

A DAY OF SUMMER BEAUTY.

Out in the golden summer air,
Amid the purple heather,
A woman sat with drooping head,
And hands close knit together:

Never a bitter word she said,
Though all her life looked cold and dead—
Cold in the glowing haze that lay
Over the fair green earth that day,
That day of summer beauty.

Far, far away where leafy woods
Touched the sky, cloud-riven,
A thousand birds rang out life's bliss
In jubilee to heaven:
How could the poor old withered throat
Carol echoes to each soft note?
Every soul must pay life's cost—
Her deepest silence praised God most,
That day of summer beauty.

Too dulled her soul, too worn, to feel
Summer delight acutely;
While earth was praising God aloud
Her patience praised him mutely.
Her narrow life of thought and care—
Not life to live, but life to bear,
Contented that her soul was sad,
While all God's soulless things were glad,
That day of summer beauty.

And where she stayed, a dusky speck
In gorse and heather glory,—
A weary spirit watched and read
The pathos of her story:
A spirit doubt-oppressed and worn,
Had found another more forlorn.
That trustful stayed, nor sought to guess
Life's meanings—which are fathomless,
Through all the summer beauty.

C. BROOKE.

THREE DAYS' DARKNESS.

"Herbert, my heart will break! I cannot endure it. For myself I should not care; but to see you, my husband, and our little ones in such misery is too dreadful!" and Mrs. Courtenay buried her face in her handkerchief, stamped her small foot in a paroxysm of sorrow, perhaps of indignation also, that shook her very frame to the centre.

Her husband gazed at her with a calm sadness in his noble, intellectual features, that spoke of a deeper, if more controlled and subdued, grief than his impulsive wife.

"My darling, my precious Alice, be patient!" he said, in a rich, soft voice, that had something of honeylike soothing in its very tones. "For my sake, you will take courage! Do you not know that I am the cause of your trouble? If you had not fallen in love with a curate, and insisted on marrying him, instead of the rich baronet who courted you at the same time, you would not have offended your uncle, and would have been now living in luxurious splendour. Does my Alice repent the folly? Am I to betray more deeply wounded for you that I am now?" he went on, bending gently over the weeping wife, and striving to raise her with his gentle hand.

"No, no—a thousand times, no!" she exclaimed suddenly raising her still lovely face, and clasping her husband round the neck with impulsive eagerness. "But then it is I who have dragged you down! You are so learned, so clever, Herbert; and yet you are still a curate, and—and those dreadful debts, and those fearful men!"

And Alice shivered at the very thought of the bailiffs who were at the moment in possession of the house and furniture.

It had been a matter rather of misfortunes than of fault on the Courtenay's part. Illness, and a succession of *contretemps*, had befallen the still young couple.

Mr. Courtenay had been disappointed of an excellent and profitable pupil, of whom he had had the positive promise on his marriage. He had been compelled to postpone the payment for the furniture of his house, owing to more than one severe attack of illness in his family.

And now, with three young children and a delicately-nurtured wife, the anxieties and distresses were brought to a crisis by the angry creditor, who, weary of delays, had at length sent an execution into their modest house.

It was a crushing calamity, to be thus deprived of all—everything—and also to run the possible risk of the imprisonment of the husband and father, and consequent destitution of his helpless wife and little ones.

"Alice," said Mr. Courtenay, in a calm, firm tone, "compose yourself, dearest; be true to your own generous nature. I must leave you now," he added, "and prepare my sermon for next Sunday. At least, my parish cannot suffer for my sorrows, and may be imprudence."

"Herbert, you do not mean that you can preach—that you can appear at your church with all this disgrace upon us?" exclaimed the wife, impetuously.

"I certainly shall, Alice; and what is more, I expect you and our children to appear also," replied Mr. Courtenay, firmly. "What kind of example should we set to our people, if I stayed away from the very place where I have taught them consolation should be found in affliction? At least, we can do our duty."

He could not proceed.

Mrs. Courtenay burst into such a passion of half-penitent, half-complaining sobs, that her husband was fain to hush her into tranquility, like a weary child; and after consigning her to a sofa, left her to the repose of exhaustion, rather than the calm resignation he strove to inculcate.

Poor Herbert Courtenay. It was a sore and well-nigh crushing trial.

Well born, high bred, talented, and handsome, he had started in life with bright prospects, of which his marriage with Alice Rivers had been the first cloud.

But she was so lovely, and devoted, that he

could not repent, even when he found constantly increasing pressure of anxiety weighing on his heart.

