

APPEARANCES.

BY G. HUNT JACKSON.

Hast thou e'er seen the moon reflected,—
Imprinted upon the azure air?
Reason, by science undirected,
Would see, not one moon, but a pair.
Appearances deceive the sight,
We do not always judge aright.

Of hast thou seen the rainbow's glow,
A semi-circle to thy gaze?
While there upon the mountain's brow
Beheld complete a circle's rays.
Appearances deceive the sight,
We do not always judge aright.

Hast thou not seen a human face
All pallid through suspended breath?
Physic's eye alone could trace
The signs of life, and not of death.
Appearances deceive the sight,
We do not always judge aright.

How many a villain's heart has been
Concealed, through subtle management?
His deeper nature was not seen,
Nor he held in disparagement.
Appearances deceive the sight,
We do not always judge aright.

How many a noble soul, and true,
Has carried, through long years, a stain:
Because one sin to outward view
Was seen, as was the curse of Cain.
Appearances deceive the sight,
We do not always judge aright.

MY NELLIE.

AN IDYL OF THE STREETS. TORONTO, 186—

Twelve o'clock noon, and as the great town clock struck the hour leisurely, the shrill whistles of the many factories, the mellow-sounding gongs from the warehouses that lined the wharves near, joined their discordant tones, the big bells on the Cathedral towers clanging out their share in the noontide melody; every narrow by-way, open doorway and outlet from dark passage sent forth a living stream of work-people—young women, their wearied faces strangely sad under the faded finery of their shabby hats, the worn shawls or buttonless jackets, needing closer folding about their thin forms to protect them from the chilly, brisk May air after the close atmosphere of the crowded rooms: men putting on their coats as they strode up the street, some still retaining the elasticity of youth, but many, alas! with the shambling gait, betraying the close hours, absence of out-door exercise, and the heavy drag of a struggle with poverty: coal-heavers, black and smutty from the nature of their work; oil-begrimed workers at the boats and engines, all on the one object intent—their dinner. Turning away down King street as the bells ceased, one found it comparatively quiet; a few carriages standing at the shop doors, a waggon or two, a farmer's team quietly munching a wisp of hay, while their owner and his "old woman" told their aches and pains to a sympathizing druggist's clerk, who had sold them a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-killer as a panacea for all their ills, and sent them away happy. The streets east—then running only to Yorkville and up Queen street—crossing at the switch, near the market, a solitary shopper or two, clerks hurrying home to their dinner. The doorways of the newspaper offices, even the mouth of the dirty lane leading to the old *Leader* office, without the usual crowd of ragged vendors of the daily papers. The sun shone warm on the closed doors and brick walls of more than one Company's office, glinting on the door-plates and emblazoned signboards, flashing with all its warmth and light on the pretty little figure in dark grey that took its way so slowly along the north side of the street, swinging her tightly-furled umbrella with apparent carelessness, as if she had no thought beyond, but the rapid, half-aside, backward glances from the brown eyes under the broad-leaved hat, told a different story. As she nears the corner of Yonge street the pretty forehead is wrinkled into a frown, and the umbrella tapped impatiently against the well-fitting boot on my lady's tiny foot, and the steps grow slower and slower, the backward glances more frequent. Then, with a sigh of disappointment the corner is almost turned, when the frown gives place to a smile that speaks volumes. Turning, she stoops to look in a window, her figure hidden by an old post that had stood for many years half leaning against the house; only a moment, when, walking very fast, one hand in his pocket, the other swinging and switching a light cane, came a handsome man—dark-skinned, dark-eyed, gentlemanly and refined in appearance, but, in spite of all, with a something wanting in his face, a solidity of purpose to carry him through a great undertaking, or set at defiance wills that might clash with his own. He was energetic enough now, as he reached the corner, with a muttered, "D—n it! Too late again. Just my luck!"

He was about to turn away.
"Don't swear, Tom; it does not sound nice, and went out of fashion with our grandfathers," and Nellie held out her hand.
"Oh, you're there all right. But what did you hide for, you little minx?" and the tall fellow looked down fondly at the dear little girl, as he took her hand.
"For fun. You know you are late; it must be quite ten minutes past. I have walked all the way from the Cathedral since the clock struck. Then—"

"What a long walk in ten minutes," laughed Tom, as he held the face of his watch toward her, the hands pointing to barely five minutes after the hour.

