



For the Harbinger. JOYS IN SORROWS.

BY J. A. TURNER.

Through many sorrows thou hast been, Weary pilgrim of this life: They have served thee for the battle, They have armed thee for the strife.

Though the breath of disappointment, Though the sun be hid from sight; And though dark be all around thee, And thy mid-day black as night.

Though the black and heavy sorrows Close, with thunder o'er thy head; Though the friends that once you trusted Are forever from you fled;

Though calamities have crossed thee, Darker than midnight sky; Bright may be the sun above thee, Soon will shine eternal day.

Look up, and spirit, and be strong, Ask for strength and then receive, For God is ready to bestow, His command is to believe.

He will never turn thee from Him If you come to Him for grace; He has never hidden any, Saying "Seek in vain my face."

(For the Harbinger.)

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE CANTOEN.

The wedding trip of Arthur and Jessie was a short, but a very happy one. Once in a while a shadow of an old sorrow would fit across the brain of Arthur, but one glance at the bright, joyous face by his side would quickly dispel the vision, and he would be gay and happy again. As for Jessie all the warm impassioned love of her nature thawed naturally and quietly out under the influence of the sun of her adoration. Their holiday was brief—scarcely two weeks—but they thoroughly enjoyed it. There is scarcely any city, except, perhaps Paris—when Paris was at her zenith—where two weeks can be more thoroughly enjoyed by persons who have no business but pleasure, than they can in New York. The splendid vistas of streets, the magnificent buildings, the teeming population, all so earnest and busy; the glories of Central Park, the calm quiet repose of Greenwood, the flash and glow of the theatres, the splendors of the opera, the roar and bustle of Broadway, the vivid vitality of the whole place tend to make up a picture of fascination which it is difficult to rival. Jessie had never been in any larger city than Montreal, and the glories of the opera and the wonders of the theatre were all new pleasures to her, and she drank them in with avidity, and turned from them with regret when the brief holiday had passed away and they were obliged to return. Although her life had been a happy one, yet it seemed to her she had never known what true happiness was until within these two weeks. Still she was not sorry to return to Montreal, as she pictured quieter domestic joys which would more than compensate for the giddy round of pleasure she was experiencing.

Mr. Lubbock sailed for England at the time specified, and left Arthur Austin in full charge of the business, unless Mr. Lownds should take a fancy to visit Canada. Mr. Lubbock expected to be absent about a year, and Arthur was duly installed as master of his house during his absence. The old gentleman had taken care to raise Arthur's salary to a liberal figure so that he may not feel dependent on his wife, whose settlement had been a very liberal one securing her \$2,000 a year during her uncle's lifetime and one half of his fortune at his death.

It was about a week after Mr. Lubbock had sailed that Arthur was walking up Jacques Cartier Square when he felt a hand laid lightly on his shoulder, and a voice, which sounded familiar saluted him with:

"Dear boy, how magnificently you are looking; allow me to congratulate you on your improved appearance and also on your improved prospects. I had the pleasure of witnessing that interesting little ceremony at the Cathedral a couple of weeks ago, and I assure you it affected me deeply."

"Why, Bob, old fellow I am astonished to see you; and should certainly never have recognized you, your appearance has so much changed, you look so—so—"

"Seedy, dear boy, don't be delicate about expressions. "Confoundedly seedy," if you feel in a humor for using adjectives. I confess the fact, dear boy, luck has run dead against me, and I believe I am about the most impecunious and seedy individual in Montreal."

"I am really sorry to hear that, and you know, old fellow you have only to call on me for any help you need; but, where have you been these last two years that I have never heard from you; and how did you come to Montreal?"

"Dear boy, one question at a time; the story is long, and standing here is not pleasant, let us adjourn to a quiet retreat I know in the neighborhood where we can obtain food for the body as well as the mind, and where we will not be disturbed."

"They walked down Notre Dame St. to Claude and down that almost to St. Paul's when Brydon stopped in front of Joe Beef's Cantoen. "Let us enter," he said. "The exterior is not inviting and the interior is very little more so, but it is cheap, very cheap—and as a natural



"HIM'S YOUR TWO-EYED BEEFSTEAK, AND YOUR MULLED ALE."

consequence extremely acceptable to a man whose finance are in a state of consumption. The fare is simple, but nutritious; and wonderfully filling, a little of it goes a long way. Let us enter."

"No," said Arthur, "I do not believe in visiting saloons; and I don't like the appearance of this one."

"More prejudice, dear boy. Enter and refresh your drooping spirits with the bounding cocktail, or the foaming tankard. Besides," he added in more serious tones, "I have something very particular to say to you."

"You have certainly selected a very curious place," said Arthur, "but it makes little difference to me."

"They entered—no; the saloon where two rotten cheeses, a heap of ham knuckles and piles of flat looking bread, boundfully displayed on the counter, are the prevailing features, but a side room which bore over its entrance door, the pretentious sign "Oyster Saloon, meals &c."

