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THE

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SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

AND THE INTERESTS OF

CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1870.

No. 2

(ORIGINAL.)

KOLSEY HALL.

BY _____

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Dinner being over Mr. Vanners arose, and followed by his guest, returned to the spacious sitting-room, where both seated themselves before a blazing fire kindled to keep away the chillness of an October storm which was now raging without. Mr. Vanners at first seemed inclined to resume reading, but at length having laid the magazine aside he turned to his guest and enquired of him if he would relate the circumstances of the voyage and wreck, a wish his companion readily acquiesced in and began as follows:—My young friend and myself who are enjoying your hospitality, started three weeks since from the small sea port village of Eden-ville, Suffolkshire England, for New York via Liverpool. The earlier part of the voyage was pleasant, as the sea was calm and the weather delightful, but such serenity was destined to be of short duration. On the sixth day out from land, a severe gale arose and it was soon evident that the sea-worthiness of our ship would be severely tested. The heavens grew dark and on the succeeding day the rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed from one end of the heavens to the other, followed by loud, repeated thunderings. The vessel was a staunchly built one, but despite this she rolled about in the seething ocean the waves, almost mountains high, threatening every minute to swallow her up in their relentless fury. The captain was a courageous man and an excellent commander, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his crew. This enabled him to utilize every opportunity to direct the vessel safely. She withstood the awful commotion until the morning previous to that on which you rescued us. All the preceding night the storm had raged so furiously that the crew were powerless to direct her course. We must have been driven in a westerly direction as it took but a short time to gain the land after the vessel went down. At the dawn of this dreadful morning she was driven against a rock and we immediately discovered that she would be wrecked. The captain with quivering lips called to his crew man the life boats as quickly as possible. The boats were quickly lowered and the passengers rushed forward, eager to avail themselves of this means of escape. The spectacle was indeed a sad one at that hour. Many of the passengers were suffering intensely from sea sickness, adding more to the misery of the situation.

Mothers ran for their children, friend for friend, every one anxious to become an occupant of the first boat. The resolute captain stood ready to render any assistance, and to superintend the arrangements for conveying the passengers to the little boats. The ladies were first safely landed, after which the gentlemen one by one stepped from the doomed vessel. My friend and myself (with two others who were with us, one of whom was the noble captain), were the last to leave the ship and to launch fourth on the raging ocean in the little bark. All the boats started out in the same direction but whether any other than ours gained the land heaven only knows, but I fear many of that vessel's freight have found ere this a watery grave. Grasping the oars we rowed diligently. By good chance the captain had a pocket compass with him, thus enabling us to guide our boat. The hours fled, yet no respite came to our labour. In the afternoon rather late, when topping the crest of a high wave our weary eyes were cheered by the sight of land. This gave a new incentive to toil and we strained every nerve to quickly reach the shore. But the distance was still great and darkness fell around us ere we could gain the land. We still toiled on and very soon the light from your window greeted us. We now well knew that if we could retain strength for a short time we should reach the coast and obtain assistance. As soon as we imagined we were near enough the shore to be heard, we began shouting as loudly as possible for help. We toiled on with the oars calling continually, but a few moments only elapsed ere our boat was dashed against a rock, and we ourselves placed at the mercy of the waves. This is the last circumstance I remember until I awoke in your comfortable house.

Mr. Vanners listened attentively to this sad narrative and appeared deeply affected as his guest concluded. He then asked if he had intended proceeding to New York to make it his future abode.

No, was the reply, I have to proceed to Boston immediately after landing in New York, to visit a brother from whom we have not heard for eight years, who resides I believe in that city.

May I be permitted to know your name, continued Mr. Vanners?

My name, Sir, is Silas Vanners, and my brothers name is George.

Indeed! if your researches are fraught with as much startling incident in the future as they have been this far I predict you a rather romantic time.

As he finished this remark he called his daughter Emma to his side, asking her if she would be kind enough to inform the gentlemen opposite where resided Mr. George Vanners.

Of course I can Papa, that is your name and this is where you live.

The words fell like thunder upon his guest, but Mr. Vanners soon dissipated every feeling of surprise and novelty as he arose and advanced to his brothers side, took his hand shook it fondly and said thank God, you are safe and under the shelter of your own brother's roof. There are sacred scenes at which we may not look, whose holiness we may not share, and such is the case before us as we view the two long-separated brothers who now meet under such strange providential circumstances. We shall allow them the full benefit of their position nor invade its sacred beauty.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK LENWOOD'S CONVALESCENCE.

In reply to Mr. Vanners' enquires his brother informed him that the young man who was rescued and now lying so ill was the son of an inmate friend in Eden-ville, whom they both well know. This young man, by name Franklin Lenwood, had accompanied Mr. Vanners to America with the intention of following a mercantile life, and would as soon as he recovered from his illness proceed to New York and enter upon his business career. He had been in early youth the playmate of Emma Vanners his present attendant, which greatly enhanced the interest now taken in him by Emma. How quickly memory reverted to the days past, as Emma learned that the invalid now under her care, was the same little Frankie that scores of times had led her down to the beach in dear old England, where they loitered listening to the roaring and dashing of the sea, gazing at the distant vessels as

by propitious winds they sailed gallantly by, or at times gathering pebbles and shells returning home with hearts overflowing with joy and on the village green playing with the trophies of their "march to the sea."

