

ULTIMA SPES MORTUORUM.

(Translated from Henri Mürger.)

"Yesterday was 'Le Jour des Morts,' and a large trade was done in mourning wreaths and *immortelles* destined to be placed upon the tombs of Montmartre, Montparnasse, and Pere-la-Chaise. But of the half a million people who visit the cemeteries, more than half have no better impulse than curiosity. Nor are these funeral visits always made in person; footmen are often despatched in cabs laden with black and yellow garlands, and these are carefully deposited on the graves."—Extract from a Paris letter.

I.

The bells will ring to-morrow for the day
Held sacred to the Dead,
And those who slumber in their shrouds of clay
Will quit their narrow bed.

Then, shades invisible to mortal eye,
Arising from the tomb,
Will flit beneath the aycamores that sigh
Amid funeral gloom.

Chilled by the breeze, those shivering phantoms stray,
While Heaven is dark above,
And still by hope inspired they say,
"We wait for those we love."

"Their warm true hearts our absence still deplore,
And soon, in dark array,
"A pilgrim band—our cherished friends of yore—
"Above each cross will pray.

"And they will offer, to our memory true,
"Affection's simple boon:
"Kind hands *immortelles* on each mound will strew,
"That fade alas! so soon!"

II.

Why from your cerements shake the dust away?
Why come to tremble 'neath our misty skies?
What sound disturbed within your bed of clay
The slumberous calm that weighed upon your eyes?

Shades of the Dead! ye viewless spectres! tell,
Why cross the threshold of the earth again?
What hope ye from this world wherein we dwell,
Since in your grave-clothes still ye hope in vain?

Ye come, your confidence in man to test,
And ye will carry back into the grave
The sad conviction, bitterly confessed,
That from oblivion nought the Dead can save!

III.

The *De profundis* pealed its solemn tones,
And the good man of God
Prayed, while the Sexton hid your confined bones
Beneath the hallowed sod;

Parents and sisters, friends and lovers, all
Whom at the final hour
Your dying lips had kissed, were round the pall,
Regretful tears to shower;

And all, when blessings with your latest breath
To each in turn were giv'n,
While ye were waiting for the call of Death
To wing your flight to Heav'n,

All fondly promised, weeping in despair,
That from each faithful heart,
Your memories, sanctified by daily prayer,
Should never more depart!

Come, then, to-day—your prison portals ope,
Your resting places leave:
Eternal victims of eternal hope,
Come—wait, in vain, till eve!

IV.

The ghosts are flitting restlessly
Beneath the cypress trees:
They list—'tis nothing but the sigh
Of some autumnal breeze:
But still those phantoms list each sound
That breathes the lonely walks around.
Long, but in vain, they wait to hear
The tread of human footstep near,
Then, shedding bitter tears of sorrow,
They whisper: "They will come to-morrow."

V.

Lord! Thou well knowest that they will not come,
And that those hapless ghosts will oft return
To seek some simple offering at their tomb,
For which they vainly evermore will yearn:

To Thee the cruel irony is known!
Whatever dies is soon Oblivion's prey,
And tears that answered every dying groan,
E'en at the grave are calmly wiped away.

Lord! Thou dost know that o'er the world to-day
The love of Self triumphantly doth reign,
That, should this curse defer some souls to slay,
Sooner or later they must still be slain.

Lord! Thou well knowest that the human race
Is sick at heart, and weary to the death,
Pursuing Hope in everlasting chace,
Until we murmur with our dying breath,

"At last we greet the silence of repose—
"Blue sky or black—to us it matters not—
"Calmly we slumber, disregarding woes,
"Expecting nought, for all is now forgot."

And yet, oh! mockery! the rest we crave
Is still disordered in our final bed:
Hope, faithless spectre, penetrates the grave,
And, by the living spurned, deludes the dead!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

ONE AND ONE ARE TWO.

"For tipping my cup over, once. I wonder whether she thought I was too happy to be let alone?"

"Give her both the dresses, Hazel. She is not a happy woman. It will fill her cup for the time being."

"Then, if you talk of debts," said Hazel, "I owe Prim the greatest quantity of wholesale animadversion. It never was of the least use to

me,—but she ought to be paid for it, all the same."

