

Selected Poetry.

A SONG FOR CANADA.

The author of this song is Mr. Charles Sangster, of Kingston. He is a native of that city, having been born in the Navy Yard. We do not select this as the most poetical of the pieces he has written, but it is spirited.

Sons of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune isles,
Through all these heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With Lopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honored race
Whose deeds can never die.

Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

Our Lakes are deep and wide,
Our fields and forests broad;

With cheerful air
We'll speed the share,
And break the fruitful soil;
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,

On hill and plain
True kings we'll reign,
The victors of the soil.

But let the rash intruder dare,
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

Health smiles with rosy face
Amid all sunny dales,
And torrents strong
Fling hymn and song

Through all the mossy vales;
Our sons are living men,
Our daughters fond and fair;
A thousand isles,

Where Plenty smiles,
Make glad the brow of Care.

But let the rash intruder dare,
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

And if in future years
One wretch should turn and fly,
Let weeping France
Blot out his name

From Freedom's hallowed sky;
Or should our sons e'er prove
A coward, traitor race,—
Just heaven's frown

In thunder down,
To avenge the foul disgrace!

But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

Would light him from the land.

THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

[CONTINUED.]

'Now, this has finished it,' he continued to his wife, as the girl withdrew. 'Ellen shall not go there again unless you are with her. Mr. Castonel! how dared he? I would rather Ellen made a companion of the poorest and lowest person in the village. And should there be any engagement growing up between him and Frances, I will not have Ellen there to countenance it with her presence.'

'Poor Mr. Winninton prejudiced you against Mr. Castonel,' observed Mrs. Leicester. 'I do not admire or like him, but I think less ill of him than you do. Perhaps Frances might do worse.'

The clergyman turned his head and looked at her. 'I will ask you a home question Susan. Would you like to see him marry Ellen?'

'Oh, no, no?' and Mrs. Leicester almost shuddered as she spoke. 'Not for worlds.'

'Yet you would see him the husband of Frances Chavasse, your early friend's child.'

Mrs. Leicester hesitated before she spoke. 'It is that I hope to see Ellen the wife of a religious man, a good man, and I fear Mrs. Chavasse does not heed that for Frances. She looks to social-fitness, to position, to Mr. Castonel's being in favor with the world. But Ellen—no, no, I trust never to see her the wife of such a man as Mr. Castonel.'

The minister covered his face with his hands. 'I would rather read the burial service over her.'

When Benjamin returned he was despatched for Miss Leicester and told to make haste. But he came back and said Miss Leicester was not there.

'Not there!' exclaimed the rector. 'Why

where have you been for her? I told you to go to Mrs. Chavasse's.'

'That's where I have been, sir.'

'Then you have made some stupid blunder. She must be there.'

'I don't think I made the blunder, sir,' returned Benjamin, who was a simple-spoken man of forty. 'When I told 'em I had come for Miss Ellen, one of their maids joked, and said, then I had come to the wrong house, but she took in the message, and Mrs. Chavasse came out to me. She said as they had expected Miss Ellen to tea, and waited for her, but she did not come.'

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the rector. Where was Ellen? Where could she be gone? Was it possible that Mr. Castonel had persuaded her to go visiting any where else? In spite of his wife's remonstrances, who assured him he was too ill to go, and would catch his death, he turned out in search of her; and Mrs. Leicester, worried and angry, laid all the blame upon Martha, who immediately began to cry her eyes out.

Before noon the next day, Ebury was ringing with the elopement of Mr. Castonel and Ellen Leicester.

CHAPTER X

'WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY'—AND A TIGER IS A SPECIES OF CAT.

During the absence of the runaways, John had very little to do, in spite of the threats of Mrs. Muff. But if John had not much to attend to in a legitimate way, he made himself business in a highly improper fashion.—For the youth was highly curious, tormented with a thirst for forbidden knowledge, and a desire to discover anything that might be in the nature of a secret. He opened all the out-of-the-way drawers of the laboratory—in this case, however, with another object. Mr. Rice was very apt to put the liquorice-root, of which John was excessively fond, in strange places, to keep it from his jaws.—His visit to the drawers was more on that account.

There was one place into which John was very anxious to peep, namely, Mr. Castonel's desk: but it was always kept locked, and the surgeon carried the key. The old-fashioned secretary, where the greater portion of Mr. Castonel's papers were kept, was another object of curiosity; but the key of this was with the other key, on a ring; and the ring was in his master's pocket. John's curiosity was ungratified, and his fondness for discovery met no reward.

