

as of one being choked was heard by him. Remaining for a moment motionless, he caught the words delivered in a deep guttural tone, "Oh, spare me! Oh, spare my life! I'll never hurt a smuggler again; I have never hurt one; indeed, upon my word; O, help me, I never have!"

To the acute intellect of old Luff this noise was soon apparent. The coast-guard had fallen asleep from the excess of liquor he had taken, and his fears following him, had conjured up in sleeping fancy an attack from the smugglers.

Old Luff gave him a drubbing and then drew them into a position where they could command the only path leading to the shore, and where also they could make a rampart of the jutting rocks; old Luff waited events.

Presuming from the tempestuous weather that the coast-guard would relax their vigilance, the smugglers, both aloft and ashore, were less careful to conceal their doings. Having weathered a promontory and reached smoother water, the skipper of the *Nancy* hoisted his last signal preparatory to running his vessel upon the beach. This was quickly replied to by the Ransly gang, and that body of ruffians began to move toward the place.

The rain, which had been descending in torrents, now ceased, and with the turn of the tide the clouds began to break and to show at intervals the rising moon, now in her last quarter. The activity leading from the shore was not too difficult for horses accustomed to the hills of the district. The Ransly gang knew this, and, mounted, were taking up a position on either side of the workers.

"Bang! Bang!" went the muskets of the coast-guard and a yell as of some one wounded followed. A fierce shout now arose from the Ransly gang, and being directed by the flash, the compliment was returned. Another volley proceeded from the coast-guard, and the firing became general. The affray had now begun in earnest, and rushing up the activity, sabre in hand, an attack was made by the smugglers. Again the coast-guard fired, and a heavy thud, and the crackling of brambles, told of some one being killed or wounded, and falling through the briars into the ravine.

Old Luff had selected a good position, and having his men concealed, possessed an advantage over the enemy. Not a word was spoken behind the rampart save the word of command; and as in silence they watched their opponents, by the light of the moon a troop of horsemen was seen suddenly to wheel around and to come galloping up the steep.

"The rascals are eating a retreat!" exclaimed one of the men; but the only reply was the command of the lieutenant that one-half their number should ascend and watch the plain in the rear. Promptly as this order was obeyed, the men were not too soon, for the sound of horse-hoofs showed the plan of attack. Changing the half of his former strength, old Luff gave command that the men guarding the plain should raise their muskets above the level, only sufficient to command the approaching horsemen. On they rushed with vengeance filling every heart, but when close at hand a volley was poured into their midst. This aroused the smugglers to fury, and dismounting they threw themselves, sabre in hand, among the king's men. Simultaneous with an attack in the rear, another effort was made in front, and regardless of all danger, both sides now dashed over rocks and through briars, to get at their opponents. A hand-to-hand combat ensued, in which sabre and cutlass flashed in deadly destructive force. Old Luff was ubiquitous, and with an agility his obesity seemed to preclude, he leaped from rock to rock, commanding alike the front and rear of his position.

On reaching the front of his position, old Luff saw climbing the sides of his little fortress, swearing and cursing as he came, the burly form of a man maddened with rage. Bitter were the threats of vengeance he poured forth as he approached. Waiting until the man emerged from the thicket which partly concealed him, the lieutenant fired, and a sharp cry told that the shot had hit; but hitting that man seemed to increase his fury, and he still ascended. Another shot was fired and again the man was hit; but he appeared invulnerable, for still ascending, foaming with rage, and with eyes which shot forth the wildest wrath, he had placed his hand upon the rocks and was about to spring into the rampart, when a blow from the cutlass of the lieutenant sent him with a fearful crash into the depth below.

The fall of this man gathered around his prostrate form a group of companions, who seeing him lying wounded and helpless, gave a shrill whistle, which was quickly responded to by the Ransly gang. A sudden charge of the coast-guard now caused the smugglers to beat a hasty retreat, and those below bearing to ward the vessel the wounded man, smitten down by the hand of old Luff, the Revenue men were left masters of the field. On receiving the wounded one aboard, the *Nancy* soon put to sea, leaving on the beach one-half of her cargo, which became confiscated to the government. The smugglers fought desperately; several fell on both sides, and among those mortally wounded was the coast-guard of the telegraph station.

