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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
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DECEMBER, 1880.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER II.

THE JESUITS.

FATHER Benwell rose and advanced to meet the visitor with his paternal smile. 'I am heartily glad to see you,' he said—and held out his hand with a becoming mixture of dignity and cordiality. Penrose lifted the offered hand respectfully to his lips. As one of the 'Provincials' of the Order, Father Benwell occupied a high place among the English Jesuits. He was accustomed to acts of homage offered by his younger brethren to their spiritual chief. 'I fear you are not well,' he proceeded gently. 'Your hand is feverish, Arthur.'

'Thank you, Father—I am as well as usual.'

'Depression of spirits, perhaps?' Father Benwell persisted.

Penrose admitted it with a passing smile. 'My spirits are not very lively,' he said.

Father Benwell shook his head in

gentle disapproval of a depressed state of spirits in a young man. 'This must be corrected,' he remarked. 'Cultivate cheerfulness, Arthur. I am myself, thank God, a naturally cheerful man. My mind reflects, in some degree (and reflects gratefully) the brightness and beauty which are part of the great scheme of creation. A similar disposition is to be cultivated—I know instances of it in my own experience. Add one more instance, and you will really gratify me. In its seasons of rejoicing our Church is eminently cheerful. Shall I add another encouragement? A great trust is about to be placed in you. Be socially agreeable, or you will fail to justify the trust. This is Father Benwell's little sermon. I think it has a merit, Arthur—it is a sermon soon over.'

Penrose looked up at his superior, eager to hear more.

He was a very young man. His large, thoughtful, well-opened gray eyes, and his habitual refinement and modesty of manner, gave a certain at-

traction to his personal appearance, of which it stood in some need. In stature he was little and lean; his hair had become prematurely thin over his broad forehead; there were hollows already in his cheeks, and marks on either side of his thin delicate lips. He looked like a person who had passed many miserable hours in needless despair of himself and his prospects. With all this there was something in him so irresistibly truthful and sincere—so suggestive, even where he might be wrong, of a purely conscientious belief in his own errors—that he attached people to him without an effort, and often without being aware of it himself. What would his friends have said if they had been told that the religious enthusiasm of this gentle, self-distrustful, melancholy man might, in its very innocence of suspicion and self-seeking, be perverted to dangerous uses in unscrupulous hands? His friends would, one and all, have received the scandalous assertion with contempt; and Penrose himself, if he had heard of it, might have failed to control his temper for the first time in his life.

‘May I ask a question, without giving offence?’ he said, timidly.

Father Benwell took his hand. ‘My dear Arthur, let us open our minds to each other without reserve. What is your question?’

‘You have spoken, Father, of a great trust that is about to be placed in me.’

‘Yes. You are anxious, no doubt, to hear what it is?’

‘I am anxious to know, in the first place, if it requires me to go back to Oxford.’

Father Benwell dropped his young friend’s hand. ‘Do you dislike Oxford?’ he asked, observing Penrose attentively.

‘Bear with me, Father, if I speak too confidently. I dislike the deception which has obliged me to conceal that I am a Catholic and a priest.’

Father Benwell set this little difficulty right, with the air of a man who

could make benevolent allowance for unreasonable scruples. ‘I think, Arthur, you forget two important considerations,’ he said. ‘In the first place, you have a dispensation from your superiors, which absolves you of all responsibility in respect of the concealment that you have practised. In the second place, we could only obtain information of the progress which our Church is silently making at the University, by employing you in the capacity of—let me say, an independent Observer. However, if it will contribute to your ease of mind, I see no objection to informing you that you will *not* be instructed to return to Oxford. Do I relieve you?’

There could be no question of it. Penrose breathed more freely, in every sense of the word.

‘At the same time,’ Father Benwell continued, ‘let us not misunderstand each other. In the new sphere of action which we design for you, you will not only be at liberty to acknowledge that you are a Catholic, it will be absolutely necessary that you should do so. But you will continue to wear the ordinary dress of an English gentleman, and to preserve the strictest secrecy on the subject of your admission to the priesthood, until you are further advised by myself. Now, dear Arthur, read that paper. It is the necessary preface to all that I have yet to say to you.’

The ‘paper’ contained a few pages of manuscript, relating to the early history of Vange Abbey, in the days of the monks, and the circumstances under which the property was confiscated to lay uses in the time of Henry the Eighth. Penrose handed back the little narrative, vehemently expressing his sympathy with the monks, and his detestation of the King.

‘Compose yourself, Arthur,’ said Father Benwell, smiling pleasantly. ‘We don’t mean to allow Henry the Eighth to have it all his own way for ever.’

Penrose looked at his superior in

blank bewilderment. His superior withheld any further information for the present.

'Everything in its turn,' the discreet Father resumed; 'the turn of explanation has not come yet. I have something else to shew you first. One of the most interesting relics in England. Look here.'

He unlocked a flat mahogany box, and displayed to view some writings on vellum, evidently of great age.

'You have had a little sermon already,' he said. 'You shall have a little story now. No doubt you have heard of Newstead Abbey—famous among the readers of poetry as the residence of Byron? King Henry treated Newstead exactly as he treated Vange Abbey? Many years since, the lake at Newstead was dragged, and the brass eagle which had served as the lectern in the old church was rescued from the waters in which it had lain for centuries. A secret receptacle was discovered in the body of the eagle, and the ancient title-deeds of the Abbey were found in it. The monks had taken that method of concealing the legal proofs of their rights and privileges, in the hope—a vain hope, I need hardly say—that a time might come when Justice would restore to them the property of which they had been robbed. Only last summer, one of our bishops, administering a northern diocese, spoke of these circumstances to a devout Catholic friend, and said he thought it possible that the precaution taken by the monks at Newstead might also have been taken by the monks at Vange. The friend, I should tell you, was an enthusiast. Saying nothing to the bishop (whose position and responsibilities he was bound to respect), he took into his confidence persons whom he could trust. One moonlight night—in the absence of the present proprietor, or I should rather say, the present usurper of the estate—the lake at Vange was privately dragged, with a result that proved the bishop's conjecture to be

right. Read those valuable documents, Arthur. Knowing your strict sense of honour, and your admirable tenderness of conscience, I wish you to be satisfied of the title of the Church to the lands of Vange, by evidence which is beyond dispute.'

With this little preface, he waited while Penrose read the title-deeds. 'Any doubt on your mind?' he asked, when the reading had come to an end.

'Not the shadow of a doubt.'

'Is the Church's right to the property clear?'

'As clear, Father, as words can make it.'

'Very good. We will lock up the documents. Arbitrary confiscation, Arthur, even on the part of a king, cannot override the law. What the Church once lawfully possessed, the Church has a right to recover. Any doubt about that in your mind?'

'Only the doubt of *how* the Church can recover. Is there anything in this particular case to be hoped from the law?'

'Nothing whatever.'

'And yet, Father, you speak as if you saw some prospect of the restitution of the property. By what means can the restitution be made?'

'By peaceful and worthy means,' Father Benwell answered. 'By honourable restoration of the confiscated property to the Church on the part of the person who is now in possession of it.'

Penrose was surprised and interested. 'Is the person a Catholic?' he asked, eagerly.

'Not yet.' Father Benwell laid a strong emphasis on those two little words. His fat fingers drummed restlessly on the table; his vigilant eyes rested expectantly on Penrose. 'Surely you understand me, Arthur?' he added, after an interval.

The colour rose slowly in the worn face of Penrose. 'I am afraid to understand you,' he said.

'Why?'

'I am not sure that it is my better

sense which understands. I am afraid, Father, it may be my vanity and presumption.'

Father Benwell leaned back luxuriously in his chair. 'I like that modesty,' he said, with a relishing smack of his lips as if modesty was as good as a meal to him. 'There is power of the right sort, Arthur, hidden under the diffidence that does you honour. I am more than ever satisfied that I have been right in reporting you as worthy of this most serious trust. I believe the conversion of the owner of Vange Abbey is—in your hands—no more than a matter of time.'

'May I ask what his name is?'

'Certainly. His name is Lewis Romaine.'

'When do you introduce me to him?'

'Impossible to say. I have not yet been introduced myself.'

'You don't know Mr. Romaine?'

'I have never even seen him.'

These discouraging replies were made with the perfect composure of a man who saw his way clearly before him. Sinking from one depth of perplexity to another, Penrose ventured on putting a last question. 'How am I to approach Mr. Romaine?' he asked.

'I can only answer that, Arthur, by admitting you still further into my confidence. It is disagreeable to me,' said the reverend gentleman, with the most becoming humility, 'to speak of myself. But it must be done. Shall we have a little coffee, to help us through the coming extract from Father Benwell's autobiography? Don't look so serious, my son! When the occasion permits it, let us take life lightly.' He rang the bell and ordered the coffee, as if he were the master of the house. The servant treated him with the most scrupulous respect. He hummed a little tune, and talked at intervals of the weather, while they were waiting. 'Plenty of sugar, Arthur?' he inquired, when the coffee was brought in. 'No? Even in trifles, I

should have been glad to feel that there was perfect sympathy between us. I like plenty of sugar myself.'

Having sweetened his coffee with the closest attention to the process, he was at liberty to enlighten his young friend. He did it so easily and so cheerfully, that a far less patient man than Penrose would have listened to him with interest.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTRODUCTION TO ROMAYNE.

'EXCEPTING my employment here in the library,' Father Benwell began, 'and some interesting conversation with Lord Loring, to which I shall presently allude, I am almost as great a stranger in this house, Arthur, as yourself. When the object which we now have in view was first taken seriously into consideration, I had the honour of being personally acquainted with Lord Loring. I was also aware that he was an intimate and trusted friend of Romaine. Under these circumstances, his lordship presented himself to our point of view, as a means of approaching the owner of Vange Abbey without exciting distrust. I was charged accordingly with the duty of establishing myself on terms of intimacy in this house. By way of making room for me, the spiritual director of Lord and Lady Loring was attached, in some inferior capacity, to a mission abroad. And here I am in his place! By-the-way, don't treat me (when we are in the presence of visitors) with any special marks of respect. I am not Provincial of our Order in Lord Loring's house—I am one of the inferior clergy.'

Penrose looked at him with admiration. 'It is a great sacrifice to make, Father, in your position, and at your age.'

'Not at all, Arthur. A position of authority involves certain temptations

to pride. I feel this change as a lesson in humility which is good for me. For example, Lady Loring (as I can plainly see) dislikes and distrusts me. Then, again, a young lady has recently arrived here on a visit. She is a Protestant, with all the prejudices incident to that way of thinking—avoids me so carefully, poor soul, that I have never seen her yet. These rebuffs are wholesome reminders of his fallible human nature, to a man who has occupied a place of high trust and command. Besides, there have been obstacles in my way which have had an excellent effect in rousing my energies. How do you feel, Arthur, when you encounter obstacles?

‘I do my best to remove them, Father. But I am sometimes conscious of a sense of discouragement.’

‘Curious,’ said Father Benwell, ‘I am only conscious, myself, of a sense of impatience. What right has an obstacle to get in *my* way?—that is how I look at it. For example, the first thing I heard, when I came here, was that Romayne had left England. My introduction to him was indefinitely delayed; I had to look to Lord Loring for all the information I wanted, relating to the man and his habits. There was another obstacle! Not living in the house, I was obliged to find an excuse for being constantly on the spot, ready to take advantage of his lordship’s leisure moments for conversation. I sat down in this room; and I said to myself, “before I get up again, I mean to brush these impertinent obstacles out of my way!” The state of the books suggested the idea of which I was in search. Before I left the house, I was charged with the re-arrangement of the library. From that moment, I came and went as often as I liked. Whenever Lord Loring was disposed for a little talk, there I was, to lead the talk in the right direction. And what is the result? On the first occasion when Romayne presents himself, I can place you in a position to become his daily compan-

ion. All due, Arthur, in the first instance, to my impatience of obstacles. Amusing, isn’t it?’

Penrose was perhaps deficient in the sense of humour. Instead of being amused, he appeared to be anxious for more information. ‘In what capacity am I to be Mr. Romayne’s companion?’ he asked.

Father Benwell poured himself out another cup of coffee.

‘Suppose I tell you first,’ he suggested, ‘how Romayne is marked out, by habits and disposition, as a promising subject for conversion. He is young; still a single man; romantic, sensitive, highly cultivated. No near relations are alive to influence him—he is not compromised by any illicit attachment. He has devoted himself for years past to books, and is collecting materials for a work of immense research, on the origin of Religions. Some great sorrow or remorse—Lord Loring did not mention what it was—has told seriously on his nervous system, already injured by night-study. Add to this, that he is now within our reach. He has lately returned to London, and is living quite alone at a private hotel. For some reason which I am not acquainted with, he keeps away from Vange Abbey—the very place, as I should have thought, for a studious man.’

Penrose began to be interested. ‘Have you been to the Abbey?’ he said.

‘I made a little excursion to that part of Yorkshire, Arthur, not long since. A very pleasant trip—apart from the painful associations connected with the ruin and profanation of a sacred place. There is no doubt about the revenues. I know the value of that productive part of the estate which stretches southward, away from the barren region round the house. Let us return for a moment to Romayne, and to your position as his future companion. He has had his books sent to him from Vange; and has persuaded himself that continued

study is the one remedy for his troubles, whatever they may be. At Lord Loring's suggestion, a consultation of physicians was held on his case the other day.'

'Is he so ill as that!' Penrose exclaimed.

'So it appears,' Father Benwell replied, 'Lord Loring is mysteriously silent about the illness. One result of the consultation I extracted from him, in which you are interested. The doctors protested against his employing himself on the proposed book. He was too obstinate to listen to them. There was but one concession that they could gain from him—he consented to spare himself, in some small degree, by employing an amanuensis. It was left to Lord Loring to find the man. I was consulted by his lordship; I was even invited to undertake the duty myself. Each one in his proper sphere, my son! The person who converts Romayne must be young enough to be his friend and companion. Your part is there, Arthur—you are the future amanuensis. How does the prospect strike you now?'

'I beg your pardon, Father! I fear I am unworthy of the confidence which is placed in me.'

'In what way?'

Penrose answered with unfeigned humility.

'I am afraid I may fail to justify your belief in me,' he said, 'unless I can really feel that I am converting Mr. Romayne for his own soul's sake. However righteous the cause may be, I cannot find in the restitution of the Church property a sufficient motive for persuading him to change his religious faith. There is something so serious in the responsibility which you lay on me, that I shall sink under the burden unless my whole heart is in the work. If I feel attracted towards Mr. Romayne when I first see him; if he wins upon me little by little, until I love him like a brother—then, indeed, I can promise that his conversion shall be the dearest object of my life.

But, if there is not this intimate sympathy between us—forgive me if I say it plainly—I implore you to pass me over, and to commit the task to the hands of another man.'

His voice trembled; his eyes moistened. Father Benwell handled his young friend's rising emotion with the dexterity of a skilled angler humouring the struggles of a lively fish.

'Good Arthur!' he said, 'I see much—too much, dear boy—of self-seeking people. It is as refreshing to me to hear you, as a draught of water to a thirsty man. At the same time, let me suggest that you are innocently raising difficulties where no difficulties exist. I have already mentioned as one of the necessities of the case, that you and Romayne should be friends. How can that be unless there is precisely that sympathy between you which you have so well described? I am a sanguine man; and I believe you will like each other. Wait till you see him.'

As the words passed his lips, the door that led to the picture gallery was opened. Lord Loring entered the library.

He looked quickly round him—apparently in search of some person who might, perhaps, be found in the room. A transient shade of annoyance showed itself in his face, and disappeared again as he bowed to the two Jesuits.

'Don't let me disturb you,' he said, looking at Penrose. 'Is this the gentleman who is to assist Mr. Romayne?'

Father Benwell presented his young friend. 'Arthur Penrose, my lord. I ventured to suggest that he should call here to-day, in case you wished to put any questions to him.'

'Quite needless, after your recommendation,' Lord Loring answered graciously, 'Mr. Penrose could not have come here at a more appropriate time. As it happens, Mr. Romayne has paid us a visit to-day—he is now in the picture gallery.'

The priests looked at each other. Lord Loring left them as he spoke. He walked to the opposite door of the lib-

rary—opened it—glanced round the hall, and at the stairs—and returned again, with the passing expression of annoyance visible once more. ‘Come with me to the gallery, gentlemen,’ he said, ‘I shall be happy to introduce you to Mr. Romaine.’

Penrose accepted the proposal. Father Benwell pointed with a smile to the books scattered about him. ‘With permission, I will follow your lordship,’ he said.

‘Who was my lord looking for?’ That was the question in Father Benwell’s mind, while he put some of the books away on the shelves, and collected the scattered papers on the table relating to his correspondence with Rome. It had become a habit of his life to be suspicious of any circumstances occurring within his range of observation, for which he was unable to account. He might have felt some stronger emotion, on this occasion, if he had known that the conspiracy in the library to convert Romaine, was matched by the conspiracy in the picture gallery to marry him.

Lady Loring’s narrative of the conversation which had taken place between Stella and herself had encouraged the husband to try his proposed experiment without delay. ‘I shall send a letter at once to Romaine’s hotel,’ he said.

‘Inviting him to come here to-day?’ her ladyship inquired.

‘Yes. I shall say I particularly wish to consult him about a picture. Are we to prepare Stella to see him! or would it be better to let the meeting take her by surprise?’

‘Certainly not!’ said Lady Loring. ‘With her sensitive disposition, I am afraid of taking Stella by surprise. Let me only tell her that Romaine is the original of her portrait, and that he is likely to call on you to see the picture to-day—and leave the rest to me.’

Lady Loring’s suggestion was immediately carried out. In the first fervour of her agitation, Stella had de-

clared that her courage was not equal to a meeting with Romaine on that day. Becoming more composed, she yielded to Lady Loring’s persuasion so far as to promise that she would at least make the attempt to follow her friend to the gallery. ‘If I go down with you,’ she said, ‘it will look as if we had arranged the thing between us. I can’t bear even to think of that! Let me look in by myself, as if it was by accident.’ Consenting to this arrangement, Lady Loring had proceeded alone to the gallery, when Romaine’s visit was announced. The minutes passed, and Stella did not appear. Lord Loring thought it possible that she might shrink from openly presenting herself at the main entrance to the gallery, and might prefer—especially if she was not aware of the priest’s presence in the room—to slip in quietly by the library door. Failing to find her, on putting this idea to the test, he had discovered Penrose, and so hastened the introduction of the younger of the two Jesuits to Romaine.

Having gathered his papers together, Father Benwell crossed the library to the deep bow-window which lighted the room, and opened his despatch-box, standing on a small table in the recess. Placed in this position, he was invisible to any person entering the room by the hall door.

He had secured his papers in the despatch-box, and had just closed and locked it, when he heard the door cautiously opened.

The instant afterwards the rustling of a woman’s dress over the carpet caught his ear. Other men might have walked out of the recess and shown themselves. Father Benwell stayed where he was, and waited until the lady crossed his range of view.

The priest observed with cold attention her darkly-beautiful eyes and hair, her quickly-changing colour, her modest grace of movement. Slowly, and in evident agitation, she advanced to the door of the picture gallery—and

paused, as if she was afraid to open it. Father Benwell heard her sigh to herself softly, 'Oh, how shall I meet him?' She turned aside to the looking-glass over the fire-place. The reflection of her charming face seemed to rouse her courage. She retraced her steps, and timidly opened the door. Lord Loring must have been close by at the moment. His voice immediately made itself heard in the library.

'Come in, Stella—come in! Here is a new picture for you to see; and a friend whom I want to present to you, who must be your friend too—Mr. Lewis Romayne.'

The door was closed again. Father Benwell stood still as a statue in the recess, with his head down, deep in thought. After a while he roused himself, and rapidly returned to the writing table. With a roughness strangely unlike his customary deliberation of movement, he snatched a sheet of paper out of the case, and, frowning heavily, wrote these lines on it:—

'Since my letter was sealed, I have made a discovery which must be communicated without a loss of post. I greatly fear there may be a woman in our way. Trust me to combat this obstacle as I have combatted other obstacles. In the meantime the work goes on. Penrose has received his first instructions, and has to-day been presented to Romayne.'

He addressed this letter to Rome, as he had addressed the letter preceding it. 'Now for the woman!' he said to himself—and opened the door of the picture gallery.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER BENWELL HITS.

ART has its trials as well as its triumphs. It is powerless to assert itself against the sordid interests of everyday life. The greatest book ever written, the finest picture

ever painted, appeals in vain to minds pre-occupied by selfish and secret cares. On entering Lord Loring's gallery, Father Benwell found but one person who was not looking at the pictures under false pretences.

Innocent of all suspicion of the conflicting interests whose struggle now centred in himself, Romayne was carefully studying the picture which had been made the pretext for inviting him to the house. He had bowed to Stella, with a tranquil admiration of her beauty; he had shaken hands with Penrose, and had said some kind words to his future secretary—and then he had turned to the picture, as if Stella and Penrose had ceased from that moment to occupy his mind.

'In your place,' he said quietly to Lord Loring, 'I should not buy this work.'

'Why not?'

'It seems to me to have the serious defect of the modern English school of painting. A total want of thought in the rendering of the subject, disguised under dexterous technical tricks of the brush. When you have seen one of that man's pictures, you have seen all. He manufactures—he doesn't paint.'

Father Benwell came in while Romayne was speaking. He went through the ceremonies of introduction to the master of Vange Abbey with perfect politeness, but a little absently. His mind was bent on putting his suspicion of Stella to the test of confirmation. Not waiting to be presented, he turned to her with the air of fatherly interest and chastened admiration which he well knew how to assume in his intercourse with women.

'May I ask if you agree with Mr. Romayne's estimate of the picture?' he said, in his gentlest tones.

She had heard of him, and of his position in the house. It was quite needless for Lady Loring to whisper to her, 'Father Benwell, my dear!' Her antipathy identified him as read-

ily as her sympathy might have identified a man who had produced a favourable impression on her. 'I have no pretensions to be a critic,' she answered, with frigid politeness. 'I only know what I personally like or dislike.'

The reply exactly answered Father Benwell's purpose. It diverted Romaine's attention from the picture to Stella. The priest had secured his opportunity of reading their faces while they were looking at each other.

'I think you have just stated the true motive for all criticism,' Romaine said to Stella. 'Whether we only express our opinions of pictures or books in the course of conversation, or whether we assert them at full length, with all the authority of print, we are really speaking, in either case, of what personally pleases or repels us. My poor opinion of that picture means that it says nothing to Me. Does it say anything to You?'

He smiled gently as he put the question to her; but there was no betrayal of emotion in his eyes or in his voice. Relieved of anxiety so far as Romaine was concerned, Father Benwell looked at Stella.

Steadily as she controlled herself, the confession of her heart's secret found its way into her face. The coldly-composed expression which had confronted the priest when she spoke to him, melted away softly under the influence of Romaine's voice and Romaine's look. Without any positive change of colour, her delicate skin glowed faintly, as if it felt some animating inner warmth. Her eyes and lips brightened with a new vitality; her frail elegant figure seemed insensibly to strengthen and expand, like the leaf of a flower under a favouring sunny air. When she answered Romaine (agreeing with him, it is needless to say), there was a tender persuasiveness in her tones, shyly inviting him to speak to her and still to look at her, which would in itself have told Father Benwell the truth,

even if he had not been in a position to see her face. Confirmed in his doubts of her, he looked, with concealed suspicion, at Lady Loring next. Sympathy with Stella, was undisguisedly expressed to him in the honest blue eyes of Stella's faithful friend.

The discussion on the subject of the unfortunate picture was resumed by Lord Loring, who thought the opinions of Romaine and Stella needlessly severe. Lady Loring, as usual, agreed with her husband. While the general attention was occupied in this way, Father Benwell said a word to Penrose—thus far a silent listener to the discourses on Art.

'Have you seen the famous portrait of the first Lady Loring, by Gainsborough?' he asked. Without waiting for a reply, he took Penrose by the arm and led him away to the picture—which had the additional merit, under present circumstances, of hanging at the other end of the gallery.

'How do you like Romaine?' Father Benwell put the question in low peremptory tones, evidently impatient for a reply.

'He interests me already,' said Penrose. 'He looks so ill and so sad, and he spoke to me so kindly—'

'In short,' Father Benwell interposed, 'Romaine has produced a favourable impression on you. Let us get on to the next thing. You must produce a favourable impression on Romaine.'

Penrose sighed. 'With the best will to make myself agreeable to the people whom I like,' he said, sadly, 'I seldom succeed. They used to tell me at Oxford that I was shy—and I am afraid that is against me. I wish I possessed some of your social advantages, Father!'

'Leave it to me, son! Are they still talking about the picture?'

'Yes.'

'I have something more to say to you. Have you noticed the young lady?'

‘I thought her beautiful—but she looks a little cold.’

Father Benwell smiled. ‘When you are as old as I am,’ he said, ‘you will not believe in appearances where women are concerned. Do you know what I think of her? Beautiful, if you like—and dangerous as well.’

‘Dangerous! In what way?’

‘This is for your private ear, Arthur. She is in love with Romaine. Wait a minute! And Lady Loring—unless I am entirely mistaken in what I observed—knows it and favours it. The beautiful Stella may be the destruction of all our hopes, unless we keep Romaine out of her way.’

These words were whispered, with an earnestness and agitation which surprised Penrose. His superior’s equanimity was not easily overthrown. ‘Are you sure, Father; of what you say?’ he asked.

‘I am quite sure—or I should not have spoken.’

‘Do you think Mr. Romaine returns the feeling?’

‘Not yet, luckily. You must use your first friendly influence over him. What is her name? Her surname, I mean.’

‘Eyre court. Miss Stella Eyre court.’

‘Very well. You must use your influence (when you are quite sure that it is an influence) to keep Mr. Romaine away from Miss Eyre court.’

Penrose looked embarrassed. ‘I am afraid I should hardly know how to do that,’ he said. ‘But I should naturally, as his assistant, encourage him to keep to his studies.’

Whatever Arthur’s superior might privately think of Arthur’s reply, he received it with outward indulgence. ‘That will come to the same thing,’ he said. ‘Besides, when I get the information I want—that is strictly between ourselves—I may be of some use in placing obstacles in the lady’s way.’

Penrose started. ‘Information!’ he repeated. ‘What information?’

‘Tell me something before I answer you,’ said Father Benwell. ‘How old do you take Miss Eyre court to be?’

‘I am not a good judge in such matters. Between twenty and twenty-five, perhaps?’

‘We will take her age at that estimate, Arthur. In former years, I have had opportunities of studying women’s characters in the confessional. Can you guess what my experience tells me of Miss Eyre court?’

‘No, indeed!’

‘A lady is not in love for the first time, when she is between twenty and twenty-five years old—that is my experience,’ said Father Benwell. ‘If I can find a person capable of informing me, I may make some valuable discoveries in the earlier history of Miss Eyre court’s life. No more, now. We had better return to our friends.’

CHAPTER V.

FATHER BENWELL MISSES.

THE group before the picture which had been the subject of dispute was broken up. In one part of the gallery, Lady Loring and Stella were whispering together on a sofa. In another part, Lord Loring was speaking privately to Romaine.

‘Do you think you will like Mr. Penrose?’ his lordship asked.

‘Yes—so far as I can tell at present. He seems to be modest and intelligent.’

‘You are looking ill, my dear Romaine. Have you again heard the voice that haunts you?’

Romaine answered with evident reluctance. ‘I don’t know why,’ he said—‘but the dread of hearing it again has oppressed me all this morning. To tell you the truth, I came here in the hope that the change might relieve me.’

‘Has it done so?’

‘Yes—thus far.’

‘Doesn’t that suggest, my friend,

that a greater change might be of use to you?’

‘Don’t ask me about it, Loring! I can go through my ordeal—but I hate speaking of it.’

‘Let us speak of something else then,’ said Lord Loring. ‘What do you think of Miss Eyrecourt?’

‘A very striking face; full of expression and character. Leonardo would have painted a noble portrait of her. But there is something in her manner——’ He stopped, unwilling or unable to finish the sentence.

‘Something you don’t like?’ Lord Loring suggested.

‘No; something I don’t quite understand. One doesn’t expect to find any embarrassment in the manner of a well-bred woman. And yet, she seemed to be embarrassed when she spoke to me. Perhaps I produced an unfortunate impression on her.’

Lord Loring laughed. ‘In any man but you, Romaine, I should call that affectation.’

‘Why?’ Romaine asked sharply.

Lord Loring looked unfeignedly surprised. ‘My dear fellow, do you really think you are the sort of man who impresses a woman unfavourably at first sight? For once in your life, indulge in the amiable weakness of doing yourself justice—and find a better reason for Miss Eyrecourt’s embarrassment.’

For the first time since he and his friend had been talking together, Romaine turned towards Stella. He innocently caught her in the act of looking at him. A younger woman, or a woman of weaker character, would have looked away again. Stella’s noble head dropped; her eyes sank slowly, until they rested on her long white hands crossed upon her lap. For a moment more Romaine looked at her with steady attention. He roused himself, and spoke to Lord Loring in lowered tones.

‘Have you known Miss Eyrecourt for a long time?’

‘She is my wife’s oldest and dearest

friend. I think, Romaine, you would feel interested in Stella, if you saw more of her.’

Romaine bowed in silent submission to Lord Loring’s prophetic remark. ‘Let us look at the pictures,’ he said quietly.

As he moved down the gallery, the two priests met him. Father Benwell saw his opportunity of helping Penrose to produce a favourable impression.

‘Forgive the curiosity of an old student, Mr. Romaine,’ he said in his pleasant, cheerful way. ‘Lord Loring tells me you have sent to the country for your books. Do you find a London hotel favourable to study?’

‘It is a very quiet hotel,’ Romaine answered; ‘and the people know my ways.’ He turned to Arthur. ‘I have my own set of rooms, Mr. Penrose,’ he continued—‘with a room at your disposal. I used to enjoy the solitude of my house in the country. My tastes have lately changed—there are times now when I want to see the life in the streets, as a relief. Though we are in an hotel, I can promise that you will not be troubled by interruptions, when you kindly lend me the use of your pen.’

Father Benwell answered before Penrose could speak. ‘You may perhaps find my young friend’s memory of some use to you, Mr. Romaine, as well as his pen. Penrose has studied in the Vatican Library. If your reading leads you that way, he knows more than most men of the rare old manuscripts which treat of the early history of Christianity.’

This delicately-managed reference to Romaine’s projected work on ‘The Origin of Religions’ produced its effect. He became instantly interested in Penrose and his studies. ‘I should like very much to speak to you about those manuscripts,’ he said. ‘Copies of some of them may perhaps be in the British Museum. Is it asking too much to inquire if you are disengaged this morning?’

'I am entirely at your service, Mr. Romayne.'

'If you will kindly call at my hotel in an hour's time, I shall have looked over my notes, and shall be ready for you with a list of titles and dates. There is the address.'

With those words, he advanced to take his leave of Lady Loring and Stella.

Father Benwell was a man possessed of extraordinary power of foresight—but he was not infallible. Seeing that Romayne was on the point of leaving the house, and feeling that he had paved the way successfully for Romayne's amanuensis, he too readily assumed that there was nothing further to be gained by remaining in the gallery. In arriving at this conclusion, he was additionally influenced by private and personal considerations. The interval before Penrose called at the hotel might be usefully filled up by some wise words of advice, relating to the religious uses to which he might turn his intercourse with Romayne, when he had sufficiently established himself in the confidence of his employer. There might, no doubt, be future opportunities for accomplishing this object—but Father Benwell was not a man to trust too implicitly in the future. The present occasion was, in respect of its certainty, the occasion that he preferred. Making one of his ready and plausible excuses, he returned with Penrose to the library—and so committed (as he himself discovered at a later time) one of the few mistakes in the long record of his life.

In the meanwhile, Romayne was not permitted to bring his visit to a conclusion, without hospitable remonstrance on the part of Lady Loring. She felt for Stella, with a woman's enthusiastic devotion to the interests of true love; and she had firmly resolved that a matter so trifling as the cultivation of Romayne's mind, should not be allowed to stand in the way of the far more important enterprise of

opening his heart to the influence of the sex.

'Stay, and lunch with us,' she said, when he held out his hand to bid her good-bye.

'Thank you, Lady Loring, I never take lunch.'

'Well then, come and dine with us—no party; only ourselves. To-morrow, and next day, we are disengaged. Which day shall it be?'

Romayne still resisted. 'You are very kind. In my state of health, I am unwilling to make engagements which I may not be able to keep.'

Lady Loring was just as resolute on her side. She appealed to Stella. 'Mr. Romayne persists, my dear, in putting me off with excuses. Try if you can persuade him.'

'I am not likely to have any influence, Adelaide.'

The tone in which she replied struck Romayne. He looked at her. Her eyes, gravely meeting his eyes, held him with a strange fascination. She was not herself conscious how openly all that was noble and true in her nature, and that was most deeply and sensitively felt in her aspirations, spoke at that moment in her look. Romayne's face changed; he turned pale under the new emotion that she had roused in him. Lady Loring observed him attentively.

'Perhaps you underrate your influence, Stella?' she suggested.

Stella remained impenetrable to persuasion. 'I have only been introduced to Mr. Romayne half an hour since,' she said. 'I am not vain enough to suppose that I can produce a favourable impression on any one on so short a time.'

She had expressed, in other words, Romayne's own idea of himself, in speaking of her to Lord Loring. He was struck by the coincidence.

'Perhaps we have begun, Miss Eyre-court, by misinterpreting one another,' he said. 'We may arrive at a better understanding, when I have the honour of meeting you again.'

He hesitated, and looked at Lady Loring. She was not the woman to let a fair opportunity escape her. 'We will say to-morrow evening,' she resumed, 'at seven o'clock.'

'To-morrow,' said Romayne. He shook hands with Stella, and left the picture gallery.

Thus far, the conspiracy to marry him promised even more hopefully than the conspiracy to convert him. And Father Benwell, carefully instructing Penrose in the next room, was not aware of it!

But the hours, in their progress, mark the march of events as surely as they mark the march of time. The day passed, the evening came—and, with its coming, the prospects of the conversation brightened in their turn.

Let Father Benwell himself relate how it happened—in extract from his report to Rome, written the same evening.

' . . . I had arranged with Penrose that he should call at my lodgings, and tell me how he had prospered at the first performance of his duties as secretary to Romayne.

'The moment he entered the room, the signs of disturbance in his face told me that something serious had happened. I asked directly if there had been any disagreement between Romayne and himself.

'He repeated the word with every appearance of surprise. "Disagreement?" he said. "No words can tell how sincerely I feel for Mr. Romayne, and how eager I am to be of service to him!"

'Relieved so far, I naturally asked what had happened. Penrose betrayed a marked embarrassment in answering my question.

"I have innocently surprised a secret," he said, "on which I had no right to intrude. All that I can honourably tell you, shall be told. Add to your many kindnesses, Father—and don't command me to speak, when it is my duty towards a sorely-trying man to be silent, even to You."

'It is needless to say that I abstained from directly answering this strange appeal. If I found it necessary to our interests to assert my spiritual authority, I was, of course, resolved to do it. "Let me hear what you *can* tell," I replied, "and then we shall see."

'Upon this, he spoke. I need hardly recall to your memory how careful we were, in first planning the attempt to recover the Vange property, to assure ourselves of the promise of success, which the peculiar character of the present owner held out to us. In reporting what Penrose said, I communicate a discovery, which I venture to think will be as welcome to you as it was to me.

'He began by reminding me of what I had myself told him in speaking of Romayne. "You mentioned having heard from Lord Loring of a great sorrow or remorse from which he was suffering," Penrose said; "and you added that your informant abstained from mentioning what the nature of that remorse, or of the nervous malady connected with it, might be. I know what he suffers, and why he suffers, and with what noble resignation he submits to his affliction."

'There Penrose stopped. You know the emotional nature of the man. It was only by a hard struggle with himself that he abstained from bursting into tears. I gave him time—and then I asked how he made the discovery.

'He hesitated, but he answered plainly, so far. "We were sitting together at the table, looking over his notes and memoranda," Penrose said, "when he suddenly dropped the manuscript from which he was reading to me. A ghastly paleness overspread his face. He started up, and put both his hands to his ears as if he heard something dreadful, and was trying to deafen himself to it. I ran to the door to call for help. He stopped me; he spoke in faint gasping tones, forbidding me to call anyone in to witness what he suffered. It was not the first time, he said; it would soon be

over. If I had not courage to remain with him I could go, and return when he was himself again. I so pitied him that I found the courage to remain. When it was over, he took me by the hand, and thanked me. I had stayed by him like a friend, he said, and like a friend he would treat me. Sooner or later (those were his exact words) I must be taken into his confidence—and it should be now. He told me his melancholy story. I implore you, Father, don't ask me to repeat it! Be content if I tell you the effect of it on myself. The one hope, the one consolation for him, is in our holy religion. With all my heart I devote myself to his conversion—and, in my inmost soul, I feel the conviction that I shall succeed!"

'To this effect, and in this tone, Penrose spoke. I abstained from pressing him to reveal Romaine's confession. The confession is of no consequence to us. You know how the moral force of Arthur's earnestness and enthusiasm fortifies his otherwise weak character. I, too, believe he will succeed.

'But, before I close these lines, there is a question which I must submit to your consideration.

'You are already informed that there is a woman in our way. She shall not succeed in her designs on Romaine, if I can prevent it. But other women may try their temptations on him. Even the conversion, from which we hope and expect so much, cannot be relied on to secure the restitution of the Vange property. It is not enough for us that the property is not entailed, and that there is no near relation with any pretensions to inherit it. While Romaine remains a marriageable man, there is always the danger of an heir to the estate being born. In my humble opinion, the one safe course is so to impress his mind, by means of Penrose, as to cultivate in him a vocation for the priesthood. As a priest, we are sure of him. Be so good as to present this idea at head-quarters, and

let me know the result, at the earliest possible opportunity.'

Having completed his report, Father Benwell reverted to the consideration of his proposed inquiries into the past history of Stella's life.

Reflection convinced him that it would be unwise to attempt, no matter how guardedly, to obtain the necessary information from Lord Loring or his wife. If he assumed, at his age, to take a strong interest in a Protestant young lady, who had notoriously avoided him, they would certainly feel surprise—and surprise might, in due course of development, turn to suspicion.

