

"NAY, I'LL STAY WITH THE LAD."

(In Hutton's room, No. 3, they saw two bodies, father and son, clasped together. One of the explorers knew the man, and knew that after the explosion he had been asked by one of the men afterward rescued to go along with him to another part of the workings, and the father replied: "Nay, I'll stay with the lad." It was the belief of the explorers that these had both died, with one or two others near, from the after-damp. They were lying peacefully, having made pillows of their jackets and clothes.—*Daily News*.)

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad,"
Down in the deep, black seam,
Huddled together, dying and dead,
Far from the day-world overhead,
Face to face, by a sudden fate,
With a horror of night prelude;
Hidden away from the merciful sun,
The death and the burial all in one,
By their fates cut off in vain,
More than a battle counts its slain;
Huddled together, man and lad,
In the grip of the fire-damp's watchful force—
Unconscious heroes of simple mould,
All unchanged from the race of old,
To the silent truths, with a martyr's cry,
Out of the depths they testify:
And never has rede been read, I deem,
Nobler than that in the deep, black seam,
Of Love and Courage the message said—
Only, "Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad,"
Down in the deep, black seam,
They found him living, and strong, and sound,
In spite of the terror underground;
And they bade him come and live again
In the light bright haunts of living men,
And once more look the sun in the face,
And gladden in earth's beloved embrace.
But he looked at his young boy, dead or dying,
In the midst of the shattered fragments lying—
Dying or dead—but powerless to move
At the help of man, or the voice of love,
And set lay dead where the child must die,
And he let deliverance pass him by;
He saw his duty set straight before
In the love that liveth for evermore,
And he put the proffered freedom behind,
With never a thought of self in mind;
And, to life or to death run the trackless stream,
He stayed with him in the deep, black seam,
And to prayer and warning one answer had,
A brave one—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad,"
Down in the deep, black seam
Once again was the story told
Old as Honour, as Percy old;
And the rugged miner, whose cares might be
Something unknown to you or to me,
Rather than leave his boy below,
Alone in the grip of the lurking foe,
Chose to die with him there and then,
Rather than live with his fellow-men;
Smoothed the pillow the child beneath,
Turned with him to the void of death,
And to all mankind, in its strong self love,
Taught the self proclaimed above:
And what'er his sin, and what'er his sorrow,
Chose the night without earthly sorrow—
Went to his Maker straight and free,
And pleaded his plea courageously;
For his boy he lived, for his boy he died;
And the two together, side by side,
Before the divine, eternal Throne
Had nothing to plead but their love alone—
And there, perchance, from the answer prove
That the greatest wisdom of all is love,
Self! be hushed, while in places high
The many pass thought of others by—
Let others starve, and let others bear
The woes that beset us everywhere—
So the great be but free from the curse of death,
So the great but gather the fruits of the earth,
So properly flourish, and riches thrive,
And keep but the worldling's life alive,
What is it to them that these grave things be?
That these sights are given to who will see?
While wealth may prosper, denial dream,
Life's moral is told in the deep, black seam:
And angels rejoice in that answer glad,
And human—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

HERMAN MERVILLE.

MR. CYNAMAN SQUOKES' DRIVE.

By JOSH MCKOSH.

Mr. Cynaman Squokes had long turned the matter over in his mind, and after a good deal of mental calculation and miscalculation, had decided the matter satisfactorily to himself. He had discussed the case with himself *pro* and *con*, he had argued it silently at breakfast, he had argued it silently at dinner, he had argued it silently at tea, but hitherto without success. The fact that these arguments were not given to the world is no proof that they were not most profound and exhaustive. Indeed, the trouble of deciding the question had long been so great that Mr. Cynaman Squokes, who was sometimes troubled with sleepless nights, had actually been able to argue himself to sleep every night for fully two weeks, and twice in church during the same time.