Days fled, and with kind attention Franklin Lenwood regained his health and was enabled after a long confinement, to walk forth into the open air of heaven. At this time Mr. Vanners and his brother bid a temporary adieu to the hall and proceeded westward upon a tour of observation endeavouring to discover a place suitable for beginning business; their absence would be of many weeks duration and the hall was entrusted to the servants. The season was delightful; "Indian Summer" had not yet past and during the pleasant afternoons Franklin and Emma wandered forth along the cliffs, or to such other places of interest as abounded in the vicinity; at other times they wended their way adown the winding pathway to the sea where they gazed on the scene of the recent shipwreck. The first time they effected a journey to the craggy shore the afternoon was a beautiful one; the sun stealing through the crevices of the mighty promontaries, cast its raidance on the sere foliage that occasionally was noticeable, and gave a rare beauty to the whole scene. They clambered over some broken rocks until they reached a level portion of beach where the continual flow of the waves had washed up pebbles and shells, and were it not for the huge pillars of rock that shot upwards a few feet behind them the whole shore would have presented a spectacle similar to the low beach that exists in the vicinity of Edenville. Here they at once recalled the transient joys of their early youth and recounted the many changes that had characterized each of their lives since they had parted. How the fond recollection of old sports forced itself upon their minds. So lost were they in their gentle reveries, that the sun had sat ere they recalled their position and in the calm twilight they hastily retraced their steps homeward reaching the hall as the shades of night were fast falling around. Tea awaited them, which they immediately partook of; afterward repairing to the sitting-room, before the blazing hearth they again began to recall reminiscences of the past years. Delightful task! ah! who has not loved to steal away from men and things for a quiet hour, to enjoy the recollection of a happy springtime of life and revel in the delight of the balmy but transient hours of childhood. With that zeal they listened to each other's story of the incidents of the years fled, and the history of their life from the time Emma had departed from Edenville for the western world. She had known many changes, had borne not a few crosses yet withal, so closely was she bound up in her father's love that adversity only increased her affection for him, but then there was the want of a mother, yes and what a want!

Franklin, too, had known many reverses. He had two years previous to this engaged on a merchantman bound to the East Indies, but as it was passing the island of Madagascar it was wrecked and he was washed ashore on a plank, picked up by a christian missionary and placed again in a vessel bound for Britain which he safely reached. Again he had met with another shipwreck, from the effect of which he was now only recovering. The earnest friendship of their early youth was revived, and the passing days were fraught with much pleasure to both Franklin and Emma. Days fled, the weather changed from its balminess to the sleety storms of November, and shortly into the bleakness and frost of winter, and the earth became enveloped in a snowy shroud. The precincts of the old hall became now sublimely desolate, as the wild ocean dashed against huge rocks, whose craggy summits were covered with snow. The trees were laden with the same pure element and all was a scene of loneliness. Not so within for a happy life reigned there. Franklin now assumed Emma's place in visiting the Post Office, and making weekly trips thereto. About the middle of December he repaired one forenoon to the office, where to his great delight he discovered with the parcel for Kolsey Hall a letter for himself addressed with an autograph he well knew—it was his fathers. We might here add that he wrote to his father as soon as he sufficiently

recovered from the effects of his accident, and this of course was the reply. He did not break the seal until he reached the Hall, where, having delivered Emma's budget, he enclosed himself in his room and proceeded to peruse the letter which ran as follows :

"EDENNILLE, Nov. 29th, 1856.

"MY DEAR SON FRANKLIN,—

"With feelings of profound gratitude and joy I received your letter, which has relieved my mind of great anxiety, for as I had read in the 'Times' of the total wreck of the 'May Queen,' I feared you and others had met with a watery grave. I feel thankful to God that in his providence he safely brought you to land and though you have suffered much from the accident, that you are now much better. Please write me particulars of your miraculous escape, the circumstances of which you have carefully avoided to mention. You astonish me by mentioning the fact of having met Mr. Vanners in America, under such peculiar circumstances. I am sure you must have a pleasant companion in the person of your youthful friend, Miss Vanners. I trust you may soon procure a situation, which I know you will fill with integrity and ability. Please convey to Mr. Vanners and his brother my kindest regards. We all are well and send kind love to you.

"I remain,

"Your very affectionate father,

J. F. LENWOOD."

Franklin handed this letter to Emma for perusal, and she was very much delighted with it. She had also received a letter from her father, intimating that he and his brother would return to the Hall about Christmas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

ON THE LAKE.

A RHAPSODY.

I.

The blue expanse of the heavens unroll'd
Is an ocean deep and wide,
And our wake is a highway of 'ashing gold,
As we weep o'er a sapphire tide,
Afar the misty hills are sleeping
In the golden evening's light
Like lofty sentinels silent keeping
Their vigils through day and night.

As I silently glance
O'er the vast expanse,
My soul spreads her airy wings,
And joyously floats,
Keeping time to the notes
Which Fancy so witchingly sings.

II.

The winds which so ceaselessly play
With the bounding and foam-crested waves,
And the vastness which stretches away,
Till invisible landscapes it laves,
Seem to loose every fetter that tie,
To the tangible practical world,
And from island to island I glide,
Every sail to the breeze is unfurled—
To the winds which sweep
Over thoughts troubled deep,
Whose wonders I gaily and swiftly explore,
Till my spirit is lost,
On the wide billows toss'd,
And I see neither island nor shore.

III.