"I suppose you deserved it," said Rollo coolly. "Do you?" said Hazel. Had she? Her thoughts flew over the confusions of the day,—then before she began again, Rollo asked,

"Have you written to Mr. Falkirk, Hazel?"

"I? No. I have nothing to say to him."

Rollo looked at her, first with a grave consideration, and then his lips twitched.

"Nothing to say to him?" he repeated.

"Nothing whatever."

"Does it fall to me to instruct you in the proprieties? It is due to him to inform him that you are his ward no longer; that you have done what he would very much have disapproved, and married me at a week's notice; which, you may tell him, was not at all your fault, and done principally for the sake of the men in the Charteris mills. Don't you see, Hazel, that you ought to tell him all this?"

"No," said Hazel, with one of her old witch looks flashing out for a moment. "If your right of way does not cover all the disagreeable business, I cannot see what use in the world I can make of it."

"My right of way?" repeated Dane looking at her.

"Yes. The right to do what you please should be extended to take in all that I do not please."

"Across all which of mine, your right of way, I suppose, takes a zigzag track!"

"Underground."

"It will be dangerous there!" said Dane, his eyes flashing. "For pity's sake, Hazel, keep it aboveground."

"Collisions are bad things," said Hazel,—"and switching off on a side track tries one's patience. But about Mr. Falkirk—there never was the least atom of father and daughter between us; he always kept me at arm's length. It was one of the trials of my life. And he has been just throwing me off more and more,—a year ago twenty sisters would not have made him leave me alone. And he said nothing but unpleasant things before he went,—and I should have to lay all the blame on you. And in short," said Hazel summing up, "he could not be angry with my letter, and he could with yours,—which would comfort him up."

Perhaps it was the thought of Hazel's great loneliness that touched him, the very remembrance of which he wished to kiss away; perhaps something else had its share in the caresses which were as tender as they were loving; but then he said softly,

"It would not be a proper thing, Hazel."

"Well—" A rather long breath gave up the point.

"Don't you see it, Wych?"

"Not quite. But you do not know how he talked before he went away.—Nor what sort of a letter I shall be sure to write. I shall tell him that as it distracted my attention to run counter to two people—"

"You will write a very gentle and careful one. He loves you very much, Hazel. Which was one reason why he was so unwilling that you and I should get acquainted."

Wych Hazel looked up at him with absolute terror in her face. "What do you mean?" she said.

"It is not very strange. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Falkirk—and not the less because he had sense enough to love you a little too well. Do you remember making him go to Catekill?"

Wych Hazel's head went down on her hands, without a word; but outside the shielding fingers the distressful colour shewed itself in every possible place. Remember!—what did she not remember!—things she had done, things she had said.

"He was afraid," Dane went on smiling, "that if I had a chance to see you I might choose to take the conditions of the will; he had good reason to fear! You must write him the dutifullest, gentlest, lovingest letter, Hazel; and lay off the blame of everything upon the shoulders that can bear it. Mr. Falkirk knows me. And if, by and by, we could coax him to make his home with us, I should be happy."

"And everybody knew it but me!"—said Hazel, thinking out. "It is good I can do no more mischief."

"What is that?" said Dane laughing.

"What mischief have you done?"

"Hush—I was talking to myself. But oh, I am so sorry!" Looks and tones and words and recollections were pouring in upon her like a flood.

"What are you sorry for? You need not be sorry, my little Wych," said he, changing his tone with the last words. "You have done him good and given him pleasure for so many years; and I am not without hope that both good and pleasure will be renewed and continued to the end of his life. So write a nice letter to him. And come to dinner in the first place."

But it was a very remorseful flushed face that came to the table.

"Done him good and given him pleasure!" she repeated;—"teased his life out, would be nearer the mark."

"That did him good," said Dane dryly. "That is the way you expect to give me pleasure, you know."

From under a queer little lift of her eyebrows, Hazel looked up at him. "Is it?" she said with equal dryness.

"Does the leopard change his spots?"

"The other half of the simile is more like me," said Hazel—"however, if you prefer this—But given the spots, the pleasure may be to seek."

"I can find it, as fast as you find the spots. Will you have cheese with your soup?"

