

THE GLORY OF WAR.

At daybreak on a lofty hill, that caught the sun's first glow.
A gallant youth with graceful mien gazed on the scene below.
The while with wild and wildered looks clung sobbing to his side
The fair-faced, gentle loving girl, that he had made his bride.
"I cannot let you go!" she cried. "Yet go I must!" said he.
"List how the martial music sounds its summons unto me!
From vale and hill rise high the notes that thrill my very soul;
And kindle in my throbbing breast a fire beyond control;
And see the gorgeous hosts that march in glorious array,
With banners rivaling with their beams the rising orb of day.
While just above the pageant placed appears a starry crown.
The guerdon fair of deathless fame and radiant renown.
I'll win the crown and wear it, too!" he cried in pride and glee.
"And thou wilt share the honor, too, when I come back to thee."
He pressed her form, he kissed her lips, then tore himself away.
And she with brimming eyes beheld him hurry to the fray.
He sped along with bounding step, led by the luring sound.
Across the intervening space unto the battle ground:
When, lo! he saw that what had seemed bright banners from afar
Were but the crimson creeks of gore left in the wake of war;
And what had seemed those martial sounds were shrieks and gurgling groans;
While overhead the starry crown was but a mass of stones.
Round which the famished vultures flew in clusters thick and fast.
To gloat with glee upon the dead in horrible repast.
A moment only gazed he round, then, well'ring in his gore,
He sank to rest upon the sod, his glorious mirage o'er.
When evening shades were painted deep, and day was nearly done,
And shouts triumphant rang afar proclaiming vict'ry won.
His anxious bride with eager step sped swiftly 'mong the slain,
And soon the rising moon disclosed his form to her again.
With bated breath and tender touch she lifted up his head,
But vain, alas, was each caress, her darling one was dead.
Her voice rang out one fearful scream, her heart made one fierce bound,
Then senseless fell she at his side upon the bloody ground.
And when the darkness passed away, and day had sprung to life,
They found the husband stiff and cold, clasped by his lifeless wife.

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SUMMER'S GOLDEN DAYS.

BY BEATRICE DUNPHY.

CHAPTER I.

"Woman is at best a contradiction still."

I have an intense inexpressible desire to go into the country; I have a wild unutterable longing to see the green fields, and to hear the murmur of the river as it flows smoothly through the meadow at the end of auntie's garden; I have a mad impulse to throw myself down in a hayfield, and to toss the hay about till I am weary; but I can have none of these glorious things, for it is the height of the London season, and mother will not let me leave home. I think it is very hard of her; but she believes she is doing her duty by keeping me in hot weary-some London; and she thinks I ought to have my chance as well as the other girls, so she takes me about to concerts, garden-parties, balls, fetes, and flower-shows, until I am in such a whirl of excitement that it is quite by chance that I say the right thing to the right person, and do not do something to make myself ridiculous and to vex my sisters. Mother thinks that it is high time one of us was married; and as I am the second, and am twenty-one, all her energies seemed to be expended on me this season.

I suppose it is because Barbara, my eldest sister, is such a lovely girl that there is no fear of her being put on the shelf, and there is plenty of time for Helen, who is only just out, that mother pitches on to me to torment unmercifully just now.

June is so hot in London, and I do long for the country; and yet I am so strong and well that my longing does not make me look pale, and late hours do not even take the lustre from the roses in my cheeks, or I might appeal to mother's heart, and then she would let me go to the country to freshen up my beauty.

I am not a bit beautiful, though; only I am young, and all the Haseltines have good mouths and pretty figures, so I come in for those two attributes just in the same way as I get my name of Lois Haseltine.

I am all this time dreaming of the country and of pleasant things instead of dressing for dinner, and the bell will ring directly and I shall be late, and father will look grieved, and mother will scold, and I shall not be one bit nearer Coolmory.

In the midst of my meditation Helen comes into my room, and says father is waiting for me before he tells us all a piece of news.

I quickly change my dress while Nellie gets out my ribbons and frills, and before long we are all eagerly listening to father's story.

He tantalises us by making us guess his news and after refusing to do so, we all make the most lamentable failures in that line, until I say (my mind still full of the country),

"Has it anything to do with the Coolmory people?"

