unconcerned as if it was eating his dinner.'

Not long after Dick called in, and we questioned him about his latest production, and repeated what Mrs. Sloper had said of it. Dick shook his head doubtingly. 'I'm glad it pleased them,' he said : 'that's what I wrote it for. But that kind of stuff is no more like poetry than monkeys are like men. It don't hurt a man to act like a monkey sometimes, but it's a pity for anyone to think that that is the best he knows how to do. Now, here is a piece that I'd rather be judged by. It is as much a part of me as my hand is.'

He pulled a mass of papers from his pocket all covered with writing in pencil. Some of them were crumpled, others nearly illegible, and one, bearing many marks of erasure, was rolled up into a ball. He selected a piece that was doubled up into a great many folds, and as I was the only one of the family that happened to be present, he handed it to me. This is what I read :—

'A WONDER.

'I think of it when I'm working in my garden,
I think of it when I'm waking out of sleep ;
Is it just a dew drop of the morning?
Or is it like the waters of the deep?

It's more sweet to me than any other joy ;
It is lovelier than the red and yellow west ;
It is dearer than a tired little boy,
Laying timidly his head upon my breast.

Shall I ever—'

But here I stopped. The poet, who had taken a hasty glance over my shoulder, suddenly exclaimed, while a thin flame of colour ran up to his brow :

'Oh, I'm so sorry ! that is the wrong piece ? I didn't mean for you—I didn't mean for any one to see it.'

I dropped the paper instantly, feeling like a convicted thief. 'I am sorry, too, Dick,' I said, 'but I shall say nothing to any one about it. Indeed, I know nothing about it to say. I have read only the first two verses.'

He looked relieved, and then mother and the rest came in, and our embarrassment was forgotten in the general talk. Just as he went away, he gave utterance to a characteristic thought.

'Seems as if I was visiting some one nearly every day. But I often think—you see it's just like this. When a man stays at home all the time, he gets to think that he is at the centre of the world, and consequently of the most importance. He sees that the sky is highest just above his head, and slopes down over every one else. But when he goes to a neighbour's house, he sees that the sky is highest there, and, if anything, slopes down over his own home. A man can't get anywhere near a right idea of things, until he looks at them through his neighbour's eyes as well as his own.'

Though I said nothing to anyone about the verses called 'A Wonder,' I dwelt upon them very often in my thoughts. Much oftener and much more did I think of them, than of the next piece he gave into my hand, which was the one he spoke of as being a part of himself. This one, entitled 'Spring,' began :—

> 'The grass springs up, the brooklets run ;
> The weather is very fair,
> Whether I walk in the shade or sun,
> I'm happy every where !'

Dick was capable of writing very much poorer poetry than that, and very frequently did so. But even this simple little poem excited violent dislike in some amiable hearts. Young Mrs. Lindley, who, as a school girl, had revelled in poetry as a bee among tropical flowers, shrugged her pretty shoulders in horror at the fact, that each of the eight stanzas on spring, ended with the line, 'I'm happy everywhere !' 'I never imagined,' she cried, 'that anyone's happiness could give me so much pain ; but that style of thing does take the very heart and life out of me. I can almost hear myself draw my last breath. Oh, you mustn't look so angry about it ! I don't suppose I should feel so, only I used to write just such atrocious stuff myself ; and whenever I read anything half silly and wholly inspired, it all comes back to me like a rush of blood to the head, and my cheeks are hot for an hour afterwards. Talk of words that burn,' exclaimed the young wife with mocking eyes, 'I know what they are ! It's a warning to parents not to leave such dangerous weapons as pencil and paper where their children can reach them.'

The next time that Dick Mowbray entered our door, it was with the air of a conquering hero. There was suppressed joy and triumph in his voice and eyes, and he gave the instant impression of one upon whom has fallen some great and bewildering happiness. Our voices held a note of congratulation, as we questioned him, but blank dismay enveloped us as he answered :

'I am accepted, engaged ; I am going to be married !'

Instantly my thoughts reverted to 'A Wonder.' It was then the love of his future wife that he alluded to in it. But who would that wife be? I could think of no one but that strange girl, Sarah Culp. The idea of Dick—our old Dick—getting married, had never entered into our minds before, and it kept us spell-bound.

'Oh, you can never guess !' cried the poet exultingly. 'It is Miss Theo. Sterling !'

Our amazement deepened so much that we with difficulty refrained from echoing the name. Charley spoke first.

'Well, Dixy ! who would have thought of you getting married ? But, good Cæsar ! Dick, Theo. Sterling will never—I mean, we can't spare you for any one woman. The whole neighbourhood is your wife, and you can't get divorced in a hurry.'

Dick forced a little laugh and looked quickly, keenly at the rest of us. 'It is as hard for me to believe as it is for you,' he said softly.

We were silent no longer then, but talked of his marriage, as though we believed it could be one of the pos-

sibilities. He told us that Aunty Marshall, an old coloured woman, was cleaning house for him, 'but perhaps, if the girls wouldn't mind coming over, just a little while, to help fix up——'

'Oh, yes!' we responded gladly; and then he went away, and we began to talk the mystery over.

Theo. Sterling was not a young girl. She was over twenty-five, but in the language of one of her neighbours, she was 'too everlastin' stuck up to marry any one.' Her parents were considered rich, and she herself was a tall, fully-developed, handsome brunette. She was not shallow, nor supercilious, but she was intensely proud. She was supremely indifferent, independent, self-satisfied. She read, and rode, and practised music a good deal, but talked scarcely any; so that those who knew her the longest felt as if they had just been introduced to her. 'It must be her innate spirit of contradiction,' said Jenny, 'that tempted her to take Dick. She would like to do something daringly different from what people expect of her. There must be some selfish motive under it all.'

I could only fancy, or rather hope, that the only reason why Theo. Sterling had promised to marry our kindly poet, was because she was really in love with him. Certainly, the attraction, which is said to exist between opposites, should not be lacking between these two. Yet, it was a strange match. Every one thought and said that it was a strange match; and many phophesied evil to Dick on account of it.

Miss Sterling's home was several miles away from ours, and we were not at all intimate; but, in my next long ride on horseback, I made her a morning call. I found her alone, lying outright on a red lounge, clothed in a grayish creamy wrapper, with her dark hair falling loosely over her brow and down in a heavy braid beside her, and her dark eyes just raised from a letter she held in her hand. She immediately rose, bestowed herself gracefully upon a high easy chair, and returned polite answers to my remarks upon current topics, with the air of one who is about to say, 'What can I do for you this morning?' It became very tiresome at last, and I made a movement to depart. She stood up, tossed her arms down with a movement of mingled relief and perplexity, and then came closer to me.

'Mr. Mowbray is an old friend of yours,' she said, with a soft emphasis on each word. 'May I ask what you think of his poetry?'

I saw then that the letter she held in her hand was in Dick's writing, and the blank spaces occurring through it at regular intervals proved it to be in verse. All our dear poet's life-long patience, and sweetness and loving-kindness, rose up before me, as I looked into her hard, inscrutable eyes.

'I think almost as much of it as I do of my baby brother. He is simple and child-like, and not at all profound, but we never think of criticising him, or treating him badly. He is very dear to us.'

She said nothing, and her seeming indifference inspired me to be audacious.

'You will think me rude, but my excuse is that, as you say, Mr. Mowbray is an old friend. May I ask what you think of him?'

She turned visibly paler, and withdrew a step.

'I cannot hinder your asking, but I should prefer not to answer.'

Mrs. Sterling now entered the room, and I remained five minutes longer, the victim of her loquacity.

'I'm sure I hope you haven't come to put in a good word for that worthless Dick Mowbray, for he don't deserve it; though it doesn't make a mite of difference what you, or I, or anybody else says to Theo. She's just one mass of stubbornness and conceit! One would think a woman of twenty-seven ought to have some common sense, but she hasn't got a speck. She *will* marry that good-for-nothing, shil-

ly-shally, poverty-stricken old bachelor. Thinks he's a saint, I suppose! Well, he isn't such a saint as you'd think for. He knows where to look for the money. Why—'

'Mother' said Theo., in a stern voice that made my own heart quail, 'for shame!'

