

monster's jaw, and then dashed in rage upon the stones, dragging them down with a crash and roar which rolled unceasingly down the beach. In the summer months it was Leonard's delight at such times to strip and plunge to swim over and through the great waves, riding to meet them, battling and wrestling till he grew tired, and come out red all over, and glowing with exercise. After a storm the beach was strewn with odds and ends; there were dead cuttle fish—Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*—their long and ugly arms lying powerless for mischief on the shingle; their backbone was good for rubbing out ink, and we had stores enough to rub out all the ink of the Alexandrian Library. There were ropes of seaweed thicker than the stoutest cables; if you untwisted the coils you found in them strange creatures dead and alive—the seamouse, with its iridescent tufts of hair; little crabs with soft shells killed by the rolling of the pebbles; shells inhabited by scaly intruders, cuckoos among crabs, which poked out hard spiky legs and were ready to do battle for their stolen house; starfish, ugly and poisonous; sea nettles and all kinds of sea-beetles. And lying outside the weed were bits of things from ships; candles, always plenty of tallow candles; broken biscuits, which like so many of Robinson Crusoe's stores were spoiled by the sea-water; empty bottles; bits of wood; and once we came upon a dead man rolling up and down. Leonard rushed into the water, and we pulled him up between two waves. He was dressed in sailor's clothing and wore great sea boots, and his black hair was cut short. Also he wore a moustache, so that he could not possibly be an English sailor. When we had got him beyond the reach of the waves, we ran to tell the Coastguard, who was on the cliff half a mile away, telescope in hand.

First he swore at us personally and individually for troubling him at all with the matter. Then, because Leonard "up and spoke" in answer, he changed the object of his swearing, and began to swear at large, addressing the much-enduring ocean, which made no reply, but went on with the business of rolling along the beach. Then he swore at himself for being a Coastguardman. This took altogether some quarter of an hour of good hard swearing, the excellent solitary finding greater freedom as he went on. And he would have continued swearing, I believe, for many weeks if necessary, only that a thought struck him suddenly, like unto a fist going home in the wind, and he pulled up and gasped.

"Did you, did you?" he asked, "look in that dead man's pockets?"

We said "No."

Then he became thoughtful, and swore quite to himself between the teeth, as if he was firing volleys of oaths down his own throat.

"Now, kids," he said at last, "what you've got to do is this. You've got to go straight away to the parish," which I suppose he took for a police office, "and tell the parish to come here and look after that man. I'm not stationed here to look after dead men. I'm for live smugglers, I am. You tell the parish that. Not but what it's proper for you to tell the Coastguard everything that goes on along the coast. And next time you fish up a drowned man you come straight to me first. No manner of use to look in their pockets, because they've never got nothing in 'em. Them nasty fishes, you see, gets into the pockets, and pulls out the purses." His belief in the emptiness of drowned men's pockets did not prevent him from testing its correctness. At least we looked back, and observed him searching diligently. But I suppose he was right, because the "parish" certainly found nothing in the pockets.

It was to this place that I came, as to a wilderness, to struggle with myself. Here I was free to think, to brood, and to bring railing accusations against Providence because I could not marry Celia. Sitting on the lonely beach I could find a gloomy satisfaction in piling up my grievances against high Heaven. Who was I that I should be singled out for special and signal misfortune? Had I been as other men, tall, straight, and comely, Celia might have loved me. Had I come to her gallant and strong, rich and noble, one born in high station, the son of a brave and successful father, I might have had a chance.

