

AUCTUMNALIA.

Ay, the gay time is here,
Sweetest of all the year,
Cool be the bitter beer,
Straight be the cartridge.
Season and season o'er,
Girl-firt and States-man bore,
Seek we the joyous shore,
Worship Saint Partridge.

Horace, that demirep
(Known as a fifth form step),
Sang of the quiet Sep-
tembribus horis:
And it appears to me,
Even by land or sea,
This month must surely be
Mensis amoris.

Yes, when the toil is o'er,
When we forget the bore,
Then by some happy shore,
Quiet the pulse is;
Far from the City's fuss
Bright eyes rain joy on us,
Deep woods are glorious—
Latebe ducit.

D., who would catch the tide,
G., with his notions wide,
Each is temporicide—
Time's reckless murderer;
O'er sea and sand to-night;
Lady, with dainty sleight,
Ice me the Kœlerer.

Confound their politics!
Plague on their knavish tricks!
Doubtless, in Seventy-Six,
Stalks some fresh spectre in.
But 'tis September now;
Far off be any row;
Sea-breezes cool my brow—
Hand me a nectarine.

THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

She rose up wondering, finding it difficult at first to understand what had happened. Then, mechanically, she covered up the canvas, and stole away.

All was cool and quiet out of doors; indoors, Jane was singing in a high treble voice, and filling the house with shrill appeals to her dear sailor lad. Leah stopped her ears. A false note was perfect anguish to her, and Jane had only been accustomed to hymns in the workhouse, so that she was not very sure of her air.

Mrs. Burt was fast asleep, so that Leah was not really wanted here. But her conscience made her stay all the same. She had neglected her mother, and must needs atone. The invalid did not rouse for a full hour, and Leah sat motionless by her bedside all the while, trying nervously to count all the shadows that came and went until it was quiet dark, and she only knew where the window was because of a glimmering star that looked like some jewel set in a time-worn frame.

Mrs. Burt was very cross when she at last awoke.

Even her own child deserted her now, she declared, in her feeble, fractious voice. It was quite time she was dead. She was in everyone's way—a mere helpless burden, and Leah loved pleasure better than to tend her sick mother.

The child's tears fell hot on her cheeks, and the slender young arms pressed her close, whilst she meekly implored pardon; but Mrs. Burt would not be propitiated, and made Jane bring her supper, whilst Leah stood weeping by.

It is astonishing how a woman who is well-meaning, may torture others from mere obtuseness.

Mrs. Burt was selfish as well, of course, but most of Leah's troubles came from the other's want of comprehension. Jane settled her for the night very clumsily, but Mrs. Burt was extraordinarily civil to her all the same, and thanked her elaborately for doing her duty, whilst all Leah's sacrifice could never win her so much as a smile.

Mrs. Burt did not like to be disturbed again after this, so Leah kissed her reluctant lips in repentant tenderness, and went downstairs to sit on the door-step amongst the shadows, waiting. They did not frighten her when they moved ever so much here, because they might be he. Her heart had made ready its welcome, but he never came. Midnight struck, and then she fell asleep with her head amongst the roses, and never felt the thorns, although they tried to sting her away.

He stumbled against her in entering presently, and she sprang to her feet with a little murmur of thankfulness. Jane had been in bed some time, but his supper was waiting for him, and he never cared to ask what gentle hand had arranged the meal with so much order and grace.

Leah smiled to see him eat, but when he lighted his pipe, and fell into sombre reverie, she left him without his even knowing that she was gone.

Each day after this, for a week, he called her "when he wanted her;" and each day she was whiter, and more still, more docile too, so that his work grew fast.

But she could not realize herself by this time as any other than the picture made her. If she looked in the glass, it was the painter's Leah that confronted her—solemn, lifeless beauty chilling all the warm blood in her veins, and giving a strange unreality to everything about her.

When she tried to smile, a gray shadow came between her and her sight, like a veil, and gave this smile a wistful expression, as if the other Leah were making her the confidant of some great mystery. Her appetite went from her, and she wasted to a mere shadow, but it never struck her to grudge the strength the artist used so thoughtlessly and thoughtlessly.

She was glad and proud to be considered worthy of the post assigned her, and to remember

that in after days, when he rose to fame, she also would be famous through him.

Those of the neighbours who saw Leah at this time readily recalled afterwards her strange, still ways, her abstractions, and the peculiar manner she had of separating herself from the life about her, as if she had no real part in it.

