

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO CANADA.

Land of the setting sun, our future home!
Toward thy shores what countless thousands roam
Over the waves, with hopes and spirits high,
To seek their fortune, 'neath thy smiling sky;
For there are riches spread on every hand,
To tempt the daring of the venturesome band,
Who bring stout hearts, and willing hands to wrest
The treasures, scattered o'er thy mighty breast.

Land of the grand, the wondrous, and sublime!
Of monuments that brave the hand of Time
For they are Nature's own, and wondering man
Beholds, but may not imitate her plan:
Thy own Niagara leaping down the rocks
With roar that Heaven's own dread artillery mocks,
Nature's great masterpiece, is deemed of worth
To rank among the wonders of the earth.

Land of broad rivers, and of hoary woods,
Of fertile plains, and pathless solitudes,
Depths of the forest, that to human eyes
Have never yet revealed their mysteries.
Where never foot of hunter through the glade
Hath started those who lurk beneath its shade,
The bounding moose, without a pang of dread,
May there uphold his proudly altered head.

The timid hare her meal in peace may take
Contented, nibbling in the cedar brake;
While in the higher lying beech wood found,
The chattering squirrel, plays his pranks around:
Carefully hoards he up his nutty store,
And still unsatisfied returns for more,
While the brown partridge tremulous, and shy,
With whirring pinion seeks her perch on high.

'Tis ours! within these wilds a home to make,
'Tis ours these sleeping forests to awake,
To make their gloomy depths repeat the sound
The civilizing axe shall cast around.
Each creature that now lords it in the shade,
Shall add its quota to our growing trade;
And soon our happy homesteads shall arise
Where the dark spruce now towers to the skies.

Where the green moss now carpets 'neath our tread,
The golden corn shall yield our children bread;
The emblematic maple too, shall pour
Its sweetness, adding to our varied store.
And soon throughout the confines of the land
Schools, factories, and churches, there shall stand;
Science shall thrive, and Art shall have its place,
To shed its lustre on the coming race.

Dear is the parent isle we now forsake,
Dear by a filial tie cannot break,
Dear to our hearts the very waves that roar,
And beat with sullen force her rocky shore.
Dear are her old historic homes, (and here
Our own loved birthplace claims the falling tear,)
As yonder kingly river to the sea
Flows, so our memories Mother Land to thee!

Yet now to thee, adopted land, we turn,
For thee our hands shall strive, our bosoms burn,
The love we bear our motherland shall be
No hindrance to our loyal love for thee.
We'll leave behind us records bright of fame,
That one day those who then shall bear our name,
As viewing monuments our hands may rear,
Their cry shall be, while they our glory share,
"How honest and how brave our fathers were!"

* St. Lawrence

M. J. WISE.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

GUYS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL

(Continued from our last.)

II.

It was indeed as she said. The wide field was covered deep with snow, the top of which was smooth as glass. The icicles hung in thousands from the branches of the trees. The sun shone upon them brightly, making them sparkle like diamonds in gas-light. It was one of those days, of which we have quite a number during our Canadian winters, when one's whole attention is divided between admiring the fancy-like scene, and endeavouring to maintain that erect posture that nature has given to the human species. Nettie and Guy discovered that if they stepped firmly enough to break through the crust of the ice, there would be less liability of falling. Accordingly, they left a double row of tell-tale foot-steps (one a very tiny one) all across the common. They were so happy in each other's society that they laughed gleefully like children at every step, and then crunched the snow with more vigour to avenge themselves. At last the charm was broken.

"Alas! Nettie, how could I ever give you up?"

"Give me up! Oh! Guy, you are not going to leave me just when I am in such dreadful trouble," cried Nettie, unconscious at the moment that she was acting directly opposite to her intentions. She came out with the purpose of being very distant and unloving indeed, but she gave in at the first word.

"Trouble! Have you any trouble besides our mutual one?"

"Why, Guy, papa is in great danger—something is wrong with his business, I don't know what, and he not only separates us, but insists on my—my—"

"What, for heaven's sake?"

"He says he can only be saved by my marrying Ernest Hamilton."

"And he is so selfish, so inhuman—"

"Guy!"

"Forgive me, darling, I was carried away by the horror of the idea. But surely, surely, he will never insist upon this sacrifice?"