Hazel thought within herself, declining the cheese, that the day when she ventured any of her old pranks with that particular person, was somewhat remote. Would she ever be "true witch" again, she wondered?

"You forget," she said. "You told me once yourself that you thought very few men could stand it."

"I meant—except me," said Dane with great coolness.

"You"—didn't, was on Hazel's tongue, but she let it stay there. A quick, bright eye flash went over to her, but Dane kept his countenance and went on with his dinner. He understood very well one or two things that were in Hazel's mind. He knew that she thought she had lost liberty in marrying, and he knew that she was mistaken in thinking so; but he also knew that the sweet growths of the mind cannot be forced; and he could wait. He never said "my dear" and "my love" to her, this man; he let Hazel find him out for what he was, all hers; but it might take time. He thought he would give her a little help.

"Have you been studying the third chapter of Genesis?" he asked when the servant was out of the room.

"No. At least—I was thinking of Adam and Eve a little when you came home."

"In German or English?"

"English prose."

"It is stronger yet in German. 'Dein Wille soll deinem Manne unterworfen sein, und er soll dein Herr sein.' I think you have been studying it in German. But Hazel, that is the form of the curse; and the curse is done away in Christ."

"But," she said gravely, her timid reserve coming back with the subject,— "But the facts stand."

"What facts? And take some nuts along with the facts."

"The facts—of the case," said Hazel, using her nut-cracker and laying the meats abstractedly on one side. "The right of way,—and strength to enforce it,—for two."

Again Dane's eyes flashed and the corners of his mouth were a little hard to keep in order.

"Neatly put—" he said.

Hazel glanced at him, but she ventured no questions.

"But you forget, Hazel," he went on gravely; "that all that, the odious part of it, belongs to a state of things that in Christ is passed away. It remains true, no doubt, that 'the man is the head of the woman;' else the lesson-type would not answer to the lesson, which is to set forth the beauty and nearness of the relation between Christ and his church. But in a right marriage it is also true that 'the woman is the glory of the man.' Not the housekeeper, or the nurse, or the plaything, still less the bondswoman; but the GLORY. She is the flower of all humanity; the good and beauty and grace of all earth, finds—for him—its perfectest bloom and expression in her."

She listened, smiling a little bit, then grave again.

"But that"—she said,— "is that what it means?"

"Excuse me. What what means, Wych?"

"The words you quoted. The last words."

"Do they mean what I said? Certainly."

"And only that!"

"Can you make them mean more?"

"For me, a good deal more."

"Then it will be for me, probably. Go on, and explain."

"No, perhaps not for you. You might be perfectly content with the flower, as you call it, in your hand; content with your content; looking no further."

"You are mistaken," said Dane, with a manner both amused and pleased.— "I should never be content with my content."

"But I mean—" She was not very willing to tell her meaning, the words came slowly,— "I used to think, that being so much to him, she must needs be something in herself. That only one who was a glory to herself, could be the glory of another. In my way"—Hazel added, dropping her voice,—"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." And he will be 'known in the gates' by more than the robe of purple and silk which her hands have woven!"

As far as the face could then, it went down, bending over the nuts. Dane looked, and smiled, and took no advantage.

"I do not see the difference of your view from mine," he remarked quietly. "You credit me surely with so much discrimination as to perceive that some women are nobody's glory,—even as some men are fit to be nobody's head."

"But people do not think so," said Hazel.

"People make it out to be just something supplemental,—a sort of convenient finishing up the few trifles of comfort or help wherein a man may be deficient. That is what they all say.—It is a very queer thing to be a woman!"

"Is it?" said Dane gravely.

"Yes!" said Hazel with one of her outbursts.

"Prim tells me not to vex you, and Dr. Maryland wants to know if—I shall be a help or a hindrance, in short; and he hopes you will not let me have my own way too much. Nobody enquires if you are likely to vex me, or to try my temper, or to develop my character, or help on my work; nobody supposes that I have any work, of my own. But if I have not, that is only the more queer."

