

# THE VARSITY

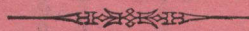


## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1887



University of Toronto

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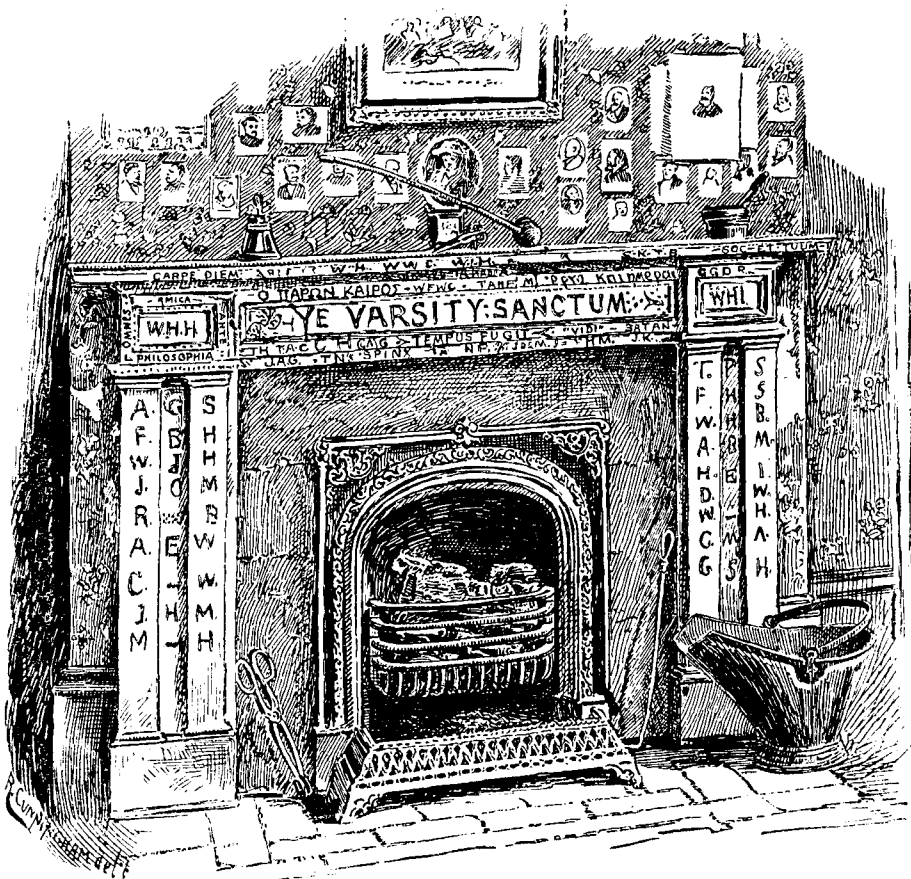
# THE VARSITY

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

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No. 8.



YE VARSITY SANCTUM.

In his charming *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre* M. Xavier de Maistre has immortalized what one might almost call conventionality and the commonplace. In the *Philosophe Sous les Toits* M. Emile Souvestre has sketched for us an equally charming study of an interior. When one remembers the countless rooms one has been in, one is very much tempted to ask, What can there be attractive or romantic about a room with four walls, a floor, and a ceiling? If it is true that we are what we eat, it is equally true, at least in the majority of cases, that our houses, our rooms, our dens, become what we make them, and unconsciously exhibit our tastes and fancies. A Boudoir is naturally suggestive of delicacy, refinement and everything poetical; a Studio of everything artistic, sensuous, and beautiful; but an Editor's Sanctum—what? To the ordinary mind nothing but scissors and paste and printers and “devils,” and with as bare and uninteresting a background as a lawyer's office. And certainly there is some colour to this belief. The Editor does not surround himself, outwardly at least, with luxury and display. But he lives in an atmosphere of ideality which, to him, makes up a thousand-fold, for the painful realities of life and his environment therein. Though the Sanctum appears dull, cheerless and empty, it is the birthplace of ideas. It is in the silence of the Sanctum that the learned Owl witnesses

the mysterious transference of mighty thoughts from the brain to paper; and the Owl is discreet and tells not how it is accomplished, nor with what pangs they come to the birth and are delivered.

It is now nearly eight years since THE VARSITY had a Sanctum; it is but four, however, since the Owl has had a room for his very own. In 1879 he was born, and in 1880 he was christened. For four years thereafter he flitted uneasily about from place to place in Residence, having no place of abode, no local habitation, though he had a name. In the fall of 1884, by the kind permission of the Dons, he assumed sovereignty over the *suite* of rooms in the east end of Moss Hall, and placed there his household goods and the perch upon which he now sits as we write this. During his tenancy of these quarters he has amused himself in various ways, sometimes by assisting the Editors in their work and their play, and has never been absent from his comfortable corner—the seat of honour—at the right-hand side of the fireplace, when business or pleasure has demanded the attendance of the Editors at the Sanctum. A silent and discreet looker-on has he been, forsooth, of all the sayings and doings which the walls, if they have ears as we are told, must have heard. What multitudes of faces has he seen, what numberless voices has he listened to! What quantities of stories—good, bad and indifferent

—could he recount, if only he would! What numbers has he seen enter the door of the Sanctum high with hope, and how many has he seen depart therefrom quite chap-fallen! How often has he warmed himself at the cheerful fire, lit with the rejected MSS. of millions of would-be contributors! What tragedies he has witnessed! But he is silent and discreet, and withal he is mournful, though he strives to keep a cheerful exterior—as much as an Owl can. For he knows that in a short time the Sanctum, the Fireplace, and his warm corner will be no more, and that this, perhaps, will be the last Christmas he will spend on his snug perch in Moss Hall. He has been with THE VARSITY from its commencement, through all its vicissitudes, its successes and failures, and he has seen its *clientèle* grow until the mantel-piece can scarce record all their initials. And he expects, if he lives long enough—and Owls are long-lived—to see many of those whose initials adorn the mantel, and whose identity the reader can easily discover for himself, rise to positions of honour and trust, and achieve distinction deserving of lasting remembrance in the Temple of Fame, being worthy of having their names engraven on the walls and pillars thereof. But a truce to moralizing and prophesying. In the meantime THE VARSITY Owl wishes all his readers A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year, in the name and on behalf of

THE EDITORS OF THE VARSITY.

#### THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

(After Victor Hugo)

What, asked the grave of the rose,  
Dost thou with the tears that repose  
On thy petals at break of day?  
What, asked the rose of the grave,  
Dost thou with what thy jaws enslave,  
For thy victims open away?

Answered the rose: Gloomy grave,  
From those tears in the darkness I save  
A perfume of Araby.  
Answered the grave: Flower of ruth,  
Heaven's angel I make, in sooth,  
Of each soul that cometh to me.

DAVID REID KEYS.

Univ. Coll.

#### PROVERBS AND FABLES IN ANCIENT INDIA.

If the readers of THE VARSITY will put up with a few desultory remarks upon a most interesting and attractive subject I will venture to set forth some of the features of this important branch of ancient Hindu literature. Apart from the intrinsic interest of the stories and apophthegms to which I would call attention, they have this peculiar claim upon our notice that they represent more nearly than anything else extant the original sources of very many of the fables and legends that have been current in Europe for over two thousand years. To make this statement more intelligible it will be well to indicate in a general way the place which these collections hold in Hindu literature, and to trace the main course of their influence outside of their native home.

The Pancatantra and Hitopadeça are two compilations of fables accompanied by proverbs and maxims which, along with other collections more or less similar, form the department of Sanskrit literature known as the Nitiçastras. This phrase means literally "books for guidance." The first element of the compound, *niti*, is a word that plays a great rôle in classical Sanskrit, as it includes everything that concerns the principles and practice of living, and the ancient Sanskrit writers were nothing if not wise and moral. There is certainly no literature in the world except the Hebrew which is so pervaded with the ethical element as that of India. Thousands of lines are written there in praise of virtue and wisdom, and tens

of thousands to illustrate and recommend in apophthegmatic form the infinite modes and circumstances in which prudence and goodness or folly and badness are exemplified. The Vedas, the oldest remains of Aryan thought and feeling, led the way, and from them alone a very respectable compilation of ethical and religious maxims, often very profound and beautiful, could easily be made. Then when we trace the progress of Sanskrit composition down through the more strictly classical stages, the stream grows broader without becoming less pure or bright. The dullest and most tedious of the many philosophical works are enlivened by many fine thoughts and lofty conceptions. Let any one take the Upanishads, the esoteric philosophy of the Veda, which are now accessible in the "Sacred Books of the East," and he will not find himself disappointed even there, while some of the text-books of the later systems are perfect storehouses of rich and profound reflections. I need only mention the sublime maxims of Gautama Buddha, which have been popularized by Edwin Arnold in the "Light of Asia," and remind the reader that this noble ethical philosophy was purely Hindu in its origin, and that Buddhism was an outgrowth of, as well as revolt against, Brahmanism. Among the law books, again, which fixed the limits of caste and prescribed the rules of each class so rigorously and minutely, the Book of Manu is a repository of general principles as well as practical rules of life; for a genuine Hindu is not content with the practical observance of religious rules: he must base them upon the universal truths of life and morals attested by experience and observation. The epic poetry abounds also in moral reflections gathered from all sources. This is pre-eminently true of the largest of all epics, the Mahâbharata, which is an encyclopædia of ethical wisdom as well as of legends and traditions of gods and heroes.

To say that the great dramatists, such as Kalidasa, are also much given to moralizing, is not surprising when we remember that this holds good of the truest and loftiest dramatists everywhere; but in India it is necessary to a good play that it should abound in noble sentiments, and the reputed founder of the dramatic art, the mythical Bharata, was himself a sage and moralist of the first order. It is just in consonance with this that the later artificial productions, imitations and paraphrases of the classical epics, treatises in metrical form, on rhetoric and poetry, and a vast number of works of a like artificial character, follow in the same traditional path and vie with one another in the presentation of brilliant and striking thoughts. If we add to this list the eighteen Purânas which contain the popular exoteric theology of Brahmanism, we have indicated, by name at least, the chief heads of the enormous catalogue of the intellectual productions of India, in nearly chronological order, and ranging over a period of at least three thousand years. The Nitiçastras are intended to be hand-books for the preservation and study of the choicest maxims and sentiments that are found in the more or less independent works above alluded to; and the popularity they have maintained for many centuries, as well as the unparalleled career they have run in various forms outside of Hindustan, shows that the attempt has been successful. They are divided into two classes: those which consist entirely of aphorisms and moral reflections, and those which are set forth in the form of fables or allegories, with the wise or moral sayings put into the mouths of the personages of the stories. In this class of works which, though a sub-division, is in itself quite extensive, like every other sub-department of Hindu composition, the choicest fables and specimens of folk lore are associated with the very cream of the wisest, profoundest and brightest thoughts of the seers, poets, and teachers of all former ages. The apophthegms always illustrate the situations of the actors, and it is very seldom that the application seems forced or unnatural. They are regularly put in the metrical form in which they had long been current, in accordance with the traditions of serious composition generally, as well as to make them more easy of remembrance. They occur sometimes in single couplets, sometimes in short strophes, and occasionally in the form of a long formal array of utterances as centos made up of proverbs found in other collections. Of the works of this class the Pancatantra

and Hitopadeça are the most popular and the most worthy. The former is the earlier composition, the latter being an abridgment of it, with a re-adaptation of the original characters, a shifting of the scenes and side lights, and the addition of some narrative and ethical material. The Hitopadeça is the most popular of the two in Hindustan, but it is from the Pancatantra, or more probably an earlier recension still, that the translations have been made that have made Hindu fables known to the Western world.

How these and kindred stories have wandered from the East to the West is a very interesting question, which there is not space for me to discuss here. With regard to many of the most entertaining stories it is indeed a problem whether there has not been a primitive migration with the scattering of the old Aryian race; and with regard to many again, it is questionable if there has been any migration at all, or whether the similar stories have not been produced independently of one another. Many of us no doubt have been surprised and charmed on reading Harris's "Uncle Remus," to find stories told there which would seem to have been transplanted from the heart of Africa, and are yet almost identical with familiar tales in Reineke Fuchs. A similar sensation of pleasure and wonder is in store for those who have not read these Hindu collections, when they come to find the story of Llewellyn and his dog Gelert, and many others, reproduced in all their essential features in the Hitopadeça. Whatever may be the true explanation of these striking parallelisms, it is certain that India is the original source of very many of the best stories that have been told in Europe from the days of old Æsop till now. One direct line of communication must be simply alluded to here.