"She studies too much," said one. "Nay, it's Mrs. Burt's fault," said another: "she wears the poor child quite out with her fractious discontent; and she is but a lassie, for all she has so many cares." A third opined that the artist was at the bottom of it all, and declared that painters and play-actors, and those kinds of folk, should never enter her door, for she would as soon drive a ravening wolf in amongst her innocent daughters.

At this stage, the artist's hand suddenly wearied, and he stopped work. Leah had her pause of rest, too, but he profited her nothing. The riot of her pulses made riot in her brain, and she dreamt strange dreams, and saw singular visions. The darkness teemed with grinning faces and grotesque shapes. They sat astride her pillow, and climbed up the curtains of her bed, mocking and gibing, until she would faint with the anguish of repelling them.

Daylight brought her relief, but she lived in dread of the coming darkness all the while it was light; for the terror of death—which is so much worse than death itself—covered her like a cloud.

No hand was outstretched to guide her away from the edge of the precipice on which she trembled. Life was possible to her still, if some one would help her to live.

But Mrs. Burt was wrapped up in herself, and more intent upon her own comforts and alleviations than upon her daughter's looks.

When she was told that Leah seemed languid and ill, she was annoyed at the want of consideration that diverted any attentions from herself, and poohpoohed the idea most strenuously.

"Of course, knowing my critical state of health she is a little anxious about me," Mrs. Burt answered, with sublime egotism; "but that is all. Leah inherits her father's constitution, and he was the strongest man I ever knew. He might have lived to be a hundred, the doctor said, only he caught a slight cold, and it settled on his chest."

It was suggested that Leah might do the same, but Mrs. Burt smiled with an air of conscious superiority.

"I am not at all afraid of that. Leah is not so obstinate as her poor dear father, who would go out and get wet, and then sit in his damp things. Leah never goes out, and it hasn't rained for this age, so that the thing is impossible, of course."

And Mrs. Burt, who seemed to think she had disposed of the question very logically, went calmly to sleep.

For a week the painter's erratic fancy sent him hither and thither, like a feather driven by the wind. Nature was his only friend, he averred; and to sit under the starry arch of the sky, through the livelong night, listening to the woodland murmurs, was his only idea of rest and relaxation. Here he gained inspiration and encouragement; here he could even pray.

Here softer thoughts would steal upon him unawares, and he would find himself dreaming of a home that might be his, when his toil had borne its fruits; of a dearer and better self, who would share his joys and sorrows; of little feet pattering up and down stairs, and the music of glad young voices. Vague longings he had scarcely been conscious of before roused within him, and he could understand why he looked for Leah in her usual place with new eagerness, and sighed not to see her there.

He called her by name, but she did not answer; and then he walked into the kitchen, full of resentment at this neglect, and almost scared Jane out of what little sense she had, by saying sharply and shortly, "Where on earth is Leah?"

Jane didn't know, she was sure. If she was supposed to see everywhere, it was quite certain the washing would have to be put out. For Jane was not good-tempered, and her own opinion of the artist was that he was no account; and considering his habits of daubing paint about, and staying out of nights, could not expect much civility.

He glanced at her from under his heavy brows, as if he were putting the question to himself whether she was insolent or simply ignorant. But the problem was not worth working out evidently, for he turned on his heel, and left the kitchen, calling lustily up the stairs as he passed, "Leah! Leah! I want you!"

But Leah was deaf, and would not hear.

He was busy at his picture, filling in a few touches here and there, trifling in themselves, but helping wonderfully to the completeness of the whole, when he heard a slow, soft step behind, and Leah came stealing in.

She took no heed of him, but went and settled herself tranquilly in her usual place, and remained perfectly motionless.

It was the little maiden of the river, lying dead in her sweet prime, the artist's fancy had prompted him to paint; and the thought his genius had consecrated had so much pathos, so much forlorn reality about it, that it was hard to keep from weeping as you gazed. Backwards and forwards the long, cool grasses swayed, and the wind that moved them passing on to her, kissed her lips timidly, and then ran to hide itself amongst the ripples of her hair. The eyes were ever so little sunken, the mouth too colourless, otherwise you might have said the little maiden had fallen

asleep, as she lay listening to the murmurs of the unquiet tides.

Was the real Leah asleep?

He stole a glance at her ere he took his pencil. It was so soft, so nearly tender, that if Leah had but looked at it, the joy in her heart would have become strength, and she would have lived to bless him.

