

GILLYFLOWERS.

Old fashioned, yes, I know they are,
Long exiled from the gay parterre;
And banished from the bowers;
But not the fairest foreign bloom
Can match in beauty or perfume
Those bonny English flowers.

Their velvet petals, fold on fold,
In every shade of flaming gold,
And richest, deepest brown;
Lie close with little leaves between,
Of slender shape and tender green,
And soft as softest down.

On Sabbath mornings long ago,
When melody began to flow
From out the belfry tower,
I used to break from childish talk,
To pluck beside the garden walk
My mother's Sunday flower.

In Spring she loved the snow-drop white,
In summer time carnations bright,
Or roses newly blown;
But this the flower she cherished most,
And from the goodly garden host
She chose it for her own.

Ah, mother dear! the brown flowers wave
In sunshine o'er thy quiet grave,
This morning, far away;
And I sit lonely here the while,
Scarce knowing if to sigh or smile
Upon their sister spray.

I well could sigh, for grief is strong,
I well could sigh, for love lives long,
And conquers even death;
But if I smile, or if I sigh,
God knoweth well the reason why,
And gives me broader faith.

Firm faith to feel all good is meant,
Sure hope to fill with deep content
My most despairing hours;
And oftentimes He deigns to shed
Sweet sunshine o'er the path I tread,
As on to-day, these flowers.

And chose He not a bower meet,
To bring for me those blossoms sweet,
A loving little child?
And child and bonny blossoms come,
Like messages of love and home,
O'er waters waste and wild.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

BESSIE'S HERO.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

"Oh! If I could only get those lovely harebells!" Bessie Swayne looked around to see if none of the youths who were anxious for her smiles were at hand to climb the steep mossy bank and gather the tempting cluster for her, but she looked in vain.

Yes, leaning against a tree, idly looking through the branches at the gay picknickers as they busily prepared for their sylvan banquet, but never aiding, was Percy Stone. Bessie saw him, but doubted much whether gallantry would impel him to risk the immaculate whiteness of his pants in a scramble for wild flowers; but few could resist Bessie, and she tried her wiles.

"Do you see what a lovely bouquet I have been making?" she asked, showing the blue forget-me-not and wild rosebuds she held in her hand. "Now I only want a fringe of those harebells and it would be complete, but they are too high."

"Yes," said Percy looking up languidly, "they are out of reach without climbing, but your bouquet is very pretty as it is."

Bessie felt piqued; she knows Mr. Stone prides himself on never paying "ridiculous small attentions," leaving it to be inferred, of course, that where great exertions were needed he would not be remiss, yet womanlike she is only the more anxious to be the one exception to his rule. She is too proud to show her pique, but when John Bronte comes towards her, she looks at him so graciously that the poor fellow, who is over head and ears in love with her, does not know how to account for such a sudden change in his favor, for she is more sparing of her smiles to him than to any one, nay, he often fears he is more than indifferent to her. But now her eyes sparkle with pleasure, her face dimples with smiles as she sees him coming. He does not stay long to account for this new caprice, but resolves to improve the hour.

"I came to tell you our banquet is ready."

"And I have been gathering flowers to deck the boards. I was just wishing those harebells were within reach, they are so lovely."

"Do you want them?" he asks quickly, but not waiting for her answer, he climbs after them, and Bessie casts a glance of supreme contempt on the languid Percy.

It is slowly away, however, for that cool gentleman is solely engaged in watching with much interest John, as, not without one or two slips, he accomplishes his task. He comes down, the knees of his pants green, his hair dishevelled, but radiant with pleasure at having been able to do something to please Bessie, who still smiling, thanks him profusely, and then he walks with her to where the cloth is laid and seats her next to where he intends to sit himself, and then leaves to wash off the traces of his scramble.

Meanwhile the company have seated themselves, and Percy saunters up and takes John's intended place, and, I blush to say for the credit of woman's gratitude, Bessie has a thrill of pleasure at the substitute, and, there being nothing to do during the merry meal, Percy devotes himself to the pretty girl at his side. He says simple things in the tender way for which he is famous, pays her indirect compliments, and Bessie feels perfectly sure he cares more for her than any one else. He may be a flirt, but there is not always a difference that can be felt when a man is really in love, and when he is only feigning to be so? And Bessie is quite sure there is that difference

in his tone to her now. His voice trembles as if with suppressed emotion when she receives some half expressed assurance of his devotion with light banter. His dark eyes look into hers as, she is sure, they can never have looked twice to a woman.

