

and misery, he was about to pour into her ear the tale of his devotion and of his suffering. A declaration trembled on his lips, but it was only for a moment. Bitterly came the recollection of his poverty,—of his humble station in life. In what an absurd position would he place himself by the declaration of his passion! How would it be received?—Perhaps with scorn—his presumption ridiculed. A few moments of bewildering happiness, and again the barrier between him and Lady Rosalie, erected by their difference of fortune and rank, rose up as impassable as ever.

While this tumult was going on in the mind of Philip, Lady Rosalie had culled a choice bouquet. Gracefully presenting it to him for his mother, she said she must gather a few of his favorite flowers for himself, and again she stooped amid the fragrant plants.

"How interesting is the language of flowers, Mr. Trevyllian. I have not forgotten that part of my botanical studies—it was the easiest to remember."

Philip was standing beside a monthly rose-bush as the remark fell on his ear. A delicate rose-bud caught his eye, and the temptation to offer it in tacit acknowledgment of his love was strong within him. Hastily he broke it from the stem, but when he was going to present it to the object of his secret homage, he was prevented by the appearance of Lady Templemore's stately figure at the door of the conservatory.

"Having missed you from the dining-room, Mr. Trevyllian, I thought you were gone," she said, slightly elevating her eyebrows, as if in surprise. "Whenever you feel disposed to return to the parsonage the carriage will be in waiting."

Had Lady Templemore's penetrating eye detected the curate's love for her niece, and indignant at his presumption, did she intend this for a polite dismissal? It might be so. Philip must no longer linger in this garden of Eden, his *tête-à-tête* with Lady Rosalie must end. Brief happiness it had been, but so sweet, so unlooked for, that the very remembrance of it would be like that of a delightful dream from which he had too soon awakened. Crushing the rose-bud in his hand, in his bitter humiliation, he bowed coldly to Lady Templemore, then turned to thank Lady Rosalie for her kindness. For a moment he held the jewelled hand which she courteously offered him, then with a sigh relinquished it. The next minute he had passed from the conservatory out into the darkness of the night, with as deep a gloom gathering round his heart as had fallen on the face of nature.

(To be continued.)

## A RIDE ON A SNOW PLOUGH.

THUNDER and lightning in January! Thermometer 20 below zero and up to temperate. Snow storms in rapid succession for five days; and as a wind-up, a furious gale and rain storm! Such is the bill of fare for the third week of this opening year, 1866. No English mail—nothing Canadian even, except a Christmas dun, with the gentle intimation that unless the bill be settled by "return mail," costs of collection will be incurred—and a notice from the Grand Trunk Station, that a lot of "Tommy-Cods and Oysters" are waiting on the platform, subject to charges for demurrage for delay. When the mail will return, who can tell? Never, unless somebody turns out to clear the roads, and we had better not set the example. It is clearly against our interest with "costs of collection" ahead of us to interfere with any arrangement for further time that old Boreas with his son-in-law, Jack Frost, and his virgin daughter, may, for all we know, be making for us. But then the "Tommy-Cods and Oysters"—we wanted them for the New Year; and if we wait for any arrangements Old Winter may make, we may as well rest contented, until we again hear the "sweet music"—in plain language, the shrill screech of the dirty little "Dixie," or gaze with delight on the loyal streamers of the "Prince," as she scuds through the Blue Waters of the Ottawa: and assures us, as she glides along, screened here and there by the leaves of

the budding boughs of the maple and lilac, that spring has again really returned. But "Tommy-Cods and Oysters" or "Odds Bobs and Butter-kings," [whichever exclamation the gentle readers of the "Saturday" may think most to the purpose] what has all this to do with a "ride upon a snow plough?" Well I will try and tell you. We resolved upon getting rid of "ennui," and ordered out the team—"Jamais" "très frêt," "Monsieur." "Oui, mon ami, ce vrai," in John Bull French we replied. And we set to work with anger, hammer, and nails, to "fix up" a plough, which is simply a machine constructed of two of the shortest and broadest slabs culled from the "waifs and strays" of the river, stoutly pinned together in the shape of the letter V, with a box on the cross bar for a seat. The road, through which we had to plough, was everywhere blocked as high as the fencing, and oftentimes higher. "The team will never face it, much less get through," is the first thought, but "nil desperandum" the second. At, in, and through, was the result of the first effort of the brave little team, as they floundered out of the drift, with their heads only visible, and stopped to take breath for another charge—and so on, till the post and village were reached. Shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence may be, and is exciting—but let no one say, there is nothing to be done in a snow storm, so long as a snow drift is to be found. The fountains of snow pouring from the sides of your plough, are the purest the eye can ever behold, and the sensation makes you exclaim, "well a snow plough is the pleasantest motion I know," while the work done is positively marvellous. A steam engine would be powerless, exhausted, and buried alive in no time; while a team of lively active horses will force their own way, and clear, by the plough, a track behind them, through which they will trot on their return, as merrily as if no obstacle had ever impeded them. Our box, on which we sat, was singularly enough, stamped, "Malaga"—certain it is, we were not in a Mediterranean climate—and yet, for all we know to the contrary, this very box was but "a chip of the old block," hewn from some noble denizen of the forest, in the shape of a bass wood tree, felled on the shores of the Ottawa; rafted to Quebec—shipped to the Mediterranean—packed with raisins at Malaga, and re-shipped to Montreal—its contents having formed a principal ingredient at some Canadian Christmas fireside, and itself doing duty on the shores of its native river, an inglorious part of a once glorious whole.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

BLASÉ.

