

felt only one wound. He stood looking out of the window; and there was silence in the room.

"Her grave?" he murmured at last.

"I will send someone to show you," said the matron; and Geoffrey found himself driven again through the streets, his guide seated on the box. Presently the cab stopped. The man, whose face expressed rough sympathy—he had children himself at home—led him to a large plot of ground, dotted over with tiny mounds. No monument marked the spot, not even a tiny stone at head or feet; an oblong piece of tin, fastened to a block of wood and marked with a number, formed the only means of distinguishing one grave from another.

One, freshly dug, stood out from the rest. After comparing the number on it with a piece of paper, as a matter of form apparently, the man pointed to it, and saying gruffly, "That's the one, sir," went hastily away.

Geoffrey knelt down beside the mound; he felt stupefied and half-asleep; he bent down dully and looked at the number on the tin.

It was 2324.

He stared at it a moment, then with a groan threw himself across the grave, his hands clasping the wooden block which bore his daughter's only epitaph.

Toronto.

FLORENCE AGAR.

THE YORK PIONEERS' LOG CABIN. 1794 - 1894.

The following lines were read at the meeting of the Society of York Pioneers, held at the Log Cabin in the grounds of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, on Thursday, Sept. 7th, 1894, and are printed by request.

Dedicated to the Society of York Pioneers.

From fair Devon's lovely vales and chimes
He came who built this cabin rude and plain.
Simcoe, his early friend, had called him here
To view the land, and choose himself a home;
Him knowing full of worth, a man to help
In building up the State on stones secure—
Truth, Justice, Loyalty, Far-reaching aim—
Thus 'twas John Scadding saw Ontario's shore
And this fair Province. On the banks of
Don,

Where the slow river widens to the Lake,
He stood a century ago, and scanned
With eager, anxious eye, the virgin scene.
Entranced he gazed, his very soul astound
At Nature's beauty and magnificence.
Before him, southward, stretched a mighty
lake,

On strong tides rolling to horizons far,
In whose deep, sheltering bays, for Peace or
War,

The fleets of nations might securely ride:
And food and sustenance for million souls
Be found within its depths,—Riches untold.
Above, the blue sky like a sapphire gleamed,
And where the slow-winged heron trailed, or
rose

The circling gull, or phantom-noted loon,
The brilliant atmosphere made silhouettes,
So clear and pure its texture. On the land
Vast forests crowned the heights that north-
ward lay,

Where towering elms, like sentinels, o'er-
topped
Great oaks, and darkling pines shot up like
spires.

Wide beeches grey, and maples full of sap,
Clothed all the swelling hills; and in the vales
That downward drew to meet the flowing
stream,

Willows luxuriant and green alders threw
A grateful shadow, where bright rills and
brooks

Went singing 'mid their reeds, with fern and
flower.

And where the stream, grown languorous, fell
to pools,

The wild duck had her nest, and clouds of
birds

Shook the wild rice that rose in graceful
plumes

Among the marshes, where the bittern boomed.
And all the forest land, vocal with song,

Teemed with wild life, the settler's hope and
fear.

O! how the fine and fragrant air he breathed
Glowed in the young man's blood and thrilled
his nerves,

And set him dreaming!—as a youth should
dream—

Of a fond home, and woman's love and care
To bless and crown with lengthened happi-
ness

A pious life of patient duty done;
Of sons and daughters, strong and beautiful,
In whom his name should live, and honoured
be;

Of a calm evening hour, when life's sun draws
Towards setting, and the labourer looks to lay
His tools aside and softly muse of Heaven.

*Ha! did ye hear the demon's mocking laugh
Flash through the high-topped trees!*

And then his thoughts ranged wider than
himself:

His vision saw, with Simcoe, the deep woods
Recede before a people high of heart,
Of large emprise, and worthy purpose fixed.
He saw the House of God in honour placed,
Order and Law installed, and Learning set
In high estate, the land thus building up
To a large future, by the Grace of God.

And now with resolution on his brow

He marks his own.

And soon the merry axe
Sets all the vales a-ringing; laugh and shout
And human cheer and song fond Echo wake;
The pioneers of York come hastening in—
For all were brothers then—and each man
bares

A willing arm to help his neighbour.
Strong men and true bring down the unbra-
geous oak,
Square the tall pine, and lower the towering
elm;

And some the broad axe wield, and some the saw
Two-handled; others the heavy ox—
Patient of load and foddered easily—
Put to the chains and draw the logs in place;
And some the mortar mix of river clay,
Others the stones draw from the shelving bank,
Some gather moss for chinking, some the bark
To shingle the new roof. Thus rises soon,
With hospitable hearth and chimney wide,
A pioneer's log cabin snug and warm.
O hearts were merry on the auspicious day
John Scadding stood within his open door
And welcomed all.

