

"Did you come from there?"
 "Yes, sure, I've never been such a long way before, and I'm tired out."
 "Why didn't you write?" he asked presently, when she opened her eyes again.
 "I wanted to give you a surprise," she said, "and I knew as you'd be glad to see me any time as I liked to come."
 And then it dawned on him that the past eighteen months had been blotted clean out of her memory, and that she thought she had just arrived. Then she dozed, and then again spoke, "And so this is your house, Laddie? and mighty fine it be!" looking round on the bare hospital room; "and I'm that comfortable if I wasn't so tired, but I'll be getting up when I'm rested a bit. But it do me good to see you when I opens my eyes. I've been thinking all the way how pleased you'd be." All this she said, a word or two at a time, and very low and weakly, so that only a son's ear could have heard.

As the evening came on she fell asleep very quietly, such a sleep as, if hope had been possible, might have given hope. Dr. Carter left the nurse watching her and went away, got a hansom and offered the man double fare to take him to Harley Street as fast as possible. Violet had just come in from a flower-show, and looked a flower herself, with her sweet face and dainty dress.

"I have found her," Laddie said; "Come." And she came without asking a question, only knowing from Laddie's face that there was sorrow as well as joy in the finding.

"She is dying," he said, as they went up the hospital stairs together. "Can you bear it?" She only answered by a pressure of her hand on his arm, and they went into the quiet room. There was a shaded light burning, and the nurse sitting by the bedside.

"She has not stirred, sir, since you left." But even as she spoke, the old woman moved, and opened her eyes, looking first at Laddie and then at Violet.

"Who is it?" she asked. And then Violet knelt down with her face close to the old woman's, and said very softly, "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

"Laddie's sweetheart!" she echoed; "he's over young to be wed—But there! I forget. He's been a good son, my dear, always good to his old mother, and he'll be a good husband. And you'll make him a good wife, my dear, won't you? God bless you."

And then her trembling hand was feeling for something, and Laddie guessed her wish, and put his own hand and Violet's into it; two young hands, full of life and health and pulsation, under the old, worn, hardworked hand, growing cold and weak with death.

"God bless you, dears, Laddie and his sweetheart. But I'm a bit tired just now."

And then she dozed again, and the two sat by in the dim quiet room, drawn closer together and dearer to each other than they ever had been before, in the presence of the Great Angel of Death who was so near the old mother now. And very tenderly he did his work that night! Only a sigh, and then a sudden hush, during which the listener's pulses throbbed in their ears, as they listened for the next long-drawn, painful, difficult breath that did not come, and then the weary limbs relaxed into the utter repose and stillness of rest after labour, for the night had come when no man can work—the holy starlit night of death, with the silver streaks of the great dawn of the Resurrection shining in the east.

For a moment they sat spell-bound, and then it was Laddie, he who had so often seen death face to face, who gave way, throwing himself on the bed with an exceeding bitter cry. "Oh, mother, mother, say you forgive me!"

What need for words? Did he not know that she forgave him? if indeed she knew that she had anything to forgive. But she was "a bit tired."

Don't you know when bedtime comes, and the nurse calls the children, how sometimes they leave their toys, which a few minutes before seemed all in all to them, without a look, and the cake unfinished, and are carried off with their heads bent down and their eyes heavy with sleep, too tired even to say good-night or speak a pretty, lisp word of the play-time past, or the pleasure coming in the morning? And so, often with us, bigger children; when the kind nurse Death calls us at our bedtime, we are "a bit tired," and glad to go, too sleepy even for thought or farewell.

They laid her by the old master in Sunnybrook churchyard, and the village folks talked afterwards of the funeral, and how Dr. Carter, "he as used to be called Laddie," followed her to the grave, "along with the pretty young lady as he was going to marry, and, bless my heart! wouldn't the poor old soul have felt proud if she could have seen 'em? But she's better where she is, where there ain't no buryin', and no pride neither."

FASHION NOTES.

WITH many women, going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop.

A SPRING hat has three roses arranged across the back of the hat in a straight line like a comb.

UNDRESSED kid are the most fashionable gloves for street wear, and are gaining favor for wear at the theatre and receptions, when dark dresses are worn.

THE FISHER'S ESCAPE.

She stood on the beach, the fisherman's wife,
 With her babe upon her arm,
 And eagerly scanned the darkening sky,
 Her heart fraught with deep alarm.
 For the eventide had now changed to night,
 And her husband's boat was not yet in sight.