The Pancatantra has been plausibly assigned to the fifth century, A.D. About the middle of the sixth century a version was made for the famous Khosrû Nûshirvân, king of Persia, into Pehlevi, the literary dialect of Persia. From this an Arabic version was made about 750 A.D., which in its turn was translated into Syriac, Greek, Persian, Hebrew, and Spanish. From the Hebrew version a Jewish convert made towards the end of the thirteenth century a Latin one, to which he gave the not unfitting title *Directorium humana vite*. This Latin translation has been rendered into all the languages of modern Europe, including English (by Sir Thomas North, 1570 and 1601). The name by which the collections have been most frequently known in Europe, is the "fables of Bidpay" (or "Pilpay").

The general mode of narration is that which is so familiar to us in the Arabian Nights, one main story including a number of minor ones, narrated by the leading actors. The Hitopadeça, for example, is divided into four books, treating of the Acquisition of Friends, the Separation of Friends, War, and Peace. The first Book tells how a close friendship grew up between a Crow, a Mouse, a Tortoise, and a Deer; but it contains also nine minor stories. So with the other books, the result being that we have four fundamental and thirty-nine secondary fables. The style of narration is charmingly naive, with a great deal of implicit humour, the Hitopadeça, as suits its more popular character, in these respects surpassing the Pancatantra, as this, in its turn, far surpasses its Western reproductions.

Fascinating as the reading and the comparative study of these fables are, I must confess that the didactic contents of these and kindred Sanskrit works, have a far stronger and more enduring interest. When one reflects upon their great variety in subject conception and expression, their adaptation to the every-day life of every class and condition of men, their unsurpassed beauty and ethical worth, one gains an altogether new idea of our Hindu cousins, of their mental and moral history, and, above all, of their essential oneness with ourselves in our deepest spiritual and moral needs and aspirations. Their sages must have been worthy of a place beside the greatest moralists of Greece or Rome or modern Europe. They are, indeed, only surpassed by the great Teacher Himself, and many of their maxims are cognate with some of the choicest of the New Testament sayings, differing only, though vitally, in the difference of setting, of inspiration and motive. It is a useless task to discuss the question

whether one has borrowed from the other. The affirmative can never be proved and is not probable, and we think all the more highly of the spiritual and moral possibilities of our race that the noblest and choicest spirits here and there in the world, of different races and in different ages, have seen eye to eye in the contemplation of the great problems of life and the claims of truth and duty. Nor must it be overlooked that the excellence of the ethically more profound of the apophthegms is due to the influence of Buddhistic teaching, which has left its trace on all subsequent Hindu literature, though in the peninsula itself it was finally stamped out as a religious system.

Equally striking is the strong common sense and practical wisdom which are manifest in those aphorisms, which have to do with the every-day world of business and pleasure, labour, ambition, happiness and sorrow. I shall have, however, to content myself with quoting but a few out of the whole collection, without classification or comment, leaving also the parallelisms with sacred or classical authors to suggest themselves to the reader. In all the citations but one (No. 2) I translate from the Hitopadeça:

1. There are six impediments to greatness: indolence, love for a woman, ill-health, clinging to one's birth-place, contentment, and timidity.

2. "Now for a little while a child, and now  
An amorous youth; then for a season turned  
Into the wealthy householder; then stripped  
Of all his riches, with decrepit limbs  
And wrinkled frame man creeps towards the end  
Of life's erratic course, and like an actor  
Passes behind Death's curtain out of view."

3. A fool may pass well in society if he is well dressed and keeps his mouth shut.

4. The envious, the tender-hearted, the discontented, the irascible, suspicious people also, and spongers, have an unhappy time of it.

5. As rain that falls on thirsty ground so is food given to the hungry: a gift bestowed upon the poor is sure to bear good fruit.

6. As life is dear to thyself, so let the life of all creatures be dear to thee: good men show compassion to all creatures putting them in the place of themselves.

In refusing or granting, in causing joy or sorrow, in acting agreeably or disagreeably, one has the true standard of conduct only when one puts himself in the place of others.

He only is the truly wise man who can look upon another's wife as his own mother, upon another's possessions as a clod of earth, upon all living creatures as upon himself.

7. We are bound to show hospitality even to an enemy that comes to our door: a tree does not withdraw its shade even from the man that cuts it down.

8. Narrow-minded people say, "this man is one of ourselves," or, "he is a stranger;" but the large-minded regard the whole world as their kin.

9. We must not toil too hard for our livelihood; the Creator Himself provides for us: no sooner is the child born than the mother's breast begins to stream.

He who made the geese white and the parrots green, and gave the peacock its gaudy hues, will provide a living for thee.

10. He whose mind is content is the truly happy man: when one has shoes on his feet the whole world seems shod with leather.

11. There is nothing by nature beautiful or the reverse. What pleases a man is that which is beautiful to him.

12. He is your real kinsman who keeps by your side in feasting and in trouble, in battle and in famine, when your enemies assail you, when you stand at the palace-gate, and when you are borne to the tomb.

13. Mortality is the nurse that first takes to its breast the new born babe, and after that its own mother. Why then should sudden grief unman us?

Whither have gone the rulers of the earth with all their might, their armies and their chariots? The earth herself has witnessed their going hence, and stands still the same to-day.

Man is brought nearer and ever nearer to death day by

day, like a criminal dragged step by step to the place of execution.

As drift-wood meets drift-wood on the mighty ocean—meets and parts again; so is the meeting of all the living.

As the traveler comes and rests beneath the shade, finds refreshment and goes forth again; so is the meeting of all the living.

The rivers flow on and on and return not again; so day and night go on forever bearing with them the life of mortals.

14. Thou art thyself a river, of which self-control is the sacred bathing-place, truth the water, holiness the banks, and compassion the waves; perform thy ablutions there; water can never make clean the soul.

15. Who would swerve from the path of duty for the sake of this poor body, vexed as it is with sorrow and sickness, and to-day or to-morrow perished and gone?

The lie of man trembles uncertainly like the image of the moon reflected on the water; let us then follow virtue alone for evermore.

Let truth be set in the balance against thousands of sacrifices, and truth alone will outweigh them all.

J. F. McCURDY.

#### THE VIGIL.

The streets are smothered in the snow,  
The chill-eyed stars are cleaving keen  
The frozen air, and, sailing slow,  
The white moon stares across the scene.

She waits beside the fading fire,  
The gasping taper flickers low,  
And drooping down, and rising higher,  
Her shadow wavers to and fro.

No foot disturbs the sleeping floor,  
No motion save the wintry breath  
That, stealing through the crannied door,  
Creeps coldly as a thought of death.

It chills her with its airy stream,—  
O cold, O careless midnight blast!  
It wakes her as her fevered dream  
Hath skimmed the sweetness of the past.

She stirs not yet. The night has drawn  
Its silent stream of stars away,  
And now the infant streaks of dawn  
Begin to prophesy the day.

She stirs not yet. Within her eye  
The half-crushed tear-drop lingers still;  
She stirs not, and the smothered sigh  
Breaks wave-like on the rock of will.

O heart that will unheeding prove,  
O heart that must unheeded break,  
How strong the hope, how deep the love,  
That burn for faithless Folly's sake!

#### A SONG.

I would not have thee young again,  
Since I myself am old;  
Not that thy youth was ever vain,  
Or that my age is cold;  
But when, upon thy gentle face,  
I see the shades of time,  
A thousand memories replace  
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue,  
Some light hath passed away,  
Love looketh forth as warm and true  
As on our bridal day.  
I hear thy song, and though in part  
'Tis fainter in its tone,  
I heed it not, for still thy heart  
Seems singing to my own.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

#### MATHEMATICAL RESEARCHES.

You ask me to give you, for the Christmas Number of THE VARSITY, some account of the latest mathematical investigations in which I have been engaged.

I. *Abelian Equations.*—Last winter I communicated to the Mathematical and Physical Society of University College the result of some researches I had been making into the forms of the roots of pure uni-serial Abelian equations. The paper which I prepared on the subject was subsequently published in the *American Journal of Mathematics*. The equations called Abelian, after the great mathematician Abel, are singularly interesting. They are also of the utmost importance, because the solution of all solvable equations of the higher degrees depends on the solution of Abelian. In Serret's *Cours d'Algèbre Supérieure*, the relation that must subsist among the co-efficients of a cubic equation in order that the cubic may be a pure Abelian are given. This is substantially a determination of the forms of the roots of the pure Abelian cubic. I am not aware that the necessary and sufficient forms of the roots of pure uni-serial Abelian equations of degrees higher than the third have ever been investigated, though, in Abel's well-known forms of the roots of the solvable quintic, the forms of the roots of the pure uni-serial quartic are involved. In my Memoir, the necessary and sufficient forms of the roots of pure Abelian equations of all prime degrees are determined. Also, the necessary and sufficient forms of the roots of the pure uni-serial quartic are obtained by two independent methods. Still farther, the necessary and sufficient forms of the roots of the pure uni-serial Abelian of a degree which is either the continued product of a number of distinct primes, or four times the continued product of a number of distinct odd primes, are found. Finally, from the relation between the solvable equation of prime degree  $n$ , and the pure uni-serial Abelian of degree  $n-1$ , the necessary and sufficient forms of the roots of the solvable equation of prime degree  $n$ , whether it be a pure Abelian or not, are determined for all cases in which  $n-1$  is either the continued product of a number of distinct primes, or four times the continued product of a number of distinct odd primes.

II. *Solvable Quintics with Commensurable Co-efficients.*—Some time ago, in the *American Journal of Mathematics*, I sketched a general method for finding the roots of solvable equations of the fifth degree. The method was partially developed, and applied to the solution of quintic equations of different types. The subject had been dismissed from my mind, when, in the early part of the summer of this year, I received a letter from an eminent British mathematician, in which he said that he had been endeavouring, but without success, to apply my method to the solution of certain equations which ought, on principles generally accepted by mathematicians, to admit of having their roots expressed in algebraical functions. He sent the equations to me, trusting that they would furnish interesting illustrations of my method. One of the equations was:

$$x^5 + 3x^2 + 2x - 1 = 0 \quad (1)$$

Euler had pronounced this equation solvable, though its roots had never been actually obtained. I easily effected the development of my method necessary to make it directly applicable to all solvable quintics with commensurable co-efficients of the form

$$x^5 + p_3x^3 + p_4x + p_5 = 0 \quad (2)$$

under which the equation (1) falls. I thus was enabled to find the root of (1). I sent it to my correspondent. In his reply he said: "I was delighted to receive your solution of the equation  $x^5 + 3x^2 + 2x - 1 = 0$ . Sir James Cockle, too, was delighted with it. He said that "Euler would have been glad to see the solution." After having developed my method so as to make it directly applicable to solvable quintics of the form (2), with commensurable co-efficients, I succeeded in giving it the farther development necessary to make it applicable, without any difficulty beyond the labour of operation, to all solvable quintics whatever, with commensurable co-efficients, and I verified the theory by the solution of twenty examples. The paper containing these results is to appear in the forthcoming issue of the *American Journal of Mathematics*. It has been in type for more than a month and a half, and I am every day looking for it.

The above details, though not very popular in their character, may perhaps prove interesting to those readers of THE VARSITY who are devoting themselves specially to the study of Mathematics.

GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG.

ISABEL.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

'Tis winter now, the air is bitter cold,  
Keen blows the wind, and sharp the biting frost,  
The wind is bleaker as the night is old,  
The manor clock the midnight hour hath told;  
When over seas Sir Lionel hath crossed,  
Weary of war, home-sick, and tempest-tossed.

In byre and barn the mows are brim with sheaves,  
Where stealeth in with phosphorescent tread  
The glimmering moon, and 'neath his wattled eaves,  
The kennelled hound unto the darkness grieves  
His chilly straw, and from his gloom-lit shed,  
The wakeful cook proclaims the midnight dread.

With mullioned windows, 'mid its skeleton trees,  
Beneath the moon the ancient manor stands,  
Old gables rattle in the midnight breeze,  
Old elms make answer to the moaning seas  
Beyond the moorlands on the wintry sands,  
While drives the gust along the leafless lands.

The snows are bleak along the avenue,  
And Lady Isabel in her chamber kneels  
And prays our Father, He will mercy show,  
And send back Lionel with love as true  
As when, on that June day, his good ship's keels  
Rode from the harbour to the belfry peals.

The moon, the misty moon, with pitying eye,  
Like tear of fire, sends down a pallid beam  
That in her glorious loosened hair doth lie,  
A lamp of love to see her beauty by,  
And all across her saintly face doth stream,  
While the sweet maid forgets her prayer in dream.

Outside the gust doth patter at the pane,  
Inside the room is warm with holy light,  
Wherein the silence falls like silver rain,  
And Isabel now sleeps, to dream again  
Of Lionel, and hide her limbs more white  
Than drifted snows, from sacrilegious night.

Within that chamber quaint old draperies  
With shadowy folds in the dim firelight hung;  
On antique worked, and goblin, tapestries  
Strange fabled tales of bygone centuries  
By troubadours and gallant knightlings sung,  
Now rustled where the shivering night-wind clung.

