

England; and then you can sing to me, because I can no longer make music. And you must not think my hands will take long to heal; a week will see them better."

Ruth flushed. She would fain have refused to sing, but could not.

"I will do what I can for you," she said. "You saved my life, and I owe it to you."

"You owe me nothing," answered Gemma, "but what you are willing to give. What were you musing about when I entered the gallery?"

Ruth hesitated a little before she replied. Could he solve her doubts for her? She felt a sudden temptation to ask him, to confide in him.

"I was thinking—" she said slowly, looking at him anxiously. "It is so difficult to put into words, but my thoughts were something like this. When I was at Westminster, I would not sing or listen to music because I felt that it was in me to love what was beautiful for beauty's sake. Perhaps it was a narrow creed, but I seemed to love God less for loving beauty more. But now that I am here, all seems different to me. Things seem right that once I thought were wrong, and all things take a different place in the world to me. When you played the other night, it seemed the very perfection of loveliness in holiness. And yet what was there of God in it?"

"God created all things beautiful," answered Gemma. "A beautiful sound is the speech of God."

"Yes," protested Ruth; "but we use it for the service of man."

"You forget," answered Gemma, quietly, "that God created man with all his faults and longings. They are human faults and longings; and the service of God is the service of man."

After that talk in the picture-gallery Ruth became much more at home with Gemma; indeed, they soon grew to be inseparable companions, and Ruth, who had never known what it was to come in contact with any one who would think out problems for himself, soon grew to lean upon Gemma, to bring him all her doubts and longings. He satisfied her, and when a fortnight had passed she grew to dread his approaching departure more and more. She never stopped to ask herself why. She had never dreamt of loving, of being loved like most girls do. Her nature had been so steeped in the worship of things holy that human love was almost unknown to her.

She sang to Gemma constantly. Her voice had never given her so much pleasure as now when she used it to while away the time for him. For all that, she knew and perhaps he understood, that she never gave utterance to the fervour and yearnings within her. There was always something repressed about her singing, as if she feared to give voice to her own true self.

Gemma's hands were nearly well; indeed he could have used them had he been so minded, but he loved Ruth's care of him. Ruth herself watched their progress with a feeling of mingled fear and hope; she wanted them well for his sake, but she also wanted him to have an excuse for staying on.

They were strolling in the gardens one afternoon. A kind of brooding heat, forerunner of a storm, made the air dense and heavy. The sky was darkened except when lurid clouds broke up the gloom. Both Ruth and Gemma felt the oppression of the atmosphere. "I am going to leave the day after to-morrow," said Gemma shortly and suddenly, and fixed his eyes upon Ruth. The girl was so taken by surprise that she could not dissemble. "So soon," she faltered; and then she continued bravely: "I shall miss you."

"Will you?" he asked. "I am glad." They were both silent for a little after this. "You must play to me to-night," said Ruth. "I must hear you play once more before you go."

"If my new violin has come," he answered. "Are you afraid of thunder, Ruth?"

"I am not afraid of any storms," answered the girl. "On the contrary, I like to watch them."

They turned towards the house, not many moments too soon. The sullen thunder was growling, the lightning began to be more vivid, and great drops were falling from the sultry clouds. It was a terrible scene. Ruth, who had not imagined anything worse than an English thunderstorm, suddenly lost all control over her nerves. She nearly screamed when a flash lit up the gardens and was followed by a great crash of thunder. Nearer and nearer she drew to Gemma, feeling a security in his proximity that she could not understand. At first he had talked lightly of many things to keep her thoughts from the scene, but gradually the awe of the elements came over him too and silently they watched it together, and in some strange fashion they both felt drawn more closely to each other by this very silence.

All the afternoon and part of the evening the storm raged. It was nearly ten before the rain ceased and the low muttered growl of the thunder died away in the distant hills. Crispi and Deland were still lingering over their wine; Ruth and Gemma were in the drawing-room. The girl was still pale and a little agitated; Gemma was very silent.

"I am going to play to you to-night," he said more softly than was his wont, "and you shall sit still by the open window and take in the scent of the freshened grasses."

