

THE WINNING OF MY BRIDE.

At the grand piano seated, lured by fancy into dreaming.
While the room is only brightened by the gaslights in the street;
And below are people passing and above the stars are gleaming.
I will show my heart the vision that has made her life so sweet.

From the agonies departed I can own the present glory.
For the world will not deny it me nor rob me of my fame;
It can never dim the lustre, round the beauty of the story.
It can never mar the honour now connected with her name.

What was I, a music master, in my lowly occupation.
That I dared to love my pupil in her tenderness and grace;
And beholding all her beauty till the perfect adoration
Of her goodness charmed my spirit when I looked upon her face?

Oh! the misery of feeling I should leave her on the morrow.
And I never might behold her when the lessons were complete;
Oh! the agony of parting when I bowed my head in sorrow,
And longed to kneel before her in my anguish at her feet.

But the small hand never faltered while the low sun was declining.
As we lingered on the terrace by the fuchsia's coral flowers;
But the cloud on love's horizon was the one with silver lining.
And it covered all the heavens high above the summer bowers.

Then I rose in strength and greatness with the new life dawning o'er me.
And the old life with its sorrows by the future glorified;
And I felt success was certain with so fair a goal before me.
For the height of my ambition was the winning of my bride.

As I thrill the air with music so my heart is thrilled with gladness.
But the music in my spirit is the sweetest tune of all;
I have long since played a requiem o'er those ancient days of sadness,
And its vision now is fading for I watch the curtain fall.

Now I sweep the notes and waken in a minor key and tender.
The first piece that I taught my darling in the distant years of yore;
And the music charms my spirit: it retains its fadeless splendour,
For it is a part of all things in this life that I adore.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LITTLE CARL'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve. Dark was rapidly settling down upon the quaint old city of Frankfort, and the lamplighters were threading their way with their peculiar rapid trot, through the eager crowd who thronged the streets. Gleams of light flashed through uncurtained windows, showing cheerful tea-tables surrounded by merry faces, for are not the children all happy when the visit of Santa Claus is so near. The shop-windows were brilliantly lighted up, showing magnificent Christmas trees, loaded with everything of which the indulgent old saint could think, or childish heart could wish. Many an overcoat pocket was crammed with irregular parcels, and many a broad, good-natured German face relaxed into a smile, as the owner there of contemplated, in fancy, the joyous mirth of the little people at home.

In the upper part of the city, among the residences of the higher classes, stands a tall, dark house, surrounded by a garden of considerable extent. Every one knows the house, it is the residence of the great Herr Emile Regnard, organist of the cathedral. Certainly Herr Emile should be a happy man, if half the blessings called down upon him, really descended. Not a poverty-stricken household whose case met his ears, but had cause to call down blessings on his "kindly face, and on his silver hair;" not a bereaved widow, or sorrowing orphan was there to be found, but opened her heart to the beloved and respected maestro, and straightway received comfort; not a petted little one, in the houses of the great, but enjoyed a romp with "Mein Herr."

In the interior of the mansion was one room, in which Herr Regnard might always be found, when at home. This was a large, lofty room, wainscoted with dark wood, and lighted by a tall window with diamond-shaped panes. The furniture was heavy and old-fashioned, and one large recess was occupied by an organ, while music was piped upon every available object. The room was almost dark, except when the flames in the grate dart up, and send a lurid glare over everything. The Herr was seated in a low chair before the fire, his head resting on his hand, as he gazed curiously into the glowing depths, that appeared to stretch for miles before him.

"Another Christmas Eve," he murmured, absently, "and I shall be forty-five to-morrow. How quickly the years fly past."

For some time longer he sat there, till he was aroused by the bells of the cathedral bursting into a loud chime, which could be heard for many miles around. As the bells became fainter, and finally stopped, the Herr rose slowly from his seat, still gazing into the fire. It is no wonder that the children love him! They found out long ago that white hair does not betoken age, for the professor's heart is as young and merry as ever it was. After a minute or two he shook his head, as if to dismiss certain thoughts from his mind, and saying to himself,

"It's time I was off, they'll be waiting for me," hurried into the hall, and enveloped himself in a huge overcoat and cap.

"I suppose I shall be in soon, Gretchen," he remarked to a pretty smiling servant girl, who came tripping down-stairs, "the choir have to sing over the grand anthem for the service to-morrow," and as he finished he closed the door, and made his way out to the street. It was much colder than in the afternoon, fewer people were in the streets, and no one stopped to look in at the shop-windows.