Grim, massive furniture, all richly wrought,  
From over seas long centuries before,  
Old cabinets and wardrobes carved and fraught  
In darkest woods with peach and apricot  
And clustered grapes, shone where the night did pour  
Her rich effulgence on the velvet floor.

Here nothing entered infidel or rude,  
Meet chamber for a maiden fair and sweet,  
Where purity, with snowy wing, might brood,  
And no strange spirit ever dare intrude,  
Save stars or dawn with pale or rosy feet,  
Sealing the east, the dusk-wrapt world to greet.

And sweetest thing of all in that rare nest,  
Like some white bud amidst its folded green,

Fair Isabel in beauty lies at rest;  
No dreams of evil trouble her pure breast,  
Her golden hair, all in a veil of sheen,  
Falls in a sheen the moted air between.

And this is why Sir Lionel that night,  
All glad with love, returning from the wars,  
Knelt 'neath the window in the pale moonlight,  
When all the storm had taken its weird flight,  
And soon the prisoned morn would burst its bars,  
And one by one blow out the taper stars;

And prayed our Heavenly Father, He would keep  
In His strong arms so pure a soul away;  
And Hate and Vice flew to the nether deep,  
While holy Love did brood on all pure sleep,  
And round the world, a red flush in the grey,  
Across the moors came up the Christmas day.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

West Clarmont, N. H.

THE PHILOSOPHER: A LOST PLATONIC DIALOGUE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Three years have now elapsed since the universe was thrilled with the tidings communicated to it through the Christmas number of THE VARSITY of the discovery of an ancient Greek manuscript by a Canadian voyageur in Egypt. The fruits of that discovery, it was supposed by the public—even by its author—were exhausted by the publication of a fragment of Herodotus describing the educational system of Atlantis. But, as now appears, only one-half of the treasure-trove then revealed itself in visible shape. By the strange irony of fate modern science, so contemptuous of classical learning, has been the instrument of the recovery of a second most interesting classical masterpiece. Briefly told, the story is as follows:

The manuscript of Herodotus was submitted by our voyageur on his return to this country to the well-known Government analyst of the School of Practical Science in this city. This gentleman, who had just finished the peculiarly delicate task of analyzing the digestive organs of one who, in his lifetime, had been a constant reader of the *Toronto Globe*, was amazed at finding on the back of the Greek manuscript a substance apparently identical with that which he found in his human subject; in short, gastric juice curdled and soured from the failure of the stomach to digest. A reference to the voyageur revealed the curious history of the manuscript (vide Christmas VARSITY, 1884), and solved the mystery. With the same chemicals which he had just been using, the analyst removed this coating of gastric juice, and the papyrus turned out to be a manuscript written on both sides.

Nevertheless, the deciphering of this other side has been a labour of much time and patience, and it is only now at last that the owner and translator finds himself sufficiently sure of his ground to publish his researches.

PREFACE.

The published side of the MS. contains, as everyone knows, a fragment of Herodotus' histories, presented by the historian to an Egyptian friend. It was at first supposed, therefore, that the Greek characters on the other side also were a continuation of the same history, and the appearance in one or two passages of the word "Atlantis" was regarded as almost proof positive of the truth of this conjecture. But closer inspection contradicted this: (a) the dialect is Ionic no longer, except in certain forms of the perfect and pluperfect passive; elsewhere it is the purest Attic; (b) the subject matter is philosophical rather than historical; (c) the form of composition is dialogue, not narration.

But who was the Greek, then, who (a) wrote Attic Greek with Ionic perfects and pluperfects passive? who (b) wrote philosophy? (c) and in dialogue? and (d) who presented his treatise to the same Egyptian priest, the bursar of the goddess Neith in the city of Sais (1)? and who (e) therefore was in all probability travelling in Egypt while composing his work?

Students of University College who have reached their third

year will see at once that the only known author who conceivably fulfils these conditions is Plato. The circumstantial evidence thus collected is strengthened by a perusal of the work. Indeed, the title alone will carry conviction to many ardent Platonists. It is entitled "The Philosopher," and has, like most Platonic dialogues, an alternative title "*πραξις ἢ θεωρία*," that is, "The Practical *versus* the Intellectual Life."

Now, it is remarkable that in two (2) dialogues of Plato we are promised a work of this kind; a work which is to deal with the character of the philosopher and the philosophic life. It is yet more remarkable that in the second of these dialogues, that one upon which "The Philosopher" is to follow immediately, Plato has, as it would seem, paved the way for a dialogue, the scene of which should be in Egypt; for in the Politicus one of the interlocutors is not indeed an Egyptian, but a next-door neighbour, a Cyrenaean, and he, like the Egyptian pork-dealer, in "The Philosopher," recognizes in his oaths only the Egyptian god Ammon.

But this promise to write a dialogue on "The Philosopher" is nowhere redeemed in our authorized version of Plato. The conclusion follows irresistibly that here, at last, from the library of the Egyptian priest, we have recovered the missing link in the Platonic system. Nor will the negative character of the conclusion reached in "The Philosopher" be a stumbling-block to any one who has realized how deeply that system is penetrated with the negative spirit of the historic Socrates.

Finally, it is permissible to conjecture that Plato, during those Egyptian travels, which left such traces on his philosophy, was entertained by Herodotus' friend, the bursar of Neith, now in his old age, nay—if we may venture, without harshness, to read between the lines of our dialogue—almost in his dotage; that upon leaving he was asked by the bursar, or, more probably, by his wife, to write his name in her autograph book, or some memorial of his visit in her register of her friends' birthdays; then, with the natural blending of simplicity and vanity which runs through the literary character, he would at once exaggerate the meaning of this conventional courtesy, and would sit down to compose an elaborate dialogue. His good hostess would, in alarm, rescue her tiny, gold-edged, red-lettered volume and furtively substitute one of her husband's (in her opinion) worthless papyri, the back of which Plato would patiently cover; no doubt intending at some later season to take a copy of this dialogue for himself. But something—perhaps the tragic incident already conjectured—intervened; and Plato—unlike Carlyle—had no heart to re-write his masterpiece.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The characters of the dialogue are: (a) Socrates, as usual; (b) The Egyptian bursar-priest, the friend of Herodotus, for whom Plato wrote; (c) an Egyptian pork-packer, or sausage-seller of the hereditary caste of pork-packers (4); his name is not stated: he appears simply as *ἀλλαντοπωλῆς*; (d) Chaerephon, Socrates' Boswell; (e) the bursar's wife (as women figure rarely in the other Platonic dialogues, Diotima alone receiving marked honour, we must assume that the introduction of this lady here was the philosopher's return for the compliment she paid him. But there is something of irony, in that case, in his method of expressing his gratitude to her).

The scene is obviously laid in Sais, where Socrates, with his train, including Chaerephon, are staying, and where they have received some hospitality from the bursar. The time is afternoon.

#### IALOGUE.

SOCRATES.—Hail, reverend Sir! I have sought you about the house for many hours, but you have, no doubt, been sacrificing some special sacrifice which it is not lawful for strangers to behold.

BURSAR.—You conjecture well, O Socrates; for I have been sacrificing all this morning and noon to the god whom you Hellenes call Morpheus; and at this service no one is present with me, if not the woman (5).

SOC.—Is it lawful to enquire the ritual, what it is?

BUR.—It is the same with that which you recommend for the attainment of true philosophy: the votary closes his ears and eyes and other senses, and, little by little, attains to un-

consciousness of all things visible and perishable, and ascends by Pure Thought to the world of Pure Ideas (6).

SOC.—Truly a divine ascent you describe; your eyes, too, testify how closely they have been closed, as still blinking and half shut.

BUR.—For, after the splendour of that ideal world, they cannot see clearly in this darkness (7).

SOC.—And therefore I suppose it is that you have put on your tunic this afternoon inside out, and have escaped your notice, thrusting your legs through the arm holes?

BUR.—For the philosopher and the practical man, your Chaerephon says, are not the same. But enough of this: what have you been doing, Socrates, since last evening?

SOC.—Since last evening! but you are like one joking. For you know well that last evening we lay down at the table together, and there remained till the sun was high in the heavens this morning, passing the bowl from left to right: but after that you held it fast and told me to keep the other.

BUR.—What other?

SOC.—I do not know; for I did not see it. But you said there were two bowls, and it seems likely that I was slow of sight.

BUR.—Of this hereafter: what were we saying, Socrates, then? for my memory, as being now old, is not strong.

SOC.—I was asking you, relying on what evidence you had told Herodotus, as he reports also in his history (8), that the Nile rises between Mount Mophy and Mount Crophy: and you were saying that you had told him this during a banquet: and I, having heard, was further asking whether you did so, as being then most fitted yourself to impart esoteric doctrine, and your listener to receive such, and you—

BUR.—Stop, Socrates, here is the woman, and our enquiry is deeper perhaps than in accordance with women's minds.

SOC.—Here, too, is Chaerephon coming: but what is the matter, and who is this stout man he is dragging along with angry looks, as though about to tear him into pieces? and the other seems out of breath. Hail, Chaerephon: but thee, O stranger, as the poet says, addressing by what name shall I address thee rightly?

ALLANTOPOLES.—Pheu! Pheu!

CHAEREPHON.—There, Socrates! you see yourself he cannot speak for shame.

BUR.—Or, perhaps, for fat, O cruel Chaerephon.

CHAE.—This, Socrates, is an hereditary swineherd and pork-dealer of those of the country; and he sells sausages. Moreover, he has recently returned from that voyage (9) of the Phœnician ship which went to Atlantis. And I found him boasting in the market place, to a large crowd, about the marvels of that land: and, supposing him to be discussing, as you also are wont, the nature of justice, I listened, and I heard that the richest cities and men of that land do nothing but make sausages, and that these sausage-sellers value all things in heaven and earth according to their usefulness; and I, being very pleased, said that Socrates also had the same thoughts: for that he thinks the useful thing is beautiful and the useless thing is worthless; but, chancing to enquire whether they agreed with Socrates about other things also, and especially about virtue, that it is knowledge, the man answered grossly, that, as for Socrates, he had never heard his name, never having tasted his sausages, nor had the Atlanteans, to conjecture; but if this Socrates meant that sausages, as being more useful than anything else, were also more beautiful, and that the man who was most knowing to make and sell his sausages was also most virtuous, then let him be conscious to himself being so fortunate as to agree with the Atlanteans. But I, being very indignant on behalf of philosophy, bade him hush, for that Socrates was a philosopher, not a sausage-seller; and he, retorting that he and the Atlanteans did not value philosophy at one obol, I seized him and dragged him here to you, for you to refute him, and to show him that the philosophic life is by far more blessed than the trading life.

SOC.—You have ever been a valiant champion of philosophy, O Chaerephon, and I rejoice hearing what you say; for I have lain awake many nights wondering what sort of a place Atlantis is, and why it is so named: and it seems likely to be named from *ἀλλαν*, and to have been formerly called Allantis (10), which would mean sausage-land: but this is alien to our present discussion. Perhaps this stranger, having now recovered breath, will answer a few questions?



ALL.—I will take an order, stranger, if that is what you mean: but our terms are cash for you Hellenes, especially for all the philosophers of the Hellenes, ever since a certain Thrasymachus, having tasted my wares, as claiming to be a fore-staller (11) in pork, escaped my notice leaving the city.

BUR.—For with you Hellenes it is customary, Socrates, is it not, for deities and heroes to act in this way: since I seem to remember hearing of one Heracles acting so.

SOC.—According to the poet Aristophanes (12), my friend: since I do not believe that heroes act so; as I have told Thrasymachus before now (13). But come, Chaerephon, do you wish that we examine the philosophic and the trading life, that we may know which of the two is the more blessed?

CHAE.—Certainly.

SOC.—Then do you answer for philosophy and the stranger will answer for trade; and I will ask questions. But the Bursar and the woman will be the jury and the interpreters, if the gentleman stumble with his Hellenic. Let us begin, then, where is the natural beginning of such an enquiry. Tell me, O advocate of the trading life, you have a function, have you not?

ALL.—What does the man mean, bursar?

BUR.—You have a work to do.

ALL.—Why did he not say so? The Hellenes love hard words. Of course, I have.

SOC.—To make something, is it not?

ALL.—Sausages.

SOC.—And you, Chaerephon, what do you philosophers make?

CHAE.—Wise and educated young men, Socrates; such as you yourself have made.

SOC.—Good, O most modest pupil! but whatsoever thing is in actuality, that which it is, must first have been that which it is only potentially; is not that so? Answer, O excellent sausage-seller.

ALL.—ὦ νό γ' Ἀμμων—(14)

BUR.—He is beginning to swear, Socrates, by our gods; but I will answer for him that you speak truly.

SOC.—The sausage in actuality was then at first a potential sausage only?

BUR.—Yes.

SOC.—And by what name was it called, then?