Through the cloud-rifts I wistfully gaze
On the blue of the far distant heaven,
Which reposes serene, beyond clouds all ablaze
With the glory and splendor of even.
Thus drifting in fancy I float
Like a thistle down swept by the breeze,
Through regions of thought, far remote,
Over peaceful, or foam-covered seas;
And questioning start
In my rapt yearning heart,
Full of mysteries rayless and deep—
Of life and the soul,
And life's final goal,
Which God and eternity keep.

IV.

I think of the years which have fled—
Of the longings and fancies of youth—
Of the hopes that lie withered and dead—
Of the yearnings for knowledge and truth,
That have lived through the swift-footed years,
Of the joy, which like sunsets of gold,
Was followed by darkness and tears.
But what shall the future unfold?
I fain would explore,
That mist covered shore,
But vainly my fancy her pinions has plumed
The fate-burdened years,
With their gladness and tears,
Are in pitiless darkness engloomed.

V.

The sun has gone down behind the blue hills,
 And the star fires gleam out in the skies ;
 The night-dew in silence and darkness distils
 New life, for the morn that shall rise
 From the slumber of nature, in gloom :
 An emblem prophetic of that blessed day,
 When the shadows of sorrow that darkened the
 tomb

At his coming shall vanish away,
 Though life's star may set
 Amid clouds of regret,
 The patient and true find repose
 In a haven where raves
 No dark-rolling wave,
 And the death-dealing storm never blows.

VI.

Through the darkness the home-lights are
 gleaming
 From windows that flash from the shore ;
 They break on my fanciful dreaming—
 The dream and the journey are o'er.
 Like a bird that returns to its nest,
 From its wanderings around the wide world,
 I am cheered by a vision of rest,
 And the sails of my fancy are furled.

So may I at last,
 When life's voyage is past,
 Awake from each fanciful dream,
 And land on that shore
 Where no fierce billows roar,
 And the home-lights of heaven shall gleam.

DELTA.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

MY TRIPS TO THE LAND OF
THE PHARAOHS.

BY G. V. LE VAUX.

(No. 1.)

It has been our good fortune "during the days of our pilgrimage," to visit the Land of Egypt twice, an interval of twelve years having elapsed between these two important events. Our first trip was undertaken at the request of friends resident at Suez. On the second occasion (in October last), we went to Egypt in an official capacity—as correspondent of an English journal. It was our privilege to gaze on nearly all "the sights of Egypt"

during both visits, and to take part in many exploring expeditions, by which means we have gleaned many important items of information which would probably escape the attention of a casual visitor.

In the following sketch, as our space is limited, we can do no more than give a general outline of a portion of our travels in that interesting country ; On some future occasion we may furnish an article on the antiquities of Egypt, and another on the greatest triumph of engineering skill of which this age can boast, we allude to the completion and successful working of the Suez Canal.

When we write or speak of that sunny land, the land of the Pharaohs, other days with all their deeds and races are sure to rise up in fancy before us, and we feel inclined to believe that the men of our generation are far inferior to the builders of the Pyramids and the designers of the Labyrinth.

On the occasion of our first visit to Egypt, (in 1857), we sailed from Southampton, called in at Cadiz and Gibraltar, and then proceeded along the Coast of Africa to Alexandria. The summits of Mount Atlas were visible from the deck for several days before we reached Cape Bon. At the latter place we were beneath Hannibal's natal skies and the Captain pointed out the site of Carthage. We fancied we could see the mounds of brick, earth and broken ashes which now cover the site of her ancient palaces. Here we gaze in fancy on the fatal field of Zama, and there beneath the broken arch which had once been the entrance to Hamilcar's palace, we behold the place where once sat old Marius "the Scourge of Rome," whose grey hair, long beard, venerable face, and dignified bearing, speak of better days, ruined hopes, and blighted ambition.

Farther on we pass the Bay of Aboukir, the site of Napoleon's victory over the Turco-Egyptian forces in 1798, and a little farther east, the site of Nelson's victory over the French under Admiral Breuyre in the same year. Passing by the scene of the "Nile's proud fight," we soon sight "Pompey's Pillar" said to have been erected by Publius during the reign of

Dioclesian, over the place where that by which the ancient Alexandrians were brave but unfortunate commander was supplied with fresh water. Caesar, when slain after his flight from Pharsalia. It he besieged the city, filled this aqueduct is one complete block of granite, nine feet with sea water, and thereby compelled in diameter and one hundred feet in the inhabitants to surrender. Alexandria is a "city of opposites;" some of its streets are very wide and handsome, and some the reverse—some very clean, some needle in turn claim our attention, and very filthy. Its churches, schools, and ere we can recall our mind from its ram- other public buildings are numerous, its bles in the misty atmosphere of the ages fortifications extensive, its harbour compact, we are at anchor in the beautiful modious, and its people extremely hospitable and polite.

On the occasion of our second visit to After remaining a day or too in Alexandria we felt desirous of seeing Cairo, Egypt, (1869), we proceeded from Liverpool via London and Paris to Marseilles, the capital, situated on the Nile, at the thence to our destination per the 'Brindisi,' apex of the Delta, 120 miles from the of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam- coast. We can go by train or steamer as we desire. If by train, we will cross two Sundays, in the forenoon, and reach Alexandria in six days—fare from \$40 to \$90, Rosetta, and the other a tubular bridge, according to accommodation. The fare from built by Stephenson, over the Damietta Liverpool to Marseilles is about \$30, and branch of the Nile. This bridge is the time less than two days. the great rival in size and beauty of the Victoria bridge, Montreal.