I was glad to get out into the September air and sunshine, and away from the house: but no sooner had I mounted Patty, than a shapely white hand was laid on her mane, and a cold voice said—

'For the sake of preventing any misunderstanding that might arise, I wish to inform you, decidedly, that I love Richard Mowbray!'

I did not doubt her then, and I have never doubted her since.

Dick was by no means the pauper that Mrs. Sterling's choice of words would seem to imply. He lived quite respectably on the interest of a little sum in the bank. He had the money-saving, not the money-making instinct, but he evinced the habits of a spendthrift in the preparations for his own wedding, especially in connection with the choice of his new garments. On the day he was married, we were pleased to notice how young he still looked, and how much like a man of the world. His hair was cut, he seemed quite at home in his perfectly fitting attire, and there was a new air of dignity and reserve about him, which was strangest of all. We mourned in secret over the long haired, queerly clothed poet, with face 'like an open book,' who seemed to have gone from our midst forever. But we had not long to grieve, for Dick soon proved himself, even after assuming the marriage tie, and the look of one who is well clothed and cared for, to be as dear and indispensible to the hearts of his neighbours as before. That there was the truest harmony between himself and his wife, no one could doubt, and their influence over each other was noticeable. Dick, as the years went on, acquired a manliness of look and air which made us respect him more, and love him none the less; while the stately Theo. became really approachable, and frequently quite genial.

The one great sorrow of dear Dick Mowbray's life, and the cause according to the women of the neighbourhood of his death, came upon him about five years after his marriage. I had called in at his house on my way back from the village one evening, tempted by the sight of his twin boys at the front gate. Theo., with her baby on one arm came to the door to meet me. There was a troubled, foreboding look on her face. 'I thought it was Dick,' she said, 'I am expecting him every minute.'

'Why, is he away from home?'

'Yes, haven't you heard? He went away to New York, to try and get his poetry published. I could not persuade him not to go, he felt so sure of success. He spent a long time in copying all his verses, and arranging them in the order in which he wished to see them printed. He planned that the book should be a blue one, and wrote a little poem for the beginning, inscribing it to me.'

She said all this in her old hard tone, and then suddenly dropping her face on the baby's breast, she moaned out:

'Oh, it breaks my heart! To think of what he will suffer, of what he must endure! I wish——'

She stopped short, and I uttered a few sorrowful words. For some griefs even sympathy is felt to be intrusive, because it is so near akin to that kind of pity which borders on contempt. But Theo., so unlike her former self, showed no suspicion nor resentment of this. Her sad, sincere eyes looked into mine in a way that drew us closer than any hand-clasp.

'There is a great deal of selfishness in my suffering,' she said, 'I can't bear to think of Dick as caring for, or even troubling over, anything more than me. I am not all that is necessary to him, and he is more than life to me. All

my life long, before I was married, I was told that I was selfish, and proud and hateful; but Dick believed in me, Dick loved me, and he has been showing me ever since the beauty of humility, and the divinity in every common human soul. He is God's messenger, sent to save me from myself.'

She placed the baby in her cradle, and went to the open window to call the boys inside, when her husband opened the door. He seemed to have suddenly grown very old and haggard, and there was an inexpressible weariness about his eyes and mouth, and in his attitude.

'It is all over, Theo.!' he exclaimed. 'I am only a shallow rhymer, a conceited fool. Oh,' with a groan, 'my life has been a miserable failure!'

'How dare you speak so?' demanded Theo. in strong indignation; but her voice was broken, and her limbs trembled, she moved swiftly to his side and I turned and came away.

Dick Mowbray was taken sick shortly after that night, and he died a few weeks later. When it was known that his sickness would probably be fatal, there was no one but felt a thrill of ineffable pity and mournful satisfaction in the words of his physician: 'Dick might have recovered if he had not given right up at once. He hasn't a particle of spirit—doesn't seem to care whether he lives or dies.' His house was besieged with visitors—sorrowful, interested, and merely curious,—but when it became known that he had only a few more hours to live every feeble old woman and bluff farmer, and every boy and girl in the village came, with dim eyes, to press his hand and say good-bye, as if he had been the dearly loved brother of them all. The tender-hearted poet was inexpressibly moved by this. He had a special word for each one, and he talked long and earnestly with Sarah Culp. Theo., who had withdrawn for a moment from his side, looked meaningly at Jenny and me, and we went with her into an adjoining room.

'I wish you would sing the piece that Dick wrote when John Longmore was dying,' she said, 'I am sure he would like it.'

We sang it to an old-fashioned tune, but not alone; for very many of the motley group about the bed joined in. The tears stood upon Mrs. Lindley's cheeks, as her voice rang sweet above them all; while Mr. Harding, standing grave and quiet, gave no token of emotion, except for the occasional tremor in his strong tones.

'Good-by! Good-by! Oh, comrade, kind and dear;
Sad and lonely are the hearts that beat around you here:
Dreary looks our future path without your smile and voice,
Bringing sunny gladness to us, bidding all our lives rejoice.

'Dear friend, good-by, you will sink as does the sun
To begin a new day, while with us the night has just begun:
Cold the darkness closes round us in our grief and pain,
But in the morn that's coming, we will greet you glad again.'

A wan look of happiness crept over the dying poet's face, but he hid it in his hands. After it was over, he murmured weakly: 'One publisher said that there was something very much like true poetry in some of my lines, but it doesn't matter now.' He put an arm around his little boys and kissed them both. Then the baby was placed beside him, but she struggled and cried. As Theo. took her away, he said, 'Baby doesn't understand me—I think no one understands me but you.' After that he moaned and said, 'Oh, it is so cold; it is so dark and lonely;' and then in a sharp, frightened voice, 'Theo.! Theo.!'

The proud wife knelt down and drew his white, weak face close to her heart. 'Oh, my darling,' she said, 'God loves you as I do—just as I do!' 'Oh, God,' prayed poor Dick in his last moment, 'love me as Theo. does—love me as—' And then he died.

There remains but one thing more to say concerning Richard Mowbray.

One evening, a few weeks after his death, I happened to overhear, in the village store, the remarks of two or three ignorant men concerning his verses.

'Dick wrote very nice rhyme,' said one, 'but it wasn't poetry, by a good long chalk. I had half a mind to tell him so lots of times, but he was such a weakly, good-natured sort of a chap, somehow I couldn't. Anyway, it's a fact that he wasn't a poet; he could never have written a first-class poem.'

'That's a fact!' responded another, 'but we oughtn't to blame him. He wasn't educated enough to make a poet. Why I read some poetry once—it was in a magazine, so it must have been the genuine stuff—and I tell you it was writen in fine style. You might have understood two or three lines in the whole thing, but you couldn't make head nor tail of the rest.'

Sarah Culp, who was doing up a parcel for me, turned alternately pale and red during this conversation. Suddenly the boldest man among them called out:

'What do you think about it, Sary? Dick Mowbray was uncommonly good to you, but he hadn't the making of a poet in him, had he?'

'A poet!' exclaimed Sarah, all her suppressed wrath and scorn finding vent in the word, 'he was a thousand times better than any poet that ever breathed. You don't know — you never could know what he was. I tell you that he saved me when I never thought myself worth the saving. When I was a wicked, reckless woman, he took me right out of the devil's hands, and cared for me, and brought me away from the city, and helped me to live a clean life in the sight of God and the world. He called himself a poet, and so he was, but his greatest work was never written on paper, for,' touching her breast with a proud humility, 'his greatest work is here.'

IN MEMORIAM:—THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY FIDELIS.