Ruth obeyed, and Gemma began to play. His hands had not lost their cunning. The sounds he drew from his violin were softer, more love-laden than ever. What it was he played Ruth did not know.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly, when the last note had died away, and he answered very quietly, not looking at her at all, "It is the most beautiful love-song in the world. It is Beethoven's 'Adelaide.'"

"A song?" she asked, and her face flushed. "A song! Then I can sing it."

"If you will, I will play for you."

Then Ruth took the music with her trembling hands and commenced. Of course she stumbled over the new words, but that mattered not, for the music had crept into her soul so that the meaning of it was plain without need of words. Her voice swelled and vibrated with the passion she had so long suppressed; clear and full it unconsciously proclaimed aloud the triumph of Love.

Crispi heard it from the next room and realized two things—that this was the voice he had dreamed of, and that he had lost his pupil for ever. But Ruth herself sang on, losing her identity in the passionate strains of the world's most beautiful love-song. And when the last long-drawn sigh, *Adelaide!* fell from her lips, her eyes suddenly met Gemma's. She had betrayed what she had not known herself; she scarce knew it now indeed, but her lids fell under Gemma's burning gaze.

"Come with me into the garden, Ruth," he whispered, and as in a trance she followed him.

Then, in the quiet peacefulness of an evening after storm, under the beams of a moon struggling to free itself from clouds and therefore less placid than usual, with all the rain-awakened scents of the flowers making the air fragrant round them, Gemma told Ruth his tale of love, told her the sweet time-worn story that men never tire of telling, to which women never tire of listening, told her how Love the Conqueror would destroy all the tangled web of her doubts and would teach her to love God through love of man.

And Ruth listened—and believed.—*Alan Adair, in Macmillans for November.*

REVELATIONS XVIII. 22.

"No more at all in thee," the solemn knell
That early rang the Babylonian woe,
Forever down the ages sounds to show
The lords of Mammon, who make earth a hell,
The limits Heaven assigns them, to foretell
Their certain, sudden, final overthrow.
The tolling words recur as blow on blow
Shall purge God's Temple where they buy and sell.

O vainly in that retribution hour,
Shall wail the mourner and recount the loss
Of industry's choice fruits free scattered then.
Unhallowed gains won by Satanic power
Like fairy gold shall shrivel into dross,
Nor buy their meanest chattels—souls of men.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Is not the time ripe for the formation of a Canadian National League, with this object, the promotion of a distinct national feeling friendly to a connection with the British Empire, consistent with our self-respect, and hostile to the surrender of our territories and privileges and liberty, to United States schemers by what is called Annexation?

Admission to the league, which would be open to women as well as men, would be granted on the applicants signing this pledge: "I, —, hereby promise that I will do all in my power to promote the interests of the Canadian nation, and prevent as far as I can Political union with the United States." I propose that there should be branches in all the large towns in Canada. Public dinners should be held simultaneously all over the Dominion on Dominion Day or the Queen's Birthday, at which speeches might be made by our leading statesmen and others. The badge should be a small beaver or maple leaf in silver which could be worn, unobtrusively, on the inside of the coat; or we might have a flower as a national emblem, to be worn by all members on Dominion Day, just as the Primrose League in England makes use of the primrose. There should be branches of the society in the States and England, the duty of which would be to extend friendliness and brotherhood to compatriots in a strange land. A slight annual subscription, say twenty-five cents, should be made by all members to cover the cost of a printed roll of membership, and, if sufficient, the publication and circulation of tracts and the delivery of lectures relating to Canada in furtherance of the national idea. Other more definite aims might be taken up in time, such as the erecting of monuments to our national heroes, etc., irrespective of creed or race.

Do let such a league be begun; I am sure it would take with our young men. Let some influential people begin its formation at once in Toronto and Montreal. It might be inaugurated by a dinner in Toronto at which Sir John Macdonald could infuse into it his spirit and enthusiasm. At any rate let us hear what you think of the scheme.