But she was too weary—too certain that she would gain nothing by the effort—to lift the heavy lids; and so her one last chance of life went from her, and she did not even understand that it had hers.

The painter worked on until the light failed him, and then he put down his pencil, and went up to Leah.

She was sleeping peacefully, her breathing faint, but regular; and, with a new care that made him wonder at himself, he covered her with his cloak, and stole softly away on tip-toe, that he might not dissipate, by a sudden, rude foot-fall, the sweetness of her dream.

He wandered, bareheaded, according to his wont, into the lanes; but he had no relish for solitude to-night. For once, nature could not satisfy him. The twilight veil that dimmed her beauty made her seem too cold and distant. He wanted human companionship, and, somehow, his heart went back to Leah with longing.

If she would but wake, and come to him, she should find a welcome! He had almost decided to return and wake her, when the sight of Mrs. Rumbold's head man, Jock, driving the cows out of the meadow to their watering shed, suddenly diverted his thoughts.

He would go and have a little talk with Jock; and, by that time, Leah would have roused of her own accord, perhaps, and he should see her features set in a frame of roses, as she waited, smiling, for him in the perch.

The animals were shy of him; but their balmy breath sweetened the air so deliciously, that he was fain to linger all the same. Jock had never read "Sartor Resartus," of course; but the look of the artist's clothes gave him a poor notion of the wearer, and he was not inclined to be communicative.

What did he think of the war?

None of his folks were in the army, and so what was the war of him? If it would cheapen his bread, and soften his beer, he'd speak in its favour. But he knew better than that. There never was a war yet that helped the poor; and though he could not say but what he hoped the English would win, he didn't suppose it would make much difference to him either way.

He went on steadily frothing the milk into his pail as he spoke; and, having said his say, seemed anxious to escape the burden of further conversation; but the old Cochon cock flapped his wings, and crowed lustily at this moment, and that reminded the artist of his grievance.

"I wish you would strangle that bird!" he ejaculated; "it keeps me awake all the morning."

"But it isn't him as keeps you awake all night!" retorted Jock, with scorn. "There 'ud be a decent reason for staying out o' doors, staring at the moon, and frightening foolish maids, if it was! Why don't you get along to your own parts?" concluded Jock, uncompromisingly; "perhaps they understand you better there!"

The artist laughed at the animus Jock imparted to this suggestion; but he had had enough of human companionship for the present assuredly.

He had never guessed till now that his strange habits had prejudiced the simple villagers against him. Jock would be a grand man when he sat in the bar of the "Blue Dragon" that night, and told how he had set down the artist-chap, and sent him off. He couldn't know, of course, that the "artist-chap" had forgotten the lesson gratuitously bestowed as soon as he got amongst the butter-cups in the meadows.

The ripe harvest, smitten by many busy sickles during the day, was lying about in the fields, and the tender, plaintive note of the wood-pigeon struck softly through the golden silence, bringing to him a sudden revelation of his own needs.

"It is not good for man to live alone," he said, within himself. "Even in his Eden, which neither sickness nor sorrow had then invaded, Adam longed for a helpmate; what need have I, then, to blush for all those longings which the quiet of evening seems to quicken within me? It is that I am weary of loneliness, that my heart has learned a new language, and clamours for sustenance in words I can at last understand!"

He was too quick and irritable by nature to argue the question calmly with himself. He reached his conclusions at a stride, and then proceeded to act upon them, as if they were inevitable laws. He knew that he wanted Leah, and he felt he wanted her at once. Conventionalities had about as much meaning for him as Euclid has to womankind.

He had a sense, in which there was no vanity or boastfulness, that Leah would not deny him; but he was eager for his happiness, and felt in no mood to loiter.

A few quick bounds brought him to the little gate leading to the house, and the mingled perfume of the mignonette as it came on the breath of the evening breeze would be an evil odour to him in the future, because it would be associated with the great anguish of that hour.

"Leah, Leah!" he shouted, with happy impatience, as soon as he had passed into the twilight of the old oaken hall.

No answer; only, as he remembered afterwards, with strange distinctness, a gnat whizzed past, its "tiny, trumpeting voice" following him persistently as he hurried through the hall.

Perhaps Leah was asleep still. He recalled now her tired looks, her languor, and it seemed to him just possible that she might not have roused at all. If so, it would be would be pleasant to wake her with a kiss, and see her astonishment turn to gladness, and then to love.