And even now that ruin stared him in the face he met it as a clergyman should, even when his fair young wife failed him in his hour of agony and need of comfort from without.

Never could a wife have been more justly proud of a husband's high-souled courage than Alice Herbert might well feel at the sight of Herbert's self-mastery and devotion. The duties that he had assumed were not to be forsworn because he was suffering, and the young clergyman applied his fine intellect to the necessary study as determinedly, and perhaps more profitably, than in the first months of his wedded life.

It was Friday, and the hours of the morning sped rapidly by in the important preparations for the coming Sunday.

Perhaps it was his last opportunity of speaking to his people.

Perhaps he would be shut up in the narrow limits of a prison ere another week had passed. He had scarcely completed his last page, and folded the manuscripts with a sad, heavy heart, when a heavy knock was heard at the study door.

It was the elder of the men in possession who appeared on the opening of it.

"Did you want me?" asked Mr. Courtenay, with the quiet air of dignity that in some measure restrained the man's insolence.

"Yes; I have got this much to say to you," replied the man. "It's just this, Mr. Courtenay—I've been very patient, and waited as long as ever I could, because I'd a kind of respect for your profession, you see, Mr. Courtenay, and it is a sad business for the missus and the little ones; but there's an end to all things, and my employer won't wait any longer, so I've begged for next Sunday, and that's all I can give you; and after that the things must be removed to the broker's on Monday, so I hope you'll arrange for the fitting, and no blame to me either."

It was like an additional weight to the leaden burden on poor Herbert's heart—like stabbing daggers in his tortured breast.

Sunday, to conduct the solemn services of the church, as respected superior of his usual congregation. Monday, to be homeless, penniless, destitute, dependent on charity for food and shelter for his delicate Alice—his infant children!

Such was the prospect opened before him, and his manhood well-nigh gave way under the overwhelming misery.

"I thank you from my heart," he said, quietly, "for the degree of consideration you have shown. I know you might have made the miserable business yet more dreadful if you had chosen. I have but one more favour to ask—will you keep this from Mrs. Courtenay and the result? I will break it to her myself when it is necessary; but she may as well sleep this night in comparative ignorance."

The bailiff turned away. Perhaps he felt a slight choking in his throat at the touching courage of the sorrowing man, whose only thought was for his helpless ones.

"All right! It's nothing to me! I'll keep a close tongue, even to my mate!" returned the man. And Mr. Courtenay tried to accept the small concession as an alleviation of his fierce ordeal of woe.

It was twenty-four hours after the interview; Herbert Courtenay was debating with himself as to the truest wisdom in his communications with his young wife, when Alice suddenly entered the room, with a sad pensiveness on her pale countenance.

"Dearest Herbert, you are afraid to tell me, but I know what is on your heart," she said, laying her head on his shoulder, and nestling in his arms. "We must leave our dear home, and go out in the dreary world. I have been very naughty and rebellious, Herbert, and added to your trouble, instead of condoling it. But I have repented in my inmost heart, dear husband. You shall not be ashamed that you chose your Alice, though I am so inferior to you in all things. And perhaps we may conquer our trial, and be happier than ever, dearest Herbert!"

It was too much for the over-tried spirit of the husband.

He fairly broke down in a passion of tears that had more weariness than bitterness in them, and the pair sat for a time, lost to all save their deep love, and their resolution to support and comfort each other in the coming fierce trial of strength and faith.

A violent ring at the hall bell roused them from the temporary calm in the strife of life.

"Who can it be at this hour?" asked Herbert, brushing away the moist tears that still lingered on his cheeks.

"I will go; don't you disturb yourself, dearest," said Alice, her new strength venting itself on the first opportunity of exertion. "You can't see anyone to-night."

A few minutes passed away, till at last a quarter of an hour must have elapsed, and still Alice did not return.

A fresh terror seized on the husband. What could have happened to detain her at such a moment?—what fresh calamity impended over their doomed heads?

He was on the very point of leaving the room in search of the truant, when he caught sight of her approaching figure.

But his alarm was even heightened when he saw her.

Pale, tottering, yet evidently eager in her attempt to reach his extended arms, the wife threw herself on his breast.

"Herbert! Herbert! we are saved—saved! Oh, it is too much!"

And Alice fairly fainted away.

Herbert laid her on the couch, and hastily rang for help, while he rapidly read a paper she had extended to him in her overpowering agitation.

And, for a moment, even his manly self-control was tried by the extraordinary tidings it bore, on its first glance.

It ran thus:—

"Lincoln's Inn, May 12.