She felt as her anxious heart would break—
 The storm increased with her fears—
 She thought of her darling husband at sea,
 And could not restrain her tears:
 Then entered her cottage and knelt to pray
 That heaven's storm would stay.

Out on the sea, that tempestuous night,
 Struggled the fisher for life;
 Firmly he fought at the wheel of his craft,
 Nerved was his heart for the strife:
 His thoughts were ashore with his wife and child,
 While theirs were with him in that tempest wild.

The storm had wearied itself into calm,
 Awakened day was rising;
 The villagers still kept watch on the beach,
 Each one the worst surmising,
 For none dared to hope for their comrade's life,
 Tho' all hearts felt for his good, young wife.

But look! what's that afloat on the ocean?
 'Tis a boat—a loud ring waved—
 Nearer—'tis he; loud ring the shouts of joy—
 The good fisherman is saved!
 In the quaint, little fishing-town that day,
 All hearts, erst sad, were happy and gay.

Montreal. GEORGE T. BULLING.

THE RICHELIEU.

IV.
 ST. JOHNS.

Immediately after the capture of Fort St. Johns, Montgomery pushed on to Montreal, which he triumphantly entered, a little after it was evacuated by Carleton and his garrison. Without loss of time, he hurried down the St. Lawrence in pursuit, but met his death under the cliff of Cape Diamond in a foolhardy attempt to take Quebec by a *coup de main*. Arnold—the notorious Benedict Arnold—then fell back to Montreal with a portion of the American army. He was thence forced to flee and make for St. Johns with the enemy in full pursuit. Gen. Sullivan, who was stationed at Sorel, was also driven up to St. Johns. Here both the American generals were desirous of making a stand, but their troops absolutely refusing, they retreated precipitately to Isle-aux-Noix in boats, and soon after crossed the lines. The British pursued them no further than St. Johns.

After that event, the Americans chose Ticonderoga as their northern base of operations, and after properly fortifying it, they turned their attention to the construction of a fleet, by means of which they could more easily reconnoitre Lake Champlain and the head-waters of the Richelieu. Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, resolved upon doing the very same thing. He strengthened the works at St. Johns, which he chose definitively as his frontier base, and lost no time in getting ready a large number of boats for lake service.

All through the summer of 1776, from June to October, the banks of the quiet river at Iberville and St. Johns resounded with the hammer and anvil. Seven hundred seamen from the war vessels at anchor under the cliffs of Quebec had been chosen to man the fleet that was building there. Among their officers was no less distinguished a personage than Lord Exmouth, (Edward Pellew) who, after learning almost his first lesson in naval warfare on the fresh waters of Lake Champlain, was destined many years later to rise to the highest rank among British Admirals.

Early in October, one ship, 18 twelve-pounders; two schooners, 26 six-pounders, (both together) a raft, six twenty-four pounders, and twelve six-pounders; a galley, seven nine-pounders, and 24 gun-boats, each with a piece of field ordnance, sailed from under the guns of Fort St. Johns, bound for lake Champlain. The expedition was commanded by Captain Pringle, and Governor Carleton was also on board as military superintendent.

When Arnold, who commanded the American fleet, heard of this movement, he fell back from his position near Rouse's Point to the narrow channel between Valcour's Island and the west shore of the lake, a little above Plattsburg. Here, with a force of three schooners, two sloops, eleven galleys, and twenty-one gun-boats, he awaited the arrival of the British.

About noon on the 11th, the engagement commenced between the foremost vessels and soon becoming general, raged till nightfall. Notwithstanding their numerical inferiority, the Americans fought well, but conscious of their weakness, they resolved to escape southward in the darkness. This they succeeded in effecting, but a portion of the fleet was overtaken at Schuyler's Island, in the course of the next day, and on the 13th, one of the vessels was captured. Arnold barely escaped by running his galley into a little creek on the eastern shore, whence he marched in safety to Crown Point. On the approach of Carleton this post was also evacuated. The British fleet then made some demonstrations against Ticonderoga, but as the season was far advanced, it gradually withdrew down the lake, till it reached its winter quarters at St. Johns.

In the summer of 1777, St. Johns was again the scene of warlike preparation. But this time it was a land force that concentrated there. Burgoyne had superseded Carleton, and was preparing a mighty expedition destined to crush out the American revolution. A force of seven thousand men of all arms was collected under his command. Numerous transports were built, and immense supplies of stores and ammunition were brought together.