And still the door swings wide.
For here are we, a group of Pioneers
(Myself by grace), and still a Scadding stands
And welcomes all, for this log cabin 'twas
His father built a century ago.
And all these dreams wherewith the young
man pleased

A buoyant, happy fancy, are come true.
Where but the Red Man roamed a city stands:
Where only Nature witnessed to a God,
His temples rise, His servants worship Him,
Man serving man, and looking all to Heaven.
Order and Law and Learning have high place,
As witness these surroundings, where man's
brain,
And energy, and muscle, schooled by Rule,
Show large results.

And that fond dream of Home
And sweet domestic bliss, and honoured name,
And service done the State, came also true.

(Despite the mocking demon of the trees)*
For there is none Toronto boasts to-day
Of men have served her in all worthiness
Stands higher in her best esteem than he,
John Scadding's son, President venerate,
Our first, because our chief, York Pioneer.
O happy dream, to come so richly true!

*Rev. Dr. Scadding's father, Mr. John Scad-
ding, was killed in middle age by the fall of a tree
on his own estate. His tomb is in St. James' ceme-
tery, and a Latin inscription to his memory graces
the stone.

Three generations knew this tiny home,
York's sweet domestic life of love and toil
(Though 'twas not his that reared it).†
And then, a summer day saw a strange sight!
A band of Pioneers—a jovial crowd—
Pulled down the cot their fathers helped to
build,
Piled up the logs on trucks, put to the teams
Of ancient oxen, mounted the loads them-
selves,
And waving Britain's flag in loyal glee,
Set out with shout and merriment along
The western way, and brought the cabin here.
*Then set it up again, with many a joke,
And many a reminiscence glad and sad.*

And here long may it stand, a memory
Of brave old times, a spur to new.

S. A. C.

PARIS LETTER.

The report of M. Deputy Lockroy, the half-son-in-law of Victor Hugo, has produced an immense sensation. Were war to be declared to-morrow, he writes, the navy of France appears to be no more ready for active service than that of China. Of the 51 torpedo boats laid up in ordinary at Toulon, not more than five are in a fitting condition to put to sea, says Commandant Vidal, and it would be very fortunate if, in the course of time, twenty more could be commissioned. Creusot, the Krupp factory of France, is owned by M. Schneider. He supplies all the other dockyards with the plates for the construction of war ships, and these plates have uniformly proved faulty; the hulls of the torpedo boats become so deteriorated, eaten through, as to resemble a tin dish. One authority proposed to remedy the defects by coating the hulls with white paint—*aspermacti* for an inward wound! The *Odyssey* of three torpedo boats, built at Creusot, may well make the unskillful laugh. They were ordered in April 1890, were to be delivered in July 1891, but only were so in April 1892—8½ months behind time. And the contractor never was fined. Guess what the naval authorities did on formally accepting two of the new boats? Ordered them to be docked and repaired! The third boat has not yet been accepted—and apparently is not worth the taking over. M. Lockroy does not hesitate to assert, there is rottenness in the state of Denmark, but that if time and perpetual peace allow, can be repaired. As it is, the boilers leak like old kettles; there is no unity between the different departments for putting the vessels into commission; the wrong boats may be supplied with the wrong sized missiles, the small guns receiving supplies of large projectiles, and *vice versa*; just as Dickens describes the distribution of the uniforms among the London postmen. Again: in case of mobilization, there will be plenty of men forthcoming—taken from the plough, as it were, as Russia manufactures her Jack Tars out of land-lubbers, who have no experience. War now-a-days will not afford an enemy any time to get ready; as in the Italian and Japanese navies, hands must be prepared to go aloft when the boatswain whistles.

The more the Madagascar business is looked into, the more ugly it appears and full of uneasiness. But do not imagine that the French having put their hand to the plough, will look back. They will annex the great Island. For the Hovas, or Malagasys at large, it is only the cook's question

†Mr. John Scadding occupied the cabin only as a bachelor, and sold it to Mr. John Smith, a builder and an early York Pioneer, erecting a house on another part of his land near by, when he married.