(To be continued.)

MR. JOSEPH HATTON'S new novel will be ready by the end of the month. "Three Recruits" is the title of it; and the volume will be dedicated to Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. The work, though a romance in every way, has something to do with the "hard times" and the politics of the early days of the present century.

## THE POETRY OF FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

It is customary with critics of poetry to draw marks of analogy between different poets. Thus, William Cullen Bryant is said to resemble Wordsworth in his reverent observation of nature, and in the religious feeling which pervades nearly all his poems. I have often thought that a better way of grouping the poets would be by dividing them into two great schools—poets of the external senses, and poets of spiritual thought. To the latter class belongs that form of poetry which has behind it hues and sounds a something that defies analysis, and must be felt and perceived by the soul ere it be rightly understood. It is to this school of spiritual thought that the poetry of Father Abram J. Ryan belongs. True, he has written individual poems, which are particularly characterized by a sublimity of passion and sweep of energy scarcely surpassed even by the finest of Campbell's martial songs, but the leading qualities of his verse must ever be spirituality, delicacy and pathos. He is the poet of faith, and the breathings of his fervent and religious soul have consecrated his muse to the higher purposes of religion. The hallowed breath of an unseen land sweeps along his lyre and touches each chord into a weird and holy melody. He is in an especial manner, too, the poet of sorrow, and sees a cloudlet of grief veiling even the face of the sunshine of joy. How often does he present us with the cross and then the crown! To him, this fleeting life we prize so much is nothing but a psalm of sighs. A coronet of sorrow is placed upon each weary head, and journeying onward—ever onward—he tells each pilgrim.

"Life is a burden—bear it;  
Life is a duty—do it;  
Life is a thorn-crown—wear it.

Though it break your heart in twain;  
Though the burden crush you down,  
Close your lips and hide your pain.  
First the Cross—and then—the Crown."

In that valley between the mountains of Sorrow and Prayer he holds communion with God, and breathes an inspiration into his verse that is redolent with the glowing incense of heaven. To him this earth offers no pillow of rest—it is something only to be reached beyond the threshold of mortal years; we lay our weary heads down only to final rest with the shrouds of immortality around us. How beautifully the poet-priest expresses a longing for this final rest in his poem "Rest."

"My feet are wearied and my hands are tied—  
My soul oppressed—  
And with desire have I longed, desired,  
Rest—only rest.

"Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,  
In barren ways;  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
In harvest days.

"The burden of my days is hard to bear—  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,  
For rest—sweet rest.

"Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis filled to weep  
O'er fruitless fields.

"And so I cry, a weak and human cry,  
So heart oppressed,  
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,  
For rest—sweet rest.

"My way has wound across the desert years,  
And o'er the desert  
My path—and through the dawning of hot tears  
I pine for rest.

"Twas always so: when still a child, I laid  
On mother's breast  
My wearied little head: 'then then I prayed,  
As now, for rest.

"And I am restless still: 'twill soon be o'er—  
For down the west  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest."

How deeply he stirs the heart in his poems on death. Kneeling beside the dead and dying on the battle-fields of the South, pillowing each sinking head with the holy consolations of religion, Father Ryan truly in the midst of life lived in death. He saw the flower of Southern bravery strew the field, and the hope of his people ebb before the superior numbers of the North. Scarcely had the blood-stained clouds of the great civil war passed from the heavens when the poet-priest embalmed the "Lost Cause" in verse so sweet, in thought so strong as never before swept along the lyre of martial song. For fiery pathos and sublime energy the ode in memory of his brother, who was slain during the war, has scarcely ever been excelled. There are parts of it in which we seem to hear the roar of the artillery and feel the earth tremble beneath our feet. Who can read the following passage and not feel his cheek redden and the blood bound along his veins? And mark how sublimely, too, the movement of the verse is suited to the action of warfare:

"Lo! you flag of freedom flying  
In the sunny southern sky!  
On—to death and glory dashing,  
On—where swords are clashing, clashing,  
On—where balls are crashing, crashing,  
On—and perils dread appalling,  
On—they're falling, falling, falling,  
On—they're growing fewer, fewer,  
On—their hearts beat all the truer,  
On—on—on—no fear, no falter,  
On—though round the battle altar,  
There were wounded victims moaning,  
There were dying soldiers groaning—  
On—right on—death's danger braving,  
Warring where their flag was waving,  
While baptismal-blood was laving

All that field of death and slaughter;  
On—still on—that bloody laver  
Made them braver and made the braver,—  
On—with never a halt or waver—  
On in battle—bleeding, bounding,  
While the glorious shout swept sounding,  
"We will win the day or die!"

