

THE STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

THE KNIGHTS OF MAPLE WOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

FURENS QUID FEMINA POSSIT.

Ned Ellis' enthusiasm for his new scheme communicated itself to not a few of his schoolfellows; and the Boys' Association for Chivalry, was for the moment exceedingly popular. Many who had been at first inclined to ridicule it, and to institute disrespectful historical parallels between Edward and Peter the Hermit, or Don Quixote de la Mancha, treated the movement with more respect when they found that the Warden of the School was shown to approve of it, and that Cyril Ellis—who, even as a College student, retained his influence as a popular sixth-form boy—was to take a leading part in the mysterious organisation.

There was a general rush to Cyril, of those who wished to be admitted as members, as well as of the general public, who were, of course, desirous to know all about it. Cyril had fortunately reserved in his own hands the power of selecting new members; he limited his choice to a few of the elder boys, who had been confirmed, telling the others that the thing was as yet only an experiment, and that if it worked at all well, so as to deserve the boys' confidence, the number of members would be increased. So, on the evening, when they were to meet the Warden, only ten boys accompanied Cyril to that potentate's study. Sing, oh cause, the names of the heroes, whence they came, and from what fathers born. There was Tremaine of the fifth form: him Upper Canada sent forth from its woods, the abode of the wood-chuck and the chip-munk. His father was a warrior, a major of volunteer artillery, a terror to the invading Fenians. There was Waller, whose sire was a States governor over the descendants of the Pilgrims,—even the men who say unto you, "let's liquor," on what Mrs. Hemans calls "the wild New England shore." He was a friend of Edward's and of Cyril's, and "he guessed he would like to make one." There was Fellowes who had left Rugby only because his father's regiment had been ordered on Canadian service; Fellowes whose ideal of a perfect life was taken from "Tom Brown's school," and who had been for a long time fostering Ned Ellis' aspirations by his accounts of Rugby school organisations. From slippery Quebec and sloppy Toronto, came Edwards and Herbert; the latter famed for skill with the boxing gloves, the former in horsemanship. There was Bill Hamilton, of Kingston, who had bowled out the Matchbrooke

eleven, till they, being hopeless and utterly confounded, returned by the earliest train to their own village. There were the Saint Eustaces, major and minor who had left their father's seigniorie on the romantic shores of Memphremagog to become illustrious at Douglassville for prowess at foot ball, cleverness in Latin pure mathematics, and mischief.

"Now, boys," said the Warden, when he had shaken hands with each, and seen them comfortably seated round the fire—"I am not, generally speaking, fond of volunteering advice, but I am about to do so with regard to several points in the undertaking which you seem to have at heart, for this reason, that my advice must be acted upon if I am to consent to your project being carried out among the boys of this school. And first of all, I will tell you my opinion of your plan. I think it a good thing that boys should learn to act together; I am always glad to see them combining and acting in consort to secure a really worthy and desirable object. And I must say it has struck me that there has been a deficiency in this respect amongst our boys. They have not been able as yet, to act together so as to carry out their plans in several instances, when I for one wished them success. There was the school Reading Room Committee; there was the Gymnasium Society, both of which fell to the ground for want of proper self-management. Now, I believe that associations of this kind, managed entirely by the boys themselves, will teach them much that men should know, and cannot learn too early, or too thoroughly. You in the sixth form remember what Pericles says in his speech in the second Book of Thucydides. He accounts that man worthless as a citizen who is not able to take interest in the politics of his own state. As in Athens then, so in England now, most men of high mental culture take interest in politics. One cause of this is the amount of self-government which the boys learn at the great public schools; and here too we work by the same system, as you know, trusting much to the self-respect and self-government of the boys, and eschewing all *espionage* and *surveillance*—the very words are used in English—so you see with regard to your plan which will be an experiment in self-government, I am glad to consent, but I must make one or two stipulations.

In the first place, I think you had better not connect your enterprise with church matters, or theology. These things had better be left to those who are your appointed teachers; but, that you should form amongst yourselves a sort of boys' club—will be, I think, a very excellent thing. Let it be by all means, if you will, founded on the rules of old chivalry. I should like it to be a kind of central point through which all undertakings got up by the boys are to be conducted. In this I will help you, if I see that you go on as I wish. If anything is to be done for the boys' amusement, a reading room established, or a gymnasium built, let the Boys' Association of S. Basil's take it up and I will leave things in their hands. Your club will be in time, if it succeeds at all, a kind of court of honour amongst the boys. And from this I foresee one danger, that of an *imperium in imperio* in the school, and that of an occasional unjust sentence of expulsion or censure to one of your members. Now to obviate this I shall insist

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that, once admitted, no member can be expelled, unless for an offence already proved before the school authorities. Be as careful as you like in your admissions, but you must also be cautious not to commit injustice. And, now, boys, my homily is finished, and it is for you to say if you will agree to what I propose."

To the Warden's terms, Cyril and the boys readily consented, the former perhaps a little disappointed in not being able to mould the society more in accordance with his own views. He had hoped for something more like the Church Guides of mediæval and neo-mediæval England.

Just at that moment the tea-bell rang, and at the Warden's invitation both Cyril and the boys accompanied him to the next room, whence came an appetizing odour as of pancakes. And thereupon the boys were regaled physically with much stronger tea than was good for them, and mentally, with a discussion between the Warden and Cyril touching the new edition of Liddell & Scott. Once only was the flow of their conversation turned to matters of ordinary life. It was when the Warden first tasted the pancakes, at which crisis he paused in the middle of a speech, and, as if addressing an invisible cook in the lower regions of the kitchen, he exclaimed. "I asked thee for pancakes, and thou gavest me leather. *ω παγκάκιστε παγκάκιστω*"

When strangers only were present, and she could do so without fear of Major Ellis or his wife's notice, Mrs. Cadgett would speak of Edith, as "our nursery governess." By every little coarseness of look and manner she strove to make the poor girl unhappy: for instance, if Edith ventured to speak at table,—and she rarely did so, except in answer to some question,—she would stare fiercely at her. Mrs. Ellis, kind-hearted as she was, did not often notice Mrs. Cadgett's bearing to Edith. When she did, she would say, "Oh, poor Cadgett is a little too blunt and brusque—but it is only her manner."

But it was otherwise with the boys. To them Mrs. Cadgett's tactics were pretty well apparent. They knew that lady's character from many previous experiences. With most of them she had quarrelled, from time to time, and when at feud with any one, had employed much the same system of offensive warfare which was now waged against Edith. So, hardly a slight was offered to her that the boys did not notice; and if she had made any attempt to retaliate in kind, if she had ever allowed herself to appear ruffled at her adversaries' attacks, it is quite possible that some of the boys might have taken amusement in watching the combatants: as it was, the fighting was all on one side—and as Mrs. Cadgett, whether in her bullying or coaxing aspect had never been a favourite, her conduct to Edith (whom they all respected the more for her gentleness and forbearance) became more and more the subject of animadversion among the boys—every night her proceedings were on trial before a Vehm Gericht in one of the dormitories, and "it's a shame, that it is," was ever the verdict of these jurors.

If the talk by the dining-room fire in the evening was an enjoyment to Edith, it was still more so to Edward, to Ross, and to several others of the boys. It made the school life seem a little more like home; it gave them the society of one whom they all looked upon as a sister, and with whom, while they treated her with rather more than the deference which is usually shown by schoolboys to their sisters, they could yet talk about home, about their lessons, even about their school scrapes with perfect freedom.

The association thus set on foot gained its way slowly but surely among the boys. With its members it furnished a bond of union in many ways; all were anxious to carry out the programme suggested by the Warden. They were more careful than before in their conduct in school, in order that from them at least should come a good example to the rest of the school, in other respects, as well as in hard reading, though in the latter respect too they did their best. In all the fortunes of the "Knights," Edith took interest; indeed she had got to look forward to her evening talk with the boys. Major Ellis had requested her to sit sometimes in the dining-room after "study" was over, where it was usual for a few of the older boys to gather for an hour before bedtime. It would tend to civilize them, the Major said, and at the same time prevent much of the noise and discomfort which sometimes came to pass when there was no one to hold them in check.

Edith had no objection to this; indeed she preferred being with the boys, and talking over their school politics, perhaps giving help here and there, where she could, in their lessons, to sitting in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Ellis held court with Mrs. Cadgett for her prime minister. That lady had taken a dislike to Edith, which would have entitled her to Dr. Johnson's admiration as a strong hater.

She shewed this in a great many little ways, which no one but Edith could notice. Her favourite plan of annoyance was to talk at Edith in a manner which, under the pretence of being brusque and frank, was really malicious. She was never tired of disparaging artists, literary adventurers and pressmen. She would appeal to Edith as to details of London Bohemian life. Once when pawnbrokers were mentioned, and a discussion arose as to this institution, fortunately little known in Canada, she said to the clergyman who happened to be dining there: "Oh! Miss Sorrel can tell us all about that," and Edith, too well aware of her father's frequent visits to the "dark low archway," where "Uncle Attenborough" holds sway, blushed deeply, at first with pain, and next as looking up she caught the gaze of Cyril Ellis, with some other feeling for which she could not account.

What perhaps tended to strengthen Edith's hands in managing these boys was the fact that Cyril Ellis very frequently joined them. He was fond of helping the boys in their studies, and when the work was over liked to join in their talk with Edith. Edward remarked with some regret that Cyril always seemed in argument to take the opposite side to Edith; he would pretend to misunder-

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stand her reasoning, and sometimes attack her very mercilessly; to these attacks, however, she was not slow to respond, being always ready to defend herself, usually carrying the votes of the boys with her view of the question. What was strange, too, was that the very opinions Cyril attacked were generally those which he himself had always hitherto advocated. Often, the subject for their talk was suggested by something in the boys' lesson, into the spirit of which Cyril entered in a way which could be hardly expected from one so far beyond the age of boyhood. For Cyril Ellis did not undertake the good work of helping the boys in his brother's house at their studies, either from any selfish motive or from the morally selfish motive which many people call duty. He came among them and tried to help them because it gave him pleasure to do so.

On one occasion, Ned Ellis, who was busily engaged in working for a prize in English history, the study of which was much encouraged at St. Basil's College, began to discuss the politics of the Great Rebellion era, and wound up by asking Edith if she could explain one thing that puzzled him. "Why the king's party had not succeeded; they had right on their side; they fought for the Church against the Church's enemies; why, if they did not succeed altogether, did they not at least make a better fight for it?"