Every one hurried on with their coat-collars turned up, and their hands thrust as far into their pockets as possible. A few minutes' rapid walk brought Herr Regnard to the door of the cathedral, and as he passed up the steps, the faint light from the vestibule showed a small figure crouching near the door. The Herr stopped and shook the child gently by the arm.

"What art thou doing here, my child?" he said, kindly; "thou wilt be frozen."

Aroused by the sound, the boy strove to rise, but immediately fell down again. Seeing that he was too benumbed to stand, the professor lifted him in his arms, and carried him into a small room, which opened off the vestibule, and laying him on the sofa, chafed his hands for a few minutes, until the boy, with a sigh, opened his eyes. He was very white and thin, and appeared to be about nine or ten years of age. His clothes were very shabby, though neatly mended in many places, and

his poor little hands had no covering. Whenever he turned his face to the light, a look of intense pain, which was almost immediately subdued, swept over the professor's face. "Hast thou a father?" he asked, after a moment's study of the childish features before him.

"Yes," returned the boy, with a faint look of surprise, "his name is Carl Mühler, and I am named after him."

"And thy mother?"

"Her name is Bertha; my poor mother!"

"Bertha," repeated the professor, and again the pained look flashed across his face. "Art thou fond of music, little one," he continued, abruptly changing the subject.

"Oh, I love it," cried the child, sitting up, and clasping his hands, his blue eyes flashing in his excitement. "My mamma promised to take me to hear the great organ when I had good enough clothes, and I have often prayed that the dear Lord would let me come, but now—oh! mother—mother!" he continued, rocking himself to and fro with the violence of his sobs. The Herr laid his head back gently on the arm of the sofa, and stroked his hair softly.

"Mamma has been ill for a long time," continued the child pitifully, the tears running slowly down his white cheeks, "and the father thinks she is getting better, but to-day she told me that she was going to die, and then I thought if I could only hear the grand organ once, I should like to die too and I came and lay down on the steps, and—"

"I will go and see thy mother," said the professor gently, turning his head aside to hide a tear that trickled down to the floor; "but if thou art strong enough now, thou shalt hear some of thy loved music."

The boy rose quickly and the two proceeded upstairs to the organ loft, where nearly all the choir were assembled. The child shrank into a dark corner, and leaning his head against the organ, closed his eyes. For a few minutes the singers chattered and laughed and fluttered the leaves of their music, then after a moment of silence they all rose to their feet and burst forth into the grand triumphal anthem.

In a few minutes, all too soon for the bewildered child, the magnificent chorus was over and the singers gone. Carl crept out of his hiding place, and as he came near, the maestro turned on his bench, and said smilingly,

"How didst thou like that?"

"Is it the new song?" asked little Carl dreamily, passing his thin, small hand caressingly up and down the great instrument. "My mamma has often told me about the angels, and the new song that they sung."

"The dear Lord has touched him," murmured the maestro, pulling out a stop, without ceasing the sweet dreamy prelude, which rose and fell like the strange, weird music of the æolian strings, swept by soft summer winds. And now, as he throws his whole soul into his music, it gradually becomes louder and louder, till to the enthralled child beside him, it seems like the wild petition of a breaking heart. Of what is the maestro thinking as these melancholy strains hover in the air, around the dark columns and niches of the great unlighted cathedral? Is it of the praises showered upon him by all lovers of music? Is it of the perfection at which he aims, or the knowledge that he is one of the most magnificent performers of the age? Ah, no—he is not thinking of that—his thoughts have gone back over many Christmas Eves, back to one long years ago, and he sees as in a dream many faces that he shall never see again; and there, at the further end of the room, who is that fair girl, with her golden hair, her frank blue eyes, her smiling mouth. A few minutes after, how well he remembers, the little mouth was not smiling, the lashes were heavy with unshed tears, and what a weight fell upon his heart never as he then thought, to be lifted more. Then came thoughts of his travels in foreign lands, and of his attempts to outstrip the trouble he carried in his heart, and then how he became more familiar with the picture of her, Bertha, his Bertha, as he had fondly hoped to call her, adorning another's home with her sweet face, and her loving heart, he felt that though his first wild love was gone, there still remained and ever would remain an undefinable reverential love for her as long as he lived. Meanwhile he had never ceased playing, and the strain which had become soft, again rose not sorrowful or wild, but with such a triumphant, conquering ring, that pedestrians lingered for a moment, in their rapid walk homeward, to glance at the glimmering light in the organ loft, and wish it were not such a stormy night, so that they might stop and list-n.