BUR.—It was a pig, or, perhaps, a calf.

SOC.—And you, Chaerephon, before I made you a wise and educated young man, what were you?

CHAE.—A schoolboy, Socrates.

SOC.—Were you then also wise?

CHAE.—Least of all; since I spent my time in eating and in writing love-poems to maidens.

SOC.—Therefore, it seems likely, though I shrink from saying it, O Chaerephon, that you were then, in respect of eating, a sort of human pig.

CHAE.—Perhaps.

SOC.—But in respect of love-poems, a variety calf.

CHAE.—I have not what I may say.

SOC.—So far, then, the raw material of the philosopher and the pork-packer is tolerably the same?

CHAE.—It may be, Socrates. But looking to what do you say this?

SOC.—Never mind. Next, O sweetest sausage-seller, what do you do to your pig when you have received him.

ALL.—We first, Socrates, remove his bristles.

SOC.—By what means?

ALL.—With boiling water, Socrates, and sharp, razor-like knives.

SOC.—But your schoolboy, Chaerephon, when first he leaves his school-master and attends instead at the gymnasia where the philosophers teach, has he bristles?

CHAE.—How should he have bristles Socrates?

SOC.—Upon his cheeks and chin my serious friend.

CHAE.—You seem to mean the first beard; perhaps he has this at least.

SOC.—And perhaps this at least—for the moustache I also leave alone—he now first removes.

CHAE.—Perhaps.

SOC.—Surely not with boiling water and sharp, razor-like knives?

CHAE.—It seems likely.

SOC.—So then here is a second point of contact between the pork-packer's and the philosopher's sty.

CHAE.—I can not deny it, but why do you say this?

SOC.—Never mind. And what do you do next, stranger?

ALL.—We take off the skin of the beast, Socrates; and for the most part we prepare new skins for him.

SOC.—How do you say?

ALL.—I mean the beautiful, many-coloured skins which we see upon the Egyptian sausage and the bright red skin of the Hyperborean sausage, (15) and many others also.

SOC.—And when your young men, Chaerephon, have made smooth their cheeks and throat, do they not also shed their old and dusty skin, like snakes, and assume instead, for the most part, a new clothing of many colours?

CHAE.—I do not know, Socrates.

SOC.—O wonderful Chaerephon, well do men call you "the bat," (16) for you are in very truth like one who sees not; tell me, have you never observed Alcibiades and his friends how they delight clothing themselves in himatia of many colours and in chitons as red as the Hyperborean sausage?

CHAE.—Now that you mention it, I have seen it.

SOC.—Then in heaven's name where is the resemblance between the potential sausage and the potential philosopher about to cease? for it now reaches many furlongs (17). But what is put into this new and brilliant skin, stranger?

ALL.—It is packed and stuffed and crammed, so to speak, with many ingredients, Socrates, till it is ready to burst with its own size; and then it is examined to see if it is what it should be, and is put upon the market.

SOC.—Babai!

CHAE.—What is the matter, Socrates.

SOC.—This is strange news; for I seem, oh Chaerephon, to remember as in a dream some one telling me how the teachers in Athens stuff and pack and—this same word—cram their pupils with all sorts of mental food, till they too are more bursting than ever with their own size and wisdom; and then—so my informant seemed to say—having displayed themselves before examiners they are let loose upon the public.

BUR.—Yes, Socrates, and not only so but just as sometimes in spite of the examination of the sausages, some of them go forth to the world, seeming rather than being, the flesh of pigs, so that, indeed, our citizens having feasted abundantly, are conscious afterwards of having partaken of puppies, so also let Chaerephon now say if in the case of some of these wise and educated young men there is not sometimes the same fraud against the public?

SOC.—You tell my own dream, (18) friend. I have noticed this a thousand times, if I may answer for Chaerephon, who is a little deaf. But what are these many ingredients you speak of, O sausage-seller.

ALL.—First there is a little sweet spice, Socrates.

SOC.—Which is by interpretation, Chaerephon, Hellenic literature.

ALL.—And, there is also a great deal of gristle.

SOC.—Oimoi! what is this? you seem to speak of geometry and the writings of our Euclid? (19).

ALL.—And, last, there is now also in our times at least, when all things have become worse, a quantity of unwholesome wind and air to make the sausage seem larger than itself.

SOC.—Hush! hush! my friend; you surely do not accuse our teachers of youth that they introduce the theory of atoms and the other sciences of nature, as they are called, into the souls of their pupils, to make them more windy and swollen than ever? I almost repent of having followed this argument so far, to such conclusions is it bringing us.

BUR.—Yes, Socrates, and therefore just as one pricks this gentleman's wares with a fork's point before roasting them, so also you are wont, as I have heard, to prick those other windbags with a pointed question, lest they should burst themselves.

SOC.—For I am anxious for their safety.

CHAE.—All this is nothing to Dionysos. (20)

SOC.—Rather, it is everything, O clever Chaerephon; did not this sausage-seller say sausage-selling was better than philosophy?

CHAE.—Yes.

SOC.—But you said no, but the life of the philosopher was far superior to that of the merchant, let alone the sausage-seller.

CHAE.—Yes.

Soc.—But now, as it appears, you both turn out to be mistaken, for if we are to follow what has just been said, the sausage-seller and the philosopher deal with pretty much the same subjects, and in pretty much the same way.

BUR.—And in pretty much the same cities too, O Socrates. For the cities which most boast themselves to be something on the strength of their sausages, the same cities for the most part plume themselves on educating young men. Since I have heard from a Phœnician ship captain who was wont to journey to the Cassiterides in the Western Ocean, that in a large Island adjoining, there are two cities distinguished not less for the eponymous (21) sausages there, than for the sending forth year by year of the largest number of young philosophers. These cities he called, if I remember, the city on the Bosphorus, and the city on Camus' bridge. But what I thought most wonderful in his story, was that in the city of the Bosphorus, indeed, in the first place the sausages are small, but very well spiced, and in the second place the young philosophers are not so many in number, but exceedingly refined, but in the city on the bridge of Camus, on the other hand, the sausages are large indeed but somewhat gristly, and so also the young men there are very numerous indeed, but ordinary persons (22). And about these so much (23). And moreover of the Italian cities, taking one against another, there is not any which sends forth more philosophers, or packs more pork than the city of Bononia (24). But as to the Hyperboreans, again, almost every city in the land has its gymnasium of learned youths, who have attached not less fame to the nation than the Hyperborean sausage we were speaking of just now (25). But about our own people why need I prolong my speech, detailing, among you who know, both the divine wisdom of our Egyptian philosophers and the marvellous fame of our swine herds?

Soc.—You speak admirably: listen, then, Chaerephon. Those who deal with pretty much the same subjects and in pretty much the same way, and in pretty much the same cities, are not these persons themselves pretty much the same, and have they not pretty much the same value?

BUR.—Clearly, Socrates, to me at least, for Chaerephon is unwilling to answer. And the jury moreover are hungry, and hereby dismiss the case, with costs divided, and invite the Court to dinner.

HIS WIFE.—Speak for yourself, man; these Greeks can eat as much as they speak; nor do they dine in my house to-day.

BUR.—But, my soul, this sausage-seller, having enjoyed a bountiful feast of philosophy, will give us in return a bountiful feast of pork, as having pretty much the same value.

ALL.—Hush, bursar! it is not even holy for you high caste Egyptians to eat of swine's flesh except only at the festival of Dionysos and Selene when the Moon is full (26), and far be it from me to tempt you to impiety.

WIFE.—Come on, man: I am tired of listening to all this trash, and moreover the time of evening sacrifice is at hand, and the goddess I am sure needs your presence.

BUR.—Speak for yourself, my life.

Soc.—But she does so speak, for is she not your goddess, bursar? at least you told her so ten thousand times, I think, when she was younger.

BUR.—My dear Socrates, you were not born a courtier, or "a lady's man, and the deceiver of women;" as Homer (27) says of Paris; nor are you altogether as handsome as he; and you will not take a dinner by this to-day, I fear, for, as you yourself just said, my left-handed (28) friend, she is older than to be caught with such words.

WIFE.—Come on, man; don't stand fooling here all day.

Soc.—Good-bye, bursar: you had better go: for I too always am quick to hear Xanthippe's voice, for so it is best for me. Come, sweetest Chaerephon.

#### NOTES.

- (1) Herodotus II., 28.
- (2) Sophist, 217 a. b. Politicus, 257 a; compare Zeller's Plato, p. 136, and Campbell's Introduction to the Politicus, pp. lvi. lix.
- (3) Christmas VARSITY, 1884. An Ancient University. Post Scriptum.
- (4) Vide Herodotus, 2-47.
- (5) That is his wife; the Greek husband, a true descendant of Adam, speaks of his wife as "the woman"; compare our idioms, "the old woman," "lay man" for "my wife" and "my husband."
- (6) Vide Plato Republic VII., 532 b.
- (7) Compare Republic VII., 518 a. b.
- (8) Herodotus II., 28.
- (9) Compare Herodotus IV., 42.
- (10) Etymology was not Plato's forte; compare the Cratylus passim.

(11) The Greek word *προρέτης*, a forestaller, means one who, in our idiom, "makes a corner in" any article.

(12) Vide Aristophanes Frogs, line 576.

(13) Probably he refers to Republic II. and III.

(14) This oath is left in the original Greek since it gains nothing by translation. Probably, indeed, it was already even on the pork-packer's lips a mere aposiopesis; as indefinite in its meaning as it is now; literally "O may Ammon us two—." But it is interesting to notice, as has often been observed, how the Pagan deities have suffered by the course of time; thus this oath, by the greatest of Egyptian gods, survives to day only as a colloquial and meaningless exclamation, the very origin of which even those who use it oftenest do not know.

(15) "Hyperborean," as is well known, is an epithet used by the ancients of northern Europe, Germany in particular. But I am not aware that the antiquity of the German delicacy here referred to, an antiquity extending even to its outer garb, is elsewhere revealed to us in the classics.

(16) Vide Aristophanes Aves, line 1564.

(17) For this metaphor compare Aristophanes Nubes, 430.

(18) This Greek idiom means "just what I feel"; vide commentators on Plato Republic VIII., 563 d.

(19) It has been usual to distinguish Euclid, the founder of geometry and disciple of Plato, from Euclid of Megara, the friend of Socrates, and it is pretended that chronology enforces this distinction, the Soeratic Euclid being born about the year 430 B.C., and the Platonic dying about the year 280 B.C. All such idle speculations are, it is to be hoped, now exploded forever, the words of our text proving their identity. The real inference to be drawn from chronology is that the author of "Euclid" possessed extraordinary vitality, which is just what we should have guessed *a priori*. If he survived the composition of his own writings what could kill him?

(20) This well-known Greek proverb is explained by the circumstance that the drama took its rise in the worship of Dionysos, though speedily losing all connection with the god. It means, therefore, "all this is beside the mark."

(21) *i.e.* for sausages bearing the same name as the city; vide Liddell & Scott's lexicon sub verbo I. 3.

(22) *οἱ τυχόντες* *i.e.* the sort of people who meet you any day and every day; "the men in the street," as Emerson calls them.

(23) The Cassiterides have been identified beyond serious doubt with the Scilly Isles; in the same way the large island adjoining will be identified by all competent critics with England. But the next words will excite animated controversy; to all appearances the city of Bosphorus, *i.e.* the city "of the ford of oxen," and the city on Camus' bridge, must be identified with the two great English university cities of modern times. Yet in the present University of Oxford the oldest college, Merton, has never claimed to go back as far even as King Alfred's reign; and the Cambridge Colleges are yet more modern. It seems probable then that the present universities, even in their establishment, were but the revival of prehistoric and well-nigh forgotten halls of learning. It is yet more curious to find that the still flourishing pork trade of these two cities has been a feature of their life from time immemorial; most curious of all perhaps to learn that the minute differences which mark even to-day the output of this trade are an inheritance from the same antiquity. Verily there is no new thing under the sun.

(24) The modern Bologna. Here also it is clear that the foundation both of the University of Bologna and of the reputation of its swine-pastures has been post-dated by modern historians, and must be ascribed to a much earlier century.

(25) Perhaps the misconceptions about ancient Germany, current among ourselves owing to the influence of Tacitus, exceed even the perversions of history noticed in the last two notes. If we are to believe Tacitus, the Germany of his day despised both knowledge and trade equally, and was celebrated only for the rude and simple virtues of healthy barbarians. But this contradicts alike our own experience of modern Germany and the statement in the text about the Germany of Socrates. Scholars will be confirmed in the suspicion they have long entertained that Tacitus' "Germania" is an ingenious moral fiction written to point a contrast to the excesses of Roman civilization.

(26) Vide Herodotus II., 47.

(27) Vide Homer, Iliad III. 39.

(28) Compare the French use of "gauche."

MAURICE HUTTON.