DEATH has cut short not a few distinguished lives of late. But in Thomas Carlyle we lose, undoubtedly, the grandest literary figure of the present century. Its most unique and powerful voice has passed into the Eternal Silence. One of the Titans who occasionally tower pre-eminently above the ordinary intellectual stature of mankind, Carlyle came into his kingdom early. Esteemed a sage and a classic, because, in the true meaning of that term, before he had reached old age, he who has only just passed away, seems to belong to the remote past, to the age before an all-devouring science began to suck all thought into its vortex; the age before Darwin and Spencer and Huxley and Tyndall. And yet, when the century is closed, and its gains are subjected to the sifting process of time, the lessons taught by Thomas Carlyle will take rank as those which we can least afford to lose.

Fervid and intense, passionately loving truth, and hating all falsity and disguise, Carlyle, like his friend, Edward Irving, belonged rather to the order of seers or prophets than to that of the calm philosopher. Unlike that of Irving, his teaching was negative rather than positive; breaking down rather than building up. Yet even in this respect, it was useful to positive truth in tearing off disguises, clearing away cobwebs of pretence, and unmasking conventional hypocrisy, the deadliest enemies that the truth has to fear. In some respects, Carlyle's stern, unsparing denunciations recall the solitary figure of Elijah, or perhaps rather of a John the Baptist, standing apart, both from the church and from society, 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness,' preparing the way for those that should come after.

His style, as every one knows, was as unique as his genius. It was, or seemed to be, the necessary medium of his individual genius, the outcome of his peculiar idiosyncracy, intensifying in eccentricity as his own eccentricities intensified, and softening down in his later days into something like the pleasanter manner of his early ones. Its quaintness undoubtedly helped to gain him a hearing, and secured a speedier recognition of his commanding power. It set a fashion which, for a time, had numerous imitators, till men found out that that which alone was valuable in it was inimitable. Yet, though it has happily long ceased to provoke an undesirable attempt to revolutionize good English, his influence has been most salutary in discouraging the affectations of 'fine writing,' and taught a younger generation to aim at expressing their thoughts with less rhetoric and more sincerity and force.

His numerous works are too well known to need even a passing reference. His 'Frederick,' unreadable to some, was intensely fascinating to others, and struck out a wholly new line in historical biography. Certainly, once read, it was not a book to be forgotten. His 'French Revolution' was hardly a history, but rather a series of vivid visions, rapid and confused in action as the glimpses of reality might have been, fragments of a powerful drama, rather than a continuous history. It was the work, indeed, rather of a poet than an historian. His 'Life of Sterling,' and his brief notice of Edward Irving, are memorials of the tender friendship of the man, as well as of the insight of the sympathetic biographer. Yet his sympathies were intense rather than broad; exclusive rather than catholic. Stern moralist as he was, and worshipping strength of will as the first of virtues, he could touch the faults and failings of Burns so tenderly, that it seemed he could—

'Gently scan his brother man,'

so long as he was honest and sincere and not a fraud or a sham. Strong anti-republican as he was, he seemed to exult in the fierce convulsions that rent asunder the old régime of convention, and corruption, and oppression, in the French Revolution, and refused not some need of justice even to the 'Sea-green Incorruptible.' Yet he could glorify tyrants, and almost deify mere force of will, and utterly refuse his sympathy to the oppressed negro race and the anti-slavery movement in the United States. Was it, perhaps, that a growing egotism allowed the prejudices of an emotional nature to warp his judgment, and so distort the poet's passionate love of good and hate of ill? Yet, fearlessly faithful to his convictions, he cared little for misunderstanding or misjudging critics, caring only to work out what force was in him, for what he esteemed good. To some this appeared pride. To others it seems only the acting out of his inwrought consciousness that faithfulness is its own reward.

How it happened that the close friend of Edward Irving, and the divinity student of quiet Annan, drifted so far from the definite religious be-

liefs he once held is one of the mysteries we cannot solve at present, though, doubtless, it could be solved, could we more fully analyse the mental and moral forces that determine such belief. We do not say, however, 'drifted from faith,' for Carlyle always kept a religious faith, and made no secret of his aversion for the 'gospel of despair.' He clung with passionate tenacity to a firm faith in the deepest verities of our spiritual nature, to the trust in the Eternal Right, which is the foundation of all faith. In an age whose tendency has been to exalt the knowledge of the outward and material, and to minimise the power of the unseen and spiritual, he spoke with the authority of one 'seeing that which is invisible.' In his last lonely days, his great heart aching for the loss of the beloved partner of his life and work, he wrote four years ago to his friend, Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, a man of intense faith and realization of the Divine life in the human soul, the following touching bit of his own spiritual experience :—'So be it with us all, till we quit this dim sojourn, now grown so lonely to us, and our changes come! "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy will be done." What else can we say? The other night in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, those words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis, as if written, and shining for me in mild, pure splendour on the black bosom of the night there, when I, as it were, read them word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a suddenness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for, perhaps, thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that Prayer; nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an "After this manner pray ye."'

So, in the darkness and solitude of closing life, the shadowy abstractions that had hovered dimly before his mental vision, seemed to take form in the tender Christian conception of 'the Father.' But this was not his message to his generation. He cleared the foundations of all truth of much overlying rubbish. He has been, to thousands of the youth of his age, an impulse and an inspiration to a noble, purer, sincerer ideal of life. But he could do no more. On the foundations thus cleared by him, it was left for prophets of another order, to 'arise and build.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

AN ENQUIRY BY A. B. C.

At the 'Table' of December last the following statement was made by 'F.' 'Mrs. Oliphant gives us an instance of a wife who had more than doubled the actual income of the family by the labour of her own hands in taking boarders, and yet the husband would talk magnanimously about *giving* his wife a pair of gloves!' The story is, I suppose, imagined to be a very telling one, rounded off as it is with the note of exclamation to point the moral and adorn the tale.

As I understand the matter, all that is offered as *fact* in a periodical of the

first class is at once accepted by its readers with perfect trust in the good faith of its contributors. Opinions may vary indefinitely, but fact is the sure and stable foundation upon which opinions rest. It is this confidence in which consists, as I take it, the high character of the publication. For example, would one in a hundred of us imagine for a moment that what that lady never said had been attributed to Mrs. Oliphant, by name, a well known writer of great literary reputation? Would one in a hundred of us feel a moment's doubt that Mrs. Oliphant did give such an 'instance.' And yet I am compelled to confess that the circumstances of the case suggest an unavoidable doubt. It becomes then a matter of serious enquiry whether it is a fact that Mrs. Oliphant did tell the story which she has been said to have told. The doubt, if without foundation, may be cleared up at once. It is simply for 'F.' to kindly take the trouble of stating at the next Table' where the story is to be found.

In the meantime I will repeat a tale which Mrs. Oliphant certainly does tell about a husband and wife and certain gloves, and I will say where the tale is to be found. In *Appleton's Journal*, New York, for the month of July last there is an article by Mrs. Oliphant, reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, London. On the seventy-fourth page of the former periodical the story will be found. And thus it is. Mrs. Oliphant says: 'I was making an insignificant journey in company with a married pair *between whom there was the most perfect understanding and good intelligence.* The lady wore a pair of very shabby gloves, to which, by some accident or other, *attention was called.* (Italics mine in both cases.) The husband was shocked and ashamed. "One would think," he said, "that I could not afford to buy you gloves."'

Mrs. Oliphant proceeds to state the 'facts of the case,' from which it appears that instead of the wife more than doubling the family income it was the husband quadrupling it. It is safe to say that, instead of the work of *her hands* it is the work of *his head.* Instead of *her* taking *boarders* it is *his* taking *pupils.* 'He had been a University Don, and was then a "coach," taking pupils. Some six or eight young men—.' Instead of his talking magnanimously about giving his wife a pair of gloves he made the little speech repeated above. It has not the air of being a very unpardonable remark, nor would there appear, I think, except to Mrs. Oliphant, much proof of shock or shame.

