DHILIPE'S parents had been my parents PHILIPE'S parents had been my parents as long as I could remember. They had taken mo from my mother when I was barely two years old, and had cared for me barely two years one, and mu cared for me with the same love and tenderness they had given to their own children. Philips was the given to their own to that from my earliest nearest to me in age, so that from my earliest near it was Philipe who had led me to school and Philipe who had learned the Catechism with me. He had fought my battles, he had with me. The man rought my outries, he had mended my playthings. He was all in all to menaculary range of time, the older sons went me. In course of themselves, and the eder daughters had married. Philips and I ency remained. Philipe was under gamekeeper to M. de Montbars at the Chateau, and our father was head-keeper, an office which grandfather had held before. When the war broke cut, Philips went to fight against the Prussians, and it was at that time that he and I made up our minds to spend our lives together, if God willed, and if Philipe returned safe from the wined, and it is had always been our parents' wish, so that they reloiced when we knelt tonear, committee their blessing. Grandfather, from his chimney corner, prayed aloud for nearen to look down in mercy upon us, and grant us its best benedictions,

Oh, the long days while Philips was gone. and the news of buttle that was brought into the village and the lists of dead and wounded! How pale were our faces as we listened or as we read! But Philipe came home safe, with the wounds he had received healed, and with honorable mention and medals of bravery. That was an hour of joy and pride.

snortly after this, the wedding-beils rang out and the village children strewed their while favors at my feet, for I was the bride, standing with Philipe before the altar, where the whitegaired Cure spoke from his heart the words which united us forever,

not the times were altered in our village sace the war. Everywhere the Prussians had of their traces. Our neighbor, Jacques Legare, had been forced to emigrate. The widow ic Breton, whose three sons were killed at solan, saw her farm go to ruin, and she herself reduced to beggnry. M. de Montbars himadfinal become so much impoverished but he had little need of game-keepers at all. One was more than sufficient. Grandfather could sill work a little though he was seventy-odd, and M. de Montbars employed him about the sarden. It became clear that Philipe must go. our village had no longer work for him. Jacques Legare had prospered in Canada. Why should not Philipe try his fortune there too?

"If it were not for you, petit- former," sald Pallipe looking at me, doubtfully But it is I who most wish to go," I said,

soutly; etogether we can work so well that a shall, perhaps, grow rich and drive in our carriage like M. le Maire at Dhion."

Philipe laughed, but it was agreed upon from that moment. The following spring saw our preparations complete, and then came that day which I ever since so vividly remembered. Philips and his father had set out at dawn to walk a distance of a league and a half to the nearest town. Dieudonne the sabet-maker had offered to drive me thither h his cart. Oh, how beautiful was the dear old home, as I saw it then! Its gray walls, its attend casements, overgrown with vines. The ofick walls, over which hung the fruit trees, white with blossoms. Upon the threshold tood grandfather in his linen blouse, leaning gon his stick and looking kindly at mowhile my mother-I had never known any membent towards me for the last memera o. Near by was the widow Le Breton's attle Malvina, who had come thither with her chito look and wonder at our sorrowful faces. All of once, my mother, looking at me steadastly, began to speak in a slow and solemn cone which awed me.

"Angele," she said, "this morning I have wivel of Philips a promise; that if ever in my UL send for him, he will come to me, no astler when or how the message reaches him. appele will you too, promise?"

solemnly I looked into her face, and asserved, "Mother, I promise and take Pandonne here present to witness that if ever you want us we will come." Her hend fell upon ay shoulder as she blessed me for the last me, and soon I was driven away out or sight eminiting tall trees

To those who have spent their fives in the names of civilization it would be hard, indeed, o give an idea of the home which Philipe and I set on to make for ourselves in the wilderares At first, for a little, we fixed with our being reighbors, the Legares, Philips workne all the time and adding to his small store of money. At last he was able to buy a bit of had, at which he went to work with such good will that in the course of a year no one would have known the spot. He cleared a stony and almost impassable road, making it smooth and asy for the eattle. He dug and he sowed and he planted. He built barns and sheds and at last the ommodious log-house in which we went to live. Every year, every month, after this saw some improvement. In time we had our crop of potators our beans and our peas, our cucumbers and our salads, our carrots and our tur ans. Fruit-trees began to show their heads and strawborry-vines to creep about in our tile garden. I, too, did my share towards naking this bit of wilderness into a home. Thorag carpet which I wove brightened the floors and kept them warm in the winter; it was my hand-which polished and stained the tadely constructed chairs, and put a colored edut here or a warm cushion there. It was I the scrubbed the pine floors and the dresser which Philipe had built for me, and scoured the tine and the wooden milk vessels. How we coloiced in our home, because it was ours, so entirely. the work of our hands!