#### "WHEN SUMMER GILDS THE HEART."

When Summer gilds the heart with golden joy,  
And early morning greets the glistening plain,  
See prism'd colours in the dewy rain—  
Frail gems of sable night that suns destroy!  
When autumn follows cold with lucent sky,  
And lawns are growing brown in yearly wane,  
Hoar frost enwraps the field in its white seine,  
And crisps the summer dews that charmed the eye.

Thus thought in youth is ever gladly bright  
With many-coloured fancies mantled o'er—  
Mirth-glints, high hope, ambition, chivalry.  
The other side of life turns brown to white—  
Enthusiasm withers at the core,  
And reason shrouds the earlier ecstasy.

J. O. MILLER.

## FOR A PORTRAIT.

A girlish face—and yet thereon  
 Are many older fancies painted;  
 A face from which youth has not gone,  
 But stays, with wisdom made acquainted.  
 And yet, by blushes, self-possession  
 Of modesty makes full confession.

A blue-gray eye, with mingled light  
 Of diffidence and high ambition,  
 An eye disclosing, if it might,  
 Soul-pictures, fair as any vision,  
 But then the lids too soon drop down,  
 Leaving those secrets half unknown.

But 'tis like gazing on hidden treasure  
 To look within those placid lakes  
 And see the rippling tide of pleasure,  
 That oft their quiet stillness breaks,  
 Or, not unmoved, the great soul see,  
 That shows a high futurity.

Yet must you think of her as human,  
 And, though sweet-natured, bright and pure,  
 She's not a goddess, but a woman;  
 And, mixed with virtues that endure,  
 Some little weaknesses you'll find,  
 To link with erring human-kind.

The mouth, it has both strength and sweetness,  
 Though sweetness has the larger field,  
 Yet is strength there and, in completeness  
 Of union, both make others yield,  
 Only, I never will do so,  
 Or, if I do, ne'er let her know.

As for the voice, it mingles tones,  
 But first of all I'd say it's earnest,  
 Somewhat of supplication owns,  
 Yet can be withering when 'tis sternest;  
 But unto me its sound alway  
 Is pleasant as a sunny day.

With golden-brown adornment reg  
 The head is crowned and glorified.  
 Fair unshorn locks! No touch illegal  
 Of rude shear e'er has been applied  
 To take away their flowing grace,  
 And mar the outline of that face.

Imagine, too, a calm, fair forehead,  
 With eyebrows smooth and well-defined,  
 Emblem of peace that has been borrowed  
 From quietness that fills the mind,  
 As bright rays from a lamp do pass  
 Serenely through a crystal glass.

And when I walk and talk unto her  
 There is a sense of restfulness,  
 And my delight is oft to woo her  
 To ready flow of speech, then guess,  
 While the gay fancies quick pass by,  
 From what a pleasant land they fly.

Then, when the talk, now serious, turns  
 To quiet things, with voice more grave  
 She speaks, and shows a soul that yearns  
 For heights afar, with those who crave  
 A something more than earth-joys give,  
 Though they in earth-delights may live.

To sum up all, — a gentle grace  
 Wedded to noble fortitude,  
 Just like a lovely garden-place,  
 Whose walls forbid that aught intrude;  
 Although entranced, the passer-by  
 May oft some fragrant blossom spy.

So take your pallet, painter-friend,  
 And paint this portrait now for me,  
 That you may to my fancy lend  
 The gift of perpetuity.  
 Or I'll allow the portrait done  
 If you find me a living one.

H. A. DWYER.

## MR. STEVENSON'S FATALISM.

The subtle thing we call character has great attractions for Mr. Stevenson. Indeed, it could not be otherwise in an author so much read and by men whose interest it is something of an honour to excite. For no subject is undergoing more thorough revision; no subject exhibit more diversity, both in treatment and in the aims of its investigators. So much so, that it is matter for complaint with adherents of the classical system that moral science in the hands of physicists must be reduced to an ignoble doctrine of health; that the gymnast and the physician are the moral healers of the future. While, on the other hand, the possibility of finding physical grounds for what seem to be arbitrary rules imposed by man on his own social life, delights those of the newer school with the hope that before long the whole structure of man will find sufficient explanation in known physical causes. Something of this phase of activity is reflected in Mr. Stevenson's work, vivid as it always is with contemporary interest.

More than an artistic sympathy with the creations of his fancy it were idle to impute to any writer, but when Mr. Stevenson returns once and again to a special development, we are sure it is not from any poverty of resource, but because his attention has been deeply engaged. In *Markheim*, as well as in the better known *Dr. Jekyll*, we meet character studies that impel us by their very strangeness to seek the influences which have resulted in what may be called, without impropriety, Mr. Stevenson's fatalism. In plot, the two sketches have nothing in common but their solution, yet both have for burden the penalty of being born. A man, without foresight of danger, indulges his weaknesses, until he awakens in a bitter moment to find himself in the grasp of his evilness. A stage is reached where repulsion is coupled with an immeasurable longing to escape, even if scarred, by the very experience to become wiser, that is, better. All the force that remains to him cannot change his fate. His choice once could order his life, for good or for evil, but now the shuttle has fallen from his hand and some new power swiftly completes the web. The lesson is enforced in a variety of ways. *Markheim* gives himself up to justice that so he may escape from himself; his only liberty, as we feel. *Dr. Jekyll* in the form of his alter ego commits suicide; it is inevitable. There are a few critical years of youth when the balance is struck irrevocably.

If Mr. Stevenson has ever given the matter any consideration he has probably congratulated himself on his fortune in being exposed to two strong adverse influences. In his travels, as he tells us, he once fell in with a community of silent monks. Of course, only men who were furiously pious could be met with in "Our Lady of the Snows," and equally as a matter of course the presence of a heretic called forth an outpouring of zeal rather embarrassing to the guest. A father of another faith seemed no obstacle to these worthy souls, on the contrary they counselled him to attempt that father's conversion. Mr. Stevenson pleasantly hints what would be the likely upshot of so strange a colloquy with the theologian of his household. We fancy we catch a glimpse of the rugged Calvinism of the elder Stevenson. True to this strain our author is attracted by the severer side of the new school of which Mr. Spencer may be taken to be the representative. The doctrine of necessity is transformed and is now expressed in physical units, but is nevertheless a fatalism. Mr. Stevenson seems however to have adopted a gentler faith for himself; at least, if we may accept as a poetic confession of faith his beautiful *Celestial Surgeon*.

W. H. HUNTER.

### LUCEM DARE.

The crest of University College, Toronto, is a burning lamp, with the motto: "PARUM CLARIS LUCEM DARE."

Words by President WILSON.

Music by MRS. EDGAR JARVIS.

*Tempo di marcia.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di marcia' and the dynamics are 'f'.

The piano accompaniment for the first system continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction, providing a steady accompaniment for the vocal lines.

*f*

1. Lu - cem da - re,	give us a light,	jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents,
2. Now for a rous - ing ac - claim,		jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents,
3. Pa - rum cla - ris lu - cem da - re,		jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents,
4. We'll win our B. A.,	who fears?	jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents,

The vocal melody for the first system is written on a single staff. It begins with a forte dynamic and features a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues with the same rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal lines.

*con espressione*

jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents.	Here's to our Al - ma Ma - - ter,
jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents.	Here's to the Dons so sage, . . . . .
jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents.	Light up, dolts, ev'ry mol - - ly,
jol - ly bro - ther stu - dents.	Work's the way; Hang the wai - - ter:

The vocal melody for the second system is marked 'con espressione' and features a more melodic and expressive line with some slurs.

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues with the same rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal lines.

LUCEM DARE.

Here's to our Al - ma Ma - - ter, And to ev - 'ry jol - ly fra - - ter, And to  
 Here's to the Don's so sage,..... And to U - ni-ver - sity Col - - lege, And to  
 Light up, dots, ev'ry mol - ly, Here's no time nor place for fol - - ly, Here's no  
 Work's the way; hang the wai - ter; Whoop, hur-rah! for each de - ba - ter, Whoop, hur-

*deciso*

ev - 'ry jol - ly fra - ter. Now we're in for the fight, Commence-ment day will  
 U - ni-ver - si - ty Col - lege; Squarely give her her name, Or dear old 'Var - sity  
 time nor place for fol - ly. Pair 'em: freshmen: very; Hon - or men so  
 rah! for each de - ba - ter. A fig for exam-in - ers; The girl graduates they have

*deciso*

*f* *p* *p* *cresc.*

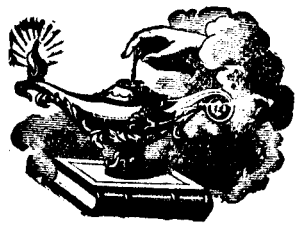
see all right; Won't we wel - come it with de - light, Won't we wel - come it  
 all's the same; Phy - sics and clas - sics are now the game, Phy - sics and clas - sics are  
 'cute and wary, Starr'd men just half plucked and scary, Starr'd men just half  
 floor'd the four years, Give the jol - ly girl grads. three cheers, Give the jol - ly girl

*f* *p* *cresc.*

LUCEM DARE.

with de - light, Won't we wel - come it with de - light, When the Sen - ate gives Im - pri -  
 now the game, Phy - sics and classics are now the game, The stake we play for is  
 pluck'd and scary, Starr'd men just half plucked and scary, All for once be bright and  
 grads. three cheers, Give the jol - ly girl grads. three cheers, And one more for our Al - ma

ma - - tur.  
 know - - ledge,  
 jol - - ly.  
 Ma - - ter.



## ISOLATION.

A lonely rock set in a lonely sea,  
And breaking waves that beat the e ceaselessly.

A pine tree clefted in a craggy steep,  
Where whirling storms on ragged pinions sweep.

A sea-bird riding on the surges high,  
Companioned only by the sea and sky.

A tuft of prairie grass that blooms and dies,  
Its fall and triumph noted by no eyes.

Such types may shadow, journeying towards its goal,  
The isolation of the human soul.

W. H. B.

## THE METHODS OF THEISM.\*

The fact that Canada is just beginning to contribute to the higher departments of literature is no reason why we should overestimate Canadian productions, but it is a good reason why we should feel specially interested in them. The present volume is the second important contribution which Dr. Beattie has made to this higher literature. Whatever diversity of opinion was expressed regarding his treatment of the "Utilitarian Theory of Morals," it was on all hands allowed that he had written with good knowledge of his subject, and with clearness, vigour and ability. The same judgment, we are confident, will be pronounced upon the Essay now before us.

In handling the question of Theism Dr. Beattie addresses himself, *first*, to the solution of the problem as to how we come to have the idea of God, and, *second*, to the presentation of the various arguments by which the divine existence is sought to be established. In examining the question touching the origin of the idea of God, the writer reviews the Methods of Natural Evolution, Divine Revelation, Ratiocination and Intuition: the last of these he regards as the true Method. "There is in man's complex nature a natural capacity, tendency or instinct towards the belief in God." "The primitive theistic conviction in the human mind is to be regarded as God's testimony in man's soul or spiritual nature to his own actual existence."

The second part of the Essay, which deals with the Proof of the existence of God, is much more elaborate than the first part, and no fewer than eight Methods or arguments are passed under review. These are designated as follows: The Onto-Theistic, Artio-Theistic, Cosmo-Theistic, Eutaxio-Theistic, Teleo-Theistic, Eso-Theistic, Ethico-Theistic and Historico-Theistic Methods. This enumeration will show that no argument of importance is overlooked; and with great clearness, though very concisely, Dr. Beattie estimates each line of evidence.

Many writers on Theism who hold the origin of the idea of God to be intuitional, rule out all *a posteriori* arguments for the divine existence as incompetent. Intuition settles the whole question, and there cannot be any supplementary evidence. Dr. Beattie, in distinguishing between the way in which we come by the idea of God, and proofs of His existence, feels himself at liberty to maintain the intuitional origin of the conception while ascribing validity to *a posteriori* arguments.

If the argument from design be stated thus: Whatever exhibits marks of design is the work of an intelligent designer; the universe exhibits marks of design; therefore, etc.—we have indeed an instance of *petitio principii*. The very point to be proven, is that what we take to be marks of design are truly such. But as Dr. Beattie, following Flint and other recent writers, presents this argument, it is entirely safe from the criticism of the Intuitionalist, and of all others. It will run thus: "The adaptation of means to foreseen ends or results implies intelligence; the special order of nature presents such adaptation; Therefore, etc." No fault can be found with the form of this syllogism; and if one will resist the conclusion, he must question either the minor premise, as many Atheists were wont to do, or the major premise, as materialistic evolutionists do at the present time.

\* An Essay, by F. R. Beattie, Ph. D. D.D., Brantford, Ontario, Canada: Watt and Shenston, 1887.