F. G. SCOTT.

Drummondville, P. Q.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SUBWAY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—When this Province entered Confederation in 1873, the Intercolonial Railway was under construction, and the Canadian Pacific Railway only contemplated. Messrs. Pope, Haviland and the writer were appointed delegates to meet the Government at Ottawa and arrange the "Terms of Confederation." One of the greatest difficulties which presented itself was to find a remedy for our want of connection with the mainland; our harbours being frozen up for nearly one-half the year, it was thought we should be unable to participate in the great benefits, arising out of the building of the great arteries of inter-provincial trade, which have since connected the remaining Provinces of this wide Dominion. This question was very fully discussed in all its moods and tenses. The result was the Dominion Government promised to give us "continuous communication" with the other Provinces, and so as no misunderstanding should hereafter arise on this point, the following was inserted as one of the "Terms of Confederation": "Efficient steam service for the conveyance of mails, and passengers to be established and maintained between the Island and the Dominion, winter and summer, thus placing the Island in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion."

In pursuance of this obligation the Dominion Government have provided summer accommodation by a contract with the P. E. I. Steam Navigation Company, and also provided a winter steamer, which has been unable to carry out the "Terms of Confederation" viz.: "continuous communication" owing to the difficulties of ice in our winter navigation. This has been a source of great loss, as well as great drawback to the general prosperity of our Province, which contains one million acres of fine farming land. Our farming is carried on after the "Scotch system"—"rotation of crops"; as a consequence, we have amongst other agricultural products a great surplus of roots, mainly potatoes for export. Our fall season for shipping, owing to early frost sealing our harbours, has to be done in a hurried manner, and consequently we have to put this product on an overloaded market and sell at a sacrifice and loss, whilst our more fortunate neighbours on the mainland have their crop housed, and only sell it as the market requires.

An examination of the Dominion Blue Books of last year shows the average price of potatoes throughout the different Provinces to be as follows: Ontario, 65.2; Nova Scotia, 52.5; Manitoba, 47.1; New Brunswick, 46.0; Quebec, 45.0; P. E. Island, 26.5, or an average of 47 cents per bushel.

It is estimated we are sellers of potatoes to the extent of about four millions of bushels per annum, and looking at the above quotations from the Blue Books it will be at once apparent we are losers on this one item alone of about \$800,000 annually.

To remedy this state of affairs I have proposed and am advocating a subway across the Northumberland Straits of six and a-half miles from Carleton Head in P. E. I. to the Money Point in N. B. Across this whole distance there is a bed of shale of about fifty feet in thickness, resting on the bedrock of carboniferous sandstone, and pronounced by competent engineers to be more easily worked through than the strata through which the great St. Clair tunnel has been built. In connection with the summer and winter mails of this Province the Dominion Government is at the present time expending the sum of about \$200,000 per year.

I am aware that many of your readers look at this subway matter as one involving a very large expenditure of money for such a small population, etc. With your permission it will be my duty in my next letter to disabuse their minds on this point, and to endeavour to prove to them that the present outlay will be quite sufficient to build the P. E. I. subway.

GEORGE W. HOWLAND.

Charlottetown, Nov. 20, 1890.

A SHORTER WORKING DAY.

IS it right that hours of work should be limited; and, if so, how many hours should be allotted to work? The old saying on this point runs:—

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play,
With eight hours' sleep, makes one good day.

So it does, and there is an immense amount of sound common sense in these two lines. Supposing that meal times are included in the eight hours' play, the sanitary teacher has little to add, little to take away from the rule in its general application. In the garden of the world no one need be obliged to do more work than can be done in eight hours if the work were carried out on a scientific and proper system. Unfortunately it is not, and is not likely to be for an age or two, so that we have to meet a big difficulty in the face and to do the best we can to help to lessen it. As a matter of health, the rule is good. Whose fault is it that it is not generally applied? One says tyranny is the faulty cause; another says necessity. We may admit, in some instances, necessity; but I should say that the fault, pretty universal in its nature, is based on ignorance or thoughtlessness rather than on systematic oppression or absolute necessity. I spot one illustration here. Why should shopkeepers be forced by all classes, rich, middle, and poor alike, to keep their places of business