"That is an old question, Edward, why the good cause fails?"

"What is become of the brave who fall and die in the battle?"

Die in the lost, lost, fight for the cause that perishes with them."

"Do you know Arthur Clough's poems, Mr. Cyril? those hexameters are from his little volume."

"I am willing to own that they have a degree of melody, but the small Latin and less Greek that I know spoils my ear for English metrical imitations. However, as to Edward's question, I think a reason can be given for the fact that the cavaliers failed to an extent greater than might have been expected, considering the cause for which they fought. I think it is to be found in the decay of the old chivalric virtues among them, especially purity and respect for a high ideal of woman. The want of these alienated the heart of the nation. It is true that they were brave; it is true that they were loyal to the Church, but unhappily they bound up the Church cause with that of the state, and of the state in a decaying and unprogressing form. It is to them we owe the eulogies on puritanism which one has to read even in Goldwin Smith. But better times are ours. The Church's friends are the pioneers of freedom in other cases besides Gladstone. The priest of God will yet be the Tribune of the People."

"I cannot quite go with you there; do you mean that the cause of the state, that is of King Charles, was not a right cause?"

"Not exactly, but I always like to separate my sympathy with the Church's struggle against puritanism, from the ordinary young ladies' novel sentimentalism about King Charles. To my mind, Laud was the martyr, Stratford the hero, and perhaps Cromwell the King."

"You two are going to fight about the King Charles question," said Edward, "like Amy and Philip in the Heir of Redcliffe?"

"You compliment Miss Sorrell by comparing her to that piece of insipidity—"

"Oh, Mr. Cyril, don't say such dreadful things about one of my favourites. What fault can you possibly find in Amy?"

"Precisely that she is faultless. When Grey is 'under a cloud,' she is quite ready to give him up at mamma's bidding. She has too many conventional proprieties to have much real feeling. I cannot endure that model good young lady of the novels with morals in them. Give me 'Jane Eyre,' or even 'Miss Gwilt,' rather."

"And it is just because characters ranging between the Jane Eyre and Miss Gwilt type are so popular just now, that I think Miss Young's novels deserve credit for returning to the far purer and higher ideal of Scott. Have you ever re-read (of course you have read them) the best of the Scott novels?"

But before Cyril could reply they were all re-called to real life by the entrance of Mrs. Cadgett.

"Them boys should have been in bed half an hour ago; fine doings I declare! encouraging them in such goings on, let alone the waste of keeping the lamps burning and the stove lighted all night. And I just make so bold as to tell you now, Miss, with Mrs. Ellis' compliments to you, that we are both agreed that it is entirely unnecessary for you to take the trouble of keeping these young gentlemen company in the evenings any longer."

"Major Ellis requested me to do so."

"Well, and now you understand that you are requested to keep to your own duties, and mind your own business. I consider it highly indelicate in you to make companions out of them boys. I suppose our society is not good enough for you."

"I do not wish to discuss the subject, Mrs. Cadgett," said Edith, "but I will obey Mrs. Ellis' instructions. Good night, boys." And she had just firmness enough to e-scape without crying, which would have been a victory to the enemy. As she gained the stairs, Mrs. Cadgett's voice reached her, "fine doings, indeed," was again the burden. "So our fine London bred Miss is to turn the house upside down, is she? I know all her history, Cyril, my dear, and a dis-respectable one it is; her father married an opera dancer, and we all know what to expect from the daughter of such a character," &c., &c.

At last Edith gained the shelter of her room. She sat down listlessly in the cold without even caring to light her lamp. Long she sat there in the dark, feeling very friendless and disheartened, until she was startled by the gleam of a lamp outside her room, and a step which she knew was Edward. "Why, dearest Edith! you have been crying. Well, I could almost cry myself for vexation at the impudent way she spoke to you. But I came to tell you that you must cheer up. We have all noticed the way she treats you, and we intend to sign a round robin to papa, asking him to send her away."

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"You must take no part in anything of the kind, Edward, for my sake as well as your own; is this your chivalry to make war against an old woman?"

"But, dear cousin, you have no idea what a mean old thing she is. There is not a bit of scandal and evil speaking in the place but she is at the bottom of it. She goes into the boys' room and reads their letters, and for that matter I caught her once reading one of mamma's, and she hates me ever since."

"I cannot say that I like Mrs. Cadgett, Edward; in fact, as you see, I have been so foolish as to let something I heard her say annoy me and make me cry. But, believe me, it is a very foolish thing to let oneself be led by any reprisals against such people. It is unchristian. You know malice is one of the deadly sins, and it is a sin that grows up so rapidly, Ned, when we once harbour it. And, Ned, I think quarrelling is unmanly, and for that matter unwomanly too; it is always a sign of weakness."

"Well, Edith, I will do what you wish. But I cannot help feeling indignant that you should be so hurt."

"Mrs. Cadgett is not a lady, she is a coarse vulgar old woman."

"With the appearance of a cook, and the manners of a fisherwoman."

"Don't interrupt me, Sir; I mean that she does not know perhaps what annoyance her words cause. I confess, Ned, it did pain me to have her talk so, and before so many strangers."

"But, Edith, none of us believe a word of it, and you must not call me a stranger or Cyril either. I know I did not believe her, and I know Cyril did not. He knows all the truth about how you lived in London in the great lonely chambers in Grey's Inn. I told him all about it myself."

"Oh, Edward, how could you tell him!"

"Well, I did not think you would mind. Cyril is such a very good fellow, he would never tell any one else, you know, and besides really, Edie, he likes you so much; he has never said so, but he talks so much to me about you; and do you know he has got a picture in his room in College which is just like you?"

"Well, perhaps it does not matter much, but now good night, and thank you so very much, dear cousin Ned, for thinking of coming up stairs to comfort me; you have made me feel myself again, for I know now that I have one true friend in the house, have I not?"

"That you have, dear Edie."

"But stay," and going to the bureau, she took out a little book curiously bound in antique calf. It was her copy of the "Christian Year." "I am not likely to see much of you for some time; I want you to promise me that you will read one of these poems every Sunday and Saint's day morning before you leave your room. I know no other book next to the Bible and Prayer Book which gives one so much comfort. I can only lend it to you—but here is a little remembrance of your cousin Edith, which you must take from me; wear it always, and when you are tempted to evil, look at it and try to control yourself by the thoughts it will suggest." And she threw round the boy's neck a ribbon by which hung a small gold cross.

"I will never be without it. How good you are to me. No sister could be more to me than you are; and for once, dear Edie, before I say good-night, will you let me kiss you?"

She bent down, and, pushing back the thick brown hair, she kissed him. And so he went to his room to dream of all sorts of impossible dangers besetting Edith, and from which he was her deliverer; from giants and wild beasts to such common-places of dangers as fire. She had become his ideal of womanly goodness and grace, an ideal worshipped from afar, and without a thought of what is called love. And Edith also slept and dreamed pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER V.

IDYLLIC.

That Cyril had indeed taken sufficient interest in what concerned Miss Sorrel to question Edward a good deal as to what circumstances of her past life were known to him, was indeed true. And the interest which both took in that young lady had brought them very much together of late. Though Cyril never encouraged the boy to make remarks on Miss Cadgett's conduct to Edith, yet he could not avoid seeing that the girl's life in his brother's house was not being made a happy one. He felt that he was powerless to exert any influence for her protection, and this very knowledge made him watch her course of action with more interest. To see a young lady, let us say of ordinary attractions, in her proper place, living as other young ladies live, and surrounded by the "perfect circumstances" which Plato says make a perfect man (and therefore we suppose a perfect young lady); to see one thus situated even though it be daily, or three times a day, does not necessarily set one thinking of her, and wondering how she would act under different circumstances from those in which we see her. But Cyril Ellis saw Edith in a position which seemed to him to be a false one, under circumstances very difficult and trying: he therefore could not help sometimes thinking how she would seem to him if differently placed; whether if so the face would often brighten as it sometimes did even now; and Cyril had learned another matter in the course of these speculations—that is the difference between a lady and a mere fleshy good looking young woman like Julia Cadgett. The latter had even lost her beauty in his eyes; in everything about her there seemed something so meretricious: even her eyes and hair were flaunting and bold; also, every now and then, when she became tired or ill-humoured, there came out in her face a likeness to her mother that made her positively ugly. It is curious that Cyril had remarked this latter expression when mother and daughter were both engaged in sneering at Edith. Now Edith's beauty on the other hand was one which had a far more subtle charm—expression—that charm of expression which belongs not only to the features—but to that delicacy of outline in the figure, and that union of strength with grace in the limbs, by which rather than by the

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muscles of the face, Greek sculptors expressed their most refined type of loveliness. Had it not been for this fact of which he had had many opportunities of judging, we question whether Cyril's sympathy would have led him to bestow so much thought on Mrs. Cadgett's victim, nor do we hold that in that case Edith would have deserved such sympathy. Our theory is, that all plain girls are ill-tempered, and contrariwise that all pretty girls are by nature kindly and good-humoured. There may be exceptions, but they only prove the general rule. Again it tended to increase the amount of thought which Cyril devoted to this interesting subject, that he and Edith though living in the same house did not often meet for free and unrestrained conversation. The free intercourse of ordinary life is not favourable to romance, and constant meeting over the daily tea and bread and butter may make even a young lady too real to be easily idealized.

In the presence of the Cadgetts, Cyril felt instructively that his every word was watched; in fact on those occasions, Mrs. Cadgett launched her sneers at Edith more than usual, as if for Cyril's special benefit. So, we read in Macrobius that the Roman ladies used, on occasions of state, to be attended by slave girls with bare bosoms, into which they used to amuse themselves by sticking pins, pin-cushions of the modern inanimate sort not being then in vogue.

But it came to pass mostly on a Sunday that Ned and he would meet Edith on her return from Sunday-school sometime before church: on these occasions it fell out so naturally that Edward would propose a walk by the river bank. He was equally anxious to have Edith and his favorite Cyril as a companion.

