

aim of her life. When she is married her mission is accomplished, she has reached the goal of her highest ambition and there is nothing left for her. And mark you in all cases that lot is not a pleasant one, for :

There comes a little rift within the lute,
Which bye-and-bye will make the music mute,

and eventually silences it altogether. Contrast the life of such a woman as Mr. Haultain describes with one who accepts marriage as one of the natural conditions of life, and not as a goal ; in the latter case, the love the husband and wife have for one another will be all sustaining in time of trouble.

The writer speaks of those ladies "who are unfortunate enough to be obliged to earn their own living." I am one of those unfortunates, Mr. Editor ; but so far I have not been able to see that there was any misfortune in having to support myself, and this I maintain any girl in Canada can do who has head, hands and heart to work, and who is not afraid to exert herself.

Mr. Haultain's article is freed from the imputation of talking for talk-sake, however, by the practical suggestions he makes towards the close of it with regard to the employments that might be engaged in by gentlewomen without any detriment to their social standing ; though I should advise all to steer clear of the "embroidery" as a means of obtaining a living. Away with the idea that labour is degrading and that there is any misfortune in gentlewomen having to earn their subsistence. I have not as yet seen as many summers as would warrant the term "old maid" being applied to me, yet, should providence see fit to rule that my lot in life shall be one of single blessedness, I hope always to sign myself

Toronto.

A HAPPY OLD MAID.

AN INDIAN IDYL.

TO E. P. J.

THE pale-face looks on my Indian maid
And murmurs a lover's song
As they wander alone in the sunny glade
Apart from the restless throng ;
His voice is low with a passionate power,
And the light of Love is seen
In the eyes that plead with my prairie flower—
My dark-haired Indian Queen !

There is stranger's blood in this maid of mine
That speaks in her face to me
Of the light of the moon caressing the pine
Or softly kissing the sea ;
But her eyes are black as the raven's wing,
And their glance is swift and keen,
And her heart is pure as the thoughts I bring
My dark-browed Indian Queen.

She lives in the land of the rising sun,
Where the white man rules the brave,
And my camp is far where the foot-hills run
To dip in the prairie wave ;
But across the beautiful sun-swept sea,
With its endless waves of green,
The swift wind carries the answer to me
From my own loved Indian Queen.

"My home is the haunt of the bounding deer,
My heart's in the Chinook breeze,
My mirror, the water of brooklets clear
In the shade of the poplar trees ;
And I love the breath of the grasses sweet
In the flush of rosy dawn,
And I long again for the plaintive bleat
Of the tim'rous, soft-eyed fawn.

"And I see in my dreams the curling smoke
Of a wigwam nestling low,
Where the song of the crested waters awoke
Love's voice in the long ago.
Some day I will go to my dusky brave
And paddle his birch canoe,
And I'll give my love where I'll seek my grave
Far off in the foot-hills blue !"

The pale-face goes from my Indian maid,
Nor returns her face to see,
But the wind sweeps over the sunny glade
And whispers her words to me :
"When my brave is Chief of his warrior race,
And a hunter strong and keen,
The breezes will waft me to his embrace,
And I'll be his Indian Queen !"

LARA.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

II.

NIGHT had fallen in all its blackness as the little caravan made its way through the narrow, tortuous streets of the silent town. Snarling dogs lay in dangerous packs before the houses and lurked in sinister looking alleys. The town seemed as if dead, or as if the Spirit of Silence had taken up his

abode in it. No sound suggestive of the presence of human beings met the ear. Only the windmills upon the hills around the place moved their creaking sails like so many spectres waving their wings over a city of the dead ; only the red lights flickering faintly from the little unglazed windows cast a weird and starlike glimmer into the lifeless streets, and showed that the silent solitude was still the abode of man.

The cavasse ordered the waggons to proceed more slowly, and led the party through winding lanes and by-streets up and down until they reached a house of a somewhat more imposing appearance than any they had yet seen, and before the door of which a few Turkish soldiers, smoking or sleeping, were squatting in the street. This was the house in which dwelt the Pasha of Isakcha.