There was but one other person under Lord Loring's roof to whom he could address himself—and that person was the housekeeper. As an old servant, possessing Lady Loring's confidence, she might prove a source of information; and, as a good Catholic, she would feel flattered by the notice of the spiritual director of the household.

'It may not be amiss,' thought Father Benwell, 'If I try the housekeeper.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE ORDER OF THE DISHES.

WHEN Miss Notman assumed the post of housekeeper in Lady Loring's service, she was accurately described, as 'a competent and respectable person;' and was praised, with perfect truth, for her incorruptible devotion to the interests of her employers. On its weaker side, her character was represented by the wearing of a youthful wig, and the erroneous conviction that she still possessed a fine figure. The ruling idea in her narrow little mind was the idea of her own dignity. Any offence offered in this direction oppressed her memory for days together, and found its way outwards in speech to any

human being whose attention she could secure.

At five o'clock, on the day which followed his introduction to Romayne, Father Benwell sat drinking his coffee in the housekeeper's room—to all appearance as much at his ease, as if he had known Miss Notman from the remote days of her childhood. A new contribution to the housekeeper's little library of devotional works lay on the table, and bore silent witness to the means by which he had made those first advances which had won him his present position. Miss Notman's sense of dignity was doubly flattered. She had a priest for her guest, and a new book with the reverend gentleman's autograph inscribed on the title-page.

'Is your coffee to your liking, Father?'

'A little more sugar, if you please.'

Miss Notman was proud of her hand, viewed as one of the meritorious details of her figure. She took up the sugar-tongs with suavity and grace; she dropped the sugar into the cup, with a youthful pleasure in ministering to the minor desires of her illustrious guest. 'It is so good of you, Father, to honour me in this way,' she said—with the appearance of sixteen superinduced upon the reality of sixty.

Father Benwell was an adept at moral disguises of all kinds. On this occasion, he wore the disguise of pastoral simplicity. 'I am an idle old man at this hour of the afternoon,' he said. 'I hope I am not keeping you from any household duties?'

'I generally enjoy my duties,' Miss Notman answered. 'To-day they have not been so agreeable as usual: it is a relief to me, to have done with them. Even my humble position has its trials.'

Persons acquainted with Miss Notman's character, hearing these last words, would have at once changed the subject. When she spoke of her 'humble position,' she invariably referred to some offence offered to her

dignity, and she was invariably ready to state her grievance at full length. Ignorant of this peculiarity, Father Benwell committed a fatal error. He inquired, with courteous interest, what the housekeeper's 'trials' might be.

'Oh, sir, they are beneath your notice!' said Miss Notman, modestly. 'At the same time, I should feel it an honour to have the benefit of your opinion—I should so like to know that you did not altogether disapprove of my conduct, under some provocation. You see, Father, the whole responsibility of ordering the dinners falls on Me. And, when there is company, as there is this evening, the responsibility is particularly trying to a timid person like myself.'

'A large dinner party, Miss Notman?'

'Oh, dear, no! Quite the reverse. Only one gentleman—Mr. Romayne.'

Father Benwell set down his cup of coffee, half way to his lips. He at once drew the correct conclusion, that the invitation to Romayne must have been given and accepted, after he had left the picture gallery. That the object was to bring Romayne and Stella together, under circumstances which would rapidly improve their acquaintance, was as plain to him as if he had heard it confessed in so many words. If he only had remained in the gallery, he might have become acquainted with the form of persuasion used to induce a man so unsocial as Romayne to accept an invitation. 'I have myself to blame,' he thought bitterly, 'for being left in the dark.'

'Anything wrong with the coffee?' Miss Notman asked anxiously.

He rushed on his fate. He said, 'Nothing whatever, pray go on.'

Miss Notman went on.

'You see, Father, Lady Loring was unusually particular about the dinner, on this occasion. She said, "Lord Loring reminds me that Mr. Romayne is a very little eater, and yet very difficult to please in what he does eat." Of course I consulted my experience,

and suggested exactly the sort of dinner that was wanted under the circumstances. I wish to do her ladyship the utmost justice. She made no objection to the dinner in itself. On the contrary, she complimented me on, what she was pleased to call, my ready invention. But, when we came next to the order in which the dishes were to be served—' Miss Notman paused in the middle of the sentence, and shuddered over the private and poignant recollections which the order of the dishes called up.

By this time, Father Benwell had discovered his mistake. He took a mean advantage of Miss Notman's susceptibilities to slip his own private inquiries into the interval of silence.

'Pardon my ignorance,' he said; 'my own poor dinner is a matter of ten minutes, and one dish. I don't understand a difference of opinion on a dinner for three people only. Lord and Lady Loring, two; Mr. Romaine, three—oh! perhaps I am mistaken? Perhaps Miss Eyrecourt makes a fourth?'

'Certainly, Father!'

'A very charming person, Miss Notman. I only speak as a stranger. You, no doubt, are much better acquainted with Miss Eyrecourt?'

'Much better, indeed—if I may presume to say so,' Miss Notman replied. 'She is my lady's intimate friend; we have often talked of Miss Eyrecourt, during the many years of my residence in this house. On such subjects, her ladyship treats me quite on the footing of an humble friend. A complete contrast to the tone she took, Father, when we came to the order of the dishes. We agreed, of course, about the soup and the fish; but we had a little, a very little, divergence of opinion, as I may call it, on the subject of the dishes to follow. Her ladyship said, "First the sweetbreads, and then the cutlets." I ventured to suggest that the sweetbreads, as white meats, had better not immediately follow the turbot, as white fish. "The

brown meat, my lady," I said, "as an agreeable variety presented to the eye, and then the white meat, recalling pleasant remembrances of the white fish." You see the point, Father!'

'I see, Miss Notman, that you are a consummate mistress of an art which is quite beyond poor me. Was Miss Eyrecourt present at the little discussion?'

'Oh, no! Indeed I should have objected to her presence; I should have said she was a young lady out of her proper place.'

'Yes, yes; I understand. Is Miss Eyrecourt an only child?'

'An only child now. She had a sister, who is dead.'

'Sad for the father and mother, Miss Notman!'

'Pardon me, sad for the mother, no doubt. The father died long since.'

'Aye? aye? A sweet woman, the mother? At least, I think I have heard so.'

Miss Notman shook her head. 'I should wish to guard myself against speaking unjustly of any one,' she said; 'but when you talk of a "sweet woman," you imply (as it seems to me) the domestic virtues. Mrs. Eyrecourt is essentially a frivolous person.'

A frivolous person is, in the vast majority of cases, a person easily persuaded to talk, and not disposed to be reticent in keeping secrets. Father Benwell began to see his way already to the necessary information. 'Is Mrs. Eyrecourt living in London?' he inquired.

'Oh, dear, no! At this time of year she lives entirely in other people's houses—goes from one country seat to another, and only thinks of amusing herself. No domestic qualities, Father. *She* would know nothing of the order of the dishes! Lady Loring, I should have told you, gave way in the matter of the sweetbread. It was only at quite the latter part of my "Menoo" (as the French call it) that she showed a spirit of opposition—well! well! I won't dwell on that. I will only ask *you*,

Father, at what part of a dinner an oyster-omelette ought to be served ?

Father Benwell seized his opportunity of discovering Mrs. Eyrecourt's present address. 'My dear lady,' he said, 'I know no more when the omelette ought to be served than Mrs. Eyrecourt herself! It must be very pleasant, to a lady of her way of thinking, to enjoy the beauties of Nature inexpensively—as seen in other people's houses, from the point of view of a welcome guest. I wonder whether she is staying at any country seat which I happen to have seen?'

'She may be in England, Scotland, or Ireland, for all I know,' Miss Notman answered, with an unaffected ignorance which placed her good faith beyond doubt. 'Consult your own taste, Father. After eating jelly, cream and ice-pudding, could you even *look* at an oyster-omelette, without shuddering? Would you believe it? Her ladyship proposed to serve the omelette with the cheese. Oysters, after sweets! I am not (as yet) a married woman—'

Father Benwell made a last desperate effort to pave the way for one more question, before he submitted to defeat. 'That must be *your* fault, my dear lady!' he interposed, with his persuasive smile.

Miss Notman simpered. 'You confuse me, Father!' she said softly.

'I speak from inward conviction, Miss Notman. To a looker-on, like myself, it is sad to see how many sweet women, who might be angels in the households of worthy men, prefer to lead a single life. The Church, I know, exalts the single life to the highest place. But even the Church allows exceptions to its rule. Under this roof, for example, I think I see two exceptions. One of them my unfeigned respect' (he bowed to Miss Notman), 'forbids me to indicate more particularly. The other seems, to my humble view, to be the young lady of whom we have been speaking. Is it not strange that Miss Eyrecourt has never been married?'

The trap had been elaborately set; Father Benwell had every reason to anticipate that Miss Notman would walk into it. This disconcerting house-keeper walked up to it—and then proved unable to advance a step farther.

'I once made the same remark myself to Lady Loring,' she said.

'And her ladyship,' Miss Notman proceeded, 'did not encourage me to go on. "There are reasons for not pursuing that subject," she said; "reasons into which, I am sure, you will not expect me to enter." She spoke with a flattering confidence in my prudence which I felt gratefully. Such a contrast to her tone when the omelette presented itself in the order of the dishes! As I said just now, I am not a married woman. But if I proposed to my husband to give him an oyster-omelette after his puddings and his pies, I should not be surprised if he said to me, "My dear, have you taken leave of your senses?" I reminded Lady Loring most respectfully that a cheese-omelette might be in its proper place, if it followed the sweets. "An oyster-omelette," I suggested, "surely comes after the birds?" I should be sorry to say that her ladyship lost her temper—I will only mention that I kept mine. Let me repeat what she said, and leave you, Father, to draw your own conclusions. She said, "Which of us is mistress in this house, Miss Notman? I order the oyster-omelette to come in with the cheese." There was not only irritability, there was contempt—oh, yes! contempt—in her tone. Out of respect for myself, I made no reply. As a Christian, I can forgive; as a wounded gentlewoman, I may not find it so easy to forget.'

Miss Notman laid herself back in her easy chair—she looked as if she had suffered martyrdom, and only regretted having been obliged to mention it. Father Benwell surprised the wounded gentlewoman by rising to his feet.

'You are not going away already, Father?'

'Time flies fast in your society, dear Miss Notman. I have an engagement—and I am late for it already.'

The housekeeper smiled sadly. 'At least let me hear that you don't disapprove of my conduct under trying circumstances,' she said.

Father Benwell took her hand. 'A true Christian only feels offences to pardon them,' he remarked, in his priestly and paternal character. 'You have shown me, Miss Notman, that *you* are a true Christian. My evening has indeed been well spent. God bless you !'

He pressed her hand ; he shed on her the light of his fatherly smile ; he sighed, and took his leave. Miss Notman's eyes followed him out with devotional admiration.

Father Benwell still preserved his serenity of temper when he was out of the housekeeper's sight. One important discovery he had made, in spite of the difficulties placed in his way. A compromising circumstance had unquestionably occurred in Stella's past life ; and a man was, beyond all doubt, in some way connected with it. 'My evening has not been entirely thrown away,' he thought, as he ascended the stairs which led from the housekeeper's room to the hall.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INFLUENCE OF STELLA.

ENTERING the hall, Father Benwell heard a knock at the house door. The servants appeared to recognise the knock—the porter admitted Lord Loring.

Father Benwell advanced, and made his bow. It was a perfect obeisance of its kind—respect for Lord Loring, unobtrusively accompanied by respect for himself. 'Has your lordship been walking in the park?' he inquired.

'I have been out on business,' Lord Loring answered ; 'and I should like

to tell you about it. If you can spare me a few minutes, come into the library. Some time since,' he resumed, when the door was closed, 'I think I mentioned that my friends had been speaking to me on a subject of some importance—the subject of opening my picture gallery occasionally to the public.'

'I remember,' said Father Benwell. 'Has your lordship decided what to do?'

'Yes. I have decided (as the phrase is) "to go with the times," and follow the example of other owners of picture galleries. Don't suppose I ever doubted that it is my duty to extend, to the best of my ability, the civilising influences of Art. My only hesitation in the matter arose from a dread of some accident happening, or some injury being done, to the pictures. Even now, I can only persuade myself to try the experiment, under certain restrictions.'

'A wise decision, undoubtedly,' said Father Benwell. 'In such a city as this, you could hardly open your gallery to everybody who happens to pass the house-door.'

'I am glad you agree with me, Father. The gallery will be opened for the first time on Monday. Any respectably-dressed person, presenting a visiting card at the offices of the librarians in Bond Street and Regent Street, will receive a free ticket of admission; the number of the tickets, it is needless to say, being limited, and the gallery being only opened to the public two days in the week. You will be here, I suppose, on Monday?'

'Certainly. My work in the library, as your lordship can see, has only begun.'

'I am very anxious about the success of this experiment,' said Lord Loring, 'Do look in at the gallery, once or twice in the course of the day, and tell me what your own impression is.'

Having expressed his readiness to

assist 'the experiment,' in every possible way, Father Benwell still lingered in the library. He was secretly conscious of a hope that he might, at the eleventh hour, be invited to join Romayne at the dinner-table. Lord Loring only looked at the clock on the mantelpiece; it was nearly time to dress for dinner. The priest had no alternative but to take the hint, and leave the house.

Five minutes after he had withdrawn, a messenger delivered a letter for Lord Loring, in which Father Benwell's interests were directly involved. The letter was from Romayne; it contained his excuses for breaking his engagement, literally at an hour's notice.

'Only yesterday,' he wrote, 'I had a return of what you, my dear friend, call "the delusion of the voice." The nearer the hour of your dinner approaches, the more I feel the dread that the same thing may happen in your house. Pity me, and forgive me.'

Even good-natured Lord Loring felt some difficulty in pitying and forgiving, when he read these lines. 'This sort of caprice might be excusable in a woman,' he thought. 'A man ought really to be capable of exercising some self-control. Poor Stella! And what will my wife say?'

He walked up and down the library, with Stella's disappointment and Lady Loring's indignation prophetically present in his mind. There was, however, no help for it—he must accept his responsibility, and be the bearer of the bad news.

He was on the point of leaving the library, when a visitor appeared. The visitor was no less a person than Romayne himself. 'Have I arrived before my letter?' he asked, eagerly.

Lord Loring showed him the letter.

'Throw it into the fire,' he said; 'and let me try to excuse myself for having written it. You remember the happier days when you used to call me the creature of impulse? An impulse produced that letter. Another

impulse brings me here to disown it. I can only explain my strange conduct by asking you to help me at the outset. Will you carry your memory back to the day when the physicians consulted on my case? I want you to check me if I misrepresent their opinions. Two of them were physicians. The third, and last, was a surgeon, a personal friend of your's; and *he*, as well as I recollect, told you how the consultation ended?'

'Quite right, Romayne—so far.'

'The first of the two physicians,' Romayne proceeded, 'declared my case to be entirely attributable to nervous derangement, and to be curable by purely medical means. He proposed, first of all, to restore "the tone of my stomach," and, this done, to administer certain medicines, having a direct influence on the brain and the nervous system. I speak ignorantly; but, in plain English, that, I believe, was the substance of what he said?'

'The substance of what he said,' Lord Loring replied, 'and the substance of his prescriptions—which, I think you afterwards tore up?'

'If you have no faith in a prescription,' said Romayne, 'that is, in my opinion, the best use to which you can put it. When it came to the turn of the second physician, he differed with the first, as absolutely as one man can differ with another. The third medical authority, your friend the surgeon, took a middle course, and brought the consultation to an end, by combining the first physician's view and the second physician's view, and mingling the two opposite forms of treatment in one harmonious result?'

Lord Loring remarked that this was not a very respectful way of describing the conclusion of the medical proceedings. That it *was* the conclusion, however, he could not honestly deny.

'As long as I am right,' said Romayne, 'nothing else appears to be of much importance. As I told you at the time, the second physician appeared to me to be the only one of the three

authorities who really understood my case. Do you mind giving me, in few words, your own impression of what he said ?'

'Are you sure that I shall not distress you ?'

'On the contrary, you may help me to hope.'

'As I remember it,' said Lord Loring, 'the doctor did not deny the influence of the body over the mind. He was quite willing to admit that the state of your nervous system might be one, among other, predisposing causes, which led you—I really hardly like to go on.'

'Which led me,' Romaine continued, finishing the sentence for his friend, 'to feel that I never shall forgive myself—accident or no accident—for having taken that man's life. Now go on.'

'The delusion that you still hear the voice,' Lord Loring proceeded, 'is, in the doctor's opinion, the moral result of the morbid state of your mind, at the time when you really heard the voice on the scene of the duel. The influence acts physically, of course, by means of certain nerves. But it is essentially a moral influence ; and its power over you is greatly maintained by the self-accusing view of the circumstances which you persist in taking. That, in substance, is my recollection of what the doctor said.'

'And when he was asked what remedies he proposed to try,' Romaine inquired, 'do you remember his answer ? "The mischief which moral influences have caused, moral influences alone can remedy."'

'I remember,' said Lord Loring. 'And he mentioned, as examples of what he meant, the occurrence of some new and absorbing interest in your life, or the working of some complete change in your habits of thought—or perhaps some influence exercised over you, by a person previously unknown ; appearing under unforeseen circumstances, or in scenes quite new to you.'

Romaine's eyes sparkled.

'Now you are coming to it !' he cried. 'Now I feel sure that I recall correctly the last words the doctor said :—"If Mr. Romaine follows my advice, I should not be surprised to hear that the recovery which we all wish to see, had found its beginning in such apparently trifling circumstances, as the tone of some other person's voice, or the influence of some other person's look." That plain expression of his opinion only occurred to my memory, after I had written my foolish letter of excuse. I spare you the course of other recollections that followed, to come at once to the result. For the first time, I have the hope, the faint hope, that the voice which haunts me has been once already controlled by one of the influences of which the doctor spoke—the influence of a look.'

If he had said this to Lady Loring, instead of to her husband, she would have understood him at once. Lord Loring asked for a word more of explanation.

'I told you yesterday,' Romaine answered, 'that a dread of the return of the voice had been present to me all the morning, and that I had come to see the picture with an idea of trying if change would relieve me. While I was in the gallery, I was free from the dread, and free from the voice. When I returned to the hotel, it tortured me—and Mr. Penrose, I grieve to say, saw what I suffered. You and I attributed the remission to the change of scene. I now believe we were both wrong. Where was the change ? In seeing you and Lady Loring, I saw the two oldest friends I have. In visiting your gallery, I only revived the familiar associations of hundreds of other visits. To what influence was I really indebted for my respite ? Don't try to dismiss the question by laughing at my morbid fancies. Morbid fancies are realities to a man like me. Remember the doctor's words, Loring. Think of a new face, seen in your house ! Think of a look

that searched my heart for the first time !’

Lord Loring glanced once more at the clock on the mantel-piece. The hands pointed to the dinner hour.

‘ Miss Eyrecourt ? ’ he whispered.

‘ Yes—Miss Eyrecourt. ’

The library door was thrown open by a servant. Stella herself entered the room.

(*To be continued.*)

A PRAYER.

(*From the French of Sully Prudhomme*)

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

AH, if you knew what tears they shed
Who live bereft of home and friend—
To pass my house, by pity led,
Your steps might tend.

II.

And if you knew what jubilees
Begets in sad souls one pure glance,
You'd look up where my window is
As if by chance.

III.

And did you know how a friend's smile,
And nearness, soothes a heart that's sore,
You might be moved to sit awhile
Before my door.

IV.

Then if you guessed I loved you, sweet,
And how my love is deep and wide—
Something might tempt your pausing feet
To come inside.

THE ARTHUR OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

BY R. W. BOODLE, B.A., MONTREAL.

AMONG medieval heroes, none filled a more distinguished place in the imagination of the English, and in fact, of all European peoples, than King Arthur of Britain. No better illustration of the idea that people entertained of him can be found than the Preface written by Caxton to Malory's 'Mort D'Arthur.' He tells his readers that he is going to 'imprint the noble history of the most renowned Christian king—first and chief of the three best Christian and worthy—King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us Englishmen tofore all other Christian kings; for, he goes on to say, 'it is notoriously known through the universal world, that there be nine worthy and best that ever were, that is to wit, three Paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men.' The definite way in which the old printer speaks is rather amusing, but as the custom of giving our favourite heroes in confession books is not yet extinct, and is, in fact, rather popular with young ladies, it will be interesting to know who these nine worthies were, that Caxton so highly esteemed. The Pagans are Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome; his Jews are Duke Joshua, David, King of Jerusalem, and Judas Maccabeus; his noble Christians are Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

But it is not because Arthur was the beau ideal of the Middle Ages that he has most interest for us, but because he has become the central figure of the series of poems by the

English Poet Laureate, which are in many ways the most perfect of the present century. This alone would make us curious to learn what is to be known of Arthur, though, by the way, his celebrity is not confined to the drawing-room and the library—it has passed to the nursery. Long before any of us had heard the name of Tennyson, we knew the lines :

'When good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding,' &c.

It need hardly be said, that for the predatory habits innocently ascribed to the 'goodly king,' there is not an atom of authority in later medieval literature; and yet, as will be seen, this verse curiously preserves one of the authentic traits of the true Arthur.

Before reverting to the early records, out of which the history of Arthur grew, and upon which such a gigantic superstructure has been reared, it may be well to give a slight sketch of the hero as he appears to us now—after Walter de Map, the French Romance writers, Malory, Blackmore, and Tennyson, have finished working at his picture. He is a king who comes mysteriously into the world and lives to found an Order called the Knights of the Round Table, who, taking holy vows upon them, spend their time in feasting and fighting, crushing the Pagan, and making love to fair maidens. Their head-quarters were at Camelot, a mysteriously-named place, identified variously with

Carleon in Wales, with Winchester, and with Cadbury in Somersetshire. Here Arthur had his glorious castle and hall, miraculously built by the art of Merlin the enchanter, his chief adviser, in which was the round table that beheld the feasts alluded to in the old nursery rhymes. Arthur himself, a man of infinite bravery, infinite purity, and armed with a wonderful sword, Excalibur, which was forged for him by his sister Morgana in the depths of the lake, is ever invincible in battle. At first it seemed that he was to inaugurate a new era, things went on so prosperously, and everybody was so virtuous. Then came the sad tale of Lancelot's love for Arthur's wife, Guinevere, after which everything began to go wrong.

'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute;
And ever widening slowly silence all.

'The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.'

So the clouds began to darken about the heads of Arthur and his Order. Many of the knights were lost or went astray on the quest of the Holy Grail, or, to abandon the allegory, failed in their attempt to reach a standard of virtue too high for the age. And so the harmony of Arthur's Round Table was spoiled. The glory of the tournaments began to pall—there were signs everywhere of dissolution.

'Sighing wearily, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are fast away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not.'

Last of all, the guilt of Guinevere became known; she fled to a nunnery, and while Arthur was besieging Lancelot in his castle, his nephew Modred rebelled. Then came the great battle in which Arthur fell, or, as the story goes, was wounded and disappeared from the earth, as mysteriously as he had come to it.

Such is a brief outline of the legend of Arthur as we have it now. We will now revert to the fountain head, and see from what small beginnings the Arthurian legend, with all its surroundings, arose. Like most other personages around whom a mass of fiction has gathered, Arthur's existence was at one time even threatened with annihilation. Though no follower of Max Müller has (I believe) reduced the Round Table to another of the many forms of the ubiquitous 'Sun Myth,' an hypothesis almost as startling has been entertained. It is even adopted by the author of the Pictorial History of England, published by Charles Knight. The theory is that Arthur is a purely mythological personage, 'the chief divinity of revived Druidism, which appears to have arisen in the unconquered parts of the west of Britain after the departure of the Romans.' Such downright scepticism is now, however, generally abandoned by the best historians in the face of the fact, that we have the contemporary testimony of Welsh bards to the existence of the hero. This testimony is the more valuable, because in the fragments of Taliessin and Llywarch Hen, Arthur appears not by any means in such an heroic light as even Nennius wishes to paint him. From these sources we may add to the residue of fact which the cautious Lingard allows to pass as proved. He would confine us to the following details: 'That Arthur was a British chieftain; that he fought many battles; that he was murdered by his nephew, and was buried at Glastonbury, where his remains were discovered in the reign of Henry II.' From contemporary Welsh writers we gather that he was not uniformly victorious, but was forced to cede to the invading Saxons what corresponds to the counties of Hampshire and Somersetshire. Again we learn that he was often engaged in warring with his own countrymen, and that he destroyed a monastery in Wales, while he plun-

dered the shrine of St. Paternus. His predatory disposition even tempted him to rob another prince (a fugitive) of his wife; but he was eventually dissuaded from his course by his chief nobles, and restored the lady to her husband. Curiously enough, this germ of fact is transferred in the later accounts from Arthur to his father, Uther, and the only other testimony that remains, to this violent side of his character, is to be found in the old nursery rhyme. Besides the record of bardic writers, we have two authentic notices from the 'Annals of Cambria' (a book compiled at various periods, but parts of it of great antiquity). One notice, under the year 516, records Arthur's victory at Mount Badon, and another under the year 537, speaks of the battle of Camlann, or Camel, in Cornwall, where it is stated that Arthur and Modred died by each other's hands.

Such are the sole historic germs of the glorious Arthurian legend. In any inquiry into the growth of this, two questions must be kept quite distinct, namely, What can we be said to know of the historical Arthur? and, secondly, How came the ideal Arthur, or the Arthur of literature, into existence? The first of these questions has been answered. Arthur was one of many British Princes, by no means over-scrupulous, by no means invincible, least of all instinct, like the later ideal, with religion and ecclesiastical fervour. Although a brave man, in the earlier records it is not Arthur, so much as the Geraint, that appears among the prominent figures in the Idylls, that is the pet hero of the Welsh songsters. Still Arthur was taken as typical of the struggles of the Britons against the invading Saxons. Contemporaries would naturally see his faults, and we find them recorded; but the bravery he showed, and the occasional successes he obtained, would as naturally go broadening down to an imaginative posterity. And this is what really occurred. The history of the ideal

Arthur of literature is the account of a reputation gradually improving, of a career becoming more and more unearthly, the further it recedes in time from the age in which its painters lived.

From an historical character Arthur has become a literary personage, just as in later days, Sir John Oldcastle was gradually changed into Sir John Falstaff, and from a man he has been sublimated into a saintly being, with very little of individuality left him. This allegorizing tendency is as avowed in the early as in the later writers. 'I labour,' wrote Spenser, 'to pourtray in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral virtues, as Aristotle hath devised In that Fairy Queen, I mean glory in my general intention, . . . so in the person of Arthur, I set forth magnificence in particular.' Tennyson is no less definite, when in addressing his Idylls to the Queen, he prays her—

'accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with
Soul
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a
ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from moun-
tain-peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still.'

With such a change as this we are quite familiar in the annals of the growth of religions and in the histories of their founders; but to so complete a transition from the world of fact to that of fiction, of reality to allegory, the changes of Karl the Frank into Charlemagne with his Paladins, of Roderigo Diaz de Bivar into the Cid, are but feeble parallels.

It remains to trace the steps by which this transformation was brought about, and we have to start with a reputation handed down by tradition. Such a reputation had free powers of expansion, not cramped by being registered in history, for while the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle speaks of other Welsh kings, it knows not Arthur; and Gildas and Bede, the main autho-

rities before it, are equally silent as to his existence. So the reputation gradually grew, and Arthur was remembered as the victorious champion of the British against the Saxons, the defender of Christianity against the inroads of Paganism. It is at this point that the stream of Arthurian tradition finds its way into the work that goes by the name of Nennius. When it is remembered that its author is unknown, and that the date of this book varies between 674 and 980, it will be seen how very little is really known about this early 'History of the Britons.' It marks, however, a definite stage in the gradual development of Arthur's fame. Nennius' account of our hero is as follows:—'Then it was that the magnanimous Arthur with all the kings and military force of Britain fought against the Saxons. And *though there were many more noble than himself*, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror.'

The italicised words should be noticed, as they are the earliest germ of the subsequent legend about his birth. The old law of historical narrative was to leave nothing in uncertainty, and to supply by sheer force of imagination what was wanting to the full comprehension of the text. To return to Nennius however, he proceeds to give definitely the names of all these battles—which shall be here omitted, as they really mean nothing; they are not to be found in any map that was ever compiled, and in each case there are at least two theories as to where the places are. No details are given by Nennius, except in two cases. In the Battle of Gurnion Castle, 'Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin, mother of God upon his shoulders, and, through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight, and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter.' The noticeable point in this is the fact, that Arthur has now been changed into a distinctively Christian hero, in accord-

ance with another old-fashioned law, that 'what must have been certainly was.' It is not altogether obsolete to hear people argue in this way even now.

Lastly, at the Battle of the Hill of Badon, we read that 'nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance. In all these (twelve) engagements the Britons were successful, for no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty.' Such is the complete account of Nennius, with the omission of a list of names. Earlier authorities only mention three battles in all, but Nennius has the names of twelve—the accounts naturally increasing in definiteness the further they are removed from the time of the actual occurrence. But as yet we find none of the names of Arthur's knights and no details of importance.

These wants were partly supplied by Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose British History was completed about six hundred years after Arthur's death. Geoffrey purports to write from an ancient book in the British tongue, given him by one Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford. How far this is true, and whether, as some writers have supposed, Geoffrey is here indulging in humour of the style in which Carlyle delights in his citations from unpublished books and manuscripts, it is impossible to decide. As far, however, as Arthur's history is concerned, we can have no difficulty in pronouncing it by this time a pure romance. The reader will be able to judge for himself from the facts that Geoffrey gives us.

In the first place, the whole aspect of the story is changed. Arthur is no longer a king defending his country against Saxon invaders, but a monarch carrying his conquering arms far and wide, and adding to his sway Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine and Gaul. The conquests are so complete

that, in his war with Rome, on the question of tribute, he receives contingents from all these subject lands. The details of the Roman army opposed to him are quite as ridiculous. Among those who flocked to the Imperial standard were the Kings of Greece, Africa, Spain, Parthia, Media, Libya, Phrygia, Ituria, Egypt, Babylon, Bithynia, Syria, Bœotia and Crete. To criticise such catalogues would be mere waste of time, but their details are interesting for two reasons. They are a sign of the profound ignorance of geography that we find in most early English writers. They are also a specimen of the sort of information to be expected at Geoffrey's hands and a criterion of its value.

The bulk of Arthur's history is, indeed, as has been said before, pure romance, and with Geoffrey lies the credit of sketching the outlines that were afterwards to be filled in. Here we find the history of Merlin, and the detailed account of Arthur's birth, as the son of Uther and Igera, which were afterwards followed in its main outlines. The account of the Rebellion of Mordred and of the retirement of Arthur's wife to the nuns of the City of Legions, and also of the last battle, with all its grim horror, are to be found in Geoffrey pretty much as we find them in Malory, though, of course, without the later detail, and with certain marked differences. Thus the name of Arthur's wife is Guanhumara, the name of Guinevere coming in later from the Welsh Gwenhyfar. Again the name of Lancelot does not occur in Geoffrey, and his conduct with respect to Guanhumara is assigned to Mordred. In fact, it is surprising how few names familiar to the student of the Arthurian myth we meet with. There are only five altogether, viz., Mordred, Dubric, Archbishop of Legions, Lot, Bedver and Cains or Keyes the Sewer. But the most important point for our purpose is the germ of the Round Table, dis-

coverable in Geoffrey. Arthur 'began,' he tells us, 'to augment the number of his domestics, and introduced such politeness into his court as people of the remotest countries thought worthy of their imitation. So that there was not a nobleman who thought himself of any consideration unless his clothes and arms were made in the same fashion as those of Arthur's knights. . . . Thus the valour of the men was an encouragement for women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldiers' bravery.'

The history of Arthur has now been brought down to the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Further than this it will not be necessary to carry it. The influence of Geoffrey's romance was immense. Written originally in Latin, it was put into French verse by Gaimar. It got back again into England as Wace's *Brut*, and at last into English verse in 1205, at the hands of Layamon. It had meanwhile increased in bulk through the addition of various details which are now part of the romance. The chief agent in this was a court poet, Walter de Map. Without showing this in detail, an extract from Green's 'Short History of the English People,' will indicate the gradual transformation.

'Out of Geoffrey's creation grew little by little the poem of the Table Round. Britany, which had mingled with the story of Arthur the older and more mysterious legend of the enchanter Merlin, lent that of Lancelot to the wandering minstrels of the day, who moulded it, as they wandered from hall to hall, into the familiar song of knighthood wrested from its loyalty by the love of woman. The stories of Tristram and Gawayne, at first as independent as that of Lancelot, were drawn with it into the whirlpool of Arthurian romance; and when the Church, jealous of the popularity of the legends of chivalry, invented as a counteracting influence the poem of the Sacred Dish, the San Graal which

held the blood of the Cross, invisible to all eyes but those of the pure in heart, the genius of a court poet, Walter de Map, wove the rival legends together, sent Arthur and his knights wandering over sea and land in quest of the San Graal, and crowned the work by the figure of Sir Galahad, the type of ideal knighthood, without fear and without reproach.'

No sooner had the development of the mere story ceased than the allegorizing tendency set in. When Sir Thomas Malory had written the whole in his 'Mort D'Arthur,' and Caxton had printed it, Spenser introduced Arthur as an allegorical personage in the 'Fairy Queen.' And now, after passing through the hands of Blackmore, Lord Lytton, and others, the whole subject has received treatment in the spirit of the time by the English Laureate. To examine in detail the peculiarities of his work, to show how it bears marks of the age, by reflecting the religious controversies of the nineteenth century, must be left to another place.

A word suggests itself as to the true value of the Arthurian legend. Stripped of the colouring of romance, Arthur looks small enough; at one time quarrelling with his fellow-countrymen, at another struggling unsuccessfully against the encroaching Saxon wave. When we come down to the scanty outline of fact, a feeling of disappointment is likely to come over some of us, as it came over Black's hero, 'Why have they taken away from us the old dreams?' We feel as though there were less virtue in the world when one of our bright ideals is eclipsed. To such thoughts we would answer, as the long-bearded, ancient man answered the doubts of Gareth's companions, about the reality of Arthur's city—

'A Fairy King
And Fairy Queens have built the city, son;
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,

And built it to the music of their harp.

* * * * *
For, an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, *therefore never built at all,*
And therefore built for ever.'

Criticism may do what it will with the phantasmal Arthur of history, but the Arthur of literature has the higher reality of an ideal, which he cannot lose. In our critical age, in the midst of the advanced thought of the nineteenth century, he and his city have arisen fresh upon us, built to a strain, mystic and beautiful as that which Caliban heard in dreams in the enchanted island of Prospero.

With our modern notions of scientific verification, well-ascertained fact, and Encyclopædic knowledge, we are sometimes led to forget the true value of mere unverifiable ideals. Yet it was not always so—'Doth any man doubt,' says the large-minded Bacon, 'that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as we would, and the like; but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?' Among the many points of contrast between modern and ancient thought, there are few, perhaps, of deeper import than that suggested by their differing conceptions of truth. 'The modern,' a thoughtful writer has observed, 'identifies truth almost exclusively with fact, the ancient with ideal.' Judged by the ancient standard, the conception of Arthur possesses the value of the highest truth, the value of a high ideal.

Such ideals it is the noble office of Religion to create and consecrate, for they have been the stay of men's lives and their comfort in death. Nor is this office confined to religion speaking through its prophet; it is shared as well by the highest kind of literature, the mouthpiece of which is the poet, the maker, as the Greeks called him, the seer, as the Romans

added. The highest work of the poet is pronounced by Horace, himself one of the lightest hearted of all poets, to be that of a teacher and moulder of morals. Doubtless he would have utterly repudiated the theory of art for art's sake—'pure art,' the dominant school of art critics has decided, 'knowing nothing of society and nothing of God.' Yet Spenser, the poet's poet, thought not so when he prefaced his 'Fairy Queen' with a declaration of his intention and inner meaning—'the general end, therefore, of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceived should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter than for profit of the

example, I chose the History of King Arthur.'

Spenser imagined the presentation of a lofty ideal of humanity to be calculated to raise men's tone in the times of Elizabeth. The age was a glorious one, when life was more highly strung, when men had not schooled themselves down to a merely practical outlook, assured themselves that it was folly to look beyond, and complacently pronounced such a life to be very good. How much more do we need such ideals now. Such an ideal was presented to Caxton's age by the Arthur of Malory; it was brought before the age of Elizabeth by the pen of Spenser, and such again with the impurities of earlier times effaced we have before us in the Arthur of Tennyson:

MADRIGAL.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

BY GEO. MURRAY, M.A.

YES—you may laugh, and tell the tale
 To all your laughing world of fashion,
 I love you, and I will not fail
 To kill your laughter with my passion.
 I know not how this love was born,
 I know my heart will long be troubled:
 My wound would ache without its thorn,
 Love's pain is dulled by being doubled.

From the first hour when in your ears
 I whispered low, my bliss is dated:
 The glow that flushed my bygone years
 Seemed from the past resuscitated.
 Youth, hope, and poetry, and love,
 Lost treasures all, I now recover;
 And so—my gratitude to prove,
 I'll spend them on you, like a lover

Montreal.

THE ASTROLABES OF SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN AND GEOFFREY CHAUCER.*

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D., TORONTO.

READERS of Canadian newspapers may have noticed a mention made, some time ago, of the finding of an old scientific instrument called by the French and Lower Canadian writers an Astrolabe, supposed to have been dropped by Samuel Champlain when passing up the Ottawa in 1613, *en route*, as he hoped, to the country of the Nipissings and the Salt Sea beyond. It was lighted on accidentally in 1867, during the cultivation of the soil on the line of a portage which used formerly to be traversed for the double purpose of making a short cut, and also of avoiding difficulties in the navigation in this part of the Ottawa River. The instrument, when discovered, had evidently lain long on the spot where it was found, being covered with several inches of soil formed of decayed vegetation, but its state of preservation was extraordinary. The relic itself is now in Toronto in the possession of R. S. Cassels, Esq., who obtained it directly from the settler who in 1867 ploughed it up in the rear half of lot No. 12, in the second range of the Township of Ross, in the County of Renfrew, land at the time in a state of nature, whose only previous owner had been Capt. Overman, commander of a steamer on Muskrat lake.