This had been so pleasant the first time that the boy contrived to bring it about on every succeeding Sunday. Neither Edith nor Cyril could help feeling the charm of that pleasant walk; on one side the hill with pines and maples, rank after rank of the forest battalions up the steep sides to the summit, at the bottom of the hill wound their pathway, beside the river cool and stirless, as it mirrored the trees and the sky. On the other the far away village, whence, calm and pleasant through the Sunday morning air, came the sound of the sweet church bells. Both liked to be at church early—Cyril, who had a conscientious objection to paid pews, sat in a free seat in the aisle, in which part of the church a few benches, of the roughest and least comfortable kind, were provided for the poor. Edith sought Major Ellis' pew a little in advance of Cyril's seat, and further toward the east end of the church. They were usually the first to enter: presently arrived the magnate, and chief potentates of the village; presently, with the sound of many feet, the boys to their seats in the chancel; presently Major Ellis and his wife and Mrs. Cadgett in black velvet, and bugles with nodding plumes to her bonnet like a hearse, funereal, gorgeous to behold; with her, her daughter, kaleidoscopic in ever changing sheen of new dresses.

Then came the church Service. To this we hope we may say that Cyril attended to the best of his power; and when the collection, that most universal of all rites which no anti-ritualist has yet objected to, had tinkled itself away with a sharp patter of pennies and five cent pieces, and when a voluntary, played by one of the

boys, arose faint and sweet from the chancel, then we are bound to admit that Cyril's eyes turned in the direction of Major Ellis's pew. There are indeed those who say that during the Creed he turned not east—but east-and-by-south-half-south, at which point of the compass Edith's profile became visible. But it is certain that during most of the service it is quite impossible that he could have seen either her face or figure. Both were hidden by those of Justice Flemming who sat in the pew behind her. They became visible only when the Justice turned round at the Creed, or when the sermon having began, and the Justice, after many efforts to maintain his attitude of attention, had drooped his head forward in that sleep which is beloved by the followers of the Eutychean heresy—then Cyril's attention went indeed in the direction of the pulpit, but only to the extent of the far corner of Major Ellis's pew; and we assert that had any given number of Professors of Divinity, in addition to the Sanhedrim and the Propaganda College being "holding forth," in that pulpit, the eloquence of one and all could have drawn Cyril's attention no nearer to them than the pew where Edith was, some twenty feet from where he sat among the poor people in the aisle.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

So passed the weeks that led on towards the Christmas Holidays. The only incident that befel during this time was, that just a week before the school broke up, Mrs. Cadgett was remarked to relax a good deal in her manner to the boys: she sometimes spoke to them as they passed her room, and was even known to have invited Figgs Minimus to walk in thither, and to have regaled him with taffy and seed cake. Indeed she was so very affable, that Edith could not help fancying that some secret object was in view. And this indeed proved to be the case. Mrs. Cadgett made a formal address to the boys one morning at breakfast. She informed them that she was about to appeal to their generosity on behalf of a dear friend of her own who lived in Ireland, and who was in temporary distress for want of money. The family, she said, was a very noble and ancient one, and had, it appeared, been originally kings, then noblemen, landed gentlemen, gentlemen whose lands were mortgaged, and whose tenants were addicted to blunderbuss practice at their landlords, from behind the beautiful hedgerows of the county Kerry. Then being in great need of ready money, had resorted to the expedient of sending to Mrs. Cadgett a valuable diamond bracelet, to be by her raffled for their benefit. She begged that the boys would take tickets for themselves, and if possible induce their class fellows to do the same. She knew how generous the dear boys were, she said; she knew they had all kind hearts, and then the old woman (so she sportively called herself) asked them to contribute to this raffle; she was sure they would do, like gentlemen as they were

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Hereupon she produced the bracelet for their inspection. It was a handsome one, not only for the number of the brilliants, but from the beauty of the gold work; the shape was that of a serpent, the eyes of which were two fine rubies. With it in its case was a gold cross to be worn round the neck—it was formed on the antique Irish ring cross model—that beautiful crucifix which was carved long ere Christianity existed, and the figure inscribed on which was certainly not meant for Christ but for the Aryan Buddha. Edith was struck with the design, which she had never seen before, and looked at it with some interest. Observing this, Mrs. Cadgett, with a courtesy which she had not shewn to Edith for a long time, begged that Miss Sorrel would do her the favour to examine it. This courtesy perhaps disposed the boys more in favour of the raffle than they would otherwise have been. Ross and Edward took tickets; Figgs Minimus took a ticket; it cost him nothing, as his father was to pay for it through Major Ellis, and it might lead to more taffy and seed cake in that delightful region, Mrs. Cadgett's room.

The raffle was to take place on Monday—it was very successful hitherto, a very large number of names having been given in. Edith had taken a ticket, more tempted by the cross than even the bracelet, or Mrs. Cadgett's stories about the nobility of the owners, in which she did not much believe.

The coming raffle was the great event of the day in Douglassville, and among the boys nothing else was talked of. In the afternoon of this day Edith had gone to the Library, to find another volume of the Heir of Redcliffe, which she wished Ned to read. She was surprised to find Cyril there—it was the hour during which he was usually engaged in college. They had not spoken for some time, the weather having been too cold for the usual Sunday walks; and Edith, she did not know why, coloured and felt embarrassed as she met him. In his manner too there appeared a degree of embarrassment, as if their intercourse, having been broken by an interval of separation, could not be at once resumed with the old frankness.

Edith recovered herself the first, took down her book, and was going away when Cyril stopped her. "Miss Sorrel, I am going to leave this place very soon." Edith looked up—was she sorry that one true friend was to be lost to her? "I have resolved on accepting a mission that has been offered me, not very far from Montreal. At once, after my ordination I leave this. I shall be sorry to go, Miss Sorrel." "Your old home and the college; yes, no doubt you will feel it." "Miss Sorrel, there is one matter on which I wish to speak, if you will let me before I go. May I say a few words to you?" "Yes;" the reply was very softly spoken, and the earnest eyes were bent to the ground. "I see you are unhappy here; you do not know much of me, but I think you know enough to believe me true and honest-hearted. Will you be my wife?"

"I am only a poor little girl; I do not think I am good enough for you."

This was the girl's first thought, but second to it came with its full force her sense of propriety and of its obligations. "Besides I must not let you speak so to

me, without Major Ellis' knowledge too; indeed—indeed you must not; and now please let me go. What would Mrs. Ellis think of me?"

"If my brother supports me, then, Edith, may I speak to you?"

"I cannot tell; oh, please let me go now." The girl spoke impatiently in her longing to escape from a position which seemed to her a false and dangerous one. Her tone was that of one eager to escape, and poor Cyril's mind was for the moment filled with mortification—a shade of jealousy of Edward crossed his mind—was Edward more favoured than he—he had heard of such things as girls' liking boys who were their juniors. "Pardon me, Miss Sorrel; excuse me if I have been hasty." He spoke coldly, and, bowing, was about to leave the room when he was met by Mrs. Ellis, who was evidently in great agitation.

"Oh, Cyril, such a dreadful thing has happened. The bracelet has been stolen."

"How do you know it has been stolen—are you sure of it?"

"Cadgett went out to the village this morning. She left the bracelet in its case on the bureau in her dressing-room, and when she came back it had disappeared, the bracelet and the cross that was with it."

"Did she go out before the boys left for school?"

"Half an hour. It must have been taken by some inmate of the house. Now all the servants were employed with me in the kitchen all the forenoon. So it actually lies among the boys—very unpleasant, is it not?"

"And me, Mrs. Ellis, I am quite as much under the suspicion as the boys, you must remember," said Edith. "You, indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Ellis "you don't need jewellery just yet with that complexion of your's. No, we won't accuse you of stealing diamonds." And Mrs. Ellis laughed loudly. She was checked by the approach of her husband, who fixed on her a stern glance effectually rebuking her levity.

"This is apparently a mysterious business," said Cyril.

"It is a mystery no more, Cyril. The thief has been discovered," said Major Ellis in a tone of unusual sternness and hardness. "His name I am ashamed to say, is Edward Ellis. My first step was to search the house—that we did for better security, all together—no result was gained. I then questioned each boy separately, and I was struck with something that seemed like evasion in Edward's replies. As the investigation proceeded, I found that little Figgs evidently knew something of the matter. He is a thorough coward; and I found that Edward Ellis (the Major seemed to give the full name as if purposely dwelling on the thought of the shame brought upon it) had bribed him to replace the cross in Mrs. Cadgett's rooms. The cross I took myself from young Figgs. And my son did not deny the truth of what Figgs said. Of course he saw it was useless."

(To be continued.)

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THE DEAD MOTHER'S RETURN.

FYTTE I.

Earl Christian sailed upon the sea,
 Dear to the blessèd Saints was he.
 God's angels with their wings of white
 Guarded him both in storm and fight.
 For Christian's sword had dyed the flood
 As deep as hell with heathen blood.
 He slew the heathen young and old,
 And burnt their towns and took their gold.
 God gave good gifts to Christian then,
 A ship fleet-sailing, feared of men.
 A woman loving, gentle, fair,
 Of stately beauty past compare,
 The Lady Elinor, and three
 Fair daughters to her lord bare she.
 Three beds of gold the lady made—
 Those children there each night were laid ;
 And night and morn she took good heed
 They had both ale and wine and bread.
 " My lot is blessèd among men.
 What lack I yet ? " said Christian then.
 That night his ship lay wrecked on shore,
 That night died lady Elinor.

FYTTE II.

Much of grief did Christian dree
 For that ship and that ladye.

FYTTE III.

The women of the South are fair,
 They have gray eyes and gold bright hair.
 And from the South a woman came
 Whose beauty shone on men like flame ;
 On her white breast she bound a spell
 Which made Earl Christian love her well.
 She kissed Earl Christian tenderly
 That he might not hear his children cry.
 She spake love-runes into his ear,
 That he might forget those children dear.
 Those three fair babes waxed thin and pale,
 Yet never she gave them bread or ale.
 Their white limbs shivered in the cold,
 For she took away their beds of gold ;
 So that they cried to God full sore
 For their dead mother Elinor.
 " Oh woe! God give our mother back,
 Ale and bread we should not lack.

" Oh could our mother now behold,
 We should not shiver in the cold."

That mother heard her children cry,
 Though very far above the sky.

Before the throne of God she stood ;
 She cried to Christ upon the rood :

" My little children cry for bread ;
 Let me go to them from the dead."

" Because the little babes weep sore
 Thou mayest return one night—no more."

Swift sped her soul from heaven away
 To the grave yard where the body lay.

She passed through the dark church-yard
 alone,

She rent the grave and the marble stone.

She passed through the long white village
 street

With never a cloke but her winding-sheet.