It was a low, dark, mean looking room, furnished with a few heavy square tables and some benches and chairs; in one corner stood a platform which looked as if it had been used for a piano, if the place had ever been a music hall, and the walls were ornamented with a few rude pictures on sporting subjects. Mr. Brydon led the way to a side table, and sat with the air of a man who "had been there before."

Arthur sat opposite him and awaited with some impatience the communication which Brydon said he had to make to him.

Mr. Brydon settled the seedy looking hat firmly on his head, dived into one pocket and produced an old clay pipe black with age, into another and brought out a handful of tobacco, filled the pipe and carefully returned the few grains left in his hand to his pocket. He then dived into another pocket and producing a match, lighted his pipe and took two or three contemplative whiffs.

Arthur Austin had known Robert Brydon for many years, they had been school-mates together, and Brydon had been for some time in the office of Arthur's father, when Arthur himself was a clerk there. He had left the office under rather suspicious circumstances, a cheque had been forged for a small sum, and suspicion had for some time been thrown on Arthur Austin, but a thorough investigation showed Mr. Brydon as the probable culprit. The case was not very clear against him, and Mr. Austin con-

cluded himself with simply discharging him. Brydon took the discharge in the light of an injustice, and tried hard to throw the guilt on Arthur; but Mr. Austin so scouted the idea that he quickly changed his tactics and tried to conciliate the friend he had endeavored to abuse. Arthur was of an easy, forgiving disposition, and soon forgot the injustice and wrong Brydon had tried to do him. At that time Arthur was rather wild—as young men with plenty of money generally will be—and Brydon soon established himself as his boon companion. They had numerous "sprees" together, and Brydon was closely connected in a transaction which Arthur had every desire to blot from his memory, and every wish to keep concealed from the rest of the world. Brydon, after he left Mr. Austin, had for a while run a Faro Bank on the Bowery; but some ugly tales had been told to the police, and one night a descent was made on it, and the proprietor and inmates arrested. It does not take much trouble or ingenuity—but generally a good deal of money—for the keeper the confiscation of his "lay out," "cheeks," &c. of a New York Faro Bank to escape from the clutches of a New York Judge, and so Robert Brydon suffered nothing more than a heavy fine, and he remained about New York for a few months after this, figuring conspicuously as "a sport," attending the races, driving a fast team in the Park, wearing a big diamond pin in his shirt bosom, and otherwise playing the heavy swell. Then he disappeared, and Arthur Austin had seen or heard nothing of him for over two years, when they suddenly met in Jacques Cartier Square. When Brydon left New York, Arthur Austin was at the height of his success, and reputed to be enormously wealthy. In a few months more the collapse had come, and he was reduced to almost beggary. What Brydon had been doing in these two years and a half, and what had reduced him from the gay cavalier to the seedy individual he now was, were matters of conjecture to Arthur Austin.

"Sit down, dear boy, and refresh," said Mr. Brydon. Allow me to recommend the beer; the presence of water is plainly recognizable, but it retains some of its ancient flavor, and is not bad, all things considered. Mr. Beef," continued he, as that personage entered the room, "will you oblige me with one of your excellent steaks and a tankard of mullied ale; my friend will take—"

"Nothing, thanks," said Arthur. I do not

need any lunch, and I never take any intoxicating liquor."

"Phew!" whistled Mr. Beef, "you're a cold water customer, are you? Well, I shouldn't wonder if you were," he continued, with a supercilious glance; "you look like it."

"Dear boy, don't say that you have come the cold water dodge! Sorry to hear it, very; it ruins the coating of the stomach, and brings a man to an early and uncomfortable grave. You won't take anything? then I must drink alone. Mr. Beef, would you oblige me by seeing that that steak is fat and of fair proportion; I feel slightly peckish."

"Yes, you generally do feel peckish" when you come in here," responded Mr. Beef, as he went into the bar-room to execute the order. Before leaving the room, however, he took the poker out of the coal stove, gave it a preliminary wipe with his handkerchief and put it in stoves.

"Brydon, what is it you want to say to me; and why did you come here to say it?" asked Arthur Austin, as soon as they were alone.

"Dear boy, what a trick you have of asking two or three questions at once. One at a time will last much longer, and give me so much more of your company."

"I have no time to waste. What do you want; do you want money?"

"Dear boy, your last remark is the most sensible one you have made yet. I have for some time past been in a chronic condition of wanting money."

"Well, you know, Bob, you have only to tell me how much you want, and if it is possible for me to accommodate you I will do so."

"Dear boy, your kindness overpowers me. Suppose we say "a tenner" to begin with. I have a most unexceptionable suit of togs, for which I paid—no, I mean one—Brooks Brothers fifty-five dollars; and an obliging relative of mine in Montreal—in fact, "my uncle"—was considerate enough to lend me three dollars and a half on them. With those released, and a new pair of boots, "Richard will be himself again."

No, stop, not quite himself. I promised myself a new hat to hang up in Montreal; perhaps you wouldn't mind adding another V., so that I may keep my promise."