"He does insist upon it."

"And you will obey?"

"Never, never! Oh! how can you think such a thing?"

"Bless you, dear one, I didn't think it. But, Nettie, the cloud is not so black as it looks. Your father is a first-rate man of business.

Dougald told me that the idea was current that something was wrong, but such faith do your father's employees put in his management that they think there is hardly any doubt of his coming out all right in the end. Depend upon it, your father exaggerates his difficulties in order to get your consent to the union he has set his heart upon."

"Oh! do you think so? You make me so happy, dear Guy. Now there is nothing for me to do but be steadfast in my refusal of Ernest Hamilton. Do you know, Guy, he frightened me so terribly the other day!" and she shuddered at the recollection.

"Frightened you! The villain!"

At that moment, a shadow fell across the path directly in front of them, long and narrow, and was gone in an instant. Guy did not notice, but Nettie started and clung to his arm.

"What is it love?"

"Did you not see it?"

"What?"

"A shadow right in front of us: There, there it is again!"

They both stopped and looked around, but saw nothing but the wide, snow-clad field, destitute of any human forms but their own.

"It was nothing, dear. The shadow of a tree, or some one passing along yonder fence. But what matter who it was!"

"Oh, nothing. A guilty conscience makes a cowardly heart, you know, and I should not be walking here with you. But I was going to tell you how I was frightened. Well, Mr. Hamilton called the other day and asked me to be his wife. I, of course, refused."

"Of course. Well?"

"We had rather a stormy interview. He was furious—acted perfectly wild; would you believe it, he threatened you."

"Threatened me! ha! ha! ha!"

"And me!"

"You! The coward, the unmitigated, cowardly rascal!" Guy raised his voice as he spoke, and clenched his hand.

"Hush, dear. I told you he was furious, and didn't know what he was doing. He is very hot-tempered and revengeful, and my object in telling you at all was to warn you, and I have only succeeded in making you as bad as himself. Oh, dear!"

Guy laughed.

"Poor fellow," he said. "On second thought, I don't wonder at his being wild at losing you. I should go mad."

"You goose!" said Nettie, slapping his hand with the tassel of her muff, "But promise me you will be careful."

"I promise I will never walk on the public streets without arms and a body-guard."

"Oh! Guy, I wouldn't laugh at your fears, however groundless."

"You are an angel; and I, if not quite the opposite, am a heartless wretch."

"Very well. That will do. Now I want to hear this wretch's history."

"A very wretched history it is, Nettie. But aren't you tired?"

"Tired of all this sorrow. Do you see that house away off there? That's where I'm going, and it's growing dusk, so begin at once."

"My story is not a long one, and can soon be told."

"My father is a Scotch gentleman—laird of a beautiful estate in the Highlands—in Argyshire. Ah! my home, how beautiful! I am his eldest son, but have had the misfortune to offend him past forgiveness. Consequently, he has broken the entail, made my younger brother his heir, and sent me off with merely an annuity."

"Oh! my poor Guy, how dreadful. What could you ever have done to justify such an act?"

"Nothing to justify it, Nettie, but something to excuse it. My father had a ward—a strange girl. I never liked her. She was tall, dark, and handsome, but her beauty was of that kind that repelled rather than won one's regard. Her manners were cold, and she had a way of pressing her lips together so tightly that you could hardly see them. When she was annoyed or angry, she always became pale, and her dark eyes flashed like fire. However, my father loved her dearly, and she, I believe, returned his affections. To this young lady I was destined by my father to be married, but—"

"Married! Oh! Guy."

"But feeling that she was not the wife fate had ordained for me, I declined. My father never forgave me, and as I was so unfortunate as to have inspired Barbara with an affection for me, of course she was wounded, and ever after seemed bent on injuring me in every possible way. Her influence with my father was very great, and to that influence, whether unjustly or not, I ascribe my father's act. How she ever came to care for me I don't know. I always avoided her."

"Very easily explained," said Nettie, "She couldn't help it!"

Guy squeezed the little hand on his arm and smiled, then sighed and said,

"Well, she is my brother Edgar's wife now, and mistress of Benarven House. Oh! Nettie, it's such a heavenly place. The green woods, the lovely lawns, the pretty lake, the faithful, loving cottars, my fine hunters and hounds, and the dear, dear old house—once an old castle, Nettie—mine no more!"