Like tombs the houses towered on high,
 And the watch-dogs barked as the ghost
 went by.

She came where, by Earl Christian's door,
 Her eldest child sat weeping sore.

" My child, what dost thou here so late
 In wind and rain at thy father's gate "

" Thy child ! my mother's face I know,
 But thou art whiter than the snow.

" My mother's robes were silk and gold,
 But thine are grewsome to behold."

" Ah how can I be fair and red
 Who have so many a day been dead ?

" Ah how can I wear silk and gold
 Who lie all night in Church-yard mould ?,

She passed the hall, she stood beside.
 The bed of Christian and his bride.

" Earl Christian you rest softly here,
 While I lie cold on my death pier.

" Fair lady you rest warm in bed
 While my children lack both ale and bread.

" I go but if I come again
 An evil weird I rede he then."

And folks have said how since that night
 That ghost was feared in the new wife's
 sight.

And whenever she heard the night-dogs
 wail,
 She gave those children both wine and ale.

C. P. M.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH ELLOGUE IN THE LIGHT OF DIVINE REVELATION.

" Augusto regnante, natus est Christus."

Many and various have been the criticisms written, at different times, upon that majestic and sublime ode of Virgil, called "*the fourth Eclogue*." It is now generally admitted that the prophecies herein enunciated were not originally delivered by Virgil, but by the Cumæan Sibyl; and that "the prince of Latin poets" adapted his prophetic imitations of those sacred books to the culminating events of his own time, drawing from Hesiod his inspiration of the golden age. Wearing by the desolation of the long protracted civil wars, and cheered by the dawn of returning peace, the popular mind would aspire to the speedy introduction of those halcyon days, (*) while the ardent gratitude of our poet would ascribe the honour of its introduction to the consulate of his patron, Pollio; through whose influence his confiscated lands had been restored, and by whose agency a reconciliation was effected between Octavianus and Antony.

Insigne mæstis præsidum reis,
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiæ.—*Horat. 2, car. 1, v. 13, 14.*

Commentators generally have adopted the hypothesis that allusion is made, in this remarkable poem, to a child then born, or to be born under the consulship of Pollio, and on whose birth the poet inaugurates the happy age. This is owing, perhaps, to the practice (after the manner of Severus, Delphin and others) of substituting *nascente* with "quo," in the fourth Sibylline verse: whereas the *epoch* is the grand event, and upon which looms the near approach of a prophecy cast in the poetic mould of a glowing enthusiasm. Let *sub* be understood before "quo," and the verse will read indefinitely, *in whose time*; and by no means imply that the child was then born, but that the epoch of the world's restoration—"redeunt Saturnia regna"—was immediately grafted on the reigning dynasty. A servile copying of commentators has led, no doubt, to diversity of criticism, in attaching these glorious prognostications, but without success, to several individuals of imperial or noble birth, then just born or in expectation. Pollio, whose infant son some have supposed the poet would gratefully exalt to divine honours, acted too subordinate a part, and can by no means be reconciled with the oracular predictions, and lofty descent, and final destiny, which the Sibyl, not Virgil, delineates. Julia, the daughter of Octavianus (afterwards Augustus), had higher pretensions, a pious credulity overlooking the sex, to be born to those distinguished honours; and this hope was supported by vaunted pride of the fabulous *Julian race*. Again, a promising youth, *Marcellus*, whose memory has been immortalized by Virgil, being son of Octavia—half-sister to Octavianus—and afterwards married to *Julia*, appeared to fulfill *all* the require-

(*) Vide Hor. 1, car 2, v. 25 to the end.

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ments of oracular predictions. But the early death of this amiable youth, and the after profligate life and miserable end of Julia herself, put an end to these visionary dreams.

About half a century ago an essay appeared from the London press, called "Observations, &c., on Virgil's Fourth Eclogue," ingeniously conceived and argumentatively written; and carrying by astrological demonstration the object of this prophecy home to Octavius Cæsar himself—especially to the so-called establishment of the empire in the West by the *peace of Brundisium*. This effort of triumphant genius was received, for the time, with admiration; and it seemed to finally settle this mysterious poem as a "*Genethliacon*," or birthday poem, in honour of *Octavius*. That this forcible production so soon disappeared, is evidence that, though tacitly accepted, it had not obtained the confidence of the learned. In fact it involved several anachronisms. The peace of Brundisium was effected A. U. C. 714; in which year the Eclogue is supposed to have been written. With this period in the life of Octavius we cannot easily reconcile such expressions as: "*fundent cunabula flores*"—"nascenti puero"—"*Incipe parve puer*," &c., nor can we readily synchronise with it such an expression as "*surget*," &c., the verb being in the future tense. I cannot accept the opinion of Heyne that *nova progenies* and *aurea gens* mean the same thing: for of the one is said, "*demittitur*"—*is sent down*; and of the other, "*surget*"—*will arise*. The latter alludes to the new generations which should come after, and in consequence of, the birth of this child: the former speaks of the Divine origin of the child, and the mandate gone forth whereby he *is sent* into the world. Some suppose, that by *demittitur* the poet is to be understood in manifest allusion to the Divine descent of the Julian race—e. g. *Æneid* 1. v. 1 2 8 5 et seq.

Nascetur pulchrâ Trojanus origine Cæsar,
Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris,
Julius, à magno *dimissum* nomen Iulo.

This fulsome adulation harmonizes indeed with the perverted sublimity of the prophecy; but anachronism destroys the assumed personal identity. I admit the avowed object of the poet—"Si canimus Sylvas, Sylvæ sint Consule dignæ"—but deny even possibility to fix the distinguished honours, of the *Cumæi carminis ætas* upon any person then existing. But beside the discrepancy of time, there is an increasing gradation of blessings accompanying the new-born race utterly incommensurate with the life and inconsistent with the reign of Octavius Cæsar.

Another anachronism is the inauguration of this happy age with what is called "the *peace of Brundisium*;" which, at best, was only a political truce basely cemented by a matrimonial alliance, and for the purpose of crushing the Consular power. The fall of the Commonwealth by this strategy was followed by widespread confiscation and death. The arms of the conspirators against public liberty now were turned against each other: and it was not till after the battle of Actium

that the land obtained rest, and a servile Senate conferred upon Octavius the laudatory title of *Augustus*. The question is not the comparative blessings of an empire or a republic; but whether the "golden age" was inaugurated by the so called "*peace of Brundisium*," a hollow truce, that political scheme of Pollio. The empire itself was an after creation, and, no doubt, a great boon by conferring peace upon a people, for a century, distracted by civil wars. The opportune time had thus arrived for the appearance of Him, who is emphatically the prince of Peace, to restore the *Saturnian reign*, and bring in His Kingdom of righteousness and peace; and to whom alone is fitly applied—

".....quo ferrea primum
Desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo."

Making all due allowance for the mythism of the age and the cause of the exuberant adulation of the poem; the latter contains expressions not to be accounted for by any art of criticism; unless we admit the supposition, that the Divine prophecies had been widely circulated among Pagan nations, and that Virgil has here appropriated to an administration, of which Pollio was the guiding genius, the sublime predictions of Messiah's *universal* kingdom—ignorant, doubtless, of its nature, but of which all nations were then in jubilant expectation,

The verse "Jam nova progenies," &c., coupled with "Jam redit Virgo," &c., clearly points to a new nature of mankind under the restored influence of God's Holy Spirit, which have been driven from the earth by the wide-spread depravity and injustice of mankind. With these lines compare: Genesis, cap. 6, Ovid "Vieta jacet pietas, &c.," Virg. Æn. "Cana fides et Vesta, &c.," Hes. Erga 200, &c.

The panting desire for the approaching advent is pathetically expressed by the verse. "Aggredere, O magnos, &c.;" while the following invocation of the '*cara deum soboles*' is inapplicable to any mere mortal; and as above stated can only and properly belong to the *Messiah* :

Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum;
Adspice, venturo letentur ut omnia sæclo!

Here compare Proph. Is. cap. 41, v. 27-9, Jer. cap. 4, v. 23-6, also Is. cap. 59, v. 16—Similar remarks will apply to the following lines :

Te Duce. Si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.

I may pass by such expressions as, '*nec magnos metuent armenta leones*;' and '*occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni*' &c.; for which the reader may consult Isaiah chap. 11 *et passim* : but to conclude.

Little doubt can be entertained that Virgil copied the prophetic part of this noble poem from the Sibylline books, to which he confessedly had access. We

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have it, upon the authority of the most authentic historians of the Roman Republic, that one of the Sybils sold to Tarquin the second *three* books, (having previously destroyed other six because refused) which were carefully preserved by a college of priests appointed for the purpose; and which were consulted with reverence when the State was in danger. The history of the *Sybil* is clouded in deep obscurity, and is of remote antiquity; as she was consulted by Æneas respecting his father Anchises, and was then reputed to be some 700 years old. The truth appears to be, that this phenomenon of prophetic character consisted not of one person, but of many, living at different times and in different places, the spirit of prophecy being supposed to pass from one to another. The name *Sybil* seems to favour this idea, being probably derived from *σῖβη*, the Æolic for *Δῖος*, of Jove—and *βουλή*, counsel; and so corresponding to "the Holy prophets, which have been since the world began." The inspired writings, carefully guarded by the Jewish religion, became broadly diffused and superstitiously corrupted among the Gentile nations, a light in a dark place until the day star should arise, and whose prophetic parts would awaken the ingenious researches of many from time to time, and be dealt out, in a cabalistic manner, to the superstitious for gain or veneration, as opportunity offered. This was, beyond refutation, the true source from whose deep mysteries the sublime Eclogue of Virgil came forth, and is standing evidence of the truth and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures accorded by all mankind.

ALEPH BETH.

MAUDE MERAUDE.

I.

There,—look me full in the eyes,
Fair Maude Meraude!
Discover the cunning device,
Proud Maude Meraude!
That you make so bold to say,
You so womanly fair and wise,
So womanly wise this summer day,
Lurks in glance of our eyes,
Fair Maude Meraude,
In a glance of our eyes!

II.

Well,—and you find them as pure,
Fair Maude Meraude!
As the souls that feel and endure,
Proud Maude Meraude!
The pangs your follies can make,—
Fearless and guileless and truer,

Than the eyes that would question the flake
Which falls from Heaven so pure,
Fair Maude Meraude,
From Heaven so pure!

III.