Arthur Austin took out his pocket-book and counted out four five-dollar bills which he handed to Brydon, saying, "Bob, you know I have

under pretty heavy expense lately, and my means are running low. I will let you have all I can spare, twenty dollars, and if I can be of any further use to you, you can command me. I will be wanted at the office, so I must "give you."

"Dear boy, you are generously itself; but do not go just yet. I have something to tell you which is important for you to hear."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Beef, artistically arrayed in his shirt sleeves, bearing a pewter mug of ale in one hand and a red herring suspended by the tail in the other. He placed the mug on the table, took a plate from a cupboard and skillfully "slung" it along the table until it stopped in front of Mr. Brydon. He then proceeded to the stove, and, drawing out the poker, returned to the table and said:

"Here's your two-eyed beefsteak and your mullied ale," at the same time bringing the herring down with a smart slap on the plate; and, slung the poker into the ale, which foamed and hissed tremendously.

"And very excellent they appear to be, good Mr. Beef," said Mr. Brydon, "may I trouble you for a cracker and the mustard?"

"Here's a cracker; there ain't any mustard. I'll trouble you for five cents. He's too civil a chap by half," muttered Mr. Beef to himself as he went back to the bar, "and I don't like the looks of him, tho' he has been here pretty often the last two weeks, and always paid his way like a man."

"Now, Brydon, what is it you want to say to me?"

"Dear boy, don't be impetuous. This herring is excellent, and so is my appetite; the beer is thin, but I am thirsty, allow me to refresh."

Arthur sat silently thinking for a few minutes whilst Brydon "refreshed." He was thinking over his friend's manner which did not impress him favourably. He knew Robert Brydon thoroughly, and altho' he would lend him money for "unk lang syne," or do him a good turn if he could, he would not trust him. He was aware of one or two dark spots in Mr. Brydon's career, and he placed little confidence in him. He also remembered that Brydon was fully acquainted with an unpleasant episode in his own career, which he wished to forget but could not, and spite of himself the man's presence in Montreal gave him an unpleasant, anxious feeling. What had brought him to Canada? Perhaps some act of misconduct in the States; but what could it be that he wanted to say to him?

"Brydon," said Arthur at last, "you have very nearly finished that herring, and my time is precious, what is it you have to tell me?"

"Excellent refreshment, and filling at the price," said Mr. Brydon, quite imperturbably; "but, rather dry and needing more fluid to wash it down. Mr. Beef, will you oblige me with another mug of beer, will this time the poker imparted rather a greasy flavor to the last lot. Now, dear boy," he continued, after his mug had been replenished and he had taken a good pull at it, "pardon my keeping you in suspense, but what I have to say is serious, and I prefer entering upon a serious subject on a full stomach, it gives one more confidence. Dear boy, that was a very pleasant ceremony I witnessed the other day, and I congratulate you on your good taste; Mrs. Austin, No. 2, is certainly a very charming little lady, and I do not wonder at your susceptible heart being captured by her beauty, without taking into account the ulterior attraction of her uncle's fortune."

"I do not see what my wife's personal appearance has to do with the matter," said Arthur very mildly, "pray come to the point."

"Dear boy, thank just what I am coming to; but the point is very nearly covered by Mrs. Austin, No. 2, and, therefore, I am forced to mention her."

"What do you mean by calling my wife, Mrs. Austin, No. 2?"

"Simply, dear boy, that there is a Mrs. Austin, No. 1."

"Was, you mean, not is? There is no use dragging up that old story of my folly and its punishment. I will save you the trouble of repenting the tale of how a heedless boy not twenty became enamoured of a pretty ballet dancer, with a well turned ankle and captivating black eyes; of how he followed her, in his infatuation to a small village in Pennsylvania and—in a moment of madness—married her; of his awaking from his wild dream to find that she was wicked, abandoned, vile; all that a woman should not be, and that he was tied to her for life; of his ineffectual efforts to get freed of her; of the year of misery he passed. No, there is no need for you to repeat that old story I remember it only too well; it is only too deeply engraved on my heart and is the one dark memory of my life. But thank God! it is only a memory, death has closed that page of my life, and I do not desire to have it reopened."

"Not the least doubt of it, dear boy, and quite proper on your part; but I fail to understand your allusion to death."

"My wretched wife died four years ago; just about the time of the failure of Austin and Son. Oh I don't look incredulous, I have a letter from the doctor who attended her, and the undertaker who buried her; the latter enclosed bills which I paid; but altho' the gentlemen were prompt enough to send me their bills, they were never polite enough to forward receipts for the money. I also saw an announcement of my wife's death in a Savannah paper; in which place she was playing at the time. Besides, you know I was allowing my wife \$2,000 a year at that time and her quarterly allowance has not since been claimed; not that I could have paid it, because our failure left me without the means to do so, but because there was no one to pay it to."

"What a wonderful memory the dear boy has," said Mr. Brydon rather mockingly, "but incorrect as to facts. Miss Emma Barron—or to speak more correctly, Miss Austin, No. 1—must