You will probably ask what was the subject which cost Mr. Squokes such trouble, and caused such a severe strain on his mental being. It was no less a question than how he should spend his twenty-first birthday. Mr. Squokes was not like most young gentlemen at that age. He had not to put up with galling restrictions of parental control; far from it, he was alone, he was his own master, and a man of the world, at least so he used to think, and it quite gratified him to style himself so, in the famous arguments which have just been hinted at. To say that this reflection was unnatural would be to do Mr. Squokes a great wrong. No, it was quite natural that he should regard himself in that light. He was an orphan, and had been supporting himself for a considerable time, and if that fact was not excuse enough in itself, it might further be argued that he was a citizen of that great nation, among which the male portion of the population attain maturity at ten.

Mr. Squokes at length determined to celebrate his coming of age by a drive in the country. He had not, however, proposed to go on this expedition alone. He had decided upon taking a young lady of his acquaintance along with him. For this young lady, daughter of the green

grocer whom his landlady honored with her patronage, he entertained the most tender and sentimental passion, indeed, he had even fondly hoped that one day in the future he might have the inexpressible happiness of making her Mrs. Cynaman Squokes.

With a view, therefore, to her accompanying him on the drive he dropped a small, pink-scented note into the post-office box, and then spent a day of feverish excitement haunted continually with the idea, that the delicious odour which penetrated even through the cream-laid envelope, might tempt the curiosity of some depraved post-office official, and thus frustrate his scheme. He was, however, greatly relieved the following day, to get, in his turn, a smaller, pinker, and, if possible, more highly scented note from Miss Quills, to intimate that she would be happy to accompany him.

Within ten minutes after the receipt of the small, pink, scented note, Mr. Squokes stood in the office of a large livery stable. The office was not overcrowded with furniture; a couple of chairs, a writing desk, a case of harness, a telephone, and a rack containing a number of whips, all variously knotted and bent, looking like so many tall rushes growing out of a buffalo robe on the floor. The walls were adorned with various representations by a former well-known artist of *Punch*, setting forth the hobbies and peculiarities of one Briggs, and the unhappy circumstances attending the pursuit of equestrian pleasures against the decided opinions and prejudices of his wife. These pictures did not in the least daunt our hero, who ordered, what he was pleased to term a single "trap" for the afternoon.

A little after three, then, Mr. Squokes, arrayed in a huge ulster, (for it is always much colder *driving*, you know), with heavy driving gloves, appeared with the charming Miss Quills, also in a heavy ulster and gloves, not quite so heavy as those of Mr. Squokes, and holding a very dainty parasol. Mr. Squokes' "trap," consisted of a neat double buggy with a cover, which was let down the day being fine. The "trap" aforesaid was brought out by a dirty faced boy, who held the horse's head waiting for the couple to get in. Mr. Squokes took a hurried glance at the whole thing with the air of a "man who knows," put on rather a dissatisfied expression of face, and remarked condescendingly, "Pretty fair." "Eh!" ejaculated the dirty faced boy at the horse's head. Mr. Squokes, without noticing the exclamation, enquired, "High stepper, aint he?" "You're just about right there," replied the dirty faced boy confidentially. "Ah!" slowly remarked Mr. Squokes, again assuming the air of "one who knows." During this short dialogue Miss Quills had placed herself comfortably on the left side of the buggy. Mr. Squokes now prepared to take his seat beside her. Seeing the young lady safely placed, the boy let go the horse's head, and handed the lines to Mr. Squokes. Any of my readers who have had experience of getting into a buggy will doubtless understand that it was now, when the boy had loosed his hold, and the animal was free, that a momentary shade of uneasiness crossed the mind of Mr. Squokes, for that gentleman knew that, however, quiet a horse may look, he cannot, or will not, let two people get quietly into the vehicle to which he is attached. No sooner had Mr. Squokes put his foot upon the step than the horse started off. "Whoa, Pet," soothingly remarked the foiled Squokes, as he sprang precipitately back, and looked under the carriage as if he had detected something wrong there in the act of getting up, and had just got down to fix it. "I'm all right, thank you," said Miss Quills, thinking she was addressed. "Name's not 'Pet,' it's 'Dasher,'" exclaimed the boy, glad to catch Mr. Squokes in any mistake, however slight. How do you know who I was speaking to?" thundered Mr. Squokes, and the boy, who was going to hold the horse again, slunk off and left the unfortunate gentleman to his fate. "Quiet, Dasher," began Mr. Squokes, again insinuating his foot upon the step, but the moment Mr. Squokes was caught on the wheel, which brushed itself clean through a whole half turn, against his coat, sliding him gradually off, but making him hop along with one foot on the step and the other on the ground, in the most undignified manner possible. The third time proved to be more lucky. Mr. Squokes, without warning of any kind, sprang up and succeeded in throwing himself into his seat, just as the horse bolted in earnest, bringing the back of the seat suddenly against the back of Mr. Squokes, throwing his head back, almost far enough to his neck, and bringing his jaws together like the spring of a fox-trap. Mr. Squokes a little chagrined, but not altogether cast down in spirit, seized the whip and flourished it about in a manner most calculated to reassure Miss Quills, if his somewhat singular mode of taking his seat had at all shaken her confidence in his driving abilities. After flourishing his whip in the most approved equestrian fashion, he proceeded to explain that, "It was all along with that infernal boy, teaching his horse tricks like——" An involuntary expression by both Mr. Squokes and his fair companion, completed the condemnation of the dirty faced boy. It was caused by Mr. Squokes having thoughtlessly returned the whip to its place in the buggy, which noise the horse appeared to take as a precursor of his getting a taste of that most useful article, started off with such velocity as to throw both their heads back and dislocate—not Miss Quill's neck, but her hat. Of course, Mr. Squokes tenderly assisted her to re-adjust it, but steered clear of the whip