Previous to actually handling the object, and while judging only from a photograph taken of it and an engraving made from that photograph, I had been inclined to doubt its identity

with the astrolabe said to have been lost by Champlain in this neighbourhood in 1613. The ærugo of 264 years must, I thought, have produced a greater obscurity in the lines and minute figures delineated on the surface of the brass; and a certain apparent freshness in the look of the date 1603, as given in the photograph and engraving suggested a late insertion, as did also its exact coincidence with the year of Champlain's first voyage to New France. It was, without question, a genuine old astrolabe, but it might have slipped out of the baggage of any of the many parties that, since the time of Champlain, have passed and re-passed along the Ottawa route on exploration, traffic, mission-work, or war, intent. A careful examination of the instrument itself, however, soon dissipated all suspicions. The brass of which it is composed is of a very close, hard texture, like bell metal: probably it is statuary brass, compounded so as to be proof against atmospheric influence. The date, 1603, stamped on the side of the disc is certainly of contemporary workmanship with the rest of the instrument. The recording of a date without the addition of a maker's name and place of abode, which at first sight likewise seemed strange, may in some degree be accounted for thus: the figures towards the circumference of the disc denoting the degrees are all not engraved, but stamped on. With punches in his hand it would be a simple thing for the maker to affix the date of the current year; while to do the same with his name and place of

*A paper read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, during the Session 1879-80.

business, consisting perhaps of many words, would be another matter. Whether inserted by means of punches or the graving tool, the process would occupy time which the thrifty workman might think ought to be more profitably employed.

Champlain certainly had with him an instrument for taking latitudes during his expedition up the Ottawa in 1613. It can also be shown that he probably lost that instrument during the journey. Champlain kept a journal which is now to be seen in print in his 'Works' edited and published at Quebec in three volumes in 1870 by the Abbé Laverdière, of Laval University. Not having access to Laverdière's books, I avail myself of the *résumés* of this part of the journal given by Mr Russell, of Ottawa, and Mr Marshall, of Buffalo, in their respective pamphlets on 'Champlain's Astrolabe.'

Champlain records that he reached the Falls of the Chaudière on the 4th of June, 1613, the Rapides des Chats on the 5th, the island of St Croix and the Portage du Fort on the 6th. At or near Portage du Fort he turned off westward from the line of the Ottawa, and entered on what is now known as the Muskrat Lake Portage. Part of June 6th and the whole of June 7th were here passed. 'We were greatly troubled,' Champlain writes, 'in making this portage, being myself loaded with three arquebuses, as many paddles, my cloak (capote) and some small articles (bagatelles). I encouraged my men,' he continues, 'who were loaded yet heavier, but suffered more from the mosquitoes than from their burdens.' Thus encumbered and harassed, it would be easy of course for a person to drop out of his pack a scientific instrument or other things at some point in the toilsome way without observing the loss. Very possibly this article was among the 'bagatelles' taken charge of by Champlain himself. The language of his journal implies, as we shall see, that he had with him an instrument

for taking latitudes; and that it was what the French scientists of the day termed an astrolabe is likely from the fact that Champlain in an extant treatise of his on the Art of Navigation, advises all his readers to become familiar with the use of the 'astrolabe.' It is therefore pretty certain that he himself would be provided with one when on a tour of exploration.

Under date of May 30th, 1613, when at the entrance of Lake St. Louis on the Ottawa, Champlain writes in his journal—'I took the latitude of the place, and found it $45^{\circ}18'$;' and under date of June 4th, when at the Falls of the Chaudière he says: 'I took the latitude of the place, and found it to be $45^{\circ}38''$. And again, on the 6th of June, when at Portage du Fort, he says: 'I took the latitude of this place, which was $46^{\circ}40''$ —words in each instance implying the use of a scientific instrument. But after the 6th of June, it is observable that his language changes. He does not again speak of 'taking' a latitude. His words become less precise, suggesting calculation perhaps by distance conceived to have been travelled. Thus, of Allumette Island or foot of the Upper Allumette Lake, he says—'It is about the 47th degree of latitude,' in which statement, it appears, he was wrong by more than a degree, the true latitude of the spot being $45^{\circ}50''$. Hence it is conjectured that his instrument for taking latitudes was now not at hand. Mr. Russell, of Ottawa, sees a further reason for supposing the absence of an instrument when at the foot of Upper Allumette Lake in the fact that Champlain was by some chance wrong in his figures at Portage du Fort, which he sets down as in lat. $46^{\circ}40''$; and this was an error committed while in possession of his instrument. For he says, 'I took the latitude of this place.' Now Mr. Russell acutely observes, if Champlain had been in possession of his instrument at the foot of Upper Allumette Lake, and had taken the lati-

tude correctly there, $45^{\circ}50'$; (as the chances are, he would have done), he would have detected the mistake which he had made at Portage du Fort, and have altered his figures, for otherwise he would have absurdly proved himself to have been travelling south instead of north.

Thus then the matter stands. It appears probable, that while traversing the Muskrat Lake Portage in 1613, Champlain lost a scientific instrument called an astrolabe. In 1867, at a point in the line of this portage, such an instrument, evidently of Champlain's period, was found. We have no positive reason to adduce for disbelieving that the article found is the article that was lost. Hence, not irrationally, we allow ourselves the pleasure of thinking that we have before us, really, a veritable and most interesting relic of the bold, brave, resolute founder of Quebec and of New France.

It should be added that along with, or in close proximity to, the astrolabe, some small copper vessels or pans fitting into each other, were ploughed up, and two small silver cups with a device, perhaps a crest, engraved upon them. Although a diligent search was at once made for other articles in the locality, nothing else was found; shewing that this was not a *cache* or deposit of effects for temporary safe-keeping, but a case of accidental loss. The silver cups, of little intrinsic value, were sold sometime after the find to a passing peddler. Mr. Cassels took the trouble to trace the subsequent history of these cups, and learned that they had been melted down. As to the copper pans: when exhumed they were greatly decayed and quite useless; they accordingly became mixed up with the 'old metals' of the settler's house, and were finally lost. A portion of one of them was remembered by the finder to have been nailed over a leaky spot in a log canoe.

Also, it may be subjoined, that Parkman, in his 'Pioneers of France in the

New World,' pp. 346-7, whilst giving an account of Champlain's progress on the 6th and 7th of June, 1613, makes him emerge on the expansion of the Ottawa, known as Lake Coulonge, and not at the actual spot considerably to the west, namely the mouth of Muskrat River, the natural northern terminus of the portage. Again, as we read Parkman's account of the difficulties encountered in the portage here, we can feel no surprise at the unperceived loss, under the circumstances, of such articles as those ploughed up in 1867, in the Township of Ross. Of Champlain and his party, Parkman writes in his graphic way: 'Their march was through a pine forest. A whirlwind had swept it, and in the track of the tornado the trees lay up-torn, inverted, prostrate, and flung in disordered heaps, boughs, roots and trunks mixed in wild confusion. Over, under, and through these masses the travellers made their painful way; then, through the pitfalls and impediments of the living forest, till a sunny transparency in the screen of young foliage gladdened their eyes with the assurance that they had reached again the banks of the open stream.' Lake Coulonge, where Parkman supposes 'the banks of the open stream' to have been again reached, was in fact an important portion of the great bend avoided by leaving the Ottawa at Portage du Fort and pushing westward to Muskrat Lake and Muskrat River, by which route a short cut to the Upper Allumette Lake was presented.

I shall now describe more minutely, the instrument which has given rise to the present discussion. It is a thick brass circular disc, about five and a half inches in diameter, finely marked off towards the outer edge into 360 degrees in the usual way, the degrees in each quadrant numbered on an inner circle from one to ninety, starting in each case from a cardinal point. For lightness, a considerable portion of the disc in each of its quarters is

cut out ; or more probably the whole was originally cast in this perforated condition. A moveable bar furnished with a sight and pointer at each end, revolves on a pivot passing through the centre of the disc. A ring attached to the rim by a double hinge, enabled the observer, at his pleasure, either to suspend the instrument for observation, or himself to hold it up ; when the hinges below the ring, allowing of a certain amount of motion in two directions, would enable him to get it into a position suitable for his purpose. At the point opposite to the ring is a small projection pierced through for the reception of a screw or tack, to temporarily fasten or steady the instrument when hung up by the ring on a staff or post. Or it may have been for the suspension of a weight to ensure with greater certainty a vertical position. Discernible on the outer edge are slight remains of two other projections now broken off, at equal distances to the right and left of the lower projection. These may represent *feet*, by means of which the instrument might occasionally be supported in an upright position on a level surface. Just above the perforated projection, the date 1603 is stamped, preceded and followed by a small cross. The year of Champlain's first visit to Canada, was 1603. On departing from Honfleur with his friend Pontgravé, in that year, he may have provided himself with this instrument, then fresh from the manufacturer's hands. The weight of the whole apparatus is about three pounds. The method of taking an observation must have been somewhat thus : allowing the instrument to hang freely, the revolving bar would be directed towards the sun at noon in such a manner that a ray might pass through both the sights to the eye ; the sun's meridian altitude would thus be roughly ascertained, and the latitude of the place approximately deduced by estimation. With the circle divided only into degrees, and unprovided

with any contrivance analogous to the modern Vernier, it is surprising that Champlain should have been so nearly correct as he generally is in his latitudes.

The term 'astrolabe' as indicating simply an instrument for taking altitudes seems to have continued longer in use among the French savans than among the English. No English scientific man would, I think, at the first glance, designate the object which has been engaging our attention as an astrolabe. He would call it possibly a pocket astronomical circle, a portable mural, or a rude theodolite. But in the seventeenth century, among the French, the term seems to have familiarly presented itself, and the use of it appears to have been perpetuated among the French Canadians long after the time of Champlain. For ordinary purposes, the simple instrument probably continued to be employed in Canada and France long after Vernier's improvements. Thus in 1687, seventy-four years after Champlain's first excursion up the Ottawa, we have the Baron Lahontan, when starting westward from Fort Niagara, under orders from the Governor-in-Chief, De Denonville, congratulating himself on having brought with him from Montreal, his 'astrolabe,' just as a modern officer of ascientific turn of mind, would write of his aneroid or sextant. 'Je me suis heureusement garni de mon astrolabe en partant de Montreal,' he says (*Voyages* i. 103.): 'avec lequel je pourrais prendre les hauteurs de ce lac (Frontenac or Ontario). Il ne me sera moins utile dans mon voyage, qui sera de deux ans ou environ, selon toutes les apparences.' 'Prendre le hauteur,' is also Champlain's phrase. Thus in his journal on the 4th of June, 1613, after passing the Chaudière fall, he makes an entry in his old French thus : 'Je prins le hauteur du lieu et trouvoy 45 degres, 38 minutes de latitude.' One may add, in passing, that Lahontan's astrolabe might have kept him from endorsing the extravagant

notion, prevalent at that time, of the height of the falls of Niagara. To the French voyageurs, arriving in the first instance in low canoes at the base of the 'mountain' as their expression was, at what is now Lewiston or Queenston, and casting their eyes up to the then forest-crowned summit, the height to be surmounted appeared something stupendous. Then, after toiling with weary steps and slow, up the steep, and proceeding along the still continued, irregular slope, till at last the brink of the cataract was reached, they mentally added together the ascents of the several stages, and roughly guessed the whole perpendicular height attained since leaving the water-level at Queenston, to be something like seven or eight hundred feet. Hence the report became current that this was the height of the Falls of Niagara. With astrolabe in hand, Lahontan might have set the public right on this point. But he failed to do so.

The astrolabe employed by the primitive fathers and founders of Natural Philosophy was a more complicated instrument than that which we have thus far been contemplating. That of Hipparchus, who flourished a century and a half before the Christian era, and that of Claudius Ptolemy, author of the famous 'Almagest,' some five hundred years later, viz., A. D., 139-161, is described as consisting of a set of concentric circles, so arranged as to have one in the plane of the ecliptic, another at right angles to it; so that virtually the astrolabe of Hipparchus and Ptolemy was what used to be figured in books on Astronomy as an armillary sphere, *i. e.* a hollow sphere with all the surface cut away, except the equator, ecliptic and other circles, and furnished with a moveable tube or revolving rule, bearing sights.

In the hands of Hipparchus and Ptolemy, and numerous other sincere students of natural science, their successors in later ages, the astrolabe was put to legitimate and laudable uses; but it came at length to be a conspicu-

ous and distinctive part of the paraphernalia of a set of impostors, who during a long period turned the ignorance and weakness of their fellow-men into a source of gain. For example: in Victor Rydberg's recent book on 'Magic in the Middle Ages,' p. 108, we have some of the objects observed in the room of a magician thus set down:—'On his writing-desk lay a parchment in which he had commenced to write down the horoscope of the following year. Beside the desk was a celestial globe with figures, painted in various colours. In a window looking towards the south, hung an astrolabe, to whose alidade [moveable rule], a long telescope, of course without lenses, was attached.' In Herman Merivale's 'Orlando in Roncesvalles,' p. 12, we have the 'spirits of the air,' grotesquely represented as making use of material astrolabes, just as in the mediæval paintings we sometimes see angelic beings playing on violins. 'Know,' says the demon Astaroth to Malagigi,

'Know that all the circling air is dense
With spirits, each his astrolabe in hand,
Searching the hidden ways of Providence;'

Where Merivale literally translated from his authority, Pulci;

Sappi che tutto quest aere è denso
Di spirti, ogn'un con astrolabio in mano.'

Since personally handling the old instrument, which, with such plausibility, can be shown to have been once the property of Samuel Champlain, the first explorer of our back lakes, and the founder, as I have said, of Quebec, I have turned with a renewed interest to a treatise on the astrolabe, which I have for some time had in my library. It is contained in Thomas Speght's second edition of the whole works of Geoffrey Chaucer, 'our ancient and learned English poet,' as he is styled on the title page. The volume is a folio, almost wholly in black letter, and its imprint is that of Adam Islip, London, 1602.

Supposing that the incident narrated as occurring in 1867, in the Township of Ross, in our Canadian County of Renfrew, may have excited amongst us some curiosity on the subject of astrolabes, I proceed to give an account of the treatise of Chaucer, just referred to.

Geoffrey Chaucer, it is to be remembered, was a many-sided man. In him, as in Burke, Canning, the first Lord Lytton, and the Disraeli of to-day, fine perceptions, a powerful imagination, and rare literary faculty did not prove incompatible with the possession of strong practical good sense, and its application in departments of life of the most serious and varied kind. He was a man of business; a man of affairs; a trusted and most successful diplomatist, if not a statesman; a traveller; a linguist; a lover of science; a man of wide knowledge. He wrote his treatise on the astrolabe for the use of his son Louis, to accompany the gift made to the lad of an instrument of that name; in manuscript, of course, the printing press being a thing unknown in 1391. It is in English prose; and Speght, the editor of the folio before me, prefixes to it the following note: 'This book written to his sonne in the yeare of our Lord 1391, and in the fourteenth of k. Richard 2nd, standeth so good at this day, especially for the horizon of Oxford, as in the opinion of the learned, it cannot be amended.'

The general heading of the treatise is 'The Conclusions of the Astrolabe;' this, and not 'Astrolabe' being the form of the word used by Chaucer. By 'Conclusions' he means Determinations or Problems solved by the help of the instrument.

The work is divided by Chaucer into five sections, or 'parties,' as he calls them; but only two of these seem to have survived, namely, the first and second, which are to be seen in Speght. The remaining three have disappeared, or were never compiled. The first describes the form and parts of the as-

trolabe; the second is taken up with a discussion of the practical use of the instrument and the problems that may be worked out by it; the third and fourth exhibited, or were to exhibit, tables of latitudes, longitudes, declinations, calculations of time, movements of the moon, etc.; and the fifth spoke, or was to speak, of the theory of astrology, that is, the astronomy of the day, with tables of the 'dignities' of the planets. (Some fragments of this part have perhaps become mixed up with the matter of the second part). In the tables and computations of the third 'party,' Chaucer says he conformed to the calendars of 'the reverend clerks, Frère John Som, and Frère N. Lenne,' Carmelite Friars, well-known conjoint authors of a treatise on the astrolabe, temp. Edward III. (In Latin forms their names appear as Nicholas de Lynne, *i. e.* of Lynn, in Norfolk, and Johannes Sombe.)

Chaucer's astrolabe was a metal disc of some thickness, certainly resembling, in a general way, that which Champlain employed, only consisting of more 'members,' as Chaucer speaks. He describes first the ring at the top 'to putten on thy thombe on thy right honde in taking the height of thynges.' This ring, he says, 'renneth in a maner of turet;' plays, that is, in a hinge-like way, so that it 'distroubleth not the instrument to hangen after his right centure,' that is to say, vertically. The disc itself, he informs his son, is called 'the moder [mother] of thyn astrolabe.' It is thickest 'by the brinckes;' the inner portion on one side is sunk and made thin, so as to receive a light circular plate made to fit into it, with a piece of moveable open work over it, through which the plate below may be viewed. The sunken portion of the disc is called its 'wombe.' The plate just mentioned has a diagram upon it constructed for the latitude or 'clymate' of the particular place where the instrument is going to be used, hence it is made so

as to be easily removed; the one furnished for Chaucer's little Louis, was 'compowned' or calculated for Oxford. The lines and circles forming the diagram on the removable 'clymate'-plate are numerous, with many intersections; and the appearance thus produced is curiously described in the following terms: 'From the signet (the apparent pole of the heaven) there comen crooked strikes (curved strokes or lines) like to the claws of a loppe (the legs of a spider), or els like to the werke of a womans calle (caul, or net for the hair), inkerving over thwart the almicanteras; and these same strikes and divisions ben cleaped azimutes, and they dividen the orizonts on thine astrolabie in 24 divisions. And these azimutes serve to knowe the costes of the firmament, and the other conclusions, as for to knowe the signet of the sunne and of every sterre.' The circle of open work which is to be placed over the plate of the 'clymate' is called the 'rete,' the net; as it consists of several thin strips or flattened wires, arranged somewhat after the fashion of the lines in a certain kind of fishing net, or 'else,' Chaucer says, 'after the webbe of a loppe' *i. e.* a spider's web. On each of the wires, forming the rete, which curve round or radiate from a quasi-pole, is set a mark which is to indicate the place of a certain conspicuous fixed star, and over these curving lines is placed towards the upper parts, a circular band which is 'devyded in twelve principall devisions that deperthen the twelve signs,' hence the whole 'rete' is styled 'the Zodiacke,' and it is made moveable; it may be shifted round on a centre in accordance with observations taken in the actual heavens. To admit of this movement, a 'pinne,' after the manner of an 'exiltre' [axletree], passes through the centre of the disc. This pin is ingeniously made in such a way that its diameter could be slightly lessened or increased by lifting up or pressing down a small wedge called a 'horse,'

allowing the rete to revolve, but at the same time keeping the clymate-plate below firmly in its place. By loosening the wedge, the clymate-plate could be taken out, when a change of plate was required. The pin passing through the disc was also the axis on which the radial index bearing the sights revolved on the flat or unexcavated side of the instrument. This radial index is called by Chaucer the Rule; 'it hath' he says 'on everich end, *i. e.* each end, a square plate parted *i. e.* pierced through, with certain holes, some more and some lesse, to receyven the streames of the Sunne by day, and eke by mediation of thine eye, to know the altitude of the sterres by night.' Another name for the rule used by Chaucer is the alidatha, its appellation among the Arabs; and one may observe in passing, that probably from alidatha has been derived, by a succession of changes, the word *theodolite*. Sothe late Prof. de Morgan, of University College, London, held, who always spelt the word theodolet, though his practice has not been generally adopted. There are other Arabic terms in use in connection with the astrolabe; as for example, almicanteras, azimuths, almurie, to say nothing of the names applied to many of the stars themselves, as alnasir, markab, algomisi, alhabor,—curious reminiscences continuing to this day, of the source whence streamed the few rays of science which cheered our European forefathers during the Dark Ages. 'Astrolabe' itself is said to have passed into the European tongues through *uster-lab*, the Arabic corruption of the Greek word to which we have now more nearly reverted.

The side of the disc on which the alidatha or rule revolves is divided into a succession of concentric circles. The outermost is graduated in the usual way by quarter circles. The next is divided into twelve equal parts, each showing the name of one of the signs. The third has the names of the months arranged with relation

to the signs, and giving the number of days in each month. The next has the holidays in each month marked; and the last has the letters ABC, &c., made to correspond with the names of the holidays. In the space near the centre are two scales or ladders, placed at right angles to each other, each with eleven rungs, for taking the heights of objects by means of their shadow; one scale is for taking the height by the *umbra versa*; the other by the *umbra recta* or *extensa*: these scales, the reader is told, serve for 'ful many a subtill conclusion.'

In addition to the rule, a long, thin needle or revolving index on the womb-side is spoken of, reaching to the outermost graduated circle. This is the label. Also, there is an almurie, a point or tooth projecting from Capricorn, serving 'of many a necessary conclusion in equacions of things.'

After describing the several parts of the instrument, Chaucer proceeds to enumerate the problems which may be solved by its use. He begins his list in these words, his grammar therein reminding one of William of Wykham's well-known 'Manners maketh man: 'Here beginneth,' he says, 'the conclusions of thine Astrolabie.' It will not be necessary to give an account of them all. The headings of a few of them may suffice, as: 'To know any time of the day by light of the sunne, and any time of the night by the sterres fixe, and eke to know by night or by day the degrees of the sign that ascendeth on the east horizon which is cleped commonly ascendent.' 'To know the very equacion of the degrees of the sunne, if it so be that it fall between two almicanteras.' 'To know the spring of the dawning and the end of the evening, the which beenecleaped the two crepuscules.' 'To know with what degree of the zodiacke any sterre fix in thine Astrolabie ariseth upon the east orizont, although the orizont be in another signe.' 'To know the declination of any degree in the Zodiacke, fro the equinoctiall cercle.'

'To know which day is like to other in length throughout the yeere.' 'To prove the latitude of any place in a region by the preffe of the height of the pole artike in that same place.' 'To know the signet for the arising of the sunne, this is to sayne, the party of the orizont in which the sunne ariseth.' 'To know sothly the longitude of the moone, or any planet that hath no latitude, from the time of the Ecliptike line.' 'To know whether any planet be direct or retrograde.' &c.

And after enumerating some thirty-eight or forty such conclusions or problems, and showing how each of them may be solved, Chaucer assures his son that these are only a portion of the conclusions that may be worked out by aid of the astrolabe, for 'trust well,' he says, 'that all the conclusions that may have been founden, or possibly might be found, in so noble an instrument as is the astrolabye, ben unknown perfittly to any mortall man in this region as I suppose.' We may be sure that he had been long an adept in the use of the instrument, perhaps from the days of his youth, when at college. He narrates some of his experience with astrolabes that he had met with: he had discovered, he says, 'there be some conclusions that will not in all thyngs perfourme her behests; 'her,' of course, is 'their,' and he means probably that the results promised by the contriver of the instrument did not in every case come out exactly on trial. Chaucer's accurate knowledge of the astronomy of his day, and of the ingenious explanations of phenomena offered by the Ptolemaic theories, are conspicuous throughout the *Canterbury Tales*; in the *Franklin's Tale*, for example, the *Man of Law's Tale*, and the *Nun's Priest's Tale*. And I cannot but think that the well-known interior of the scholar's room at the beginning of the *Miller's Tale* is a reminiscence of his own chamber at Oxenforde in his younger days. I will transcribe the

passage; in it we shall meet with the astrolabe and with the expression 'conclusions' to be technically understood in the sense already explained. 'With him,' we are told, that is with a certain lodging-house keeper at Oxford, who figures in the Miller's Story:

With him there was dwelling a pore scoller
Had learned art, but all his fantasye
Was tuned for to lerne astrologye,
And coude a certeyn of conclusions
To deme by interrogaciouns.
If that men axed him, in certeyn houres
When that men schuld hav drought or ellys
schoures;
Or if men axed him what shulde befall
Of every thing I may nought reken hem alle.

A chamber had he in that hostelerie
Alone, withoughten any compaignie,
Full fetisly ydight with harbes soote [sweet],
And he himself as sweet as is the roote
Of liquorys or any cetewale [valerian]:
His almagest and bookys great and small;
His astrolabe, longing for his art [appertaining to],
His augrim stones, lying faire aparte
On schelves couched at his beddes heed,
His press y-covered with a folding red.

Chaucer probably began early to spell out the *Almagest*, the opus magnum of Claudius Ptolemy, and to make himself master of the mysteries of the augrim stones, the Arabic algorismic counters. Over and over again, he shows in his treatise on the astrolabe that he could, if he had chosen, have acted the astrologer and have cast nativities and calculated horoscopes with as great ease and plausibility as Cornelius Agrippa himself; but he draws for his son Louis a sharp line of difference between judicial and natural astrology, between astrology and astronomy, truly so called. Of the processes of the common astrologer he says: 'These been observances of judiciaill matter, and rites of paynims, in which my spirit hath ne faith, ne knowing of her [their] horoscopum.'

I have not yet given a specimen of the substance of Chaucer's treatise, but only the titles of some of the 'conclusions' which it records, and a description of the parts of the instrument by which they are proved. I

now give one or two extracts. The want of fixity in the orthography will be noticed; no peculiarity, however, this of Chaucer's. The English language, as we know, continued to be uncertain long after his time; and the variety in the texts of early writers has been increased by the caprices and errors of the transcribers. Thus, as we shall remember, Chaucer himself rebukes one Adam Scrivener for his carelessness in copying his pieces:

'Under thy long locks may'st thou have the
scal
If thou my writing copy not more true!
So oft a day I must thy work renew,
It to correct and eke to rub and scrape;
And all is through thy negligence and rape.'

I select the first passage for the sake of the date which it contains, which takes us back at once into the fourteenth century, and places us, as it were, by the side of the scientific poet busily at work with his little son over the latter's miniature astrolabe: also for the sake of the curious comparative 'downer' for 'farther down,' which occurs at its close. (To be relished fully and judged justly, all my quotations ought properly to appear in **black letter**, as in old Speght's folio.) 'Understand well,' Chaucer says to little Louis, 'that evermore fro the arising of the sunne til he go to rest, the radius of the sunne shal shewe the houre of the planet; and fro that time forward, all the nyght, till the sunne arise, then shall the very degree of the sunne shew the houre of the planet. Ensample, as thus: the 13 day of March (doubtless as written at length a little while before; in the yere of oure Lorde a thousand thre hundred ninetie and one) fell upon a Saturday paraventure, and at the arising of the sunne I found the second degree of Aries sitting upon mine east orizont, all be it was but little. Then found I the second degree of Libra, nadire of my sunne, descending on my west orizont, upon which west orizont, every day generally at the sunne arising, entereth the houre of any planet,

under the foresayd west orizont ; after the which planet the day beareth his name and endeth in the next strike [stroke] of the planet, under the foresaid west orizont ; and ever as the sunne climbeth upper and upper, so goeth his nadire downer and downer, eching [eking, adding on] fro suche strikes the houres of plannets by order as they sitten in heaven.'

The next passage is on account of several adverbial words rather quaintly employed therein : sadly, slyly, softly, avisely. He is showing how 'to know justly the foure quarters of the world, as East, West, South and North.' 'Take the altitude of the sunne,' he says, 'when thou liste, and note well the quarter of the worlde in which the sunne is, from the time by the azymutes ; tourne then thyne astrolaby, and set the degree of the sunne in the almicantaras of his altitude on thilke syde that the sunne standeth, as is in maner of takyng of houses, and lay thy labell on the degree of the sunne, and reken how many degrees of the sunne been between the lynne meridionall and the point of thy label, and note well the nombres. Tourne then agayne thyne astrolabie and set the poynt of the great rule there thou takest thin altitudes, upon as many degrees in hys bordure from his meridionall as was the point of thy label from the line meridionall on the wombe side. Take then thyne astrolaby with both hands sadly and slyly, and let the sunne shine through both holes of thy rule, and slyly in thilke shining lay thine astrolabie couch a downe even upon a playne ground, and then will the meridionall lynne of thine astrolabie be even South, and the East line will be even East, and the West lynne West, and the North lynne North, so that thou worke softly and avisely in the couching ; and thou hast thus the foure quarters of the firmament.'

The following is his clear and interesting account of a method 'to prove the latitude of any place in a region

by the preffe of the height of the pole artike in that same place' :—

'In some winters night,' he says, 'when the firmament is cleere and thicke sterred: wayt a time till that any ster fix sit line right perpendicular over the pole artike, and clepe that ster A ; and wayte another sterre that sit lynne right under A, and under the pole, and clepe that sterre F ; and understand well that F is not considered but onely to declare that A that sit ever on the pole. Take then anone right the altitude of A from the orizonte and forgette it not. Let A and F go farewel till agaynst the dawning a great while, and come then again, and abide till that A is even under the pole under F, for sothely then will F sit over the pole. Take then eftsones the altitude of A from the orizonte, and note as well the seconde as the first altitude. And when that this is done, reken how many degrees that the first altitude A exceeded his altitude, and take halfe the ilk porcion that is exceeded, and add it to his second altitude, and take there the elevacion of the pole and eke the altitude of thy region. For these two ben of one nombre, that is to saine, as many degrees as thy pole is elevat, so moch is the latitude of thy region. Ensample as thus : Paraventure the altitude of A in the evening is 82 degrees of hyght, then will the second altitude or the dawning be 21 ; that is to saine, less by 61 than was his first altitude at even. Take then the half of 61, and adde to it 21, that was his second altitude, and then thou hast the height of the pole and the latitude of thy region. But understand well,' he adds, 'to preve this conclusion, and many another fayre conclusion, thou mayest heve a plomet hangyng on a lynne higher than thy head on a perche, and that lynne mote hang even perpendicular bitwixt the pole and thine eye, and shalt thou see if A sit even over the pole and over F at even. And also if F sit even over the pole and over A at day.'

My last specimen shall be the 'conclusion,' entitled 'Special declaration of the Ascendent,' in which Chaucer takes occasion to speak of a subtle process by which certain portions of the heavenly bodies, astrologically bad, are sometimes, nevertheless, interpreted as good. 'The Ascendent,' he says, 'soothly is as well in all nativities as in questions, and as in elections of times, is a thing which that the astrologians greatly observen; wherefore meseemeth convenient, sens I speake of the ascendent, to mak of it a special declaration. The ascendent soothly, to take it at the largest, is thilke degree that ascendeth at anye of these foresayd times on the East orizont; and therefore, if that any planet ascend at thilke same time in the foresaid same gree of his longitude, men say that thilke planet is in *Horoscopo*; but soothly, the house of that ascendent, that is to say, the first house or the east angle, is a thing more broad and large; for, after the statute of astrologiens, what celestial body that is five degrees above thilke degree that ascendeth on the orizont, or within that number, that is to say, nere the degree that ascendeth, yet reken they thilke planet in the ascendent; and what planet is under thilke degree that ascendeth the space of 25 degrees, yet sain they, that planet is like to him, that is [in] the house of the ascendent; but soothly, if he pass the bounds of the foresaid spaces, above or beneath, they sayne that thilke planet is falling fro the ascendent; yet sayne these astrologians, that the ascendent may be shapen for to be fortunate or infortunate, as thus: A fortunate ascendent cleapen they, when that no wicked planet of Saturne or Mars or els the taile of the Dragon is in the house of the ascendent, ne that no wicked planet have no aspect of enmitie upon the ascendent; but they will cast that they have fortunate planet in her (their) ascendent, and yet in his felicitie, and they say that it is well. Further-

more, they sayne that Fortune of an Ascendent is the contrary of these foresaid thyngs. The Lord of the ascendent, sayne they, that he is fortunate when he is in good place for the ascendent, and eke the Lord of the Ascendent is in an angle or in a succedent, where he is in his dignitie and comforted with friendle aspectes receyved, and eke that he may seene the Ascendent not retrograde, ne combust, ne joynd with no shrewe in the same signe, ne that he be not in his discention, ne reigned with no planet in his discentions, ne have upon him none aspect infortunate; and then they sayne that he is well.' Then follows the declaration already quoted: 'Nathelesse these ben observances of judiciall matter and rites of paynims, in which my spirit hath no faith ne knowing of ther horoscopum: for they sayn,' he adds, 'that every signe is departed in three even partes by ten degrees, and the ilk portion they clepen a Face; and although a planet have a latitude fro the Ecliptike yet saien some folk so that the planet arise in that same signe with any degree of the foresaid face in which is longitude, is rekened, yet is that planet in horoscopo, be it in nativities or in election.' This exposition of details on the part of the astrologians was, no doubt, clear enough to Chaucer; but he did not care that his son, or any other future reader, should be further initiated in a pseudo-science.

It remains now to say a few words of the little Louis, to whom the 'Treatise on the Astrolabe' was addressed. It appears that he was at the time only ten years of age. The subject discussed may seem to us one above the capacities of a lad of such tender years. But Chaucer understood the boy. He saw that he had inherited a mathematical head; that he was developing tastes similar to his own. Often, doubtless, had the child stood by while the father was experimenting with an astrolabe, and without any effort he had become precociously familiar with the

instrument and its mysteries, just as a clever child now quickly masters chess or elementary chemistry. Should we not have liked to overhear the quiet confidential interchange of talk between the two, while the instrument was being manipulated? We would have been interested in the English; so homely occasionally; so provincial perhaps sometimes, we would think in pronunciation, and tone and style!

The application for further instruction in the astrolabe, in its theory and practical use, came, we are informed, from Louis; and the father was only too glad to gratify him. So he provided him with an astrolabe, not one of full size, as it would seem, but still not a toy; and in addition he furnished him with the tractate which we have been examining. It would be simply amusement to Louis to carry forward to any extent the studies suggested; and philosophy in sport would be sure to become science in earnest with him by and by, if his life should be spared; and Chaucer was quite willing that his son should be grounded in the best knowledge that could be had; in the true science of nature, so far as it had then been attained.

The natural affection of the father breaks out in several places in the treatise. It is observable in the first sentence of the book, 'Little Louis, my sonne,' he says, 'I perceive well by certain evidences, thine ability to learn sciences, touching numbers and proportions; and also well consider I thy busy prayer in especial to learn the treatise of the astrolabye. Then,' he continues, 'for as much as a philosopher saith; hee wrappeth him in his friend that condescendeth to the rightfull prayers of his friend, therefore I have given thee a sufficient astrolabe for our orizont, compowned after the latitude of Oxenforde; upon the which, by the mediation of the little treatise I purpose to teach thee a certain number of conclusions pertayning to this same instrument.' Again, further on, where he defines which is the right

side and which is the left of the astrolabe: 'The east side of the astrolabe is cleaped the right side, and the west side is cleaped the left side; forget not this little Louis.' And similarly, the name of the lad addressed, suddenly appears in other places.

Chaucer adopts an apologetic tone for having ventured to deliver the treatise on the astrolabe to his son in the English tongue. He stood in some awe perhaps of certain members of the teaching order, old friends at Oxford in years by gone, it may be. Or possibly it was the family tutor, who would think that things were being made altogether too easy for little Louis; how would his growing faculties be disciplined, it might be asked, if learning was to be deprived of its asperities; if propositions were to be enunciated, and demonstrations given, all in plain English? 'Latine, ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my little Louis,' he idiomatically says, piling his negatives one upon the other, therefore, 'I will shewe,' he says, 'the wonder light rules and naked words [explanatory of the astrolabe] in English.' Sufficiently abstruse as the 'conclusions,' on the whole may seem to be, Chaucer considered he was supplying milk to babes, in comparison of the strong meat that might be dispensed on the subject in hand. The book ought of course to be made harder, he seems to say, by translation into Latin; he hopes, however, the boy will have the good sense not to despise it on account of its familiar guise; but he does not see why English folk should not make use of their vernacular in matters of learning, just as ancient nations had done with their respective vernaculars. The old nations did not each translate the truths of science into a foreign tongue, and then master them, but they mastered them out of books in their own tongue. Therefore, he says to Louis: 'Sufficeth to thee these true conclusions in English, as well as sufficeth to the noble clerks, the Greekes, these same conclusions in

Greek; and to the Arabines, in Arabike; and to Jews, in Hebrew; and to the Latin folke in Latine which Latin folk themselves', he adds, 'had hem first out of other divers languages, and writ hem in her [their] own tongue, that is to sayne in Latine.' Soon after this he brings to a close his address to the boy on this subject, merrily and loyally, thus: 'Louis,' he says, 'if so be that I shew thee in my lith [scant] English, as true conclusions touching this matter, and not only as true, but as many and subtil conclusions, as ben yshewed in Latine, in any common treatise of the astrolabe, conne me the more thanke; and may God save the king, who is lord of this language, and all that him faith beareth and obeyeth, everiche [one] in his degree, the more and the lasse.' In thus breaking away from the mediæval routine in the instruction of the young, Chaucer shews himself a worthy forerunner of Roger Ascham and Milton, of Locke, Gibbon, and the modern school generally of enlightened educationists.

We know nothing of the subsequent history of little Louis. The career of an elder brother Thomas, is noted in some of the biographies of the poet; but the boy Louis passes off the stage without giving any further sign. He is seen only, but very clearly, in the 'Treatise on the Astrolabe.' Like one of the tiny ephemera of ages long ago occasionally seen in amber, there he remains embalmed. Perhaps we have a reminiscence of him in the story told by the Prioress, on the way to Canterbury, about the 'little clergion, seven years of age,' martyred by the Jews in a 'great city in Asia,' for singing *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, as he passed through their ghetto.

'This litel child his litel boke lerning,
As he sat in the scole at his prymer,
He Alma Redemptoris herde singe
As children lerned hir [their] antiphoner,
And as he dorste, he drough hym ner and
ner
And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
Till he the first vers coude al by rote
Nought wiste what this Latin was to sey,

For he so young and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he preye
T'expounden him this song in his langage
Or telle him why this song was in usage.'

This sounds very like an incident in the childhood of the little lad, who at ten years of age desired to be told all about the astrolabe.

It is to be hoped that over stimulation of the brain by a too great absorption in matters fitted for riper minds, did not prove the cause of premature decay in little Louis. Here of course is a danger which will attend the case of a precociously clever child in every age.