Here then we have two stories about a husband and wife and her gloves. They are alike and yet most unlike. It is hard to say whether their similarity or their dissimilarity is the more remarkable. Did Mrs. Oliphant tell them both? Or is one a mockery and travesty of the other, altered in every part, with the same *animus* in all? That is the question. It would certainly *appear* to be so, but then appearances are often extremely deceptive. Explanation may clear it all up. But *if*—I say *if*—it should turn out that writers, whose minds are unfortunately warped in a certain direction, resort to devices of this kind to show to what depth of baseness husbands may descend, those of us who do not share their opinions may take heart of grace. There is balm in Gilead. In future we may qualify their statements not with a grain of salt but with a bushel.

It is not my purpose, at present, to follow the subject further in this direction, but I may just say that Mrs. Oliphant, with true feminine inconsistency, calls it '*a very trifling incident of no importance whatever,*' in which I think it probable she may find a great many people to agree with her. '*And yet,*' she says, '*it contained the whole question;*' (Italics in both cases mine again) that is, the whole question of the 'Grievances of Women,' which forms the subject of her paper. After that the deluge!

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ballads and other Poems, by ALFRED TENNYSON, Canadian copyright edition. Montreal, Dawson Bros., 1880.

The expiring year brought with it these last few winter blossoms which our Poet Laureate desires to have entwined with the more luxuriant foliage which he culled to form the crown of his younger days. We must not look for this aftermath to rival in sweetness and strength of perfume the rich succession of flower and leaf which the field of the poet's thought has heretofore put forth. But we may find our account in noticing the direction in which the poetic gift appears to be tending, whether towards the forms of verse which possessed the greatest attractions for the poet's youth, or whether it burgeons out towards new and comparatively unattempted modes of expression.

The chief point to which we have to draw our reader's attention is the noticeable increase in the dramatic spirit which is here manifested. Mr. Tennyson speaks less with his own lips and more with the tongue of others. Out of the thirteen ballads and poems which form the bulk of this little volume no less than eight are spoken by a narrator who colours the incidents narrated by his own idiosyncrasies. The poem becomes a study of the spokesman, who reveals his own character not directly or by means of a critical analysis, but by his words and diction. It is not pretended that this is a novelty with Tennyson, whose earlier poems were often cast in the form of personal narrative. But from the beginning till now the tendency has been towards the increase of dramatic effect, and the choice of subjects which, but for the dramatic power shown in their rendering, would have been savourless to the poetic ear. To come to particulars, —*St. Simon Stylites* was one of the finest and most marked of the early dramatic, self-declaratory, sketches which Tennyson has given us. The subject, however, was of itself a fine one, the prevailing sentiment of the saint's life being grand, tho' distorted, and his surroundings of the noblest and most inspiring nature. Angels of heaven, demons of the pit, hover around the pillar 'crowned with his sorrow,'—while, far below, the seething crowd of people are unconsciously corrupting the purity of their faith by the contemplation of his penance and his perfections. Akin to this in the height of its argument is the piece of blank verse now published in which Columbus, visited in his prison by a friendly noble, gives vent to his pent-up feelings in denouncing the ingratitude and jealousy that so rewarded the exertions of his matchless genius. 'We brought,' he says indignantly, lifting his chains 'we brought, this iron from our isles of gold.' Somewhat akin to this also is the soliloquy here given us by Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, when hiding among the Welsh hills from his religious persecutors. We notice that the martyr to Wicliff's principles is identified by Mr. Tennyson with Sir John Falstaff; this appears tó us to be a grave error in taste, and not to be excused by the plea that the Falstaff of Shakespeare was a caricature of the original. For good or for evil, Sir John's character, figure, habits, turn of mind and lineaments of face, his double chin and his short wind, are fixed forever in the pages of Henry IV. ; the imaginary character of Shakespeare is the reality ; the actual man his great creation was based upon is but the thin and unsubstantial ghost.

Such dramatic studies, however, as these are plainly indebted for their effect in no small degree to the dignity of the subjects and actors. Neither do these later pieces come up to St. Simeon in vividness of colouring or skill in depicting character. *Sir John Oldcastle* is to our mind, the poorest of the three, verging even on commonplace, and Sir John expends too much of his energy in rather weak abuse of the clergy and friars of the time. But Tennyson scored

his mark in bolder characterizings when he pursued in *The Northern Cobbler* and *The Village Wife, or the Entail,* the line he first marked out for himself in the *Northern Farmer.*

The *Cobbler* is a temperance, or rather teetotal, ballad in dialect; the knight of St. Crispin telling the tale of his temptations and his final victory to the brother of his wife, a sailor just returned from sea. The natural request of the blue jacket for a glass of grog, and the sight of a quart bottle of gin very easily draws on the old man's tale. He had taken to drink, ill-treated his wife, stolen her small earnings, and seen 'Foalk's coostom flitting awaay like a kite wi' a brokken string.'

Repentance comes to him when he thinks how Sally has changed to a 'sloomy' being in a 'draggle-tailed owd turn gown' from the girl whom he courted 'Straat as a pole an' clean as a flower fro' ead to feeat,' and he remembers the day they walked through Thursby fields to meeting.

> 'An' Muggins 'e preached o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
> 'An' then upo' coomin' awaay Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.'

He blubbers out that he will do it no more,—Sally mistrusts his determination not to 'goa sniffin' about the tap' 'Weant tha?' she says, 'an' my son I thowt i' mysen 'mayhap.' Then a bright idea strikes him, he rushes off, gets 'yon big black bottle o' gin' and stands it in the window,

> 'Fur I'll loook my henemy strait i' th' faace.'

To the question 'wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart?' he answers bravely, 'naw doubt

> 'But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi,' an' fowt it out.'

He has even got to 'loov' him 'agean in anoother' kind 'of a waay,' is proud of him

> 'Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' th' light.'

At first his idea had been that when he died the bottle should be broken,—but the contemplation of the one fixed object has at last worked so strongly on his narrow comprehension, that

> 'Arter I changed my mind, an' if Sally be left aloan
> I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taake 'im afoor the Throan.'

In the same category falls the *Village Wife,* a gossipy scandalous chronicle about the doings of the old squire and his family, as related for the benefit of a retainer of the new Squire. The old dame has heard of a settlement in tail male and the legal terms have got jumbled up in the finest possible confusion in her mind. The 'taail' is to her an actual literal tail,—the new squire 'cooms wi' 'is taail in 'is 'and' the old squire's son is told by his father that he 'mun cut off his taail'

> 'But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e swears, an' 'e says to 'im "Noa"
> '"I've gotten the 'staate by the taail an' be danged if I iver let goa!"'

Unfortunately Charlie was a reckless sort of fellow his likes were not to be found,—

> 'e were that outdacious at 'oam,
> '*Not thaw ya went fur te raake out Hell wi' a small tooth coomb."*

The result of this rashness is an unlucky jump on his favourite horse 'Billy rough-un' over the stream, in which performance

> 'Charlie 'e brok 'is neck
> So theer wur a hend o' the taail, fur 'e lost 'is taail i' the beck.'

The old squire had no other boys, only seven or eight girls, who 'hedn't naw taails,' but who are sketched off by the old dame's vigorous and not over scrupulous tongue in a masterly manner, a line or two apiece sufficing to describe them to us. The 'village wife' didn't like Miss Annie, the eldest. When the villager's daughter died 'I thowt' says she,

> 'I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie she said it wur draains,'

and it is evident that the cottager doesn't like that material way of putting things, as trenching somewhat on her family dignity!

Now in both these dialect poems the subject is nothing,—the prolocutor is everything. We feel that the Cobbler and the housewife are real beings of flesh and blood, fit companions for the farmer who 'stubb'd Thornaby waaste'

and the descendant of that worthy whose hard practical ear turned the musical cadence of his horse's hoofs upon the turnpike into the refrain of 'Proputty, proputty, proputty,' to assist him in stifling the feeble promptings of a more generous spirit in his son's mind.