in future, explaining, however, that he would "let him out" coming home.

They had driven a considerable distance without any particular adventure, except that Mr. Squokes had assiduously scraped the wheels of his buggy against the wheels of every vehicle he passed. That he was able to do this so perfectly, and without letting any escape, was, doubtless, owing, as he explained, to his having been wont on former occasions to pass everything on the right; a practice, which although well understood in England, appeared to Mr. Squokes to be somewhat new in this country.

It was now growing dusk, and Miss Quills, who had been urging him to turn, expressed so decided an opinion that Mr. Squokes could put her off no longer, but compromised the matter by promising to turn after he had passed a farm house, now about half a mile further up the road. It would have been well for Mr. Squokes if he had listened to her voice and turned at once. But Mr. Squokes, notwithstanding his English system of passing conveyances, so unadapted to this country as it seemed, was enjoying the drive immensely, and had just determined to speak to Miss Quills seriously as to the possibility, or as he put it, the probability of her becoming Mrs. Cynaman Squokes; a matter which he confidently expected could be disposed of in the compass of the next half mile, if Miss Quills would give her undivided attention. Before beginning, however, he was startled by a slight rumbling noise. Mr. Squokes had never been on this road before, and did not know what to expect. In a moment the rumble was heard again, this time more clearly. "Oh, there's a railway crossing in front of us," exclaimed Miss Quills in some excitement, "What shall we do?" Mr. Squokes took a careful look along the road and at the distance of about forty yards descried a sign post, carefully placed by the railway company, at the distance of about a dozen feet from the track, and intended to warn the public that a railway crossed the road at that point. There was no time to do anything, the express train was coming. In a moment more they could see the dark engine rush from the woods across the space, its bright light sparkling clearly in the partial gloom. And now the rails begin to whisper to one another, soon they murmured half aloud, then they talked, chattered, roared, as the iron monster hammered, and pounded and thundered on the defenceless metal beneath it. You might see like a flash how the bright side-rod danced and quivered up and down the huge wheels, how it furiously chased the black counterpoises round and round, in a dizzy, flying, whirling race. For one moment you caught sight of the driver, like a statue, with a red glow on his swarthy face, his hand on the regulator, and his eye riveted to the road ahead. But in a second his face was blotted out, and the first two cars were gone before they could be seen. In the passenger cars one brief glance sees, snoring old gentlemen mixed up with babies and newspapers, all blotted out by the conductor, his lamp twinkling out of sight, as an old lady reading a novel is obliterated by a couple of people talking politics, and a newly married couple loling back among the books, cushions, lamps, porters, elegance and comfort of the Pullman car, whose wheels drum a sounding tattoo on the rails, as the whole train, winking its bear red eyes, fades rapidly away, hurrying under a dense cloud of black smoke, as it rushes down the ever narrowing couple of bright rails, which sing, and hum, and murmur and are quiet. Then only a faint rumble comes and dies, and comes again and dies away, to remind them of the varied mass of life that surged before them but a moment ago; and all is still.