But while Father Ryan appears to pour out his very blood in every line of this, it is in the description of the terrible scene after the battle that the most beautiful and tender passages of the poem occur. What could excel the following pathetic picture:

"When the twilight sadly, slowly  
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all,  
Thousands—thousands lying lowly,  
Hushed in silence deep and holy—  
There was one—his blood was flowing,  
And his last life was going,  
And his pulse faint, fainter beating,  
Told his hours were few and fleeting;  
And his brow grew white and whiter,  
While his eyes grew strangely brighter;  
There he lay, like infant dreaming,  
With his sword beside him gleaming;  
For the hand in life that grasped it,  
True in death still fondly clasped it;  
There his comrades found him lying  
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying,  
And the sternest bent down weeping  
O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping;  
'Twas the midnight: stars shone round him,  
And they told us how they found him,  
Where the bravest love to fall."

And this last. Note the delicacy of thought and beauty of imagery, as well as vividness of description which characterize it:

"Where the woods, like banners bending,  
Drooped in starlight and in gloom,  
There when that sad night was ending,  
And the faint far dawn was blending,  
With the stars and shadows o'er him;  
And they laid him down so tender,  
And the next day's sun in splendour  
Flashed above my brother's tomb."

The sad memory of the death of his brother speaks through another beautiful poem, entitled, "In Memory of My Brother." It is a touching tribute to a brave soldier, who offered up his young heart as a sacrifice on the altar of his country. How tenderly the poet priest touches the embalming of this sad memory in the heart of his affectionate mother:

"A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,  
A grave in the heart of his mother:  
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;  
There is not a name, there is not a stone,  
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan  
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,  
But his memory lives in the other."

While Father Ryan's poetry is characterized by spiritual thought, it is not that wayward thought which leaves the mind in doubt, but a pure and elevating thought lifting the soul upon the pinions of divine faith into the hope, and glory, and sunshine of a happy and eternal hereafter.

Belleville, Ont. T. O. HAGAN.

## HARVARD'S KITCHEN.

THE AMOUNT OF FOOD THE BOYS GET AWAY WITH.

The dining association has ninety employees besides its steward. A ten-horse power engine, burning two tons of coal per day, heats the building and supplies steam for the cooking and baking, but when Sanders' theatre is heated a third ton of coal is required. The great soup-kettle holds 229 gallons, and is said to be the largest kettle ever cast in this country. Only 119 gallons of soup, however, are required for the daily dinner. The oatmeal-kettle holds 55 gallons and that for cracked wheat 20 gallons; but not quite, although very nearly, this amount is consumed daily.

The great range, 25 feet long, contains four ovens, and does all the frying and heating plates, etc. There are seven kettles for boiling meats and five for vegetables, and none of them of very small size, while the great charcoal grate will easily broil steak for 650 men. But the most astounding parts of the culinary arrangements are the two great ovens, one for baking meats and one for bread and pies. The first will cook at once 2,000 pounds of meat and the other 250 pies. They are by no means too large, however, since from 800 to 1,000 pounds of meat are consumed daily and some ninety loaves of graham and seventy-five of white bread. The heat never leaves the pastry oven from one month to another.

"How much flour do you use per day?" I asked.

"We average at least a barrel and a half," was the reply.

"And how many pies at one lunch?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, for which three barrels of apples are needed."

Some delicious-looking butter was unpacking from a huge box, and I learned that seventy-five pounds were daily used for the tables and about the same amount for cooking. That the students had not gone hungry on that day was conclusively shown from the fact that at breakfast 450 pounds of rump steak and 75 pounds of fish had been consumed; that the larder contained for the dinner 300 pounds of turkey and 500 pounds of beef; that 160 gallons of milk (the daily allowance) and 40 puddings of large size were in store, while 12 immense pans of gingerbread were being prepared for the oven.