There is nothing akin to this in the Poet's earlier work. We should go too far if we said that Tennyson has shown a capacity for humour for the first time in these later pieces. A perusal of his works shows that an under current of genial humour has always flowed through them, not far below the surface. But that humour was always intensely clarified, and filtered as it were by its passage through the mind of a poet who is preeminently a gentleman. If he tells of the college pranks that hauled the 'flay flint's sow' up the corkscrew stairs to the tower leads, it is with a classical allusion to the beast as 'the Niobe of swine.' If he stoops to glorify the *Cock*, the portly head waiter becomes a modern Ganymede and his fancy makes

> 'The violet of a legend blow
> Among the chops and steaks.'

When, with a keen observation he notices how the coarse followers of the Earl of Doorm sat silent at the board

> 'Feeding like horses when you hear them feed,'

we feel that the writer, in observing and recording the vulgar incident, has done so from the height of a higher station and has not in anyway lowered himself to the level of those he describes.

With greater confidence in his own powers Mr. Tennyson is now able to frankly identify himself with those he depicts, and, quitting the veil of refinement and scholarship, to allow his peasants and old women to tell their tales in their own way. The gain in vividness of conception is very great. His 'May Queen' was beautiful and tender and touching, but village girls, even when consumptive, do not have such delicately tender thoughts and modes of expression.

With how much more power does he now make *Rizpah* speak in a poem in which the fiercest tragedy and the greatest questions that perplex human minds are propounded in the most natural and forcible manner by an old woman, who is half crazed with grief and the terrible love that has driven her out

> 'Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow,'

to grovel below the gibbet on the downs for the dropped bones of her son who has been hung there in chains!

Tennyson, speaking in his own person has given form to some of the most searching doubts and cravings of the human soul in the conflict between Intellect and Faith; in this marvellous poem he simply records as a fact the discrepancy which exists in the humblest minds between formal doctrine and actual belief, a discrepancy which may be ignored but cannot be altogether hidden, which rejects the hell at heart although the lips confess it, and refuses heaven for oneself if the loved one is not to share in it,

> 'Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?'

In another department of poetry we find *The Revenge*, a ballad of the Fleet, which both in subject and manner of treatment reminds us of Browning's *Hervé Riel*, with which it is not unworthy of being ranked. It is a tale of Sir Richard Grenville and how, with his one little vessel he fought the whole fleet, the fifty-three 'huge sea-castles,' of Spain. Very striking is the picture of the commencement of the fight, when

> 'Half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen.'

And the little 'Revenge' ran on *thro' the long sea-lane between* till the 'mountain-like San Philip' with her sheer bulk and height

> 'Took the breath from our sails and we stay'd.'

This last line reminds us of the cadence of some of Campbell's best battle songs.

Mingled with this excellent work we have some poor and really sorry stuff. *The Sisters* is a poem in blank verse which too often degenerates into common-place colloquialisms, and the piece called *De Profundis*, and especially that part of it which bears the sub-title of *The Human Cry* is such that no lover of Tennyson will ever hear its name mentioned without a feeling of pain that such an evidence of decadence should have been allowed to appear among so much of other work that tells of continued power and unabated freshness.

*The English Poets,** edited by T. H. Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson. 1880. [Second notice.] Vol. I. Early Poetry, Chaucer to Donne.

'We should conceive of poetry worthily,' writes Mr. Matthew Arnold in his introduction, 'and we must also set our standard for poetry high.' What that standard should be appears in a few typical passages which he quotes from Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Milton. He would have us compare with these gems such pretty bright coloured stones as we may meet with in our rambles by the side of the minor brooks that run, pearling, down the slopes of Parnassus and thus save ourselves from forming 'fallacious estimates.' After submitting some of our best-known poets to this strict test, it can hardly be wondered at that Mr. Arnold finds even Chaucer and Burns falling short of the full measure of poetic manhood. Their views of life are deficient in 'high seriousness,' and, lacking that, Chaucer's 'divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement, . . . his largeness, freedom, shrewdness and benignity,' fail to entitle him to rank among the great classics.

Now, we do not wish to dispute Mr. Arnold's verdict or to claim that any other English poet can aspire to be admitted to an equal rank with the four great names he mentions. But, with every deference to the undoubtedly high position which he takes as a critic, we think Mr. Arnold is mistaken in advising us to apply these test verses, forged by the Titans of poetry, as our measure and criterion of minor poets. One does not use the diameter of Saturn's orbit as the mete-yard of comparison for the height of even Mount Chimborazo. With the verse of Dante or Shakspeare at their best ringing in our ears, what pleasure could we derive from half the poets who fill up the period from Chaucer to Donne.

The galaxies of little stars shrink into nothing in the overpowering presence of the greater lights of the firmament, yet we do not wish it to be always high noontide or full moonlight, but can afford at times to content ourselves with the 'spangly gloom' of a deep-breasted summer night. If one of the fixed stars of poetry should find admirers rash enough to challenge for him a place equal in honour to that of the morning sun, then it would be well to bring forward one of the great master's verses, the very sound of whose approach 'insupportably advancing' would dispose of the rash aspirant's pretentions to equality.

We are certainly apt, as Mr. Arnold says, to allow our estimate of poetry to be biassed, in the case of early poets, by historical considerations, and in the case of the moderns by our personal feelings. We read the crude works of some *jongleur* or rhyming chronicler—we know nothing of the aid he may have derived from traditionary sources or how far his work is original—we somewhat rashly conclude that his attempt was a veritable *coup d'essai*, a light struck alone and unassisted amid the palpable darkness of the age he lived in, and forthwith we are moved as by enchantment. What power! we exclaim. How wonderful that his faults are not more obtrusive than they are! This little touch of nature, how moving it is; and that conceit, what freshness it has, now we find it here before a hundred poets have stated it with their repetitions! These historical considerations are most misleading when our studies have led us to devote our attention chiefly to some particular period of literature. If we have gone so far as to edit a minor mediæval poet, our sense of proprietorship is so strong as to make us the most unsafe guides in deciding upon his intrinsic merits; and the curious result follows that the more we know about such a writer the less able are we to rank him properly among his fellows. As the plan of Mr. Ward's volumes necessitates the treating of each poet by a writer who has made the period during which he flourished the subject of special study, Mr. Arnold's general remarks may be regarded as a not uncalled for warning against the natural partiality with which each sub-editor may be expected to regard his own particular poet.

The growing luxury and increased leisure of the richer classes determined the style in which Chaucer and his contemporaries were to write. It was an essential requirement that the poem should tell a tale. Nothing else could attract the attention of the only audience that could be hoped for, and nothing could be so well retained in the memory as a series of vividly told events, no slight

advantage when MSS. were expensive and the professional *raconteur* was still a power in the land. About the time that rhyming chroniclers bade fair to exhaust the adventures of Roland and of Arthur, and to extend back their domain into the yet more mythical times of Brut, the revival of learning in Italy brought into notice the deathless tales of Greece and Troy, the story of the rivalries of Palamon and Arcite, of the checkered loves of Troilus and Creseid. The remoteness of time and place into which the poet was now carried by these old but ever new conceptions, stimulated his by-no-means usually quiet taste to an even richer and more fantastic ornamentation of detail. This detail was, of course, that of the singer's own age, the laws and language of chivalry were affected by Greek and Trojan alike on his pages ; costumes, arms and social relations smack of feudal Europe ; and the general effect, consequently, much resembles that of some picture by Tintoretto or Rubens, where another art has confounded time and country, Jewish priests, Florentine citizens or Dutch burghers, Spanish men-at-arms and Roman centurions in one strange mixture. It was well that Chaucer and his compeers followed in this respect the bent of their natural genius and the demands of their audience ; it is far more desirable that we should have these lively contemporaneous pictures of the ideal chivalric existence rather than their necessarily imperfect ideas of Grecian customs and modes of life.