One day, during his master's absence, John went into the laboratory to get the medicine ordered by Mr. Rice for the day's patients. The assistant was absent. John cast his eyes on the desk. No one was looking, and he tried the desk, but it was immovable.

'I would like to see inside of it,' he said. 'Why, look here,' he continued, 'if master hasn't been and gone and left a piece of one of his private letters a sticking out from a crack. Here's a queer go.'

A doubled slip of paper that protruded from between the lid and the body of the desk, occasioned John's surprise.—He tried to work it out, but it was caught by something. He persevered, and had got it one-third out by the corner, when it parted in his hand. He had only obtained less than one-half of an old envelope. He thrust it hurriedly into his pocket, and, seizing the medicine, left the house.

So soon as he came to a place free from observation, John examined his prize. His countenance fell.

The post-mark was there—Cartington, in Shropshire—and all the rest was as follows:

'To

LADY LAVINIA
No. 13 Watx!

'Very provoking!' exclaimed John. 'If I could have got it all. Hallo, there's a piece of the letter inside. But that's only a corner, and has but a few words, and I can't make head nor tail of 'em. 'Lady Lavinia!' I wonder what kind of a lady.—It ain't a baron-knight's lady, I know; and what is master a doing with it? 'That's the question.'

Much as he undervalued this prize, John put it carefully away in his pocket. If Mr. Castonel were ever to find it out! John shivered at the thought, and came very near dropping his basket, whereby several bottles would have come to speedy grief.

When John got back his first business was to conceal his plunder in a place no one would be apt to look into but himself

CHAPTER XI.

THE WIFE HAS A PREMONITION OF HER FATE.
A FULFILLED PRESENTIMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Castonel returned to Ebury, and the whole place flocked to pay them the wedding visit. The disobedience of Ellen Leicester was no business of theirs, that they should mark their sense of it. And Ellen—had it not been for the recollection of her offended parents and the unjustifiable part she had acted—how supreme, how intense, would have been her happiness! Her whole existence lay in her husband; she could see no fault in him; and could they then have tasted of the Tree of Life, so that the present might be forever, she might have given up all wish of a hereafter. Amongst the visitors, went Mrs. and Miss Chavasse; and, whatever mortification might have been in their hearts, it was not suffered to appear; that would never have done. So Mrs. Chavasse contented herself with abusing, elsewhere, the somewhat faded furniture, and thanking fate that her daughter had not been taken to a home so carelessly appointed.

Months went by, and how felt Ellen Castonel? Why, the fruits of her conduct were beginning to come home to her. She had received the forgiveness of her parents, for when she went to them in prayer and penitence, and knelt at her father's feet, the minister, though he strove hard to spurn her away according to his resolution, yet he was enfeebled in health, enfeebled by sorrow—and it ended in his falling on her neck, with sobs of agony, and forgiving her. It had been well could he as easily have forgotten. In these few months he had become a bowed, broken man. His hair had changed from brown to gray, and it was rumored that he had never, since, enjoyed a whole night's rest. Could this fail to tell on Ellen? who, excepting that one strange and unaccountable act, had always been a gentle, loving, obedient daughter. She watched it all, and knew that it had been her work. Moreover, there were arising, within her, doubts of Mr. Castonel—whether he was the idol she had taken him to be. She was also in bad health, her situation causing her a never-ceasing sensation of illness. She looked worn, haggard, wretched, curious comments on which went about Ebury; and the people all agreed that Mrs. Castonel did not seem to repose on a bed of roses.

'There's a row up-stairs,' exclaimed the tiger to Hannah, one day in April. 'Missis is sobbing and crying buckets full, and master has been a blowing of her up.'

'How do you know? Where are they?' said Hannah.

'In the drawing-room. I went up to ask what medicine was to go out, but they were too busy to see me. I heard master a roaring as I went up the stairs, like he roared at me one day, and nearly frightened my skin off me. It was something about missis going out so much to the parsonage; she said it was her duty, and he said it wasn't. She was lying on the sofa, a sobbing and moaning awful.'

'I think you must have peeped in,' cried Hannah. 'For shame on you!'

'In course I did. Wouldn't you? Oh dear no, I dare say not! Master was kneeling down then, a kissing of her, and asking her to forget what he'd said in his passion, and to get herself calm, for that it would do her unknown harm. And he vowed if she'd only stop crying, that he'd take her himself to the parsonage this evening, and stop the whole of it with her—'

'What is that you are saying?' sharply demanded Mrs. Muff, putting her head into the kitchen.