In short, Bessie, almost unconsciously to herself, is in love, and with the man of all men she never intended to do anything but hate. When he came to Romley, his reputation as a lady killer came with him, and Bessie, when all her girl friends were in raptures about his manners, his eyes, his teeth, determined she should dislike him, and let him see there was one girl who could resist him. At the same time she was herself the belle of the place, and it would be a great triumph if she would attach him to her string of beaux, and so she laid her snares, and notwithstanding she could not make him pay any of those attentions men generally pay to women, he yet seemed to have walked into them, and Bessie was waiting until his captive state should become obvious, and then she would snub him.

Poor Bessie! she had been playing with edged tools, and now she began to think if he really loved her, it would be very cruel of her to trample on his love after having worked very ingeniously to obtain it. After all, would it not be better to try and love him in return? Bessie was debating this as he sat by her side, and almost made up her mind that when he told her his love plainly she would be very kind to him, and allow him to hope that in time she might return it.

Poor John Bronte had taken his seat opposite the one usurped by Percy, and could see the latter's loverlike manner, almost guess the things he said so tenderly in her ear, and worse than all, he had to see the evident happiness of Bessie in receiving them. He had often seen her coquetting with others, but never had he seen her listen so quietly with such a sweet tender look in her eyes as now.

"Poor little bird! She is caught at last," he sighed to himself, for he knew there was suffering in store for her, as there had been for so many others that Percy Stone had known.

After the dinner was over, and the party were all wandering off in couples, Percy decorated Bessie's hair with the harebells John had gathered, and Bessie laughing merrily ran to the brook to look at herself and then came back, and Percy was evidently asking something very earnestly which she appeared to grant, for she took the rosebuds she was wearing in her bosom, and gave them to him. They were alone now, or thought they were, and did not see John lying in the grass, a miserable spectator of the little scene. Percy's hand closed on Bessie's as she gave him the buds which he pressed to his lips, and murmured as to himself, but loud enough for her to hear,

"My darling."

But nevertheless as they walked, he took the direction of the rest of the company who were laughing and frolicking gaily among the trees.

"Ah! he has gone far enough, the rascal, and thinks it would be convenient to have by standers now—poor little Bessie, my dear little girl, and I have loved her so long."

John pressed his forehead on the cool grass, and passed a very bitter hour, struggling to conquer his emotion and be master of himself, but it was not easy; he had never been without hope, but it was gone, and worse than all she was giving her love to a man who could cast it aside as a worthless thing whenever it suited his pleasure. Poor, poor Bessie!

The carriages that had brought the party had been left at an inn at the other side of the little river at the foot of the hill, and returning home, the party kept together until they came to the river when Bessie proposed walking to the mill and crossing there. It was a prettier road and somewhat nearer. Most of them, however, preferred the way they had come, and so Bessie and Percy separated from the rest agreeing to meet at the inn. They sauntered on under the over-arching trees, following the rapid little river until they came to the mill stream.

"Let us stay a minute. I love to watch the wheel so much. See how it draws everything to it," Bessie said throwing in some wild flowers she had in her hand.

"It is like life," she continued a little sentimentally, "we begin our journey very slowly at first, but gradually the pace grows rapid and more rapid until we are rushing along the death."

"The mill being death, and we being represented by the flowers, eh?"

"Yes."

"Very pretty and poetical."

"Well, write me a pretty poem for my album."

"I am no poet, not even a poetaster, unless appreciation of a living poem makes me one."

He looked into her eyes as he spoke, and Bessie knew she was the poem he meant. She blushed rosy red, and then stepping on to the plank that crossed the millstream, she said:

"We had better go on or they will be waiting for us. I declare I have stared at that old wheel until I am giddy."

"Take my hand."

"Oh no, I am all right now" and they began to cross.

When they had reached the middle she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Stone, I have left my parasol against the tree."

"I will get it," he said turning back to where they had been watching the mill. Just as he grasped it, he heard a shriek for help. He turned and saw Bessie struggling in the stream. He sprang to the edge of the water, but alas! she

was being rapidly borne to the wheel, and to her death. For one instant he had thought of attempting to rescue her, but a glance at the rate at which she was being borne along by the stream showed him the impossibility of saving her and the almost certain destruction to both if he attempted it.

"Oh, save me! save me!"

The cry came to him, and made him shudder, as he caught a last reproachful glance from Bessie, and then she sank from sight.

"Poor, poor girl, but what can I do? It would be madness to throw away my life, and I cannot save hers, I know."

As he speaks, he glances towards the mill, and ready to plunge into the whirling water at its most dangerous point, stands John Bronte.

As poor Bessie's white dress appears again on the surface, this time terribly near the wheel, and torn and lashed with the furious waters, he springs into the stream!

"He is mad, he cannot save her!"

And then Percy Stone gazes as if fascinated at those two beings so soon to meet their death, as he thinks.

