

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Question and Answer.

BY KATE.

Out in the crowded streets to-day,
Passing the throngs of grave and gay,
Where the tide of life with swiftest flow
Like the ocean waves, ebbs to and fro;
I saw a something, dark and slow,
Throu' the heart of the bustling city go.

It was not one of the cabs or carts
That run thro' the city's busy marts;
On the carriages filled with ladies gay,
Whose life is a play or a holiday;
This was so somber it seemed to cast
A shade o'er the noon-day as it past.

Darkly shining it glided by,
Slow, and solemn, and strangely high,
The sides of glass, yet you felt with a thrill,
No eyes could look through those windows chill;
And on the top of it, stranger than all,
Were waving feathers, white and tall.

After it came a long, dark, line
Of carriages, keeping the same, sad time,
The faces that filled them were pale and sad,
And each in a sable robe was clad,
Gliding after the phantom slow,
With midnight trappings, and plumes of snow.

What did it carry, and whither I wonder?
Something gleamed thro' that darksome window,
Something narrow, and black, and long,
I did but marvel, and it was gone,
I felt a thrill, I scarce knew why,
As the nodding, snowy plumes, swept by

Somewhere I read in a strange, old ditty,
Of a place they call "The Silent City,"
Its inmates are neither few nor small,
But the seal of silence covers them all;
And the crowds of earth pass each, alone,
Into that shadowy land, unknown.

'Oh Silent City' not far away!
Must each one visit thy courts one day?
Each loving, longing, living heart,
From love, and life, and hope, must part,
And is this all poor child of earth?
This voiceless, dreamless, dawnless death.

Not so—sick heart, that faints beneath the thought,
Thy God, thy Father lives, at first He brought
Thee hither, from the silence and the night,
To this strange life;—thus darkness leads to light,
With His own hand He rolls away the stone,
And bids thee trust, yet leaves thee not alone.
Think how One passed before thro' that dark door,
Piercing the night for thee forevermore.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Forgotten Castle of St. Philip Alencon.

BY INEZ DEAN.



"DON'T believe this boat intends going to-day," cried Grace, as she impatiently pulled out her watch for the third time in ten minutes.

The remark was the signal for the rest of the party to inspect their watches, and all agreed that it was fully an hour past the time for sailing, as given in the advertisement.

This impatient group was standing on the upper deck of the

State of Maine, at a Boston dock, and was commencing a summer trip long talked of. "The Provincers" had for months been a theme of interest for all of them, though from different motives. Grace declared that Edith wanted to see them because she adored anything English, while she wanted to show that travel in foreign lands would only have the effect of making her love her dear "States" the more.

The party numbered six, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley, their sons, Carl and Harry, and daughter Grace, with the latter's room-mate and best friend at school the previous year, Edith Holden. Grace and Edith were as unlike each other as possible. Grace was certain she could pass anywhere for a "darker," with her decidedly round figure, black hair and eyes, and dark olive complexion; while Edith was a good picture of the typical Saxon maid, her figure being slight and graceful, hair of a delicate golden hue, eyes of a deep blue, capable of becoming dark when she was interested, and a complexion so pure that it would have driven Venus wild with envy. Such were the girls in appearance. In character and disposition they were much alike, save that Edith, who to strangers was dignified and reserved, among her friends far outshone Grace in quickness of wit and a decided love of fun and adventure.

The boys, one older and the other younger than their sister, were manly young fellows of medium height and dark features, both extremely pleasant and companionable. Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley were a charming couple, as young in feelings as any of their youthful charges.

At last came the long wished-for order, "All ashore that's going ashore!" and the steamer slowly backed out of its dock and

commenced to thread its way among the many boats in Boston Harbor. After a pleasant afternoon's trip up the Maine coast, with fine headlands dimly seen on the horizon, they reached Portland, where after a stop of a few hours, the steamer again stood out for the last port on the Eastern coast of the United States.

The night proved a clear one; and the party, comfortably wrapped in ulsters and shawls, seated themselves on the hurricane deck to enjoy the glorious moonlight and to congratulate themselves that none were seasick. Grace confidently asserted that she always knew she should make a good sailor, and that she did not desire the company to construe anything to the contrary from her loss of meals. Alas! some hours later this proud spirit lay crushed,—not to earth but to her berth. Songs, and jokes at each other's expense, filled the time till all "turned in."