## L. B. C.

Alas, the years that have fled! And yet how vividly I can recall the sixth dance of the first ball of the season of 18—! When Weipart's band played the opening bars of the *Valse d'Amour*, I had no need to look at my card; the name of Cousin Ellen was engraved too deeply on my heart for that. I found her sitting behind the door, in the ice-room, talking to Carroll, the barrister. She jumped up with alacrity. "Here you are at last!" she cried, taking my arm; "now I shall enjoy my first dance to-night."

"Why," said I, "you have had three, for you came in time for the second, and have not sat out once."

"Oh, that polka with Captain Moore was a perfect penance—he cannot keep step at all, and as for walking through the last quadrille with Mr. Carroll, I do not call that dancing. But I never enjoy waltzing with any one so much as with you, Bob; it is the one thing you can do to perfection. Every one has his or her specialty, you know, and dancing is yours."

"Ah," said I, as the *fumes* of the music enveloped me, "do you remember when we were children, and used to dance at Christmas-parties?"

"Yes, and what a bore you used to think it!"

"True, I was blind and idiotic enough for that; I never liked dancing till I was about seventeen. But I always liked you, Ellen."

Here I gave her hand a gentle squeeze, and it is my firm impression that— But no, not on the rack would I divulge it. Let me suffer, and be strong. "Do you remember that you promised to be my little wife?"

"Did I? How foolish children are!"

"How delightful it would be!" (I denounce the composer of the *Valse d'Amour* as the person who forced me to say all this) "if such a childish daydream were to prove some day a waking reality!"

Ellen was out of breath, and uttered no reply with her tongue, but the gipsy made a most nefarious use of her eyes. Ah, if young ladies knew the effect they produce by glancing softly up at their partners in a languishing waltz, and then looking down immediately on the ground, they would not do it: or perhaps they would do it all the more; there is no trusting them. The waltz came to an end, but its effects did not cease all at once, and Bob was by no means himself again in consequence.

"I must make the most of this ball, for we are not to remain in London long, and I shall not have many this summer," said Ellen as we promenaded.

"What!" I exclaimed in a tone of disappointment, for the words were like lumps of ice dropped down the back.

"Papa has taken a house on the banks of the Thames, at Longreach. It is delightful; there is a lawn sloping down to the river, and a boat-house. You used to row when you were up at the university, did you not?"

"A little."

"That is delightful. You must come and stay whenever you can, and take an oar. Papa has gone wild on aquatics."

I went down to Longreach, when the Martins were settled in their new house, on a Saturday to Monday visit, and found everything unexpectedly delightful. Uncle William, who was accustomed to dwell upon the insignificance of my patrimony, and the improbability of my ever making an income out of my inkpot, whenever I met him, never alluded to those chilling topics; Aunt Maria substituted her pleasant cordial face for the ordinary cold-shoulder with which she treated me; Dick, the hope of the family, was less mischievous, now that he had left Eton, and commenced cramming for the army; and as for the girls, their behaviour was cousinly and comfortable as always.

Eden had one snake, and that wore the likeness of Carroll, who came to dinner on the Sunday in a very free-and-easy sort of way; that is, upon a general, not a special invitation.

After due reflection upon the state of things, I formed the following conclusion: That the Martin family saw that my early friendship for Cousin Nelly had become transmogrified into love; that my uncle and aunt had at length perceived my many merits, and were no longer inclined to discountenance my attentions to their daughter, that the sentiments of Ellen herself coincided with those of her parents upon this interesting subject; but that Carroll was a rival, and must be watched. I made a master-move. Carroll was nailed by business to London, and had but slight excuse for constant visits to the Martins, while my movements were free, and my presence welcome. So I found that the heat of my chambers disagreed with me, and I took bachelor lodgings in Longreach.

"Have you come into the country for a spell, Bob?" said my uncle, when he first learned the fact. "That is right; your new novel will be all the fresher for it. You must join the L. B. C. I will put you up to-night, and Thwarts shall second you. Thwarts is our Hon. Sec."

"Proud and happy, I am sure," I lied. "What is the L. B. C., though?"

"Why, the Longreach Boating Club, to be sure."

"Well, I will pay my subscription, of course; but I do not know enough about rowing to be a very active member."

"O come!" said my uncle; "that will not do. I know better than that."

That evening, I was unanimously elected into the L. B. C., and introduced to the members at a cold supper, which my uncle gave at his own