Then father says,

"Lois's guess was the nearest, for Maggie is going to be married this day fortnight, and she wants Lois to go down at once to help her make preparations to be her bridesmaid."

"And how did you hear it, father?" Barbara asks, as she absolutely looks interested about Maggie; for we are all very fond of our only cousin.

"Well, the young man came to see me at the office to get my consent as I am her guardian; but as your aunt and Maggie had already settled everything, there was nothing for me to do except to give them my blessing, which I did most heartily."

Mr. Stafford is a gentlemanly young fellow, and has been curate at Coolmory for a year; he has just been presented with a living, and nothing will content him but to marry Maggie off hand, so that they may take a holiday and wedding-tour in one, before they settle to his parochial work down at Westbury.

"It is very annoying that Maggie's wedding is to take place just now," mother says; and then continues, "Why could she not have asked Barbara or Helen to be her bridesmaid instead of Lois? but they always were such friends, I suppose I must let her go!" and then father decides the question at once, and adds,

"Of course Lois must go, and after the wedding she must stay with aunt Mary until Maggie returns from her honeymoon expedition."

Already I am wildly happy at the idea of leaving London, and happier still when I think that I shall be out of all the gaieties that are set down in the engagement-book, and which stretch out until the end of burning July. How I commiserate my sisters when I think of what they will have to go through while I shall lazily enjoy the lovely summer-weather down at Coolmory!

Don't think I am not fond of gaiety, and even of London; but I am weary of it all just now, and particularly weary of mother's efforts to get me married.

I have never seen the man I could love, so I have never wanted to be married; but mother will insist on it, and seems to think it reflects discredit on her fact that she has still her three daughters on her hands.

I am quite content to wait until the others are married, and then I trust she will let me alone to enjoy myself in my own way, and keep father company, while she goes about finding husbands for other people's daughters.

I have no reason to grumble just now though for my wish is gratified, and I am going down to Coolmory for six weeks' holiday, and shall only return just in time for the general migration to the coast or the Continent.

Mr. Stafford has been to see us, and we all agree with father in thinking him an unexceptionally agreeable young man; and mother considers Maggie a lucky girl to have already secured such a prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He proposes to take me down to auntie's on Monday morning; and as Maggie also signifies her approval of this plan in her letter of invitation, I agree to it, and am radiantly happy during the next three days, though I am taken about a good deal more than I consider good for me. Monday at length arrives, and amid kisses from the girls and innumerable directions from mother about the length and fit of my bridesmaid's gown, father slips a clean crisp ten-pound note into my hand. Mr. Stafford and myself are at last driven away.

Then, and only then, I realized the gratification of being on my way to the country, and at the same time as happy a girl as was to be found within the bills of mortality, as somebody says. I am leaving behind me all the gaieties and so-called pleasures of the metropolis, and all dear mother's plans for my future happiness which cause me so much weariness of spirit in the present.

CHAPTER II.

"Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find."
SHAKESPEARE.

The wedding is over, and I have just sent home an elaborate account of it. Auntie has gone up to her room to shed unlimited tears, for she thinks it the proper thing to do; and I feel rather dull and lonely now that the excitement is over and Maggie is gone.

The wedding was very simple, but we made everything look as pretty as possible, and transformed the house into a perfect bower of roses. The church was crowded, and Maggie was so contented and happy that she looked really pretty. I was the only bridesmaid, and had to do a good deal of signing, as that I felt quite a person of importance. Then there was breakfast; then Maggie went away; then all auntie's friends went to their respective homes; and auntie and I are left alone to enjoy each other's company. The best man, a young surgeon named Philip Graham, is staying at the rectory, and I think he might stroll over to know how we are after the fatigues of the day. What I have seen of him I like very much, for he is tall and dark, and appears to be of a serious turn of mind; but he is not really serious, for he has an immense fund of humour, and generally amuses me to such a degree that I laugh to an immoderate extent, and I am always in dread of being reproved by auntie; but she seems to enjoy his conversation, and never checks my mirth as mother would. We saw a good deal of him before the wedding, as he used to come over and spend the day here with Mr. Stafford, and naturally we used to go

about a good deal together, so as not to interrupt the lovers. I wonder if we shall ever see him now his friend is gone, and how long he will remain at the rectory. With all my self-love I can see that he does not care a bit about me, and that there is no danger of his making love; so if he does contemplate leaving Coolmory at once I trust we shall have some pleasant walks and talks together. Next morning auntie has recovered her usual spirits, and is already looking out for letters from Maggie. Before we have finished breakfast Mr. Graham comes in, in just the same easy way as if Mr. Stafford was following him.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lisle; how are you after your fatigues of yesterday?" he says; and then they begin to discuss the wedding, and talk it all over, which to my mind is very often the best part of entertainments.

