

such a night; but it is awfully good of you to come! You will get your death of cold; but I am delighted to see you just the same. Take these wet things, Candace, and fetch in a nice hot cup of tea, and some of those cakes that smell so good baking out there. Come in, you mermaid, you Undine, and tell me what drove you out such a night. I wonder what Mrs. Windsor was thinking of to let you."

"She did not let me. She is ill in bed with cold, and knows nothing about it."

"You're a self-willed little minx, and like to have your own wicked way. Sit down here and put your feet to the fire. This is Larry's chair, but you may have it; it is all one now. He is away, Marie is away, grandmamma is in bed, and all the cats being out of sight, this misbehaved mouse does as she likes with impunity. Now, child, it does me good to sit and look at you. What a little dear you are to come and see me so soon. Have you really missed me?"

"More than I can say, madame. It has been the longest and loneliest week I ever spent in my life."

"Well, that is natural enough. Your sister is gone, and you are wonderfully fond of that pretty sister; Longworth is gone, and you are wonderfully—no, I won't say it. Has anybody else gone?"

"Somebody is going," Reine says, dearly; "he came to say good-bye poor fellow, just at nightfall."

"You mean that handsome little Monsieur Durand. Well—I ought to be sorry because you are sorry; but, to tell the truth, I am not."

"You don't like Leonce—poor Leonce! And yet I do not see why. He has his faults, many and great, but he is so gentle, so tender-hearted, so really good in spite of all. And you know nothing of him—why should you dislike him, Miss Harriott?"

"I do not dislike him. I do not like him. I do not trust him. You love him, little Queen, very dearly."

(To be Continued.)

Wickedness can be seen through the thickest fog, but virtue has to have an electric light turned on before it will be recognised by the world.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

MCCARTHY, was not only one of the most original, but even the sweetest poet of the *Nation*. His style differs from that of Davis, of Mangan, of Williams, of Fergusson, of Duffly; in fact he has a style peculiar to himself. Of his life we know but little. He yet lives, at a ripe old age, to enjoy the beauties of that Bay of Dublin, which he so well described and to peacefully and calmly "husband out life's taper to the close." We find his name often made mention of, by the Young Irishers, and above all the men of the *Nation*, when telling of their excursions into the country every year and when speaking of their literary meetings in the city. But only as a poet is McCarthy known to the world. He seldom and perhaps never wrote, save in verse, for the press. Knowing so little of his actual life, and only having a knowledge of him through his beautiful poetic productions, we will be obliged to confine ourselves to a short reference to the principal poems he wrote, and to the tracing out of a few of the endless gems of thought which he so well expressed.

MCCARTHY's poem of the "Bell-Founder," is a production unique in the English language. A few passages from it will suffice to give a faint idea of the rhythm and strength of expression and depth of feeling nobleness of sentiment contained in that versified reproduction of a story well known to our readers. In the opening lines, when the poet desires to go, away to Italy to there take up his story which must end in Erin—he begs Ireland to excuse him for thus leaving her for a while—and the reader will judge for himself of the power of that introduction.

"O Erin! Thou desolate mother, the heart
in thy bosom is sore,
And wringing thy hands in despair thou dost
roam round a plague-stricken shore?
Thy children are dying or flying, thy great
ones are laid in the dust,
And those who survive are divided and those
who control are unjust—
Wilt thou blame me, dear mother, if turn-
ing mine eyes from these horrors away—
I look thro' the night of our wretchedness back
to some bright vanished day?"