Nettie clasped her two little hands round his arm, and turning a tear-wet face towards him, murmured with a little sympathetic sob, "Poor Guy! Dear Guy!"

Guy shook himself savagely. "Ungrateful!" he cried, "By losing it all, have I not gained you, a thousand million times more dear? I bless

the day when I and my faithful Dougald left home."

Nettie beamed through her tears. "Tell me about Dougald," she said.

"Dougald McNab was my father's steward. He loves me dearly, good old fellow, and at the time my father disinherited me, he was melancholy, after the death of his wife, and gladly came with me. He has one daughter—rather a remarkably pretty and well-educated girl for her station, and they live in a little cottage in Brockton. He works in a certain store, for the express purpose of bringing me tidings of the proprietor's daughter."

"Oh! Guy, you are a perfect intriguer. What is his daughter's name? I must call and see her. I suppose she knew you when you were a boy."

"Her name is Flora. We played together when we were children."

"Happy Flora!"

"In spite of that great good fortune," said Guy, laughing. "I don't think Flora is happy. She seems delicate, and looks like her mother, who died young, of a rapid decline. Besides, Flora can't bear the sight of me. She runs away from me whenever I come near the house. I presume she is angry at me for being the cause of her leaving home. She has not yet found any one to compensate her for what she left behind, like I have. Whatever the reason may be, I know she has developed a great disliking for me, and from being the kindest, merriest little companion, she has become cold and strange."

Nettie looked up at him oddly. Perhaps she recognized the disease from the symptoms. She only said, "I must certainly see her. You will be my guide some day soon, won't you? Here we are, and you must go. I am going to stay all night with Alice Rose. You have seen her at our house. Isn't she nice? Mercy, it's quite dark, and I was to be there at three o'clock. What a delicious afternoon we have had. Good-by, dearest!"

"But, Nettie, when will I see you again? Your father does not know anything about me. Do you think it would make any difference if he did?"

"I think so, love. I'll tell him."

"Stay! I'll call on him to-morrow, bold as a lion, and tell him myself. Shall I?"

"Oh do. Come to-morrow, by all means. There, I've rung, so you must go!"

He did go, leaving a very blushing young lady on the door-step, waiting to be let in. He turned after walking a few steps, and whispered,

"To-morrow, darling!" But she had gone in. To-morrow! Alas, to-morrow.

(To be continued in our next.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.*—Of the merits of this latest story of Mr. Wilkie Collins, we have nothing to say to our readers, as they have been able to judge of it for themselves in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, where it has been appearing in serial form, by special arrangement with the author. We shall confine ourselves to a well deserved commendation of the energy of the house Hunter, Rose & Co., which has quietly gone to work to build up its share of a national literature in Canada. By judicious selections of popular works, by handsome printing, and reasonable prices, it has succeeded in creating for itself a reading community, and establishing a publishing business on a remunerative basis. In this initiative and this skilful business management, the Toronto firm deserves high praise and liberal arrangement. The work before us is altogether creditable to them and we heartily recommend it to the public.

THE BEECHER TRIAL.†—We have the second and third parts of this verbatim report of the great trial. A glance at the proceedings, as thus brought together in serial form, reveals the extreme importance of this case, apart altogether from its merely sensational aspects. These volumes show conclusively the existence of a morbid aesthetic feeling in certain American communities which goes far towards explaining many of the anomalies of American social and political life. For this reason, the work is worthy of a place in the student's library and to the legal community, to whom we specially commend it, it is invaluable. The pamphlets are well printed, the matter is clearly laid out, and the price—50 cents a number—is very moderate.

PENN MONTHLY.—The number for March gives us a second paper on National Education, remarkably acute and practical. Biological Research in the United States is another of those useful and solid articles which the PENN MONTHLY has made a specialty. We shall also call attention to the contribution on the Hygiene of the Eye. Among the other papers are Charles Kingsley, the Greville Memoirs and Epochs of History. The review of the Month is full and very impartial in tone. There is no partisan bias whatever, but a fearless adherence to principle which is unfortunately very scarce in all American publications whether weekly or monthly.

* The Law and the Lady. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 12 mo. 361 pp.

† Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher, &c. Published in parts during the Progress of the Trial. Mc Divitt, Campbell & Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y. Parts II & III.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

"A MUSICAL TREAT WITH OUR AMERICAN COUSINS."

Musical festivals are common enough in England, but musical conventions lasting several days, have not as yet become popular among the lovers of music in Canada. Why we are so far behind the Americans in working for a high standard in music is a mystery, unless it explains itself in this way, that musical students decline to put their shoulders to the wheel and work.

In reporting this convention, I can only notice the general progress that the event serves to mark, and to draw such lessons from it as concern the general musical reader.

The Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Northern New York Musical Union, recently given in Malone, was one of more than usual interest. Coming at a stated period it serves as a sort of mile stone to mark our road towards the best and highest in art. It showed that the standard of excellence in choral music has advanced very much. From all that I can learn, what would have satisfied the Union three or six years since, would not now pass the criticism of its own members. Much less would the audiences of the present Convention be pleased with such work as the Union was then able to offer, showing plainly how much the standard of performance and the stand-point of criticism have both advanced.

In combination of talent, I am safe in assuming that it far excelled any musical entertainment ever given in Northern New York, particularly, when mentioning such artists employed as Mrs. H. M. Smith of Boston, who has few superior among American sopranos; Miss May Bryant, "whom our musical readers will remember accompanied the Boston Philharmonic Club through Canada," and whose rich contralto voice and prepossessing manners made her quite a favorite. Mr. Barnabee, a fine singer and humorist of the highest order, added much to the variety of the Matinees and mirth of the Concerts.

Mrs. M. D. Shepard, as a piano accompanist, is certainly worthy of all the praise which she has achieved, in New England, and last but not least, must be named the celebrated Beethoven Quintette Club. Add to this an effective chorus of over two hundred voices, under the direction of Prof. L. O. Emerson, and something like a just opinion of the strength of the Convention may be formed by those who were not there to enjoy the music which it furnished. As an example of the material taken up for performance and the manner in which it was rendered, the Forty-Second Psalm, by Mendelssohn, is deserving of note. In actual performance, the Union showed greater precision, a more careful training, a far better understanding of the intention of the composer whose work they had in hand, and a much finer sense of expression, than one would expect.

In this, as well as in parts like the solo in the "Inflammatus," Mrs. Smith's magnificent voice was exhibited with rare purity, fully sustaining her high reputation as a singer; and as accompanists the Beethoven Quintette Club were all that could be desired. In the rendering of such pieces by the Club as (Quintette) "Adagio" Op. 81, by Beethoven, and Schumann's "Traumerei," we cannot imagine greater variety of coloring or tone creations, greater perfection and feeling than they expressed in rendering such music. In this way, we are shown how the great works of the masters may be sung and played; raising the standard for the love of good music, and not be contented with anything less. The essential lesson we may derive from all this is that as a people we ought to appreciate talent, see the value of study and patient labor, adding our aid in promoting something of the same kind in Canada; thereby, helping to put a bar to weakness, superficiality, and pretence, opening up to our students of talent a world of the beautiful from which they would never afterward willingly be shut out.

F. E. K.

PARLIAMENTARY.

MONDAY, FEB. 22.—In the Dominion Senate, the Hon. George Brown gave his long-promised explanations on the Reciprocity Treaty negotiations. The debate was adjourned.

Mr. D. A. Macdonald on moving the second reading of the bill for amending the postal regulations, gave the necessary explanations as to the provisions. After an interesting debate the motion was adjourned.

Mr. Mackenzie laid on the table papers relating to the outlawry of Louis Riel.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and passed a number of items.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23.—In the Senate, the debate on the Reciprocity Treaty was continued.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Vail presented a partial report from the Militia Department.

Mr. Cartwright introduced a bill to amend the Bank Act.

Mr. Fournier brought in a bill to establish a Supreme Court and a Court of Exchequer for the Dominion.

The House went into Committee of Supply and finished the estimates, with the exception of items reserved.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24.—The expulsion of Riel was moved by the Government and carried with an overwhelming majority.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25.—There was a long and exciting debate in the Committee of Supply.

FRIDAY, FEB. 26.—A rather personal debate on emigration matters.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25.—Recess.