Day after day I wandered here, brooding over my own wrongs, with bitter and accusing soul. The voice of the sea echoed the sorrow of my heart; the long roll from left to right of the ebbing or the rising wave was the setting of a song whose words were all of despair; the dancing of the sunlit waves brought no joy; my heart was dead to the blue sky, flecked with the white wing of the seagull, and dotted along the distant horizon with the distant sails of passing ships. It pleased me to lie there, with my chin upon my hand, thinking of what ought to have been. During this time I was with Celia as little as possible, and at home not at all. Both she and the Captain, I remember now, were considerate, and left me alone, to worry through with the trouble, whatever it was. It was not all hopeless; it was partly that for the first time in my life I thoroughly understood what I was, what my prospects were, and what I might have been. I said at the beginning that it takes a long time for a hunchback entirely to realize what his affliction means; how it cuts him off from other men's pursuits; and how it isolates him from his youth upwards. I saw before me, as plainly as I see it now, a solitary life; I thought that the mediocrity of my abilities would never allow me to become a composer of

eminence, or anything better than the organist of a church and the teacher of music in a country town; I should always be poor, I should never have the love of woman, I should always be a kind of servant, I should live in obscurity and die in oblivion. Most of us live such lives; at least they can be reduced, in hard terms, to some such colourless, dreary wastes of weary years; but we forget the compensations. My dream was true of myself; I have actually lived the life of a mediocre musician; I have few friends; and yet I have been perfectly happy. I did not marry Celia; that I may premise at once; and yet I have been happy without her. For I retained her love, the pure and calm affection of a sister, which is with me still, making much of me, petting and spoiling me almost while I write, as it did twenty years ago. Surely there was never any woman before so good as Celia. The vision of my life was prophetic; it looked intolerable, and it has been more than pleasant. Say to yourself, you have thirty years to live; you will rise every morning to drudgery; you will live poorly, and will make no money; you will have no social consideration; you will make few friends; you will fail to achieve any reputation in your profession; you will be a lonely man—is that a prospect to charm any one? Add to this that your life will be contented, that you will not dislike your work, that you will not live for yourself alone, that your days will be cheered by the steady sunshine of affection; and the prospect changes. Everything in the world is of magic. To some this old town of ours seemed dirty, crowded, mean; to me it is picturesque, full of human interests, rich in association. To some my routine would be maddening; to me it is graceful and pleasant. To some—to most—a career which has no prizes has no joys. To me it is full of joys. We are what we think ourselves; we see everything through the haze of the imagination; why—I am told that there is no such thing as colour in nature, but that it is an effect of light—so long as the effect is produced I do not care; let me only thank the Creator for this bunch of sweet peas in a glass before me, with their soft and delicate tints more beautiful than ever human pencil drew. We see what we think we see; people are what we think they are; events are what they seem to us; the man who least enjoys the world is the man who has the faculty of stripping things of their "effects"; who takes the colour from the flower, or the disinterestedness from love. That is common sense, and I would rather not be without it.

One evening—it was after dusk and rather cold—I was still sitting in the enjoyment of a profound misery, when I became aware of a voice addressing me. The voice was inside my head, and there was no sound, but I heard it plainly. I do not pretend that there was anything supernatural about the fact, nor do I pretend to understand how it happened. It sprang from the moody and self-distracted condition of my mind; it was the return of the over-stretched spring; it was the echo of my accustomed thoughts, for the last fortnight pent up and confined in narrow cells to make room for the unaccustomed thoughts. This is, exactly, what the voice said to me:—

"You were a poor Polish boy, living in exile, and Heaven sent you the Captain to educate you, give you the means of living, and make you a Christian gentleman when you might have grown up among the companions of profligate sailors. You are an orphan, without neither mother, brother, nor sister. You have no relations to care for you at all. Heaven sent you Leonard to be your brother, and Celia to be your sister. From your earliest infancy you have been wrapped in the love of these two. You are deformed, it is true; you cannot do the things that some men delight in. Heaven has sent you the great gift of music; it is another sense by which you are lifted above the ordinary run of men. Every hour in the day it is your privilege as a musician to soar above the earth, and lose yourself in divine harmonies. You have all this—and you complain."

"Grateful! With these favours you sit here crying because you cannot have one thing more. You would have Celia love you, and marry you. Are you worthy of such a girl?"

"Rouse yourself. Go back to your work. Show a brave and cheerful face to the good old man, your benefactor. Let Celia cease to wonder whether she has pained you, and to search her heart for words she has never spoken; work for her and with her again; let her never know that you have hung round after the impossible even to sickness."