'I was a telling Hannah she'd best sew that there button on my best livery trousers, what came off 'em last Sunday, or she'd get her neck pulled,' answered the lad, vaulting away.

Whether the tiger's information was correct, and that excitement was likely to have an injurious effect upon Mrs. Castonel, certain it is, that the following day she was seized with illness. The nature of it was such as to destroy hopes of offspring, and precisely similar to that which had preceded the death of the first Mrs. Castonel.

'What an extraordinary thing!' cried Mrs. Chavasse, when the news reached her; 'it looks like fatality. Caroline had been six months married when she fell ill; and now in just the same period of time, Ellen falls ill! I hope she will not follow her fate out to the last, and die of it.'

'For the matter of that, we never knew what the first Mrs. Castonel did die of,' returned Mrs. Major Acre, who was sitting there. 'She was recovering from her sickness; indeed, it may be said that she had

recovered from it; and she went off suddenly one evening, nobody knew with what.'

'Mr. Castonel said it was perfectly satisfactory to medical men,' said Mrs. Chavasse. 'There are so many dangerous tricks and turns of maladies, you know, only clear to them.'

For several days Ellen Castonel was very ill. Not perhaps in absolute danger, but sufficiently near to excite apprehension.—Then she began to get better. During this time nothing could exceed the affection and kindness of Mr. Castonel: his attention was a marvel of admiration, allowed to be so, even by Mrs. Leicester.

One afternoon, when she was dressed and in her drawing-room, Mrs. and Miss Chavasse called. They were the first visitors who had been admitted. Frances offered to remain the rest of the day, but Mrs. Chavasse overruled it: Ellen was not strong enough, she said, to bear so many hours' incessant gossiping.

Mr. Castonel came in while they sat there. He was in high spirits, laughed and talked, almost flirted with Frances, as in former days, when she had erroneously deemed he had a motive in it. When they left, he attended them to the door, gay and attractive as ever in the eyes of Frances; and she pondered how Ellen could ever appear and with such a husband. Mr. Castonel then went into his laboratory, where he busied himself for half an hour. When he returned up-stairs, Ellen was in tears.

'Don't be angry with me, Gervase. This lowness of spirits will come on, and I cannot help it. I fear it is a bad omen.'

Mr. Castonel turned away his head, and coughed.

'An omen of what, Ellen?'

'That I shall never recover.'

'You have recovered. Come, come, Ellen, cheer up. I thought Mrs. Chavasse's visit had done you good.'

'Last evening, when I sat by myself for many hours, I could not help thinking of poor Caroline. I wondered what it could be she died of, and—'

'Ellen!' burst forth Mr. Castonel, 'it is wrong and wicked to encourage such absurd thoughts. You asked me the other day, when you were lying ill, what it was she died of, and I explained it. It is not going to occur to you.'

'No, no,' she answered, 'I am not really afraid. It is only in the dull evening hours, when I am alone, that I get these foolish fancies. If you could be always with me, they would not come. Try and stay with me to-night, Gervase.'

'My darling, I have not left you one evening since you were ill, till the last, and then it was not by choice. I know of nothing to call me forth to-night. Should anything arise unexpectedly, I must go, as Rice is away. In that case, I should tell Muff to remain with you.'

She still wept silently. It seemed that her spirits had sunk into a low state, and nothing just then could arouse them. Mr. Castonel stood and looked down at her, his elbow leaning on the mantel-piece.

'Would you like Mr. and Mrs. Leicester to come this evening?' he asked.

'Oh!' she cried clasping her hands and half rising from her chair, the pallid hue giving place to crimson on her lovely face, and the light of excitement rising in her sweet blue eyes—'oh, Gervase, if you would but let me ask them! Papa has never been here to stay an evening with me: he would come now. It would do more good than everything else. Indeed I should not have these fears then.'

He went to a table and wrote a brief note, putting it into Ellen's hands to read. It was to the effect that his wife was in low spirits, and much wished them both to come to tea and spend the evening with her.

'Thank you, thank you, dearest Gervase,' she exclaimed, 'you have made me happy. Oh, papa!'

'Ellen,' he said, gazing into her eyes, 'confess: you love your father better than you do me.'

'You know to the contrary, Gervase. I love him with a different love. I left him for you,' she added, in a low, almost reproachful tone, as she leaned forward and hid her face upon her husband's arm, 'and people say that it is killing him.'

The tiger was dispatched with the note to the parsonage, and brought back a verbal answer that Mr. and Mrs. Leicester would soon follow him.

They both came. They sat with Ellen and her husband. Mrs. Leicester made tea; and for once Ellen was happy. There ap-