Oh, take your snares from my eyes,
Fair Maude Meraude!
Untangle your cunning device,
Proud Maude Meraude!
There's that in my heart would say,
You so womanly wise and fair,
So womanly wise this summer day,
Would drown my soul in your treacherous eyes,
Would strangle my soul in a mesh of
your yellow hair,
Fair Maude Meraude,
In a mesh of your golden hair.

VYVYAN JOYCE.

HAROLD TRANSOME.

I.

Had such a person as Harold Transome never existed, or had he been, like other men, constrained to act his drama of life within the limits circumscribed by conventional proprieties, I should never have had the pleasure of writing this sketch, nor you, patient reader, looking back in moralizing mood, occasion to say with me, thank God for one, at least, who suffered not himself to be warped by the dictates of senseless and blighting codes, until the beautiful freedom and glorious sovereignty of his manhood became the mere names of the lofty attributes they represent.

And once, during the course of a long life, which now looks happily up to the glittering citadels of the Heavenly Beulah before it, I entered into a holier state of existence, and breathed a purer atmosphere, in the presence of this same Harold Transome. He was infinitely removed from the effeminating trammels and the cold formalities of conventionalisms, as the silver stars are above the misty marshes, or the saintly moon above the sin and despair of city marts. And yet worldly, pharisaic man as I was, I sought and obtained his friendship; a friendship as pure and perfect as the ideal we worship, all unselfish and unlimited in its sympathies, but alas, enshrined in an existence too ethereal for earth, and transitory as the blossoms that open earliest in spring.

It was in the eternal city that I first saw him; in that season of the year, when a deeper hue tinges the vine, and the rich purple mist of summer envelops everything in a sort of indescribable fascination. He stood musing by a fallen column at the foot of the regal Palatine; and drawn by some unaccountable attraction, I followed him as he passed up through the Sacred Way under the time-stained arch of Titus, and paused almost abruptly at a point in the ascent, whence the Colisæum appeared grand and gigantic below, like some huge monster hurled down by the angry gods, to rest for ever between its three guardian hills. I thought him strange then; some love crazed-man, I said, who would fain drown the bitterness of disappointment in communion with the associations which cluster around these immortal scenes. But such idle fancies vanished like the mists of summer mornings when the accents of his half-uttered reveries came borne to my ears by the balmy twilight air.

Ah, those reveries, at times so passionate, at times so tender and melancholy, and then rising grand and eloquent with the sublimity of their theme, until my very soul quivered under their irresistible power.

Sometimes he seemed to converse with invisible beings about a great ideal, which was good and beautiful, and the embodiment of all perfection. Again he spoke of the pageants of thought, which every surrounding object called up in his mind, and then he would recount in lofty strains the "grandeur that was Rome," and the shame in her history, which ages could never efface. These words I

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caught distinctly. Where, now, O silent city! are the venerable senators who once thronged yon Forum desolate and dim? Where are the stately matrons and the timorous maidens garlanded with snow-white fillets? where the clamorous populace mad with the wild delight of festive days? Where are the bleeding martyrs, who fled through pathways opened to heaven by gleaming swords and axes, and the fierce blaze of faggots? And he sighed, or was it the echo of my own sigh? as the silence around him answered, "they are mine;" and the earth beneath his feet reëchoed, "they are mine." I thought then that he would speak no more, so intensely wrapped did he appear in that meditation, that wondrous trance, which precludes all utterance, and carries the soul into holier regions, where an ineffable light reveals the mysteries of birth and death, and the brief interlude of tears and strife. But again, as a star glanced down the blue expanse of sky, and a more jubilant murmur rose from the fountains below, the clear melody of his voice rang through the deepening air: O silence! they are not thine. O Earth! they are not thine. Time has swept away but a paltry mortality: their memory and their influence still live, and will for ever live, the glorious heritage of eternity. Their's are the unfading lustre and the imperishable renown. From the lips of those bearded senators an everlasting voice of wisdom and of warning has uttered counsel to thousands of successive generations. From the blood of those sainted martyrs emanated an immortal spirit which has shaken powers and principalities; which has permeated the nations with peace and righteousness, soothing the discords and disquietudes of men, and infusing into their hearts the essence of a great and true existence. He ceased; and sweet and solemn as the strains of angel choirs chanting mid air might be, the music of his speech died softly away, A drowsiness stole over my senses; and yielding to the encroaching languor I slept. Rome in the palmy days of her golden age rose again from the thronging past. Again the triumphal car with bleeding captives bound to its brazen axle rolled down the dusty way lined with the noisy rabble. Again the songs of mirth, and the clamor of festive games resounded throughout the spacious squares of the city; countless scenes, grand with historic reminiscence, lapsed ceaselessly through my mind. Now Augustus, "quaffing with impurpled lip the nectar," entertained the versatile Horace; now Virgil passed by with a roll of manuscript to the Palace of Mæcenas. When I awoke the broad moon had risen, silent and cold above the eternal city; and a thin mist was creeping slowly up from the distant marshes. I looked in vain for Harold Transome.

II.

A week had elapsed ere I saw him again. Wearied by the monotonous din of the city, and the importunities of the numerous mendicants, I fled from the open square, and leisurely ascended the eastern slope of the Janiculum to inhale the odour of flowers and listen to the music of babbling waters, where fell

"A sound of silence on the charmed ear,
Which dreamy poets name the music of the sphere."

I came upon him quite unexpectedly at the Acqua Paola; he was gazing intently into the crystal depths of the fountain, as one who has caught a glimpse of some lovely vision, and trembles lest the motion of the clear wave dispel his illusion. Ever and anon his lips moved, and the smile on his face brightened into wonderful beauty.

Then, as some secret impulse caused the fountain to spring higher, and a thousand fantastic forms crowded up to the surface in tiny eddies and sparkling bubbles, the smile faded from his face, leaving it sad and gloomy as the night just before the dawn breaks warm on the eastern hills.

He turned towards me at length, and spoke: You should have seen it, that world which lies without the pale of the inner wickedness and strife. It has a city with golden gates and streets of gleaming jasper between palaces wrought of costly stones of innumerable hues; above it is an ineffable sky bright with glittering stars. And the people of this beautiful city know each star by its own name; one they call "Truth," and another "Peace;" and one greater than all others, which shines in the centre of this wonderful firmament, they name the "Embodiment of all Perfection." And then I knew that he lived in a region dim and mystic to other men, and thence conversed with the invisible beings of the World he had seen in the Acqua Paola. From that time we were constantly together, until he passed away from me silently and mysteriously as the star fell above the Coliseum when we were strangers there in the misty twilight. Henceforth between us two a fast friendship sprang up and ripened into a rare perfection. Oh those halcyon days, thrice sanctified in the inmost shrine of memory we passed beside the Acqua Paola; when the cool breeze came up from the sparkling Tiber, and the fragrant breath of blossoms floated down from terraced gardens. Fair then, O Rome, were they eyes as Astarté

"Came up thro' the lair of the Lion
With love in her luminous eyes,"

and the soft chimes of vespers came wafted in tremulous waves, while Harold Transome unfolded to my view the unspeakable glory of his ideal world, and the wondrous grace and beauty of its ethereal inhabitants. Often, he said, they make a sweet melody in my heart until I forget the coldness and wickedness around me, and feel myself transported into their very midst. It was at such times that he was so deeply absorbed in meditation, conversing with these invisible beings and drawing from their teaching the mystic lore of life which he held, that he seemed to have unraveled the silken thread of existence and have fled to this world of his which lay "without the pale of the inner wickedness and strife."

From Rome we passed into the country, at one time pausing to listen to the mournful hymns of little bands of pilgrims clad all in white, who went by to some sainted shrine, at another time lingering beside one of the numerous tombs

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which dot the plains. Then we climbed the Albanian hills and looked down with admiration upon the gorgeous panorama below, where lay

"A thousand shadowy pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

On, on we hastened; he must have change, he said; he was weary of dalliance; he longed for a closer communion with his mystic ideals. Often, as we paused for an afternoon on some sunny slope, or clambered over the debris of ruined castles, he would become entranced by wonderful and beautiful visions, until the shadows fell, like some great and sudden woe, across the sunshine, and then he would describe in passionate language the scenes and beings he had seen. Thus I came to reverence more and more this man Harold Transome. He was so noble, so far above the grossness of the material world. And thus he taught me to live pure and free as the wild winds; to despise the sordid ambitions and grovelings of worldliness.

Well, we came at last to England, the land of his birth. Then he had become so feeble and wan, I feared that the invisible angels were alluring him gently and sweetly within the delectable gates.

III.

Life may be in one sense a "stern reality;"—yet it is very like a dream,—a confused and feverish dream, from which we emerge into an ultimate existence, whose glory is derived in part from the startling contrast it presents to the incongruous elements of the "fever called living." Yes, life is a dream, brief and faint, of which we can form no adequate conception. For a short time we drift along its sluggish and tortuous current until it falls into the illimitable expanse. Harold Transome, in the eyes of the great world, lived life thus:—as a dream,—an idle dream—wasting in aimless fancies the means, which lay even at his feet, of creating for himself, in the language of men, an imperishable fame, a golden reality. But his was an infinitely holier and loftier existence. They, forsooth, occasionally trod down in the mire of human passion the saintly virtues of life; he lived as pure as the ideals of the very qualities they perverted. They fluttered moth-like, in revelry, in the allurements of music and mirth, through their transitory existence; he sought, at least, a closer connection with all that is holy and beautiful. His was no common dream every day repeated in the world around him, no intermingling of human passions. It was the wondrous trance revealing unspeakable beauties and glories, which caused the sweetest blandishments of human existence to fade into nothingness, and nourished in his soul an ever-increasing desire to dwell in the midst of his mystic ideals. His was the clear dream, carrying him into regions beyond the comprehension of other men.

As he became feeble, and his attenuated form seemed all too frail for earthly associations, he entered more deeply into communion with the inhabitants of his

wonderful world. For hours at a time he would lie within the cool delicious shade of a great oak, poring on the rill that babbled by over its gleaming pebbles, and uttering, half to himself, half to me, descriptions of the visions he saw, and words whispered by the invisible beings who folded ever about him their entrancing wings. This was our favourite retreat.—a short distance from a pleasant rural village, the spire of whose church glistened above the foliage of an intervening grove. And here we sat in the long listless afternoons, or, sometimes in the warm evenings, listening to the singing of birds, and the music of a distant waterfall, or conversing in low tones upon the themes his many visions suggested. This was the happiest of all the happy times, which shine like stars in the dim horizon of the past. This was the brief portion of life, which was not simply life,—but rather a view from saintly heights of life frail and gross in the valleys below.