On arrival in Alexandria, every one naturally wishes to see the "sights of the city." Cleopatra's needle, situated close Travellers for Suez and Ismailia change cars at Benha, in the vicinity of the to the Railway Station, will claim especial Rosetta bridge.

attention. It is a simple block of granite, The pyramids can be seen in the distance from Benha Station, as can also of a reddish colour, and six feet in diameter, the minarets and mosques of Cairo and and seventy-four in height. Near to the residences of the local gentry, surrounded by groves of palm and syeamore. it lies another obelisk of similar dimensions. Cairo can rival any city in either Europe or America for the beauty and magnitude of its public buildings. The palaces by the Viceroy (Mehemet Ali) and was of the Pacha, the tombs of the Caliphs, the British Government some years ago and the mameluke mosques claim especial notice. The pyramids, fountains of by them "turned over," and was of Joseph, and the petrified forests are also of the British Museum. It is not likely, well worth seeing. Of all the antiquities of the British Museum. It is not likely, of Egypt, the pyramids are perhaps the

Cleopatra's Baths, and the celebrated Catecombs will also claim a fair share of of Egypt, the pyramids are perhaps the attention. The sands of centuries had most attractive and interesting. No accumulated over and hid the former traveller is allowed to ascend these incense "buildings" without being accompanied by a guide. This is to prevent from view, until at last their very existence was a matter of doubt. They have, however, been recently exhumed, and the accidents, and to help the indigent natives incumbent sands cleared away. The who follow the "profession of dragomen." Catecombs are situated close to the city, The pyramid of Cheops is perhaps the and it is said that the beating of the sea on most remarkable of those near Cairo. It the shore can be heard throughout their is about five hundred feet high. Its base dark recesses. covers an area of about twelve acres, and

An underground aqueduct has been its apex is nine yards square. The largest recently discovered on the confines of the and most noted of its compartments are city. It is said to have been the medium called the King's and Queen's Chambers.

Light is admitted into these gloomy recesses by means of small openings in the sides of the pyramids.

The battle of the Pyramids was fought in this vicinity—a few miles from the Nile. The Arabs still point out the spot where Napoleon, while reviewing his troops, prior to the engagement, uttered the memorable words:—"Soldiers! Forty centuries will look down on your deeds to-day from the summit of yonder pyramids." In this battle he totally overthrew the Mamelukes, who had ruled Egypt (as subjects of the Turks) for many years. They had forty thousand cavalry, and Napoleon had about as many infantry. Confident in their strength, both parties began the battle with the utmost enthusiasm. Napoleon formed his army into squares, and opened such a dreadful fire on his opponents that only a few thousand of them escaped from the field. Thenceforth the great general of the Franks was known amongst the natives by the title "Sultan Khebir"—that is, "King of Fire." All Egypt immediately submitted to the conqueror. He reorganized the government, issued orders for the re-opening of the Suez Canal, and then marched into Syria after creating General Kleber Governor General of Egypt. Napoleon was very popular in Egypt and deservedly so, as he endeavoured by all means possible to ameliorate the condition of the oppressed people.

With his usual craft he proclaimed himself viceroy of Mahomet and the protector of all religions.

On the occasion of his visit to the Pyramids he had the following memorable dialogue with Abdalla, Hassan and other shieks. Our Dragoman related the results of the interview as follows:—

Napoleon.—Chiefs of the people, you are welcome, the Franks love all true servants of the Prophet. Before the foundation of the world Alla decreed that we should meet here (in the Pyramids) to devise means of improving the condition of Egypt and mankind in general.

Abdalla—Mighty prince, the people of Egypt salute the Sultan Khebir and will till the land in peace, but hope the Franks will remain to protect them from the

Othmans.

Napoleon—Alla and the Prophet have decreed that the men of Egypt and the Franks should be brothers. The Franks are good musselmen and will fight against the foes of Egypt and the Prophet.

Hassan—Sultan Khebir, of thy clemency let an old man speak. The children of the Prophet have heard that the Franks are servants of the vicar of Issa (the Pope.) Is there peace between Issa and Mahomet?

Napoleon's cheeks flushed, but checking his anger he replied:—The Franks are good sons of the Prophet and the foes of the Turk. A few weeks ere we sailed to free Egypt we made war on the Vicar of Issa in obedience to the word of the holy Mahomet. We took his chief city and put him in prison. So perish all the enemies of the Frank and our holy prophet. Surely there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.

This "declaration of his faith" was received with applause by all present, and the old Shiek Abdalla exclaimed:—"The Franks are our brothers, let the Sultan Khebir, prosper—he is the friend of Alla and the prophet."

The Sphinx is situated close to the Pyramids. Its head rises nine yards above the sands; but it is said to have stood twenty yards high in the time of Caesar, and its length was about fifty yards. It is now nearly buried in the sand. It has been stated that in former times a temple existed beneath the statue, in which incense was burned daily in honour of the gigantic image. The Sphinx is a compound statue, having the head and breast of man, with the body and limbs of a lion. At Ghizeh, near Cairo, chickens are hatched by artificial incubation.

Not far from Ghizeh is the "Holy-tree," under which the infant Jesus is said to have slept the night after the Holy Family had taken refuge in Egypt, from Herod's prosecution. Close to this tree there stands an isolated obelisk, which marks the site of Heliopolis the city which contained the great temple of the sun. Rank weeds now grow on its site, and desolation reigns over the scene. Snakes and bats are the only inhabitants of the place where once thronged the busy

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

CANADA.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D., PRINCETON, ONT.

multitudes of a proud city.