All this happened far quicker than it can possibly be related, but it had a disastrous effect upon the horse driven by Mr. Cynaman Squokes. At first it backed up, then jerked forward, broke one of the traces, and began slowly to back towards the ditch. To add to their discomfort a heavy shower which had been threatening began to fall, the wind blowing the rain in their faces, and no doubt stimulating the horse in his retrograde motion. Miss Quills put up the small parasol with which she was provided, while Mr. Squokes sprang to the ground to rectify the damage, as far as possible, and to stop the animal at all costs. Mr. Squokes placed himself in front and pulled the horse forward by the bridle with both hands, exclaiming as coaxingly as he could, "Easy, Dasher, not that way." It is probable that owing to the resounding noise the rain was making on his hard felt hat, the horse was unable to catch his tremulous accents, for certain it is he continued to back most resolutely. Miss Quills, with her parasol down in front of her face, saw or heard nothing, and was only aroused to a sense of her danger by finding herself bumped violently to the other side of the buggy, as one of the hind wheels plunged heavily down into the ditch. Becoming suddenly alarmed she abandoned the parasol to the storm, and taking up the whip, administered several sharp blows before "Dasher" started forward with his accustomed suddenness. When he did go, he passed fully half-way out of the shafts before the remaining trace becoming tight jerked the buggy up out of the ditch, quietly waiting Miss Quills to the earth on the opposite side, and breaking the hind wheel. As the buggy started forward Mr. Squokes, who was standing directly in front, received the end of the shaft on the breast, sending him flying into one of the angles of the snake-fence, where he lay wedged securely till he had recovered his scattered breath and senses sufficiently to extricate himself, while the horse

with the tattered remnants still attached, the broken wheel discharging spokes in all directions, very much like the last efforts of a defunct pin-wheel, fled up the road. This continued until "Dasher" was captured by some of the inmates of the very farm house which was to be the turning point in the drive, and also the termination of that memorable conversation he had just planned before the passing of the train. Before either Mr. Squokes or Miss Quills could speak to each other, a very comfortable looking covered carriage halted in front of them, and a good natured voice from inside enquired if either were hurt. On learning that no serious damage was done, the driver, who of all people to find them in this plight, turned out to be a deadly rival of Mr. Squokes, insisted on taking Miss Quills in and driving her off, telling Mr. Squokes, by way of consolation, that he would thereby be better able to see about the best way of getting back to town with the wreck, which was at present standing opposite the farm house, half a mile further on. This was doubly bitter to Mr. Squokes, for his first confused idea on coming to himself had been that in their mutual misfortune he would be able to comfort Miss Quills—to wipe her weeping eyes in fact—and now to have her taken away by his rival and before his face. Oh, this was too bad! And what was worse, she seemed quite glad to go too. Bitterly did Mr. Squokes curse his folly in not turning before that confounded train came. Oh, well, there was no use in going on like that now, she had left him and glad to get away too. Mr. Squokes' face was wet, but not altogether by the rain—there may have been other reasons as well; for he was beginning to take a good clear dollar-and-cent view of the way in which he could best get home, and of how proprietors of livery stables are in the habit of regarding "cold buggy, steered in mud."