At last all was over, and the boy looked up with a sigh, half pleasure, half pain, as the maestro held out his hand.

"Come, little one," he said, smiling kindly at the child's bewildered face, "we will now go and see thy mother."

Carl slipped his small hand into that of Herr Regnard, and the two, old and young, went forth together. Not a word was spoken as they threaded their way through the streets, until at last they entered one dimly lighted and unfrequented, and stood before a large dark house. Carl opened the door, and motioned the professor to follow him, and when they had proceeded up three flights of stairs, the child threw open a door, saying, "Mother dear, here is a gentleman," he never finished the sentence, for as a lady, poorly dressed, turned from the small fire, there was a cry of,

"Bertha."

"Emile," and in another moment, she was in the professor's arms. The next minute he and Carl Mühler the elder, were violently shaking hands with each other, and two minutes after were both scolding Bertha, so that she might recover herself, for not introducing them properly. Then and there the whole family were invited to spend Christmas with their new found friend. The next day Bertha told him a great deal about how unfortunate her husband, who was a painter, had become, because he was not well known, and how they had moved from Frankfort, while he (Emile Regnard) was travelling, and how a few weeks before the present time, they had come back, but that he was such a great man, she did not like to renew her acquaintance for fear he would think they wanted help. Whether they wanted help or not, Emile Regnard did what he could, and thus brought joy into one more household. Bertha did not die, but grew better with their altered circumstances, and now though her hair is silvery, and her eyes dim, she is considered, at least by her friends, as beautiful as ever.

Many years have passed since the Christmas which witnessed their joyful reunion, and Carl Mühler is now a famous painter, courted by all, while Carl the younger is likely to far outlive his old master, whom he looks upon as his second father.

KATE LIVINGSTONE.

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions received:—Nos. 108, 109, and 110, from G. E. C., Montreal; No. 109 from J. H., St. Liboire, and W. H. P., Montreal; No. 110, from Delta, Rock Island, P. Q.

The following game forms part of a match between Mr. Zytogorsky and Mr. Janssens, played in the year 1854. Another fine game in the same contest was published in the *Chessplayer's Chronicle* for that year, from which we learn that Mr. Zytogorsky was finally successful, scoring six games to his opponent's four:—

(From Land and Water.)

(Q. B. P.'s game in K. Kt.'s Opening.)

- | White.—Mr. Janssens. | Black.—Mr. Zytogorsky. |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | 1. P to K 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | 2. Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 3. P to Q B 3rd | 3. P to Q 4th |
| 4. Q to Q R 4th (a) | 4. Q to Q 3rd (b) |
| 5. P takes P | 5. Q takes P |
| 6. B to Q B 4th | 6. Q to Q 3rd |
| 7. P to Q Kt 4th | 7. B to Q 2nd |
| 8. P to Q Kt 5th | 8. P to K 5th (c) |
| 9. Kt to Kt 5th | 9. Kt to K 4th |
| 10. Kt takes K P | 10. Q to K Kt 3rd |
| 11. Castles | 11. P to K R 4th (d) |
| 12. P to K B 4th | 12. Kt takes B |
| 13. Q takes Kt | 13. Q to Q Kt 3rd ch |
| 14. P to Q 4th | 14. Q takes P |
| 15. R to K sq | 15. Castles (e) |
| 16. Q to Q Kt 3rd | 16. R to K sq |
| 17. B to Q R 3rd | 17. Kt to K B 3rd |
| 18. B takes B (f) | 18. Kt takes Kt (g) |
| 19. B takes P | 19. Kt to Q B 4th |
| 20. R takes R ch | 20. R takes R |
| 21. P takes Kt (h) | 21. R to K 5th ch |
| 22. K to B 2nd | 22. R to K 8th ch |
| 23. K to K 3rd | 23. Q takes P ch. |
| 24. B to Q 4th | 24. Q to K 2nd ch |
| 25. B to K 5th | 25. B to Q B 3rd (i) |
| 26. Q to Q Kt 4th | 26. K to Q 3rd |
| 27. Q to K B 5th ch | 27. K to Q 2nd |
| 28. Q to Q Kt 5th | 28. Q to Q 4th |
| 29. Q takes P ch | 29. K to K 3rd |
| 30. Q to Q B 5th ch | 30. B to Q 2nd |
| 31. Q to K 8th | 31. R to K 5th ch (k) |
| 32. K to B 2nd | 32. R to K 7th ch |
| 33. K takes R | 33. B to Q Kt 4th ch |
| 34. K to K 3rd | 34. Q takes P |
| 35. B to Q 4th | 35. Q to K Kt sq (l) |
| 36. Kt to Q Kt 3rd | 36. B to Q B 3rd |
| 37. P to K Kt 3rd | 37. P to K B 4th |
| 38. R to K sq | 38. B to K 5th |
| 39. Kt to Q B 4th | 39. P to Q Kt 4th |
| 40. Kt to Q 2nd | 40. P to Q 4th |
| 41. Kt takes B | 41. P takes Kt |
| 42. B takes P | 42. Q to Q B sq |
| 43. R to Q sq ch | 43. K to Q B 5th |
| 44. R to K B sq | 44. Q to Q R 3rd |
| 45. B to Q 4th | 45. Q takes P |
| 46. R to K B 2nd | 46. Q to Q Kt 5th |
| 47. R to Q 2nd | 47. Q to R R 5th |
| 48. R to K B 2nd | 48. K to Q 4th |
| 49. P to K B 5th | 49. P to Q Kt 5th |
| 50. P to K B 6th | 50. Q to Q B 8th ch |
| 51. K to K 2nd | 51. P to Q Kt 6th (m) |
| 52. P to K B 7th | 52. P to Q Kt 7th |
| 53. P Queens | 53. Q to Q B 7th ch |
| 54. K to B sq | 54. P Queens ch |
| 55. K to Kt 2nd (n) | 55. P to K 6th |
| 56. Q to Q B 5th ch | 56. K to K 3rd |
| 57. Q to Q B 6th ch | 57. K to K 2nd |
| 58. B to K B 6th ch | |