We are all familiar with the figure of Geoffrey Chaucer himself, from the full length effigy of him supplied by Thomas Oocleve, and given in Speght, and often prefixed as a frontispiece to his works. As with Shakespeare, Dante, Caxton, Milton and others, we can fancy we have seen him; his loose hood, his dreamy down-cast eyes:

'What man art thou
That lookest as thou wouldest find a hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare.'

his forked beard, his short, easy-fitting frock or paletot; his pen-case and pen held daintily over his breast, in the right hand; a rosary of beads in the left, falling lower down; his hosen-clad calves; his pointed shoon or rather boots made with a flap like our Canadian galoshes of felt.

The beard excepted, we can visualize to ourselves the young Louis, as a miniature counterpart of his father, with garments of precisely the same cut and pattern; altogether, perhaps, an old-fashioned looking little figure.

I suggest to a Canadian artist a subject; 'Geoffrey Chaucer instructing his son Louis in the use of the Astrolabe.' There would be a fine opportunity for a mediæval interior, a student's sanctum of the past, with well-worked-out accessories; two forms engaged over an astrolabe; in the wall beyond, an open window shewing a night sky with a streak of dawn.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SIXTH MEETING REPORTED BY GRUM.

'GIRLS! Girls!' exclaimed the Judge, on her appearance at our latest gathering, 'friends and fellow countrymen, what do you suppose has happened?'

'Something very pleasant,' suggested the Duchess.

'And something of small importance,' I added. 'You never are so effusively joyful except over trifles.'

'Don't ask us to suppose anything,' pleaded the Poet. 'It is too large a tax upon our imagination this dull day.'

'Well, I must say, you're not a very enthusiastic set. We, the T. G. C., have been honoured with an epistle from some interesting unknown. It came this morning, *via* the CANADIAN MONTHLY office. Behold!' and she displayed an unopened letter.

'Why, it cannot be possible!' ejaculated Lily Cologne.

'Perhaps not,' retorted the Chief Magistrate, with a judicial air. 'Nevertheless it is true.'

'Well, then,' said Smarty, 'I hope some one will have the goodness to move that the privilege of reading it be accorded to me.'

This delicate hint was immediately acted upon, and Smarty read aloud as follows:

'Toronto, Nov. 6th, 1880.

'Dear Coterie,—If a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, I shall not suffer from a lack of consideration at your hands, for I am a very unconventional young person—quite as much so as are most of your estimable body. And yet with all my aversion for the established order of things, I

consider myself a gentlewoman. I confess to not being able to tolerate people whose looks, and tones, and laughter, and demeanour are not gentle. I do not profess to be a lady. Our cook would be mortally offended if she were given to understand that she was not that, and the pert young miss who sells me ribbons and gloves calls herself a sales-lady. Both of these persons, and others like them, have frequently impressed me with a sense of my own inferiority, so I will not dispute their right to a name that I do not care for.

'Nevertheless, I am tired of the kind of life I am leading. I am tired of the never-ending dress-parade of society, tired of trying and failing to find anything better, tired of other people, tired to death of my own everlasting company. I am continually being hunted down and devoured by the sense of my own utter worthlessness. Waking up in the morning, and looking down the long unsatisfying day, I fail to see anything that will make it really worth while for me to undertake the labour of getting up and dressing. No, I am not lazy, as you have a right to imagine. I almost wish I was, for most lazy people are fairly well satisfied with the world, and with themselves, and their own incompetency. Now that I am done with school examinations, it seems as if there were nothing in existence for me to think of and work toward. I must say that the profession of husband-hunting has no fascinations for me, and it is equally distasteful to wait patiently in charming unconsciousness until some member of the superior

sex shall be graciously pleased to bestow upon me the incomparable honour of his hand.

'Excuse me for talking about myself. It is a subject that cannot be as interesting to anybody else as it is to me. I hope Miss Grum will have something to say on this matter, and I should be glad to receive a letter from the Judge.

'Yours sincerely
'ERNESTINE X.'

'Well, Miss Grum, what *have* you to say on this matter?' inquired Smarty.

What I had to say amounted to this: that our correspondent's lot 'is the common lot of all,' or at least of very many of the young girls of the day, and that it cannot be helped.

'For shame, Grum,' exclaimed the Judge, who spoke more in anger than in sorrow. 'Cannot be helped! What do you mean?'

'Simply that. It is an obsolete superstition that because there is a wrong there must necessarily exist a remedy for it. "*Cannot be helped*" is a rock in the pathway of every one. Some lie down in the shadow of it and die; others strive to walk around it and are lost, or try to get over it and fall back again.'

'H'm,' said Smarty, 'and which one of those cheering methods would you recommend?'

I made no reply. Smarty's sayings, like the sounds produced by a baby's rattle, are amusing to children, but are not worthy of serious attention.

'There is a kind of dyspeptic tone about the letter,' mused Doc, 'or it may be that it is a neuralgic tone. I can't tell exactly which, but at any rate no one in perfect health would write that way.' And then she went on to sing the praises of cracked wheat and oatmeal, winding up with the remark that she did not believe our new friend ate half enough.

'Why!' exclaimed the Duchess, 'I

thought all you Graham-bread disciples were firm believers in Tannerism.'

'Oh, grandmotherism!' ejaculated Doc. 'I beg your pardon, but the starvation theory is as old as the hills.'

'Potato hills, I suppose you mean,' suggested Smarty.

'I wish, Smarty,' said the Judge, with mild reproof, 'that you would not interrupt unless you have something pertinent to say.'

'Oh, you ask too much,' declared the irrepressible, concealing a yawn. 'However, I promise not to interrupt unless I have something *impertinent* to say.'

'It is very evident,' continued Doc, 'that the writer of that letter is in an unsatisfied state. Now a person who is capable of digesting three good meals a day must be satisfied part of the time at least. You may call it a poor sort of satisfaction, but its of a very substantial kind.'

'I can easily believe,' said the Judge, 'that when people talk of vague ungratified longings, they are probably, though unconsciously, in a state of semi-starvation; but in most of the hygienic works I have looked into, readers were recommended not to eat as much as they wanted, and above all not to eat what they liked. Milk and corn, oats and bran, fruits, raw or stewed—these you must eat, and all else you should abjure.'

'And yet,' said Doc, apostrophizing the ceiling, 'I have always given the Judge credit for impartiality, for a lack of prejudice, for the ability to understand and appreciate both sides of a question. Did any of you ever eat brown bread? I don't mean the kind that is made of a mixture of poor flour and bran, and stirred up with molasses and saleratus, but the brown bread made of finely ground wheat, and baked with yeast the same as white bread. It is the best food in the world for half-starved brains and nerves, and the best medicine too. But I don't want to monopolize all the talk this

way. Haven't the rest of you some suggestions to make?'

'I think, of course,' said the Poet, 'that good health is the foundation of contentment, but the foundation of anything is, after all, only the beginning of it. Something must come after and above it, and that, I think, in this case, lies in the imagination. That alone will glorify the plainest, the most tiresome, the prosiest life on earth. Whenever I incline to be blue I never allow myself to reason out the cause, or to feel the effect of it. I just drop everything and take a long walk out to the woods.'

'Then it is the exercise that benefits you,' interposed Doc.

'Perhaps so,' acknowledged the Poet; 'but I find it equally beneficial to read a page or two of De Quincey, or Hawthorne, or Emerson. Sometimes even a little scrap of verse in the last magazine will be sufficient to lend enchantment to my life. But to look at it from a more common-place point of view, doesn't it make disagreeable things less disagreeable to imagine they are pleasant?'

'No,' I said, 'I think not. You go out unprotected into a storm, and see how much imagination it will take to keep you from being drenched.'

'But the discomfort of being drenched would be almost forgotten if I turned my thoughts in the direction of a lovely poem I once read about the rain.'

'Nonsense with your loveliness and poems,' exclaimed Smarty, who had with difficulty been repressing her desire to speak. 'I don't believe in gilding trouble, and pretending that it's pleasant, nor yet in sinking under it. What you want to do is to exaggerate it—give it a ridiculous twist—make it grotesque in some way or other, so that you can never think of it without laughing. No one, with the faintest ray of humour in her composition, can be oppressed by anything at which she is forced to laugh.'

'For my part,' said the Duchess, 'when things begin to grow stale, flat

and unprofitable, I prefer to forget them altogether; and the surest way to do that is to put on a dress that suits me in every particular—and it is all the better for being new—and just try to make myself agreeable to somebody. It is an old-fashioned method, but you would be surprised to see how easy and pleasant and effective it is.'

'An old-fashioned method in a new-fashioned dress,' said the Poet, with a laugh. 'It sounds incongruous.'

'Nevertheless,' said the Duchess, 'it is very difficult to please others without being at least partially pleased with oneself. Don't you think so, Lily?'

'Yes; Oh, certainly! But I don't feel like exerting myself for others when I am miserable. I had much rather other people would exert themselves for me. Sometimes I like to be petted and sometimes I like to be let alone; and my mother is such a splendid woman, she always knows whether I want one or both, and just how much of each. The great advantage of not being a superior girl,' added Lily, 'is that you never dream of looking down on your mother, and so you have all the benefits of her friendship.'

About the beginning of our conversation the Judge had withdrawn herself from the rest to a writing-table, where she wrote the following missive, which was read aloud just before we separated:

'MY DEAR MISS ERNESTINE,—I should be very glad to help you if I could, but I fear that is not possible. All I can do is to try and shew you how to help yourself.'

'Let me remind you of what Milton says, that "To be weak is miserable;" and that Emerson defines life "to be a search after power;" and that Carlyle affirms despair to be "impossible except where idleness exists already;" and that Luther once wrote these words: "The human heart is like a millstone in a mill;

when you put wheat under it it turns and grinds, and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds, and slowly wears away."

'You see that the essence of all these quotations is expressed in the one word—*Act!* The only way to destroy the sense of worthlessness is to create the sense of worth, and that can only be done by concentrating your mind and might upon some work worthy of both. What that work is I cannot pretend to decide, but I hope you will soon discover for yourself.

"The labour we delight in physics pain." Cannot you, in looking back over the past week or month, recall something you have heard, or read, or done, which really interested you, and which will give you a slight hint as to the kind of labour you delight in? What you want is something that will stamp with worth and beauty and significance every commonplace forenoon and afternoon of your life. Believe me you will not fail to find it if your desire is no less than your need.

Yours, in faith and hope,

THE JUDGE.

PRESUMPTION.

BY PROF. W. F. WILSON, KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.

RAISE not thy foolish palms that God
 Would rear the tree thine axe laid low:
 The stream thou wouldst not aid to flow
 He will not yield thy withering sod.

Yet deem not temples vainly built,
 Nor shrines in vain with incense sweet:
 He hears the approach of trembling feet,
 And counts the tear in sorrow spilt,

Yea, answers. Yet away with dreams!
 What raise, in spite of earth and sky,
 The monuments that never die—
 The arm that works, the brain that schemes?

Such shape the Providential plan;
 On such the acts of history hinge:
 Of God's great self the outer fringe
 Pulsating to the heart, is Man!

One motion in the Artist hand,
 One flash along the threads of will,
 All earth and sky with purpose fill,
 And make the laws that ever stand.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

ABOUT two years ago a remarkable series of articles, by men of high repute in the medical profession, appeared, on 'the alcohol question,' in the *Contemporary Review*. I recollect distinctly that the impression produced, not only upon myself, but upon a friend with whom I read and discussed these papers, was one of wonder that so little of really practical value was known upon the subject, while so much that was being proclaimed as gospel by the advocates of total abstinence was not only flatly contradicted by medical men, but pronounced pernicious. Another striking impression left by careful perusal and discussion of these papers, was that, except wherein the medical men took issue with the advocates of abstinence, they seemed to be perfectly undecided in their views. From motives, in no inconsiderable degree personal, though, perhaps, in a greater degree sympathetic, I have been irresistibly impelled to a special study of this subject. But in pursuing my observations, I have sought to get underneath the surface, and there seek for the causes which lead to the drinking habits of the people, being anything but satisfied to accept the extreme views of the advocates of Teetotalism. Possibly a few plain words on this question will not at present be uninteresting.

The first experience of the effects of alcoholic liquors, doubtless, is learned in society, the cases being very few, I fancy, in which the first drink is taken in seclusion. Why is it taken? A few boys gathered together think it

manly to ape the habit of their seniors. But why do they think it manly? Because their instruction at home has not been calculated to keep their individuality in subjection to public opinion, or the sense which is common. These boys have, doubtless, been told that liquor is bad for them, but they have seen their parents take a glass of wine at dinner, or a pewter of beer at supper. They have observed the kindling eye and the flow of heartiness following close upon the consumption of the liquid, and with the eager, exulting spirits of youth, these lads, though in the full buoyancy of their years, long for even a greater flow of animal life than that of which they are the happy possessors, and at the first opportunity emulate their seniors, experiencing that strange disturbance of the faculties, the first consciousness of intoxication. What should be done? The parent does not feel able to properly digest his food without a certain amount of liquor; is he to suffer because his child may secretly try to emulate his example? I should say, no. But I would also say, why not inform the child of the reason for the parent's partaking of the liquor? If the child be made to understand that the father takes a little liquor because there always seems to be a weight in his stomach, and because he could not feel hungry at the next meal unless he took this liquor to help to dissolve his food, that child will be in no hurry to drink, for I never yet saw the child or the young man who was in a hurry to get hungry. Such a simple explanation as this vouchsafed to the child

that has previously been taught to respect the father, and his voice as truth, will save the child from manifesting individuality in the odious form of premature drinking. Children, in this year of grace, are much closer observers than their forefathers, and, I think, can put 'this and that together' with a cleverness to which they were strangers. It no longer suffices that you tell a child that what is good for you is bad for the child, to have the child believe you. Honesty must be apparent in your dealings with your child; if you are in the habit of taking more than is enough, confess it to the child rather than apologize with a lie. A child does not appreciate causes until they are indicated, but a child observes effects with unerring certainty. In nothing more than your drinking make your child your confidant, if you wish your child to live a sober life.

The necessity for candour is nowhere more apparent than in the case of parents whose ancestors have been given to liquor drinking; in other words, in families where the habit of drinking seems to be hereditary. The term 'hereditary,' in connection with drinking, will, doubtless, startle many, but I would as soon doubt the fact of my own existence, as I would call in question the accuracy of my conviction, founded on painstaking investigation, that a tendency to heavy drinking *is* hereditary. My attention was first directed to this peculiarity of drinking habits, by observing that the sons of immoderate drinkers have had to adopt the opposite extreme with martyr-like enthusiasm, and that their sons in turn have very often indeed fallen into the grandfather's ways. Again, it will have been observed that very many temperance orators, as they are called, continue their violent denunciations of drinking until they exhaust their force, when they fall back nerveless into intemperance. This heredity may arise from physical or mental disproportions, but with its origin I am not at present concerned.

Its existence is a difficulty which must be looked in the face. How, then, should we guard in youth against children being overtaken by this living death in manhood? To determine that we must first ascertain where the in-born tendency to unreasonable drinking first manifests itself. In a number of cases now mentally before me, the average period is eighteen years; five years later a crisis seems to be reached, and the victim then resolves whether his evil instinct is to have unbridled licence, or his better nature is to carry on the ever-lessening struggle for the mastery over his appetite. It would seem, then, to be a wise precaution for the father, with the growing comprehension of his offspring, to make him aware of the danger which awaits riper years. Forewarned is forearmed, and the young man of eighteen may be able to fight down the impulse to indulgence without much suffering. But should he feel the enemy's strength dangerous, I think it would be much better to yield a point and begin the use of liquor under the father's eye. I do not know one case wherein the hereditary tendency has not either inflicted great suffering or achieved a victory of short duration; but I know of many cases wherein the hereditary tendency has swept everything before it. These latter cases, I have observed, were usually those of young men who bore the tension until it was rudely snapped. What is, perhaps, more curious is the fact that, in the majority of such cases, the hereditary tendency has been transmitted through the mother. On the other hand, those who have shown the greatest resisting capacity have inherited their baleful impulses through the father. It follows, then, that where the tendency is transmitted maternally, it is of the greater importance that the impulse be, as it were, out-generalled. It seems to me that the way to do this is to let nature have its craving, but to use such skill in supplying the craving that the

liquor will be turned to benefit instead of to evil. This can only be done when the liquor is taken in conjunction with food, and in just proportion. What that proportion should be I will endeavour to indicate further on. I have noticed that when the taking of liquor was done circumspectly, little or no harm ensued to those who were peculiarly liable through it to be unconsciously led along to degradation. Of course, those who are advocates of the theological method of abolishing drunkenness, will at once damn this advice as worse than pernicious: but all the damning in the world will not prove that advice pernicious which is simply an application to appetite of that practice by which signal success is attained in all the concerns of mundane life—concessions to secure advantage.

Before proceeding to discuss the use of alcohol, perhaps it would be better to consider the abuse of it,—certainly a more pressing question. I have indicated means by which I think a young man may reach his majority free from the self-reproach of indulgence; I do not purpose to examine the methods by which, on attaining the new starting-point in his life, he may have a record which should cause him poignant regret, remorse and shame. Most men have been young, though there are a cautious few who graduated from petticoats to old age, but these men are either too good to be earthly or too cunning to be altogether human. Those men who have been young know the course generally run by youth, until the shadows of coming events compel every man to make his reckoning, bend the sails of his craft, and shape her course for eternity. Many men can alter their course without much difficulty; but there are others who have sailed close on to the lee shore, leaving themselves but little sea room. To try to sail out to the clear ocean is to them an impossibility, and none but a maniac at the helm would

try it. Cautious tacking will work the craft clear, but cautious tacking is not what total abstinence-pilots urge upon those who are drifting on to the lee shore of habitual drunkenness. Dropping metaphor, suppose a young man in the toils of liquor and resolving on the day of his majority to 'swear off,' as the saying is, for ever. He does so: many do so. What will be the result? Will any one who has studied the statistics of the subject kindly come forward and inform the public what proportion of those who sign the pledge keep it rigidly? I do not forget that thousands have signed the pledge on hearing the eloquent words of Father Matthew, John B. Gough, and other magnetic orators, but I cannot shut my eyes to the scarcity of those men now any more than to the great number of old men who drink. The result of observation compels me to say that I have no faith in impulsive conversions to total abstinence any more than I have faith in the ability of a political orator to change the stripe of his auditor. Conversion is very different from conviction. Most people will say that conversion follows on conviction, but it is not so. In listening to the opposition orator you are converted to the idea that the Ministry is corrupt; but when the Government orator has spoken you find that you were mistaken—the Ministry was really pure as driven snow. In neither case does your conversion last long; for, when you reach home, you sift the matter and reach certain conclusions on which you ponder until they become convictions. Then you wander forth to find yourself again converted. Thus, it seems to me, that it is almost folly for any one to sign a pledge. It is better for the man who is drifting on the rocks of intemperance to make up his reckoning and try to frame such a course of conduct for himself as will lead him out of his besetting difficulties. The impulsive surging from in-

temperance to total abstinence he will not find lasting, for to the strongest wave of feeling there is ever an undertow. The calm regularity of conviction is lasting, and to it there is no undertow. Take, then, the unsteady young man, let him study his own case when his brain is clear. His first conviction will be that he is drinking too much; his impulse will be to 'about ship,' but if he does so he will speedily find himself without almost all of those surroundings which were part of his previous existence. The chances are that he will then once more 'about ship' and crowd all sail to recover his ground. His second impulse will be better considered, and he will take a short tack. He will 'swear off' for two days, and on the third day will resume his old course for a time. His next tack will be for four days, with a lapse at the fifth. He is gradually becoming convinced that he is now on the right course. He has not broken abruptly with his old associations, and he is gradually acquiring new ones. By systematic lengthening of the periods between the unbending of his habits he is gradually ridding himself of all desire for, or gratification in, indulgence. I think experience is much better than theory, and of the operation of this plan on those who had acquired or inherited an unwholesome taste for liquor, I can say that it has been successful. Its advantages seem to me to be these: the mind is set at rest and there are no more of those perpetual debates with oneself regarding the possibility of drinking in moderation, or that exact quantity which is beneficial; there is an absence of increasing endeavour to convince oneself that, used as a medicine, a little alcohol would remedy some passing disorder of the internal organs, and there is also the consciousness of a growing moral strength which encourages to more energetic action in the suppression of other bad features of character. But, says the advocate

of conversion, look at the terrible relapses. Yes, I reply, but look at the still more terrible life which is an unbroken relapse, or which is divided up into two great divisions—one grand ascent and one tremendous descent. My plan is, at least, progressive. I may not climb to the highest pinnacle of morality which your more daring feet may tread, but I am climbing just as fast and just as high as I can do and feel secure. I am not locking up the door of the powder magazine, but I am taking out the dynamite into the open air and exploding it. It may be that I will never get that magazine so nearly empty that I can sweep the remotest corners of it with a lighted taper in my hand, but I am working towards that end. The relapse, or liberty from control, after the period of abstinence does not necessarily mean a debauch. On the contrary, I find in those who have tried it a desire to so time their emergence that they can enjoy their liberty in freedom from all engrossing cares. They can well afford a holiday at the end of a period of three years, and that holiday is likely to be spent in the open air, with plenty of physical exercise, in which circumstances there is no desire to merge the intoxication of nature in the stupefaction of drink. The return to the old state of self-denial is robbed of hardship, nay, is possessed of much satisfaction. This method of weaning young men from undue indulgence in liquor will not commend itself to Church Temperance Societies, or to any of those temperance bodies which work on a theological plan, nor do I wish to commend it to these earnest workers. I will be quite satisfied if it commend itself to any person who is floundering in misery and does not know how to get out of his trouble. This plan may save some from their appetites who are dead to all church influence, and it may prepare others for such influence. There need be no conflict, for no one can deny that what may be

achieved by this process is infinitely better than no progress whatever.

Thus far I have been dealing with drinking tendencies and drinking habits in youth and early manhood, but the subject at this point branches out into what may be called its scientific phase. When a man in the full possession of his powers, active in the pursuit of his calling, surrounded by the pleasures of home and the comforts of life, feels himself impelled to drink, we have to deal with a very different being from the young man whose passions are in tumult, and whose associations are the reverse of steadying. It is beside the question to say that these men are reaping what they have sown, for such is really not the case. Their desire is simply the cry of nature for an even balance ; nature is calling out for aid which is withheld by the character of the man's occupation. Nature cries from the stomach, which becomes weak and debilitated from the want of exercise of those physical parts on whose activity its power is dependent. A man engaged in a sedentary pursuit cannot possibly have a stomach in good working order, for such an occupation implies a strain upon some particular part instead of a wholesome exercise of the whole physical functions. But weakness of the stomach is not alone found in men whose occupations are sedentary. Inability to discharge its duty is a failing of the stomach of a man who is overtaxed physically, and the cry for artificial aid is even more imperative in this than in the other case. Again, there are persons who have nothing of greater moment to engage their time than to attend to the regulation of their digestive organs, and yet feel the appeal for artificial aid. In children and young men, such a condition might well be considered a disease ; but when men have come to their maturity, one can regard it as nothing else than a physical defect. It may be said that the proportion of men so affected is small, but nothing could

well be wider of the truth. Mustard, pepper, curries, indeed all relishes, are nothing more nor less than stimulants, pure and simple ; many of them most pernicious in their irritating action on the tissues. Doctors often have temperance advocates consult them upon loss of appetite, inability to digest, and a general 'off-colour' of the system. Some of these men would sooner die than taste liquor, and yet the physician knows that, in his whole list of drugs, there is none whose action will have a better effect than alcohol, which he is driven to prescribe to the patient in a disguised form. He, happy man, continues his diatribes against what is restoring the bloom of health to his cheeks. The sense of all medical opinions which I have read upon the use of alcohol as a digestive agent seems to be that every man must find out by actual experiment what quantity is necessary to stimulate the discharge of the stomachic fluid in such volume as to digest food without undue waste. No rule can be laid down, for no two stomachs are alike. The advice which a careful physician will give is to begin with the smallest possible quantity, and increase what is taken gradually, until the feeling of heaviness and deadness is gone.

Though the stomach is the principal cause of that feeling of prostration which alcohol artificially relieves, there are other sources of depression wherein its operation is conceded by medical men to be beneficial. In physical pain it acts as a stimulant, a sedative, and a narcotic, and in these ways it acts upon the disordered nerves when skill supervises its administration. A sedative seems to be a want of human nature everywhere, for if a Mussulman does not take alcohol, he takes opium, Indian hemp, strong coffee, or a narcotic in some shape or form. The European's desire for alcohol is primarily a cry for aid from his physical nature, and it is a cry which, if not regarded, entails needless self-denial.

But unfortunately the use which

the dyspeptic finds for alcohol is made the pretext for its abuse by the man of sound health, who can take liberties with his constitution. Common sense ought to teach the man who is lucky enough to possess a sound digestion that any strain upon it is dangerous; but few people have common sense enough to look out for the future when they are in the excited present. It is expedient, therefore, to bestow some consideration upon the use of alcohol as a beverage. I can see no reason why a beverage should be used at any other time than when we are eating; my own experience being that a natural thirst does not arise except from an unusual physical strain, and even then nothing satisfies thirst as well as water at its natural temperature. But with what should be we have no immediate concern, having quite enough to consider in what is. The questions which one naturally asks when considering alcohol as a beverage are: What quantity can safely be drunk daily, and in what form can it be best taken. On the first point, I have been unable to find any two medical authorities which agree, and with most of them it is common to find the opinion that actual experiment must determine the quantity, the drinker taking his warning to stop from such signs as flushing of the face, a quickened pulse, or a feeling of headiness. But one doctor who has made a study of alcohol is a little more confident than his fellows, and sets down the quantity at 9-10ths of a fluid ounce per twenty-four hours, *i.e.*, about one-third less than two ordinary tablespoonsful. Of course no one drinks pure alcohol, and allowance will have to be made for dilution. At all events, the quantity of tap-room old rye which this doctor would allow, would not exceed one wine-glassful, and that small quantity should be still further diluted with water. In this connection it may be interesting to give some information regarding the proportion of alcohol in

the better known liquors. In two ounces and a quarter of brandy, we find one ounce of pure alcohol. The same proportion exists in whisky and rum, when sold at 10° under proof. It is a popular fallacy to believe that brandy contains more pure alcohol than whisky, and doubtless the misconception arises from the different proportions held in solution by the alcohol. Gin is usually sold at 86 dicas, or 14 under-proof, consequently the quantity of alcohol is less in proportion. In port, sherry, and madeira the proportion is a little over one in five; in champagne and Burgundy the proportion is about one in ten; in claret, one in twelve; in old ale and stout, one in sixteen; in pale ale, one in sixteen; in porter, one in twenty-five; in lager, very much less, though how much I cannot say on trustworthy figures. These proportions of course are based upon liquors which are, of their class, the best and purest. If they are to be used as beverages, those in which alcohol is least concentrated are the best, and where the flavour is not destroyed, they cannot well be too much diluted, for the more concentrated alcohol is the greater is its tendency to irritate the mucous membrane of the stomach. Again, the later in the day the better is it for the drinker. All medical men are agreed in condemning the habit of taking an 'eye-opener,' or 'a meridian' among men; and those ladies who have their glass of port and a biscuit at eleven come in for a word of serious reprimand.

But apart from one's taste in the choice of liquors as beverages, one should be guided by the properties of alcohol in the different combinations in which it exists. The combinations of alcohol are usually classed as distilled spirits, wines, and malt liquors. The consideration of distilled liquors has been of late years complicated by the discovery of the patent still by which silent spirit is produced. This spirit can be converted

into brandy, whisky, gin, or rum by the addition of flavouring from the chemist's laboratory. This is the vile stuff which is so generally sold throughout Canada; this is the villainous compound whose consumption makes man a maniac, whose fingers drip with the blood of those who ought to be dearer to him than life. In this fire-water there are none of the properties which the pure liquors possess. To the taste the genuine and the counterfeit may be almost indistinguishable, but when the liquid proceeds on that perilous journey which begins with the throat, it is not long before the drinker betrays the quality of the liquid which he has swallowed. Alcohol is such a fine solvent that, in the process of distillation it carries over with it, in solution, much of the nutritive properties of the articles from which it is derived. It becomes therefore of importance to ascertain which liquors are most valuable on account of the properties held in solution. Brandy is distilled from French wines, and it holds wine-ether in solution; hence its peculiar action on the stomach. Whisky, when it is new, holds the dangerous fusil oil; but after a certain time this evaporates, leaving what is practically pure alcohol. Whiskies which are mellowed in sherry casks retain something of the properties of sherry, but so little that no one need flatter himself that he is drinking sherry when he is partaking of whisky that has been in a sherry cask. Some whiskies and gin are prepared with oil of juniper, and liquors so prepared act upon the kidneys. Wines are either strong or light. Of course all wines are produced by the fermentation of grape juice; but in the manufacture of what are known as the Peninsular wines—principally port and sherry—the juice is only partially fermented, hence much sugar is held in solution by the alcohol which was added to fortify the wine. The alcohol also has the peculiar property of precipitating the cream

of tartar which is produced in fermentation. The result is that these wines sit heavy on the stomach, producing a form of dyspepsia which develops into gout. In the lighter wines, on the other hand, the Bordeaux and Burgundies—the sugar of the grape juice is entirely consumed in the process of fermentation, and the amount of alcohol present is not sufficient to precipitate the cream of tartar; hence these light wines rest easy on the stomach, and leave it readily. In malt liquors we find alcohol holding in solution sugar gum and other matters carried over from the hops and malt. These liquors partake more of the character of food than any other; but they act too strongly on the liver and stomach to be partaken of by people who have not much physical exercise. In people of sedentary habits who have attained to middle age, their effect is bad and increasingly so with increasing years.

I have thus rapidly glanced over the field of inquiry, and I would indeed be egotistical if I said that I had taken a comprehensive view of it. I have tried to steer clear of the philosophical, the theological, and the speculative aspects of the question. I have tried to present some points which will be endorsed by people who come to conclusions not from impulse, but from common sense considerations. Before I had taken the trouble to inform myself upon the subject I am free to confess that however I might fail in the practice of abstinence I was always at one with myself in endorsing it as a sound principle; but though I began to doubt the soundness of the principle, I found, paradoxical though it may seem, my practice drifting very close to a discontinuance of the use of any kind of liquor. This I take to be evidence that experiment in my case indicated to me that I was one of those lucky people who can do without alcohol in any shape or form. This discovery did not lead me to the rash conclusion that all men were constituted like myself, and could do as I did

without discomfort. Herein lies the first point which must determine the satisfactory solution of the drinking question. We must make allowance for different constitutions. We must remember that most people can take a little alcohol with no perceptible injury, while many are absolutely benefited by it. But we must not forget that very few indeed can take much without ultimately suffering injury. It therefore becomes our duty not to cry out for indiscriminat-

ing abolition, but to educate the people to understand what they are doing with their stomachs, to teach them that different combinations of alcohol should be selected by different constitutions, and that all liquors should be diluted before being drunk. In a word, my conclusion on this question is what I think will be endorsed by all people who calmly deliberate on it : Educate your drunkards ; do not make martyrs of your men.

A SERENADE.

IF, my love thy pity meeting,
 Thou dost sigh, the happy sign
 Of a bosom that is beating—
 Too ambitious hope !—with mine ;

May the wandering breezes leaving,
 Sadly, slowly leaving thee,
 Waft the sigh that thou art heaving
 Through the lightening gloom to me.

Then I'll stray to dewy bowers
 In æsthetic habit dressed,
 And I'll cull the blushing flowers
 That my lady's feet have pressed ;

And, my pulses beating firmer
 At the news the Zephyr brings,
 I will hasten, sweet, to murmur
 Lots of idiotic things.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO SECULAR LIFE.*

BY PRINCIPAL G. M. GRANT, D.D., KINGSTON.

SECULAR life, what does it include? The life of the senses; family and social life; industrialism; trade and commerce; politics; science, opening new pages to its students every day; art, revealing fresh beauty to each young age that steps on the old scene; literature, reaching all classes with its multiplying hands.

Religion, what does it include? God, the Soul, Immortality. More particularly, Jesus Christ and His salvation.

What relation can there be between those two spheres? the secularist asks. Secular life deals with facts; religion deals with words. We cannot demonstrate even the existence of God, much less the peculiarities of any religion. We cannot know that Jesus rose from the dead, as we know, for instance, that good food is desirable. Let us then be satisfied with the sphere of the knowable.

What shall we say to this? I believe that we can know the truths of religion. Let us clearly understand how, and under what conditions. Intellectually, we must be satisfied with probable evidence. This evidence is certainly not lessening. The most destructive modern criticism, in admitting into court the great epistles of St. Paul, really admits all the historical and philosophical basis that is required; and each new generation of believers contributes to the cumulative

force that the evidences have as a whole. The sceptic has no right to demand more. The lines traced by Bishop Butler are impregnable here. But, at the same time, I admit at once that probability is not enough. Religion, like morality, must speak in the 'categorical imperative.' No people ever embraced religion because there was probable evidence of its truth. No one ever 'greatly dared or nobly died' in the faith of a *Perhaps*. The certainties of the secular will, as a matter of fact, be supreme, unless there are more supreme certainties.

And there are. How do we know? By spiritual perception. So have men obtained spiritual certainty in all ages; so must they obtain it still. The senses reveal material things. Experience and judgment correct the evidence of the senses. Direct intuition reveals spiritual things. Reason and conscience purify our intuitions. Spiritual revelations must be seen in their own light. God, says Holy Scripture, 'reveals them to us by His Spirit.' The spirit witnesses to our spirits of spiritual truth. No higher certainty than the certainty of vision is possible. When a man is in the light, can any number of men persuade him that he is not?

To what does the witness of the Spirit extend? To no question the decision of which rests with science. Science must continue to toil at every problem that its instruments can reach. To none of the questions raised by criticism and scholarship. These must be determined by criticism and scholarship. Their solution may

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be hindered, but certainly cannot be helped by papal bulls or the votes of Presbyterian General Assemblies. The Spirit witnesses to our spirits of God. The Spirit revealed Jehovah to the Jews, and reveals Jesus to us. The Old Testament promise was, 'To him that ordereth his conversation aright shall be shown the salvation of God.' The New Testament promise is, 'If any man's will be to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.' The promise is the same and indicates the condition of the Spirit's acting upon our spirits. The more unreservedly we trust the promise, the more completely is our faith vindicated.

As regards influence on life, the difference between probability and certainty amounts to a difference of kind rather than of degree. To believe that Jesus is risen, merely on the testimony of witnesses who might have been mistaken, is not a working faith. To believe, because the Spirit of Jesus also witnesses to our spirits that He is living and dwells in us, is the faith that conquers the world. Whoso hath this faith, though an angel from heaven preached another gospel, would not be unsettled. To whom else should he go? Jesus has the words of eternal life. No one else can solve for him all spiritual problems. Jesus Christ crucified is for him the supreme verity. This great historical fact has become an all-satisfying spiritual fact. It brings the two opposite sides of God's character revealed in the Old Testament into the unity of a living person. It lays hold upon us by the two opposite sides of our character—the self and the not-self, one or other of which all other philosophies of life ignore. We die to the lower, and we find the higher self. Dying, we live. We are born again, and nothing can be more certain than our consciousness of life.

Standing on this foundation, other than which no man can lay, we are on

the rock. Unless we can get on this foundation of spiritual certainty, it is useless to expect that religion will influence secular affairs. The current of human life, with its manifold interests, will sweep on its course, indifferent to all the appeals and argumentations of priests or presbyters. But, standing on this foundation, all life becomes religious. Life here will consist in following Jesus. Life hereafter will be to see Him as He is; to be with Him; to be like Him. Religion, then, is not a matter of words that clever men can dispute about. It is the supreme reality. Its relation to the subordinate realities of secular life is the next point to be clearly understood.

The relation is not of one form to another, but of spirit to all forms. As far as the religious and the secular are separate spheres, they are not independent, much less hostile, but concentric. They revolve round one axis, have one centre and one law of life.

Historically, this has not been their relative positions. Christianity has often been regarded as formal, rather than spiritual; as having a department of its own distinct from and over against the department of ordinary life, which has been called, with more or less accentuation, 'the world.' Even when regarded as spiritual, its object has been held to be not so much the development of humanity in the school of this world, to all its rightful issues, as the deliverance of man from future penalties and his preparation for future bliss. And as the future is eternal and the present temporal, the interest of the present were felt to be insignificant, and the religious man was described as trampling upon and despising the present, and longing for the future world. It is not to be wondered at that Christianity developed in this direction when the powers of this world were leagued against it, and sought to destroy it by persecutions that followed each other in quick succession. And subsequently,

when floods of barbarians overwhelmed the monuments of ancient civilization, and the Church, immediately after winning the Roman empire, had to control hordes who could be appealed to only through the senses and the imagination, it is not to be wondered at that religion felt it necessary to retreat behind mysteries into which superstition dared not penetrate, and to present itself to the senses as a vast organization more august than the kingdoms of earth. Secular life was allowed its sphere, sordid, earthy, brutal, violent. Religion had its own sphere, unrelated to the other, and where it was supposed no one breathed aught save the atmosphere of heaven. But this disruption of the secular and the religious proved fatal to both. Horrible are the true pictures of mediæval secular life; the all but universal ignorance, filth, violence, lust, lit up by the lurid light of superstition. Equally horrible the pictures of mediæval religious life, even to him who discerns the soul of beauty and good in those 'ages of faith;' developments of unnatural asceticism, side by side with spiritual pride, and priestly craft, and a love of power that towered to heaven, and besides which the ambitions of barons and kaisers seemed contemptible; enforced poverty, enforced celibacy, the hair shirt, the iron girdle, side by side with the forged decretals, interdicts, Canossa, the triple crown. Mediæval Art reveals to us the saintship of the Middle Ages, and even when we admire the faith, we shrink back from the unnatural manifestations. At length, religion, divorced from ordinary life, became divorced from morality. When Borgias issued interdicts; when monasteries became the homes of ignorance and sensuality, revolt had to take place. Humanity had been outraged intellectually and spiritually. Accordingly the revolt assumed two phases, the Renaissance and the Reformation. The two movements, sympathetic at first, did not understand each other,

because they did not understand the whole content of humanity. The one ignored the spiritual, the other did not do full justice to the secular. And so the two sides of our nature, the two spheres in which we all live, were not and have not yet been harmonized. Religion rejected asceticism, but was still unwilling to admit secular life as divine, or a sphere as capable of being divinized as its own chosen sphere. Was not the world the home of sin? Alas! sin comes a good deal nearer us than that. Sin is within, not without. While in the heart, it enters with us into the sanctuary or closet as readily as into the counting-house, or the opera house. When cast out of the heart, then the world is seen filled with divine order and purpose, its laws the thoughts of God, the work of life and the relations of society the appointed means of education. But it is not to be wondered at that this was not seen all at once. Slowly the education of the race proceeds, and well that it is so. Religion had so long assumed that the world was a desert, the enemy's country, and the body the soul's prison and enemy, that radically different conceptions could not be reached at once. Besides, when the pendulum, having swung so far in one direction, began in the case of general society to swing to the other extreme, religious men dreaded lest their newly-won freedom should degenerate into licentiousness. In the chosen parable of Puritanism, the world is therefore pictured as the City of Destruction, from which it is man's only duty to escape for his life. The relation of religion to secular life was still one of hostility, or, at the best, of watchfulness. Human ties, the work and play of life, the attractions of art, were believed to be on the whole inimical to religion. Did they not chain the heir of heaven to this dunghill earth? Did they not by their fascinations continually lure him from the gates of paradise? And so it came to pass that, at

one time or another, to the hurt of religion and to the hurt of the various departments of secular life, religion and industrialism, religion and politics, religion and literature, religion and art, religion and science, religion and culture have stood not shoulder to shoulder but on opposite sides, or at the best in the attitude of compromise and bare toleration of each other. It has been popularly felt in a confused kind of way that the Christian must be distinguished outwardly from 'the world,' by some badge of look, tone, dress, or manner; by something different from that which characterizes ordinary men; that his life should be hedged in by rules and restrictions positive and negative; that the soul should be on its guard, lest the fence round the sacred precincts of religion might be broken down; and that the very joys of family life were secular and to be suspected. I have heard that a law was enacted—not in a land ruled by kings, but in this land of liberty—prohibiting a man from kissing his wife on Sunday! When such a hard and fast line was drawn, men came to feel it almost as great an impropriety to read a religious book on Mondays, as to kiss their wives on Sundays.