I look out of the window and think how pleasant it must be under the shade of the alders down by the river's bank, and I fervently wish that Maggie was here, and that we might go out and spend our morning there, as we did every day last week.

Evidently Philip Graham thinks the same thing, for turning from auntie to me, he asks if it would not be pleasanter out of doors this lovely morning, and if I will stroll down to the river with him. I look towards auntie and dutifully ask her if she will accompany us; but she declines, and says she will spend the time we are out in packing up Maggie's presents. I feel I ought to offer to help her; but the sun is shining so dazlingly, and there is such a fresh breeze down by the river, that my good resolution melts away, and in another minute my hat is on, and Philip Graham and I are sauntering through the dewy meadows, and I am enjoying pleasant Coolmory even as much as I anticipated.

We wander on through a good many fields, and finally settle down to rest in quite a new spot. It is very lovely, and the scent of the clover intoxicates me to such a degree that I throw myself down in it, and take a long sniff before I look up to see what my companion is doing. He regards me in quite a superior way and I cannot help laughing as it strikes me he looks very like Landseer's dog Dignity; while I feel like Impudence with my rough hair and my hat very much at one side.

After my frolic I smooth my hair, put my hat straight, open my parasol, and then ask Mr. Graham for a remark; he answers me slowly as he says,

"I was thinking what a child you are, and wondering whether you had any depth of feeling or force of character."

In a moment I am serious, for his words chill me somewhat; and then I tell him that I am having a summer's holiday, and am just a child again for a month, during which time I want to leave all my worries at home. Then he laughs in his turn at me, and inquires my troubles; and before I know what I am saying I tell him all about mother and the girls, and when our walk is over I feel as if I had known Philip Graham all my life. The rest of the day auntie and I devote to paying visits, and in the evening we answer Maggie's letters.

All our days pass pretty much in the same way. Every morning Philip Graham and I take a walk—sometimes down to the river; and occasionally to the little town two miles off, to fetch the letters that arrive by the afternoon's post. Aunt Mary is always busy in the morning, and never comes with us. She is such a dear sweet woman, and always reminds me of father. I have been with her a great deal for the last two days, for it has been raining incessantly, and I have not been able to leave the house even for a turn in the garden. Wet days in the country are more unbearable than in London; for I feel as if they deprive me of so many modicums of fresh air that legally belong to me. We have seen nothing of Mr. Graham and I miss him very much, a great deal more than I thought possible; perhaps it is because I have neither Barbara nor Helen to talk to, about little things that do not interest auntie.

At the end of the second rainy day there is a little excitement in the house, because we receive an invitation for a dance at the rectory next week. Auntie and I find plenty to say, about what we shall wear and who will be there and I go to bed in a pleasant frame of mind, but with an intense desire for the following day to be fine, so that I may go out for a walk with Mr. Graham. It is just as fine as I could possibly wish, and at the usual hour Philip Graham saunters in; and without waiting to be asked, I put on my hat, and once more we are out in the clear fresh air. Everything appears to have benefited by the rain: the flowers and grass looked so refreshed that I exclaim, "The world seems as if it was just made, and I am delighted to be out again."

"Did you find it dull the last two days?" Mr. Graham asks me; and I confess that I did, and that I wished he had come to see us.

"I did not think you would have liked it Miss Haseltine; because I understood you to say you did not wish to be bothered during your visit to your aunt."

I look up to see if he is laughing at me, but he is perfectly serious; so I tell him that he does not bother me, and ask him if we have another wet day to call at auntie's, so as to break the monotony and interrupt our *l'été-été*. This he promises, but adds that he is leaving Coolmory next week, and is going to India as doctor on board one of the mail-boats.

"Why did you not tell me before, Mr. Gra-

ham?" I ask; and I feel as if he had wronged me by not telling me sooner.