The same effect was not by any means produced by all the men who dug in Italian mines for the refound stories of an expired civilization. Some moralized till we wonder how such mortal prolixity came to be preserved. Chaucer alone united the greatest tact and skill as a *raconteur* with a nameless freshness of style and language which left him unapproachable. He shook the dust of centuries from his antique subjects and dipped them in May-dew. His favourite daisy blossoms as persistently in his pages as ever it did in English spring-tide meadows. Later poets affected raptures over May mornings and copied his favourite opening verses that told how he was led out into some leafy place by the singing of birds, before the night had well-nigh ended ; but they drew their inspiration from Chaucer, and not as he did, direct from nature herself. So far was this imitation pushed that as good a poet as King James I. of Scotland did not scruple to adopt whole lines of his 'Maister Chaucer's' poems, and to follow long passages with an almost paraphrastic closeness.* Before quitting Chaucer, we would draw attention to what appears to us to be an error in the foot note on p. 54, to the lines in the description of the merchant in the Canterbury tales, in which we are told

> 'He wolde the sea were kept for eny thinge,
> Betwixë Middleburgh and Orëwelle.'

Mr. Ward explains the phrase 'for eny thinge' to mean 'for fear of anything ;' which appears to us meaningless. If the word 'fear' has to be imported into the sentence, the sense would require it to read '*from* fear of anything.' But there is no need to bring in a word which the poet does not appear to have had in his mind at all. What the merchant wished was that '*before* anything' the narrow seas across which his cloth trafficking was carried on should be kept free from pirates. We may also notice in passing a curious instance of the occurrence among our older writers of what is usually supposed to be a piece of purely modern and vulgar phraseology. We refer to the line in which Dorigen is said to have 'let her scrwe *slyde*.' The expression may be traced down literature on its way to every-day use ; but it passes by a descending scale for the next person we find using it is the drunken tinker, Christopher Sly, who expresses his disgust at things in general in the comprehensive phrase 'let the world slide.' Not to leave Chaucer with an idiom which appears to us somewhat slangy upon his lips, we will quote these lines on Spring, from the 'Romaunt of the Rose' (if it indeed be from his pen) :

> 'Than yongë folke entenden ay
> For to ben gay and amorous,
> The timë is then so savorous,'

and ask if they must not have been in Tennyson's mind when he sang

> 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
> turns to thoughts of love.'

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* See examples pointed out by Mr. Ward at p. 131, where we notice a double omission ; a blank being left in two places for an intend de reference to another page.

Of the poets who succeeded Chaucer, we find more originality in the Scotch lowlanders than in those of English birth. Henryson and Dunbar both merit more than a passing notice, and Douglas gives us a Scotch winter landscape with all the detail of a photograph, and which yet conveys in an intensified form the sense of desolation and eerieness which can only be evoked by such a really great picture as Millais' 'Chill October.' In another poem (not selected from by Mr. Lang, who sub-edits Douglas) we find a vice personified which we had always imagined was of purely American creation, but which now turns out to be of Scotch extraction. The vice is that of *Busteousness*, which can only be the particular demon who impels people to go upon what is vulgarly called a 'bust.'

At p. 190, in the notes to Skelton (besides a misprint which throws the page into confusion), it appears to us that Mr. J. C. Collins has missed the sense of his author. Skelton is inveighing, in his jerky doggrel, against priests and men of religion, and especially the officials of the ecclesiastical courts, who vex poor folk 'with sommons and citacions and excommunications.' So irritated are the commonalty against the clergy that in their bitter jangling they

> 'Say as untruly
> As (to) the butterfly
> A man might say in mocke
> Ware the weathercocke
> Of the steple of Poules.'

To this passage Mr. Collins appends the note 'ware=*were*.' But it is quite clear that the mocking advice given to the butterfly is 'Beware of the weathercocke on St. Paul's steeple,' lest by flying against it you render yourself liable to a summons and citation for sacrilege and constructive heresy.

We must pass over much of interest in order to come to the Elizabethan sonneteers and amorists. Among these we think Mr. Ward has done scant justice to Thomas Watson, whose verse, he says, 'makes no appeal to us.' This appears to us hardly fair when we consider that several of his sonnets have been most closely imitated by Spensor in his 'Faery Queene' (cf. Watson's 'Passionate Centurie of Love,' lxxxv., with the incitements to suicide in Spenser's work, at the passage commencing 'He there doth now enjoy eternall reste,' which really appears to be compounded of this sonnet and of a poem by an 'Vncertain Avctovr,' printed in Tottel's 'Miscellany,' p. 132, 1557, and beginning 'The lenger lyfe, the more offence,' &c.).

Our space rapidly draws us to a conclusion, and we can barely notice the beautiful song to a child, by Greene (p. 405),

> 'Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
> When thou art old there's grief enough for thee,'

a song which reminds us more than anything else in English literature of the exquisite 'Songs of Innocence,' by Blake, that Elizabethan poet born out of due season.

It is ungracious to leave off a notice of a really well-edited book by pointing out an error, but we will incur what blame is necessary in order to draw Mr. Hales' attention to his omission to elucidate the meaning of the lines—

> 'Still in the 'lembic of thy doleful breast
> Those bitter fruits that from thy sins do grow.'

A mark of elision before the first word would have sufficed to have put the reader on the track of the chemical metaphor intended by Southwell, as it is he may be puzzled before he recognises 'distil' in 'still.'

Locke, by THOMAS FOWLER. Morley's English Men of Letters Series. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1880.

The name of John Locke is held in great veneration by most men of English extraction, but too often there is an element of ignorant idolatry in this veneration. Locke has passed into that serene sphere, the reputations of whose ghostly inhabitants are taken pretty much on trust, and men bow down to his fame who, if hard pressed, might successfully name two or three of his works but could give little other account either of his philosophy or of his life. Such men, if there is any earnestness in the admiration which they have professed, on trust, for the great philosopher, will hail this compact little biography with considerable satisfaction, as affording them some solid nucleus of fact to which their hitherto floating notions may success fully attach themselves.

John Locke was born in Somersetshire on the 29th August, 1632, the scion of a

family which took the Puritan side in the civil wars then raging in England. He acquired his education at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, but does not appear to have been favourably impressed with the exercises and disputations that formed no inconsiderable part of the academical course of that period.

He obtained a Greek Lectureship at his College in 1660, and entered upon the duties of a teacher in that and other offices, duties which might have enchained and engrossed his whole attention but for two obstacles, which finally severed his official connection with his *alma mater*. In the first place he preferred the study of physic to taking holy orders, although a nominal entry into the Church was a *sine qua non* to the continuous holding of any lucrative appointment at College now that the Restoration had been so happily achieved. The influence of that reactionary period was to make itself felt in even a more marked manner upon the student's career. Locke, in those Continental travels which then formed part of the training of every English gentleman, found his early puritanical proclivities strengthened and broadened by contact with foreign scholars and with travelling Whig noblemen. In 1666 he formed an acquaintance with Lord Shaftesbury, to whose fortunes he was for some time closely attached. Shaftesbury was one of the "lords-proprietors" of the new colony of Carolina, and Locke bore no inconsiderable share in the management of its affairs and the preparing of its "fundamental Constitutions," which, whilst forbidding any intolerant or abusive language against the religion of any church, gave to every freeman of the colony "absolute power and authority over his negro slaves, of what opinion or religion soever."

