

"Well railyly Misther Peeler," Jim said, "but I think you've chosen a mane sort of a life. Why don't you throw off that big ugly coat and work? Peelerin', I think, is not decent business at all."

"You are not afraid that I shall be obliged to arrest you if you go on obstructing me in doing my duty?"

"Railyly, sir, I'm not afeerd until I begin to obstruct as you call it."

"What did you pick up last night?"

"Now did'nt I say peelerin' was a mane business? It's me own affairs what I picked up last night."

"I shall oblige you to show me what it was that you did pick up?"

"Well, thin, if a peeler is mor'en any other man, an if he is'nt, he's a big good-for-nothing boaster, you'll make me show what I did pick up. I'm ready; now make me show you."

"Then I shall arrest you on suspicion."

"O thin since you are going about it right and sensibly I'll aise your suspicion. Come wid me sir." The policeman followed him into the little back yard.

"Do you see that ould box? Well that's what I picked up. An' do you see thim ould clothes hangin' up? Well thim's what I got in it. But you see Mr. Peeler if I didn't like I needn't have tould you the truth: I could have palmed almost anything about the place off on you for racked goods, if I had a mind to."

The policeman was non-plussed: There were the old clothes sodden with salt water, there was the box; so there was nothing to do but accept the story that had been told to him.

EDMUND COLLINS.

THE HEPALICA.

What faint, sweet song out of the turning years
Is thine amid the myriad songs of earth?
Frail singer, born of laughter and of tears,
Betwixt the tines of sorrow and of mirth;
Mute maker of a soft, pale petalled rhyme,
Whom sharp death slays so long before the prime.

'Twas but a little time ago we heard
The slim pines, standing sandalled with waste snow,
And dreary cedar-copses parced and stirred
With hollow winds, that spake no word but woe.
There was no voice in all the bleak world's breath,
But one wide moan, one hollow song of death.

And yet a little while, and we shall hear
The mœnad earth, grown drunken with rich hours,
Bright-bosomed, sprung from her sad couch of fear,
Enwound with all her bridal gift of flowers,
Unceasingly, while the fair days abide,
Red sunset, burning noon, and morning-tide.

Lift up her mad song to the shielding sun,
Remembering naught of all the ills that were,
To Him, the Lord, whose shining strength doth run
Like wine, in all the throbbing veins of her;
But yet thou hast a sweeter song than she,
Too full of hope and burdened memory.

For all thy soul is sad with sharp things fled,
With sights that fade not, though the hours be flown,

And sounds that die not, though the days be dead,

White wastes that glimmer, houseless winds that moan;
Brown woods that wail, nor any comfort gain,
Fill thy grey-memored treasury of pain.

Yet is thy thought not all of pain; we know,
That strong the sun shines in thy face, and wide
The wild and fruitful hours, before thee grow,
In gathering beauty to the perfect tide;
The full, soft dreams and countless songs that cling
About the face of sun-beholden spring.

These things thou speakest with thy sad, small voice,
And all fair morning forest things that grow,
Bleak trees, pale grasses, withered plants rejoice,
And gather up their heart of pride to know,
The end at last of all their drearhead,
That lovely summer is not always dead.

Pale singer, friend of them that joy and weep,
The glad time dawning shall behold the dumb,
Laid songless then, wrapped round with painless sleep,
Too heavy-weighted to see the wild hours come;
Too weary-worn with thought of hard things slain,
And wildering hope, that yet was almost pain.

Then flourish fairly, flower and glossy leaf,
Let no hand stoop to do thee any wrong;
Godwot, thy pale mid time is very brief,
So gather in the sunlight and the song;
Mute singer of sweet a pale-petalled rhyme,
Whom sharp death slays so long before the prime.

A. LAMPMAN.

CHARLES READE.

There never has been a writer of fiction who has exerted a greater influence or drawn around him a wider circle of admirers than Mr. Charles Reade. His passion for love of truth and justice, his intense hatred of everything ignoble and base, and his wonderful power of swaying his reader with every gust of his own passion, has invested him with peculiar interest to all the lovers of what is great and good in literature.

Like Dickens, and unlike Antony Trollope, he wrote with a purpose. Not a mere mercenary and mechanical scribbler, who writes a certain number of books a year for the sake of gain; not a panderer to a morbid sensationalism, but one who taking his place among the noble army of the world's reformers, devoted his genius to the purging away of evils which an apathetic public could not or would not see. So intense was his nature, so passionate his sympathy, that it was morally impossible for him to stand by and witness the joy and anguish, suffering and trial of his fellow-creatures, with the calm and selfish indifference of the common-place spectator, but, like a true knight of the pen, rushed to the rescue, and all aflame with his genius, pleaded for the right and denounced the wrong.

The high and beneficent purpose which runs through all of Reade's books is their first, most striking characteristic. The second is their intensely dramatic character. All his works are lighted up to a greater or less degree with the glow of brilliant and startling dramatic situations. It is this fusion of the powers of the drama-