

[For the Home Journal.]

LAKE-BRIE

BY WILLIE MORRIS.

I looked upon Lake Erie,
 Before I looked on thee,
 And I'll not leave it for thy gold
 That lies by and the sea!
 Its waves come leaping to my hand
 As if to say I'd go—
 I looked upon Lake Erie,
 And my heart gives answer, No!

Upon the shores of Erie
 A melody was sung
 And regard its coasts and o'er its deeps
 My child's shoutings rung,
 Not that my heart can yet forget
 The old song and the true
 Upon the shores of Erie
 A melody was sung
 And I will not seek some other land
 Away beyond the sea—
 Where gold is like the river sand,
 And spice grows like the pine—
 I've heard it all—yet Canada
 Has earned so well my love,
 That when I seek some other land
 'Twill be a Land Above!

[Written for the Home Journal.]

Compensation.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW"

CHAPTER I

THE VICTIM.

BEAUTIFUL is the rural picture of a Canadian village! Its scattered white-washed cottages, its wooden church, its lone store and tavern, where village politicians and village gossips assemble to discuss the affairs of the province or the scandal of the neighborhood. Athwart the road, spanned by a rustic bridge, dashes and foams the creek, that probably gives its name to the settlement—a turbulent little stream in spring, a lazy, murmuring brook in midsummer. Here and there nestled among orchards and pasture fields, are seen the more ambitious dwellings of the richer inhabitants, or the comfortable abodes of the independent farmers. There stands the neat cottage, with its green-painted verandah, of the Doctor, a man well esteemed by his neighbors, and finding more work in his one acre of ground than among his patients. There on the hill, bleak and bare, is the Minister's house. It has not been finished long and carries the stamp of newness on its face. The good man may often be seen earning his bread, literally, by cultivating his garden.

In such a village, before the rapid progress of improvement had made railways, and speculations, and newspapers things of daily use, or daily sight, lived an old country gentleman, as British settlers are wont to call themselves, and his daughter. Years ago, when fair Evelyn could scarcely prattle her first sweet monosyllables, Richard Elwood was reduced from independence and comfort to all but penury. In an evil hour he had subscribed a bond for the benefit of a favorite brother, who, for want of so small an act of fraternal kindness, could not procure a good situation in a London bank. It was a mere matter of form, of course, but it was necessary, and Richard did it, though against

the wishes of his wife, who felt her task a painful one, to counsel her husband to the disadvantage of a kind and generous brother, from whom they had received many favors. The issue showed the wisdom of her advice. Poor Sydney, led into gay company, weak, extravagant and reckless, commenced by appropriating small sums, and ended by such large abstractions, that, overwhelmed with terror at impending ruin and disgrace, he committed suicide by poison, at least such was surmised, although positive proof was wanting to confirm the dreadful deed.

His brother was summoned to fulfil his bond. He did so to the letter, but the shock was too great for his wife, and the day they were to have exchanged their pretty country house for poor lodgings, found her a corpse, asking no tenement but a few feet of mother earth.

Broken-hearted, unfit for business, uneducated for earning a living, Richard Elwood collected the scattered remnants of his property, and with his sole remaining treasure, his baby daughter, embarked for Canada, hoping to find consolation in an entirely different phase of life, and feeling that his changed fortunes would not be so hard to bear with an untried eye to watch him.

Cedar Creek village boasted of scarcely a dozen houses when the stranger stayed his wandering feet among its early settlers. With a portion of his small property he purchased a humble dwelling standing in the midst of a few acres of bush, his industry and labor soon rendered his rough home convenient within and picturesque without, and his patch of ground had been cultivated with so much discretion and care, that at the epoch when this story begins, it produced almost all that the frugal wants of Elwood and his daughter demanded.

Evelyn grew to girlhood content and happy in her secluded home. She had known no other, and found in her household duties and rustic pleasures occupation enough. Beauty was hers, beauty that made Richard Elwood's heart ache when he thought of her buried in such a spot, her mind uncultivated, her talents running to waste, for ignorant and uneducated she appeared to him, in whose memory the accomplishments of her mother, and the refinements of his sisters were yet fresh. Still Evelyn, contrasted favorably with her peers. Inter-course with a pure, enlightened mind like her father's had produced its effects, and if she were not versed in learned lore, or lacked the showy accomplishments of courtly circles, she never uttered a coarse sentiment, an incorrect sentence, or shocked the most fastidious taste by a movement or expression incompatible with grace and modesty. Poor girl! she had few social pleasures. Men like Elwood seldom adapt themselves to a new class of minds and manners, it was easier for him to put his hand to the spade and the plough, or wield the axe and the hammer, than talk familiarly with his pushing, acute neighbor, who thought all gain that filled his pockets, or increased his acres, or hobnobbed with the tavern or store-keeper sensible, honest men as they were. So Evelyn made her own friends as she grew up, and few enough they were, among them Willie Morris, a farmer's son, tall, stalwart and handsome, as most Canadian farmer's

songs are, born on the soil their fathers' honest toil has won from bush and marsh.

