

situation was cruel; here I was, fairly caught, after all the elaborate plans I laid too! First, questioning whether I should look better in the costume of a hunter, then favouring the professor style, or a curate or a professional man, and now to be caught arrayed in clothes a rag-picker would be ashamed to be seen in!

But I felt I couldn't stand there all day grinning, so plunged in again. What I said it is impossible to say, but after floundering along with apologies for my appearance, explanations where I was going, what the bundle on my shoulder was, &c, I had to stop, mumbling something about the sun being very hot and not feeling well. "Good-bye, Mr. Henry, I hope the sun is not too strong to-day for you, good-bye," and with a look that would have turned a horse from his oats, Mrs. Dash whipped up the horse and drove on. And I laughed a horrid laugh and put the red bundle in the trail and drove the cart over it, and struck the oxen over the head with the stick and threw my hat away and kicked myself around the block.

There is not very much more to tell you now. I felt my chance of ingratiating myself would be very slim now and retired to the solitude of my shanty for a few days to try and recover a little, but on Sunday I thought I might venture to church, and sit somewhere in the back and do a little gazing on my own account. So I got up early on Sunday morning, and had a good two hours in the dressing business, at the end of which I felt I had done my best, and set off to walk over to the school-house where service was held.

I walked slowly, so as to arrive cool and fresh, and when I got there, I found a crowd of other fellows outside waiting to get in; there did not seem to be much talking going on, every man looked at his neighbour sideways, and there seemed to be a lack of cordiality about us all. I remember thinking to myself, What a sight that Norman looks. Fancy wearing a collar like that! He can't afford to take liberties with himself in that fashion! And old Peter! I had always liked him, but this morning, poor chap, I thought, its a good job the power is *not* given us "To see oursel's as ithers see us" or he'd feel pretty cheap!

And then the door opened and we all went in, and the sermon began, but we didn't seem to attend very much, for we were all waiting!

And presently she arrived and walked in with Mrs. Dash. She looked so trim and neat in her pale blue gown. And then all the fellows on the front bench moved, half of them squashed up to one end of the form and the other half crowded to the other end, and left a gap in the middle big enough to seat four, and they all looked appealingly at her. But she passed them by and took a vacant seat next to Norman. And I felt certain then, that of all the fools in the place, Norman was the very biggest.

Then a hymn was given out, there was a fearful rustling sound, and then twenty men stretched out twenty hymn books to Miss Belle—but Norman was ahead, she was looking over his!

About half way through the service we were startled by the sound of horses galloping, and through the window I saw another man arrive and tie his horse to the fence, and when he came in looking so hot and dusty and travel stained (for he had ridden twenty miles) we all spread ourselves out so as to make no room, and he had to make his way right to the end of the hall and find a seat, a long way from Miss Belle, and we felt happy.

After the service he came forward but we crowded round Miss Belle so that he couldn't get near. Then I saw him whispering to some of the fellows, but they shook their heads and then he came over to me and begged me to *introduce* him! Fancy the cheek of him. I asked him what he took me for? As if there weren't enough already!

Mrs. Dash gave a general invitation to all the boys to come over in the afternoon and have a cup of tea. When I arrived, there were twenty-seven men on the verandah,—she and Mrs. Dash were seated in the middle of the circle. After about an hour and a half, I managed to push my way to the front, and then she saw me, and said with such a sweet smile, "How do you do, Mr. Henry? I *hope* you are feeling stronger. Is your headache better?"

There was an audible titter from the crowd behind me, and I replied, "Thank you so much! I'll go home and enquire about my head and come back and tell you," and I walked stiffly away.

On the way I picked up old H.H., and as he looked jolly miserable, I felt friendly. "How did you get on, old man?" I asked. "Oh I hadn't the ghost of a chance," he said. "You know she arrived two or three days before she

was expected. And Mrs. Dash was driving her home past my shanty, where I was sitting outside,—you know how hot it was that day? Well I took out my rocking chair to sit on in the shade, took off my coat, boots and socks and put my feet up on the back of another chair and went to sleep! I didn't wake up until Mrs. Dash's rig stopped opposite my chair. The noise startled me, one look was enough, and with a yell I shot into the shanty through the open window."

Then we fell to discussing the girl and presently we seemed both to agree that you couldn't call her exactly *pretty*! after a bit, we agreed she was really almost *plain*!

Then Norman seemed to be making the running and we decided he always was an idiot and full of conceit.

Finally when we reached my shanty, we both agreed she was downright *ugly*, we couldn't see what all the excitement was about. What in thunder could any one see in her! And altogether the *grapes* were very *sour*.

She is Mrs. Norman now.

Villanelle of Patience.