Memphis, the ruins of which are situated a few miles from Cairo, was the capital city of ancient Egypt.

Abraham, Sarah, Sesostris, Joseph, and many of the old scriptural worthies so-journed within its walls. It still contains many relics of its former greatness, amongst others the viaduct of the great temple of Seraphis and the statue of So, Shishack or Sesostris. This statue now lies on its side, and its face is half buried in the sand.

While exploring the ruins of Memphis, some fellahs who had come down the river from Nubia joined our party. They were very communicative and related many traditions which "pass current" in their native province. We venture to relate the following as it was told us by this singular people: On one occasion during the golden age of the world, the god Serapis visited the palace of the king. Pharaoh's mother was smitten with his charms and heroic bearing while at the Egyptian court, this fact having come to the knowledge of her son, the king, he caused her to be tied up in a sack and drowned in the Nile. Serapis being the guardian of that river was greatly incensed at the king's conduct, and he therefore, in conjunction with the gods of Ethopia and Egypt, dried up the "fountains of the river," and the land was cursed for Pharaoh's sake. When spring arrived the fields were planted with corn as usual, but the blast of the desert burned it up, the skies assumed a purple tint, the air was filled with sand, and many of the people died in want of bread. At last the gods moved to pity their condition, sent them a great prophet from the land of the sun, who fed them with bread for one hundred moons (about seven years and a half) and satisfied their thirst by causing water to rise out of the earth (by digging wells.) He was such a favorite with the gods that they took him to heaven without dying.

We often heard this tradition related with some slight variations by both Copts and Arabs. It evidently relates to the great famine which occurred in the time of Joseph, and is probably a Coptic or Ethiopian version of that wonderful event.

No law is more evident to the perceptive faculties of man than that of development on the one hand and decay on the other. There is no resting place for the plant or animal in this world of change from the time it becomes an existence, until it returns to its primal elements. When it ceases to grow it commences to decay. This law is also applicable to nations. They do not normally spring into existence in a day. In the dawn of government it is first manifest in the family ruled by the venerable patriarch. Then follows the more complicated rule of chiefs; then of warriors, lords, and autocrats, whether manifested through republic or despotism, and that wonderful completeness of executive and law-making power resident in, and constituting a limited monarchy. Such growth, liberal views, and consolidation of petty nationalities are doubtless elements of popular strength.

Rome absorbed even the rude tribes in its vicinity and added daily to its greatness. Macedonia, under Philip and Alexander, like a political gourmand, swallowed up all the then civilized world and became a mighty empire. Russia emerged from the Scandinavian forests, savage and untutored; but since Peter the Great, worked in Saaradam, Holland us, a ship builder; like the "mandevil" fish, so graphically described by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea," it has thrown out its tentacles, seizing Finland, Poland, Circassia, Northern Asia, Independent Tartary, and would have grasped poor Turkey by the throat with its relentless claws and choked it to death, were it not that British and French gunpowder scorched its outstretched arms on the heights of Sebastopol. The United States have shown the same love of power and conquest down to the purchase of ice ribbed Walrussia on the one hand, and quaking torrid St. Thomas on the other. Britain has followed out the same policy from the days of the Saxon Heptarchy,

until now its Colonies and dependencies are found one unbroken glorious circle of representative institutions, and political freedom. We believe this principle is being carried out in the confederation of these provinces, and that we as a people have taken one step forward in the grand march of nationalities." Our work of absorption has commenced, and will doubtless be carried forward to its final issue of increased power and influence in America. We are now the second power in this Continent and the fourth in maritime wealth, upon the globe. It is true we have not the population of Brazil or Mexico, but numerical strength does not constitute true national power. Of all the nations of Europe, Britain wields the most influence, but France, Austria, Prussia and Russia have each as great or a greater population: yet, what Congress meets on Continental Europe at which the British Plenipotentiary does not sit? What war is waged, or what radical governmental changes take place in any part of Christendom, but the question is anxiously asked "What will they say in England?" You may twist the globe to find it; this little speck, the British isles, is but a freckle," yet what a power! This is not from its area, nor its position, but because of its advanced civilization, its perfection in the arts and sciences, its education, and its comparatively high toned morality and earnest Christianity. And so much respected and revered are "our mother's soil, our father's glory," in all parts of Britain's heritage, that like the human heart, the love for staunch Britannia and her institutions, pulsates as strongly and supplies a living patriotism as undying in Canada and Australia, as within the very shadow of St. James' palace. Four Millions of people such as we are, can and will be felt as a power not to be despised. Our free schools cannot be excelled, and our grammar schools and universities will practically compare favourably with those in Europe, venerable with age, and from whose walls have issued those who have won undying renown. Canadian youths have already made a mark for themselves not only in the tented fields, but also in the walks of science, abroad as well as