Not the least interesting feature of the establishment is the laundry, with its washing machines, its huge wringer, which will revolve 1,500 times per minute, and its expensive mangle, which cost \$450. Altogether there has been, within two years, \$2,000 worth of machinery put in, and the arrangements, including the dumb-waiters moved by hydraulic pressure, are all superb.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

**HUMILITY.**—True humility never prompts any one to underrate himself, or to make loose and general confessions of weakness and wickedness, the particulars of which he would indignantly resent. It is as far removed from "the pride which apes humility" as from the pride which struts in haughty arrogance. It leads to a lowly estimate of self, not that we may shrink and crouch and stoop, but that we may aspire and strive and rise. It is the beginning of a higher life, the promise of a nobler future.

**DON'T FRET.**—One fretter or despairer can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighbourhoods, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets or desponds is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere presence of such a being is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm.

**DOING AND BEING.**—Although it is a serious question with every one what he will do, it is even a more weighty and important one what he will be. What a man is underlies and determines all that he does, and, more than this, it decides the character of that large and widespread influence which continually emanates from his very presence. And what he is greatly depends upon what he looks at. No one is able wholly to control the influences that shape him—many of them are beyond his reach to withstand—but every one may choose which of them he will encourage, which he will cling to, upon which he will lay the emphasis of his life, upon which he will allow his thoughts to dwell. The influence of companionship, for instance, is a most potent one. We can never escape it. But we can select for our more intimate friends those who command our respect and are worthy of our confidence. There are some persons to whom we instinctively look up, and others upon whom we as naturally look down. Those whom we place within our constant view we grow to resemble, and so it comes to pass that "a man is known by the company he keeps."

## THE SAND-BANK.

Where the long hill-side's wooded, ledgy stair  
Meets the clear river in its valley-flight,  
Arises steeply to a turf-crowned height  
The sand-bank tall, with frontage brown and bare  
That overhangs a watery covert, where  
Huge boulders glitter in the sunny light,  
And braided currents dance o'er pebbles bright,  
And ever murmur a melodious air.

Here in the water, lightly to and fro  
The shadows pass of many pointed wings;  
And from their burrowed nests, that coolly lie  
Within the sandy steep, the swallows go  
Out on the buoyant air, with twitterings,  
And hearts that hold the joy of land and sky.

Knowlton, Q.

C. L. CLEVELAND.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A HOUSEHOLD with a baby is founded on a rock.

Gloves last the longest with the lady who has a diamond ring.

Ladies, beware of the man with a clove in his breath: he may show the cloven foot one of these days.

They went fishing. She looked languidly at him and said: "I wish the fish would bite at your hook; if I was a fish I would."

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

"Does your mother know your route?" asked a rival when the bride and groom started on their wedding tour.

Lately a gentleman of nearly ninety years had the grief of losing his wife. "I cannot complain," he said, "for she was nearly sixty-five."

A lover, unworthy of the name, threatened to publish a lady's letters. "You can if you choose," she answered: "it is only the address that makes me blush."

A poetess sings: "A sweet face haunts me whosoever I go." Now, the idea! It's probably your milliner, who would like a settlement for that last winter bonnet.

There are some things that a man can't put up with. When he falls out of a second-story window on a picket fence to have his wife come out and ask him if he is hurt, is more than any man can stand and not get mad.

According to the Lowell Journal the reason why Mr. Tilden refuses to marry is the same reason why he refuses to accept the vice-presidency—"he won't accept the second place on any ticket."

Division of labour—Aunt Mary: "Well, Tommy, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?" Tommy: "No, aunty, tank! Me tarry bat and 'umps. Go tarry me?"

"Oh! indeed, it is a very busy time with us," said charming Miss Fitzjoy. "There are a great many services to attend, and then we have so much shopping to do just now." "Pardon me, but is not this the season of humiliation?" "Why, certainly, John, my darling; but, you see, if we should fail to come out at Easter in the new styles, the season of humiliation you speak of would continue longer, and be much more dreadful."

## A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Ed.