It is difficult to say where this identification of religion with the formal has done most harm. We see its evil influences, not in Romanism only, but less or more in every Protestant Church; in the popular conception of the sacraments as talismans, and of the Bible as a book let down from heaven in the original Hebrew and Greek, if not exactly in King James' version, instead of a literature that took shape under unique literary and historical conditions which are only now being fully considered; in the conception of Christianity as an arbitrary scheme rather than light from heaven delightful to the spiritual eye, food from heaven that alone can satisfy and that satisfies abundantly the spiritual necessities of humanity; in the Church's lack of spontaneity and of heroism; in its

timidity in the presence of great social questions, or even of very small questions; in its frequent preference of repression over the educational development, and of 'thou shalt not,' over the much more important 'thou shalt;' in the divorce between the religion, and the commercial, political, and international life of Christian nations; in a secularized literature and in namby-pamby attempts to Christianize literature; in the ignoring of art, and in the too frequent attitude of hostility to science betrayed by a tone of irritation, suspicion, or depreciation regarding eminent scientific men indulged in by people from whom better things might be expected. For dislike to science on the part of truly religious men is especially irrational; uneasiness displayed when new facts are discovered, or new theories broached—it may be only as working theories—especially humiliating, and calculated to remind sceptics of the attitude assumed by the monks three or four centuries ago towards those dangerous languages—Greek and Hebrew. It is not merely neutrality that science has a right to expect at the hands of religion, but boundless encouragement and favour. The alarm into which sections of the Church have again and again been thrown by astronomy, geology, and indeed by every new science, and the passive resistance offered to increase of knowledge is simply bewildering to one who has correct conceptions of the proper sphere of religion. Nothing has done more to discredit all religion with the partly-educated working classes, who, though unable to distinguish the real state of the case, are shrewd enough to infer that only they are opposed to science, who believe that science is opposed to them. Naturally enough, many scientific men have become coarse, arrogant and one-sided in their turn; and so, instead of theologians determining the boundaries of science by the Bible, we now more frequently have scientific men excluding religion from the sphere

of the knowable, unless it meekly submits to its tests of prayer-gauges in hospitals, and the crucibles and retorts of the laboratory.

In giving this historical sketch of the actual relations that have existed between religion and the various departments of secular life, there is, of course, no intention of depreciating the great ones of other days on whose shoulders we stand. Those who subdued the Roman Empire and won it for Jesus Christ; those who, out of the raw material of savage Lombards, Huns, Goths, Wends, Slavs, Saxons, Northmen, laid the foundations of European Christianity; those Reformers and Puritans to whom we owe the freedom, the purity, and the power of modern life, we could not depreciate even if we would. Criticism itself is out of place until our deeds equal theirs. Let us clearly understand that Christianity came as a new life to a world corrupt and dying. The life had to contend with all opposing forces. In every age it won more or less of triumph. It alone lifted the world; it alone bore fruit. In our own modern times, too, we might almost say that it alone has been fruitful—fruitful in elevating man, in ensuring the purity of family life, political order, industrial development, philanthropic endeavour, missionary activity, educational development, and even scientific progress. There is scarcely a college in the New even as in the Old World that does not owe its existence directly or indirectly to the Church. That one fact ought to outweigh the fanaticisms of the more ignorant of theologians and religionists, were these multiplied an hundredfold. It shows that the Church has been guided by a wise instinct; that it knows that religion must be founded on the eternal principles of knowledge, connected with the highest purified convictions of humanity, and co-extensive with the race. As Matthew Arnold, whom no one will suspect of depreciating culture, puts it, 'Even now in this age, when more of

beauty and more of knowledge are so much needed, and knowledge at any rate is so highly esteemed, the revelation which rules the world, even now, is not Greece's revelation, but Judæa's; not the pre-eminence of art and science, but the pre-eminence of righteousness.*

But we are not called upon to praise or blame men. Apart from their deeds and what they left undone, their wisdom and their misconceptions, we must determine from the central thought and life of Christianity the ideal relation between it and our secular life. Here there can be no mistake. To Jesus nothing that came from the Father was common or unclean; that is, nothing was merely secular. To Him nature and humanity were reflections and embodiments of the Father's will; to be studied by the man of science, interpreted by the spiritually minded, loved by the artist and by all. Behold the lilies, the grass, the fowls, He says to us. The labours of husbandmen, vine-dressers, fishermen, householders, stewards, traders, are made to yield spiritual teaching. He does not preach like the ascetic or pietist, 'Do not seek for money, food, clothes, for you can do without such trifles; attend to the soul; that is the great thing.' No, but He does say, 'Have no heart-dividing cares about those things. Such cares only hinder work. Your Father knows that you need these things, and will He then withhold them from His children?' He consecrated nature and human life, work, ties and relationships. The Manichean view of life, even in the mild form of petty asceticisms in which we know it, divorces the kingdom of nature from the kingdom of grace, and by degrading the former deforms the latter. The secularist view of life denies that there is any kingdom of grace, and so robs nature of its meaning and beauty. For 'when heaven was above us, earth looked

* 'Literature and Dogma,' p. 356.

very lovely; when we came down on the earth, and believed that we had to do with nothing but it, earth became flat and dull; its trees, its flowers, its sunlight lost their charms; they became monotonous, more wearisome each day, because we could not see beyond them.' To Jesus the kingdoms of nature and grace always appeared in their ideal unity. The Author of the one was the Author of the other. He had made the one to correspond with and lead up to the other. Man had broken the divine unity and harmony. The Son of Man came to restore that which had been broken.

The relation of religion to the secular, then, is the relation of a law of life to all the work of life. This law of life is not a catechism, not a dogma, but a spiritual power or influence. Its relation to the secular is not arbitrary, but natural; not statical, but dynamical; not mechanical, but spiritual. Freedom is the condition of its healthful action.

Let us define this law of life. It is the old law, old as humanity, which yet is new; the old law of love, the full meaning and extent of which, Godward and manward, is shown in and by the cross. It is the child's love to the Father, and to the Father's children, and to the Father's works and purposes. Love means self-renunciation, and self-renunciation implies the new birth.

He in whom this law of life is supreme, and who carries it victoriously into every department of life with which he has to do, is truly a religious man. Religionists seem to fancy that it can survive only in the atmosphere of the sanctuary, the prayer-meeting, the conference, the church court, or in directly religious work. Not to speak of the fact that it is sometimes conspicuously absent from those spheres, perhaps because it went into them unproved, deprived of the discipline of common life, there can be no doubt that such a theory dishonours that which it pretends to honour. Both

religious and secular life suffer accordingly. Secular life becomes mean, spiritual life hampered and twisted by arbitrary restrictions and minute observances. The resultant type of manhood and womanhood—the true test of the theory—is far from being the highest. It is apt to give us the Pharisee, the fanatic, or at best the inoffensive and goody man, instead of heroes; the gossip, back-biting, holy horror, and sleek self-satisfaction of the religious tea-table, instead of the acts of the apostles; the suppression of truth, the self-glorification, the spiritual pride, the teaching of whom to suspect, the malice of the denominational coterie, instead of the inspiration that should ever be breathing from the Church of Christ upon a world lying in wickedness. Religion and conduct must be harmonized in every individual, or one being is divided into two beings, with different faces and pulling different ways. Such a division is fatal. You cannot split a man into two without killing him. The different sides of our nature, like the different periods of our life, should be bound each to each by natural piety. Work should be prayerful, and prayer true work; all life a psalm, and praise the breath of life, for the Christian's life is love, and love is the only sufficient source of happiness.

This law of life is not a formula, however sacred; not a dogma constructed laboriously by the intellect in councils oecumenical or national, but 'a force, a sap pervading the whole of life. It is at bottom not a book, though it has a book for basis and support. It is an unique but new fact that occupies the heart and moulds the conduct, . . . a fact which, when accepted, changes the whole position of man, operates a revolution in his entire being, moves, draws, renews him.'*

This law of life acts not by mechanical rules, which are the same in all

* Viue's 'Outlines of Theology,' p. 131.

circumstances, but under the inspiration of the living spirit of wisdom which discerns the signs of the times—a spirit which Pharisees never possess, and for not possessing which Jesus declares them blameworthy. It can be gloriously inconsistent. At one time it refuses to circumcise Titus, though such a refusal threatens the unity of the whole apostolic church. At another time, the principle of toleration having been established, it spontaneously circumcises Timothy simply to conciliate prejudiced people. In one chapter it says, 'Eat whatsoever is sold in the shambles;' in another, 'I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to stumble.' To the Jews it becomes a Jew, to the Greeks it becomes a Greek. In the nineteenth century it would become a Hindoo or Chinaman to gain the Hindoos or Chinese, grandly indifferent to the reproach of inconsistency. For centuries it may cherish a sacred symbol. When the symbol is turned into an idol, it sees that it is only a bit of brass, and grinds it to powder. In one age it consecrates the wealth of provinces to build a cathedral. It paints 'storied windows, richly dight,' and sings grand chorales like the sound of many waters. In another, it hardly regrets to see the cathedral desecrated and the windows broken. It calls the organ 'a kist fu' o' whistles,' and delights only in Rouse's version of the Psalms. When kindlier days come again, it restores cathedrals, listens to voluntaries, joins in chants, and sets committees of General Assembly to work laboriously to compile hymn-books. When ordered to use only strange forms of prayer, that teach what is thought to be contrary to sound doctrine, it will have nothing to do with liturgical forms at all; when Christian liberty is fully conceded, it will gladly avail itself in public worship of everything that the congregation finds to be helpful. So too in all other departments of life it discerns the

signs of the times. At one time it imposes oaths and obligations to conformity and sacramental observances on all officials; at another, it abolishes the oaths and the obligations alike. Eternal principles guide it in legislation, but the application of these principles is determined by the changing circumstances of the people and the times. When capital forgets its responsibilities, religion takes its stand on the side of labour, and speaks with no uncertain voice. When labour forgets, it asserts the rights of capital and the inviolability of economic laws. One day it reminds us of the sacredness of authority; the next, it dies for liberty. To day it pleads for man in the name of God, to-morrow for God in the name of man. At one time it preaches the gospel of peace, at another it invokes the Lord of Hosts and goes forth to war. All the time it is gloriously consistent, just as nature is consistent that gives the light and the darkness, the summer and the winter, the many-voiced laughter of the sunlit sea and the storm-wrack mingling sea and sky; just as God is consistent who gives to the world one day John the Baptist and the next day Jesus of Nazareth. But even blockheads' eyes are sharp enough to see that there is a difference, and so they cry out, 'Inconsistency,' 'Treachery to ordination vows,' and such like. Unfortunately too, blockheads as a rule have loud voices—to make up for their lack in other respects—and they delight to make themselves heard in the marketplace. The noise prevents the calm voice of wisdom from being heard. Men get violently excited. Legitimate development is rendered impossible, and so, instead of reform we get revolution, with all its sad accompaniments.

All this is very vague, it may be said. A precisian desires specific rules. I know no way of satisfying the precisian save by assigning to him a spiritual director, into whose hands let him surrender his own personality as the price of rest for his soul. The

director will tell him exactly what to do, and exactly how far to go on each occasion that arises. Of course this means spiritual slavery—that is, the destruction of religion—for Christianity appeals to the individual, and individuality means liberty. Religion must be rooted in the essence of the individual, in his spirit, by which he is linked to the divine spirit. It can live only in the atmosphere of liberty. Liberty is its basis and its breath. Only in an atmosphere of liberty can religion live. Then it works wonders, even though dogmatically incomplete. It controls conduct by divine right, speaks with 'the dogmatism of a God,' calls upon men to follow it, and men obey.

With regard to conduct, then, which we are rightly told is three-fourths of life, no more precise rule can be given than that the individual must obey his own conscience, not another's. His conscience is another name for his spiritual life or the life of Christ in his soul. Is he living, or has he only a name to live? That must be for him the first great question. How can he know? The test Christ gives is, Does he obey, and obeying find His commandments not grievous? Such obedience, I believe, was never as widespread as it is to-day. Christianity is permeating secular life as it never did before. There are appearances to the contrary, of which the newspapers naturally enough make the most; but the very outcry proves that these are exceptions. For example, the excesses of the Turks in Bulgaria three years ago sealed the doom of their empire in Europe. Better for the Sultan had his armies lost half a dozen battles. But three or four centuries ago the armies of the most Catholic and Christian kings considered such atrocities the ordinary usages and rights of war. Even in war men have now to remember that they are not wholly brutes. As the bounds of freedom have widened, religion has woven itself in with the warp and woof of the people's life.

Religion has become less a dogma or ritual, and more of a life. 'The lower classes in this country care as little for the dogmas of Christianity as the higher classes care for its practice,' said Mr. John Bright, lately, with righteous scorn of what he believed to be sham zeal for religion. The same lower classes preferred to starve, and even to see their wives and children 'clemmed,' rather than get work and bread at the price of the recognition of American slavery by their country. There is more true religion and even decorum in the average mechanics' institute, or co-operative society, or working men's reading-room or club, or farmer's grange of to-day, as I have seen them, than there was in the average religious organization of some centuries ago, or in some that still exist. Scepticism itself has become not only moral, but almost religious in its language. But our advance only shows us how far we are from the ideal Jesus sets before us. The nineteenth century has still to learn from Him. Do we as a people take His law into society, trade, industry, politics? We do not. Some one will say, we would be counted fools if we did. I doubt it. But even if we were, ought that to settle the matter? Certainly not, if Jesus be to us the supreme reality, not a word only.

Again, with regard to science, scholarship, art, which make up the remaining fourth of life, liberty is also essential. Their claims on their students are as absolute as the claims of conscience over conduct. A man's science may be wrong, his scholarship inaccurate, his art false. He and we can find out that it is so, only when we have faith in the truth so absolute that we believe that the only cure for the evils caused by liberty is a little more liberty.

In a word, without liberty there cannot be religion, and without religion life loses inspiration, and society loses cohesion. Without liberty there cannot be science, scholarship, nor art,

and without these, life loses beauty, and humanity loses the hope of progress. The more fully we trust religion, the more it vindicates our trust. It will govern all life; it will go down to the pettiest details and the most vulgar secularities, and consecrate them. But to do so it must be free.

It may be asked here, is not the relation of religion to various departments of secular life complicated when we consider man not as an individual but as a member of society? When a man joins even a guild or trades-union, does he not part with a portion of his liberty the better to secure the rest? 'It is not telling a lie, it is only voting with your party:' is not this a legitimate plea in politics? Must not the statesman have a code of morals for the sphere of diplomacy—home and international—different from that which binds him in private life? Can a church exist if its members ask for the same liberty that those who constructed its dogmas enjoyed, the liberty of expressing their religious life not only in the language of a past age, but in a form flowing from, and exactly representing, their own characteristic life and thought? Does not the Head of the Church sometimes need our silence or our lie?

The precise question is, whether or not the liberty that religion demands as the condition of its life is consistent with political and ecclesiastical organization.

As regards politics, the citizen's difficulty is not with the nation, but with his party. What is the constitution of any free nation but the expression of the nation's life? The proudest boast of any constitution is that it has not been made, but has grown. Its next boast should be that it has the promise and potency of indefinite growth, that it can expand with the expanding life of the nation, without the necessity of revolutions. Revolution means that the nation has grown and that the constitution cannot expand. Nations will grow, and con-

stitutions can expand accordingly, only in a free atmosphere. The nation therefore should encourage the utmost liberty of thought in political matters as the necessary condition of its peaceful development. Party organization may be thought incapable of allowing such liberty, because party aims at immediate and definite results. He that will not submit to its platform must be read out of the party. But political wisdom dictates the most sparing exercise of this power. The critics may see rocks ahead, of which they are warning the party they have long been connected with; and to cast them out is not the way to encourage others to watch. The Trojans did not heed Cassandra, but they did not expel her from the city. That party remains powerful which best understands the signs of the times. The reason why they often do not understand is because they treat criticism as rebellion, and instead of welcoming light see only what they wish to see. No party then should demand the sacrifice of liberty from its adherents, and no citizen should make the sacrifice. The interests of his party require him to be free; much more the interests of the commonwealth; much more his own interests.

As regards ecclesiastical organization also, the Christian's difficulty is not with the ideal Catholic Church—about which there ought to be no question, for 'where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,'—but with the particular section of the Church with which he is connected. What then is the object for which any church as an organization exists? For the development in its members of religious life, and the dissemination of that life by preaching the Gospel to those who are without. But we have seen that religious life is impossible without liberty. There may be marvellous organization; there may be a dogmatic system that the intellect has accepted as the best possible compromise; there may be superstition that calls itself devotion,

and fanaticism that calls itself zeal for the truth, and all these for a time may do wonderful works; but religion, the life of the free spirit, going forth into secular life, as assured of the reality on which it is based as it is of the realities of sense, and equally assured that the relation of the two realities is that of supreme to subordinate, such religion is impossible without liberty. The very suspicion that it dare not think out every subject, that it dare not investigate every province, deprives it of its divine power. The Church therefore that opposes itself to the demand for the fullest liberty of thought, and the results of the most exact scholarship, opposes itself to religion. It gives aid and comfort to those who denounce religion as a clerical imposture. There are tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of hard-headed working men who think thus of religion; and—with sorrow let us confess—religious men have at one time or another given them some cause for so thinking. To connect questions of criticism with the cause of religion; to prohibit inquiry, and inquiry is prohibited when the critic is forbidden to publish the results of inquiry, lest those whose faith stands not in the power of God but in the wisdom of men should be 'unsettled,' or when he must submit to the severest pains and penalties that the civilization of the age will tolerate, unless he come to certain previously understood conclusions, is inconsistent with the idea of religion at any time.

But in our time such a position is directly fatal to the cause it professes to befriend. It puts religion at once out of court with free men; for in every other region where inquiry is possible, thought is absolutely unfettered and reason is trusted. Men have come to the conclusions that the human mind is the only organ for discovering truth, and that truth can take care of itself; that baseless theories perish soonest when least noticed; and

that the only way to correct the mistakes of scholarship and speculation is by a riper scholarship and more fearless and comprehensive thought.

This is a large liberty that religion claims. Less will not suffice, if religion is to be the supreme force in human character and life. As a matter of course, men who exalt the traditional above the spiritual will refuse the claim. They point to the excesses, seen of all, that accompany the reign of liberty in Church and State, and declare that salvation requires repression, by 'sect-craft' or 'state force.' There are thousands of men, for instance, who, as they read choice extracts of various effusions, spoken and published every day from the Pine State to the Golden Gate, are honestly convinced that this Republic is going headlong to ruin, and that its government is on the eve of overthrow. Let them know that, on the contrary, to this very fact of boundless liberty alone is the country indebted for its stability; that the government acknowledges the kingship of all freemen, and declares all men free, just because it is based not on arbitrary authority, but on the authority of reason and morality. In the same way men of weak faith dread discussions and differences of opinion in the Church. Let them learn to have more faith. Let them know that the Church is based on the rock which is Christ.

The only possible religion for man is Christianity, because it alone can stand all the tests of philosophy, science, history, and life. No other religion can stand those impartial tests. Is any Church more fitted than ours, by its essential principles, to accept them fully and frankly, to occupy the lofty ground of liberty resting securely on the possession of absolute spiritual truth, and so, winning the confidence of all Christians, become the wide and beautiful Church of the future? Let us be true to our history. Our fathers had a higher ambition than to form one of a number of sects. Let the

Church truly believe that the truth it preaches can alone save the world ; let it fearlessly allow the widest liberty consistent with the acknowledgment of the central fact that constitutes Christianity, and it will best solve the problem of the right relations in which religion should stand to secular life. Knowing only Jesus Christ and Him crucified, it has the key to all life. Truly inspired by, and altogether satisfied with, this faith, what new victories would the Church gain? It would precipitate itself upon the world

instead of keeping snugly and respectably within its own lines. It would aim at what the timid would pronounce impossibilities. It would dare all things. It would give not a tenth, not a half, but all to Christ. By sublime deeds it would vindicate itself as the Church of the living God. 'The religion of God, if there be one, cannot tolerate mediocrity ; the mediocre is the false.'*

* Vinet's 'Outlines of Theology,' p. 117.

THE AFTERGLOW.

BY GOWAN LEA.

IT is the afterglow. The dying sun
 Went down behind yon distant purple hill
 Where sleep the quiet dead, while breezes still
 A solemn requiem chant ere day be done.
 Full o'er the city yet, in beauty rare,
 Shine rosy beams that touch the countless spires,
 And play upon the rushing river there,
 Illume the leaden sky with crimson fires
 More splendid far than when at noontide hour
 The sun was in the zenith of his power.

O dead and gone—is this the afterglow !
 From hidden moss-grown graves behind yon hill
 A soft effulgence seemeth yet to flow—
 A subtle tie that binds us closer still,
 And kindles in our spirits' clouded skies
 A fire of hope that never, never dies :
 Bright picture unto which souls troubled-tossed
 Have turned in holy contemplation lost,
 Forgetting earth's wild turmoil, hate, and strife,
 To dream a dream of love's unending life.

ONLY AN ACCIDENT !

BY "290," TORONTO.

LIVING day after day, and month after month, in a large and populous city, one seldom stops to think : How are other people living ? We see those around us do what every day we do ourselves. We see them do the same things in the same way that we do them, and in ways differing from our way. We see them do things that we never have done, and never could do. We see all this, and yet we rarely stop to consider the guiding principle or the motive for the infinity of actions which are going on around us all the time.

A week or two ago, with a thought of this kind, I wandered down to one of the large wharves of our city, where several steamers and other craft were being loaded and unloaded. Everywhere was activity and bustle, and all was in seeming confusion, until one looked carefully around, and, in a measure, analyzed the scene which here presented itself. Numberless barrels, rolled one after another by numberless pairs of hands, came out of one of the steamers; it was wonderful to see how, from the comparatively small area of one of those vessels such quantities of barrels could be brought. It was more like the miraculous multiplication of cards in a wizard's box than an example of ordinary, everyday, business-like reality. How quickly they took up all the available space on the wharf ! A moment before, where stood a surging mass of people, was now only the level tops of barrels, with a narrow lane between. Down this lane a nervous old lady, with more bandboxes tied with string than nature had provided her with fingers to hang them on, was struggling and evidently

vociferating, for you could hear nothing but the roar of escaping steam. One could not look at the excited old lady for half a minute, without being conscious of the futility of her efforts, while at the same time you found yourself elbowed aside by an authoritative official, or perhaps by a still more excited old woman than the one whom you had been observing so intently.

Just over there, on the edge of the wharf, some men are taking out empty boxes from another vessel, and piling them up one above the other. They look as if they were erecting impromptu defences against the encroachments of the barrels, they build so rapidly. They always put the top box up so high, that you could only just touch it with your stick. How the men manage to put it there without using a step-ladder is amazing. No one knows how it is done but the men themselves, and they could not explain it, even if you had courage, in the busy excitement, to ask such a question.

One of the steamers has stopped 'blowing off,' and is ready to start. In a moment the cord from the wheelhouse to the whistle vibrates, and a deafening noise is the result. It is the signal to leave. That boat makes close connections with two rival railways, and is very fast. She is crowded with passengers to-day. See 'there, upon the upper deck a gentleman is standing with two ladies ; he is beckoning to some one on the wharf. It is not hard to see who he is calling. In and out among the boxes and barrels, jumping over everything that obstructs him, through the crowd of bystanders with marvellous rapidity glides

a small ragged figure, carrying newspapers. Before the child gets to the boat, the gangways are drawn in, at least the aft gangway is, and the other is just being moved. He springs on board, but is stopped by one of the 'hands.' He breaks away from his captor, and is off up stairs. As he does so, the gong in the engine-room sounds twice, and the huge wheel begins slowly to turn, splashing and throwing the dark, dirty water of the dock into a thousand shining gems, as the great vessel glides off with its innumerable figures, its creaking fenders, and its dripping ropes. That little fellow will be carried away—No! there he is again—surely he can easily jump that distance; but he is again stopped by one of the 'hands' who caught him as he was going in, but only for a moment, then he steps back, makes a sudden run and jumps—he misses the wharf, and down beneath that splashing, dripping, resistless wheel, sinks in the blinding, white, flowing foam that seems to boil and bubble and hiss at the wheel. Several men rush to the side of the wharf, and several run to the side of the boat. In the confusion several voices call to the captain, but the boat does not stop. No! Why should it? The captain has to make his connection with the rival railways, and it would be ruinous to be late. Oh! man, stop; for God's sake, stop, even if you do no good now; stop and show some pity and sorrow for the sake of our common humanity. No, think of the number of people who would be *inconvenienced* if they missed the connection. Oh stay!—No, no, no, a ragged scrap of humanity may have the precious life beaten out of it beneath the wheels of our cars of Juggernaut, but a modern civilized steamboat-company *must not* fail in its engagements!

The white foam, sparkling in the sun, turns to the dark, muddy water again, as a little head shows above its surface. There he is. Oh, quick or you will be too late! A scow, un-

steadily rowed by an old man, is the first of several boats to come, and as quickly as the old man can do it (but he is very slow), the poor boy is lifted out of the water. Several willing hands reach out and take him from the scow and carry him under a shed out of the sun, and lay him on the top of some of the merchandise, for there is no nearer shelter. His tattered garments, dripping with water, are taken off, and he is wrapped in a piece of old canvas while medical aid is sent for.

'The paddle-wheel must have struck his head,' says a sympathizing person. 'He shouldn't have gone on when the boat was starting,' says a cynical one. Well, perhaps he shouldn't, but this is not the time to upbraid him. How few of us ever stop to consider the motive for the infinity of actions which are going on around us all the time. That little right hand clasped so tightly may help us to understand him, poor boy, if we can only read aright. At length he opens his eyes and asks 'Where am I?' It were a charity to tell him he is near another world; but he knows that. He opens his eyes again, clear blue eyes they are. 'Tell me, my poor little fellow,' I say, 'what made you go on board just as the boat was starting?' A strange question at such a time. 'Cos father's drunk and mother's sick, and if I didn't get it for 'em nobody'd get it,' he replies slowly and painfully. 'Is it going to rain?' he asks. 'No, my boy, the sun is shining brightly.' 'It is getting so dark.' He closes his eyes wearily for some time, and then slowly opens them again. 'Will somebody give this to mother—in my hand?' Yes, in that hand, clasped so tightly, is the last earnings he will ever get. Time is going; but the doctor has not come yet. 'Do you know that you can't see your mother again to-night?' I ask as kindly as I can. Yes, he knows that, poor child. He speaks again. 'Tell father not to get drunk or mo-

ther will die. I'm so cold—It must be going to rain—dark.' The reply, full of tender words of pity and hope, fall only on a dull, cold ear. Alone in the shadow, under a projecting eave, lies a motionless figure. The light from the water throws fantastic figures upon the wall, which float and dance, and glide about, mimicking the restless water, but they come not into that deep shadow to disturb him. The mighty vessel, with all its iron heartlessness, now but a speck upon the horizon, only visible by its trail of dense black smoke, has left behind it a darker shadow—one that cannot be dispelled.

The doctor comes now, but can do nothing. Nor can any of the watchers do anything for him now, except unclasp his little hand, and take the hard-earned pence for his mother. How very tightly his hand is clasped about the coppers. 'Why did he not let go the money and try to save himself?' Why not? How few of us

ever look for the motive of an action below the surface. A child of a drunken father, and, at that age, the breadwinner of a family! How could he let any of the means of their support go? How dare he let it go? A child, and yet feeling the responsibility resting upon him, must even die before he can lose the only means of support for a worse than widowed mother. He has died; but he has kept his trust.

A news-boy killed at one of the wharves of a large city! The great dailies may not even record the fact; but whether the city knows it or not, that tightly-clasped hand tells of an action as noble as that ever performed by man. What more could he do? What more can man do? What more has man ever done? than try, with all the resistless purpose of an indomitable will, that death itself cannot conquer, to carry out a right purpose, and to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

'A MINISTER OF GRACE.'

BY SARA DUNCAN.

WE call thee Sympathy, in our rude tongue,
 Discerning not thy lovelier, heaven-giv'n name
 Whereby the angels know thee. In no wise
 May we command thee—thou art subtly born
 Of soul-similitude, or common grief;
 Yet souls for lack of thee must daily die!
 Thou lurkest in the warmth of clasping hands,
 The inner life of human brotherhood,
 And often shinest glorious in a tear!
 Thou sharest half, and soothest all, their pain,
 And from the depths men mutely cry to thee,
 All empty-hearted if thou comest not!

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.*

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, B. A.

CHAPTER I.

EFFECT OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CHANGES ON MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

SHOULD the title of this review come by any chance under the notice of some of those learned gentlemen who are delving among Greek roots or working out abstruse mathematical problems in the great academic seats on the banks of the Cam or Isis, they would probably wonder what can be said on the subject of the intellectual development of a people engaged in the absorbing practical work of a Colonial dependency. To such eminent scholars Canada is probably only remarkable as a country where even yet there is, apparently, so little sound scholarship that vacancies in classical and mathematical chairs have to be frequently filled by gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in the Universities of the parent state. Indeed, if we are to judge from articles and books that ap-

pear from time to time in England with reference to this country, Englishmen in general know very little of the progress that has been made in culture since Canada has become the most important dependency of Great Britain, by virtue of her material progress within half a century. Even the Americans who live alongside of us, and would be naturally supposed to be pretty well informed as to the progress of the Dominion to their north, appear for the most part ignorant of the facts of its development in this particular. It was but the other day that a writer of some ability, in an organ of religious opinion, referred to the French Canadians as a people speaking only inferior French, and entirely wanting in intellectual vigour. Nor is this fact surprising when we consider that there are even some Canadians who do not appear to have that knowledge which they ought to have on such a subject, and take many opportunities of concealing their ignorance by depreciating the intellectual efforts of their countrymen. If so much ignorance or indifference prevails with respect to the progress of Canada in this respect, it must be admitted—however little flattering the admission may be to our national pride—that it is, after all, only the natural sequel of colonial obscurity. It is still a current belief abroad—at least in Europe—that we are all so much occupied with the care of our material interests, that we are so

* This series of articles has been prepared in accordance with a plan, marked out by the writer some years ago, of taking up from time to time certain features of the social, political, and industrial progress of Canada. Papers on the Maritime Industry and the National Development of Canada have been already published in England and Canada, and have been so favourably received by the Press of both countries that the writer has felt encouraged to continue in the same course of study, and supplement his previous efforts by an historical review of the Intellectual Progress of the Canadian People.

deeply absorbed by the grosser conditions of existence in a new country, that we have little opportunity or leisure to cultivate those things which give refinement and tone to social life. Many persons lose sight of the fact that Canada, young though she is compared with the countries of the Old World, has passed beyond the state of mere colonial pupillage. One very important section of her population has a history contemporaneous with the history of the New England States whose literature is read wherever the English tongue is spoken. The British population have a history which goes back over a century, and it is the record of an industrious, enterprising people who have made great political and social progress. Indeed it may be said that the political and material progress that these two sections of the Canadian people have conjointly made is of itself an evidence of their mental capacity. But whilst reams are written on the industrial progress of the Dominion with the praiseworthy object of bringing additional capital and people into the country, only an incidental allusion is made now and then to the illustrations of mental activity which are found in its schools, in its press, and even in its literature. It is now the purpose of the present writer to show that, in the essential elements of intellectual development, Canada is making, not a rapid, but certainly at least a steady and encouraging, progress which proves that her people have not lost, in consequence of the decided disadvantages of their colonial situation, any of the characteristics of the races to whom they owe their origin. He will endeavour to treat the subject in the spirit of an impartial critic, and confine himself as closely as possible to such facts as illustrate the character of the progress, and give much encouragement for the future of a country, even now only a little beyond the infancy of its material as well as intellectual development.

It is necessary to consider first the conditions under which the Dominion has been peopled, before proceeding to follow the progress of intellectual culture. So far, the history of Canada may be divided into three memorable periods of political and social development. The first period lasted during the years of French dominion; the second, from the Conquest to the Union of 1840, during which the provinces were working out representative institutions; the third, from 1840 to 1867, during which interval the country enjoyed responsible government, and entered on a career of material progress only exceeded by that of the great nation on its borders. Since 1867, Canada has commenced a new period in her political development, the full results of which are yet a problem, but which the writer believes, in common with all hopeful Canadians, will tend eventually to enlarge her political condition, and place her in a higher position among communities. It is only necessary, however, to refer particularly to the three first periods in this introductory chapter, which is merely intended to show as succinctly as possible those successive changes in the social and political circumstances of the provinces, which have necessarily had the effect of stimulating the intellectual development of the people.

Religion and commerce, poverty and misfortune, loyalty and devotion to the British Empire, have brought into the Dominion of Canada, the people who, within a comparatively short period of time, have won from the wilderness a country whose present condition is the best evidence of their industrial activity. Religion was a very potent influence in the settlement of New France. It gave to the country—to the Indian as well as to the Frenchman—the services of a zealous, devoted band of missionaries who, with unflinching courage, forced their way into the then trackless West, and associated their names to all time,

with the rivers, lakes, and forests of that vast region, which is now the most productive granary of the world. In the wake of these priestly pioneers followed the trader and adventurer to assist in solving the secrets of unknown rivers and illimitable forests. From the hardy peasantry of Normandy and Brittany came reinforcements to settle the lands on the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributary rivers, and lay the foundations of the present province of Quebec. The life of the population, that, in the course of time, filled up certain districts of the province, was one of constant restlessness and uncertainty which prevented them ever attaining a permanent prosperity. When the French régime disappeared with the fall of Quebec and Montreal, it can hardly be said there existed a Canadian people distinguished for material or intellectual activity. At no time under the government of France, had the voice of the 'habitants' any influence in the councils of their country. A bureaucracy, acting directly under the orders of the King of France, managed public affairs, and the French Canadian of those times, very unlike his rival in New England, was a mere automaton, without any political significance whatever. The communities of people that were settled on the St. Lawrence and in Acadia were sunk in an intellectual lethargy—the natural consequence not only of their hard struggle for existence, but equally of their inability to take a part in the government of the country. It was impossible that a people who had no inducement to study public affairs—who could not even hold a town or parish-meeting for the establishment of a public school, should give many signs of mental vigour. Consequently, at the time of the Conquest, the people of the Canadian settlements seemed to have no aspirations for the future, no interest in the prosperity or welfare of each other, no real bonds of unity. The very flag which floated above them

was an ever present evidence of their national humiliation.

So the first period of Canadian history went down amid the deepest gloom, and many years passed away before the country saw the gleam of a brighter day. On one side of the English Channel, the King of France soon forgot his mortification at the loss of an unprofitable 'region of frost and snow'; on the other side, the English Government looked with indifference, now that the victory was won, on the acquisition of an alien people who were likely to be a source of trouble and expense. Then occurred the War of American Independence, which aroused the English Ministry from their indifference and forced into the country many thousands of resolute, intelligent men, who gave up everything in their devotion to one absorbing principle of loyalty. The history of these men is still to be written as respects their real influence on the political and social life of the Canadian Provinces. A very superficial review, however, of the characteristics of these pioneers will shew that they were men of strong opinions and great force of character—valuable qualities in the formation of a new community. If, in their Toryism, they and their descendants were slow to change their opinions and to yield to the force of those progressive ideas, necessary to the political and mental development of a new country, yet, perhaps, these were not dangerous characteristics at times when republicanism had not a few adherents among those who saw the greater progress and prosperity of the people to the south of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. These men were not ordinary immigrants, drawn from the ignorant, poverty-stricken classes of an old world; they were men of a time which had produced Otis, Franklin, Adams, Hancock and Washington—men of remarkable energy and intellectual power. Not a few of these men formed in the Cana-

dian colony little centres from which radiated more or less of intellectual light to brighten the prevailing darkness of those rough times of Canadian settlement. The exertions of these men, combined with the industry of others brought into the country by the hope of making homes and fortunes in the New World, opened up, in the course of years, the fertile lands of the West. Then two provinces were formed in the East and West, divided by the Ottawa River, and representative government was conceded to each. The struggles of the majority to enlarge their political liberties and break the trammels of a selfish bureaucracy illustrate the new mental vigour that was infused into the French Canadian race by the concession of the parliamentary system of 1792. The descendants of the people who had no share whatever in the government under French rule had at last an admirable opportunity of proving their capacity for administering their own affairs, and the verdict of the present is, that, on the whole, whatever mistakes were committed by their too ardent and impulsive leaders, they showed their full appreciation of the rights that were justly theirs as the people of a free colonial community. Their minds expanded with their new political existence, and a new people were born on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

At the same time the English-speaking communities of Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces advanced in mental vigour with the progress of the struggle for more liberal institutions. Men of no ordinary intellectual power were created by that political agitation which forced the most indifferent from that mental apathy, natural perhaps to a new country, where a struggle for mere existence demands such unflagging physical exertion. It is, however, in the new era that followed the Union that we find most evidence of the decided mental progress of the Canadian

communities. From that date the Canadian Provinces entered on a new period of industrial and mental activity. Old jealousies and rivalries between the different races of the country became more or less softened by the closer intercourse, social and political, that the Union brought about. During the fierce political conflicts that lasted for so many years in Lower Canada—those years of trial for all true Canadians—the division between the two races was not a mere line, but apparently a deep gulf, almost impossible to be bridged in the then temper of the contending parties. No common education served to remove and soften the differences of origin and language. The associations of youth, the sports of childhood, the studies by which the character of manhood is modified, were totally distinct.* With the Union of 1840, unpalatable as it was to many French Canadians who believed that the measure was intended to destroy their political autonomy, came a spirit of conciliation which tended to modify, in the course of no long time, the animosities of the past, and awaken a belief in the good will and patriotism of the two races, then working side by side in a common country, and having the same destiny in the future. And with the improvement of facilities for trade and intercourse, all sections were brought into those more intimate relations which naturally give an impulse not only to internal commerce, but to the intellectual faculties of a people.† During the first years of the settlement of Canada there was a vast amount of ignorance throughout the rural districts, especially in the west-

* Report of Lord Durham on Canada, pp. 14-15.