"And one more thing. Remember Leonard's parting words. Are you blind or are you stupid? With what face could you meet him when he comes home, and say, 'Leonard, you left me to take care of Celia; you trusted to my keeping the secret of your own love. I have betrayed your confidence, and stolen away her heart.' Think of that."

The voice ceased, and I arose and walked home, changed.

The Captain looked up as I entered the room, in a wistful way.

"Forgive me, sir," I said. "I have been worrying myself—never mind what about, but it is over now, and I am sorry to have given you trouble."

"You have fought it down, then, Laddy?" he asked, pulling off his spectacles.

I started. Did he, then, read my soul? Was my secret known to all the world?

Only to him, I think.

"When I was a young fellow," he went on,

walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, "I fell in love—with a young lady—I believed that young lady to be an angel, and I daresay she was. But I found that she couldn't be my angel, so I went to sea, which was a very good way of getting through that trouble. I had a spell on the West Coast—caught yellow fever—chased the slavers—forgot it."

I laughed.

"Do you recommend me to go out slave-chasing, sir?"

"You might do worse, boy. She is a beautiful creature, Laddy; she is a pearl among maidens. I have always loved her. I have watched her with you, Laddy, and all the love is on your side. I have seen the passion grow in you; you have been restless and fidgetty. I remembered my own case, and I waited. No, my boy, it can't be: I wish it could; she doesn't look on you in that light."

After supper he spoke allegorically.

"I've known men—good men, too—grumble at their posts in an action. What does it matter, Laddy, when the enemy has struck, where any one man has to do his duty? The thing is to do it."

This parable had its personal application, like most of the Captain's admonitions.

"You have been unlike yourself, Laddy, lately," said Celia.

"Yes, Cis, I have been ill, I think."

"Not fretting, Laddy, over things?"

I shook my head.

"It seems hard, poor boy, sometimes, does it not? But your life will not be wasted, though you spend it all in teaching music."

She thought I had been brooding over my deformity and poverty. Well, so I had, in a sense.

Enough of my fit. The passion disappeared at length, the love remained. Side by side with such a girl as Celia one must have been lower than human not to love her. Such a love is an education. I know little of grown women, because I spend my time among girls, and have had no opportunity of studying woman's nature except that of Celia. But I can understand what is meant when I read that the love of woman may raise a man to Heaven or drag him down to Hell. Out of this earthly love which we share in common with the lowest, there spring for all of us, as we know, flowers of rare and wondrous beauty. And those who profit most by these blossoms sometimes express their nature to the world in music and in verse.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

VERY stout ladies always look best in black.

The retention of the Princesse style enable ladies to make over their old dresses.

It would be puzzling to decide what will become of any man if some woman does not take care of him.

A woman of eighteen wants five trunks when she travels. At fifty she can get along with a bottle of cold tea.

It is a sad commentary upon the course of instruction pursued in young ladies' schools, that the graduates seldom know how long to decline marriage.

They were at a picnic. On the grounds was a small stand for the sale of watch charms. "Oh, Charles," she said, "buy me a charm." "Sara," said he, "you have too many charms already!"

TEACHER—"Define the word 'excavate.'" Scholar—"It means to hollow out." "Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

AN alarmed correspondent writes from Portsmouth,—"The other night, while taking a stroll on Southsea Pier—of course, to hear the band—I positively saw a lady raise her hat in acknowledgment of the politeness of some gentleman friend!"

"Pack me up one or two nice books to read," said Mrs. Jones to her husband just before departing on a journey to the country. Jones did so, and the disgust which Mrs. Jones felt cannot be described when she took out from the satchel to read on the cars: "Barnes' Notes on Matthew," "Cicero's Tusculan Disputations," a copy of "Livy," with notes, and a cook-book.

MARTHA, dost thou love me? asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his fondest heart's feelings had been offered up. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"—"Ah, Martha! But dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"—"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."

