

have been in that serene temper. I knew Dick well; his countenance would not have worn that complacent expression, as he sat all the afternoon *vis-à-vis* the cottage.

In our flashes of conversation during the day, he had made no apparent effort to avoid mentioning either Miss Owenson or her conduct the preceding evening; neither had he alluded to them with the warmth and interest a man in the position of lover ought, and generally does. I was puzzled.

Could Margaret Owenson have been having a "quiet talk" with him, and induced him to promise silence in my regard, as she had with myself? I had just asked this question of myself, and was trying to find an answer in the composed, pleasant manner in which Dick was regarding the colour of his wine, as he held up his glass to catch the faint, watery rays of the setting sun, which, with a strange perversity, was just beginning to pierce the rain-clouds, as the day was done, when we were both startled by hearing, down in the garden, a faint cry, followed by a loud, piercing shriek. Both of us jumped up, and cast an anxious glance round the room. Cecile had been reading in a chair, ten minutes ago:—she was gone.

"Where is she?" Gaunt exclaimed, in a startled tone. "Mark! was that her voice?"

"Come!" I exclaimed rushing out, a horrid idea seizing me. "The stream, Dick," I cried, "the boundary stream!"

We were on the verandah, leaping over it into the garden, and rushing down to the banks in less than a minute. There—there the water was rushing brown and bubbling, higher by two or three feet than yesterday, when I had refused to cross the bridge, and there, on the wet, soaked planks, lay a hat—Cecile's hat.

"Down the stream, Mark, down!" Dick roared, as I, swifter of foot than he, reached the bridge.

How I ran! how I tore! The water did not go more swiftly, for, ahead of me, only a couple of yards or so, but still just out of my reach, and seeming ever to elude me, like a phantom in a dreadful dream, I caught sight of something—something white. It was borne swiftly along—so swiftly that the struggles that agitated it faintly, when I first caught sight of it, soon ceased; and it must inevitably have been whirled along under those thick-tangled bushes into the recesses in the wood, had not a friendly briar struck far out into the water, catching in the child's frock, for two seconds checked her course.

These two seconds were enough. I was in the water a yard lower down then, with all my strength striving to stem the current; and as the slender impediment gave way, and the water once more rushed along with its light burden, I managed, with a great effort, to catch the dress, and in another moment I had landed little Cecile, white and utterly motionless, on the bank.

Exhausted, alarmed as I was, I could not help, even in the excitement of the moment, looking up curiously in Gaunt's face, as he came hurrying up, and found the child out of the water, but apparently inanimate.

He was very white, and an expression of utter horror rather than sorrow made his face quite painful to look at. He bent over the senseless little figure, exclaiming, "Oh, Mark, Mark!" in a tone that seemed overwhelmed with regret, but at the same time so strange that the idea of his being Cecile's father was banished for ever from my mind.

"Don't waste time," I said. "Carry her to the house, and send for the doctor. Quick! I have hurt my arm and can't help you."

Gaunt, with still that horrified look on his face, bent down and lifted the poor child in his arms, fixing his eyes on her, meanwhile, with a look that I shall not easily forget.

"Hurry on," he said, suddenly resuming his usual energy. "There is life, Mark! She is only insensible. Hurry on, for God's sake."

Hurry I did. That scream had frightened others as well as ourselves, and I met all the inhabitants of the inn rushing about in all directions along the banks of that guilty-looking stream.

(To be continued.)



We welcome the appearance, from a French-Canadian author and publisher, of a learned and well-written work on Parliamentary Law, with special reference to the Dominion and the Provinces. The volume, which is entitled "*Manuel de Droit Parlementaire ou Cours Elémentaire du Droit Constitutionnel*," and is dedicated to the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, is from the pen of Mr. P. B. Mignault, advocate, of this city, and is published, with characteristic care and taste, by Mr. A. Périard, also of Montreal. In the Preface, Mr. Mignault modestly sets forth the scope of his study, showing that it was necessitated by the almost absolute lack of writings treating of the subject, in connection especially with the constitutional development of Canada. He makes laudatory exception, however, to Mr. Recorder De Montigny's admirable little treatise, entitled "*Catechisme Politique*," with his commendations of which we cordially agree. In an elaborate Introduction, Mr. Mignault traces and follows up the course of parliamentary government, first in England and then in Canada. The latter portion of this chapter is a fair and able survey of the long struggle, having its centre of interest in this Province, which led up to the establishment of the *régime* of ministerial responsibility. Young students of our Constitution ought to read this excellent historical compendium with attention before undertaking the study of the purely commentatorial division of the work. He should also master what is said of the British Constitution before proceeding to the second part, which treats of its application, in a modified form, to our Federal and local Governments. The third part deals with parliamentary procedure and contains a large amount of most useful knowledge in a comparatively short space. A supplement on the Constitution of the United States, in which are indicated the points in which it differs from that of Canada—to the advantage of the latter—is very timely at the present moment. The British North America Act of 1867, and the acts of 1871 and 1875, in explanation of certain of its articles, are also given in the appendix and add much to the value of the volume. A carefully compiled index and table of contents greatly assist the enquirer in the task of consultation. The appearance of the book is creditable to the publisher, as are its contents to the author, and we have much pleasure in recommending it.