On the 1st of June, this imposing army left St. Johns for Lake Champlain, driving everything before it. We need not follow it any farther, as its fate is well known. For three months it was the terror of the Americans, but it met with a first check at Stillwater, Sept. 19th, and was finally "bagged" at Saratoga, Oct. 17th, 1777.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

(Sketched by himself.)

From the little volume just printed, containing unpublished letters of the General to his wife, we extract the following:—

"Holland House,
 Near Quebec, December 5th, 1775.

"My Dear Janet:

"This day I had the pleasure of yours of the 13th of October. I think your letters are a long time on the road. I believe I have now the right to complain, as I am sure you do not write so often as I do.

"I suppose long ere this we have furnished the folks of the United Colonies with subject matter of conversation. I should like to see the long faces of my Tory friends. I fancy they look a little cast down, and that the Whig leaders triumph most unmercifully.

"The weather continues so gentle that we have been able at this late season, to get down by water with our artillery, &c. They are a good deal alarmed in town, and with some reason. The garrison is little to be depended upon and very weak in proportion to the extent of the works. I wish it were well over, with all my heart, and sigh for home like a New Englander.

"I shan't forget your beaver blanket if I get safe out of this affair, nor your mother's marten-skins. Present my affectionate duty to her, and make her easy respecting Harry. He has by no means given me any offence, though some uneasiness by some little imprudences. I am glad to hear your house is in such forwardness. May I have the pleasure of seeing you in it soon.

"Till then, adieu!

"Believe me most affectionately yours,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY."

The volume before contains also the following:—

An inventory taken of the property and effects of the late General Montgomery, on the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1776, at Holland House, in the presence of Col. Donald Campbell, Major F. Weissenfels, Major Mathias Ogden, Rev. John I. Tetard, and Mr. Aaron Burr, aide-de-camp.

"One hundred and eleven dollars in Continental Bills.

"Fifty shillings lawful money of Connecticut.

"Sixteen shillings lawful money of the Province of Massachusetts.

"A bag containing forty-five receipts amounting to five thousand seven hundred and forty pounds nine shillings and three pence half penny, currency of New York.

"In the same bag a string of white Wampum.

"Forty-eight half Johannes.

"One-quarter of a Johannes.

"Two light pistols.

"Fifty half-Joes.

"One hundred and ninety-three English shillings.

"Six English half-crowns.

"Twenty new Spanish dollars.

"Small money four shillings and ten cents."

"Total amount £347.4.7.

(From Biographical Notes concerning General Richard Montgomery, together with hitherto unpublished letters, 1876.)

At opening a black trunk, 3rd January, (1776), were present Col. Donald Campbell, Major John Brown, Major Fred. Weissenfels, and Aaron Burr, aide-de-camp.

Amongst a lot of wearing apparel comprising 3 pair white breeches, 2 pair nankeen breeches, 1 pair of elegant Indian leggings, 1 pair of moccasins (sold to Gen. Arnold), 1 pair of spurs, 1 pair of gloves, 6 silver teaspoons, and a pair of tea tongs, hired at Montreal—the whole of the value of £19.8.6.

We notice the following books:

"Saxe's Reviews.

"Polybrus, vol. 1 and 2.

"Clarrac, *L'Ingénieur de Campagne*.

"La Science Militaire, Tomes 3, 7, 8 & 10.

"Johnson's English Dictionary.

"(Signed), DONALD CAMPBELL,

"Deputy Quarter-Master General.

"FRED. WEISSENFELTS, M. B."

"MATT. OGDEN,

"J. I. TETARD,

"At Col. Donald Campbell's request Governor Carleton sent out of town the late Gen. Montgomery's gold watch and seal, which Col. Campbell forwarded to General Wooster, at Montreal, by the hands of Messrs. Jefferies and Minott. General Wooster sent the watch by Lt. Col. Putzma to New York, to Mrs. Montgomery."

Together with this inventory an account was sent to Mrs. Montgomery of the manner in which his effects had been disposed of, and a list of the articles marked on the inventory as sold to Gen. Arnold.

Quebec.

J. M. L.

LITERARY.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS left a diary, parts of which will probably be sent to the press.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has offered a gift of £300 to the widow of Walter Thornbury, with expressions of regret that he is unable to confer a pension out of the Civil List, in accordance with the request made to him.