THE wife of Alphonse de Lamartine, the French poet, was mistress of many languages, and excelled both in music and painting, and was also a brilliant writer. In the stormy days of '48 her husband wrote diligently to free himself from debt. She suffered acutely for him, whose honor and fortune then seemed trembling in the balance. The delicate face became wrinkled and the sweet voice was often tremulous with anxiety. When Lamartine was finishing an article on Béranger, at a time of great political excitement in Paris, she was nearly beside herself, lest by any verbal imprudence he should get himself into trouble.

Her husband's printer was also greatly alarmed at the political allusion in his article; but Lamartine, obstinately deaf to all their entreaties, vowed that every line should go to the public just as it was written, or not at all. Madame Lamartine was at her wits' end. Finally a gentleman, a mutual friend, got leave from her husband to read over the proofs and modify the offensive expressions. All the long night that this gentleman was thus occupied, Madame Lamartine sat up, sending into the library to him little suggestive notes of her own. At last the poor, weary friend was so overpowered with fatigue and sleep that he had to desist and go to bed; but, when he awoke next morning, he found a small paper pushed through the key-hole of his door—a last idea from the indefatigable Madame Lamartine, who had not herself slept a wink all night. This gentleman friend took all the credit of the alterations, while the good poet's wife kept silence and sent her husband's article to the press. Madame Lamartine was often the amanuensis and proof-reader of her husband.

MY ANSWER.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above:

A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy,

Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Men like you have questioned me.

Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirt be whole;

I require your heart to be as true as God's stars,
And as pure as Heaven, your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a much greater thing—

A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that his Maker, God,

Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say, "It is very good!"

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;

Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the blossoms of May?

Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?

A loving woman finds heaven or hell,
The day she becomes a bride.

I require things that are grand and true,
All things that a man must be:

If you give this all, I would stake my life,
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a landress and a cook
You can hire—and little to pay;

But a woman's heart and a woman's life,
Are not to be won that way.

FASHION NOTES

STAYS made of glove kid are to be worn, as they fit the figure more closely than either corset or corsets.

NEW trimmings are very original. Fringes are now made to imitate flowers and fruit, and for evening dresses the effect is charming.

PRINCESSE cloth dresses are frequently laced at the back, the band down the front is either faille or velvet, and the lacing is continued to the end of the elongated waist.

KNICKERBOCKER drawers for autumn wear are made of double foulard, much trimmed with Valenciennes lace or with fern lace. If dannel is used, it is light in colour, but not white.

PRINCESSE dresses bring back, as a matter of course, cashmere shawls; and up to the present checked or cashmeres de fantaisie are all the rage. The prettiest are Indian cashmere of plain colour, and the border embroidered with either white or gold silk.

A QUANTITY of lace is now used for tabliers, strips of it being placed as perpendicular bands. Old Venetian point, Louis XIV. lace, and flat guipure are the varieties most fashionable for this purpose, and the lace is sewn either on the material of the dress or on white. Nothing looks so soft under the lace as plaiting of crepe lisse.

The simple Princesse dress will predominate over every other style. It is pretty, because it is simple and unpretentious; but clinging, as it is now made, indeed so tight that it is difficult to get into it, there is no disputing the fact that it only suits very slight women. Another disadvantage about the Princesse or Gabrielle dress is that to look graceful it must have a train; so let us hope that it will be reserved for indoor wear and fête occasions, while the polonaise or tunic, with all-round skirt, will be adopted generally for walking and ordinary occasions.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNOR SALVINI has been engaged to play in Vienna during the winter season, and amongst other pieces will undertake "Timon of Athens," and "Coriolanus."

MR. GILBERT'S "new and original comedy" for the Haymarket is called "Engaged," and Mr. J. S. Clarke is to play in it. Miss Terry, who has just returned from Scotland, is also in the cast.

THE manager of the Opera-house at Patterson, N.J., had placed in the hallway leading to the auditorium of the Opera-house a large cut of the late E. L. Davenport in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, and draped the same in mourning. As Miss May Davenport was passing to her dressing-room, the sight of the picture caused her to swoon, and she had to be assisted to the stage; but before the performance commenced she had fully recovered from the shock, and filled her part in the piece satisfactorily.

HOW

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