Dr. Beattie expounds the Ontological argument as set forth in different forms by Plato, Anselm, Descartes, Locke and Clarke. His exposition is as clear as the difficulty of the argument and the brief space at his command will allow. His verdict on this famous argument (if, indeed, we should speak of it as one argument), is thus given: "It may be admitted that the Onto-Theistic Method does not amount to positive proof of the divine existence, and that it is not likely to convince ordinary men. At the same time it is exceedingly difficult to point out the fallacy in some of these arguments, and we are not inclined to ignore them as useless." This is very cautiously stated, and some, perhaps, would have been prepared to expect a more definite acceptance of the argument, in one or other of its forms, on the part of one who finds the origin of the idea of God in Intuition.

The argument of Locke, we think, is really *a posteriori*, and need not be classed with the arguments of Anselm and Descartes. That of Clarke, as Dr. Beattie points out, becomes *a posteriori* when he proceeds to fill up his conception of God.

The arguments for the divine existence are rightly regarded as cumulative, and when taken together the evidence is complete. If our nature and faculties are reliable, the conclusion is certain; and if our nature is itself a lie, we can have certainty about nothing. But when any proposition, in all the applications of it, serves the ends of truth it is truth. Were it not truth (which is not possible) it would be practically equal to truth, and this is sufficient.

The important distinction between demonstrative and moral evidence is fully recognized in the Essay. This distinction is essential not only in the Theistic argument, but in all moral and religious questions. Nor is the latter kind of evidence to be regarded as inferior to the other. It is the evidence which is available and competent in such matters, and if our moral nature is rightly responsive it will prove satisfactory. No student of Butler will complain of the want of demonstrative proof in the province referred to.

It seems to us very doubtful whether the eight Methods of Theistic proof illustrated in this treatise cannot with advantage be reduced to four—the Ontological and Cosmological arguments, the argument from Design, and the Moral argument.

The Eutaxio-Theistic and the Teleo-Theistic are clearly, we think, different forms or branches of the same argument. The Artio-Theistic and Cosmo-Theistic appear to involve the same principle. The Eso-Theistic takes us back to the Onto-Theistic. Moreover it is not perfectly clear that the Cosmo-Theistic is essentially different from the argument from Design: our intuitive judgment as to the necessary connection of cause and effect would appear to lie at the basis of both. The same judgment which says that every effect must have a cause, says that the cause must be sufficient. A cause which is not a sufficient cause is no cause at all.

The Historico-Theistic Method is not an argument in the same sense as the other arguments adduced; though it may be properly used in corroboration of the direct proof, as showing the common judgment of mankind.

There would, we think, be clear gain in reducing the arguments to fewer logical categories, if it can properly be done. Though some of the arguments were regarded as merely modifications of others, everything said in the Essay would still be relevant, and the discussion would be even more luminous.

Would it not be as well to use the term Proof or Argument instead of Method in the second part of the Essay? The great majority of writers on Theism regard more than one of these arguments as valid, and employ several, if not all of them, in combination.

The human soul cries out for God: "O that I knew where I might find Him." To the atheist everything is wrapt in impenetrable darkness. To the believer in God much of mystery indeed remains, but a flood of light is poured upon the universe, and especially upon the nature and history of man. Things and events fall into their proper places, morality has found its basis and guarantee, and those who know God say with profound gladness, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

We thank Dr. Beattie for this thoughtful, acute and well-written Essay. We congratulate him on his devotion to the higher class of studies, and accept the valuable Essay which he has given us as the first-fruits of what, we trust, will be an abundant harvest.

WM. CAVEN.

## A SANCTUM DIALOGUE OF MODERN TIMES.

*The Editor-in-Chief and his Sub. discovered busy.*

CHIEF.—“Has the copy of that leader on the Alleys been put in hand yet?”

SUB.—“Not yet; I wished to consult you about the style.”

CHIEF.—“Long primer (that new font) double-lead with hanging indentation. It will be pretty fat matter.”

SUB.—“I mean the literary style.”

CHIEF.—“Literary style be——pi'd. The only style permissible in the editorial columns ought to be the style that saves most time and most money.”

SUB.—“As you like, of course; but I should be inclined to think that the better the style the more telling the article. According to your reasoning, wine ought to be as pleasant out of a tin mug as out of a wine-glass; driving ought to be as delightful behind a screw as behind two high-stepping thoroughbreds; dining off cold mutton as delicious as a banquet; women as fascinating in wincey and calico as in silk and Honiton——”

CHIEF.—“Not too fast, not too fast.”

SUB.—“And we know they are not. We like Bohemian glass; we g'ory in thorough-breeds; we swear by Delmonico or the Cri.; and we adore Worth—or women do.”

CHIEF.—“You forget that a newspaper is read only once. There is as much difference between reading a book and reading a leader as there is between sipping '47 Chateau Lafitte and gulping down sherry and bitters before lunch. Your analogies are not to the point. You don't care about cut glass if you are thirsty; women don't go to Worth for their purely useful garments; you don't feast every day; if one is in a hurry one cares little about the pedigree of one's horse.”

SUB.—“But don't you think style is a sort of decoration? And we decorate everything—even the most useful things, from cathedrals to shaving mugs.”

CHIEF.—“You will grant that gold is a useful commodity?”

SUB.—“When I have any!”

CHIEF.—“Well, there are two ways of utilizing it: we can make it up into jewellery, or we can mint it into coins. Do you see what I mean?”

SUB.—“You mean that the book-maker corresponds to the jeweller, the journalist to the coiner.”

CHIEF.—“Exactly. A newspaper's sole function is to make thought current. And as for the every-day purposes of life, we use gold as our vehicle of barter, and not gems, so what is wanted in our editorial is not fanciful, brilliant, sparkling sentences, but intelligible, valuable, portable truths.”

SUB.—“All this seems very plausible, but even a ha'penny is decorated to a certain extent. However, I must set to work on the Deputy Inspector of Back Alleys.”

CHIEF.—“Yes, and you have no time to give our readers anything but skim-milk—to change the figure.”

SUB.—“What do you mean?”

CHIEF.—“Well, you know, this editor's sanctum seems to me very like a dairy. We simply milk cows in the shape of exchanges, books, and other people's opinions; the milk has to stand a long time before we can give our readers any cream, and as for butter—that always requires hard mental churning.”

SUB.—“And when the cows run dry I suppose we have to resort to the ‘cow with iron tail’—the scissors namely? Ha! ha!”

CHIEF.—“Ha! ha! not bad. But now for this leader. That man Smith was elected to-day to the Deputy Inspectorship of Back Alleys, was he not?”

SUB.—“Yes; and we supported that villain Jones.”

CHIEF.—“Well, all you can do is to vilify Smith.”

SUB.—“But we have been doing that for the last month.”

CHIEF.—“Then vilify our esteemed contemporary.”

SUB.—“We have been doing that for the last year.”

CHIEF.—“Then ‘do it some more,’ as I once heard a Bostonian remark.”

SUB.—“All right; here goes.”

THE DEPUTY INSPECTORSHIP OF BACK ALLEYS.

It is with extreme regret that we find ourselves

compelled to refer to the organ which has taken upon itself the advocacy of the claims of JOHN SMITH to the post of Deputy Inspector of Back Alleys with the omission of the customary adjective “esteemed.” We have ever, both by preaching and, we trust, by practice, endeavoured to impress upon our numerous readers our character for conscientiousness. In this we trust we shall never fail. At the recent crisis we did not fail. We have met the various attacks made upon our veracity by the organ referred to with an equanimity which, we hesitate not to assert, has resulted in the rebound upon itself of its own vituperative insinuations. If, occasionally, we have vehemently rather than elegantly pointed out to our readers that organ's thorough unscrupulousness—

(CHIEF.—“Take care. ‘Remember thou art’—sue-able for libel.”)

SUB.—“The ‘if’ will save us.”)

if at times we have indulged in language forcible rather than felicitous, we answer that it was only through a keen sense of righteous indignation that we were tempted, in unguarded moments—

(SUB.—“How much space is there to be filled?”)

CHIEF.—“About a dozen sticks.”

SUB.—“Phew!”)

from the high path of rectitude which we have ever travelled, and against our will prevailed upon, in the interests of justice and honesty, to follow that organ's lead into those pestilential quagmires of Stygian mud in which delight to wallow the advocates of JOHN SMITH to the post of Deputy Inspector of Back Alleys.

(CHIEF.—“Is that first par. finished? If so, send it up at once; the foreman of the composing room says he is ‘waiting on’ copy.”)

That a Deputy Inspector of Back Alleys was necessary, all will grant. That JOHN SMITH will fill the position with, as our contemporary asserts, “credit to himself, honour to his friends, and benefit to the back alleys,” few will concede. Compared to the task which JOHN SMITH has before him, the cleansing of the Augean stables was a *bagatelle*. The difficulties to be encountered require a man of higher instincts and acuter sensibilities than is possessed by the average man. They require a cultured gentleman, not an ignorant proletarian. Such a gentleman was to be found in Mr. THOMAS JONES. But Mr. THOMAS JONES—we will not at present say by what specific under-hand means—has been left to devote to other spheres his high attainments. Perhaps the back alleys' loss is Mr. THOMAS JONES's gain. Certain it is that his defeat is due to the crass and invincible, not to say criminal, imbecility of an ignorant majority and a more ignorant advocate.

Nevertheless our faith in human nature is not shaken. Because an insignificant individual—

(CHIEF.—“Isn't that going a little too far?”)

SUB.—“I hardly think so. Insignificance is so vague a thing that it would be very difficult to prove our assertion untrue.”)

is elected to a post he cannot fill with the same *éclat* as could many of his fellow-citizens, and as could one in particular of his fellow-citizens, our belief in the greatness of our nation and its possibilities for the future is not in one *iota* diminished. Nay, we confidently predict that, twelve months from this date, when again this valuable and important position becomes vacant, the greatness of our nation and its possibilities for the future will be immeasurably vindicated and enhanced by the election to the post of Deputy Inspector of Back Alleys of the candidate we have so proudly supported—Mr. THOMAS JONES.

SUB.—“There you are. Will that do?”

CHIEF.—“Yes; that is skim-milk with a vengeance. I have heard of such a thing as the ‘skim-milk treatment’ for some classes of diseases.”

SUB.—“It is the best possible diet for calves.”

CHIEF.—“By the bye, remind me to-morrow to order Tom Jones's bill to be sent to him, will you? Good-night—good morning, rather.”

SUB.—“Good-night.”

ARNOLD HAULTAIN,



## HIAWATHA'S TOBOGGANING.

*(Omitted by Lon-fellow.)*

" Give me of your trunk, O Elm Tree,  
 " Of your trunk, O Towering Elm Tree.  
 " I will cut it from the forest,  
 " I will strip from it the branches,  
 " I will split it into pieces,  
 " Into thin and pliant pieces,  
 " Make of it a new toboggan,  
 " Which will bear me down the hill-side,  
 " Through the snow-encrusted valley,  
 " O'er the broad, ice-overed river ;  
 " Which will glide as swiftly downward,  
 " As the eagle from his eyrie,  
 " When he swoops upon his victim."

This demand made Hiawatha,  
 As he stood one winter's morning,  
 In the bosom of the forest,  
 Looking on the trees around him,  
 Wishing for a new toboggan.  
 And the sturdy, solid Elm Tree,  
 Hearing this from Hiawatha,  
 Shook through all its pliant branches,  
 " Trembled to the breeze of morn'ing,"  
 Saying, with a wail of sorrow,—

" Take my trunk, O Hiawatha !"

Down he hewed the towering Elm Tree,  
 Hacked away the spreading branches,  
 Cut it into seven pieces,  
 Into seven equal pieces,  
 Made them long and thin and slender,  
 Bent one end and curved it upwards,  
 That it might glide o'er the snow-banks.

" Give me of your roots, O Tamarack,  
 " Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree.  
 " I will fasten my toboggan,  
 " Bind together all the pieces,  
 " Lace them firmly all together,  
 " That it may not break beneath me,  
 " Nor into the snow-drift throw me."

And the Larch Tree in the forest,  
 Bowed its head in resignation,  
 Till the snow fell from its tassels,  
 And in answer softly whispered,  
 With a gentle, patient murmur,

" Take my roots, O Hiawatha."  
 From the ground he tore the fibres,  
 Tore the long and slender fibres,  
 With them bound his sled together,  
 Bound in one the seven pieces,  
 Laced them firmly to each other.  
 Thus he builded his toboggan,  
 Made it strong, and firm, and steady,  
 That it might not break beneath him,

Then he clambered up the mountain,  
 Taking with him Minnehaha,  
 Taking Laughing Water with him,  
 And they mounted the toboggan—  
 She in front, and he behind her—  
 Turned its head towards the valley,  
 Pushed it off adown the hillside.  
 And it sped so very swiftly,  
 Still more swiftly every moment,  
 O'er the crackling, glittering snow-crust,  
 That their breath almost went from them,  
 And the trees and rocks flew past them,  
 Like the ghosts in some wild vision,  
 Like a troop of fleeting shadows.  
 Thus it bore them, onward, downward,  
 Never stopping, never slacking,  
 Full three days and nights it travelled,  
 Till it reached a certain wigwam,

In the land of the Dakotahs,  
 Where there dwelt the arrow-maker,  
 Minnehaha's aged father

Then the sled drew up and halted,  
 At the entrance to the wigwam.