He sees John Bronte grasp the white dress, and then by a tremendous effort beat his way out of the vortex, and into the still water. He has called for help, and the miller's family are already hurrying forth. Percy waits to see no more. It strikes him that his conduct would contrast ignobly with John's if the truth became known, and the elegant Percy took counsel of his shame and walked away.

And poor pretty Bessie! She had still a spark of life in her which after much tender effort allowed itself to be fanned into a flame, and a few days after her perilous adventure she was as well and blooming as ever, but how much wiser, and perhaps a little sadder!

Percy was seen no more in Romley, and John Bronte was the hero of the place, for although he said nothing of Percy Stone's cowardice, Bessie did not fail to proclaim that she owed her life to John's bravery, and in answer to the hundred eager questions with which she was beset, she had to relate again and again how it had all happened, and as a sort of penance she did it faithfully, not glozing over the fact that Percy could have saved her with much less danger to himself than John had run, and when she heard the exclamations:

"Oh, the coward! what a mean fellow!"

After flirting so desperately with you all the afternoon."

She said nothing, thinking she deserved all the stings that lurked in what they said, but she was not equally silent when they spoke of Bronte as "a splendid fellow," "a real hero."

"He is indeed a noble man," says Bessie

"and I owe him my life!"

For with days in humility she acknowledges to herself she has mistaken the tinsel for gold, and that plain, homely, sensible John had all the elements of the romantic hero she had fancied Percy to be.

"But of course he despises me now," thought Bessie "he has seen what a foolish frivolous thing I am. I believed he liked me once, but he will not waste any more thoughts on such a vain little fool as I have proved myself."

And then she shed a few quiet tears, and determined to be an old maid, and be very good to little children, and darn stockings for her little nephews and nieces all her days, but just as she had come to this heroic conclusion the lion of the day came in, and seeing her meek air and tear stained cheeks, took heart of grace, and insisted on knowing her trouble, and in order to induce her to impart it, tells her his dearest wish in life is to share it, and this makes Bessie cry more than ever.

It is of no use talking to Bessie about heroes nowadays. She smiles with calm superiority in the possession of one all to herself.

AN IMPERIAL ROLE.

Albert Rhodes writes: The Empress Eugenie was very desirous of playing in a comedy at the court, but none could be found suitable for such an august person. One only has to look over the usual repertory of society plays to understand her embarrassment, all the women parts being subjected to personal familiarities which an empress could not undergo without a shock to court etiquette. Notwithstanding an extended search, the character could not be found that was not embraced, that did not engage in familiar talk, nor shake hands. M. Feuillet untied the knotty difficulty by writing a little comedy for the occasion called "Le Portrait de la Marquise," in which the hostess may be said to have played her own character, flattered by an admiring poet. Being rather mediocre in histrionic talent notwithstanding her fondness for playing, hers was the only woman role, in order that there might not be unpleasant comparisons in the minds of the privileged spectators. Naturally M. Feuillet was in full feather during the rehearsals and representations.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Spain is sending more troops to Cuba. Four lives were lost at Humber Bay, Toronto, on Saturday last, by the capsizing of a yacht. Kaiser William of Germany will visit the King of Italy on the 30th instant. It is not definitely settled whether Bismarck will accompany him or not. Snow fell at Rivière du Loup on the 18th and the 19th, on Mount Washington, a train was blocked by the same wintry obstruction for several hours. One third of the native population of the Fiji Islands have died within a space of four months, from measles, and it is feared, that the disease will kill the entire population unless checked.

The Pope held a Consistory last week, and conferred upon Cardinal McCloskey the Ring and Title of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

The majority of the Serbian Legislature does not appear to be in favour of declaring war against Turkey. The minority, however, are endeavouring to provoke war.

The Papal Nuncio has sent a circular to the Spanish Bishops claiming the fulfilment of the terms of the Concordat, by which the exercise of any non-Catholic creed is forbidden, and which requires the clergy to superintend education, and pledges the co-operation of the secular power in suppressing heretical teaching and literature. The circular is causing much commotion.

The followers of some of Don Carlos' most influential partisans are endeavouring to induce him to conclude peace. The bands of Carlists encamped near Tolosa refused to fight; their commander has been arrested. Messrs. Thiers and Gambetta are reported to have agreed on a common programme.

The great race for the St. Leger Stakes was contested for at the Doncaster September meeting last week. The race, which was very exciting, was won by Craigmillar, the second place being taken by Balfie and the third by Earl Dartrey.

General Jovellar, the new Spanish Premier, says that the efforts of the ministry at present will be directed almost entirely to the pacification of the kingdom.