The piano she pounds, and she plays
A "piece" that is lengthy and loud,
While the victim unwillingly stays;

Stays, while from dawn till the haze
Of twilight grows dense as a cloud,
The piano she pounds and she plays.

Plays, and the air she so slays,
The composer must squirm in his shroud,
While her victim unwillingly stays.

On *da capos* the limit she'll raise,
Till two rapidly grow to a crowd,
The piano she pounds and she plays.

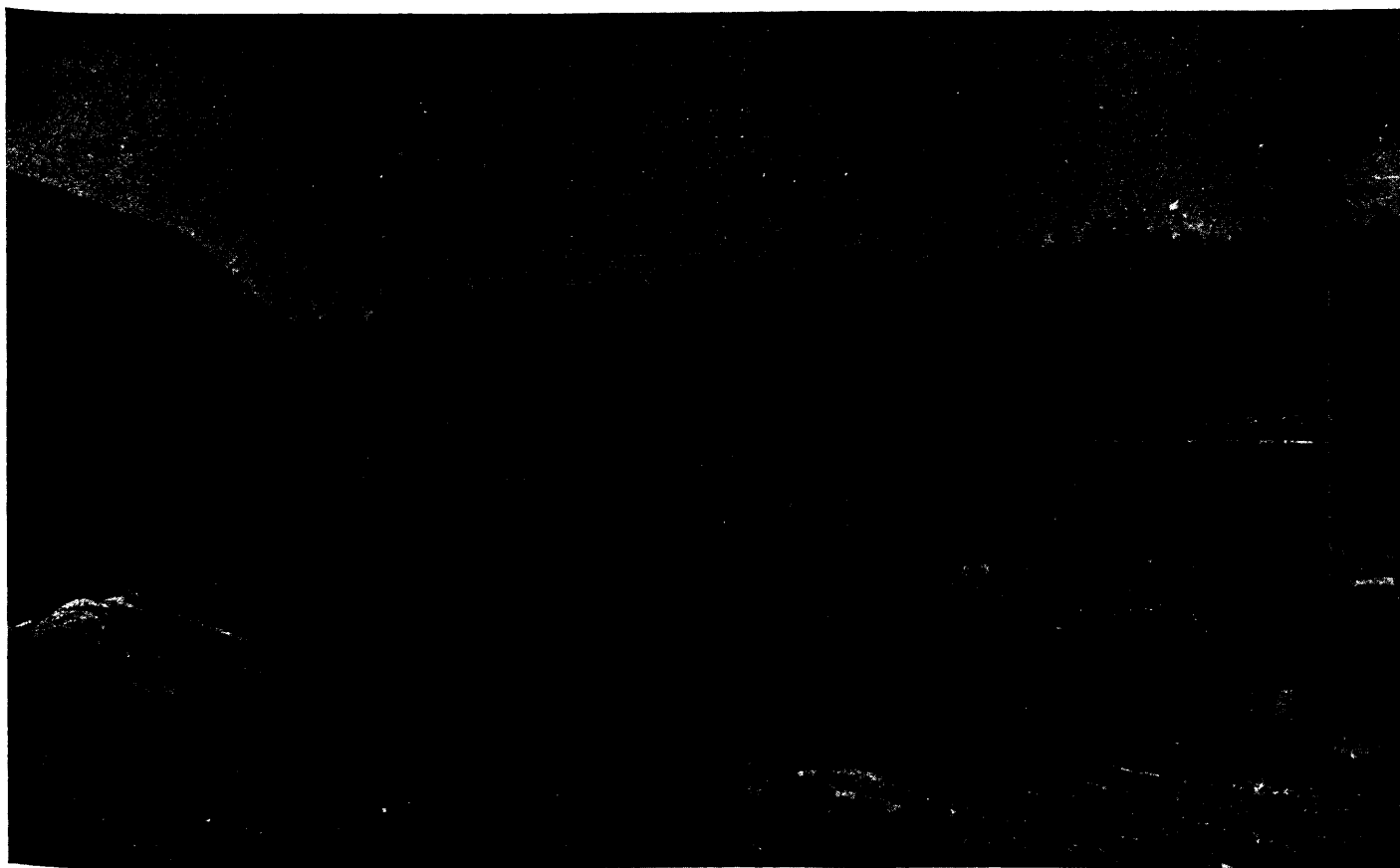
Pianissimos aye miss her gaze,
But on her fortes she does herself proud,
While her victim unwillingly stays.

Syncopation her soul not dismays,
Nor discounts for rests is allowed,
The piano she pounds and she plays.

She stops. I mendaciously praise;
And again with fresh vigour endowed,
The piano she pounds and she plays,
While her victim unwillingly stays.

Chicago, 1891.

J. E. MACPHERSON.



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