During all this time he became feebler and more wan,—more like the ethereal beings he described, and nearer to his beautiful world. Often now, as he sank entranced in his communings with these spirits, who spoke fair words unto his heart, he returned to consciousness of the world around him, pale and exhausted as by some great struggle. Gradually he became so feeble that he could no longer walk unaided to our accustomed resort; and one evening, oh, well I remember that terrible time, he swooned away in one of his mystic communings. Pale and lifeless he lay upon the dewy green sward, the moonbeams falling through the branches above on his face. The light breeze lifting the leaves, and the low murmur of the falling waters, were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of night. Tenderly I raised him in my arms, and bore him alone across the fields we had so often traversed together, to the quiet village inn.

The night had well nigh passed ere he awoke from his death-like trance; and then he lay pale and motionless, lingering mid-way between life and death. At length he seemed to have recovered somewhat from the extreme weakness in which his swoon had left him, and turning his face towards me, he related in feeble tones the mystery of his trance. He had wandered, he said, to the verge of existence, where strains of unearthly melody came wafted from a world ineffable beyond a dim border land. Through a golden haze he beheld radiant beings, borne hither and thither by some invisible power. About their brows were bound snowy wreaths; and in their hands they held broad palms and gleaming silver lyres. They appeared to be wafted ever nearer and nearer. Suddenly they surrounded him, alluring him to forgetfulness of mortal existence, and carried him into the midst of this wonderful world. Through vales murmurous with a melody that filled all the air, over mountains transparent as the clear crystal—they bore him to a great and gorgeous palace. Gently and joyfully they bore him into this beautiful palace, when a dimness fell athwart their presence, and a low voice murmured, "Yet a little time and then thou shalt come forever." Then a great sadness grew into their faces, and sorrowfully again they bore him through the misty border land. Again the weird voice repeated, "Yet a little time and then thou shalt come forever." And then he awoke and found himself alone with me in our

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room in the village inn. Soon after he sank into an easy slumber, and I went out into the cool night air to still the fever of excitement which burned in my veins. An hour had passed away, slowly and drearily, ere I returned to the inn. As I approached I heard the voice of one speaking rapidly and rapidly. The sounds grew fainter and lower until they died entirely away.

Noiselessly I entered the room. A soft halo of light flitted across the wall, rested for an instant on his face, and then disappeared. I saw only the face of the dead. Harold Transome had entered into unending rest. I buried him in the shade of an oak, in the pleasant village churchyard, where the soft breezes ever sigh amidst the green grass, and perennial blossoms spring.

As I passed once more through the fragrant fields to the hallowed resort beside the dreamy waters, the bells of the village church seemed to me echoes of the beatings of my heart in its great sorrow. And to-night, as I turn back in mind to that happiest and alas saddest of all times, before my sight arises a sunny hill-side, on which, amid the marble tombstones, stands a plain white cross, and on it is written simply :

“ HAROLD TRANSOME.”

DAVID DORAN.

WEARY.

I.
 Thou hast struggl'd and striven
 In peril and pain,
 Thou hast wilder'd and wearied
 Thy heart and thy brain,
 In the wildering mazes of peril and pain,
 For phantoms as fickle as fair,
 Luring and drowning thy soul in dole and
 despair.
 Frail creature of grief and regret,
 What lackest thou yet?
 Fearing and fainting, forget
 Not thy guerdons all golden and sweet ;
 When thy heart and thy brain
 Are weary and weak,
 Oh, fainting, forget
 Not the pearls that lie under thy feet.

II.
 What lackest thou yet?
 The ill thou hast not!
 What lackest thou not?
 The good that thou hast,
 Fair stars in thy senescent pilgrimage set,
 Rare gems in the waste of thy wearisome
 past!
 Frail creature of grief and regret,
 Fearing and fainting forget
 Not thy guerdons all golden and sweet ;
 When thy heart and thy brain
 Are weary and weak,
 Oh, fainting, forget
 Not the pearls that lie under thy feet.
 DAVID DORAN.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

We may fairly include in our Church news, and record here as first in point of interest to ourselves, the appointment, by the Corporation of Bishop's College of a successor to our late beloved and lamented Rector. The particulars of this very promising appointment will be found in another column.

The Bishop of Quebec has just concluded a month's tour of Confirmation in the Townships. The Bishop confirmed in the Mission of Ireland, 67; Inverness and Lamby's Mill, 74; Mission of Leeds, 19; Mission of St. Sylvester, 36; Acton, 8; Drummondville, 12; Durham, 1; Sherbrooke, 36; Cookshire, 9;

Bury, 20; Compton, 14; Coaticook, 26; Hatley and Waterville, 22; Lennoxville, 54, (in addition to 17 confirmed in the College Chapel last Summer—in all, 71); Melbourne, 32; Valcartier, 24.—Total, 477.—The Bishop also consecrated the handsome new stone Church at Drummondville. This Church was burnt down uninsured three years ago; but through the exertions and liberal contributions of the Hon. W. Sheppard, Mr. Watts, Mr. Hemming, and others of the parishioners, it has been rebuilt and now presented to the Bishop for consecration, free of debt. For Drummondville this is a noble work.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford, to whom Mr. Butler of Wantage referred the question whether he ought to accept the call of the Natal Clergy to be their Bishop, have returned an answer which has been published, an answer which will cheer the hearts of all true churchmen. They say, "we have carefully weighed the difficult question which you have proposed to us as to your acceptance of your election to the office of Bishop in South Africa; and we have concluded:—That the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council having determined the position of our Church in South Africa to be that of a Voluntary Spiritual Society, and that the Letters Patent held by Dr. Colenso confer on him no territorial jurisdiction or authority, there is nothing in his legal position to prevent the election of a Bishop, to preside over them, by those of our communion in South Africa, who, *with ourselves*, hold him to have been *canonically deposed from his spiritual office*. Considering, then; *the post of Bishop to be vacant*, and the needs of this district of South Africa to be urgent, we dare not advise you to refuse the call which has reached you." The Bishops, however, advise Mr. Butler to suspend his decision until he is satisfied that he was duly and canonically elected, by a majority of the orthodox clergy and faithful laity of the Diocese, of which they think there are grave doubts. The result will probably be that as soon as the noble and soul-stirring letter of the Archbishop and the Bishop of Oxford reaches Natal, those doubts will be set at rest, and Mr. Butler's election reaffirmed, if not unanimously, at least by an overwhelming majority. Meantime all true-hearted churchmen must feel devoutly thankful that Divine Providence has placed at the head of the English Church, at this critical period in her history, a prelate so wise, so truly Christian, so loyal to English Church principles, so free from the leaven of Erastianism, and so fearless in the discharge of his duty. So far as her peace and prosperity depend upon her Primate, the English Church is safe for the life time of Archbishop Longley.—On the 2nd February, the Feast of the Presentation, three Bishops were consecrated at Canterbury Cathedral; the Rev. Robert Milman, Vicar of Great Marlow, Bucks, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India; the Rev. C. R. Alford, an Islington incumbent, Bishop of Victoria, Hongkong; and the Rev. W. C. Sawyer, Bishop of Grafton and Armidale N. S. Wales. The selection of Dr. Milman to be Metropolitan of India is considered a most excellent one. Twenty-eight years in orders, his whole ministerial life has been spent in hard, earnest, and most successful parish work. Besides the restoration

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and building of Churches, and building and establishing of schools, in his previous charges; during his five years at Great Marlow, daily service Morning and Evening and celebrations of the Holy Communion" every Sunday and Saint's day have been commenced and carried on; a large and efficient choir has been established, chapel-schools have been built in two outlying hamlets, and a free school built in the town for the children of the poorest; parochial organization has been gradually developed, and at present with a large staff of curates and district visitors, the Parish is most efficiently worked. Dr. Milman is an extempore preacher of no ordinary power, and a man well known for his deep spirituality of character, and his marked ability. He is the author of several works, the best known of them being *The Love of the Atonement*, "a work that must ever rank," says an able reviewer, "in the first place among devotional writings." It is, surely, a happy day for the Church when such a man is willing to go out and place himself at the head of her work, in distant and dangerous India.—The Bishop of Exeter, now in his 91st year, and though totally blind and very infirm in body, yet strong and vigorous in mind as ever, is about to resign his See at Easter. It is said that the Government have consented to the division of his diocese, by the erection of Cornwall into a separate See. One of the great *advantages* of the union of Church and State in England is, that, though the Church most urgently needs more Bishops, has long been earnestly petitioning the Government for permission to divide some of her enormously overgrown Sees, does not ask the Government for a penny towards their endowment, which she is ready to provide herself, and is quite willing that such new Bishops should not have seats in the House of Lords or the rank of temporal peers, the Government persistently refuses its consent. Now, it seems, with a magnificent liberality, the Church is allowed to have *one new bishop!*—one, where she needs fifty. Shall we regret that our hands are not similarly tied?—The ritual question still agitates the public mind. The Rev. A. H. Maconochie, incumbent of St. Alban's, Holborn, one of the most advanced of the ritualist Churches, has addressed a long letter to his parishioners, announcing that he gives up for the present the use of incense for censuring persons and things, and the elevation of Sacrament. These, among other things, having been condemned by the whole bench of Bishops from the first, and by the Lower House of Convocation nearly a year ago, and having been lately pronounced illegal by the nine eminent lawyers whom the Ritualists employed to give an opinion on the legality of certain observances, Mr. Maconochie surrenders for the present, in a letter which has thrown all his friends into raptures. On the other hand, Mr. Stuart, of St. Mary Magdalen, Munster Square, another Church noted for its extreme ritualism, comes out with a letter in which he animadverts severely upon "the ultra-ceremonialism" which has been imported into some Churches—"a ceremonialism stiff and pedantic in itself, alien to the minds of Englishmen unwarranted by the Prayer-Book, and contrary to the spirit of Christian worship." He instances "reading the Epistle facing east and the Gospel facing north,"—"because," he says, "it is so ordered