"DEAR MADAM,—

"We have to inform you of the sudden death of your lamented uncle, Mr. Rivers, of Belmont Park, which took place on the 9th of this month.

"And we have the more agreeable duty of announcing to you that, in consequence of our late client having died without a will, or rather having destroyed one he had formerly made, you are his heiress-at-law, and the present possessor of Belmont and of about three thousand per annum.

"Requesting further directions from yourself or your husband, by the messenger whom we despatch with these tidings, we are, madam,

"Your obedient servants,

"LEWIS AND PEMBERTON."

It was no wonder if the delicate frame of the young wife had been shaken to the very centre by this sudden joy; no wonder if a flood of tears followed her recovery from the swoon, that did not long steep her senses in unconsciousness of her wondrous deliverance.

But when the first tumult of feeling had calmed, and the happy pair could realize something of their new prospects, the sole bitter drop in the cup of bliss was the death of Alice's uncle without bestowing his free pardon and blessing on the niece whose marriage he had rather permitted than approved.

"If I could but have seen him—could but have closed his eyes!" murmured Mrs. Courtenay. "But still, Herbert, I think he must have felt more kindly towards us, or he would have taken the necessary measure for keeping his wealth from us after his death. And I can never—never forget this lesson for your noble courage, Herbert! I thought you almost perfect before," she added; "but now I know you better than before, and I can never—never be worthy of you."

Mr. Courtenay well-nigh laughed at his young wife's pathetic conclusion.

"It would be very satisfactory to me if I could suppose I had some compensatory balance for your three thousand a year, little wife; but I am afraid I cannot even lay that flattering unction to my soul, since your woman's fortitude rose to the emergency that would have crushed most of your sex, and the wife of the ruined and penniless curate displayed a dignity of spirit that cannot be surpassed by the wealthy heiress of Belmont."

S. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOATING COFFINS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—Having myself not very many years ago narrowly escaped adding another unit to the number of "victims of iron ship-building," whose cause has been so zealously taken up by Mr. Sewell in your last week's issue,—I read with a special interest his eloquent appeal on behalf of endangered humanity.

I venture to offer a few words of comment on the plan which he suggests as a remedy for the present disgraceful state of things. I do so with diffidence, and under correction, should my ignorance of naval architecture have led me into error or misconception.

I perceive from Mr. Sewell's diagram that the iron coating of his proposed vessel descends only four feet below her water-line when fully loaded; and also that the thinnest portion of her frame is at the curve of her bulge.

During a two-year's residence on the coast of Labrador, I have seen a good deal of ice and ice-bergs, and have frequently conversed with wheelers, sealers, and others experienced in ice-perils.

It is well-known that the portion of an ice-berg which appears above water is a very small fraction of its entire mass. In many cases the submerged portion is prolonged horizontally, or with a gentle slope, for a considerable distance from the ice-islet, at a very slight depth below the surface of the water. I have frequently witnessed this phenomenon, and have been told that it is from these submerged portions (the *spurs*, as they are technically called) that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. Of course, the point at which the vessel is threatened by this peril, is considerably below her water-line. Her bulge, too, may come in contact with the end of a submerged ice-cliff, while as yet her keel is clear. It seems to me that in any provision to be made against ice-perils, those presented by the *spurs* of the bergs should be taken into serious consideration.

I cannot close this letter without recording my testimony of admiration to the courage and public spirit which have brought Mr. Sewell to the front in the cause of humanity. I may do so with the better grace, as he is an entire stranger to myself. It is with the greatest satisfaction that I see the cause of philanthropy undertaken by a champion so eminently qualified to maintain it.

F. J. B. ALLNATT.

The Rectory,
Drummondville, Que.,
6th August, 1875.

THE GLEANER.

THE Pope's extraordinary good health this summer is attributed to his daily use of sulphurous water baths.

ENGLAND maintains an army of 200,000 men in India, of whom 128,447 are natives and 60,613 British, exclusive of officers.

THE officers of the Patent Office believe Keely's motor to be humbug. No application for a patent has been made, nor a caveat issued.

At the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, the Seyyid of Zanzibar exhibited surprise at the zebras being so tame as to draw the water carts and make themselves otherwise useful. This is the first place indeed at which this has been accomplished.

THE Freemasons of Iowa are very much exercised over a recent decision of the Grand Master that dancing on the lodge rooms is inconsistent with the good of the craft. Two subordinate officers have been deprived of their positions for acting in violation of the decision.