Lights shimmered through the closed shutters of the house. A few words were exchanged ; the pass from the Pasha of Galacz was duly produced and delivered by a sergeant to the captain of the guard. This time the writing failed not in its effects. After a few minutes loud voices were heard inside the house ; the door was thrown wide open, and the officer, bowing deeply, announced that the Pasha requested that the strangers would be so good as enter his quarters.

A strange picture was presented to the eyes of our travellers, when, squeezing themselves through the dark, narrow hall, they saw the brightly lighted chamber of the Pasha open before them. The room was small and the roof low ; an elegant oil lamp enclosed in a net-work of silver wire swung suspended from the ceiling and shed a soft, mellow light over the picturesque group which, seated in the farthest corner of the apartment, upon a broad divan covered with bright-hued damask, and running the full length of the white-washed wall, arrested their attention. Clad in a flowing white silk robe, open down the front and partaking of the nature of night-dress and burnous, the Pasha was seated crosslegged, holding his chibouk carelessly in his hand. He was a well-bred and decidedly handsome man, apparently considerably advanced upon the way to fifty, his full, black beard being streaked with grey. Before him knelt a boy of about fourteen years of age, who was busy placing, by means of a pair of golden tongs, a live coal from the chafing dish upon the fresh, yellow tobacco with which the round bowl of the chibouk was filled. His full, red lips half open and his hand still holding the lifted live coal, he suffered his cunning eyes to linger curiously upon the hunters, who, dazzled by their sudden transition from the inky darkness of the street to the bright lights and rich colours of the chamber, remained standing in the door way. An artistically wrought table, bearing coffee and confections, stood in front of both, around whom the light from the suspended lamp, broken and subdued by screens of various shades and colours, diffused a mild, delicious radiance truly poetic in its effect. Werner stood entranced before this picture so eastern in its nature and so Rembrandt-like in the richness and fulness of its colours. He scarcely heard the Pasha when he welcomed him and his companions as "friends of his friends," and assured them, in the figurative language of oriental courtesy, that the message to him from his brother Pasha of Galacz was like a spring of cool, fresh water in the hot and choking desert, for, and he smiled pleasantly, Isakcha was in very truth a desert, and of this the travellers had already with their own eyes been able to convince themselves. Coffee and tobacco were then, in accordance with Turkish custom, offered the strangers, and the Pasha invited them, until, as he said, quarters were provided for them, to seat themselves beside him upon the divan and pass the interval in conversation. Whilst the latter were seating themselves, he beckoned to Demir Keran, and conferred with him in Turkish, a language unknown to the majority of his guests.

"Demir Keran, where dost thou intend procuring quarters for the strangers ?"

"The Bulgarian who conveyed them to Isakcha is acquainted with Popovich, and says—"

"I know him, too ! . . . This Popovich is the bitterest enemy of the Turks ! . . . Take the Europeans there, then. . . . Be careful and see that they want for nothing. They are my friends, dost thou understand ?"

The cavasse bowed his head respectfully, crossed his arms over his breast and wished to withdraw.

"Wait a minute, Demir Keran ! I have something more to say. The house of Popovich is small. . . . He and his ragamuffins can sleep where they will. . . . The little Greek girl, however, who lives with the Popovichs, she is not to pass the night in the street, dost thou hear ? Order the soldiers to bring the girl here. Dost thou understand ? But by Allah ! let none of them lay a finger upon her ! . . . Go !"

Not a word of this conversation had escaped the quick ear of the ex-chasseur. Turning to the Secretary, who was sitting next him upon the divan, Constant whispered softly in French :

"It would seem as if matters were going to take a very agreeable turn ! In order to make room for us, Popovich, his wife and children are to be turned out into the street, and a Greek girl who lives there is wanted by the Pasha for himself !"

A painful presentiment of evil filled the mind of the Secretary.

"Eurikleia is a Greek name !" he replied in French in the same low tone.

The Pasha turned quickly round upon the speakers.

"Do you know the girl ?" he asked likewise in French. "She is the fairest flower in Isakcha. I should be very sorry if she should have to sleep to-night among the wild dogs through want of a roof to shelter her !"

"I have never seen the maiden of whom you speak," answered the Secretary, quickly bethinking himself.

"How then did you know her name ?"

"I was not aware that was her name."

"Do the Franks thus guess the names which we bear in our hearts ?"