at home, beneath the flapping wings of the mighty eagle, whose ominous shadow falls upon a great segment of this Continent, as well as beneath the shaggy mane of the mighty lion whose majestic tread shakes the nations of the earth. In the respect due to sacred things we excel our neighbours and even England. Our average of crime is comparatively low. We enjoy an admirable municipal system, light taxation, responsible government, full representation, and that liberty which is not inconsistent with the general welfare of the subject; for unlimited freedom is license, and that is the threshold to anarchy. When every one can do as he pleases and there is no restraint on individual action, then brute force is sure to rule, and there is no law but that first instinct of self-preservation. Our judges are not political tricksters, but men of honour and a terror to evil doers. We hold the advisers of the viceroy responsible for their acts. Victoria propounds no injudicious measures for our acceptance, and intormeddles with naught that appertains to our internal affairs, unless appealed to, except in regard to measures affecting other portions of the Empire, as well as our own. We are not intermittently ruled by a despot chosen equally by intelligent citizens and the scum of society, that is by universal suffrage. We feel and appreciate the great boon thus conferred upon us for our mutual advantage in the bright future. We can look back upon the bitterness, heart-burnings, rancour and jealousies of treacherous nondescripts which have disgraced us in the past, irrespective of names, or invidious distinctions, as a hedious nightmare, and gaze prophetically through the dim vista of coming years with brighter hopes and more joyful anticipation.

"Regions Caesar never knew,
Our posterity shall sway,
Where his Eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to know why you look at me so savagely?" said a gentleman to a lady stranger. "Oh! I beg pardon, sir; I took you for my husband," was the reply.

The Canadian Literary Journal

AUGUST, 1870.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Before the issuing of the first number of the JOURNAL it must be confessed that we were in doubt as to the welcome it would receive at the hands of the Canadian public. A review of the history of periodicals which have from time to time been established in this country afforded us no encouragement. Nearly all attempts of the kind although at first seemingly successful had in the end proved to be fruitless. Had we been about to engage in any undertaking other than that of publishing a journal devoted to Canadian literature we could have looked upon some venture of a like nature which had met with success. We saw that enterprises having for their object the establishment of agricultural papers had prospered, that the newspapers of Canada, taking into consideration the population of the country, held a position second to those of no other country in the world and that only in that particular department of literature in which we were about to engage, had there been no successful enterprise to encourage, no beacon light to direct us in the accomplishment of our object. We felt therefore, then, in publishing a Canadian Literary monthly, we were about entering upon an undertaking which required the greatest caution and our first efforts have been consequently guarded.

As however the success attending the first issue of the JOURNAL has been better than we anticipated, we hope to give our readers the benefit of an enlargement of it to take place beginning with the October number. In order that we may carry out this intention, we shall require the continued aid our friends. Give us that

cordial support which will enable to prosecute our enterprise boldly and without fear of failure, and instead of a sixteen page journal, we shall be able to place before our readers a periodical more in unison with the high literary position and the wants of this vast Dominion.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Since our last issue there has begun on the continent of Europe a war which bids fair to be one of the most sanguinary and terrible that the world has ever witnessed. Marshalled in all their power and resources stand forth to-day, France and Prussia, two of the most powerful nations of the earth, fighting under a pretence of redressing national insults and wrongs, but in reality contending for the supremacy of continental Europe. The cloud at first scarcely visible, in the short space of ten days suddenly increased in size until it overcast the whole political heaven with the dread proclamation of war.

The causes which have brought about this conflict are many and although the immediate trouble between the two nations was the attempted election of the Hohenzollern prince, Leopold to the throne of Spain this appears to have been merely a pretext which fact is clearly proven by the Prince withdrawing his name altogether from the candidature for the Spanish crown. Since the declaration of war grave revelations have taken place which go to show that secret treaties of a serious nature have been proposed between the two contending nations. Napoleon III. seems determined to add to French territory by some means or another the provinces bordering on the Rhine, in order that that classic river may mark the boundary line of the Empire on the East. So determined has he been in this coveted wish, that all manner of

political intrigue has been resorted to, and that having failed him he at last has recourse to arms. To the ambitious and desires of Napoleon, King William of Prussia will not submit even in the smallest degree. On the contrary the veteran monarch of United Germany supported by his esteemed and far seeing prime minister, Von Bismarck views with resentment the encroachments of France and seems determined to resist to the very last the unjust demands of his rival.

The memory of the victory gained in 1866 at Sadowa, inspires great confidence in both rulers and people of Prussia, with regard to the ability of their military commanders and the effectiveness of their army. Having recently augmented her territory, increased her resources and effected a bond of harmonious union with all Germany, so that she now stands united to a man, it is very natural to imagine that she would not take any other course than that which she has chosen, that of not yielding in the least to the arbitrary demands of her powerful opponent. While we write battalions of the two great armies are engaged in the struggle and unless a peace is effected, a very short time can only elapse before the two main armies will join issue in a battle, the result of which will show to a great extent how the contest will terminate.

The resources of the two nations are almost boundless, so that at present it is premature to opine which of them will succeed. Up to this time all the other European powers have stood aloof and appear determined to remain strictly neutral, yet complications may at any moment arise which will launch all Europe in the conflict.

Hitherto all proposals for peace by neutral powers have been rejected by the contending nations, yet we still have a

faint glimmering of hope that ere the main army meet, a peace may be effected, and to this hope the whole world responds with a fervent amen. It is a matter of deep regret that in those countries where we look for the extension of arts, sciences, civilization and religion, we must witness scenes of bloodshed, desolation and misery.

We trust a speedy end to this fearful struggle may soon take place and that the righteous cause of the nation who seeks to protect its subjects and to check unjust ambition may be victorious. May the aggrandizing monarch who endeavours to provoke a war to gratify a reckless ambition meet with a richly deserved and decisive downfall, so that peace may soon again wave her wand over our beautiful earth and gain those lasting victories which she alone can gain.