our life was peaceful and happy, in spite of many cares and struggles and hardships, which I need not mention here. In-doors and out-ofdoors there was always work to be done. We had few idle moments.

our neighbors were few and scattered, but It chanced that they were chiefly of our own race, speaking our own tongue. So that on long winter nights, we had many a merry gatherme. We would pile the rude hearthstone with maple logs, till it could hold no more, and make ready great jugs of coffee or other warm drinks. The neighbors would come to our door in their low sleights, glidling over the hard trozen roads. the durling bells sounding merrlly on the air. We would laugh to see the icicles hanging from their clothing, or the breath freezing as it came from their mouths. Then what a sing. and of Norman rongs there was in the beloved patois of our country, and what tales told of to belly France, which some there were never to see again.

Once or twice we had an Indian scare. The belghbors flocked into our house, which was ling largest and could be the most easily defewled. We women gathered together within, plauning how we could help, if there should be need, while the men barricaded the doors and the windows and wetted the thatch of the roof, for fear fire should be applied to it. Once there was a real skirmish, and an Indian, who had tried to climb to the walls with a burning torch in his hand, was badly wounded. For months after that I lived in terror of our lives. I feared the vengeance of these savages. If

Philips were an hour late II believed him a victim to their anger, and in his absence, I barricaded the doors and windows as it for a seige. But nothing happened. The Indians in our neighborhood became very friendly with us, and I had long talks with one old chief in par-

ticular. "The Great Spirit wills our destruction," he said sadly to me, one day. "We must go, that we may make room for our white brother. The Manitou is calling him over the waters, so the red man must go, that he may obey."

He did not seem angry, but only very resigned. What the Great Spirit willed must be

"Prairie Wolf is right." I said to my husband that evening; "the Great Spirit called us to leave our Normandy, when it could no longer support us. We left the old place to the old, it is hard that we should come here to take the Indian's inheritance. I suppose it must be so that one race must supplant the other."

" Ma femme," said Philipe, taking the pipe from his mouth, "you talk like a book, but why do you think of such things? Our Norman village was too small for me, I paid for my land, and I have made it what it is by hard work. Prairle Wolf is an idle fellow, who does nothing but hunt. It is right that industry should succeed."

Philipe looked brave and handsome, I thought, though he wore a rough suit of cloth, which I had woven and made into clothes. He was right. The old life in Normandy was too small, too narrow for him. This broader one better, while the hunting-grounds in the far North-West were best for the savage who would not clear the forests nor till the land.

Phillipo always laughed at me because I used to try and discover some resemblance between our rude log-house and the old homestead in our village. When the smoke curled up from our chimney, fond fancy brought to mind the gray chimney-tops, which the sun used to shine upon so brightly in the morning, and the sturdy oaks and maples I tried hard to transform into the fruit and walnut trees of long ago. Though Philipe laughed, I knew the honest fellow had in his heart a wish to see the old place and look upon the old faces again. Often, at his work, I would hear him singing a mournful little Norman song which spoke of home, or humining the hymns which he and I had learned at Cate hism. But he never said as

much. It was not his way. tine evening I stood alone by the fire. It was wild March weather. I piled up the maple logs till they outshone altogether the tallow-dips in the fin sconces on the wall. I placed Philipe's chair for him, and I sat down, my wondering thoughts going homewards as they so often did, well as I loved the spot where we now dwelt. I smiled to myself as I remembered how pleased I used to be when M. le Cure gave the Catechism prize to Philipe, far more so than when I got it myself. How gladly, I thought, would I give him all the prizes of life, he so well deserves them. At last I heard Philipe stamping the snow from his shoes and brushing it from his clothing at the door. The next instant he flung it open and came in fol-lowed by the rude blast, which was howling church. We were accompanied to the door by about the house. The air without was white with snow.

A blizzard, Augele, a blizzard," said Philipe, unfastening the woolen such from his waist and hanging up his frieze coal behind vine-covered windows. From the doorway we the door. Then he knelt to unfasten the realized with a pany that grandfather's venerthe door. Then he knell to unfasten the thongs of his moceasins.

"Yes, heaven pity those who are caught in it," I answered.

"They have a poor chance, it is a fearful night," said Philipe, seating himself before the fire and preparing to light his pipe. All at one he dropped it, as it in alarm.
"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"I heard a voice," he said briefly.