When the voyagers came on deck the next morning, the steamer was passing between "Sail Rock" and "Quoddy Head." In front and within sight lay the quaint town of Lubec, and farther off, Eastport, at too great a distance to have its beauty marred by the odor of its sardine factories. Opposite these villages were the islands of Grand Manan and Campobello, and between the latter Passamaquoddy Bay, crowded with crafts and its blue waters glistening in the bright sunlight. The picture was perfect and the party were eloquent in their praises. Grace even tried to compose some poetry, but she only got as far as "O, beautiful coast of Maine," and was vainly trying to find a word to rhyme with "Maine," when Harry, placing his hand on her head, said that he was sorry she was seasick just when they had reached the prettiest part of the trip, and asked if she would like to go below.

Soon the wharf was reached, and the whole party disembarked for a stroll through the town. The first object that met their view (and their sense of smell also) was the factory where small American herrings are packed in linseed oil, and converted into "French Sardines" by simply putting a French label on the boxes. After wandering about the little town, and purchasing fruit and confectionery to an alarming extent, they returned to the boat and once more passed beyond Campobello, and into the widespread waters of the Bay of Fundy.

A few hours brought them to the curious old city of St. Johns, and the beautiful harbor, one of the foremost four in the world, in respect to commerce, lay about them. Ships, steamers and sloops of all descriptions and from every quarter of the globe were there moored, and Edith asserted that she "Began to feel English already." Before landing, the grim custom-house officer appeared, and the girls felt sure they would have all their belongings tumbled about; but he only fiercely drew a figure "8" on each piece of baggage, and departed.

The day was spent in roaming about the city, visiting the famous "Martello Tower," where they thought of the brave woman who defended the fort so well (to be sure they did not know about it until they had read the story in the guide-book, but that made no difference), and then to the suspension bridge over the St. Johns river, where the whole wide stream forces its way between massive rocky walls only five hundred feet apart. While watching there, two handsome American yachts passed under the bridge, and a salute of handkerchiefs was exchanged. Finally, the day was closed by the young folks with a visit to the "Japanese Village," where the feature of the evening was a Punch and Judy show.

One of the sights of St. Johns was yet in store for them, however, and that they were enabled to witness next morning. At an early hour they were awakened to take the boat. When they looked from their hotel windows the city of the night before had vanished. Only a few indistinct, vague forms, without shape or outline, could be seen—the fog had come. And then a downpour of rain was added just as the party reached the boat.

The trip down the harbor was smooth enough, but when the open water was reached, the steamer began to pitch and toss wonderfully. At first the little company bravely strove to read the most exciting novels they possessed, but ere long Grace started up with "I'm afraid I did not lock my state-room door, and someone may get in;" and with undue haste for such a trifling possibility, she darted for the door. The grand salon knew her no more for that morning. Then Edith feared Grace was ill and went in search of her, never to return. So one by one they wilted away; but not because they were sick, oh, no, but because there was something that must be attended to in the state-rooms.

Finally, like the sight of a life-boat to the ship-wrecked, "Digby Gut" came into view; and once inside that wall of rock, all sickness vanished. One by one our friends came on deck. No questions were asked, and only white faces and smelling-salts told the tale of woe. Digby was passed and Annapolis reached, where, delightedly, the party entered the train bound for Halifax.

Resting comfortably in easy seats, they rolled along through the beautiful valley between ridges of tree-clad mountains, and through extensive, well-kept farms, many of the latter being huge fruit gardens.

"Why it looks just like New England!" exclaimed the disappointed Edith. But the occupants of the car were decidedly English in speech and appearance, and that somewhat pacified the disappointed young lady.

Soon the train reached the historic "Grand Pre"; and on going to the rear platform the kindly conductor pointed out to our passengers the row of willows marking the chief street, and the places where had stood in former days "Basil's" forge and the kirk; and farther on, the Gaspereau, at whose mouth the fated French settlers embarked. Of course they all had read "Evangeline," and Edith even began to repeat "This is the forest primeval,—the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," but somehow those lines (all she could remember) did not apply very well, for no forests were visible there.

On they sped, the scenery ever growing wilder as they entered the mountains. Now a beautiful lake, covered with lilies lay below them; now a tiny cascade appeared, dashing down the face of the

huge walls of rocks; every moment the scene changed, until darkness put an end to all.

"Halifax!" called the conductor, and a very sleepy crowd shook themselves, picked up their numerous bundles, and left the cars. Soon they were peacefully slumbering 'neath the roof of the comfortable Waverley Hotel, dreaming of "Evangeline," and being wrecked, and climbing mountains,—all in confusion.