He opened the door softly, and stole in, pausing a second to wonder at the mysterious silence; for Leah was there, her white dress marking clearly the outline of her slender figure.

Her face was turned just as he had left it, and the last ruddy gleams of the sunset fired her hair.

Trying to smother the feeling of awe sweeping over him, the painter knelt beside the girl, and whispered, "Leah, wake up, child! I have a secret to tell you."

He pressed his lips to her cold, white mouth as he spoke, but the kiss never returned to him. Leah had given all she had to bestow unasked for; she had given him her life.

Leah's mother died of her self-reproach and sorrow; it wanted little to kill her; but the painter was made of stern stuff, and so he lived on, and worked all the harder, just to stifle the dull pain at his heart. He won fame at last, but he never won another love. His spirit was softened by this great grief, and he made friends.

He was not unhappy, but Leah's memory stayed by him undimmed; and not a thought or a glance had been untrue to her when he passed rejoicing through the golden gate to those everlasting shores where she had "gone before."

THE MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

This college established in 1866 in connection with the Medical Faculty of McGill University and under the patronage of the Council of Agriculture P. Q., from the large increase in the attendance of pupils and also the extent of practice have found it necessary to procure increased accommodation.

In this issue of the NEWS we present to our readers a view of the very handsome college building just finished on Union Avenue, near Dorchester Street, built and provided with all the requisites and most modern apparatus for the thorough study, practice and teaching of the science of horse, cattle and canine pathology.

On the ground floor are the general and private offices, the dispensing room and laboratory. On the second floor is the lecture room with raised seats and desks for fifty pupils which can readily be increased to double that number. Adjoining is the museum with a full collection of natural and artificial specimens of anatomy, with skeletons of almost every domestic animal, dissections, diagrams, microscopic tissues &c., for reference and illustration of lectures. The stables are well drained and ventilated and are fitted up with roomy-boxes and stalls over twelve feet in height. The dissecting room is filled with every convenience for the practical dissection of animals. The infirmary for dogs is furnished with commodious boxes or hatches, and can be heated to any required temperature. The space enclosed by the building forms a commodious yard, a portion of which is laid with tan for throwing horses in surgical operations.

The practice is extensive and varied, hence students have the best possible opportunities of seeing all kinds of diseases and accidents treated and operated on.

The ninth session opened on Tuesday the 5th October, when the introductory lecture was delivered. The regular lectures commenced on Wednesday the 6th and will be continued during the ensuing six months. Full particulars with pamphlets giving course of lectures and their synopsis, also text books, fees &c., can be obtained by addressing the principal of the College, D. McEachran, M. R. C. V. S. Montreal.

VARIETIES.

THE California wine crop is increasing every year. This year it is expected to exceed 8,000,000 gallons. In a few years a large number of vines will come into bearing, increasing the present production almost one-half.

KOSSUTH is living in comfort at Barracoune, a village between Turin and Rivoli, absorbed in the cultivation of fruit, flowers, vegetables, and keeping an eye on his collections of insects and minerals.

PROF. MARSH has in his possession a fossil bird found in the West, which has teeth. He concludes that the creature was an intermediate form between the bird and the reptile, and that its discovery supplies one of the missing links in the Darwinian theory.

THE giant grape vine at Santa Barbara, Cal., is supposed to be dying. Its owner has acceded to numerous requests, and intends to transport it to Philadelphia for exhibition in the California department of the Centennial, if scientific treatment can keep it alive long enough.

DR. MARY E. WALKER has lectured in San Francisco before the appreciative few. She wore a costume of green, comprising a pair of "panties" and a sack shaped like a coat of mail, fringed with black, and terminating at the knee like a kilt. Her hair was brushed back after a girlish and rather incongruous fashion.

THE late Marquis de Prades-Conti, ex-officer of the body-guard of Charles X., died the other day from the effects of what might be called an excess of gallantry. He had never been ill a day, and retained all activity in spite of his eighty-two years, but in stooping to kiss the hand of the Dowager Countess de la Rochepeon, who came to pay him a visit, he fell dead.

A PETRIFIED body was exhumed near Bangor lately. The head, body, and greater part of the limbs were transformed to a substance resembling chalk, and retained their original form and appearance. The hair, which was in long curls, combed back, looked almost as when the body was laid out for interment. The grave clothes were entirely gone with the exception of a silk neck-tie, which was in a perfect state of preservation.