It is seldom that poetry of the pencil and the pen meet so perfectly together as in the marriage which is arranged between Major W. F. Butler, C. B., author of the "Great Lone Land," and Miss Thompson, the charming painter of "Balaclava" and the "Roll-Call."

VICTOR HUGO published on the 25th ult. (his 75th birthday) two more volumes of his great work, "The Legend of the Ages." In the preface to the first of these volumes he says:—"The rest of the legend will be printed at an early date, unless the end of the author arrives before that of the book."

The appeal in the case of Smiles vs. Belford has been dismissed. This settles the copyright question for Canada. British authors can register and publish their works in Canada if they choose, but if they prefer to have the Canadian works supplied from the United States they cannot be interfered with by publishers in Canada. The practical result is to drive a part of the Canadian business across the border.

MISS BRADDON has by practice reduced writing—the mere production of copy—to a science. From the outer edge of the pen she has turned to the inner, as affording more rest for the hand, and has systematically reduced the size of her letters, because she has discovered a truth which deserves to be published—that the massive character now in fashion takes more time than a smaller style, because the writer must cover more ground.

THE National Library at Florence has recently received some important acquisitions. The Marchese Gino Capponi bequeathed a rich treasure of 385 historical MSS. Count Piero Guicciardini bequeathed a unique collection of 6000 volumes relative to the history of the Reformation. Moreover, the library has purchased a fine collection of rare books and rare editions, nearly 15,000 volumes, which belonged to Signor G. Nencini.

HYGIENIC.

It is said that the working people in Ireland, who live chiefly on a vegetable—the potato—never suffer from gout.

VACCINE lymph direct from the calf is supplied by the Belgian Government to the medical practitioners of Belgium. This lymph is much more powerful in protecting from small-pox than the enfeebled infantine lymph now in use. Doctor Wyld says it has this further great advantage, that in its use there exists no possibility of those constitutional risks so well understood by medical men, and so much dreaded by a large proportion of our population.

IN almost every family circle there is a perpetual domestic discord on the subject of closeness of rooms or draughts; one is chilled, another stifled. According to Dr. Richardson, the best degree of temperature is 62° Fahrenheit. Those engaged in literary or artistic pursuits should have a thermometer at hand, and should feel that time itself is not more important to observe. Below this temperature languor and dyspepsia set in from the secretions becoming languid. Much above this temperature relaxation will arise from over-action; but, if the labour is very prolonged and severe, the temperature may be allowed to run up to 65° or even 70° for short periods. The temperature should be obtained before beginning work. To begin in a cold room, afterwards warmed to 75° or 80°, and then cold again, is very bad. Under varying degrees of heat the rate and tension of the circulation of the blood change to a surprising extent. Uneven conditions are also hurtful. In some rooms the feet are cold and the head is warm; one side is heated, the other chilled. A room that is hot and cold is more dangerous than a friend of the same temperament. The rules apply to all engaged in sedentary pursuits, and particularly to children at their books.

THE PRODIGAL.

Inheritors of vast wealth are proverbially spend-thrifts. The golden ore is dug from the mine, refined, and coined, by the labor of other hands and the sweat of other brows. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. When the donor weighed it, he cast into the balance so many days of unremitting and fatiguing toil, so many anxious and sleepless nights, so much self-denial, and so much care. But the inheritor into his balance throws only—pleasure. The one, values it by what it cost him; the other, for what it will purchase. Like the prodigal in the Scripture parable, he thoughtlessly expends it to gratify the caprice and cravings of his nature. Then comes the last scene—the misery, the remorse, and the long and wearisome journey back to the home of frugal industry. But there are other prodigals. On her favorites our bounteous parent, Nature, has lavished her richest treasure—health. But the prodigal values it lightly, for it cost him naught and recklessly squanders it in riotous living. Present pleasure obscures future want. Soon the curtain rises on the last scene. We see him helpless, improverished,—the rich treasures of body and mind all lost,—in misery and despair. Remorseful Conscience holds up to him the mirror of memory. In his own reckless folly he perceives the cause of his present pain. He resolves to return. The journey is long and tedious, but if he perseveringly follows the right road, he will at length see the haven of his hopes in the distance, and Nature, seeing her invalid child afar off, will come out to meet him, and receive him back with love and blessing. To find the right road homeward, the suffering prodigal should read "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Therein it is completely mapped out, its landmarks all indicated and its milestones all numbered. Read it. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Address the author and publisher, R. V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.