† Lord Macaulay says on the point: Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually, as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove natural and provincial antipathies and to bind together all the branches of the human family.

ern Province. Travellers who visited the country and had abundant opportunities of ascertaining its social condition, dwelt pointedly on the moral and intellectual apathy that prevailed outside a few places like York or other centres of intelligence; but they forgot to make allowance for the difficulties that surrounded these settlers. The isolation of their lives had naturally the effect of making even the better class narrow-minded, selfish, and at last careless of anything like refinement. Men who lived for years without the means of frequent communication with their fellow-men, without opportunities for social, instructive intercourse, except what they might enjoy at rare intervals through the visit of some intelligent clergyman or tourist, might well have little ambition except to satisfy the grosser wants of their nature. The post office, the school, and the church were only to be found, in the majority of cases, at a great distance from their homes. Their children, as likely as not, grew up in ignorance, even were educational facilities at hand; for in those days the parent had absolute need of his son's assistance in the avocations of pioneer life. Yet with all these disadvantages, these men displayed a spirit of manly independence and fortitude which was in some measure a test of their capacity for better things. They helped to make the country what it is, and to prepare the way for the larger population which came into it under more favourable auspices after the Union of 1840. From that time Canada received a decided impulse in everything that tends to make a country happy and prosperous. Cities, towns and villages sprung up with remarkable activity all over the face of the country, and vastly enlarged the opportunities for that social intercourse which of itself is an important factor in the education of a new country. At the same time, with the progress of the country in population and

wealth, there grew up a spirit of self-reliance which of itself attested the mental vigour of the people. Whilst England was still for many 'the old home,' rich in memories of the past, Canada began to be a real entity, as it were, a something to be loved, and to be proud of. The only reminiscences that very many had of the countries of their origin were reminiscences of poverty and wretchedness, and this class valued above all old national associations the comfort and independence, if not wealth, they had been able to win in their Canadian home. The Frenchman, Scotchman, Irishman, and Englishman, now that they had achieved a marked success in their pioneer work, determined that their children should not be behind those of New England, and set to work to build up a system of education far more comprehensive and liberal than that enjoyed by the masses in Great Britain. On all sides at last there were many evidences of the progress of culture, stimulated by the more generally diffused prosperity. It was only necessary to enter into the homes of the people, not in the cities and important centres of industry and education, but in the rural districts, to see the effects of the industrial and mental development within the period that elapsed from the Union of 1840 to the Confederation of 1867. Where a humble log cabin once rose among the black pine stumps, a comfortable, and in many cases expensive, mansion of wood or more durable material, had become the home of the Canadian farmer, who, probably in his early life, had been but a poor peasant in the mother country. He himself, whose life had been one of unremitting toil and endeavour, showed no culture, but his children reaped the full benefits of the splendid opportunities of acquiring knowledge afforded by the country which owed its prosperity to their father, and men like him. The homes of such men, in the most favoured districts, were no longer the abodes of rude industry,

but illustrative, in not a few cases, of that comfort and refinement which must be the natural sequence of the general distribution of wealth, the improvement of internal intercourse, and the growth of education.

When France no longer owned a foot of land in British North America, except two or three barren islets on the coast of Newfoundland, the total population of the provinces known now as Canada, was not above seventy thousand souls, nearly all French. From that time to 1840, the population of the different provinces made but a slow increase, owing to the ignorance that prevailed as to Canada, the indifference of English statesmen in respect to colonization, internal dissensions in the country itself, and its slow progress, as compared with the great republic on its borders. Yet, despite these obstacles to progress, by 1841 the population of Canada rose to nearly a million and a half, of whom, at least, fifty-five per cent. were French Canadians. Then the tide of immigration set in this direction, until, at last, the total population of Canada rose, in 1867, to between three and four millions, or an increase of more than a hundred per cent. in a quarter of a century. By the last Census of 1870, we have some idea of the national character of this population—more than eighty per cent. being Canadian by birth, and, consequently, identified in all senses of the term with the soil and prosperity of the country. Whilst the large proportion of the people are necessarily engaged in those industrial pursuits which are the basis of a country's material prosperity, the statistics show the rapid growth of the classes who live by mental labour, and who are naturally the leaders in matters of culture. The total number of the professional class in all the provinces was some 40,000, of whom 4,436 were clergymen, 109 judges, 264 professors, 3,000 advocates and notaries, 2,792 physicians and surgeons, 13,400 teachers, 451 civil engineers,

232 architects, and for the first time we find mention of a special class of artists and *littératures*, 590 in all, and these evidently do not include journalists, who would, if enumerated, largely swell the number.

Previous to 1867, different communities of people existed throughout British North America, but they had no common interest or purpose, no real bond of union, except their common allegiance to one Sovereign. The Confederation of the Provinces was intended, by its very essence and operation, to stimulate, not only the industrial energy, but the mental activity as well, of the different communities that compose the Dominion. A wider field of thought has, undoubtedly, been opened up to these communities, so long dwarfed by that narrow provincialism which every now and then crops up to mar our national development, and impede intellectual progress. Already the people of the Confederated Provinces are everywhere abroad recognised as Canadians—as a Canadian people, with a history of their own, with certain achievements to prove their industrial activity. Climatic influences, all history proves, have much to do with the progress of a people. It is an admitted fact, that the highest grade of intellect has always been developed, sooner or later, in those countries which have no great diversities of climate.* If our natural conditions are favourable to our mental growth, so too, it may be urged that the difference of races which exists in Canada may have a useful influence upon the moral, as well as the

* Sir A. Alison (Vol. xiii. p. 271). says on this point: 'Canada and the other British possessions in British North America, though apparently blessed with fewer physical advantages than the country to the South, contain a noble race, and are evidently destined for a lofty destination. Everything there is in proper keeping for the development of the combined physical and mental qualities of man. There are to be found at once the hardihood of character which conquers difficulty, the severity of climate which stimulates exertion, and natural advantages which reward enterprise.'

intellectual nature of the people as a whole. In all the measures calculated to develop the industrial resources and stimulate the intellectual life of the Dominion, the names of French Canadians appear along with those of British origin. The French Canadian is animated by a deep veneration for the past history of his native country, and by a very decided determination to preserve his language and institutions intact, and consequently there exists in the Province of Quebec a national, French Canadian sentiment, which has produced no mean intellectual fruits. We know that all the grand efforts in the accomplishment of civilization, have been effected by a combination of different peoples. The union of the races in Canada must have its effect in the way of varying and reproducing, and probably invigorating also, many of the qualities belonging to each—material, moral, and mental; an effect only perceptible after the lapse of very many years but which is, nevertheless, being steadily accomplished all the while with the progress of social, political, and commercial intercourse. The greater impulsiveness and vivacity of the French Canadian can brighten up, so to say, the stolidity and ruggedness of the Saxon. The strong common sense and energy of the Englishman can combine advantageously with the nervous, impetuous activity of the Gaul. Nor should it be forgotten that the French Canadian is not a descendant of the natives of the fickle, sunny South, but that his forefathers came from more rugged Normandy and Brittany, whose people have much that is akin with the people of the British islands.

In the subsequent portions of this review, the writer will endeavour to follow the progress in culture, not merely of the British-speaking people, but of the two races now working together harmoniously as Canadians. It will not be necessary to dwell at any length on the first period of Canadian history. It is quite obvious that in

the first centuries of colonial history, but few intellectual fruits can be brought to maturity. In the infancy of a colony or dependency like Canada, whilst men are struggling with the forest and sea for a livelihood, the mass of the people can only find mental food in the utterances of the pulpit, the legislature, and the press. This preliminary chapter would be incomplete, were we to forget to bear testimony to the fidelity with which the early Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries laboured at the great task devolving upon them among the pioneers in the Canadian wilderness. In those times of rude struggle with the difficulties of a colonial life, the religious teachers always threw a gleam of light amid the mental darkness that necessarily prevailed among the toilers of the land and sea. Bishops Laval, Lartigue, Strachan, and Mountain; Sister Bourgeois, Dr. Burns, Dr. Jas. McGregor, Dr. Anson Green, are conspicuous names among the many religious teachers who did good service in the early times of colonial development. During the first periods of Canadian history, the priest or clergyman was, as often as not, a guide in things temporal as well as spiritual. Dr. Strachan was not simply the instructor in knowledge of many of the Upper Canadian youth, who, in after times, were among the foremost men of their day, but was as potent and obstinate in the Council, as he was vigorous and decided in the pulpit. When communications were wretched, and churches were the exception, the clergyman was a constant guest in the humble homes of the settlers who welcomed him as one who not only gave them religious instruction, but on many a winter or autumn evening charmed the listeners in front of the blazing maple logs with anecdotes of the great world of which they too rarely heard. In those early days, the Church of England clergyman was a man generally trained in one of the Universities of the parent state, bringing to the discharge

of his duties a conscientious conviction of his great responsibilities, possessing at the same time, varied knowledge, and necessarily exercising through his profession and acquirements no inconsiderable influence, not only in a religious but in an intellectual sense as well—an influence which he has never ceased to exercise in this country. It is true as, the country became more thickly settled, and the people began to claim larger political rights, the influence of many leading minds among the Anglican clergy, who believed in an intimate connection between Church and State, even in a colony, was somewhat antagonistic to the promotion of popular education, and the extension of popular government. The Church was too often the Church of the aristocratic and wealthier classes; some of its clergy were sadly wanting in missionary efforts; its magnificent liturgy was too cold and intellectual, perhaps, for the mass, and consequently, in the course of time, the Methodists made rapid progress in Upper Canada. Large numbers of Scotch Presbyterians also settled in the provinces, and exercised a powerful influence on the social, moral and political progress of the country. These pioneers came from a country where parish schools existed long before popular education was dreamed of across the border. Their clergy came from colleges, whose course of study cultivated minds of rare analytical and argumentative power. The sermon in the Presbyterian Church is the test of the intellectual calibre of the preacher, whose efforts are followed by his long-headed congregation, in a spirit of the keenest criticism, ever ready to detect a want of logic. It is obvious then that the Presbyterian clergyman, from the earliest time he appeared in the history of this country, has always been no inconsiderable force in the mental development of a large section of the people which has given us, as it will be seen hereafter, many eminent statesmen, journalists, and *littérateurs*.

From the time the people began to have a voice in public affairs, the politician and the journalist commenced naturally to have much influence on the minds of the masses. The labours of the journalist, in connection with the mental development of the country, will be treated at some length in a subsequent part of the review. At present it is sufficient to say that of the different influences that have operated on the minds of the people generally, none has been more important than the press, notwithstanding the many discouraging circumstances under which it long laboured, in a thinly populated and poor country. The influence of political discussion on the intellect of Canada has been, on the whole, in the direction of expanding the public intelligence, although at times an extreme spirit of partisanship has had the effect of evoking much prejudice and ill-feeling, not calculated to develop the higher attributes of our nature. But whatever may have been the injurious effects of extreme partisanship, the people as a rule have found in the discussion of public matters an excitement which has prevented them from falling into that mental torpor so likely to arise amid the isolation and rude conditions of early times. If the New England States have always been foremost in intellectual movement, it may be attributed in a great measure to the fact, that from the first days of their settlement they thought and acted for themselves in all matters of local interest. It was only late in the day when Canadians had an opportunity given them of stimulating their mental faculties by public discussion, but when they were enabled to act for themselves, they rapidly improved in mental strength. It is very interesting to Canadians of the present generation to go back to those years when the first Legislatures were opened in the old Bishop's Palace, on the heights of Quebec, and in the more humble structure on the banks of the Niagara

River, and study the record of their initiation into parliamentary procedure. It is a noteworthy fact that the French Canadian Legislatures showed from the first an earnest desire to follow as closely as their circumstances would permit those admirable rules and principles of procedure which the experience of centuries in England has shown to be necessary to the preservation of decorum, to freedom of speech, and to the protection of the minority. The speeches of the leading men in the two Houses were characterized by evidences of large constitutional knowledge, remarkable for men who had no practical training in parliamentary life. Of course there were in these small Assemblies many men rough in speech and manner, with hardly any education whatever; but the writers who refer to them in no very complimentary terms* always ignored the hardships of their pioneer life, and forgot to do justice to their possession, at all events, of good common-sense and much natural acuteness, which enabled them to be of use in their humble way, under the guidance of the few who were in those days the leaders of public opinion. These leaders were generally men drawn from the Bar, who naturally turned to the legislative arena to satisfy their ambition and to cultivate on a larger scale those powers of persuasion and argument in which their professional training naturally made them adepts. With many of these men legislative success was only considered a means of more rapidly attaining the highest honours of their profession, and consequently they were not always the most disinterested guides in the political controversies of the day; but, nevertheless, it must be admitted that, on the whole, the Bar of Canada, then as now, gave the country not a few men who forgot

mere selfish considerations, and brought to the discussion of public affairs a wide knowledge and disinterested zeal which showed how men of fine intellect can rise above the narrower range of thought peculiar to continuous practice in the Courts. As public questions became of larger import, the minds of politicians expanded, and enabled them to bring to their discussion a breadth of knowledge and argumentative force which attracted the attention of English statesmen, who were so constantly referred to in those times of our political pupilage, and were by no means too ready to place a high estimate on colonial statesmanship. In the earlier days of our political history some men played so important a part in educating the people to a full comprehension of their political rights, that their names must be always gratefully remembered in Canada. Papineau, Bédard, Deballière, Stuart, Neilson, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Howe, Wilmot, Johnstone, Uniacke, were men of fine intellects—natural-born teachers of the people. Their successors in later times have ably continued the work of perfecting the political structure. All party prejudice aside, every allowance made for political errors in times of violent controversy, the result of their efforts has been not only eminently favourable to the material development of the country, but also to the mental vigour of the people. The statesmen who met in council in the ancient city of Quebec during the October of 1864 gave a memorable illustration of their constitutional knowledge and their practical acumen in the famous resolutions which form the basis of the present constitution of Canada.

But it is not within the limits of this review to dwell on the political progress of Canada, except so far as it may influence the intellectual development of the people. It will be seen, as we proceed, that the extension of political rights had a remarkable effect in stimulating the public intelligence

* For instance, Talbot, I, chap. 23. He acknowledges, at the same time, the great ability of the leading men, 'who would do credit to the British Parliament.'

and especially in improving the mental outfit of the people. The press increased in influence and ability, but, more than all, with the concession of responsible government, education became the great question of the day in the legis-

latures of the larger provinces. But to so important and interesting a subject it will be necessary to devote a separate chapter.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS GENIUS

BY A. G., TORONTO.

MEN come into the world endowed differently as regards mental capacity, activity, and vigour. Of this fact there can be no question, though it has often been disputed, and the very fallacious dictum of the Communist-Republican baldly states it in the well-known stump phrase that 'one man is as good as another.' Just as men come into the world with different physiques, one man being, from his birth, strong, healthy and stalwart, and another weak, sickly and puny, so are men born with varying powers of mind, susceptible, of course, of improvement or deterioration, according as the training is careful or negligent, wise or the reverse. The same holds good with our moral nature, as has been proved with sufficient clearness from physiological indications or psychological tendencies. In fact, the essential influences that go to map out our life's history are born with us, and the discernment of these in the individual is the very foundation of what we may call 'the science of human nature,' while the power of generalizing conclusions thus formed is one of the most manifest gifts attendant upon genius.

We have all heard the anecdote of the famous painter who, on being

asked by a pupil what he mixed his colours with, replied, 'brains, sir!' By this term he meant simply what we understand by genius, or, when found in a lesser degree of development, 'talent.' To attempt to define it is, we consider, hopeless, though its recognition is not nearly so difficult. Genius commends itself, not necessarily at once, but without fail, in the long run, to universal acknowledgment. And this, indeed, is the true test of its reality. Talent and even mediocrity have often been hailed as the divine *afflatus*, the 'spark of heavenly flame' that sets its possessor at once on a royal eminence far above his fellows, but the delusion has been, sooner or later, more or less rudely dispelled; and, *vice versa*, genius has sometimes remained for years unacknowledged, and even denied, being obscured by the prejudices resulting from the vitiated taste of the time. But it has in nearly every case ultimately asserted itself and commanded audience from the world.

This, we repeat, is the best mark by which it can be known, and beyond that mark it will be found very hard of definition. It borders, if not on the supernatural, most certainly on the superhuman, for it represents a power in a man that can only be surpassed

by the mental power of the angels, or that direct inspiration of the Spirit of the Deity that guided the writers of the books of Scripture. Indeed, genius is inspiration, though in a different sense from that of the sacred writers ; and the main difference between the two consists in the one being a power guided, restrained, and kept ever in the path of truth, while the other—genius, namely—is but too liable to lend the splendour of its light to illumine the unreal, the fanciful and the false, and even to prostitute its strength to support what is actually devilish in its wickedness.

Genius has been maintained by some to be merely a naturally powerful mind brought to a high perfection of grasp and power by dint of determined industry and perseverance. This we cannot believe in the face of historical evidence to the contrary. The deer-stealing lad, who, for his peccadilloes against the lord of the manor, had to flee from his native county, who held gentlemen's horses at the doors of theatres for odd sixpences, and who at best was only capable of taking minor characters on the stage, a man of whose industry or perseverance we have no recorded evidence, yet left plays and poems such as cannot be rivalled and hardly approached in all that marks genius in the literature of the world. The Ayrshire ploughman, whose lyrics are the very breathings of a heaven-inspired genius, was a rather thriftless, somewhat dissipated, haunter of taverns and associate of revellers, with none of the dogged resolution that we have referred to about him, and only writing when his genius compelled him. In

short, perseverance may and will make a man more or less successful in every walk of life, but it never will make him a genius, because to make a genius is impossible, except to the Deity, and is counterfeit unless it bear the mark of the mint of heaven.

Talent is a much less subtle thing, and means only a more or less conspicuous elevation above mediocre power. There are many mountains in the world that rise above the level of hills, but the number is few of those that hide their summits in inaccessibility, and the grandeur of whose eminence we must be content to calculate, but cannot venture to explore. Talent is a mountain high enough to overlook the ruck of hills, but low enough to be overshadowed by the Mont Blancs and Kinchinjungas of the universe of mind. Talent may be approached and fairly well simulated by him who has ambition enough to prompt the endeavour and perseverance enough to carry it out. In short, talent may make for itself a name ; but genius alone attains to immortality ; the records of talent are written by hands of earth on perishable tablets, while those of genius, the finger of God himself has traced in adamant, and they are for that reason, as well as essentially in themselves, incapable of perishing and not liable to oblivion.

In fine, if we believe in genius, it is not hard to believe in the inspiration of Scripture, for it is nothing more than a perfectly conceivable carrying out of the idea of genius—a further and more unreserved manifestation of 'Him in whom we live and move and have our being.'

DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY J. R. WILKINSON, LEAMINGTON.

WHERE is now the gladsome Summer ?
 Singing birds, whose wild songs thrill,
 Dark-green foliag'd waving wildwood,
 Fragrant glade and rippling rill ;
 And the voice as soft as Angel's
 Of the low caressing wind,
 As it kisses earth's warm beauties,
 Wooing gently, and so kind ?

Where the whisper, and the murmur
 Of the sunlit, dancing sea ?
 The mysterious, deep-toned music
 Of the waves so grand and free ?
 Looking where the isles seem sleeping,
 Gemm'd upon the slumb'ring flood ;
 On, and on, through sunlight vistas,
 Fancy free, our souls have trod.

And the hazy cloudlets floating
 All the laughing sunlight through ;
 Mirror'd on the intense splendour
 Of the skies' infinite blue.
 Leading up the vaulted highway
 Of the planets' centreing spheres ;
 " Till our souls are lost in wonder,
 'Mid ecstatic thoughts and fears ! "

Where the dreams we wooed at twilight ?
 Fairest time of all to me ;
 When the silver moon beams softly,
 And the stars gem earth and sea.
 O ! the whisp'ring, murm'ring music !
 O ! the songs of Summer's night ;
 Unseen harps in tones of rapture,
 Thrilling me with strange delight !

Ah ! to die at close of even,
 With the heart so strangely glad
 Blissful as a dream of Heaven,
 Death could not be drear or sad !
 Fairest joys the soonest vanish ;
 Summer died but yesterday,
 Chill and blight of Autumn banish
 All her loveliness away.

CHRISTMAS AT FERNCLIFF.

BY FRED. TRAVERS.

I.

IT was in the summer of 18— that I was introduced to Mr. Hugh Morris, a clever, genial, large-hearted man.

He happened to be making a visit to a friend in Morrisburg, and we met on the wharf at the foot of the canal.

He wished to go over to Waddington, a pretty village on the American shore, embowered amid trees, with its church spires shooting up into the blue sky, and, as I had my boat out and ready for any expedition that might offer, I gladly proposed to play Charon, and to ferry him across the stream.

My skiff was light, my muscles were inured to rowing, I knew every current and counter-current of the *Rapide Plat*, and, as I pushed off from the wharf with my passenger, I felt the pleasure which a good oarsman experiences in an exhibition of his skill.

With strong arm and steady stroke I drove my boat through the currents and eddies, being swept down by the one and regaining the lost distance in the other, till we rounded the point of Ogden Island and paddled quietly along in the smooth water, in the shade of limes and maples.

My new-made acquaintance was a man of deep and varied knowledge, a naturalist and a scientist, a good classic of the Trinity, Dublin, type, and he seemed, without strain or effort, to make every topic which came up for conversation interesting.

The laws of currents and counter-currents, the gulf stream, the climate of the British Isles, Canada as it is now compared with the time when it is supposed to have been swept with ice bergs, its geological formation, the want of coal fields, the gigantic ferns of the coal period, our present ferns and the best places to find them, our forest trees and the insects which form their blight—these were the subjects to which he glided with ease and rapidity, imparting valuable information in a sparkling way, which made his conversation as crisp and bright as the ripples on the St. Lawrence.

Before we reached the other shore, I discovered that my friend was also devoted to horticulture, and had paid much attention to fruit. Grapes seemed to be his particular hobby, and he lamented with solemn voice and downcast countenance the ravages of the phyloxera.

As I knew an American gentleman living on the bank of the river a few miles below Waddington, who had a beautiful garden and paid much attention to grape culture, I proposed that, after seeing the village, we should float down there, and trust to catching a tow on the other side to bring us back.

Mr. Rivers had often invited me to make him a visit, and his invitation had been seconded by his charming daughters, so that I had no fear for our welcome.

We therefore strolled through the streets of Waddington, redolent with memories of 'The Lost Prince,' visited the little grey stone church, with its

square tower and well kept church-yard, crossed to the Island, and walked about the old mansion, which, with its closed doors and deserted appearance, tells a tale of former prosperity and present disaster, and then took boat again, and drifted down with the current to *Sans Souci*.

Mr. Rivers was, I need scarcely say, glad to see us, and proud to show his garden and grape-houses to one who could appreciate them so well.

We discussed, with pleasing illustrations, the respective merits of the Isabella, the Concord, the Delaware, Rogers No. 9 and 15, Sweetwaters, Muscats and Black Hamburgs. From vine to vine and from house to house we wandered, a merry party, the two fruit-growers exchanging ideas on the subjects most dear to them, while the young ladies and myself kept up a constant flow of fun and chaff.

The afternoon wore quickly away, and our host pressed us to stay all night and return at our leisure next day, and, as neither of us had any urgent business at home, and we found ourselves in pleasant quarters, we gladly accepted his invitation.

Next day, a glorious September morning, I pushed off my skiff once more, with my one passenger and a bountiful supply of the choicest grapes, while our friends waved us good-bye from the shore, and called to us to be sure to make them another visit as soon as possible.

We crossed the river, reaching the Canadian side some miles below Morrisburg, and loitered away the morning and afternoon waiting for a tow, and, about five o'clock in the afternoon, made the skiff fast to the jolly-boat of a barge behind the 'Hiram Calvin,' and were towed up stream to Morrisburg.

During this pleasant expedition Mr. Morris and myself had become fast friends, and, when we parted, a few days afterwards, he made me promise to visit him at Brockville on the first opportunity.

II.

THE opportunity spoken of in the last chapter did not occur until the following summer.

As a clerk in the Toronto branch of the Bank of ———, I obtained three weeks' vacation in August, and wrote to Mr. Morris to say I was at liberty to accept his invitation.

I received in reply a most hearty assurance of welcome, and, leaving Toronto on the *Corsican*, one warm August afternoon, I found myself next morning at Brockville.

Mr. Morris was at the wharf to meet me, gave me a cordial greeting, and, taking my valise, led the way to a phaeton, where he presented me to his daughter Maud, who occupied the little seat behind, and went through the form of holding Nora, a sleek and contented black pony; but as the lines hung loosely from her gloved hand, it was evident that her office was a sinecure.

She was a bright girl, very clever, full of fun and humour, and, as we drove through the town, passing many new and handsome residences, she entertained me with a running commentary on the place, the people we met, the houses and their occupants. There was a little spice of malice thrown into each history, but so skilfully one was hardly aware where it came from.

Arrived at Ferncliff, just east of the town, there were the other members of the family to be presented to; Mrs. Morris, a refined matronly-looking woman, with silver-grey hair and finely chiselled features; Aunt Dorothy, kindly and charitable, whose time was occupied with parochial visiting, mothers' meetings, and Bible-classes, who had just returned from New York, brimful and overflowing with Mr. Rainsford and his revival in the Gospel Tent; Morton, the only son, devoted to entomology, who chased butterflies with a scoop-net in

the day-time, and passed sleepless nights catching moths on the tarred limbs of the apple trees, whither, after the manner of wreckers, he lured them with false beacons; Mabel, pretty and a flirt; Alice, whose charge was the fernery and the geranium beds, and who could enumerate all the ferns from Windermere to Land's End, and from Gaspé to Niagara; and last, but not least, either in my affections or in this narrative, Ethel.

Dear Ethel! From the first time I met her I loved her, and she has lived since the brightest picture in my waking thoughts, and the most beautiful object in my dreams.

She was not on the verandah, as were the other members of the family, when the pony carriage drove up through the avenue of evergreens, spruce trees and balsams, to the door; and we did not meet till some hours afterwards, and we met alone. Alone, down by the high rocks, at the river, where, as I strolled carelessly, admiring the paths and walks among the cedars, I found her standing, hat in hand, looking down thoughtfully on the blue waters, a fitting illustration of Longfellow's 'Maidenhood,' the poem she had just been reading, and which was still marked by her finger between the pages of the partly-closed book:

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse.'

I introduced myself, and met, for the first time, the startled glance of those clear blue eyes, so soft and liquid, and marked well the beautiful features and the lines of her pure and noble brow. Oh! Ethel, how often has that first impression come back to me. I have recalled it in those swiftly passing halcyon days of my intense happiness, and it has returned, to crush me with 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow,' in those days of awful gloom which followed.

So we met, and talked about my arrival, and the journey down the lake, and the river before us, with its islands, and the pretty village on the other shore, and the sky above us, and the cedars and rocks about us.

We sat down and read the poems in the book—'Voices of the Night,' the 'Psalm of Life,' and portions of 'Evangeline'—till the bell rang for luncheon from the verandah of the big white house, and with reluctance we arose to obey its summons.

To reach the house we had to pass the gardener's cottage, and, as we neared it, I noticed a large and powerful Newfoundland dog, standing in front of his kennel. I would fearlessly have gone up to pat him had not Ethel said, 'I must warn you about Nero; he is fearfully savage towards strangers; we are obliged to keep him chained, letting him loose only at night to guard the place.'

'I hardly think he would touch me,' I replied; 'for I make it a rule to look a dog straight in the face and walk on; if one is not afraid there is no danger.'

'Do not try that plan in this case, for it would have no effect. Nero considers every stranger his lawful prey; and he would very much prefer biting you to letting you pass unmolested.'

The dog sprang towards Ethel with a joyful bark, which was quickly turned to a low, angry growl, as he became aware of my presence, and I felt convinced that her warning was not unnecessary. Fortunately, we were beyond the range of his chain, and he was baffled in his attempt to reach us, while we walked on gathering up again the lost thread of our conversation.

If I could only have foreseen, then, the future, and avoided it! If I could have known how I was to be robbed of all that made life worth having, of love, and honour, and liberty, by that fierce brute whose low

savage growl still followed me! But no, it was to be otherwise.

The lines of his life crossed mine, and I was happy, and unconscious of the misery in store for me, through his blind instincts.

III.

ETHEL and I took to each other from the very first.

If a game of croquet was proposed, we managed to play on the same side, and while we did not fail to keep up the interest of the game, yet had many a chat in the shade of an apple tree which stretched its friendly branches over the lawn, and many a confidential consultation as to the best place of campaign, when called from our retreat to the activities of the open field.

If a riding party was the order of the day, our horses had a strange attraction for each other, and lingered behind the rest, or, in some freak, tried a short cut across country by woods and fields, which generally proved the longest way home.

We went to pic-nics in 'a boat which only held two,' and waltzed together at parties, or strolled on the verandah or in the garden.

The result of all this was, that each day we fell deeper in love, and before the week was over I had proposed and had been accepted.

It was one moonlight evening that 'the old, old story was told again,' as we drifted down with the current in a skiff between two of 'The Sisters,' and those beautiful islands, as they stood so peacefully in the stream, with their reflections thrown down deep into the water, symbolized the peace of a true and enduring affection.

The answer to my question was not framed in words. It was in that silent language which philologists have failed to analyze, or grammarians to reduce to syntax; but when, on our

return, we walked up together from the landing, Ethel leaning on my arm, I knew she had promised to be my wife, and that her promise would never be broken.

A happy week was that first week at Ferncliff, not only to us but to all the family, for we did not moon away all the time alone. We had too much good sense for that.

Morton and I made up a large party for the river, and we spent hours singing songs, and choruses, and waking the echoes by the high rocks.

On another occasion we made an excursion to Alexander Bay; took tea at 'The Thousand Island House,' and spent the evening watching the graceful American girls dancing in the great drawing-room, sometimes taking a turn in the *Boston* ourselves, or admiring from the verandah the illuminations on the islands, and the rockets shooting up into the sky and bursting in showers of stars.

There was one person at Ferncliff whom I have not yet mentioned.

Fanny Courtney, a friend of Maud, and sister of the only enemy I have ever known.

George Courtney had two reasons for hating me, with the bitter hatred of which only such natures as his are capable.

I thrashed him once when we were boys at Upper Canada College; and he was a rival for Ethel's hand.

I knew that Fanny was devoted to her brother's interest, and therefore a spy at Ferncliff, and that she had already fully reported my conquest.

Notwithstanding her presence, the week passed pleasantly away, with only one incident to mar my happiness, and that one so intimately connected with the issue of this story, that I must put it on record.

I said that Mr. Morris was a genial, large-hearted man, and I must add, that he was a man of scrupulous integrity of character. Pure in heart and honourable in life, he could not brook any want of principle in others

Tender almost to a fault towards the unfortunate, he was severe towards all wrong-doers. Had his own son been guilty of a crime, he would have steeled his heart against him, and let him suffer the full punishment of his wickedness.

One day at dinner, we had been discussing a case of embezzlement by a bank-clerk in London.

My fault has always been that of saying things I do not mean, by way of chaff, or for the sake of startling people. It is a bad fault, and one of which I have been at last cured by a treatment which may justly be called heroic.

On this occasion I expressed the sentiment, that a little dishonesty did not matter, as long as a man was a gentleman, and clever enough to cover up the traces of his deed, and I shall never forget the severe expression of Mr. Morris's face, or the stern words with which he denounced my speech.

The girls also were shocked, and a blush of surprise and pain crimsoned Ethel's cheek, and mounted to her brow.

I explained of course that I was only in fun, and tried to laugh the matter off, but a blight had fallen upon our happy party, and no efforts of mine were entirely successful in doing away with the effects of my rash speech.

After dinner I sought Ethel on the verandah, and had no difficulty in making my peace with her.

'Of course I knew you were not in earnest, but papa cannot tolerate even the suggestion of evil, and I hope you'll be careful for the future.' And so ended the *contre-temps*.

IV.

ANOTHER week of happiness had gone by, and I was thinking of running down to Morrisburg for a few days, before returning to my post at Toronto.

We, that is Ethel and myself, had been spending the afternoon on the river among the islands, and had returned to the landing, just in time to hear the preparation bell for dinner. We raced up the hill, past Nero, who showed me no more friendship than at the first, and separated at the front door. As I passed the hall-table, I stopped to take up a letter addressed to me, which had just been brought in with other letters from the post office, and as I did so, noticed one to Mr. Morris, in George Courtney's unmistakable handwriting, with all the malice, sticking out of the badly formed letters.

I hurried on to my room to get ready for dinner, wondering what he could have written about; and then, on second thought, said to myself, that it was not strange that a man should write to the master of the house where his sister was a guest.

Yet I was not satisfied. My newly found joy was so perfect, I had almost a superstitious dread of losing it, and knowing George Courtney's passion, and his unscrupulous nature, I feared the injury he would do me if he could.

I had been accepted as a son-in-law by Mr. Morris, and a brother by Morton and the girls; and, as there was no obstacle to our union, I expected soon to carry away Ethel as my fairly and honourably won prize.

My position therefore seemed very secure, and I could afford to despise any attempt on the part of my rival to undermine me.

Dinner passed pleasantly, and as it was to be my last day at Ferncliff, after dinner, Ethel and I went out again on the river.

It was a lovely night, and, as we were tempted to remain out later than usual, we found, on our return, that the family had retired, and left the door unfastened, and a light burning for us in the hall.

'Where is Nero?' I asked, as we said good night, and parted at the foot of the great staircase.

'He must be shut up in Morton's room,' was the whispered reply.

Here I must explain that a custom prevailed at Ferncliff which I had always disliked, and regarded as quite unnecessary. Every night, after the rest of the family had retired to bed, Morton brought up that savage brute, Nero, from his kennel, and established him at watch and ward in the spacious hall.

The reason for this was that Mrs. Morris was nervous about the silver, and insisted, as it was particularly valuable, being massive, and containing some family relics which money could not replace, that it should be guarded with the greatest care. Not that there had been any late attempt at robbing the house. The last attempt, which failed signally, had been ten years previous to my visit, but Mrs. Morris went on the principle of being always prepared for the worst.

The first evening I spent at Ferncliff Mr. Morris, at bed-time, lighted me to my room, a large chamber on the ground floor, reached by a passage from the hall.

As we passed a green baize-covered door, which opened into the passage I speak of, he said—

'You must be careful never to pass this door at night. We let Nero loose in the hall, and it would be as much as your life is worth to encounter him.'

He set the light down on the table.

I thanked him for the warning, and, after he had assured himself that everything had been provided for my comfort, he said, 'good night,' and retired.

Every night after, as I went to bed, I thought of this brute, for I hated the dog thoroughly, keeping guard like a sentinel in the hall, and of the consequences if I should, in a moment of forgetfulness, leave my room and intrude on his domains.

To secure my room against his possible intrusion, I was always careful to keep my door bolted.

This evening I soon fell asleep, dreaming of Ethel.

At one time we were rowing on the river, and the sides of the boat would separate, and let the water come pouring in. As fast as I pressed them together in one place, they sprung open in another, drawing the nails as if they had no hold. But yet the boat did not sink.

At another time we had drifted to the 'Galop Rapids,' and were being plunged into 'the Cellar,' where we would have been dashed to destruction, but the skiff stopped of its own accord at the edge, and the water slipped away under us down into the pit, and rose in fury on the other side.

Again, we were going together up the stairs at Ferncliff, and each step, as our feet left it, broke off, and fell below, as if a relentless Nemesis were pursuing us, and we only escaped it and no more.

There we were, falling from some height down, down till I awoke, and was relieved to find myself in bed.

I lay awake about an hour, when sleep overcame me again, and again I dreamed of Ethel.

This time, for her sake, I had started off to seek my fortune in the Far West.

I was in Colorado, at the silver mines, and as I searched among the debris, at the mouth of a deserted pit, I came upon a heap of silver nuggets. I was filling my valise with them, when my God! what was it that awakened me? A savage growl, a fall to the ground, with a dog's grip upon my throat, lights, hurrying steps.

Half dazed, I was aware of Morton pulling Nero from my prostrate form, as I lay on the floor, in the dining room, before the open side-board, silver forks and spoons spread about in confusion, and my valise filled up with the old family tea service—Mr. Morris, half-dressed, with a revolver in his hand, —and then Ethel, her face blanched with terror,—and Fanny Courtney.

taking in the situation with a glance of gratified malice.

I looked round bewildered on the assembled company.

Mr. Morris was the first to speak.

'What is the meaning of this, Crosby? Are you a thief?'