"Oh, you are slow!" she retorted.
"Well, finish your sentence, Nell. Then—"
"You interrupted, and cannot expect me to go on now."

"Yes, I do. I apologize. Come. Then—"
"What a silly boy you are! it is nothing!"

"Well, never mind. Tell me."
"How absurd. Well, if you really will have it, I wanted to know if your sorrow was genuine when you missed me, or only humbug!" and Nellie buttoned and unbuttoned her glove as if that was obliging her to speak out.

"Well, and was the result satisfactory?" asked her companion, after a pause.

A bright glance, and Nellie answered:
"You are about the most conceited, self-satisfied individual I ever knew!"

"All right, if you say so; I'm agreeable."

"Then, Tom, don't let us talk any more nonsense. What is going on? Where have you been? I have not seen you for three days, you know! Were you at Miss Thompson's last night? Who was there?"

"Softly, softly, Nell. I can't answer a dozen questions at once; one at a time!"

But, all the same, he told all, and more than was expected of him, to judge by the apparent flow of conversation between them as they strolled up Yonge street, across by Gerard and down Church street. Talked of all the girls whom Nellie knew well by sight and hearsay, which, with her bright, clear eyes and true woman's instinct, as yet untouched by jealousy, gave her a truer knowledge of them than even Tom had: of the drudgery of the office, which he hated most cordially, and would gladly leave upon any pretext, but Nellie had learnt now to coax him, for the time, at least, out of his ill-humour with it and its surroundings, and send him back to it with a smile. Talking thus, the time passed quickly, and it was nearly one o'clock ere they turned up Yonge street. Tom, chaffing Nellie upon the temptation to pick pockets, the handkerchief was half thrust into the outside pocket of her jacket; he had pulled it out, seizing the opportunity of giving the little presenting fingers a squeeze perchance, was startled by Nellie—

"Breakers ahead, Tom!" and quickening her pace slightly, left a couple of yards between them in a moment, and no two people could be more apparently unconscious of the other's presence than they were, when passing a rather stout, pompous-looking, elderly man, with dangling eye-glass, who stood at the door of the Express office talking to a man with a pea behind his ear. The eye-glass was raised a moment and turned towards Nellie. As it dropped, he recognized Tom with a nod, and muttered, "Bless my soul!" he let him pass.

Tom, remembering the handkerchief which he still held, strode on, and, lifting his hat as he overtook Nellie, was rewarded by a slight bow and apparent "Thank you." And in reality it was, "He knows Tom; I saw it in his face!" yet, despite the tears so near the surface, her eyes were sparkling with fun. And Tom's reply, as he walked past, was:

"Who cares! I'm sick of this farce."

And what of the man who "knew?"

"Who's the lady, Timmins?"

"Don't know, sir. See her often pass this way at noon."

"Well, that's all to-day. Shall look in on you again to-morrow. By-bye," and the man with the eye glass, too, went his way. Timmins turning into the office, chuckled, sotto voce:

"Guess that little game's spoiled, Master Tom. Not quite clever enough this time for the old boy!"

A Warm sunny afternoon, the town clock chiming the half-past four; King street thronged with carriages, the coachmen in quiet undress livery, with white-gloved hands, holding in their horses to a proper pace to enable the fair freight to scatter smiles and bows to their friends on the pavement, who, in the most taking of costumes, promenaded on the fashionable side; men from the banks, clerks from the Government offices, students from the college, in the hated cap and gown, thronged up and down, "studying human nature from four to six," they said. Drawn up at what was generally considered the unfashionable side of the street, and certainly the quietest, was one of the handsomest equipages; the low, luxurious cushioned seats, occupied by a stout old lady in spectacles, and a fair, slight, undeniably handsome girl, her straight features and clear complexion set off by all the advantages of dress and style; yet the want of warmth and flexibility in the thin-lipped mouth, made many wonder where others found the beauty in her face. She was looking her best just now as she leant slightly forward to talk to the tall, dark man, who, with one foot on the carriage step, was listening to her with apparent interest, unheeding the impatient haste of the fair, slight man who was waiting for him. But everything comes to an end some time; with a nod and smile, which would have been bewitching had the mouth been softer, she said:

"Mr. Morton is getting very impatient, so we'll say good-bye until to-night;" just, however, as the man was about to drive on, she called out:

"Oh stop a minute, Tom," she went on, when he came to the carriage. "I am going to wear white to-night; no colour, and want my flowers to match. Don't forget, and don't be late."