Here it was that Hiawatha  
 First had seen his Laughing-Water ;  
 Here it was that he had won her,  
 When, in answer to his wooing,  
 She had said in tones of sweetness,  
 " I will follow you, my husband."—  
 And they now came back to see him,  
 Came to see the arrow-maker,  
 After full four years of absence,  
 Since the day on which they left him,  
 Standing at his door so lonely.

And his heart was cheered within him,  
 As he saw again his daughter :  
 And he looked with joy upon her,  
 Saying, as he bade her enter,—

" You are welcome, Minnehaha."

Then he turned to meet her husband,  
 Brought him, too, within the wigwam,  
 Saying as he bade him enter,—

" You are welcome, Hiawatha."

Thus it was, the new toboggan,—  
 Built of Elm, and bound with Larch-roots,  
 With a bear-skin for a cushion,—  
 Brought them swiftly on their journey,  
 To the land of the Dakotahs,  
 Never stopping, never slacking.  
 Thus it glided swiftly onward,  
 Like the eagle from his eyrie,  
 When he swoops upon his victim.  
 Full three days and nights it travelled,  
 Still more swiftly every moment,  
 Yet it did not break beneath them,  
 Did not throw them in the snow-drift.

P. TRACY.

## THE BAY OF NAPLES.

The most subtle brush dipped in the richest colours of beautiful and melancholy language, could not express upon the canvas of the most sensitive imagination, the form and colour of this wonderful spot. It is beautiful, it is historic, it is melancholy beyond description. Think yourself for a moment in a beautiful theatre. The curtain has not raised yet, and the eye seeks out its surroundings. The dome above is deep blue sky, where the sun hangs like a golden chandelier. The walls are aglow with a magnificent fresco. Far away to the left rise the twin peaks of Vesuvius, crowned with an ever-changing cloud of smoke ; at its base the traveller is besieged with beggars of the most ragged description, old and young, with musicians, dark-eyed and brown, who sing and play their soft, delicious Italian music ; farther on, the slope is bound with a girdle of brilliant spring flowers. Then the flowers cease, and the tumultuous coils of lava begin, coiling and clinging together like serpents ; here and there a rustic is busy with his hoe, preparing the little patch of ground for a vineyard, so do the inhabitants hug this fertile but treacherous mountain. Higher up the mists and long windings of road till the station of the funicular railway is reached, which lands the sight-seer within one hundred and fifty yards of the crater, up the steep black cone of ashes. Guides are at the top to lead through the choking clouds of sulphur. Blinded and half-smothered, with the fearful agitation of the earth and thunders of the fires striking upon the ear, the uninitiated is hurried to the verge of the precipitous crater, angrily groaning, and fuming, and momentarily bursting forth into a molten column of flame with a tremendous explosion that flings out blazing masses of lava, which fall upon the sulphurous shore of the precipice like foam from a sea of fire. A

strange contrast this to the flowers that spring has sown far down its fertile slopes. No flowers here but the bloom of an inextinguishable fire and the yellow beds of sulphur, barren, and having within a hidden temper of potential fire. Here on this terrible height, fearful in its remorseless force and hungry barrenness, the spectator looking down catches a far-reaching vista as beautiful as Vesuvius is horribly sublime. Far away over the waveless bay lies the purple mountain of Capri, vaguely indistinct and dreamy, with its celebrated Blue Grotto and the towns of Capri and Anacapri perched high up the mountains. Here came Tiberius centuries ago and built his castle, but the people of Capri have forgotten him long ago, and have turned his palace into a cow-house. I asked my mule-driver, a woman of Capri, who Tiberius was; she replied, she was not sure, but she thought he was a Frenchman.

Close to Capri, on the mainland, is Sorrento, the early home of Tasso, within sound of the purple sea, closer Castellammare under Mount St. Angelo on the ruins of the smothered Stabiae, where the elder Pliny lost his life in giving assistance to the people, and in taking observations of the eruption of Vesuvius in August 79 A.D. Castellammare is an enchanting spot in April, when the moon comes down upon the bay in all its southern beauty, and the flames are seen rising and falling at the summit of Vesuvius, unless the scirocco, a prostrating wind that blows from the African shore, makes itself felt, laden with hurricanes of heat. Opposite are the excavations of the ruins of Pompeii. There is the black streak of lava still visible that ran straight through Torre del Greco, the home of the coral fishers. Under the modern Portici and Resina, about 60 feet below the surface, Herculaneum, so called from its worship of Hercules, lies buried. The discoveries in the latter have been much richer, in proportion to the area of excavation, than those of Pompeii. Pompeii was covered with ashes, and is more easily excavated than Herculaneum, which was covered with lava—and is also situated under the town of Resina. Some of the most beautiful bronzes, and the two equestrian statues in marble of the Balbi, were found in the theatre, in one of the villas and in the Basilica, or hall of justice, of Herculaneum. The Museo Nazionale in Naples is full of such treasures, found in these two lost cities, which make it the first gallery of sculpture in the world—in regard to the history of art. "By their works ye shall know them." How forcibly this strikes one as he wanders through aisles and galleries of this splendid museum. The coins, the vases, the frescoes, the busts, the statues, are here just as they left the hands of their makers—warm with their lofty inspiration, beautiful in their resemblance to nature, which impressed the sensitive genius of the Greeks with the noblest of all desires, the passion to reproduce her various inspirations of beauty and sublimity in the immutable glory of art. Nature, art is but the shadow of thee. Nature, with the voice of birds, and winds and woods, and streams and seas, art is but a shadow of thee. Nature, thou art the mighty unbridled, the ever-changing sea. Art, thou art the little shells upon the sands—that have caught but a little of its music. Nature, thou art a maiden, drooping for a moment, breathing a melancholy sigh. Art, thou art the Clyte of the sunflower, with the brow and eyes and neck, pensive forever in the breathless marble. O, the maximum of life in the minimum of time. O, this positive, this Divine and visible immortality,—expressed, created by the hands and eyes and minds of mortals who, in a little while, lie down under "the beautiful uncut hair of graves." Thank God, the shadows of ourselves are immortal. God help the carrion-fed, the miracle-fed sensationalist, the myth-corsetted soul that shuts itself up in a dark corner of the universe, out of the reach of nature's voice. Do you ask for a place to worship in? The whole earth is a cathedral whose windows are the dawn and sunset, whose dome is the sapphire sky inlaid with moon and star, whose floor is paved with woods and streams and fields, whose altar is the mountains that hold forever the incense of mists and winds, whose chalices are the golden flowers. Do you ask a priest; fool, let thine own soul be

thy priest. Nature loves to reproduce herself, her canvas is the waters of the earth, there is not a cloud, a tree, a flower about a bush-pond that it does not see and hold up to be looked at and admired. O, ye blind, go and take a lesson from a bush-pond. Ye of little thought, if you have lost the possibility of immortality here, how shall you find it beyond the grave? Stand out of my light, ye middle-men, ye apostrophizing shadows, let me feast mine eyes on the nudity of nature, on the nudity of soul. Feed on the fleshpots of sensationalism ye who will, but let me take larger inspirations, that are vital with life. If the dead are beautiful, if the dead are sacred, how much more beautiful, how much more sacred are those forms in their animation. How sacred are the photographs of the dead; oh, God, how much more beautiful if we could see them after death, as they were in life, in marble, in the painting, in the poem. Give us the gold of the flower, of the cloud, of the wheatfield, of the Indian summer, and we will give you the cruel riches of Midas. Give us ten years of intense life, intense nature, intense art, and we will give you an immortality of Puritanism. Ah, stay, we would take your gold if they were like these Greek coins, not death-laden, but aglow with life. This one with the head of Juno or Minerva, or the Medusa; this one with the head of Augustus, or that with Hercules and his Nemean lion skin. Look at these vases with the curves beautiful as a winding shell, and sad as Keats' Ode to a Grecian Urn! Urns for ashes, urns that have adorned the home, and at last are laid in the graves of their owners. Vases with highly-wrought reliefs, battles of the Amazons, Orpheus in Hades, Marsyas and Apollo, death-scenes and funeral sacrifices, the vase of Darius, the vase of the Athenian Salpion with dancing Bacchanals, and others representing scenes from the tragic poets.

Here on the walls are frescoes taken from the houses and temples of Pompeii, with representations of animals, flowers and fruit and architecture,—some are tragic scenes, as Perseus and Andromeda, Theseus deserting Ariadne; others are comic scenes in the lives of actors and scenes from real life, as a concert, the attiring of a bride, the painter, a school, the chastisement of a scholar (a grand old custom that still exists and to which our own school-days testify abundantly), a baker's shop, and caricatures. Amidst such scenes lived the Pompeians, and under their very feet in the mosaics of their floors were pictured, maybe, copies of original paintings by the great Greek painters whose works have been lost. Let us take a look at these splendid busts and statues in marble before the curtain rises. Along the Portico de Capoiavori are ranged the masterpieces of the Greek chisel or copies of those of the Greco-Roman period, classic marbles from 500 B.C. to the time of Hadrian. Here are the slayers of the tyrant Hipparchus, who gave up their lives for Greek freedom and in hatred of the tyrant. They stand together in the severe pre-Phidian style, muscular, hard, upright, unyielding, as Antenor immortalized them. There is little of the Phidian art here, but there are copies of his great rival, Polycletus, the prince of Doric sculptors, the spear-bearer and the Farnese Juno in the so-called "lofty style." The post-Phidian school is represented by the beautiful relief of the parting of Orpheus and Eurydice; he has looked back at her, and Hermes will bear her again to Hades.

Here is the Venus Callipygus, after the softer style of Praxiteles, the work of the Alexandrian period, the dying Amazon, the dead Persian, and the wounded Gaul from the school of Pergamum; the colossal Farnese Bull to which the sons of Antiope are tying the body of Dirce; here the Greek canon of repose is violated for the impression of a violent scene. This once adorned the immense baths of Caracalla at Rome. Then come the Orestes and Electra, the work of the school of Praxiteles who introduced the antique renaissance towards the end of the Republic, the colossal statue Hercules, with the apples of Hesperides, weary after his toil by the Athenian Glycon, a work of the early Roman Empire, portraits of Emperors and Empresses, of the old Greek poets and heroes. Here is the famous head of Homer, the invincible Cæsar, the melan-

choly Brutus, the dissolute Agrippina. Such is the language of the mighty dead, the immortal monument of Greece. Greece fell, but her spirit conquered; her art treasures were taken by the Romans, her liberty, but her genius triumphed over the Roman armies. Greek art flowed into a previously barren soil, and wherever Roman armies went, the spirit of Greece followed. Wherever a Roman temple was built, there rose a tribute to Greek architecture. Even the few remaining columns in the Roman Forum are a memory of Greece. Copies of Greek sculpture, the literature and language, became the fashion. Her literature nourished Virgil and Horace, her oratory Cicero, her historians have immortalized the history of Rome. The Greek spirit is enshrined in the Madeleine in Paris, in St. Paul's in London, in the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg, and even in our own Canadian streets.

The Byzantine Madonna was the torch that lighted the genius of Cimabue and Giotto, and blossomed into the Madonnas of Raphael; the bas-reliefs on ancient Sarcophagi burned into Nicolo Pisano's soul till he carved his beautiful pulpit in the Baptistery at Pisa, and a Greek torso, in the Vatican, a mere wreck of its former beauty, stirred the colossal genius of Michel Angelo, and haunted his soul as he painted the Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel. Such was the power of the antique life. The curtain rises on the old scenes. Over the sea come the Greeks' ships to found Cumae, they spread their gods and civilization over the south of Italy, founded Naples and Pozzuoli. Who are these splendid actors that tread the stage? Augustus lands to claim the Empire of the murdered Cæsar; Brutus, the melancholy patriot, bids farewell to his wife, and sails for the fatal fields of Phillippi; Virgil and Horace are strolling on the sands of Baiæ, Cicero is writing his last treatises on philosophy, in his villa by the temple of Serapis, and fondly dreams that for a second time he may save the tottering Republic. St. Paul lands at Pozzuoli to languish in the Mamertine prison, which shall slowly regenerate the people sunk in the orgies of Eastern religions, passing along the highways of the Empire; thus religion shall build gothic aisles and tombs wherein shall rest the mightiest dead of England and France. Pliny is moving with the Roman fleet to Stabiæ from Cape Misenum, the last days of Pompeii have come; caught between a sea of fires and tumultuous waters, the city sinks forever under a storm of ashes. Millers, leave your millstones, bakers your ovens, wine-sellers your shops, for there is no more need of bread and wine; for food ye shall have ashes, and for drink burning lava; buyers and sellers, leave your forum, life is priceless; lawyers and clients, leave your hall of justice, there is no more justice for the prisoners in the dungeons below, their chains shall be their winding sheets. Slaves, ye are free at last; priests, leave your shrines, your incense has risen the last time, your prayers shall avail no more than the curses of the prostitute; lovers of pleasure, leave your theatres, for once ye shall be a chorus in a wilder tragedy, ye the serpents of Vesuvius are on your track, they will stab ye to death with their hissing fangs. Rich man, look your last on your beautiful coins and vases and frescoes and flowers, those shadows shall endure to tell your melancholy fate.