Toronto.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 11.—The Sultan is said to have despatched an envoy on a secret mission to the European Courts. A large body of Armenian troops encamped near the frontier are threatening to invade British territory. France has declined to take the initiative on the Greek Question. An anti-Land League movement is being organized among the Orangemen in the North of Ireland. The Sultan decided yesterday to surrender Duleigno immediately and unconditionally, and the Montenegrins thereupon took possession. Further despatches from Teheran confirm the reported pillage and massacre by the Kurds. The Persian Government has despatched a large body of troops to the scene of the trouble. Telegrams from Afghanistan say that the north-western section of the country is in a state of ferment, and the insurrectionary spirit is spreading rapidly among the hill tribes.

TUESDAY, Oct. 12.—Robert the Devil won the Czarwitsch stakes at Newmarket yesterday. General Roca has been proclaimed President of the Argentine Confederation. Queensland is in the midst of a political crisis. The position of the Ministry is in jeopardy. Cape Town despatches say a large body of reinforcements is at present on the Basuto-land frontier. A Valparaiso despatch definitely states that Chili and Peru have accepted the mediation of the United States. Extensive military preparations are being made in the west of Ireland, in view of apprehended disturbances. The Powers threaten to blockade Smyrna and seize the customs dues of that port, which amount to some \$50,000 daily, should the Sultan continue to obstruct the designs of united Europe.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 13.—The Russian Czar is lying ill at Livadia. Cardinal Nina's resignation has been accepted by the Pope. Leading members of the Irish Land League are to be prosecuted. The Greek Government has obtained an advance of 62 million francs from the Bank of Athens. The Shah of Persia has asked the Porte to stop Kurd invasions of Persia from Turkish territory. At a meeting of the French Cabinet, yesterday, it was unanimously decided to enforce the decrees against the unauthorized religious communities. A Cape Town despatch says the Basutos surprised the villagers of Masera on Sunday, pillaged the stores, set fire to the outlying buildings, and retired under cover of the darkness. Great excitement prevails in Cape Town, as Masera is entirely isolated, and the villagers are short of supplies.

THURSDAY, Oct. 14.—General Blanco advises the continuation of martial law in Cuba for some months longer yet. The ceremony of consecrating the Cathedral of Cologne begins to-day and lasts three days. Calixto Garcia was released from the Castle of Alicante yesterday, by order of the Spanish Government. The French prefects recommend the enforcement of the decrees at once, so as not to prolong the agitation till the municipal elections take place. Later despatches from Cape Town say the Basutos lost heavily in the engagement on Sunday night with Colonel Bull's force at Fort Masera. At Newmarket yesterday Lord Falmouth's Murel won the Oaks, Lord Roseberry's Savoyard the Acacia sweepstakes, Robert the Devil winning the Champion stakes. Sir John Astley's Microphone won the Autumn handicap.

FRIDAY, Oct. 15.—A London despatch says the masters of the Oldham collieries have refused to advance wages. The second October meeting at Newmarket closed yesterday. Theobald won the great Challenge stakes. The Albanians are determined to resist the cession of Duleigno. The Times asserts that in the matter of the Greek boundary question, the European Powers will leave the Sultan to his own devices. Harman, the Nihilist, says there are 300,000 organized Russians in Russia. The determination of the Government to prosecute the leaders of the Land League has created a panic in that body. The Czar's new yacht *L'Esperanza* left the Clyde yesterday. A Cape Town despatch says Lieut. Carrington's force, besieged in Mafeking, was all safe, up to the 13th instant. A relief party will start at once to raise the siege.

SATURDAY, Oct. 16.—The King and Queen of Greece have returned to their capital. All the foreign consuls have withdrawn from Preround in Albania. The Thracians have recommenced hostilities against General Skobeleff. The Gallians at latest accounts, were threatening to bombard several Portuguese ports. The Czar of Russia has offered the Czarwitsch the co-regency of the empire on certain conditions. A Bonapartist gathering in Paris yesterday requested Prince Jerome to renounce his pretensions to the Imperial throne in favour of Victor Bonaparte. (France is indignant a note to the Powers threatening to send her troops across the frontier if the claimed territory is not ceded within a certain time.)