What evil genius made Nellie pass just then, in time to see the smile and hear the response.

"Not I, while you wait! The whitest roses shall be yours too, Charlotte."

"Come along, Tom," said Mr. Morton, as the carriage drove off, "I thought you were going to stop all day. Tell you what I saw the neatest little body in town while you were waiting your smiles on that icicle. All right, old fellow," he added, as an exclamation escaped his companion, "I apologize; but if you knew the little girl I mean you could not help drawing comparisons. The deuce is I don't think she recognized me, and I didn't know she was in town until this minute. I must find out where she is stopping, and pick up the old flirtation."

"Who is she? You're quite warm, Morton."

"The nicest little thing in girls Tom, and the veriest flirt you ever met. First saw her in Newmarket last summer, when up about that business of old Toper's, you know. It was plaguey dull work, so I went in for a bazaar that was going on—not expecting much fun, but by Jove I had. She was there, got up in pink ribbons and lace, and in half an hour I hadn't a cent in my pocket, and if I had had any time for that sort of thing I should have gone in to win in earnest and settled down."

"It's a pity you hadn't, Jack, as you seem to feel it so still. But what's her name?"

"Cranstone; I think the other girls called her Nellie. 'Hello!' he added, 'there's the man I've been hunting all day. Ta ta, I'll see you again.'"

And Morton sprang across the street heedless of his friend, unnoticing the frown upon his face.

"Nellie! by all that's holy," he muttered. "It's likely enough though; they are all alike," he added angrily.

And Nellie, what of her? The words as well as the expression on the girl's face who so laud her commands upon Tom, and his answer were a trouble to her; the knowledge that socially Tom was far above the music teacher, a lurking fear that alone in the world as she was, the many hints and varied warnings upon the wickedness of men generally, which she had heard so often reiterated by her married friends (God forgive them) might be true, and Tom no better than the rest, was making his love for her but an interesting amusement *pour passer le temps*; and thought it no sin to throw her aside when weary of it or something better turned up. The anxiety he had shown to avoid being seen with her by his own people giving colour to the fear. So the small end of the wedge of distrust was drawn slowly but surely in by unacknowledged jealousy. Angry with herself for harbouring the thought for a moment, her sensitive pride accused her of letting him see too plainly her love for him; how often she had gone to meet him, let her hand lie in his unreprieved, taken so much for granted—manner and looks for plain words, in spite of novels and novel writers of "stories from real life." Now few men make the long speeches, utter the well turned sentences when telling their love that are attributed to them. Thus Nellie worked herself into a determination to go to meet him no more; if he wanted her he might find her, and if all stories were true the hint would make him like her better. Poor Nellie, it was no new feeling, how many have felt the same and made themselves feel miserable without a cause.

Hot broiling days had given place to the balmy ones of spring, 80° and 90° in the shade had driven all who could afford it to the seaside; those who could not, to some quiet country place, there to rusticate in the fond imagining that their fashionable friends at Ca-couna would think they were at Murray Bay and vice versa, leaving only the few detained by business or poverty to choose the shady side of the streets, and try to persuade themselves it was not very hot after all. When Nellie and Tom met again, past the Rossin over the old uneven flagstones they walked, her face flushed and indignant, his jealous and angry, biting his moustache viciously, the veriest bystander could tell they were quarrelling. Jealous accusations and indignant denials followed quickly upon one another, neither willing to give in without some sign of relenting on the other's part. Hampered by their surroundings—ah! how little lovers quarrelling in some dimly lighted conservatory or firelit drawing-room know the value of the touch that breaks the cruel barrier of pride and sends a thrill of reconciliation through heart and head—our lovers quarrelled on.

"I don't believe you care that for me," and Tom snapped his fingers defiantly, "and would just as willingly flirt with any other fellow that came along. You are all alike, one fellow's back turned the next will do just as well, provided he's fool enough; so we might as well part first as last, it will come to that in the end."