For some time his connection with Lord Shaftesbury only worked for his good, but when the minister was disgraced, the dependent's lucrative offices were lost and the suspicion as to the loyalty of his principles was first engendered which resulted in his expulsion from Christ Church in 1684 in compliance with the royal mandate. Locke had been for some time living at intervals in France and Holland for the benefit of his health and to avoid the humiliating espionage of the time-serving royalists at Oxford. His expulsion took away all thought of return and he settled down to a quiet life of study at Utrecht and Amsterdam. He was now 51 years old, and had published little or nothing, but now the *Letters on Toleration* and the abstract of the famous *Essay on the Human Understanding* which appeared in the *Bibliotheque Universelle*, kept Locke busily employed until the Revolution of 1688 enabled him to return to his native land. The broad and tolerant views which he had advocated during his exile recommended him to William of Orange, but the continuing failure of his health prevented his accepting the ambassadorships which were offered to him. In 1690 the *Essay* appeared in its full form followed by two *Treatises on Government* and the anonymous *Letters on Toleration*. In 1691 he became a permanent resident of Sir Francis Masham's home at Oates in Essex, which he found so suitable to his complaints that he lived on there till his death.

In this quiet retreat the philosopher cemented his friendship with Sir Isaac Newton, wrote his *Thoughts Concerning Education* and several controversial theological works which have been pretty well forgotten and which led him into a bitter war of pamphlets with some more orthodox people than himself. In fact he appears to have foreshadowed in these essays those views on the eternity of punishment which have made so much progress in our own time. It was not in theology alone that Locke was in advance of his age. In science, he advocated the theory of the indestructibility of matter. His influence was felt strongly on the right side of the struggle over the abolition of the censorship of the press. He supplied the arguments on which Montague and Somers carried their great measure for putting the coining of silver money on a sound basis. He was placed, against his will, on a board of Commissioners, whose multifarious duties embraced the regulation of the colonial and foreign trade of Britain, the pauper system, and the linen, woollen and paper manufactures! Such work soon proved too much for his enfeebled frame, and he retired to the quiet life of a man who has done his life's work well and is surrounded by friends and literary companions who feel it a privilege to assuage the troubles and pains of his declining years. On the 28th October, 1704, he died and was buried in the Churchyard of High Laver.

Mr. Fowler has done his work well in

this little memoir, if we except a few awkward turns of expression, such as "deriving his earliest influences" &c. Some little controversy has been indulged in between him and Mr. Fox Bourne, the latest biographer of Locke, from which it appears the latter writer considers his labours on the field have not been sufficiently recognised by Mr. Fowler. It appears, however, to us that such a *brochure* as this would be overladen by notes if a reference were given to every source of information consulted, —and that the general acknowledgment made by Mr. Fowler in his prefatory note is amply sufficient to meet the requirements of the literary sony.

William Cullen Bryant. A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, F.R.S., N.A. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

We have already noticed in these columns the somewhat slight but not unpleasing sketches of Moore and Lover, which have lately proceeded from Mr. Symington's pen.

In treating of the lives of these authors the memoirs of many contemporary English literary celebrities were laid under contribution with not unsatisfactory results. When he quitted the field of English biography Mr. Symington naturally lost the aid which he derived from previous writers on the same subject. We do not know that this would have been altogether a disadvantage had he possessed sufficient moral courage to form his own opinions on the not very difficult questions to which the life of Mr. Bryant gives rise. But he is so wedded to the practice of quoting the comments and critical remarks of others that this, his last, work is nothing but a farrago of quotations, extracted, in default of better material, from notices of the press, funeral orations, and obituary records. He is unable to quote a simple poem without dragging at least three literary witnesses into the box to vouch for the correctness of the estimate which he has formed of it. We shall presently give some reasons for not concurring in the excessive eulogy which is dealt out to Bryant's poetry in these selections. It is our present purpose to point out the bad taste which has been shown by Mr. Symington in several instances. For example, Mr. Bryant was peculiarly addicted to plainness and simplicity of style. His advice as to calling a spade a spade and not a well-known oblong instrument of husbandry is quoted here with approval. It was therefore extremely inappropriate to introduce (at p. 163) Prof. Hill's penny-a-liner's description of the poet's house at Cedarmere, which dilates upon the 'numerous hotbeds which assist the tender plants in spring!'—as though hotbeds ever did anything else. The same authority informs us that the view of the bay from Bryant's lawn was beautified by 'majestic steamers that move like vast swans upon the surface,' an appearance which they must have put on for the occasion, and for the especial honour and glorification of the poet, as they certainly never take such a likeness upon them elsewhere. Another writer whom Mr. Symington is very fond of quoting is a certain General James Grant Wilson, whose views on literary subjects hardly appear to us worth the trouble of recording, especially as Mr. Symington is entirely unable to mention the general without lugging in every one of his numerous names.

Let us come now to the consideration of Bryant's poetry, which hardly appears to us to deserve the high rank which is here bestowed upon it. No doubt Bryant was a careful and painstaking writer, correct in his versification and inspired with a genuine love of nature. His poems occasionally contain a genuine poetic thought. It would indeed be strange if such could not be found in the volumes of a writer, who, although he left no long continuous work, published during his extended life a very considerable mass of short and occasional poems. Most of his highest fancies appear to have grouped themselves in somewhat grim fashion round the idea of Death, a subject which seemed to have a slightly morbid attraction for him. We only refer here to his 'Thanatopsis,' his 'Monument Mountain,' and the well-known poem 'June,' in which he almost looks forward to his last earthly home, where in place of his present active enjoyment of the beauties of Nature, there will still be left to him some slight interest in the glad June weather, the interest of one

> 'whose part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills
> Is, that his grave is green.'

Sometimes we find a happy expression, as in his didactic poem the 'Ages,' in which he describes the astronomer as

> 'he whose eye
> Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky.'

But having said this, we are unable to go further and exalt Mr. Bryant, as Mr. Symington would fain have us do, to a position among the really great poets of our tongue. In his younger days Mr. Bryant appears to have been addicted to spread-eagleism. Thus, in his 'Genius of Columbia,' he very unnecessarily defies Napoleon, and intimated the crushing defeat which awaited the 'Eastern despot' in case he ventured to invade America, which, it is needless to say, he never intended to do. At other times we find his poems spoiled by an anti-climax, as in the case of the 'African Chief' who goes mad in the most pathetic manner on being led into captivity. The concluding stanza informs us that he

> 'Wore not long those fatal bands ;—
> And *once*, at shut of day,
> They drew him forth upon the sands
> The "foul hyena's prey."'

The 'foul hyena' is generally credited with a capacity for doing his work in a manner which does not require repetition.

Bryant was a disciple of Wordsworth ; but Mr. Symington, in quoting the verses 'Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids,' 'the simple purity and delicate imagery' of which he considers most characteristic of Bryant's genius, does not think fit to draw the reader's attention to the extreme closeness with which the disciple followed the work of his master. The idea of the poem, an innocent child brought up in the forest shades,—and even the wording of it,

> 'And all the beauty of the place
> Is in thy heart and on thy face,'

cannot fail to remind us of the motive and turn of expression in Wordsworth's exquisite poem,

> 'Three years she grew in sun and shower,'

and especially the verse which tells us how

> 'beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.'

We have left ourselves no room to speak of Bryant in his capacity of journalist. His life, dealt with in a more manly spirit, would have inspired us with higher feelings of respect for his character than we feel after the perusal of these pages. Mr. Symington makes him out altogether too good. The man who had no redeeming vice is out of the hunt with him. He is so temperate that we get to hate temperance, and when he has got nothing else to brag about he erects the taking of pepper with one's food into a *quasi*-sin against nature, and plumes himself upon resisting the direful temptation. There is a concentrated grandeur of littleness about this, which we are not likely to see surpassed in a hurry.

The Canadian Portrait Gallery. Vol. I., Edited by JOHN CHARLES DENT, assisted by a staff of contributors. Toronto: John B. Magurn, 1880.