I was still lying on the floor, Nero standing over me, and only prevented from seizing me again by the held strong arms of Morton, which hid my back.

'I must have been walking in my sleep,' I said, sitting up, and facing evidences of guilt enough to blast the most untarnished reputation.

'No doubt,' replied Mr. Morris, 'and were taking my silver to dream on. Courtney's warning which I received last evening was well founded.'

'See!' said Fanny, holding up some burglar's tools, which she had picked up from the floor, 'he does not forget his luggage when he visits his country friends.'

Ethel, who had not spoken, swooned, and was carried by her sister from the room.

I attempted no further defence. What was the use? Everything was against me, and my words would only have been ridiculed.

The side-board had been forced open, the instruments were there, my valise was filled with silver; I was caught in the very act. The window had been opened from the inside. There could be only one explanation of it.

Had Mr. Morris been other than I knew him to be, I would have appealed to his compassion. I would have declared my innocence, and asked him to wait till time should solve the mystery. But I knew it would be useless. He had no compassion for a criminal whose crime had no excuse, and such he considered me.

All the circumstances of the case aggravated my guilt.

I had been received as a guest, treated with the utmost hospitality, accepted as a son-in-law, and I had proved myself a low thief. That was

enough. Were I his own flesh and blood I must bear the just penalty of my crime.

The gardener, a powerful man, took charge of me for the rest of the night, and the next morning I was handed over to the police, and, after an investigation before the police-magistrate, lodged in the common jail, to await my trial, while the newspapers from London to Quebec rung with the new sensation.

Oh! the misery of those days of waiting. The sad experience of a fall!

It was bad enough to read the newspaper comments on my case, which made me out a depraved wretch who had hitherto concealed my wickedness under a mask; but some of the letters which reached me were far worse. Old friends wrote to ask how I could so far forget myself as to descend to robbery; and an amiable lady, who had before expressed her disapproval of my theological tenets, said she feared I would come to this, and sent me a tract, entitled 'The Broken Reed; or, Reflections for Prison Life.'

But there were some letters with the true ring of friendship in their noble words, which came into my prison cell like angels, bringing with them the light and radiance of heaven, and making me feel that with such evidences of trust it would be folly to despair.

One was from the manager of the bank in Toronto, to say that, on hearing of my arrest, he felt in duty bound to examine my accounts; that he had found them scrupulously correct; that he did not believe in my guilt from the first, and was now more than ever convinced of my innocence.

My dear, good mother came up to Morrisburg to see me, and tried to prevail upon me to accept the offers of bail which I had received, but I adhered to a resolution I had made to put myself under obligations of that nature to no one—to await my trial in prison, and to stand or fall by the issue.

V.

AT last the day of my trial came. As I ascended through the trap-door into the prisoner's dock, I tried to look calm and composed; for, notwithstanding the sense of the terrible position in which I stood, I could not get rid of the knowledge that the eyes of the public were upon me, and that my every motion would be criticised.

I saw before me a confused outline of the Bench, and the judge and his associates, swimming, swaying and dancing before my eyes; a mass of faces filling the galleries and every available space in the court-room; and to the left a table where were the reporters, and as their pencils, as if by one impulse, were driven across the pages of their note-books, I became painfully conscious that they were commencing a new paragraph with

The Prisoner—how he appeared!

It is strange what conflicting emotions take possession of us, even in the great crisis of our lives, and how closely tragedy and comedy are connected.

On second thought, I almost smiled at the idea of my old chums in Toronto reading a description of my appearance as a supposed criminal, and the reflection braced me up to follow closely the course of the trial. I heard my indictment read, and answered to the judge's question, 'Not Guilty,' with a voice so firm as to startle me, for it seemed to belong to someone else, and I would never have recognised it as my own, and then turned to the opening speech of the Crown-prosecutor.

He seemed unnecessarily severe, I thought, to secure the ends of justice; and put his case with a force which astonished me, strong though I knew the evidence to be against me.

He spoke of it as a sad case; as a painful duty which he had to perform in conducting the prosecution of such

a serious charge, against one who had hitherto borne an irreproachable character,—one who occupied a good position in society, and was commencing life with such bright prospects;—one whom he knew personally, and whose parents had been so well-known and so highly respected.

Yet, he said, he would do his duty faithfully, no matter how painful it might be.

He warned the jury that they should not allow their judgment to be influenced by their sympathies, and that they should not suffer my youth, or family connections, or the delicate nature of the relations which were said to have existed between myself and one of the daughters of the man in whose house the robbery was committed, or any consideration of her feelings, to bar the course of the due administration of the laws of the country.

Then he proceeded to detail the points which he was prepared to prove by reliable evidence—that I was received into the house of Mr. Hugh Morris as a guest—that I ingratiated myself with the family—was made aware of the value of the family-silver—and on the morning of the 25th of August, seizing an opportunity when I knew the dog had not been set on his accustomed watch in the hall, I broke open the side-board, with burglar's tools, and was discovered in the very act of filling my valise with the silver.

He said that the defence would lay great stress on my hitherto good character, and would try to set up the plea that no theft was intended, and that it was an instance, though a very remarkable instance, of somnambulism—a plea which could not stand for a single instant.

He scouted the idea of a somnambulist providing himself with burglar's tools and committing what was evidently an act of burglary.

Besides, he was prepared to show that the act could have been commit-

ted by no one else. There was no trace of any other hand in it. The window, it is true, had been found open, but it was opened from the inside, and was a clumsy attempt on my part to cover up my crime by trying to make it appear as if the room had been entered from the outside.

In fact, to his mind, the evidence was conclusive that, for reasons best known to myself, I had attempted the dreadful crime in which I had been detected, and that any sympathy which he might otherwise have felt towards a young man betrayed into such an act was destroyed by the circumstances of peculiar baseness which marked my case.

Then he called his several witnesses.

Mr. Morris, whose kind face wore an expression of pain, mingled with stern resolution, Morton, and Fanny Courtney testified to having found me in the situation I have described in the last chapter.

Morton had been awakened by Nero, whom he had, on going to bed, shut up with him in his room as we had not yet returned from boating and he could not leave him in the hall. He lighted a lamp, partly dressed himself, opened the door, and followed the dog to the dining-room, where he had great difficulty in dragging him from my throat.

Fanny Courtney further testified to first noticing the burglar's tools, which were quite new, and were produced in court.

Mr. Morris confessed to having retired with a very uneasy feeling, owing to a warning he had received that evening from a friend, and which, taken in connection with sentiments I had expressed some days before at his table, had caused him to suspect my principles, and to blame himself for having permitted me to establish such intimate relations with his family. He had no doubt whatever of my guilt.

The servants all testified against me, and no cross-questioning could shake their evidence. Crawford, the

groom, had searched everywhere about the place for possible traces of any other burglar, but none could be found.

In fact, the whole evidence was against me, and there was no ground upon which to construct the apparently flimsy plea of somnambulism.

My counsel did the best he could for me by urging the great improbability of my committing such a crime. He called witnesses to testify to my hitherto blameless life. He appealed to the sympathies of the jury, and suggested that the whole matter was a mystery; but the jury was composed of hard-headed, practical men, who could not see any difficulty about the matter, and returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats.

I could not be surprised, as I saw how it would go from the beginning, and only felt thankful that both Ethel and myself had been spared the pain, she of testifying against me, and I of hearing her testimony.

When the Judge asked me what I had to say why sentence should not be passed against me, I had all the self-possession of despair.

I looked round upon the immense crowd that, in breathless silence, awaited my answer, and recognised a few Toronto friends and acquaintances, and the faces of many I had met during my visit, in the society at Brockville—young ladies with whom I had danced at parties and handed in and out of boats at pic-nics, and joined in riding excursions, and had heard congratulating Ethel, during those few days after our engagement was announced.

There were the young men of the place who had not regarded me with disfavour, and the fathers and mothers who had received me so hospitably at their homes.

Never had any case created such intense excitement in the pretty county-town, and the excitement had now reached its climax as the crowd waited to hear if I could offer an explanation.

My answer was ready, and was delivered with firmness and precision: 'I acknowledge that the evidence is all against me; I find no fault with the jury for convicting me—they could not have done otherwise—but I declare, nevertheless, that I am perfectly innocent of the crime laid to my charge.'

A murmur of sympathy ran through part of the court-room, while some looked amused and incredulous, and others only sad, feeling no doubt, 'poor fellow, he is obliged to make the best of it,' and a voice near me, which I was not slow to recognise, exclaimed, *sotto voce*, with an accent of assumed contempt, 'Cheeky, by Jove!'

The voice was Courtney's, and the remark was addressed to Mr. Morris, by whose side he was standing.

The judge, who had probably heard such statements as mine only too often, and regarded it as a matter of course, proceeded to pass sentence.

He gave me a long lecture, kindly meant, but, under the circumstances, quite thrown away, in which he spoke of the pain which he experienced in seeing one so young, one whose father he had counted among his friends, one brought up with all the advantages of a sound secular and religious education, in such a position as I then occupied before him, found guilty, after a fair trial and through evidence which left no room for doubt, of the crime of burglary.

He said he did not stop to ask what motives could have urged me to such a deed—strong motives there must have been, but they were known only to myself. It must have been a great temptation which led me, a gentleman, and a man whose honour had never been impugned, to such a breach of hospitality, leaving the idea of crime for the moment out of question—that impelled me to injure one to whom I stood in the relation of prospective son-in-law, and to degrade myself to a level unworthy of the affection of the woman I professed to love.

In fact, so strong were the reasons why I should not have committed the crime of which I had been found guilty, that guilt could never have been brought home to me had I not been detected in the very act. But the crime had been proved, and though I had blundered in my work, the evidence showed that it had been calculated some time before, and that much thought had been used to make the attempt a successful one.

Such being the case, he would not make my punishment so light as he might have done under other circumstances, and yet, being my first offence, he would not make it so heavy as to crush me with despair. He would sentence me to five years' penal servitude in the Provincial Penitentiary, and he trusted that it would prove corrective, and, that when the term of my imprisonment had expired, I would set myself earnestly to work to make an honest livelihood, and would by an honourable and upright life atone for my crime in the eyes of society.

When I turned to leave the dock, a piece of paper was by some unseen person thrust into my hand. I crushed it up till I had reached the cell, the turnkey had closed and locked the door, and I heard his footsteps echoing down the corridor.

Then I unfolded it and read it. It was as follows:

'DEAREST FRANK,—Never, never, never, shall I believe you guilty.

'You could not have committed a crime. Father is so stern he will not allow me even to write to you.

'I have disobeyed him once to tell you that, in spite of all, I believe in you and love you still, and will not lose heart or faith till the dreadful mystery is solved. Then we shall be happy, and till then I will pray and hope.

ETHEL'

Noble girl! I sat down, buried my my head in my hands, and wept like a child.

VI.

'HERE is a gent as is come to make a little visit, and just keep an eye to your silver, ha, ha, ha,' were the last words from the outer world, as I passed in through the gateway of the Provincial Penitentiary, and the cabby who had driven us up and now fired his parthian shaft wheeled round his cab, and drove off for the city.

Oh! that dreadful prison.

How often had I seen it from the deck of the passing steamer, with the sunlight gleaming upon its tin-roofed dome, and thought it a striking object in the landscape — something to be looked at and admired.

If I thought at all of the busy, silent lives within, of the crushed hopes and broken hearts, or worse still, of the humanity too brutalized to feel crushed and broken, it was in a light way, and with a glow of satisfaction that there was a great gulf fixed between us, which there was no danger of my passing.

Once, while in Kingston as a sight-seer, I had 'done' the Penitentiary, with others of my party, I visited the different workshops, and had the most noted convicts pointed out to me, and admired the work, and speculated as to the amount of comfort to be enjoyed in the clean-looking cells.

We strolled also into the chapel — and saw the table spread for dinner in the hall — and said in a chaffing way, that it wasn't a bad place to live in after all.

But it is one thing to go there for an hour on a bright summer day, with a pleasant party, and in the best of humour with oneself and all the world, dressed in a suit of faultless fit and pattern, and with a reputation, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, and quite another thing to dwell there day after day, with only the prospect of the long days growing at last into the term of years of one's sentence, wearing always that horrible parti-coloured convict's

dress, and with the mark, if not the guilt, of the felon upon me.

I have had both experiences. I say *have had*, but the latter I am having now. Guiltless, I am suffering the punishment of the guilty. A man of honour, I am in the eyes of the world a felon.

It is rather a mixed society we have here.

There are men with low foreheads, and brutal, square cut heads, who were born criminals, and merely followed their instincts. Their parents or somebody before them are partly responsible, and society is partly responsible for their crime. And there are others with only the excuse of strong temptation, and the fact that 'man is very far gone from original righteousness.'

There is a doctor, who under very great provocation shot his wife; and a lawyer who was guilty of forgery; a broker who speculated and used trust funds to set up his margins; and one who had held a high position in society, and was led by an extravagant style of living into embezzlement, and there are other professional men whose crimes shall be nameless.

We live together and work together in silence, roused by the great prison bell to our labour, and called together to our cheerless meals; buried in this awful sepulchre, with only a glimpse of the outer world in the visitors who stare at us as if we were wild beasts, or a sight of the blue waters of the lake which makes us long to ride again in pleasure boats upon its surface, or to be beneath it and at rest.

And so we live our routine life, from the beginning of the week until its end.

The dull Sundays connect the dull weeks together, in an endless chain.

They are dull Sundays which might be so full of the strength and consolation which religion alone can give. But we are marched together to chapel, and, by prison rule, are not allowed to kneel or stand to take part in the service of prayer and praise.

There we sit while the service is said for us, and the sermon read in a perfunctory way without any heart in it.

A few weeks ago a stranger came to take the chaplain's duty. He was a young man, and had evidently taken a sermon hap-hazard, without first reading it over.

It was on the motives for going to Church, and was singularly inappropriate to a congregation of convicts.

I remember a passage of it, the most striking one—' People often go to Church from unworthy motives. Perhaps now, some of you have come here to-day because (a pause, looking ahead, and then in slight confusion), you had nothing else to do, and some (another pause) to meet your neighbours; and some (a longer pause, and with a very red face) to criticise each other's dress; and some . . . (a pause, and an apparent resolution to extemporize, and then in desperation and utter confusion) because you are wearied by the gaieties of the past week, and are seeking a balm for your consciences.'

Oh! how I have longed for some earnest man, to speak to those poor guilt-laden hearts, and to tell them of a Saviour's priceless love, of the ransom paid, and the salvation purchased by His blood.

How many might be moved to repentance!

A new man has come to take the chaplain's duty, who has leave of absence for awhile.

Last Sunday was his first, and he obtained permission from the warden for us to kneel and stand, and take our part in the service.

It had a good effect. They say he is a Ritualist, but I do not care. He is an earnest preacher, and evidently means work, and I wish him 'God speed.'

About fifteen months have passed since I came here—it seems an age—and there is no prospect of the mystery being solved and my consequent release.

My poor dear mother—God help her—is almost heart-broken, but her faith in me is not shaken; and Ethel I have not heard from. Her father would not allow her to write to a felon, and she would not disobey his command.

But I think of her always, my only darling, and of those delightful days at Ferncliff.

Shall wrong and injustice always triumph? Shall I never be clear in the eyes of the world, and happy in the realization of my dream of love?

Is there no

I had written my narrative from time to time, as I had opportunity, in my cell, and had got thus far with it Christmas morning, when I was suddenly summoned to the warden's house. I was shown into a room, and found myself face to face with Mr. Morris, who eagerly seized my hands, fell upon his knees, and, with eyes suffused with tears, and voice choking with emotion, implored my pardon.

He said he had discovered my innocence, and had made the only reparation in his power—he had seen the Minister of Justice, and had obtained an order for my release.

I was to ask no questions, but to change my clothes as quickly as possible, and to accompany him in a cab to the station. We would have barely time to catch the train, and he would explain everything on the way.

I was only too ready to follow his instructions, and having said 'Good-bye' to the warden, and thanked him for many favours I had received at his hands, I took my seat in the cab beside my deliverer, and was driven to the station.

As we were rattling along King Street, Mr. Morris said, thrusting a paper into my hand, 'that will explain all.'

It was a letter and read as follows:

'Albany, April 8th, 18—.

'Hugh Morris, Esq.

'DEAR SIR,—Thomas Slogan, a prisoner under sentence of death for a

murder committed while engaged in an act of burglary, has made the following confession to me :—

‘On the evening of the 27th August, 18—when the family were on the verandah, he entered your house by the open window of the dining-room, and concealed himself under the sofa. After the house had been shut up, and the family had retired to rest, he opened the window to effect his escape, in case of surprise, broke open the sideboard, and took out the silver, with the view of selecting the most valuable articles. While thus engaged, he heard a step in the hall, and the next moment a young man entered the room, with a valise in his hand, and his eyes fixed with the glassy stare of one walking in his sleep. Thus disturbed in his work, he made his escape through the window on to the hard gravel path below, leaving in his hurry his tools behind him.

‘He heard of the arrest and trial of the young man, and thought it a good joke that the “Gent” should get a taste of prison life.

‘He is now moved by penitence, in the fear of death, to make this confession.

‘He wishes me, moreover, to say that if the young man’s counsel had had his wits about him, he would have found out that there was no light in the room when his client was discovered there, and that no man could have done the work at the side-board without one. Slogan carried off his dark lantern with him.

‘I enclose the substance of the above, in legal form, together with the affidavits of the witnesses, and remain, yours truly, CHARLES HALL, Rector of Calvary Church.’

‘And now,’ said Mr. Morris, when I had finished, ‘I am going to take you to Ferncliff. Ethel is dying to

see you, and we are all anxious to make you every satisfaction for the wrong we have done. I would not not have believed the evidence had not Courtney poisoned my mind against you.’

‘Thank you most heartily,’ I replied, ‘but my mother has the first claim upon me, and no consideration would induce me to rob her of her joy. I must go to Morrisburg.’

‘I have thought of that. You will find your mother with us.’

Why should I try to describe that Christmas, overflowing as it was with joy?

All did their best to make amends for the past, and even ‘Nero’ seemed to know that he had made a mistake, and came and meekly licked my hand.

I was a hero in the family and in the world, on account of the fortitude with which I had borne my misfortunes, and the public press changed its tone, and was as loud in its praises as it had been in its censures.

But Ethel had not changed, and in her mind were no regrets.

The morning after Christmas, as I was alone in the library, writing to my friend, the manager of the bank in Toronto, Ethel came in, leaned over my shoulder, and took up some of the sheets of this manuscript from my portfolio.

‘What is this?’ she asked.

‘My amusement as a convict, darling.’

Then I read it to her, and, at her request, finished it.

‘And now, what shall I call it?’

‘Christmas at Ferncliff.’

‘But that is the least part of it.’

‘And yet the best,’ she replied, as she rested her head on my shoulder and pressed her cheek close to mine.

WATCHING FOR A SIGN.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

'MID the tombs of the Pharaohs, with wistful eyes,
 The lone Sphinx, lord of the sweltering sands,
 Bends his far, sad gaze on the Eastern skies ;
 Time scowls and stalks past him with folded hands,
 Afraid to wound the weird watcher in stone,
 Who looks for a sign toward the morning's throne.

The soul of the Greek has thirsted long,
 For some herald-hope, for some heaven-sent sign,
 Which shines not from his golden mount of song,
 Nor in wisdom of yore, nor in sage nor shrine ;
 But his gods are dumb, their lone altars cold,
 And Life's mysteries dark as they were of old.

* * * * *

Might was steeping its lips in the cup of crime,
 Kept full by the wounds of the world in tears ;
 Freedom had died, and her enemy, Time,
 'Neath the ponderous hoofs of his pitiless years,
 Was stamping her deeper down : Despair
 Brooded o'er the world she had made her lair.

* * * * *

'Tis night : the rapt sage, in his Chaldean home,
 Reads the book on the bosom of darkness spread ;
 When he sees, on the firmament's purple dome,
 A new star in the crown on the midnight's head ;
 Yet it rests not there, but flames and flies
 To its goal in Bethlehem's jewelled skies.

Shine on, star-sign of the new-born age !
 By thy light we see that God furled the scroll
 Of the hopeless Past, on whose dismal page
 Lurked the terrible riddle that vexed the soul,
 When it asked, if saint or if sage could know
 Whence man had come, and where man would go

For babe and for weakling, for woman and slave
 A new earth arose from the old earth's dust :
 Christ over it poured His heart's love-wave,
 And up sprang Brotherhood, Truth and Trust,
 Which, bridging Hate's gulf with their healing wings,
 Made of outcasts priests, and of bondsmen kings.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.*

BY LEWIS MOFFATT, TORONTO.

THE present condition of a large portion of the inhabitants of Ireland is most deplorable, great numbers are on the verge of starvation, and appeals for aid on their behalf are made to the wealthy and charitable in the British Dominions, in the United States, and also in other countries. Poverty always abounds in Ireland : it seems to be chronic in that unhappy country, but every few years a season of extreme destitution occurs, owing principally to a failure in the harvest, and consequently a cry of agony is then raised, that extends from the shores of the Island to the dwellers in more favoured countries. This cry has often been heard, and as often been practically answered by sympathising people, who have contributed of their substance to relieve those who stretched out their hands to them in their emergency.

The requests that are now so urgently made for assistance, are being promptly and heartily responded to; large amounts of money and provisions are being collected and forwarded for the benefit of those who require relief, and the probability is that enough will be obtained to meet the present emergency; but as public attention has been so impressively called to the wretchedness of Ireland, would it not be well to consider whether anything could be done to prevent a recurrence of those painful events, which, to a more or less extent, are so frequently thrust upon the notice of

the world? It is not creditable to Ireland, nor to the Great British Empire of which it forms so important a part, that it should be obliged to assume such a humiliating position as it now exhibits. Are there any means that can be devised in order to make this public application for charitable assistance the last it shall be obliged to put forth? Can anything be done to remove the causes that produce the effects under which it at present suffers, and which, for many years, have kept it in a state of tribulation and discontent?

Ireland is mainly an agricultural country, and the great majority of its population derive their subsistence from their farms. The condition of the people therefore depends in a special manner upon their relation to the soil. Is its land extensive enough for their numbers? Is it advantageously owned, and judiciously worked? and are the revenues derived from it properly expended?

In a speech made by Mr. Dowd, at a large meeting held in New York a short time since, he said that the Island contained about twenty million acres, on which reside about five millions of people; this would give an average of about four acres to each individual were the surface equally divided among them. Assuming that Mr. Dowd is correct, which, I think, is the case, as he speaks as one having personal experience of the facts, it would appear that the country, making due allowance for pleasure grounds, and for waste places, and bearing in mind that a certain number of the community are engaged in trades, in

*This paper was written in the early part of the present year, as suggestions to friends in England: the allusions to events then current should be read in view of this fact.

commerce, and in other occupations, was fairly capable of sustaining its present population. If so, this would dispose of the question as to the extent of area.

Then as to the advantageous ownership of the land. The position is that most of the country is owned by comparatively few persons, and is held by them under such laws as make it almost impossible for most of the peasants ever to own even a single acre of the domains they occupy. The custom of many of the large landowners is to live out of the country, and to let their estates in parcels to tenants, who sub-let to others, who sub-let in their turn, and so on, until at last the allotments come down to mere patches that are worked by the tenants of many tenants, each lessor attempting to make something out of the lessee, and it is evident, the great burden of these transactions falls at last upon the ultimate, and poorest link in the chain. It is not to be expected that land, held in such a manner, would be judiciously worked, or could be said to be advantageously owned.

I will now consider how the revenues derived from the tenantry are expended. All the lands in Ireland are not treated in the way I have described: some of the landlords reside in the country, and either farm their own properties, or else rent them to immediate tenants, allowing of no middlemen. The rents and profits received by these landlords are expended in their respective neighbourhoods to the benefit of all parties concerned, but the remainder of these landlords, and these among the largest proprietors, act otherwise. They are non-resident, and allow their estates to be let and re-let, careless of how they are managed, provided the rents are paid to them as they become due, their object being to screw as large a rental as they can out of their tenantry, with as little trouble as possible: They form the class well known under the name of absentees, and as

such, drain the country continuously of a large amount of its annual earnings. It is impossible that any community can be prosperous that is subjected to such a mode of treatment: of course there are noble exceptions to the class I have described.

The resident and the absentee proprietors differ widely in many respects as to their characteristics and their degree of influence on society, yet several of them agree in this, they are large landholders, although they are comparatively few in number, yet they hold their estates in huge blocks, and under laws that are adverse to its distribution into small portions. Some of them, perhaps, would sell if they could, but it may be their estates are encumbered, and perhaps entailed, their titles may be complicated, and even if they were disposed to sell, they might have great difficulty in finding suitable purchasers.

Irish tenants are not the only persons that have suffered. Owing to the treatment of the lands I have described, the landlords have very frequently failed to obtain the returns they might expect from their estates. Bad farming and unpropitious seasons have often rendered it impossible for the tenants to pay the amounts of their rents, and it has occurred that landlords, some from good nature, and some from stern necessity, have forgiven portions of rent to them by impecunious tenants: indeed the land laws of the country have proved injurious to the true interests of the community as a whole.

It is allowed by all who have given attention to Irish affairs that they are in an unsatisfactory position, and that it would be very desirable if an improvement could be made in them. It is acknowledged that Ireland suffers under many grievances that create not only poverty, but also discontent, and it has been often asked, can these unfavourable circumstances be removed or even diminished. Various plans have been proposed as likely to

bring about such results; some of these plans have been of an extreme character, and would never be agreed to by the landholders. Among the best of the methods proposed, that of Mr Bright takes a prominent position, but the adoption of it, in my opinion, is not desirable, as it would entail a great amount of expense, and throw too much responsibility on the government, which it would not be judicious to assume.

It is the object of this paper to suggest a method that seems to me to be simple and practicable, one, that if carried out, would materially change the face of the country, and partly improve the condition of its inhabitants, and that in an easy, constitutional manner and a mode that would not interfere with the vested rights of the present estate holders. The scheme is not one that aims at giving merely temporary relief, or at transiently assisting the tenantry of Ireland, and leaving them exposed in future years to disasters similar to those under which they now suffer. It aims at radically altering and elevating their whole social standing for all time to come.

It appears to me that the estates of the country are too extensive, and in too few hands, that it would be much better for the nation if the ownership were more divided among the community, and that if the estates were so divided the soil would be better cultivated, and therefore would yield larger returns for the labour bestowed upon it.

The plan I propose is this, let the landlords, who may desire to do so, surrender their estates to the Government, or to commissioners appointed for that purpose, sitting in Dublin, with branches in each county or subdivision of county, each with its staff of land-surveyors and valutors, which shall report to the central board in Dublin. This would insure despatch as well as uniformity of procedure. Let the owners receive an

amount of scrip to be issued by the Government equal to the worth of their lands, as ascertained by proper valutors; let the commissioners then divide these properties into smaller holdings, or into such parcels as would best meet the demand in the various localities, and sell them to persons prepared to purchase them at prices not less than the valuations of the experts. The Government would accept lands whose titles were to their satisfaction. If necessary, an Act of Parliament could be passed to cure defects. The deeds issued by the Government to the purchasers of these divided lands to be absolute, in fact patents from the Crown. Registry Offices to be established for the enrolment of deeds and documents affecting the lands.

Suppose the Government acquired and distributed 1,000,000 acres in this manner, and say they were valued at £20 per acre, this would be £20,000,000, for which stock would be issued for the amount, bearing 3 per cent. interest per annum, payable half-yearly. This stock I propose shall be handed over to the landholders *pro rata* in payment of their lands, such stock to be either perpetual or terminable. When desired, the law of entail can be extended from the land to its *value*, invested in the Government Funds, which stock shall be held liable to all the conditions of the law of entail as will be explained presently.

Let this 1,000,000 acres be sold to purchasers, in small blocks, at the £20 per acre mentioned above, payable, say, in four quinquennial periods, interest half-yearly in advance on amount unpaid, at 5 per cent. per annum. Of this 5 per cent. the Government would pay the landlord 3 per cent. as a dividend on the amount of his stock, half-yearly, and retain the 2 per cent. for charges and expenses of various descriptions. At the end of twenty years, the unexpended portion of the 2 per cent. might be handed to the landlords *pro rata*.

Let us take an example. A landlord surrenders his estate of 1,000 acres to the Government, he would receive 3 per cent. scrip for this, to the amount of £20,000, interest payable thereon half-yearly £300, (£300 per annum) the land would be divided into plots of various dimensions, a person would purchase one plot, containing, say five acres, the cost of this at £20 per acre, would be £100; he would pay the first half-year's interest or rent £2 10s. cash down, and thereafter half-yearly in advance, for five years, when he would pay his first instalment of £25; then, of course, his interest or rent would be correspondingly diminished, and so on, until at the end of the twenty years he would have paid all off, principal and interest, and have acquired an absolute right to his little estate. This mode, if carried out, would, in a few years, fill the island with a sturdy, prosperous and contented body of small landholders.

As to the Government scrip, to be handed to the landlords, they might elect whether they would have it perpetual or terminable. If perpetual, the Government would retain the quinquennial payments for their own use; but if the landlords desired it, they might have the scrip terminable, in which case they would have the quinquennial instalments handed over to them, consequently their scrip and interest would be proportionally diminished at each payment, and in twenty years the whole transaction would come to an end. In either mode, the unused portion of the 2 per cent. retained half-yearly, would, at the close of the transaction, be handed over to the landlord, the object of the Government being, not to make money on the lands, but to facilitate their distribution. If there were any incumbrances on an estate at the time of its transfer to the commissioners, these officers would retain a sufficient amount of scrip to satisfy these claims, and as moneys were received from the small

purchasers, they would liquidate the amount due.

The values I have put on the lands and on their rentals, and the terms of payments of instalments on sales, are merely mentioned for the sake of illustrating the scheme. They could all be altered to suit the values of the purchases; such alterations would not interfere with the general feature of the project.

For the convenience of purchasers, the Government could either create a new bank of deposit, or use, say, the Bank of Ireland for that purpose. The Bank should have branch offices in various places, in all centres of labour, to which the purchasers could pay their half-yearly rents, and also, from time to time, deposit sums to provide for the quinquennial payments, in fact, to be the Savings Banks of the people, without the restrictions and limitations of the ordinary Savings Banks. A liberal rate of interest should be allowed on these deposits, everything should be done to induce the people to deal directly with the State, without the intervention of middlemen; they should be educated to regard the Government as the custodian of their interests, and their best friend. The cost of management of these Banks would be moderate, considering the amount of work done by them, and the feeling of security they would impart to the community. I consider their establishment highly desirable, indeed, essential to the success of the whole undertaking.

The advantages resulting from the proposed division of the estates would not be confined to the small purchasers, the large landholders would also be participants, as by means of the arrangement, they would readily obtain fair values, and in the large majority of cases considerably increased values, for their properties, and in many instances receive an amount of Government scrip therefor, the interest of which would vastly exceed the value of their present rentals, and this with-

out trouble, expense, or uncertainty to them. They would exchange a certainty for an uncertainty, and at an increase of rental. An additional benefit that would follow would be, that the vexatious and difficult subject of tenant rights would be avoided. It would be well, however, for the scheme to embrace a provision that should a purchaser be able to show that he had really effected substantial improvements on his property, an extension of the times of payment might be granted to him.

I think it most likely that many of the large landholders would, if the Government offered to purchase their domains on the terms now propounded, readily accept and transfer their properties accordingly; this would induce others to follow their example, as they would soon see that Government scrip was much better than uncultivated estate and a dissatisfied tenantry. In my opinion the gentry of Ireland would willingly adopt any means that would promote the national prosperity, if a feasible scheme were submitted for their consideration.

There would be no difficulty in disposing of the estates if they were divided into small holdings. The intense desire of the Irish people to hold land is well known. They will even now take up their small patches at what to them are enormous rentals, and the competition evinced for occupancy encourages the landlords to refrain from making those improvements, either to the grounds or to the houses, that are customary in England; indeed, the houses might be more correctly termed hovels, many of them not being fit for human habitation.

In order to recommend the adoption of this scheme, and to show what I believe would be its results, I will narrate the events of a Canadian undertaking, to which I think it will bear a strong resemblance.

Some sixty years ago a gentleman, under certain circumstances, was induced to purchase a township, em-

bracing some 40,000 or 50,000 acres which were covered for the most part by a dense forest. He laid this land out in plots of 100 and 200 acres, and offered them for sale. He sold them on the terms say of one-fourth or one-fifth cash down, and the balance in yearly instalments, with interest on amount unpaid. Some purchasers were able to make the cash payments, but many were not, and had nothing to offer in security but their brave hearts and willing hands. The gentleman for some time felt quite discouraged at the prospects of his venture, but a shrewd friend advised him to 'hold on,' assuring him that as the land was gradually cleared up, and brought under cultivation, the settlers would be able to raise crops and pay all their arrears. This assurance proved correct, and the end of the matter was that the gentleman, the head of a large family, was enabled, from the sales of his township, after retaining an ample competence for himself, to settle in his lifetime a handsome fortune on each of his children, whose descendants to this day reap the benefit of their ancestor's enterprise. As for the township, it is now well cleared and settled, and one of the best in Canada; and it has been brought to its present condition by men many of whom, when they began their labours on it, were about as poor as men could be. Now, if these Canadian settlers could hew for themselves comfortable homes out of the forest, with only the then limited markets in which to dispose of their products, under how much better auspices would the Irish farmer start, with his lands all cleared to his hand, and, in addition, lying within an easy distance of the best markets in the world.

The Canadian Government has a mode of rendering assistance to settlers in the backwoods that might be adopted in Ireland—that is, by making grants of money to construct roads, bridges, or other improvements. The settlers may, if they

like, work on these undertakings, and thus earn money to assist them, during the first few years of their struggle in the bush, to support their families and to pay the instalments on their lands. The British Government might undertake public works in Ireland upon or near the estates under consideration, on which, perhaps, many of the purchasers could find employment, and the workmen would deposit in the branch or savings banks as much of their earnings as they could afford, and thus be assisted to provide for the amount of the quinquennial instalments on their little freeholds.

It is true the Government frequently spends a considerable amount of money on public works in Ireland, but the funds so distributed, afford merely temporary relief to those who may be employed on them; nothing permanent results from the assistance thus given, but if the labourers had before their eyes the prospect of securing a comfortable homestead, they would be stimulated to make exertions and practise frugality in order to accomplish so desirable a result. Under fair circumstances, there are no more frugal or industrious men than Irishmen, this is continually shown here, in Canada, some of whose most prosperous citizens are of that nationality. It is well known that great numbers of the Irish peasants go over yearly to England, to assist the farmers to gather in their harvests, and thus earn a few pounds with which to pay the rents of their miserable holdings at home, and surely the men who would go to such a distance to earn money to discharge their mere rents, would gladly work, if necessary doubly hard, in their own country to ensure to them the acquisition of a piece of freehold property.

If the British Government deemed it advisable, they might make a special grant to the purchasers, to assist them, say in the payment of their first instalment of rent, or interest, but this

would be quite as an act of favour. It must be borne in mind, that for the first twenty years, the purchasers would pay merely interest and instalments, all rates and charges on land being paid during that time by the Government, out of the two per cent. retained by them, but at the expiration of the twenty years, the purchasers would become educated to assume these responsibilities, and would in fact become "Home Rulers" through their municipal government.

I do not wish at all to discourage emigration from Ireland to Canada, I believe it would greatly benefit Ireland if she sent her surplus population to this country, where there is ample room for any number of settlers, but a certain amount of people will always prefer to remain in the land of their nativity, rather than encounter the trials consequent upon a removal to a far off country.

If at any time, a small proprietor wanted to sell his holding, he could easily find a purchaser, who would recompense him for his improvements or payments thereon, indeed the probability is, that on account of these improvements, the place would have increased so much in value that the settler would make a profit from his outlay on it.

The creation of a class of small yeoman landholders would be of great advantage to Ireland, it would calm the public mind, get rid of agitators and immediately please the people, as it would bring the land back into the hands of the descendants of those who owned the country in olden times. It would give to the new proprietors of the soil a direct and important stake in the country, and make them deeply interested in its peace and advancement. The benefits that would result to England would be equally great. She would have a poor and discontented neighbour changed into a thriving and satisfied friend, for Ireland, by enjoying her own recourses, would rapidly accumulate wealth. The people

of both countries would recognize that their great interests were identical, and desire each other's prosperity, for Ireland would find in England a ready and lucrative market for her agricultural products, and in consequence become enriched. She would, in her turn, consume a large amount of English manufactures, the profits on which would be much more valuable to England, than the amount of money now spent in it by the Irish absentees.

Reciprocal advantages would bind the islands together, and make them indeed the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Thus the moral and material interests of a free and generous people would be assured and a great national object attained, without infringing on vested rights, and (since the scheme is self supporting) without adding to the burdens of the State.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

GENTLY blow the winds at even,
 Whispering to the bending flowers
 Words of love and tender greeting,
 Spoken but in evening hours ;
 And the trees take up the burden
 Of the love song soft and low,
 And the brooklet is the echo,
 With its gentle murm'ring flow.
 Birds above their songs are trilling,
 Cradled in the leafy trees,
 Sweet the music borne towards us,
 On the wand'ring evening breeze !
 And the song they sing, my darling,
 Is the mystery of love,
 Wondrous power ! which holds dominion,
 Over court, and camp, and grove.
 On such nights so clear, so tranquil,
 All the moonlit earth is rife
 With a mystic dreamy radiance,
 With a happy, love-born life !
 For such nights are made for loving
 When the earth is hushed to rest,
 And the moonlight's silver mantle
 Trails along its sleeping breast.
 Bird and breezes, tree and brooklet,
 Join to sing the glorious theme,
 And the music floateth onward
 As the music in a dream.
 Soft and low the anthem peaaleth,
 And the sweet notes, as they roll,
 Cast a dream-cloud o'er the senses
 And a rapture o'er the soul.
 Yet there still is something wanting,
 Still a need which nought can meet,
 Only when in Heaven we gather
 Shall earth's love be made complete.

—*Esperance.*

ROUND THE TABLE.

LUCRETIIUS AND THE DOCTRINE OF NATURAL SELECTION.