Two members of the English Parliament have agreed to meet each other at Yokohama on the 25th of next September at two p. m. One is to travel by the United States and sail from San Francisco; the other is to go by way of the Isthmus of Suez and India. If either fails to keep the appointment he is to pay the other £1,000.

SOME interesting facts have been given relating to the Peabody Fund for the poor in London, which show the advancement of that institution. Some \$2,000,000 has been spent, and nearly \$3,000,000 is still in the treasury. A large number of tenement houses have been erected in the different towns, which will accommodate about 1,400 poor families.

IN 1853 the late President Johnson became Governor of Tennessee, and during the canvass preceding his election he appeared in a meeting with a drawn pistol. Laying it on the desk before him, he said: "Fellow citizens, I have been informed that part of the business to be transacted on the present occasion is the assassination of the individual who now has the honor of addressing you. I beg respectfully to propose that this be the first business in order. Therefore, if any man has come here to-night for the purpose indicated, I do not say let him speak, but let him shoot." After waiting a moment with his pistol in his hand, he continued: "Gentlemen, it appears that I have been misinformed. I will now proceed to address you on the subject which has called us together."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

SALVINI is studying to be a sculptor.

OPERA bouffe is fast declining in Paris.

MADAME BRIGNOLI sings in a New York church choir.

It is proposed to erect a vast theatre in Naples, on the ancient plan, and perform there the comedies of Plautus, etc., in the original language.

MDLLE. PLASTER, a young French actress, is coming over next season. We presume all the young fellows will be inclined to court Plaster.

SOME favorite singers make more money off than on the stage. Mlle. Thalberg, for instance, sings at private parties in London, for 100 guineas a night, and she seldom has less than three engagements of this nature each week.

SISTER MARY AGNES, a nun in Mount de Chantal Convent, near Wheeling, Va., sings like an imprisoned bird. When Louise Gilbert she was known years ago in Philadelphia as possessor of a beautiful voice, but its tones have seldom echoed from her place of seclusion.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has a beautiful villa perched on the rocks at Cohasset, Mass., and is residing there now with his wife and family. Mr. Barrett has three interesting daughters. His near neighbor is Mr. Stuart Robson, who occupies a cottage with his family and near by is Bret Harte, who has gone to the coast to write a play in which the general cast shall revolve around the eccentric Robson.

THE steamer Greece of the National Line brought over 180 tons of machinery and scenery for the grand spectacle of "Around the World in Eighty Days," which the Kiraifys are to bring out at the Academy of Music, N. Y. For its representations they have especially engaged Mr. Owen Marlowe and Marianna Conway, who has given up her trip to Europe. Two first, several second dancers, and a corps de ballet will take part in the spectacle. Mr. A. Appleton, formerly Treasurer of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where his courtesy won him much respect, is now treasurer of this company.

IN the neighborhood of Eisenstadt there still exists a little summer-house which was formerly the property of Joseph Haydn. It is overgrown with ivy, and overshadowed by fruit trees. The little wooden house, with the garden belonging to it, is now the property of a shoemaker. Its furniture, in Haydn's time, consisted only of a small piano, a writing-table, a rush-bottomed couch, and two similar chairs. The walls were without decoration, and were pasted over with sketches of music in score, rough drafts of songs, three or four part canons, etc. In this little summer house Haydn created a great part of his immortal works.

At the Grand Opera House in Paris, where almost absolute perfection would naturally be expected in the details of operatic representation, "Hamlet" has just been produced. The rampart scene is magnificent, and shows snow-capped turrets, in harmony with Hamlet's remarks, "Tis a nipping and an eager air." The next act, however, incongruously has Hamlet and Ophelia talking in a blooming, summer foliage garden. The last act in the opera of "Hamlet," by the way, has never been given in this country. A correspondent of Appleton's Journal describes it as follows: "The two grave-diggers enter, and after imbibing from a pocket-flask, sing a doleful duet, to which Hamlet listens with great edification. Then Laertes comes in, and he and Hamlet fall to fighting a duel which is interrupted by the arrival of the funeral procession of Ophelia. The body of Ophelia, in white robes and white-rose wreath, was borne in an open bier, only shrouded from view by a covering of white lace; the effect was beautiful, and would have been very impressive had not the living Ophelia possessed very fair hair and her supposed corpse very dark tresses. Then, in the midst of funeral rites, up pops the ghost from behind a bush, and Hamlet being thus recalled to a sense of his duty, at once draws his sword and slays his uncle beside Ophelia's grave after a declamatory soliloquy that he means to live for the good of his people, or words to that effect."