in the Roman Liturgy")—"breaking up and confusing our Prayer-Book service by the needless interpolation of antiphons, &c.," "puzzling and irritating the people by incessant genuflections and gesticulations." One sentence in his letter is so rich that our readers will thank us for giving it to them entire. "What earthly reason, for instance, either of convenience or necessity, can there be for the three clergy at the altar being spitted together one behind the other like wild geese, or like joints in each other's tails; when one goes north, all go north; when one goes south, all go south? &c. In the Roman Service this is ordered, and therefore must be done; in our Prayer-Book it is *not* ordered, and one would think that none but a lunatic would ever have dreamed of trying to introduce it among us." That will do; when things get as bad as that, a high ritualist being himself the witness, the remedy cannot be doubtful or far off. Mr. Stuart adds, with as much truth as force, "It would be just as easy, thank God for it! to thrust thorns and thistles down our throats as to force these things upon the English people." On the other hand, the movement is productive of some good in driving slovenliness and careless irreverence out of multitudes of churches, and also in bringing up to a better standard those who had fallen short of the sober and edifying ritual of the church. It is surprising to find in how many churches the weekly offertory and prayer for the Church-Militant are still omitted. The weak point in the case of the opponents of ritualism, is that many of them are habitual offenders, both by way of addition and omission, against the plain directions of the Church, as expressed in the rubrics.—The controversy on the subject of the alteration in the *Christian Year* still goes on, the feeling of the vast majority being strongly in favour of a restoration of the old reading. In a long and earnest defence of the alteration from the pen of the excellent and venerated Sir John Coleridge, a hope is held out that some means may be discovered of satisfying the general feeling of the church on the point.—Dr. Manning, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, has been addressing a large assembly of Roman Catholic bishops, clergy and laity at Birmingham, on the subject of Romish wrongs in Ireland, and Romish progress in England. In this address, Dr. Manning waxes wroth against the Protestants of Ireland, because they try to win over the Roman Catholics to their faith; is loud in the praise of the fairness and justice with which his co-religionists are treated in England; and rejoices that we are coming to "the silver period, when equality, justice, fairness, equity, consideration for the conscience, the heart, the feelings of Catholics" will prevail. Speaking of the Pope and his *stability*, he says, "If nations are to be stable, it is in justice; and if justice is to be done, the religion of men must be respected." The effrontery of this language is amazing, especially when we read in the public prints of a week before the suppression of two Presbyterian services in the city of Rome, on no charge of any kind, except of the simple fact of its being "not Catholic worship." "Mr. Odo Russell took the matter up," says the *Times*' correspondent, "and saw Cardinal Antonelli about it. But it seems, as if no reverses or perils could teach that government the commonest political

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prudence. Antonelli's reply to the remonstrances of the British *Chargé d'affaires* was most decided. He told him that the Pope, in accordance with his oft-repeated *condemnation of the tolerance of heretical worship*, himself ordered steps to be taken. Antonelli expressed to Mr. Russell his personal regret that he could not give a more favourable answer to his application. He is clear-sighted enough to foresee the indignation this sudden outbreak of intolerance will arouse." Coming so close upon this, Dr. Manning's advocacy of "liberty of conscience," and praise of a state of "perfect equality between Catholic and Protestant," is rather too absurd.—If Dr. Manning's love for equal justice to all religions, and respect for the rights of conscience be sincere, the legislation of the Italian Parliament respecting the church in Italy must give him much satisfaction. The church in Italy is *established* in every sense of the word, or rather lately was, with great wealth, and a great hierarchy, and opposed by a merely fractional minority of religious sects. The government of Victor Emmanuel, however, have resolved to dis-establish it, and place it on the footing of a voluntary society, its laws to be no longer part of the law of the land, its bishops no longer nominated by the crown, its religious worship free from all state control; and for its endowments more than half of them are to remain in its own hands. In connection with this, our readers will learn with interest that a society has been formed, within the Italian Church, called the Catholic Emancipation Society, numbering last year 971 priests and 852 laymen, pledged to bring about "a Catholic Reformation" of the Italian Church on the following basis:—"1. The Pope to be Bishop of Rome and Primate of the Universal Church; an Ecumenical Council, presided over by the Pope, to be the supreme judge in questions of faith. 2. Restitution to Bishops, Archbishops and Metropolitans of their rights of jurisdiction, as they possessed them up to the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century. 3. Preservation of the ecclesiastical hierarchy entire, and the free exercise of the votes of the clergy and the people in the election of Bishops, parish priests, and even the Pontiff. 4. Church service in the national tongue, and free circulation of the Holy Bible. 5. Sacramental confession free on the part of the penitent, and conducted according to the Canons of the third and fourth centuries, on the part of the priest. 6. Restoration to the priesthood of its consultative and deliberative voice in Diocesan and Provincial Synods. 7. Abolition of compulsory celibacy. 8. Full and entire liberty of conscience." Such is their most admirable and moderate programme. Need we say that the members of this excellent society are undergoing a persecution of the severest kind? Of the priests, 121 have been interdicted, and are, of course, temporally ruined. But a spirit, so truly primitive and catholic, as that of these men cannot be easily repressed. The reforming element is spreading; and in the meantime, to save the suffering priests from starving, English churchmen have come to their relief.—Mr. Frederick George Lee, the "general secretary of the Society for Prayer for the Union of Christendom," Mr. Nugee, and other members of the "English Church Union," have been making themselves thoroughly ridiculous by supporting the claims of an arrant impostor, a Frenchman, named

Jules Ferrette, an ex-Romish-Dominican monk, ex-Presbyterian missionary, ex-applicant-for-orders in the English Church, who lately appeared in England, magnificently attired, claiming to be Bishop of Iona (a part of the diocese of the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles) and offering to supply all the defects of our English orders by reordination ! The eager attention offered to this mountebank, with his absurd claims, bearing their own refutation on their very face, by the self-appointed leaders in the work of Christian Union, shows how little the real principles of Catholic unity are by them understood, and how utterly unfit they are to promote the high and difficult task they have undertaken.

Dr. Macdonnell, provost of Trinity College, Dublin, died on the 24th January, aged eighty. By his death, that University has lost one of its best scholars, and perhaps the most popular man who, for many years past, has held this distinguished office. He was remarkable for the exactness and elegance of his scholarship, and few among his contemporaries had so wide a range of reading, or was so thoroughly conversant with the various departments of literature and science. On several occasions he was offered and declined the episcopal office. Of his sons, one, Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell, is governor of Hong Kong ; another is Dean of Cashel. Dr. Macdonnell was uncle to two distinguished Canadians, Chief Justice Meredith, and Edmund Meredith, Esq., LL.D., the Assistant Secretary West.

It is sometimes asked what is the English Church doing for the spread of the Bible and the advancement of religious knowledge ? The means of answering this question are not placed as readily within our people's reach as they ought to be. It is not generally known that nine-tenths of the funds of the B. & F. Bible Society are contributed by members of the Church. But, besides this, our Church's own Bible Society, the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, is every year doing a very large and increasing work in this field. The report for 1866, shows that the Society issued last year : Bibles, 182,424 ; New Testaments, 156,353 ; Prayer Books, 505,981 ; Religious and moral Books, 2,530,734 ; Tracts and unbound books, 3,250,527 ; total, 6,625,719. Of these, a very large proportion are supplied gratuitously, or far below cost price. Last year, Bibles and Prayer Books in common bindings were sold below cost price, at a charge to the Society's funds of \$57,000. In addition to the books published by the Society of a directly religious character, large numbers are issued of a sound healthy moral tone, suitable for schools, lending libraries, working men's clubs and reading rooms, hospitals and gaols, also for the use of our soldiers and sailors. Free grants were made last year of the Society's books to the value of \$34,000. An excellent illustrated magazine of a popular character, for the working classes, is now being published, price a penny a week. The Society has also translated the Bible into many, and the Prayer Book into nearly all foreign languages. These are some of the good works of this noble Society, in which it was engaged for more than a hundred years before the B. & F. Bible Society was originated. Ought not our readers to be better acquainted with it than they are ?

Of all interest to Dixon has on his sul singularly of theologi developme ters in wh interesting and usages teachers of a toleratio remarkable owe their its authori preachers o is a scaled is true, bu Shakers ha not as the t purity beco sented by a of Mr. Her religions pr existing rel proposing to proclaimed, separation t it behoves Strange to riage, as tee followers. their farms district.

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CURRENT LITERATURE.

Of all the works that have appeared during the past month, the one of most interest to our readers is Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America." Mr. Hepworth Dixon has been for some time editor of the Athenæum; he has brought to bear on his subject, the recent social and religious phenomena of the great republic, a singularly acute judgment, and an impartiality and a candour rare in delineators of theological parties. To the present condition of some of the most remarkable developments of the religious sects, he devotes considerable space, and the chapters in which his observations on this subject are recorded are among the most interesting in the book. Whatever the sects may be, he gives us their doctrine and usages, word for word, as he has received it from the lips of one of the chief teachers of the sect; and he treats of the strangest and most novel practices, with a toleration which at times might be almost taken for acquiescence. The many remarkable sects which are here brought under notice have this in common, that all owe their existence to a yearning after some visible personal guidance, greater in its authority and sanctity than the more self-constituted ministry of pious men as preachers or ministers. Their adherents belong to a class with whom past history is a sealed book, and they cry out for a living Prophet. Joe Smith is in Elysium, it is true, but Brigham Young lives, and is the strength of Mormonism. The Shakers have lost their founder, Mother Ann, who passed out of this world, not as the first of the "Latter-day Saints," by ordinary death, but by excess of purity becoming so brilliant as to be invisible to mortal eyes. But she is represented by a visible and non-luminous Eldress Betsy. Another striking result of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's observations, seems to be that all of these strange new religions propose as a leading feature in their programme, some alterations in the existing relations of the sexes. They have at least the merit of recognizing and proposing to remedy some great evil connected with these relations. Mother Ann proclaimed, that as incontinence first brought sin into the world, so that entire separation between the sexes is the law of the Redeemer's kingdom, in which it behoves one to live like the angels, neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Strange to say, this doctrine, which stands to the Church's teaching as to marriage, as teetotalism to temperate wine drinking, has attracted a large number of followers. They have a settlement of seven thousand disciples, in Mass., U. S.; their farms are the best tilled, their gardens and cottages the most orderly in the district.