For a moment, we both sat in strained attention, then Philipe, rose, without giving any sign of impatience or discontent.

"Some one is without," he said quietly, as he resumed his cont and moceasins, "I must see," I never even thought of objecting. Human eings in that wild neighborhood were so de pendent upon each other, that none would have thought of refusing help when help was needed. I lit the lantern, asking, " is then

anything I can do my Philipe? " Keep up a bright blaze, petite femore, that is all," answered he, with a smile, "your little body would not broast a blizzard very well." I tried in vain to hold open the door, when Philips had gone, but it foreably closed itself, and I remained within in considerable fear and suspense. Going out in a blizzard very often meant risking one's life. Strange as it may seem, while my mind was busy with the thought of Philipe braving the storm and the darkness, the memory came upon me, so strongly as to seem like a vision, of the old grey stone house, the garden wall, and the steps, upon which stood, as on the day of my departure, grandfather and our mother, with the little Malvina hovering near, and the cart

in which sat-My husband threw open the door, as it seem ed by a great effort, and brought in the halffainting form of a man, supported in his strong arms. With a feeling of half superstitious fear I recognized that man at once. It was Dieudonne, the sabot-maker, he who had waited in the cart for me, and with whom I had gone

to the railway station, ten years before, "I found him close by," explained Philipe. "God alone knows how he got so far. It Is at awful night."

Silently I helped my husband to bring the nearly unconscious traveller closer to the fire, where we carefully brashed the snow from his garments, and moistened his lips with whis-

"Philipe," I whispered, "do you not know him?" We were standing one on either side of him, and as I asked the question, Philipe stared at me a moment and then took a long, perplexed look at the figure lying before him. I saw the surprise that crept into his face. At last he said, breathlessly:

" Dieudonne!" "Yes, Dieudoune," I answered.

It was not long before our guest, who had come to us so strangely, began to give signs of life. It was some time before he could be made to understand his situation. At last he was able to tell us all. Times had been going from bad to worse in our Normandy, and the poor sabot-maker, whose trade had been gradually melting away, made up his mind to leave home. He had come in our direction, because, as I have said, there was a little colony almost in our neighborhood of people who spoke our native tongue. Besides, Dieudonne had been auxious to find us. He had bad news for us. Philipe's father and ming-for he had been

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truly a father to me-was dead, and Dicadonne wes the bearer of a solemn message to us. In spite of the crushing blow we had received in hearing of the death of Philipe's father, we sat late beside the fire, hearing every minute circumstance connected with our village and the paternal homestead. At last, when our guest had retired and we sat alone, I arose and laid my hand upon Philipe's shoulder.

"The message has come," I said softly. He nodded, as if speech would have been an

" And we have promised!"

"Yes, yes, we have promised," he assented. "Our promise is sacred!"

"The word of a child to his parents," Philipe said, with emotion, "yes, yes, that is sacred but how will you leave them?" I knew that he was thinking of three little

graves, in the graveyard of the nearest town. Our children. The thought of them was but a reminder of the sacredness of our pledge.

"The thought of them urges me to lose no time in oboving the message." Philips grasped my hand hard, but did not

peak. I saw the emotion in his face. "Yes, our father being gone, our mother has need of us," I repeated.

"Yes, God bless her, she has," he said, the ears rolling down his checks. So it was settled. We were to leave our

home in the charge of a trusted friend, with whom Diendoune was to remain. Asgrandfather his upon a bed of illness, from which i was feared he would never rise, our mother might consent in course of time to come out with us to the New World. If not, the place was to be sold, and we were to become Norman villagers once more.

In a month we had completed all our ar rangements, and by the end of April we had crossed the sea. The spring sun was shining down in floods of light upon the pointed red oofs and the doorsteps as we passed through the village streets, reading the familiar signs noting those that were gone, or for which others were substituted. Everywhere we were met with kindly greeting.

"See, Philipe, it is the miller who salutes you," I would cry.
Or, Philips would call my attention.

"Oh, Angele, it is the widow Le Breton, how

tlad she seems to see us again, and not a day older one would think." Or, respectfully doffing his hat,

"There is Monsieur le Cure advancing to offer us his hand." Sometimes we would miss a familiar face

and when we inquired would hear as follows: "Oh, he is gone to America," or He is in Belgium," or "She is marrled," or "They are ooth dead, you can see their grave yonder.