The New York Democratic Convention has been held at Syracuse, and resolutions in favour of hard money, canal reform, and opposition to a third term adopted.

LITERARY.

ROCHEFORT'S *Lanterne* has suspended for want of readers.

LOUISE ALCOTT has made \$60,000 from her books.

THE scene of George Eliot's new story is laid in America.

EMERSON'S promised volume of essays will not be ready this year.

JOAQUIN MILLER, they say, is able to discount the chirography of either Rufus Choate or Horace Greeley.

TWO printers with nothing else to do have estimated that the full report of the Beecher trial would fill eight volumes the size of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia."

THE literary world is to have a new treasure. The original manuscript of the hitherto imperfect tragedy "Politian," by Edgar Allan Poe, has been discovered and will soon be published.

WALT WHITMAN, is living in seclusion at Camden, New Jersey. He is about to publish a new volume of poems. The young men of Camden have formed a literary club called the Walt Whitman Club.

IT is reported that General Dufour has left an important MS., which will shortly appear in print. It is the history of the Sonderbund war, and will be prefaced by the life of the General, compiled from his own memoirs.

WHAT troubles Thomas Carlyle most keenly is that the nerves of his hand are so shattered that he cannot write himself. He is obliged to employ an amanuensis, and that is a serious drawback to one who has been accustomed to do his thinking with a quill in his hand.

THE late Lord Derby was the author of a small volume of poems which were printed for private circulation. According to the *Liverpool Courier* the present earl is said to contemplate the republication of the volume, so that it may be within reach of all admirers of the gifted translator of Homer.

THE Earl of Albemarle has in preparation a volume to be entitled "Fifty Years of My Life," which, it is said, will contain many new facts, social and political, about the chief persons and events of the early part of the present century, including an account, founded on his own experience, of the battle of Waterloo.

BARON IMBERT DE SAINT-AMANT has published an interesting work on all the ladies who have graced the French Courts for the last two centuries. Mlle. de la Valliere, Mlle. de Montespan, the Duchesse de Berri, Princesses de Lamballe, Marie Stuart, Marie Antoinette, and many other historical figures are depicted in turn. *Portraits de Grandes Dames* is the title of this work.

IN the papers of Guizot there have been found some additions to his memoirs, written in 1849, in which he details a conversation held that year with the Duchess of Sagan, the niece of Talleyrand. Guizot spoke of the Revolution of 1849 as not having produced a man, and the Duchess said she had met in Germany a little Pomeranian named Bismarck, who would be talked of some day, if he should live.

THEODORE TILTON is engaged to lecture every night from the 15th instant to the 1st of June next, except Sundays and Christmas Day. He is to receive \$100 a night and a greater sum in large cities. On the night of Beecher's reception in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, September 29, Tilton will lecture in New York, on the following night he will speak in Brooklyn, and on the next in Boston.

TENNYSON has been staying in London for a considerable time this season, and has been out a great deal into society. He has freely expressed his opinion that his new dramatic poem will be a success. The mounting of the play will be superb. Tennyson, who has cleared many thousands of pounds by the sale of his "Queen Mary," is the very ideal of a poet. He wears his hair about his shoulders and is never seen but in his brigand hat and extensive flowing cloak. In a room he is a brilliant conversationalist, but more than a little egotistic and self important.

THE smallest Bible ever produced has just been issued from the Oxford University Press Warehouse. It is printed legibly on a tough India paper of extreme thinness and opacity, measures 4 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches, and weighs, when bound in limp morocco leather, less than 3 1/2 ounces. It can be sent through the post for a penny. The Oxford University Press, being very ably managed, has produced numerous attractive specimens of the bookbinders' art that will meet with general commendation. An additional novelty has been produced—the miniature Prayer book—with the new "Registered Oxford Suspension Clasp" for suspending the book to a lady's waistband by means of a chain attached to a double-acting hinge.

THE London *World* has met with remarkable success. It is now but a year and nine weeks old, but it is already a prosperous and money-making journal. A very well informed gentleman says that the three great authorities in London now on financial affairs are the *Times*, the *Examiner*, and the *World*. The articles in the latter paper entitled, "In the City," which are written by Mr. Labouchere, have very great influence on the Stock Exchange. The circulation of the paper is about 8,000, and its advertising represents about £60 a week. The paper sells at sixpence, but counting it at fourpence a copy and the advertising at only £50 a week you have an income of £9,400 a year. Out of this, of course, must be paid all expenses, and the *World* pays its contributors very handsomely. But still there is a good margin of profit, for if it pays at the rate of five guineas a page for all its matter—which is an extravagant figure—its output for literary work in a year would be only about £4,500, and its other expenses are small.