In these days of obstinate questioning on religious subjects, those who would cleave to the faith which has solaced millions of past generations naturally look for guidance in their quest for certainty. Having found assurance on the one great question—the truth of Revelation—the next step is towards a firm ground for trust, which would give security against the doubts suggested by diversity of creeds and modes of worship within the pale of Christianity itself. "Is one Religion as good as another?"—this query, often put to itself by the restless mind or by one friend to another of varying belief, is the title of a little volume issued from the press of Messrs. Burns & Oates, of London, and for sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., of this city. It is from the pen of the Rev. John McLaughlin, has the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Glasgow, and is dedicated to Lord Howard, of Glossop. Its object is to confirm members of the Roman Catholic Church in the faith of their fathers, and to stir up in the minds of non-Catholics a desire to examine fairly its claims. Its acceptability to the British public is vouched for by the fact that it has reached its tenth thousand.

Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co., of Toronto, are the agents in Canada for the publishing house of Walter Scott, of London. The several series which the firm has introduced to the Canadian public—the "*Camelot*," "*Great Writers*" and the "*Canterbury Poets*"—have already had an

extended sale, due at once to their cheapness and to their excellence. We shall review some of the later issues in an early number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Something quite new in the way of periodicals is "*The Magazine of Poetry*," the first number of which has just appeared. It is an illustrated quarterly of 128 pages, and the subscription is \$2 a year in advance. The January number contains portraits of Eliza Allen Starr, Rosa Kertner Jeffrey, Jean Ingelow, John Boyle O'Reilly, M. G. McClelland, Sarah K. Balton, Alice Brotherton, Walt Whitman, Anna K. Green and other more or less noted English and American singers. What is of more interest to many of our readers is that it has biographical sketches of Miss Mary Morgan, from the pen of the Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray and of Prof. Roberts, by Mr. Bliss Carman, with a portrait of the latter, and selections from the works of both poets. We shall have more to say of this quarterly by and by. Meanwhile it has our good wishes.

HOPE.

Deep in the garden of the soul is growing
A gorgeous tree, with blossoms light as gold,
Blooming in numbers to the heart untold,
Where swift the crimson tide of Life is flowing.
All day, all night, though keen the bleak wind blowing,
In sun or shade, the golden flowers unfold
Soft petals, in the light of Love unrolled,
Through changing seasons ever brightly glowing.
But some, perhaps, are drifted (like dead leaves)
When autumn winds through quiet woods are flying
To lonely spots, where sorrow round them weaves,
And binds them silently in sombre sheaves.—
There is no garden 'neath the heaven lying
But in its shadow some sweet flower is dying!

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

At the Theatre Royal, Mr. E. J. Connelly is producing "*The Soap Bubble*," a laughable piece which has achieved very great success in Gotham.

At the Theatre Royal, Miss Ada Gray has had an excellent company producing her own adaptation of Mrs. Henry Wood's famous story of "*East Lynne*."

This week the Academy has Gilmore's grotesque—almost horrible—spectacular production of "*The Twelve Temptations*," one of the most elaborate of scenic pieces that is at present on the boards.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, war artist and correspondent of the *London Graphic*, will deliver on Monday and Tuesday evenings his two illustrated lectures entitled "*War on a White Sheet*," and "*Here, There and Everywhere*."

M. Coquelin, supported by the complete dramatic company which rendered him efficient aid on his last appearance here, will again give a series of seven performances, beginning Monday March 4th, at the Academy of Music.

Miss Ada Gray in the double role of "*Lady Isabel*" and "*Madame Vine*" is the star in "*East Lynne*," which is this week being produced at Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House, Toronto, while on Tuesday evening there was most successfully sung in the Pavilion Music Hall of the Queen City, Handel's pathetically wonderful oratorio of "*Sampson*."

Last week the Academy of Music in Montreal was thronged with delighted audiences, held, as it were, spellbound by the magnificent operatic performances, in English, of the New American Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Heinrichs. The company was a strong one, and in its repertoire were among other master-pieces: "*Lucia de Lammermoor*," the "*Daughter of the Regiment*," "*Faust*," "*Maritana*," "*Il Travatore*," "*The Bohemian Girl*," and "*Un Ballo in Maschera*." The *tout ensemble* of the entire engagement may be said to have been admirable.

The Albani Concert in the Queen's Hall, Montreal, on Monday evening, was only another of the triumphs of the Canadian *diva*. It was a most brilliant affair. The applause with which the fair artist was greeted was of the most enthusiastic. Her voice in its quality, could not be surpassed, while its cultivation is of world-wide notoriety. Her first selection was from "*Lucia de Lammermoor*." The rest was from "*The Redemption*," "*From Thy love as a Father*" being the *morceau* chosen. Her "*Almons*," by Rotoli, roused the auditory to the highest excitement, which she transformed into a great calm as she responded in an inimitable manner with "*Home, Sweet Home*!" This was understood to be her farewell deliverance, albeit the actual *finale* was the "*Inflammatus*" from Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*." Albani, at the conclusion of the first part, was presented, by Sir Donald Smith, with a magnificent basket of flowers, contained in which was a beautiful diamond brooch. The choruses by the Montreal Philharmonic Society, and the pieces by Albani's own company were admirably given and well appreciated. The instrument used, and which so materially supported the chorus, was the "*Vocalion*," heard for the first time in public in Montreal. It was kindly loaned for this occasion by Mr. George J. Sheppard of our city, who is the agent for the Province of Quebec. The full rich tones of the instrument came like a revelation. The remarkable results obtained from this instrument render the invention of the "*Vocalion*" one of the most important musical events of the present day, and as such, it will doubtless be hailed by organists and musicians throughout the world with liveliest pleasure and satisfaction.

The eight-hour agitation was started afresh by the Boston common council the other evening in the form of an order requesting the mayor to petition the Legislature for the passage of a law making eight hours a legal day's work.

No lesson is of more importance for the companies to learn than that labor organizations are the inevitable accompaniments of capitalistic organization, which in turn is an entirely normal product of the mechanical inventions of the age.