Many a good and kindiy face that would have miled a hearty welcome upon us had thus Usappeared forever, so that the joy of the exiles returning home was continually being tempered by sadness. Most of all when we reached our own homestead and realized that our good father had passed away from our sight and taken his place amongst the quiet a joyful crowd, pouring out their good wishes in rude but heartfelt accents. But gradually they dispersed, and we stood to look at the garden wall, the blossoming fruit-trees, the able figure had disappeared. Disappeared forevermore. He lay within upon a bed from which he was never to rise, growing weaker

every day both mentally and physically. As we gazed at the house, and its surroundings, our mother appeared at the door, shading her eyes with her hand. In a moment we were beside her. Her hair had grown grayer, her face more wrinkled, her flytre more bent. But the voice was the same. Save in extreme old age, voices change but little. They seem to keep a familiar tone to be an echo from the

"Mother," said Phillpe, "your message came to me, and I have kept my promise " "Mother," (choed I, "I, too, gave a promise and it has been kept. You have need of us and we have come."

In answer she raised her hand solemnly, and we instinctively knell for the blossing which she from her heart bestowed. Such was our home-coming, when ten long years had divided it from the time of our departing, and thus had wakept our promise.

A Canadian Ghost Story.

Aproposed the revival of interest in ghost storics and the "unemany" generally, it may be mentioned that Lady Dufferly in her 'Canadian Journal," published the other day, give spartleulars of a singular occurrence which happened within her own ken. A manservant of Lord and Lady Dafferin's was, during their excellencies' tour in the great North-west, drowned at the Mingan. They knew nothing about his people, and were unable to communicate the news of his death to them, so Lord Dufferin ordered any letters that might arrive for the dead man to be brought to him-

The first of these, which we have just received (wrote Lady Dufferin at the time), was recived from a servant girl he was attached to at Ottawa, and was dated exactly seven days after the day of the accident. In it she said: "I have been in my new place a week, and I like it very much, but I had such a dreadful dream on the day of my arrival. I dreamt that you and Nowell were upset in a boat to gether, and that Nowell was saved, and you were drowned."

As the spot where the accident happened was an uninhabited region on the coast of Labrafor, more than 500 miles distant from Ottawa, without either telegraphs or posts, it was impossible (as Lady Dufferly points out) that the girl could have had the news of her lover's death when her letter was written.

A Short Temperance Lecture.

A Dundee navvy, on awritening one morn ing, told his wife of a curious dream that he had during the night. He dreamed that he say a blg fat rat coming towards him, followed by two lean ones, and in the rear one blind one. He was greatly worried over it and swore that some great evil was about to fall upon him. He had heard that to dream of rats foreboded some dire calamity. In vain did he appeal to his wife, but she could not relieve him. His son, who, by the way, was a bright lad, hearing the dream told, volunteered to interpret it and he did it with all the wisdom of a Joseph. Said he: "The fat rat is the man who keeps the public house where ye gang to sae aften, and the twa lean ones are me and me mither, and the blind one is yersel', father "

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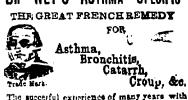
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When the late MR. HENRY PRINCE, who in his lifetime was admitted to be a marvellous judge of TONE, was asked to give his opinion of the merits of the two leading Pianos, he gave the following criticism, which was published at the time:-

"IS IT WEBER OR STEINWAY?"

"In speaking of these two planes, I do not gnore the claims of other makers. There are many good commercial planos, in the sense in which we speak of commercial pictures, as distinct from those that are genuine works of art. They are generally well made, and being sold at a moderate price, give satisfaction to the ordinary purchaser. But the musician, the artist or the conneisseur, who wishes to obtain from the piano the grandest results of which this noble instrument is capable, will have to seek these results from either of the two great makers, Weber or Steinway.

"These are universally acknowledged to be the leading planes of America. They are not, nor have they ever been, strictly speaking, rivals. In a mechanical sense there is posi-tively little difference between them. Both makers have achieved the utmost limits of perfection so far as durability and good workmanship are concerned, and the cost of construction is about the same, but in respect of tone there can be no comparison between them. The Steinway planes doubtless possess great power and sonority, perhaps equal in this respect to Weber, but here the comparison ends. They cannot approach the Weber for purity, richness and durability, or prolongation of tone, three qualifications which, combined, give that distinct and perfect articals. tion which one only hears in vocal organs of the highest order and calibre. Hence all the principal artists of the present day, whether ocalists or instrumentalists, prefer the Weber pianos for their public performances and prirate use. They are more sympathetic, better adapted to the voice, and capable of giving the various lights and shades of expression in so emarkable a manner as to make them incomparably superior to any other plane of this

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