And mates in three more moves.

(a) A move invented by Mr. Janssens.
(b) Mr. Steinitz plays here P to K B 3rd. Some refer the move in the text, while others hold that B takes P may be adopted safely.
(c) Giving up the Pawn here was not necessary, but it affords Black some counter-attack.

(d) The advance of this Pawn seems to allow too much time to the adversary.

(e) If Black had taken the Queen he would evidently have been mated in two moves.

(f) Q Kt to Q 2nd seems less hazardous.

(g) A very fine combination, the full effect of which seems to have been overlooked by White.

(h) The best move under the circumstances.

(i) All this part of the game is finely played by Mr. Zytogorsky.

(j) Black now wins the Queen by force.

(k) Q to Q 4th seems to us more decisive.

(l) Black has played somewhat carelessly after winning the Queen, and the position is now very critical. P to P seems preferable.

(m) Mr. Janssens deserves high praise for the skill and tenacity shown in defending an almost desperate game. From this point he is able to force checkmate.

The following is the prize two-mover that should have appeared under No. 109. That Problem was in some unaccountable way substituted for this one.

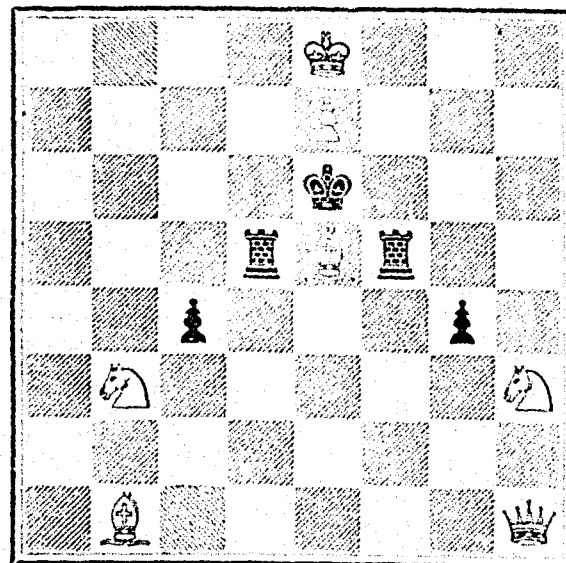
PROBLEM No. 112.

By Mr. R. H. Ramsey.

"The Church."

Dedicated to the Rev. H. Canfield, Belleville.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 110.

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------------|--------------|
| 1. R takes B ch | 1. P takes R |
| 2. P to Kt 4th | 2. Kt moves. |
| 3. Kt to Q B 7th mate. | |