"As you will. If you cannot trust me entirely we had better—part," and something very like a sob rose in her throat, but she bravely gulped it down, and with clear unflinching eyes looked straight into his face. "Now at once," and tearing off the tiny glove, heedless of the flying buttons, she took off the ruby ring as if it burnt her, she had dropped it into his hand and turning into the many entrances to the hotel, had closed the door and sped half way up the long staircase before he had recovered himself, the ring in his hand recalling his scattered senses at last to throw it down and with a muttered curse grind it into the ground with his heel, enraged at the girl for her haste in accept-

ing a release he never meant seriously to give her; scornful of himself for loving her, he went his way to be the merriest, wildest at the club, making the room ring with the laughter provoked by his wit and fun an hour afterwards.

And Nellie—wounded pride, the whole weight of her own love thrown back upon her heart, angry with herself because she could not quench it then and there, feeling satisfaction in having shown him how little she cared for his love when he was so ready to renounce hers. All her nerves quivering, her head in a whirl, her eyes shining like stars, she never knew how she got through the music lessons of the next two hours or home to her lodgings in the quiet streets, and when night came after gazing out on the silent street until the dawn was near at hand, she threw herself at last on her bed to sleep the weary, dreamless sleep, in which there is only cessation, no rest.

Eight o'clock in the morning, housemaids sweeping doorsteps, beating mats and gossiping with the milkman; a boy with a telegram; a cab on which a white-faced brown-eyed girl was rattled away in over the stones to the railway depot to go to the brother dying at school of scarlet fever; the sorrow of yesterday as nothing in the presence of the misery of this later grief, was all that the dwellers in the street saw.

A day or two afterwards and several successive days they noticed a tall, dark man come up the street, make inquiries at the door of the boarding-house, but apparently not receiving satisfactory replies he too disappeared, and the street saw him no more.

Easter day, the glad chimes ringing out the happy morn, the streets thronged with church-goers all in their best, up the pathway to Holy Trinity, its altar gaily decorated with flowers, its font a pyramid of pure white lilies, its pews rapidly filling with worshippers and many alas who came but to see the decorations. Among the last, two young men who taking a seat near the door continued their conversation in an under tone which however was distinctly audible to the slight girl in deep mourning and heavy crape veil kneeling in front.

"Who's the tall girl in slight mourning just gone up the aisle," said one.

"Miss Torrins, Tom Falconer's cousin; you remember him, don't you? Not know him? Well, you missed an awfully good fellow. He was in old Falconer's office, but the old fellow packed him off to England and bought him a commission, people said because he was angry with him for something—debts probably; the regiment was ordered to Abyssinia where Tom was killed. Miss Torrins put on mourning of course and people say she was engaged to him, but I have my own opinion about that, for I am rather a pet of the old lady's and happened to be there when some of his things arrived which he had asked a brother officer to send home for him if he fell, and she showed me a photograph of a lonely, soft-eyed girl in a drooping hat under which the words 'My Nellie, God bless her,' were written, which she said was in the pocket-book he always carried, so I would not give much for his fair cousin's chances had poor Tom lived. But I don't know why I tell you all this when you did not know him. Why indeed! Could he have known the exquisite pain yet unspeakable joy with which the heart of the kneeling figure near was filled by his random words, he would scarcely have questioned the reason why."

OTTAWA.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

IRVING and Booth are acting together as announced.

THE New York Musical Festival has proved a complete success.

THE *Times* thinks Irving's *Jago* inferior to Booth's. The *Globe* says it is more dramatic, while Booth's is the most human.

THE Mapleson Opera Company has received a very severe blow. Madame Trebelli has acceded to Mr. Gye and the Royal Italian Opera.

A NEW theatre, erected on the site formerly occupied by the Menus Plaisirs, has been opened in Paris. From the selection of the company its ambitious title, "La Comédie Parisienne," seems but half deserved.

It is said that Salvini on his return to Italy will settle in Florence and devote his time to teaching the art of which he is probably the greatest living exponent.

MR. TERRY, the comedian, has been elected a member of the Richmond Board of Guardians to represent the district of Barnes, with the Rev. H. R. Wakefield, the curate of the parish, as his colleague.

"ÆSTHETICA; or, the Times and the Manners," is the title of a comic opera which Charles F. Pidglo, of Boston, Mass., proposes to produce next season with original music by five American composers.

THE Festival of the Three Choirs will be held at Worcester this year, and by permission of the Dean and Chapter, oratorios will be performed in the nave of the Cathedral, suitably arranged.

MILLE HORTENSE SCHNEIDER, the famous opera bouffe actress, is selling her jewels by public auction at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, where crowds of her admirers assemble to purchase them.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.