PURPOSED EXTENSION.

It is the intention of the proprietors of the JOURNAL to increase the size, beginning with the October number, to twenty four pages. To effect this, it will be necessary to place the price at seventy-five cents per annum, instead of sixty cents as heretofore. Those sending in their names and subscriptions before October will receive the advantage of the extension without extra charge. To those subscribing before the enlargement takes place, is now offered the opportunity of obtaining for a year a journal of twenty four pages of interesting original reading matter for the sum of sixty cents and postage.

(ORIGINAL.)

A PLEA FOR LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

It is almost a truism to say that it is not what a man has but what he uses

effectively that makes his power to be felt in any undertaking. A warrior though he possess the sword of a Wallace, unless he have also acquired an aptitude in the use of it, will find it a useless and even a dangerous acquisition in a conflict. So it is with a combatant in the field of literature, the success of whom depends not solely on the mere possession of knowledge, but also on a readiness and an adaptability in the use of it when obtained. It is not always the most learned man that best succeeds in the strife on the literary arena, for how often do we find the SAVANT, entangled with his own huge weapon, overcome by the well directed strokes of a less learned though more ready antagonist. Knowledge itself does not give power and influence; there must be in addition a visible demonstration of it when acquired ere the world will bestow any real homage on the possessor.

While we consider that a literary society is no mean aid for the acquirement of general information, it is peculiarly adapted to the latter sphere of education—the bestowing of an activity in bringing the learning obtained into practical use. By the practice of public speaking a freedom of address is acquired which can be obtained in no other way. Of this exercise of speech it has been said—

“Speech ventilates our intellectual fire,
Speech burnishes our mental magazine,
Brightens for ornament and whets for use.”

For the cultivation of this gift a literary society may be made a worthy instrument. It may be looked upon as a literary field where the combatants measure their strength, thereby obtaining a knowledge of their own powers as well as of their own defects. In this strife the success of one party does not necessitate the disaster of the other, but on the contrary both parties must desist from the combat better fitted for future encounters. Here the over confident one is laid low only to rise again to find his proper level, while the modest worth is nurtured and encouraged to make greater advances and more worthy progress. More anon.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

AN ADVENTURE ON THE FRASER RIVER.

BY S. A. LOANE, DUNDENEARE.

During the early days of Californian adventure, two miners, named James Larkin and Don Pizarro Tomanzie—an Irishman and a Spaniard—met at the Masonic Arms Hotel, San Francisco, and after some preliminary arrangements, entered into partnership and purchased a large mining district in the mountains of Sierra County. The new firm prospered very much for awhile, but after some months the tide of events began to turn, business became dull, and at last mining operations were suspended. Don Tomanzie sought consolation for his troubles in a neighboring tavern, and in a short time Larkin was sole manager and proprietor of the company. Larkin had lent money to Tomanzie to enable him to carry on his debaucheries, and had seized on his share in the firm as compensation: the latter not being able to pay his debts. Don Tomanzie looked upon this conduct as extremely harsh and severe, and appealed for justice to the law courts of the State, but the Judges being convinced that he was legally indebted to his partner, decided the case against him. Soon after Don Tomanzie suddenly left the gold diggings and was soon forgotten by his worthless “companions of the bar.” Ere he left, however, he vowed to take vengeance of his ‘unfaithful partner.’ This circumstance was the source of much mirth for some time, but soon faded from the memories of the nomadic people of the vicinity

* * * * *

Twenty years passed away. Jem Larkin again. Reduced to poverty he sold “all out” and proceeded to Cariboo, in British Columbia. Arriving at New Westminster he took, his passage on the steamer up to Yale. The day being rather warm he entered the saloon to take a “drink,” and when issuing from this place he was met at the door by a tall dark man, who, on seeing Larkin, suddenly drew back, advancing his hands in front of his breast, at the same time, heaving a short sigh.

Larkin laughed heartily at his eccentric and apparently terrified companion, but took no further notice, nor did he recognize his astonished "friend of former years." The steamboat was crowded with passengers; some were looking at the distant hills and admiring the golden sunset, others were gazing listlessly into the blue waters of the swiftly rolling river. Others were admiring the scenery, and comparing it with dearer scenes far away—some exclaimed, as they gazed on lonely dells and murmuring streams, flanked by towering mountains, crowned with forest trees, "That looks like sweet Innoshannon;" whilst others exclaimed "It resembles Edenvale—how like the Rhine, or the sunny dells of Bandon River! Some played at cards some danced to the music of the pipes or violin and others lay extended on the deck or on the sacks of corn and flour with which the ship was laden, and with tears rolling down their cheeks talked of fatherland and dear ones far away. Thus the time wore away and daylight faded into night—the sun set and the moon rose, lending a wild romantic interest to the singular scenery. After a time all went to sleep, and silence reigned on board—nothing being heard but the sound of the engine or the ripple of the waters; but soon a strange figure appeared on the scene—it was that of a man, dark and stern. He paced the deck till morning light, occasionally uttering exclamations which no one heeded or one understood. As he spoke he occasionally pressed his hand on his side where miners generally carry their revolvers.