"I have only just got the appointment, and only knew it myself an hour ago; and I hastened over here to tell you because, Miss Haseltine, I look upon you as one of my dearest friends."

O, how his words delight me! At last I have met a man who is honest enough to tell a girl he looks upon her as a friend, and who does not mask his friendship behind a flimsy veil of flirtation.

"I am so glad you look upon me as a friend, Mr. Graham. Now I can tell you that you have made my visit to auntie much more enjoyable by your friendship, so let us shake hands on it and vouch eternal fidelity."

I put my hand out to him, and raise my voice to a theatrical pitch, and then look up at him with my eyes full of laughter; but his are looking at me so tenderly that I drop mine to the ground, and cannot raise them again even when he says, in his usual voice,

"Thank you, dear little Lois. I think you are a woman who will prove as good as your word on all occasions; and I think you are one whose friendship is true enough to last through life."

He speaks so sternly now, that I am quite relieved when he continues in a lighter tone,

"Since we are to be real friends, Lois, you must call me Philip."

"Yes, Philip," I answer, and then add hastily, "And we shall be always friends, what ever happens, Philip; even if we never meet again."

Somehow I have a presentiment that after to-day we won't see much of each other; so I want to go down to the river and spend one more pleasant morning.

We lazily enjoy ourselves, discuss our favourite books, compare our ideas upon music and I can scarcely believe it is as late as it is when I see auntie approaching us, with the tidings that luncheon has been ready for more than an hour and that she has come to fetch us in.

It was such a glorious July day when Philip and I became Philip and Lois to each other, that so long as I live it will stand out in bold relief from all others.

Never can I forget the golden glow of that summer time.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—Although 59 years have elapsed since the great fight, there are still surviving, even amongst the officers, a fair sprinkling of those who took part in it. Two of the present Field-Marshal, Sir Wm. Rowan and Sir Charles Yorke, were both on June 18th, 1818, captains in the 52nd Light Infantry, and the latter was serving as extra aide-de-camp on the Duke of Wellington's staff. Amongst the generals may be named Sir Thomas Reed, Lord Rokeby, George Macdonald, Sir Francis Warde, George Whicheote, J. A. Butler, and the Earl of Albemarle; Lieutenant-Generals Sir W. B. Ingilby, and T. Charlton Smith; Major-General Trevor, and some two or three score others of subordinate ranks, some of whom are still on the strength of the army, or on half-pay, whilst others have altogether retired from it. In addition to Field-Marshal Yorke and General Sir John Bloomfield—both of whom were on Wellington's staff—may be mentioned Sir John Woodford, now retired, but serving at Waterloo as Assistant Quarter-Master-General, and Lord William Pitt Lennox, at that time a cornet in the Blues, made extra aide-de-camp to Sir Peregrine Maitland.

TELLING BAD NEWS.—A miner whom we will call Hughes fell down a winze in one of the Comstock mines several years ago and was killed. His companions gathered up his remains and, putting them in an express wagon, started for his home. Another miner, a fine, good-hearted fellow was sent on ahead to bear the sad news to the bereaved family. All the way along he was discussing with himself as to how he should tell the terrible story so as not to crush the unfortunate household, but he reached the house before having settled definitely upon his plan. Meeting Mrs. Hughes at the door he accosted her in the usual manner of acquaintance, and then said:

"Where's George to-day, Mrs. Hughes?"

"He's at work in the mine, as usual; thank you, sir," replied the woman.

"How is he feeling to-day?" was the next question. The news-bearer was becoming desperate. He was a brave man who would not have feared a caving drift or a delayed blast, whose heart was so tender that he did not know how to tell a woman of her husband's death.

With some show of surprise Mrs. Hughes answered the last question. "About as well as he generally does, I believe."

The man was desperate, and not knowing what to say, he blurted out: "I'll bet you ten dollars he's dead, and here comes the body in a wagon."

He swallowed a big lump in his throat and wiped a piece of porphyry out of his left eye with his shirt sleeve. Afterward, in talking over the matter with his comrades he said it was the greatest trial he had ever experienced and that hereafter when a man was killed they might call on somebody else to tell the news.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.—The Cotter's Saturday nights of which Burns wrote, and over which he has thrown the halo of poetry, ro-