One day was here allotted to sight-seeing; and what visions of manly forms in red coats and Scotch caps filled the eye of Grace and Edith and made the latter young lady feel once more quite English! Edith was loud in her praises of the soldiers, while, privately, she decided that none of them could equal a certain Carl Ainsley, though she would never let him know it, for the world. In their rounds, they stormed the gates of the citadel, only to be repulsed; but they had the distant view, all the same. At the Province House, they were more successful, and gazed with great admiration at the famous portraits of some of the former rulers of Great Britain, their Majesties King George I, and II, and Queens Charlotte and Katherine, besides many of the lesser nobility.

Thus the day passed, and the next day found them again on the cars. The scenery along the line to Mulgrave was as fine as that of the previous journey, and much like it; but the day was hot and the cars stuffy and uncomfortable, and had it not been for a very amusing controversy on the "Alabama Claims," between a young American and an equally young Englishman, neither of whom seemed well posted on the subject, our friends would have found the journey much more wearisome. Mulgrave was finally reached, and the cool breeze from the strait of Canso made up for the disagreeable ride and the not overclean boat on which they embarked. The view from the boat as it moved up the strait was quite like a modification of the Hudson, with many little villages reaching the water's edge, and breaking the solitude of the wooded hills. Near sunset the canal was made, and slowly the boat steamed through into the broad calm bosom of the Bras d'Or Lake.

The sight here was decidedly foreign and beautiful, and the entire party used all the adjectives they knew, and then remained silent. Soon, however the fog came down, and nothing more was to be seen that night. Close upon midnight the company left the dirty little boat at Baddeck, and proceeded to the hotel recommended to them as the least offensive in the town. They were ushered into a damp, musty parlor, suggestive of anything but comfort, and there waited in sleepy misery until shown to their rooms. But the rooms! The odors of the parlor were attar of roses and incense in comparison to the smell that met their nostrils on entering the rooms. At first the girls were in despair; then Grace roused up, and seizing frantically a towel, rubbed the dirt from the top of the washstand and bureau, after which, partly disrobing, they retired, Grace holding in one hand a bottle of ammonia and in the other a carbolic acid inhaler, while Edith used plentifully her new bottle of cologne.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and the discomforts of the night were almost forgotten. A friend, appearing like a good angel, carried them off to a beautiful cottage further up the lake; and there the day sped by with bathing in the warm waters, rowing and admiring the rare views.

Eight o'clock again found them on the boat bound for Sidney and from there to St. Philip. The less said of this voyage the better. In the minds of the travellers it is a blank, broken here and there by moments of misery such as cannot be expressed—only felt. At last, after what seemed ages, but was, in reality, only a few hours, the boat once more came to anchor. Grace declared that her hair must be white and that she felt fully sixty; Edith to be thoroughly English, pronounced it a "nasty trip;" the boys said nothing, but looked exceedingly ashamed of having been ill. But sunshine, the picturesque harbor, and quaint old town of St. Philip, soon conspired to bring back cheerfulness to the white faces.

They landed and went to the hotel, which, to their satisfaction, they found much better than at Baddeck. A good meal refreshed them, and they then went out to view the city. This was really the most foreign town they had yet seen. Sailors of apparently every maritime nation walked the streets; French soldiers added a military air; the variety of languages to be heard on every side might have equalled that of the Tower of Babel;—and Edith and Grace were in ecstasies. At twelve they saw the soldiers drill in front of the court-house, and then sought the hotel and dinner.

After satisfying the cravings of hunger, the party divided. Grace retreated to her chamber for a nap, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley went to write letters home, Harry started off to wander about the city alone, and Edith was persuaded by Carl to go for a ride.

Near one end of the island a group of high hills rises, covered with trees. As Edith and her companion neared them, at the summit of one they saw what resembled the ruin of a castle. Wondering at meeting such a sight here, they drove as near the foot of the hill as possible, and inquired at a farm house as to what the mass was. The aged peasant who answered their call, replied to the question:

"Ah, Monsieur et Mademoiselle, zat ees ze old chateau of Count Condue."

"Can we go to it?" asked Carl.

"Ah, oui; if you will walk up ze hill, and you will find zere ze old madame, who can tell you all of it."

They thanked the old man and leaving the horse in his keeping ascended the hill by an unkept road, which must once have been a fine drive-way, but was now overgrown with weeds. Suddenly emerging from the woods, they came upon an open space which seemed to have formerly been a lawn. Behind this rose the remains of a terrace, and on the latter stood the ruin they had seen from a distance.

(Concluded Next Week.)