It would be a curious question to establish *a priori* whether the abolition of marriage, or the rehabilitation of polygamy would be most unpopular with the sex which has the chief interest in getting married. Strange to say, both have their adherents! The perfectionists or Bible Christians are a Protestant denomination, who maintain an unlimited private judgment. The second advent, which occurred A.D. 70, according to them, abolished all laws, moral and ritual; each Bible Christian may do as he likes with no fear of future consequences: However, as the unlimited exercise of each Bible Christian's private judgment with respect, for instance, to the eighth commandment, might happen to clash

with the private judgment of other Bible Christians, this was, in time, modified into a theory that the will of the whole body is absolutely binding on each member. They form a settlement of several thousand members, who have all things, the tender affections included, in common, every male member of which stands in the relation of brother-in-law to every other male member.

Of new novels there is, as usual, no dearth: Archie Lovel and Lady Adelaide—both are good of their kind, which is the sensational. But the best of the season is "The Love that Kills," by Mr. W. G. Wills. In this book we are glad to notice an advance in many ways from the writer's last work, the "David Chantrey" of last year's Temple Bar. Dr. Johnson said that it is no mean intellectual exercise to compose a good plot, and this praise Mr. Will's book certainly merits. It is a treat in these days of unreal sensationalism and ultra real commonplace, to come across a good story, where there is action and plot enough to interest one. We defy any one who has once began "The Love that Kills," to lay it down till he has finished it.

We have received a copy of a cheap edition of Mr. Goldwin Smith's Lectures on History, published in New York, at the cheap price of \$1.50. This we earnestly recommend to all who take interest in the thoughtful study of History. Mr. Smith has a bias to the "extreme left" of the English Radical Party—the party which regards itself as the modern representative of Puritanism. Falsely, as we believe the Puritans of the Rebellion fell in the same error with Charles and Strafford, and alike with them would have yoked the church and state together. Modern liberalism is wider-thoughted and wider-hearted than the oligarchical nonconformity of the Stewart era.

Of the illustrated serials, "Once a Week" appears to us the best. "Punch" has never recovered the loss of Leech, and one gets sick of the dreary attempt at reproducing the old jokes and redrawing the old caricatures. In default of other subjects, personal satire directed against some of the leading clergy of the national church appears the chief resource. In contrast to all this, we have great pleasure in recommending the excellent drawing and really brilliant writing of "Fun," which is edited by Mr. Tom Hood, son of the honoured humorist and poet. "Fun" has the vigour and *esprit* of youth. The Brown Papers are admirable, and "Nicholas" is, in our judgment, the best creation of the kind since Thackeray's "Jeames." "Fun," besides being better than "Punch," is also cheaper than the dismal sheets which bear the once welcome tableau by H. B. "Punch" costs fifteen cents a copy; "Fun" but five cents. We are glad to welcome the latter on our reading-room table.

The Medley.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A shell fish.
A town in France noted for its hot springs.
A city celebrated for its falls.
A sea in the south of Europe.
A river of Europe.

A great conqueror.

The initials form one of the British colonies.
The finals form one of its national emblems.

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Why dost
Oh that I v
Then every
To wonder

I am comp

My 2, 6,
My 16, 2,
My 13, 5,
My 8, 14,
My 4, 9, 1

ANSWERS:

1. Charades

2. Arithmoi

CHARADES.

I.

Poverty, poverty, causes my *first*,
 Grey hairs the sign of my *second*.
 Near the "White Horse" Vale, of Alfred of erst,
Both joined are the birth-place reckoned.

II.

My *first* from bruise or gall protects,
 Makes plump the form and hides defects.
 My *next* a means supplies
 (Cut off from fondly cherished head)
 The absent to recal, or dead.
 My *whole* the thing defies.

III.

My *first* a dog of no great breed.
 My *second* will declare with speed,

I.

True friendship. The water that flows from a
 spring does not congeal in the winter; and those
 sentiments of friendship, which flow from the
 heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

II.

The want of energy disqualifies men for every
 duty of life. All duties are connected with diffi-
 culties from within and from without. Without
 energy, no man, in any profession or business of
 life, can do his duty.

I.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
 Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!
 Then every star should be an eye,
 To wonder o'er thy beauties here.

I am composed of 16 letters:—

- My 2, 6, 12, 4, 4, 5, 11, 7, is useful work.
- My 16, 2, 9, 4, 12, 6, 7, affords amusement.
- My 13, 5, 15, 15, 3, is a country seat.
- My 8, 14, 10, 3, 13, 9, 6, 1, are seen in deserts.
- My 4, 9, 16, 2, an allotted work.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ARITHMOREMS,

1. Charades:—(1) Mayflower;
 (2) Snow-ball;
 (3) Bedford;
 (4) Cobweb.
2. Arithmorems:—(1) Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
 (2) William Wordsworth.
 (3) Thomas Babington Lord
 Macaulay.
 (4) Alfred Tennyson.
 (5) Charles Dickens.
 (6) William Makepeace Thack-
 eray.
 (7) Charlotte Brontë.
 (8) Wilkie Collins.
 (9) Dianah Muloch.

My *first* of *second*, now my *whole*.

You'll find him look uncommon droll!

IV.

My *first* gleamed in Pactolus' bed,
 My *second* holds the happy dead,
 My *whole* hath a perilous spell
 To lure men's hearts to love it well.

C. F. J.

V.

My *first* you'll smell, if sweet:
 If not you'll boil and eat.
 My *next* at early dawn,
 Proclaims the coming morn;
 My *whole* a bird of plumage bright,
 No rare, but still a gallant sight.

APOTHEGMS.

III.

He who, when called upon to speak a disagree-
 able truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both
 bolder and milder than he, who nibbles in a low
 voice, and never ceases nibbling.

IV.

The, chief art is to attempt but little at a time.
 The widest excursions of the mind are made by
 short flights frequently repeated. The most lofty
 fabrics are formed by the accumulations of simple
 propositions.

EPIGRAMS.

II.

Take idleness away, and put to flight
 Are Cupid's arts; his torches give no light.

III.

I love you, I hate you: askest me why?
 I know no reason;—I but feel and—die.

CHARADE.

My 10, 5, 11, 2, is where my whole are held.
 My 8, 14, 4 is a domestic animal.
 My whole have become a fashionable amuse-
 ment.

IRENE & GYPSIE

&c., IN NO. 2 OF "STUDENTS' MONTHLY,"

3. Enigma:—Student.
4. Biographical Enigma:—Plato.
5. Square words:—(1) H A R P (2) D R O P
 A R E A R O P E
 R E I N O P E N
 P A N E P E N S
6. Riddles:—(1) There are men of *Cork* in Ireland,
 men of *Ayr* in Scotland, but
lighter men on the Thames.
 (2) The letter *v*.
 (3) The *milky-way*.
 (4) Eusebius.

SQUARE WORDS.

My first is an animal.
My second, the name of a tree.
My third is used at parting.

My fourth produce plants.
My fifth is confidence.

IRENE & GYPSIE.

IV. IN NO. I.

Wheatley tells us that, *before* the Reformation, the "godly discipline" of the church of Rome had degenerated into a formal confession of sins, accompanied with the ceremony of sprinkling ashes on their heads; this ceremony the

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Reformers laid aside as a "mere shadow and vain show."

I. F. & C. R.

II. IN NO. 2.

A collection with music has been edited by Dr. Rimbault. It is published by Chappell & Co., Bond street, London, England.

SAPIENS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

APPOINTMENT OF RECTOR.

The Corporation of Bishop's College, at a meeting held on the 13th inst., appointed to the Rectorship of the Junior Department the Rev. Robert H. Walker, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, and now Mathematical Professor at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Mr. Walker was elected a Scholar of his College, and also took the highest Honours (First Classes in each) in both the Mathematical and Natural Science Schools. Combining these high Classical with the highest Mathematical attainments, he is, intellectually, well fitted for the post he has been selected to fill. His testimonials (from persons holding the highest positions in the University and in the Royal Military College) cover the whole space of time from his boyhood up to the present moment. They represent him as possessing also admirable moral qualifications for the office. Mr. Walker's name was selected by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, out of a list of thirty candidates to be submitted to the Corporation of the College. He is expected to enter upon his duties about Easter.

The Staff of the College and School will, on his arrival, be constituted as follows:

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Rev. J. H. Nicolls, D.D., Principal and Acting Professor of Divinity.

Rev. R. H. Walker, M.A., Vice-Principal and Professor of Mathematics.

Professor Roux, M.A., French and Modern languages.

Rev. W. Richmond, M.A., Acting Professor of Classics.

C. P. Mulvany, Esq., M.A., Tutor in Classics.

Rev. A. L. Scarth, M.A., Librarian.

E. Chapman, Esq., M.A., Bursar.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Rev. L. M. Walker, M.A., Rector.

Rev. W. Richmond, M.A., Sub-Rector.

C. P. Mulvany, Esq., M.A., }
E. A. King, Esq., B.A., } Assistant
J. B. Hyndman, Esq., L. T., } Masters.
Joseph Morrison, Esq., M.A., }

THE LATE REV. G. C. IRVING.

The many friends of the late Rev. G. C. Irving will be glad to hear that a selection from his sermons is to be published, and will soon appear. Among Mr. Irving's many excellences, his ability as a preacher was not the least. None of those who had the happiness of hearing his sermons addressed to the boys in the College Chapel, will ever forget them,—their earnestness, their thoughtfulness, the manly simplicity and vigour of the language, their strong good sense, their searching and persuasive power. We hope that through the exertions of the Lennoxville and Trinity College, boys and men, past and present, the forthcoming volume will have a wide circulation in every part of the Province. We append the Circular issued by the publishing Committee.

It is proposed to publish by Subscription, A SELECTION FROM THE SERMONS of the late REV. GEORGE CLEEK IRVING, M.A., Rector of the Grammar School, in connection with Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and formerly Vice-Provost and Professor of Mathematics in Trinity College Toronto.

The Sermons will be edited by the Rev. HENRY ROE, B.A., acting Professor of Divinity, Bishop's College, Lennoxville; and a Memorial Notice of the author, prepared for the volume by the Rev. PROVOST WHITAKER, of Trinity College, Toronto, will be prefixed.

It is expected that the Sermons will be ready for delivery by the 1st May, 1867.

The Price will be \$1.00, and the form small octavo, about 200 pages.

Subscribers' Names will be received by:

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Quebec.
The Reverend J. H. Nicolls, D.D., Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

The Reverend George Whitaker, M.A., Provost of Trinity College, Toronto.

The Reverend Henry Roe, B.A., Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

And by the Publisher, Mr. John Lovell, Montreal.

Lennoxville, 15th January, 1867.