(*First Notice.*)

The appearance of so elaborate and ambitious a work as this, undertaken by a Canadian publisher for the home market, is alike creditable to the progress of the native book trade and complimentary to the character of the public men whose lives are, on the whole, so excellently portrayed in the volume. In its mechanical appearance, the book is a notable instance of spirited publishing enterprise and a pleasing evidence of the growth of the printing and lithographing industries in Canada, which have contributed to its manufacture. In some instances the work of the lithographer has not been happy—a few of the portraits being inartistic in appearance and unsuccessful as likenesses. Others, on the contrary, are uncommonly good, and may be taken as an earnest of better things in the portions of the book yet forthcoming. The experiment of illustrating a Canadian biographical work with coloured lithographs, is so new and withal so novel, that every allowance should be made for occasional shortcomings, more particularly while the mode of embellishment is so pleasing and attractive, and when, on the whole, as we have said before, the work has been so well done. The literary workmanship, so far as we have been able to examine it, also calls for a word of praise. It is marked by industry and ability, as well as by an intelligent appreciation of the features of interest in

the several biographies which are likely to commend them to public attention. There is evidence, moreover, of a wide, and generally accurate, knowledge of Canadian history, and of the events in which the subjects of the sketches took active part. In this respect the book is a capital 'refresher' of matters—political and social—which should be familiar to every Canadian, and especially to any one who has given himself, or intends to give himself, to public life. The biographies are unequal in length, and are occasionally disproportionate to the setting in history which contemporary or subsequent criticism has assigned to the subject of the sketch. This perhaps is to be explained by the paucity of material at the command of the writer in undertaking the biography. It does not seem to be the result of personal predilection, still less is it occasioned by partizan feeling. For the present we can only enumerate the subjects treated of in the volume before us, trusting in our next to give, in connection with the later instalment of the work, a more lengthy and critical review of this interesting and valuable contribution to Canadian literature. The more important biographies in the present volume are those of : Robert Baldwin, Sir Geo. Cartier, Bishop Strachan, Sir Isaac Brock, Joseph Brant, Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Leonard Tilley, Alex. Mackenzie, Edward Blake, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Principal G. M. Grant, the late Chief Justice Moss, &c., &c. We need hardly add that a work got up at such expense as this, and of so great an interest to the people of Canada, should meet with a most generous and far-reaching reception, for only by the most hearty and golden response will our native writers and publishers be induced to put such works on the market, and be incited to follow them up by others of an equally creditable and satisfactory character.

The voluminous Report of the Ontario Agricultural Commission, of which the Hon. S. C. Wood is Chairman, and Mr. Alfred H. Dymond, Secretary, has just reached us as we are about to close the present number. We cannot here do more than acknowledge receipt of the volumes, and express our gratification at the mass of information, of so useful a character and having so practical a bearing upon a vast industry in the Province, which the Report brings so exhaustively within reach. The range of subjects treated of may be gathered from the following enumeration : Fruit Culture ; Forestry and Arboriculture ; Insects and Insectivorous Birds ; Bee Farming ; General Farming ; Dairying ; Horse Breeding ; Poultry and Eggs ; the Salt Trade ; Manures ; Agricultural Education, &c. The work is divided into six parts, each dealing within a special department : the first consisting of the Commissioners' Report proper ; the second containing returns relating to the soil, climate, and cultivable area of the Province ; and the others containing evidence relating to special departments of enquiry. We hope in a subsequent issue to give a review of the results of the Commission's work, and meantime commend the Report to the consideration of those whom it is intended to benefit.

The completing volumes of Mr. T. H. Ward's Selections from the English Poets, with critical introductions by various writers, and a general preface by Mr. Matthew Arnold, have just appeared. Nothing could well exceed the worth and interest of these volumes. In the last instalment of the series we find Mr. Goldwin Smith's critical introduction to Sir Walter Scott's poems. A review of the early volumes of the work appears in our present number.

'An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament,' compiled by Mr. G. H. Jennings, has just appeared from the press of a London publisher, and been instantly reprinted in New York. The work consists of carefully verified and striking facts illustrating the rise and progress of Parliamentary institutions, together with a multitude of stories about the statesmen and politicians who have contributed to their development. A perusal of the book will wonderfully lighten up the dry facts of English constitutional history. The reprinters are the Messrs. Appleton & Co, of New York ; and the Canadian Agents, Messrs Hart & Rawlinson, Toronto.

The subject of the new volume of the Cunningham Lectures (Scotland) for 1880, is, 'Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century.' The lecturer is the Rev. Dr. John Cairns.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE SIEGE OF THE SMOKING-ROOM.

A True Story.

BY G. A. BOODLE, M.D., OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

ONCE upon the ship 'Trafalgar,'
When the wind was blowing coldly,
All within the smoking-parlour
Sat the chiefs of all the smokers,
And they bravely smoked the peace-pipe,
Smoked the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Till the air grew thick and dusky
And their eyes grew dim and smarting
And their breath grew hard and heaving.
Then they said, 'Behold, oh Brothers,
How the blue smoke curleth upwards,
Fills the room, and rusheth downwards
Into the saloon beneath us,
Fills it with its fragrant odour,
Sets the people all a-coughing.'
And they smoked till thicker round them
Rose the smoke in densest columns.
And they cried again, 'Oh Brothers,
We have smoked enough for one time ;
We cannot remain here longer,
Or we shall become all smoke-dried,
Like the bacon in the chimneys,
Like the sparrows in the cities.'
And they left the smoking-parlour,
Left it dim with smoke and vapour,
Like a chimney reeked and smoked it,
As they scattered o'er the ship-board
Each unto his own amusements.
Then without arose the ladies,
Walking in the chilly evening,
Walking in the rain and drizzle,
In their sea-coats and sou'-westers ;
And they said to one another
'We will go into the parlour,
We will sit within the smoke-room,
And will read some strange adventure,
Some old story or tradition,
That the hours may not be wasted,
That the time may pass more gaily
And we all be more contented.'
And they went into the smoke-room,
Read a tale of strange adventure,
That the hours might not be wasted
That the time might pass more gaily
And they all be more contented.
Then below the chiefs assembled,—
They, the chiefs of all the smokers—
And they said to one another,
"We shall lose our smoking-parlour,
Smoke the calumet no longer
In the room, the smoking-parlour.'
And they all cried out together,
We must drive them from the parlour,
Lest they take it altogether,
And we smoke our pipe no longer
In the room, the smoking-parlour.'
Then they gathered friends around them,
Came around and shouted wildly,
Tried to drive them from the parlour,
Came and closed the ventilator,
Held it with their fingers tightly,
That the air might be excluded,
That the smoke might gather thickly
And their breathing be prevented.
Then between the ventilator
Gleamed a sharp and shining weapon,
Pierced his fingers that was holding,
Holding close the ventilator.
Like a ball from off a bat-trap,
Quickly he withdrew his finger,
And a red drop dyed his finger,
Dyed the deck with drops of crimson,
While he shouted in his anguish,
Shouted in the rain and drizzle,
While around him swept the sea-bird,—
Diomedea exulans.
Then they left the smoking-parlour,
Left them reading in the smoke-room,
Till they gathered round the table,
Sat in the saloon at tea-time.
Then they all cried out, 'The ladies
Drive us from our smoking-parlour,
Pierce and wound us in the fingers,
We can smoke our pipe no longer
Smoke our calumet no longer
In the room, the smoking-parlour :
'Tis a room for smokers only,
For the chiefs of all the smokers.'
Then the ladies said in answer,
'We have seats as well as you have,
We can smoke as well as you can,
Smoke tobacco rolled in paper.'
And a lady cried exulting,
'Awf'lly jolly cigarettes are.'
Thus they argued all the tea-time,
While the ship was flying onwards
Swiftly through the spray and drizzle,
And the fire-tail, phosphorescence,
Followed closely in the darkness;
And the porpoise, the phocœna,
Shouted gamb'ling in the billows.
Thus you see the waves and waters
Shall remember you no longer,
Than the fire-tail, phosphorescence,
Lies upon their shining bosom.
You shall, too, forget your smoke-room,
All your legends and traditions,
All your sickness in the Channel,
All your gambols in the tropics,
When you reach your southern harbour,
Smoke your calumet in Sydney,
In the land of the hereafter.