Rollo left his seat, he had got enough of his nuts; and coming behind Wych Hazel gently

laid hold of both her hands and freed them from what they held, then insinuated her chair backwards, and lifting her out of it led her away to the fire and wrapped her in his arms. What it was no use to say, he did not say, however; as he had once told her he never asked for a thing he could not have, so even now, he would not supplicate for confidence which must be the growth of time. She would find out for herself, by and by, what concerned him; and the rest he did not care about. So his answer now was a departure. He did not kiss her; he stood pushing back the brown curls from her brow, on one side and on the other, looking down into her face with eyes which Hazel instinctively knew were too mighty to meet just then. So standing he coolly asked her,

"Do you love me, duchess?"

"I was talking of loving myself," said Hazel, touching up her flushed cheeks with vivid carnation.

"I can do that better than you can. How about your part?"

"Reasoning from facts—probably—I must!"

"You are afraid to confide that deep secret to me? Now I should have no sort of difficulty in proclaiming mine to anybody who had any business to ask it. It must be a queer thing to be a woman!"—said Dane, with a dry, humorous, but at the same time wholly tender and sweet expression.

"Have I not confided it?" Hazel said under her breath. "Do you think I would be here? What makes you ask such things? Is it because—" But there she stopped.

"Because is a woman's reason. I never do things 'because.' What did you mean to ask?"

"I think I have been very unlike myself,—that is all."

"I never saw you unlike yourself," Dane said, in that gentle manner and tone of his which was more than epithets and endearments from other people. Much more; for those might be mere forms of expression, and these could not be. And she enquired no further, nor raised her eyes to search. Standing there with a host of other questions in her mind; questions she would like to have discussed and settled, but which never would be;—so she thought. Unless indeed in the slow, unsatisfactory way in which time settles all things.

(To be continued.)

FASHION NOTES.

A BAROMETRICAL bonnet is the latest novelty in Paris. Ladies' head-gear are now trimmed with flowers coloured with chloride of cobalt, which assume a dark blue colour in dry weather, but turn pink at the approach of rain, thus furnishing their fair wearers with a reliable weather-glass.

ALTHOUGH there are many new and pretty changes this season, the Princess style still predominates, and is most fashionable in thin cloth, tweed, or snow-flake, now so much used; most of the articles are much more trimmed and set in full at the back of the skirt.

The Dagmar Princess is quite new and very stylish in tweed or serge, with trimmings of velvet and fringe across the front, and a shaped piece about twelve inches deep in the front carried off shallow at the side, and finished with bows and buttons down the front to meet the trimming.

The back has five seams, and is let in about half-way down with three deep pleats, which give a graceful flow at the back, and add greatly to the garment's appearance.

The sleeve is almost tight, with cuff and buttons, and a rather deep collar completes the neck.

Bands of velvet or braid and bright beads are equally as fashionable as trimming.

The Lorne polonaise is another much-admired style in the new autumn materials.

This polonaise is deep all round, and is slightly caught at the side; it is fastened diagonally across the front, and has a tight sleeve with cuff, a pocket and deep-pointed collar.

For out-of-door wear nothing but paletots are worn.

These are of various styles and materials, and most of them are double-breasted, or trimmed to appear so; a shaped piece of silk or velvet is much favoured on cloths; also small reverse and straps to ornament the back, sleeves, and collar, and very large buttons are used.

The semi-fitting Ulster will also be very fashionable this season for both ladies and children.

The Victoria costume is a new and pretty style of dress for young ladies from four to ten years of age.

It has a Princess front, trimmed to form a double front, a five-seam back with deep tabs falling over a kilted skirt, fancy pocket, cuff and collar.

HUMOROUS.

"Do you ever have malaria here?" said a lady to an illiterate hotel keeper. "Yes," replied he, "we'll have it to-day, for I've got the best French cook in the town."

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Now, sir, if you'll look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, and a little more as though you'd been left a legacy, you'll be a picture."

"Is there much business done in real estate hereabouts?" asked a stranger of an hotel keeper.— "Yes, sir; there's a very large and brisk business done, I can tell you—by the sheriffs!"

A BOY in an Aberdeen school, in parsing the noun "suffrage," said it was of the masculine gender.

"Why masculine?" asked the teacher.— "Because there's no female suffrage," was the reply.

AN irregular apprentice keeping late hours, his master took occasion to apply some "weighty arguments" to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement he continually exclaimed, "How long will you serve the Evil One?" The boy replied, whimpering, "You know best, sir—I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC, Works: 547 Craig St.