Ah! little boy, with the fresh-plucked poppies from thy playground of the fields and vineyards, take thy last drink at the fountain of mosaic. Ah! maiden, with thy dark eyes and hair, thy beauty hath fallen for the last time in the waters of the Impluvium; thou shalt never offer these iris-throated doves thou art feeding at the shrine of Venus, under the oleanders thou drest in vain of the torch of Hymen, the fierce flames of Vesuvius shall hunt thee to thy grave. Seek the temples of Jupiter and Juno, your gods are dumb, marble of your own making, the gods are powerless with nature. Oh, Christ, the white-sailed ships await you on the sea; ye shall not reach them, for the boat of Charon waits you on another shore.

PHILLIPS STEWART.

### LOVE'S BINDING.

At sunset I sailed with my love one day  
Where the waters were rippling clear;  
Where the sleepy humming of gnats at play  
Came o'er the sparkling mere.  
We rowed along with a low-voiced song,  
By the banks of living green,  
Where the sturdy rushes, slender and long,  
Stood sentry o'er the scene.  
We brushed by the margin, through grasses, whose strands  
She touched with a soft caress;  
And they yielded, unfeared, to her sweet hands,  
As charmed with her loveliness.  
"Love, love," I cried, "though the world be wide,  
It holds but one for me;  
No smile, no tear, do I seek or fear  
As a smile or a tear from thee.  
Sweetheart, I will weave from the grassy greve  
A token of faith and love."  
And, for her hand, a slender band  
From the marge-grass green I wove.  
Young Love hung o'er that quiet shore  
Where the blue waves kissed the land;  
His was the power that bound, that hour,  
The ring on her dimpling hand:  
And the circlet frail will never fail,—  
'Tis strong as an iron band.

J. D. SPENCE.

### THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE. (1)

What combination is more eminently calculated to afford the keenest intellectual pleasure than a good play interpreted by a good actor? How often do we get the one without the other! Now-a-days it is far easier to get a good actor than a good play. The tests of time and experience have justified the estimate which Henry Irving has made of Shakespeare, that he was "one of the most practical dramatists which the world has ever seen." To say this is by no means to disparage the poet; it is indeed a fine tribute to the man and the poet; for, indeed, if we take into consideration those attributes most frequently ascribed to poetic natures, we shall find that practical or business-like habits—to use ordinary phraseology—are conspicuous by their absence, as a rule. We cannot, from the nature of the case, invoke the same tests which have justified Shakespeare, the playwright, and apply them to Irving, the actor; but few will deny him a high place in the dramatic profession, and the highest, perhaps, as an interpreter of Shakespeare. It is, then, in view of these facts, most fortunate that such a distinguished and even scholarly actor should have turned his attention seriously to the plays of the greatest dramatist, and that he should have placed in a permanent, popular, and accessible form his conceptions of their dramatic capabilities and their artistic possibilities.

It is remarkable that the plays of Shakespeare, written and first produced in an age so ill-suited to dramatic representations, by actors of little experience and less repute, and usually before audiences hardly critical enough to appreciate anything above a coarse jest, or the broadest humour, should be so eminently adapted to the exacting requirements of the modern stage, and so popular with discriminating and cultured audiences of the present day. The admission of this fact is indeed the highest meed of praise which can be bestowed upon Shakespeare, and is an estimate of his power which few will fail to agree with. That this characteristic has been made somewhat subordinate to that con-

(1) *The Works of William Shakespeare*. Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall; with illustrations by Gordon Browne; Vol. I. Toronto: J. E. Bryant & Co; Edinburgh: Blackie & Son; 1888. Cloth, \$3.50; half morocco, \$5; and full morocco, \$7.50, per volume.

cerned chiefly with his poetic genius is, apparently, the reason why Mr. Irving lays special stress upon it in his Introduction to this edition of the great dramatist's works. The value of the testimony on this point is greatly enhanced when we consider the source from which it comes. Truly, indeed, the combination of which mention was made at the beginning of this article is here furnished to us by Shakespeare and Irving!

And now to the work before us. Mr. Irving's part therein, in addition to his sketch of Shakespeare as a Playwright, has contributed materially to the value of this edition which bears his name. The text adopted is substantially that of Dyce, though the editors have not slavishly followed him but have carefully revised every play in the light of the most modern scholarship and the most authentic information to be had on the question. This text has the further value of having been subjected to the careful scrutiny of Mr. Irving, who has marked in the margin those portions which are not material to the understanding of the play, and which may be omitted at the discretion of the reader or actor, in order to bring the representation of the plays within a reasonable time limit. So that the present edition furnishes not only an admirable, complete text for the general reader, but also an invaluable acting edition for the profession, who have thus the experience and taste of the foremost Shakespearian actor of the present day to guide them. A simple wavy line in the margin indicates the passages which are not essential for public or private representation.

The *Introduction* prefixed to each play is divided into three parts. The first takes up the literary history, the second the stage history, and the third consists of original critical comments on the subject, construction, and characters of the play under review. These are all full of information, and give an admirable summary of all that is known of the play and its history. The *Notes* are very full and elaborate. They include remarks not only upon obscure passages and words, but upon the *dramatis personæ*, the text, the emendations proposed and adopted, the sources from which the author probably drew his inspiration, and many other points, interesting not only to the scholar, but to the general reader. Each play is, moreover, furnished with foot-notes, chiefly explanatory of words which are obsolete or used in a peculiar significance, and translations of foreign words and phrases. In addition to these, there are some features which are specially characteristic of this edition. These comprise: Lists of words used only in each play, Maps of the countries in which the action of each play takes place, and a Time Analysis, showing the period of time covered by each scene and act, and the length of any intervals supposed to elapse in the course of representation. The *Introductions* and *Notes* are under the editorial oversight of Mr. F. A. Marshall, with whom are associated several other Shakespearian scholars. But the bulk of the work in this connection is Mr. Marshall's own, and in the volume before us, it is entirely so. Volume I. includes: *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *King Henry VI., Part I.*

The illustrations, comprising one or two full page etchings to each play, and more than five hundred smaller ones scattered throughout the text, are the work of Mr. Gordon Browne, a son of the famous Hablot Browne. The drawings are excellent in conception and design, and the work of the artist has been very admirably seconded by the engraver. The work of the publisher is irreproachable, the size, paper, type, and binding being such as will make it welcome and acceptable even to the most exacting bibliophiles. That this great work should have found a publisher in Canada speaks well for this city and for the firm under whose auspices it is issued. The *Henry Irving Shakespeare* is certainly designed to become the standard popular edition of Shakespeare, and will, we doubt not, achieve this position easily for itself. Its plan is excellent in conception, its editors are competent and distinguished, and its execution, so far as we can judge from the initial volume, admirable in every respect.

## A CHRISTMAS CHAT. (2)

Into the compass of some two dozen pages Mr. Arnold Haultain has compressed some original thoughts on "Love and Religion." The discussion on this subject takes the form of an interesting dialogue between a Curate, "a nice little man of about thirty; a little pedantic perhaps, very orthodox and mildly intelligent," and an "Interlocutor who speaks in the first person," but for whose opinions the reader is told that he must not hold the author altogether responsible. Like all Mr. Haultain's work—and we are reminded by the title page that he is by no means a *débutante*—the little volume before us bears evidence of wide reading, freshness of thought, good taste and good style. The dialogue is well sustained and natural, bright and witty at times, and again serious and thoughtful. The *leit-motif*, to speak musically, is, of course, the resemblance between Love and Religion, Love being, in the opinion of the Interlocutor, "the essence of religion; even earthly love a sort of mirror of religion." The analogy is again to be found "in the spontaneousness, the lawlessness of each." The Interlocutor goes on to make good this proposition by saying, "Love has no creeds or liturgies; no prescribed chants or set responses; no rubric, no ritual . . . worship 'in spirit and in truth' needs not any of these . . . these are merely what Carlyle would call the 'wrappages' of religion. . . . There is a deeper sense in which love and religion are lawless; as no one can tell us why we love, why we ought to love, so no one can tell us why we are religious, why we ought to do right and avoid evil." The Interlocutor then goes on to speak of the effect of love as a transfiguring agency, which induces worship of the object loved, and draws a somewhat daring analogy between the effect of human love and that which the Transfiguration had upon Peter. The concluding sentence which the Interlocutor speaks just before he and his friend separate, is, indeed, quite eloquent and expressive: "And what is all worship, what is all religion, but the attempt to fly to this unknown realm, the attempt of the mortal, finite, sinful *Me* to unite with the Immortal, the Infinite, the Sinless *Thee*. It is in love that we find a tiny mirror of true religion. By love man comes nearest God, approaches the confines of the good, peers, if but dimly, into the realms of the Highest. It is an emanation from the divine mind, a spark from that 'far-beaming blaze of majesty,' a miniature portrait of all religion—painted in earthly pigments perhaps, yet resplendent with heavenly hues."

The dialogue is quite epigrammatic, sometimes sarcastic in places. For instance, speaking of what really influences men in their conduct, it is said: "They are guided usually by the opinions and fashions of their own rank of society, by their families, and, let us add, by their debtors and creditors." And, again, speaking of the limited range of our finite minds in approximating to a proper ethical standard, the Interlocutor says: "The atom finds its rule of action in the molecule, the molecule in the crystal. The atom ought really to know a great deal beyond the atomic theory; it ought to learn all crystallography, it ought to learn all geology—all astronomy even. But all it knows is that it must always combine in certain proportions with the atoms about it." A flirt is described as one who, when "you ask her for love like a nugget of gold, finds she has given it away in small change—and probably has added alloy to any left over." And, again: "Deprive religion of worship, and what have we?—cant. Eliminate worship from love, and we have—flirtation."

Such are a few of the leading thoughts of this entertaining and withal most readable *brochure*, and if we are not to hold the author responsible for its opinions, we yet have to thank him for having admitted us for half an hour to a charming *tete-a-tete* on a most delightful subject.

(2) *A Christmas Chat: A Fragmentary Dialogue on Love and Religion*, by T. Arnold Haultain, M.A. Toronto: Ellis, Moore and Bangs; 22 pp., paper.

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On the wedding journey. He (sentimen-  
tally)—Darling, do you love me better than  
your first husband? She—Certainly. He's  
dead.

Mrs. Hoffendeffer bought a tigerskin rug to  
surprise her husband with on his birthday.  
Mr. Hoffendeffer (returning from club con-  
gratulations a little late) thus addressed her:  
"Shay, Betsey, ole gal, come down shtarsh.  
There'sh 'bout forty cats got into s'houze 'n  
they'sh only one head 'n th' lot of 'em (hic)."

"I have diagnosed your husband's case  
carefully, my dear Mrs. Burtly," said the  
young physician, "and I find that he is suf-  
fering from rheumatism in the pedal extre-  
mities." "Oh, my grief!" exclaimed the old  
lady in distress. "I didn't know he was so  
seriously affected. John said the pain was  
all in his feet."

He came into the editor's room with a  
large roll of manuscript under his arm, and  
said very politely, "I have a trifle here about  
the beautiful sunset yesterday, which was  
dashed off by a friend of mine, and which I  
would like inserted, if you have room."  
"Plenty of room. Just insert it yourself,"  
replied the editor, gently pushing the waste  
basket towards him.

There is said to be but one lawyer in  
heaven. How he managed to pass St. Peter  
is not positively known, but it is conjectured  
that he passed himself for an editor and  
slipped in unexpectedly. When he was dis-  
covered the startled angels searched the  
realms of felicity in all their length and  
breadth for another lawyer to draw up papers  
for his ejection, but they could find none,  
of course, and he held the fort.

It happened in New Haven, the *Congre-  
gationalist* says, on Easter Sunday:—An  
old lady watched the services through with  
breathless interest, and then, turning to a  
stranger, said: "The choir did well, didn't  
they?" "Excellently," was the reply:  
whereat the faithful observer of the proceed-  
ings remarked dramatically: "There was a  
five-dollar bet up that they'd break down."  
Will unregenerate worldlings be betting next  
on the minister?

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