* * * * *

Morning dawned over the scene; all hands were soon astir. Each and all were anxious to gaze on the new scenery, and there was therefore an early "turn out." As the sun rose, the figures who reposed along the deck folded in their blankets, looked out upon the scene, and immediately resolved to "take up their beds and walk." They gradually arose, and folding their blankets, stowed them away for future use. James Larkin slept on deck and was engaged in "taking up his bed" when the tall, dark, eccentric figure before alluded to, walked up to him, and drawing his revolver, fired, exclaiming—"Take this in memory of your deeds in '48.

Larkin fell dead, being shot through the head. The passengers crowded round his body, whilst some of them pursued the murderer to the bow of the steamer. In a few moments "all hands" were in commotion. One of the passengers, Mr. James Jock, a brave Canadian miner, pursued the Spaniard to the poop, but as he was unarmed he had to seek shelter behind the captain from the murderous bullets of the assassin. The crew were soon armed, and rushed on deck, headed by their gallant captain. When Tomanzie saw them advancing, he placed his hand on his vest pocket, and after exclaiming "Whoever discovers my body will find a thousand dollars," he deliberately walked overboard. The engines were immediately reversed, but as the current was running very rapidly the unfortunate man never rose above the surface, and consequently his body was never discovered. About an hour afterwards, the steamer touched at the nearest landing—at the mouth of the Quesnel River—and "all hands turned out" to do honor to the remains of their slaughtered companion—the jolliest, and as they said, the most rollicking Irishman who had ever crossed the ocean. Poor Larkin was buried at the Junction of the Fraser and Quesnel rivers, and his fellow voyagers placed a cross over his grave, on which they inscribed the following suggestive epitaph:—

"HERE LIES JAMES LARKIN,
OF DUBLIN,
WHO FELL A VICTIM
TO SPANISH VENGEANCE,
MAY, 1866."

"JUDGE NOT."

Many years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally been seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age; his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat over-

shadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column purchased a half-penny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way towards the palace of General Zaronerek, Lieutenant of the Kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but judging by his lugubrious costume and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Stasric."

"Stasric," exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched looking man, who steps in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious savans of Europe."

The man whose appearance contracted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself, to his labors and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Lepsic and Gottengen; continued his studies in the College of France under Brisson and D'Aubantan; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines, and finally returned to his native land stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of his son. Afterwards the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Stasric, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any

man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim the arrows at? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so Stasric found it for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and everyone had something to say against him.

"Who could ever think," cried a noble, whose grey moustaches and old-fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that he could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the Capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door before he would give him alms." "He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and, at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest, and said:—"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be treated with more respect; what does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what use does he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one; who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Stasric?"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

"Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovers the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his

renown, calling the chisel of Canova to honor the memory of Copeinicus?"

"It was Stasric," replied the priest, and so all Europe honors for it the general senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noonday sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred serfs. Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Stasric—that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Stasric who had placed him at college and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now he would reject his gifts—he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him:—

"Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books take them out of my library; or instruments, order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely and tell me if you want anything."

"On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are then become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Stasric, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils—it must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct. Stasric insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said:—

"JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME! Ere the end of life arrives the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma which I cannot now solve—it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added:—

"Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan, and when, some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death before you judge my life. During fifty years Stanislas Stasric allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Prussian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succour of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax to be paid by the liberated serfs was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Stasric bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum towards educating poor and studious youth. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her during life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Stasric. A martyr to calumny during his life; after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

LIFE IN DEATH.

BY KATE PULLAR, (HAMILTON, ONT.)

Toll ! toll ! toll ! the bell rang out to-day,
While the radiant sunlight flashed and fell,
Like golden sheaves it lay,
Or drew the lurking shadows out
In misty magic play.
Toll ! toll ! toll ! what did it mean to say,
'Tis only another form of clay
They mean to cover and hide away
From the happy smiling day.

Toll ! toll ! toll ! I listen'd in fear and doubt,
For did it not seem a heartless thing
To shut the sun beams out,
And leave her there in that dreary grave,
With shadows all about,
And life's swift river with rushing thread,
Flowing and flashing over head,
With never a thought of the vanished dead,
Low in her lonely bed.

Hush the jest ! let the voice be low,
Soft be the passing feet,
While in the chamber dusk and low,
We gaze on that strange sleep.

Let the sunlight fall with tender grace
Over the lines of the weary face,
Let the peace of death life's conflicts chase,
Here in this solemn place.

Hers was the common lot of earth,
Vistas of smiles and tears,
Days of weeping and days of mirth,
Chequer'd the changing years ;
Full many a tear she shed I know,
Though the patient lips n'er told me so,
But never yet did mortal go
Tearlessly here below.

Oh ! never in dreams of earthly sleep;
Was rest so sure and sweet,
For something still earth's slumbers break
But this the angles keep.
Past is life's stormy battle field,
The watchful eyes are set and sealed,
The lips with their secrets unreveal'd
Heart wounds that God hath heal'd.

And now the sound of that solemn bell
Wakens such visions as none can tell,
It soundeth out no knell,
'Tis rather the watchman's cheering voice
Calling "all's well, all's well ;"
For surely of all that life can bring,
It must be the strangest, sweetest thing,
This changing life of tears to fling
Aside for ever, and wake to sing
In the steadfast light of heaven.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Th se, owing to want of space, are laid over until next month.

Owing to the fact that the Literary Societies have closed their meetings for the summer months we have received from them no notices of importance. An article from R. D. F. entitled "Hints to beginners in public speaking" will appear in our next number and will be found very interesting to all members of Literary Societies."

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