I have not *seen* it anywhere noticed, though it may have been, that the germs of the now famous doctrine of natural selection or the survival of the fittest, as the result of certain advantages possessed by the surviving creature over its fellows in the sharp struggle for life, are to be found in the writings (Book V.) of the poet Lucretius. He therein states that, in the long course of the ages, nature had given birth to other creatures than those found existing in our present world, but that they had been weeded out because of certain structural and constitutional disadvantages of birth; whereas the existing ones survive because they were stronger or swifter or more cunning. He also adds that even some of the weaker creatures were continued in existence owing to their possessing certain qualities of use to creatures higher than themselves, and who therefore protected them, as in the case of sheep by men.

I quote the passages referred to from Creech's not very literal poetical translation. Speaking of the long series of the ages, our poet sings :

“ But more ; these years must numerous kinds deface ;

They could not all preserve their feeble race :
For those we see remain and bear their young,
Craft, strength, and swiftness hath preserved
so long.

Many their profit and their use commends,
Those species man preserves, kind man defends.

Wild beasts' and lions' race their native rage
Preserves secure through all-devouring age.
But those to whom kind nature gave no force,
No courage, strength, or swiftness to the
course,

Thus doomed by chance, they lived an easy
prey

To all, and thus their kinds did soon decay.’

Or, as he had said before,

‘ A thousand such in vain arose from earth.’

Whether the law of variation, coupled with that of natural selection, be an adequate account of the various phenomena of life, I am far from undertaking

to affirm. But I thought that this reference might be interesting to those whose attention had not been directed to it, as serving to bridge over and unite the past with the present, and to show that there are few things (and thoughts) absolutely new under the sun.

J. A. ALLEN.

[Our guest appears to have forgotten the address by Professor Tyndall at Belfast, in which Lucretius' forecast of the theory was mentioned.—Ed. C. M.]

LABOUR, PRODUCTIVE AND NON-PRODUCTIVE.

F. B. R. calls my little contribution to the Table of the October *Monthly* ‘superficial and fallacious,’ ‘unwise and fallacious,’ (fallacious, you see, is the favourite) ‘not to say nonsensical.’ No doubt F. B. R. knows all about it, and I bow at once to that decision. When I said that a wife might be all that was ‘excellent and admirable, and all that was beautiful and lovable,’ I certainly thought, that I was not niggardly. That, however, it seems, did not satisfy F. B. R. We must have ‘holiest and most reverend,’ ‘charmed circle’ and ‘sacred work,’ ‘noblest creature in the glorious universe,’ and man made by her ‘more angel and less worm.’ With all my heart, only I had not all those fine words and ideas at command. Still, I think that wives will like my estimation best. F. B. R. says that ‘that their influence is almost infinitely far reaching in its effects for good or evil’ (for good or evil). Now, I said nothing about evil. And this evil, we are told, may affect ‘the character and happiness of her husband, of herself, of her children, of her servants, of her friends, of all that come within the charmed circle. Far-reaching indeed ! *O, fortunati nimium*, for whom this influence is for good and not for evil !

I thought, I confess, that it was a purely ‘economic’ question, that of the payment of a wife’s debts by her husband. I thought that the labour which paid

debts was 'productive,' and that that which did not pay debts was 'non-productive.' I fear I am still suffering from the same weakness. F. B. R. will not have it so, but makes it a 'sentimental' question, which is the name that Mrs. Oliphant has given to it.

F. B. R. toils up-hill a long way in order to raise the wife to the summit of superiority over the husband, and then drops her down again, telling us that the matter is 'utterly incapable of analysis into what is due to one and what to the other.'

F. B. R. is very strongly of opinion that the qualities of a good wife enable her husband 'to accomplish more and to produce more than without them he could hope to do.' Now then, we come to the 'economic' question, pure and simple,—what the husband's work *produces*. Let us suppose two partners in business or occupation of any kind. Do they divide profits unequally because he who is married earns or produces more than he who is not? Then let us suppose that the latter takes to himself a wife. Does he from that moment find his business or professional capacity improve? but that politeness forbids, I think I might call any such idea as that 'nonsensical.' The 'true wife,' who remains at home, who is true in every sense of the word, and who pretends to nothing that is untrue, is quite sensible that she knows nothing about the processes by which her husband accomplishes or produces his ends, and that she cannot aid them or influence them to the extent of a single dollar, one way or another. What he brings home to her she expends to the best of her power; be it more, she can spend more; be it less, she makes less suffice. She does her duty. She can do no more. It may be lighter or heavier. That is in the chapter of chances. As years pass on, the husband generally produces more; his business facilities are enlarged; his professional connection extends itself; he gets on in life. He makes a successful stroke in commerce; he performs a remarkable cure or operation; his capital or his credit increases. His wife shares in the benefit derived from it, but in what way has she aided it? The *truer* she is, the readier she is to acknowledge that.

From generals let us proceed to particulars. Some have had great success in life; others have had none. Will any-

one be 'nonsensical' enough to draw the line between those who have had wives and those who have not? Shakespeare did not owe what he accomplished to his wife; during all the time when his wonderful works were produced, he lived apart from her. He left her a poor man, he returned to her a rich one. Milton's greatest work was produced after his wife died. Lords Byron and Lytton, and Charles Dickens were all separated from their wives. That did not prevent them from producing works of great genius, acquiring great fame, and earning large sums of money. Neither Johnson nor Goldsmith was married. One of them was poor at first but never in pecuniary difficulties; the other was never out of them. Southey had a good wife; he was in hopes all his life that 'the constable might come up with him.' Walter Scott had a good wife; his pecuniary embarrassments killed him before his time. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Thomas Lawrence all acquired titles and fame and much money; not one of them was ever married. And so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*. In *all* professions, in *all* pursuits, you will find it the same. A man has a successful career, or he plods through life just keeping the wolf from the door. In either case he may have a 'true wife.' If you attempt to establish any such rule as that promulgated by F. B. R., you must make it tell both ways. Such a one made a fortune. Aye, he had a good wife. Such a one was ruined and died a beggar. Aye, he had a bad wife.

In the first paper on this subject F. said 'the husband is the protector and breadwinner.' Most indubitably true. Bread to eat, and protection to eat it in peace, these are the *alpha* and *omega* of existence. Bread is the staff of life. It is none the worse for being buttered, though F. B. R. seems to hold it in some contempt in that condition. We are told that we 'do not live to eat, we eat to live.' Most indubitably true again. Therefore without eating we should not live. Therefore our lives depend upon the bread we eat. Therefore we owe our existence to the breadwinner. Therefore the opportunity of performing all those admirable duties,—and *who* doubts that they *are* admirable—of which F. B. R. speaks so enthusiastically, is due to the breadwinner. Without the breadwinner there would be no bread to eat (let alone butter) no wives, no children, no duties.

Granted the breadwinner, and all falls into its place harmoniously. Then comes the opportunity and occasion for the display of all feminine virtues, inestimable qualities and virtues, to which I now make a deep reverence and obeisance.

A. B. C.

THE WIFE'S CONTRIBUTION OF TIME AND LABOUR.

It is always satisfactory when one has sent a paragraph out into the dark, as it were, to find that it has been at least read and considered. On this account it was rather a satisfaction than otherwise, to find, in the October number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, a paragraph attacking one of my positions. It is a still greater satisfaction, of course, to find, in the November number, a paragraph so ably defending the assailed position, that it seems almost needless to say anything more about it, especially as F. B. R. has said almost exactly what I should have said had I observed the paragraph of A. B. C. in time to reply to it. I am very glad that this so happened; for the more opinions we have on this subject the better; and for this reason, and because The Table is intended expressly for the free interchange of thought and expression, I shall add a few remarks to what F. B. R. has said so well.

In pointing out that the wife is really the 'loaf-giver,' I supposed that any reader would recognise the allusion to the etymological meaning of the word *lutly*, which is simply the old Saxon *hlæfdige* or *loaf-giver*. When words thus embody the conception of a people, it will generally be found that the conception is not altogether an incorrect one. Most people will recognise the beauty of the ideal of the good wife and house mother as the *loaf-giver*, while the husband and father is the *bread-winner*—bringing home, as it were, the raw material of domestic life, which her loving care and industry transform into what is needed, in all its details, for the comfort of her household. She actually accomplishes the miracle spoken of by A. B. C. in 'making two loaves stand where one stood before;' whether she, with her own hands, as do so many good wives, at once saves the baker's profit,

and provides more wholesome food for her household, or by more intelligent and judicious oversight and direction, guards the economy of the *ménage* in every direction from the waste and misappropriation so certain to ensue from the hands of careless hirelings. What F. B. R. says as to the productiveness of the wife's labour in increasing the product of her husband's efforts in merely providing him with more favourable conditions for his labour is assuredly true, but more than this can be claimed for the industrious and thrifty wife of the working man; whether he work with his hands or his head—whether she bakes her own bread or scrubs her own floors and 'gars auld claes look amaist as weel as new,' or applies the higher capabilities of a cultivated woman to make the home of the professional man with a limited income, bright and attractive as that which is supplied by *wealth alone* can never be. Every one who has had much to do with the poorer classes knows well how ruinous it is, in a merely pecuniary point of view, to a poor man to lose his wife, and how a poor widower with a large family finds himself compelled to marry again with what would be, but for the necessity, indecent haste. Whereas, how often does it happen that the poor widow, left with a large family, takes up the burden and bears it with her almost unaided exertions until the children can earn their own support. And how often may we compare two families in which the husbands are equally sober, industrious, steady, in fact have started under equally favourable conditions, *except only* in the character of their wives. Yet you will find, to-day, that the family in which the wife is active, managing, economical, is far ahead of the other in prosperity and comfort. To whom is the 'meed of thanks' due *there* for the difference? Mrs. Oliphant gives us an instance of a wife who had more than doubled the actual income of the family by the labour of her own hands in taking boarders, and yet the husband would talk magnanimously about *giving* his wife a pair of gloves! If the labour of the industrious wife is to be excluded from the class of 'productive labour,' so must that of the baker, the tailor, the artisan class generally. Indeed it often happens, in our modern complex civilization, that the wife's work comes far more truly under the head of 'productive labour' than

does the husband's, even though he gives his work to the outside world for money, and she gives her's to the home for love. Moreover, the *intangible* results of the wife's labours can never be appraised at a pecuniary value, simply because they can *never be bought*. But we have, it is to be hoped, other and higher tests of productiveness than dollars and cents! Man does not live by bread alone, neither do children. 'Hungry little mouths' need something more than bread and butter to fit them for the work of life. They want mother love, watching, training and tending, sympathy and companionship. Every noble man who has had a true mother has felt and acknowledged that he owed her that which no money could ever repay, which no other could ever have supplied, and this without in the least detracting from his father's due.

Furthermore, the work of the true wife and mother is of a far more continuous and exacting nature than that of the great majority of masculine employments, than almost any, if we except doctors and railway brakemen. The husband, however hard he may work, has his hours of labour and his hours of rest. The work of the wife and mother is *never* done. It demands her whole time and vigilance and vitality, in fact her whole self. Under the strain many constitutions, not robust, break down into premature and chronic ill health, if not into premature graves. And the burden is too often made heavier for the wife by the ignorance or niggardliness of the husband in giving her an insufficient allowance for the style of house-keeping which he expects in his home. How often does worrying anxiety how to 'make the ends meet' wear away the wife's brightness and elasticity, when the husband is quite able to supply what would be amply sufficient, to give her a margin, besides, for the charities and other expenses which she should be able to meet easily and cheerfully, though she too often is not.

These things being undeniably true, it seems absurdly superfluous to attempt to *prove* the assertion that 'the wife's contribution of time and labour' are her fair share of the family burden. Men may differ as to the limitation or non-limitation of woman's 'sphere,' but outside of Turkey there should hardly be two opinions as to the dignity and vital importance of her work in the *home*, nor

should any true man desire to 'filch away half the credit' from *her*. The male bird may be very faithful and industrious in picking up worms and '*grub*' for his nestlings, but he will hardly be thought a very modest bird if he claim the whole credit of their nurture, ignoring the patient sitting of the mother bird, and the vital warmth she supplies, as necessary a condition of their life as the food he brings. It will never raise the attributes of true fathers on earth, to attempt to disparage and belittle those of true *mothers*.

F.

EXTREME VIEWS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE little tempest of disapproval called forth by the protest of the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell against the extreme language of some total abstinence speakers shows how hard it is for even good and thoroughly well-meaning men to be tolerant of those who differ from them in regard to a favourite hobby. For there is no doubt that, simply from a too exclusive gaze on one particular evil, total abstinence *does* become a hobby—nay, even a *religion* with some. To those who know that Mr. Macdonnell has been in practice a total abstainer from boyhood, it is somewhat amusing to see a prominent total abstinence journal 'hoping' that he may not follow in the footsteps of some anti-temperance orator who had fallen a victim to the moderate drinking he advocated! We all know what such '*hope notes*' mean when we hear them from gossips in private life. Is there no evil in such a '*suggestio falsi*,' as the writer might easily have ascertained it to be?

The present writer has fought hard for the trial of prohibition in Canada, and would not be suspected by readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, at any rate, of indifference to the evils of intemperance and the safeguard of total abstinence. But, just because total abstainers, under an overpowering sense of the curse of intemperance, so easily glide into fanaticism on the subject, does it seem necessary, occasionally, to protest against the bigotry and narrowness of those who would make total abstinence a virtue *per se*, and the temperate use of wine *in itself* a sin. If this were so, total abstinence would of course be incumbent

on every man, without referring to others, whereas it is its greatest glory that it is frequently the sacrifice of an innocent gratification by persons who could use it innocently, for the good of others. No one who has any but the most contracted view of human life, can help admitting that wine and other mild alcoholic beverages appear to have a place of their own in *normal* human life,—and that even the stronger and more dangerous are like medicines, at times useful and even necessary. Therefore Mr. Macdonnell was perfectly correct in calling total abstinence an exceptional remedy for an exceptional state of things which prevails in Canada, but does *not* prevail in every quarter of the world. He and many others fully admit that it is the best and safest course in this exceptional state of things; but think it would be still better, and a *possible* state of things not to be despaired of, that every individual should be so guided and ruled by Christian self-control as to be able to use without abusing that which is bad only because of its abuse. But, so far as human appearances go, this state of things is yet far in the future; and just because so many individuals carry heavy weights in the shape of mental and moral weakness, hereditary predisposition, lack of moral training. &c., &c., would I and many others like to see them guarded, until a fairer start could be made, by the wall of Prohibition if

that could be secured and carried out by the consent and moral support of the community; the stronger being willing to bear the burden of the weak. But as this,—the Christian law of self-sacrifice, is the principle on which those who might safely use alcoholic beverages, deny themselves their use, it is obviously out of place to attack those who do not feel called to make the sacrifice as if their moderate use were wrong *per se*. I, for one, though a total abstainer myself, am rather glad that that *every* one else is not one, for it seems necessary to keep some people in mind that the thing *can* be used without being abused. And it cannot be fairly said that the example of the moderate use *encourages* others in the *abuse*, although it is for each one to consider whether his example and influence may not lead an unwary brother into paths in which *he* at least may stumble and fall. It is a question of which every one must be fully persuaded in his own mind; and while I decidedly regard total abstinence, as a *practice*, as the safer course in the special circumstances of our time and country, I would heartily welcome temperance associations on a wider basis than that of *pledged* total abstinence, and would heartily join hands with all who would in any mode, positive or negative, give their aid in the great battle against the foul fiend Intemperance.

F.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Bricks Without Straw. A Novel, by ALBION W. TOURGEE, LL.D., author of 'A Fool's Errand,' &c. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1880.

Judge Tourgee has been better than his word. His title-page promises us a novel, and he gives us besides a rather elaborate study of negro character and an historical sketch of southern society since the close of the war of secession, with ample and detailed accounts of State Legislation on the 'coloured question'

thrown into the bargain. In form perhaps the mixture is a little heavy, the 'baking powder' does not seem to have worked evenly so as to leaven the whole lump, which consequently remains rather doughy in parts. For instance, after an impassioned love scene between Hesden Le Moyne, the high spirited Southern gentleman, and Mollie Ainslie, the beautiful little Yankee 'school-marm,' who offends the neighbourhood by demeaning herself to teach 'niggers,' it is a come down to find a chapter on Hesden's

gradual change of views on the subject of white predominance, split up thus (with numbered paragraphs in an inner margin) :

'He had arrived at the following conclusions :

1. 'That it was a most fortunate and providential thing that the confederacy had failed, &c.

2. 'That the emancipation of the slaves would ultimately prove advantageous'—and so on. One advantage this plan certainly possesses. You can tell at a glance when the deadly prosing fit is coming on, and an experienced skipper will be able to land safely on the other side of the yawning gulf (no joke is intended) with as little delay as possible. There *are* writers,—save the mark!—who do not act so openly, but sandwich in their powders between layers of jam so deftly that you cannot help being medicined against your will.

But when we have once said this, we have exhausted our spleen against the Judge. Even his political and social discourses are praiseworthy in their liberal tendencies. He is a lover of the black man, a believer in his capacity, and a stern denouncer of those who have striven to keep him down in the scale of being. One finds the old feeling return which stirred so many hearts when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' came out, and made us weep and rage in spite of all its clap-trap sentiment. There is a more serious every-day air about Judge Tourgee's revelations. We see in his pages to what a depth of degradation the slave-holding population has sunk itself. Legree was at any rate a bold villain ; he might have been a buccaneer under more favourable auspices. Even the Ku-Klux-Klan ran a slight modicum of risk in their ferociously comic midnight maraudings which so often wound up with blood and flames. But when the Caucasian sets to work to devise laws simply and solely for the purpose of robbing the emancipated slave of his labour, we see the white man at his lowest, and own the truth of the great and fundamental law, that a vast national injustice recoils with its worst effects upon its perpetrators.

One of the negro characters in the tale is working a farm on shares for a white man. To avoid the abominable extortion of the truck system, as worked out at the white man's store, he resolutely refrains from accepting any orders for goods on

account of his prospective crop, knowing full well how miraculously the store-book accounts will foot up against him if he once has his name inscribed there.

The owner does not like this independent course of conduct, which, if persisted in, will oblige him to pay the 'sassy nigger' his full share of the crop. He watches and at last catches poor Berry picking a few ears of green corn for dinner, off what he, not unnaturally, considers his own corn-patch. But this is larceny by the humane law of Kansas ; the 'boss' had got the requisite hold, and the friendless, frightened nigger takes a few dollars for his share of the crop, and leaves the country to escape prosecution. In the next State he works again on a cotton farm, patronizing the owner's store more freely, so that when the harvest is over he only has a small lot of cotton to dispose of. This he starts to market to sell. In that free land no man must sell cotton after sun-down, lest it might be stolen goods ! A buyer tempts Berry with an extra cent a pound to sell just a few minutes after the lawful hour, then gets him arrested for breaking the law, keeps the cotton, and refuses to pay for it. Berry goes to jail. The man he worked for holds his mule and chattels for breach of contract, Berry having gone to prison a day or so before his year's hiring was out. It may almost seem impossible that such things can be, but we must remember that these laws, harsh and unjust in themselves, are or were vindictively administered by judges, sheriffs, and officers elected for the express purpose of keeping the black man down under foot.

The book is carefully got up, and well printed, being very free from typographical errors. We can recommend it to such of our readers as felt an interest in the history of the South during the late critical period of her resuscitation.

Memories of my Exile, by LOUIS KOS-SUTH. Translated by Ferencz Jauscz. New York : D. Appleton & Co ; Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

Hungary and Poland have been the scenes of European crimes of uncommon magnitude, and it has yet to be known whether they will not afford the acting-grounds of as great retributions. In the

eyes of M. Kossuth, his people have forfeited their high aspirations and lost their chivalrous love of independence ; whilst, by accepting the present union of their fortunes with Austria in a satisfied spirit, he holds that they have betrayed the future hopes of that country for which he and so many other patriots have bled and struggled. To consider what might have been is not usually productive of much practical good ; but, perhaps the short space we can devote to the notice of this book may not be unprofitably applied in asking ourselves whether the fate of Hungary would have been a more fortunate one had not the brute force of Russia been thrown into the scale against the struggles of the Liberationists, putting a bloody period to the war of Independence. In spirit and bravery the Hungarians proved, through all those stormy scenes, their right to an independent existence as a nation. But more is needed in a nation than spirit, bravery and national traditions. M. Kossuth, at page 201 of his present work, points out that the census of 1851 only gives some seven millions of people as the purely German element in the thirty-seven millions of mixed races that go to make up the Austrian Empire. The conclusion he draws is that this number is not enough to give the Empire, which he so justly hates, a national character. But Hungary itself only numbers some eleven millions, and these, if erected into a kingdom by themselves, would be far too weak to stand alone among the gigantic powers of the Continent. How then did the Hungarian leaders propose to swell their numbers and increase their area, so as to find a basis wide enough to be self-supporting ? The answer is simple. The Croats and Slavs were to be made a component part of the new body politic, although their repugnance to the Hungarian rule had been well marked and is known to every student of Magyar history and literature. In other words the new nationality must, in self-defence, repeat the rôle of oppressor, and practise on weaker countries the same compulsion it had complained of so bitterly itself. M. Kossuth found great comfort in the recognition that at length greeted the earnest endeavours of Italy to throw off the rule of the stranger, but the case presents no parallel. The population of Italy is considerably more than double that of Hungary, and its perfect and

well-defined natural barriers and landmarks impress the idea of unity upon the nation with overwhelming force. Again, to lose Italy was but the loss of an always festering limb to Austria ;—to have lost Hungary would have been annihilation, and the powers that assisted or looked on complacently at the enriching of Sardinia, did not by any means desire the destruction of the House of Hapsburg.

M. Kossuth condemns the moderate party among his countrymen for accepting the amended dual-constitution which was accorded them in 1867. We think that in this his better judgment is clouded by the naturally harsh feelings of an exile against the government that proscribes him. For how does the matter now stand ? We saw that in 1851 the German element in the Hapsburg rope of sand was but small, and the chance of war since then has materially and permanently reduced even that slight proportion. People are not lacking who will prophecy that the remaining Teutonic element in the population of Austria will yet gravitate towards the imposing mass of the German Empire. Be this as it may, the power of Hungary, if it be wisely husbanded and increased by the exercise of a legitimate influence over the less civilized races near it seems destined, in future, to prove the growing predominant power of the two-headed Austro-Hungarian kingdom. Like two dogs chained to the same collar, the force of the stronger will decide the road they are to take, and we shall be surprised if the seat of power does not slowly move down the Danube. In this light Hungary will more than have achieved its independence, it will have changed places with its former masters and that by a natural and peaceful process instead of a series of bloody and revolutionary struggles. And yet, while applauding Deak, who can prevent the regretful sigh for Kossuth ?

This volume is occupied in giving the particulars of the last attempt that showed the refugees of 1848 a chance to save their country in their own way. With Austria and France grappling in the death-struggle among the marshes of the Po, and under the guns of the Quadrilateral, it did not need the eagle-eye of Kossuth to discern the commanding position which a revolted Hungary could at once assume. Austria, attacked in flank and rear, her army organization

shattered both by direct desertion of the Hungarian troops and by the cutting off of her best recruiting-ground, must have succumbed to Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. Hungary might be free!—all that was needed was to fathom the unfathomable and to fix the quicksands of Napoleon's shifting purposes into resolute determination. But that could not be done. He would promise, hold interviews, theatrically parade before the exiles, the original parchment on which his great uncle's address to the Hungarian nation was written—but commit himself irrevocably to war *à l'outrance* with Austria, by sending a French army into Hungary, this he would *not* do. There are symptoms that he would gladly have embroiled Hungary into rising and creating a diversion in the enemy's rear, but Kossuth firmly declined to give his sanction to any such plan. It was no part of our exile's intention to become an Imperial catspaw at the expense of his country's future prospects. While hanging on the dubious verge of war, and organizing a Hungarian legion, the news of the treaty of Villafranca fell on the hopes of the refugees like "thunder from a clear sky." Italy and Hungary were alike abandoned, and Napoleon retired with Savoy and Nice in his pocket, the ill-gotten price of services which he had not rendered.

The translation of these memoirs is, so far as we can judge, well done, but the style is in parts hardly up to the level of history. Imagine the stately Muse condescending to say (at p. 112), 'How green!' The rendering of one of Victor Emmanuel's proclamations is badly done, it makes him speak of Austria's army 'which *to assault us* she has assembled' &c. One very amusing passage from the state papers of Francis V. Duke of Modena, serves to give an idea of what an Austro-Italian Grand Duke *could* do in the depths of his grand-ducal stupidity when he really bent his faculties to the task. He was a Francophobe of the deepest dye, and proposed that Austria and the Dukedoms should invade France, raze its fortresses, transfer its capital from Paris elsewhere, and plant military colonies of Croats and Slavonians among the restless people of Alsace and other bordering provinces! Unluckily this genius was too modest to plan out exactly the military movements by which this modest programme was to be accomplished.

Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages. Venice, Siena, Florence. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

In how many different lights do people regard ancient buildings! The simplest, most primitive type of sight-seer is the innocent rustic who walks round the Cathedral Close of some old English city in stolid wise, the noble edifice before him hardly awaking a single thought in his breast, and his imagination certainly never conceiving the possibility of a time when that building was in any single particular different from what it is now.

A little higher in the scale comes the cut-and-dried antiquary who knows that the nave exhibits Norman work, that the transepts are in the decorated style and the east window perpendicular. He knows too that these different styles date from different periods, and can discourse with detail on the signs of transition from one fashion to another. But the whole thing is dry and hard to him, as lifeless as a genealogical tree or a chart of the kings of England. True love for the old building only comes when we grasp the truth that it has lived a life of its own; that these crumbling walls and mossy buttresses have been gradually formed to their present shape much as the coral reef has formed itself from the countless lives that surround and cling to it. Every subtle change that has gradually led us from heavy rounded arch and clumsy pillar to broad expanse of traceried window and lightly-clustered shaft has been induced by some corresponding onward movement in the mind of the men who framed it, and which is, perchance, best evidenced to-day by these visible tokens or sign-manuals of its power. To understand the building and to know it well, you must study the men who designed it, who raised the money to build it, and who altered its scope from time to time,—and to really know these men you must, as clearly, study the work of their hands thus embodied here before you. You will find the one inquiry will help the other. During the last century men of the highest calibre failed to appreciate either the arts or the literature of the Middle Ages. "Gothick" was a term of reprobation. Earnest study has enabled many a little mind of to-day to

enter further into the spirit of William of Wykeham than it was in the power of Dr. Johnson to do.

And what a fascinating study it is! Your old cathedral speaks to you tales from the past. Read up its archives and you look at this or at that feature in its beauties with renewed interest. That change from one style to another tells you more now than it used to do. You are reminded by it of the cause why the work was stopped,—war, or wasting pestilence, or some period of stagnation when old things seemed good enough and further progress only a vexation of the spirit. Then comes the new impulse, pouring its tide of new life into all the channels of the State. Old forms of building are modified, new shapes of arches and windows demand fresh improvements in glass, in carved work, in paintings. From the glories of the shrine one is led to imagine the increased luxuries of the private house, that reminds us of the greater wealth of the nation which is the cause and the measure of these improvements, and thus an alteration in a moulding or the centering of an arch has led us unconsciously to reflect upon the most vital changes in the social life of an entire people.

Three of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in Italy are treated by Mr. Norton in this manner. He takes us to Alexandria with the Venetian merchants who brought back the body of Saint Mark; he walks with us among the master workmen of Siena, or we hear the wrangling and disputing about the competing designs of Ghiberté and Brunelleschi for the Church of Saint Mary of the Flower at Florence. We see the masons eating their maccheroni and oily Italian messes in the little cook shop which was reared up among the scaffolding at the dizzy height of that stupendous dome, and the apprentices recklessly letting each other down over the sides of the unfinished cupola to rob the birds' nests. The church is more than mere marble and mortar to us after we have followed its growth after this fashion. These men have laid the stones in their life-blood, and Brunelleschi girdled its dome with his brain no less than with chains and heavy timbers. One feels joyful with him at his success in achieving that which so many other architects declared impossible, we share his triumph when we have heard of his difficulties.

Much interest would have been added to this book could a few illustrations and diagrams have been given. It is so well got up, the paper is so thick, the type so clear, and the title page really so attractive, that we feel all the more regret that a little extra expense was not incurred in presenting the reader with views (if only outlines) of the principal buildings about which Mr. Norton writes so enthusiastically.

New Colorado, and the Santa Fé Trail.

By A. A. HAYES, jr., Fellow of the American Geographical Society & F. R. G. S. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1880.

People who want to find a new corner of the world to write about, must look sharp now-a-days. Colorado was a howling wilderness a few years back, and what is it now? There is little or no geographical renown to be won in a land where railways penetrate in every direction, and one meets no deadlier animal than a *burro* (Anglicé, jackass). Still, whatever honours were to be gathered may be fairly credited to Mr Hayes for his very racy and gossiping account of the country, whether viewed from the standpoint of traveller, cattle, or sheep farmer, or even of 'honest miner.' The general public may not like the book the less for its retaining the light tone of magazine literature (the bulk of the work appeared in *Harper's Magazine*), and the industry shown in collecting anecdotes and incidents of the class with which Bret Harte first made us familiar, is worthy of much praise. Some travellers manage to cross a country without meeting a single fact or fiction to record, others again (and Mr Hayes is one) come out covered as thickly as a woolly dog with burrs after a scamper in the autumn bush.

Our author goes into figures to prove the profits that may be made by the successful cattle farmer on the foot-hills and prairies of the Centennial State. He gives wholesome advice as to the chances of getting on;—capital and love of work are both needed. The 'toney' Englishman is not admired out there, at least after his money goes. One of these (let us hope an exceptionally foolish one) came with a sum, fabled at \$50,000, in

his pocket, went into sheep raising, had about thirty or forty others always 'loafing around him,' and went away in a few years owing \$20,000. Mr Hayes's informant mentioned that this gentle shepherd had no trouble in disposing of his sheep, as 'the Sheriff did that for him!' But in careful hands a capital of \$14,000 invested in sheep runs, buildings and sheep would yield \$2,596 net profit the first year, \$3,406 the second, and \$4,899 the third year. These are Mr. Hayes' own calculations, and as he says he has received letters complaining of his having put the profits both too high and too low, he considers he is not far off in his estimate.

Of mining Mr Hayes is too careful to speak in any such decided tone. Mines, like the men who own them, are too often 'here to-day and gone to-morrow;' and one can never call a miner finally and decidedly fortunate till he has started a Company to run his mine and 'unloaded' all his stock at a handsome premium.

At the close of the work is an interesting chapter on the history of Colorado, scanty as it is, and the early traffic across the plains to Santa Fé. Mr Hayes visits that old emporium of Spanish commerce, but does not deal much with New Mexico. His artistic companion, to whom we owe many picturesque views of Rocky Mountain scenery, has parted from him, and we are consequently left to some extent to our imagination in picturing the scenery of the Rio Grande. We can cordially agree with his detestation of the horrid names that have been given to places. 'Purgatoire' has degenerated into 'Picketwire,' and mountains with sonorous Spanish names become Pike's Peak or Mount Lincoln. Let us hope that a reaction may set in, and that these noble ranges may yet be re-baptized into the Sierras.

CHRISTMAS ISSUES IN ART AND LITERATURE.

People who love to poke among the curiosities of literature, are acquainted with the various shapes into which our old poets used to contort their verses.

A Bacchanalian song would conform to its appropriate flask or wine-glass, a pitiful true lovers' plaint to the form of a heart, and a religious poem would take

upon itself that of an altar or cross. It will be a novelty, however, to even these enquiring minds, when they notice the "Christmas Stocking," issued by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, Toronto. The lithographed cover is an apt representation, in the brightest colors, of a very diminutive stocking, and the stocking has evidently got into the domain of a very poetical Santa Claus, as it is full of verses appropriate to the season.

The same firm have continued their efforts to encourage Canadian Art by placing on the market a number of the "Ribbon Series" of hand-painted books which have been already very favorably received by the public. "Pleas for Books," "The Shadow of the Rock," "The Changed Cross," &c., are among their list, and as each book is painted in a different design, the "early bird" of a purchaser will probably find his account in getting the best of what appears to us a very good selection.

Similar praise is due to Messrs. James Campbell & Son, for the very artistically designed series of floral tablets and scenes of Canadian life which they have got out to meet the growing taste of the public for original works of art instead of reproductions (however carefully executed) of a more or less stereotyped character. We understand that the firm had so much confidence in the support they would meet with, that they gave orders to Canadian artists on a sufficiently large scale to enable them to put some 1,500 of these hand-painted tablets on the market, and the only regret they are likely to feel in connection with the matter is, that they did not provide a yet larger number.

Messrs. Willing & Williamson have on show, amongst a large assortment of imported Christmas Cards, including the latest of De La Rue's and Marcus Ward's issues, some specially noticeable cards from across the border. Messrs. Prang, of Boston, have put much energy into the art and mystery of Christmas card manufacturing. Even as Florence and Siena of old used to throw open their church building schemes to competition, and offer prizes to the one supreme architect of the universe, or (to come a little nearer home) as the Hop-Bitters Company offer prizes to the most successful oarsman of the day,—so did Messrs. Prang apply the strong stimulating effect of an offer of \$1,000, \$500

and \$300 prizes in order to elicit from the citizens of the United States their three most supreme designers of Christmas cards. The first prize was gained by a lady, — Miss Emmett, — whose card has a graceful border of passion flowers, surrounding a composition of five chorister boys singing the "Gloria," — the awakened shepherd with his flock, the watching angel and the host of stars in the dark blue firmament of Heaven. The harmony of coloring in this piece of work is very noticeable. The second prize card (Mr. Alex. Sandier's) is of a more secular character, but will probably find as many admirers, while the less successful designers will possibly find champions who will prefer their handiwork even to that of the prize winners.

The custom of sending these tokens of friendship seems to be increasing, and we must admit we consider it in many ways a commendable one. The majority of people are not, at present, millionaires (whatever they may expect to be), and nothing short of a big fortune will enable a man to send a substantial present to all his friends. The card steps in and prevents economy from being driven to justify neglect. We can also give a good word for a fashion which calls into play the latent talent of our countrymen, and especially our countrywomen, and which may, in its humble fashion, do somewhat to help unravel the knotty question, 'What employment are our educated women to be provided with?'

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, we have much pleasure in stating, has consented to the republication of a number of his Essays and Lectures on Literary and Historical subjects contributed to this Magazine and to English and American reviews. The volume, which is at present passing through the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., may soon be looked for.

We gladly welcome the second year's issue, for 1879, of the 'Dominion Annual Register and Review,' edited by Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Keeper of the Records, Ottawa. This compilation is so well done, and condenses so much of the year's events, in all departments of the nation's progress, that no intelligent Canadian can afford to be without it. We hope to review the work at some length in our next number.

We are in receipt of the first volume of the most important undertaking in biographical literature that has ever been attempted in Canada — Mr. Magurn's 'Canadian Portrait Gallery,' edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, with illustrations in chromo-lithography. Our crowded col-

ums compel us to defer a critique of the work until January.

An attractive holiday book, entitled 'Illustrated Poetry and Song,' consisting of selections, made with judgment and taste by Mr. Charles Belford, from the best English and American Poets, has just appeared. The volume is embellished with forty full-page illustrations from English wood-engravers, and presents for popular sale an artistic and literary table-book which should find many purchasers not only at holiday times, but 'all the year round.' The publishers are Messrs. Belfords, Clarke & Co., Toronto and Chicago.

Mr. Joseph Doutre, Q. C., of the Montreal Bar, has made a valuable contribution to native legal literature in his work on the Constitution of Canada, embracing the British North America Act (1867), with its interpretation, gathered from the Decisions of the Courts, the Dicta of Judges, and the Opinions of Statesmen and others. Appended to the volume are the Quebec Resolutions of 1864 and the Constitution of the United States. Canada,

jurists and students of Constitutional History will find Mr. Doutre's work of extreme value. The work is published by Messrs. John Lovell & Son, Montreal.

The literature of travel has just had a delightful addition to its attractive treasures in the Rev. W. H. Withrow's 'A Canadian in Europe.' The work consists of an itinerary of the scholarly editor of *The Canadian Methodist Magazine* while on a summer tour in Europe, and has been made up from his

note books and magazine articles, with illustrations of the historic sights encountered *en route*. Mr. Withrow is a keen observer, a graphic writer and withal a genial companion. Few will set out in his company to visit these shrines of the Old Land who will not accept his *chaperonage* throughout. The volume is handsomely produced by the Rose-Belford Publishing Co., and will make a suitable present at the approaching holiday season.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE BALLADE OF ALICE.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH IN TORONTO.

Dark eyes, full of
Mirth and malice,
Keen bright face and
Tiny figure,
Strength and lightness,
Grace and vigour,
This is like her,—
This is Alice!

Heart that in its
Red gold chalice,
Holds strong wine of
Pain and pleasure,
Either brand in
Ample measure,—
And with each
Alike she dallies,
As her mood is!
Fair Miss Alice!

Lips that pout with
Pertest sallies—
Filled with filth, and
Fraught with malice—
You can both be
Sweet and bitter—
Kindest helper—
Hardest hitter,
Rich or poor,
Hut or palace,
Just the same—
Unaltered Alice.

C. P. M.

'Ah,' said a deaf man who had a scolding wife, 'man wants but little hear below!'

TOBACCO.

Foul weed!
I would that I could give thee o'er,
Thy rank perfume
Pollutes my room:
And yet there is in thee a spell,
Thy vot'ries understand too well,
Which bids me turn to thee once more
When I should hurl thee from the door.
Where hast thou been
Fell Nicotine,

To learn such arts as thus enslave?
What charm is in thy blacken'd bowl;
What is it thou dost give, or save,
Which opens the portals of the soul,
And finds thee friends in every clime,
In every rank, who all combine
To honour thus thy sooty shrine?
Nor cease they with the lapse of time.

No food thy poisonous leaf supplies,
And yet, it is not wholly vile:
A something hidden in thee lies,
Which does our wayward thoughts beguile.
A solace! aye, the secret's ripe,
A solace! then, I fill my pipe.

T. W. P.

LINDSAY.

A writer who lately declared that the temperance party was going to rise like 'a giant refreshed with wine,' was rather unfortunate in his choice of a simile.

'If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah,' said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, reflectively, 'I take them all back.' 'Yes I suppose you want to use them over again,' was the not very soothing reply.