Willie but seldom walked beside the fair Evelyn to the village church, or joined her at the store and carried home her basket of purchases. Willie's hand had planted some of the prettiest roses in her flower garden, and pruned the peach and apple trees that smothered the low-roofed cottage in spring with their blossoms. Mr Elwood liked a chat on country matters with the lad, and often took his counsel as to planting and sowing.

Another visitor was the Schoolmaster—a grave, stern man, whose antecedents nobody knew, and whose abilities and manners were far above the humble capacity he filled. Many a long summer's evening the teacher would sit in the porch with Elwood and discourse of things and men never before heard of by the simple girl, who, engaged with her sewing, would look up occasionally to note the flashing of Paul Sylvester's eye, or listen, with unconscious enjoyment, to the music of his voice.

At Mr Elwood's request Sylvester had decided the unambitious studies of the village maiden, had taught her unsophisticated mind the simplest combinations of figures, and her fingers the first elements of written characters. That had been in her childish years, and even later he had frequently lent her books and answered her questions, but Evelyn was always shy of addressing him, and venerated and feared him far more than her father, whose mild character softened down his superiority and inspired more love than reverence.

So time passed till Evelyn was approaching her sixteenth birthday. Willie pleased himself with reckoning how long he should be in converting the wild land his father had given him in an adjoining township, into a fit home for the maid he loved. Still he found it hard to absent himself from her society, and his farm progressed but slowly in consequence. No word of love had yet been spoken, but by tacit consent their future lives seemed verged in one interest.

It was summer weather, clear, calm and beautiful as blue sky, soft breezes and green, leafy forests could make it. Willie, for a few months, had been unusually devoted to his estate, working with a stout and merry heart, looking forward to a happy day or two with his parents, and the sweet welcome of Evelyn. It was her birthday, well he knew it—had he not marked it since she was a curly-headed child? After turning his tired horse loose in his father's pasture-field, he took the nearest cut to Elwood's cottage, that he might give her his first greeting and simple love token. Following a mossy path, that led through a pine grove skirting his father's farm, he was presently arrested by the sound of voices. It was a lonely spot, and though he had often passed that way on his road to Elwood's, he had never before met a human being. Curiosity gave way to surprise, however, when, on peering through the trees, he spied, seated side by side, Paul Sylvester and Evelyn. He was talking, she listening, somewhat anxiously and perplexed, Willie thought, but he quickly made his presence known, and Sylvester, with a grave good-bye, left his fair companion to walk home with young Morris. She did not seem

in her usually gay spirits, nor did her society appear pleasant to her. He walked by her side indeed, but the demon of jealousy crept into his heart, and he vowed revenge against his dark rival. They parted at the father's door, his good wishes, his unexpressed, unoffered. Willie dashed wildly home, full of angry suspicions and cruel misgivings. Evelyn sought her chamber, and strove to wrestle with the unknown terror that had taken possession of her.

Like a bird fascinated by a basilisk was poor foolish Evelyn magnetized by the strong will and strong mind of her quondam teacher. Willie went back again to his wild-wood home, and time and reflection softened down and altered his feelings. He upbraided himself for unjust suspicions, and resolved to seek his gentle Evelyn again, entreat her pardon for his rough behaviour and confess his love. He anticipated no obstacles from his parents nor hers, and it would be far more agreeable to have a claim upon her companionship, and feel reassured of her affection by her words. So about a month later, he again sought Elwood's cottage, and was fortunate in meeting Evelyn equipped for walking at the gate. His joy at seeing her was damped by her embarrassed welcome. She invited him to walk in and speak to her father, but he said sadly he had come to talk to her, and would pay his respects to her father another time. They walked side by side almost in silence, apparently without aim, but presently Evelyn took the road to the lake shore, and they had not walked far when they met Sylvester. Willie thought he looked darker and more frowning than ever. With a careless, cold greeting, he passed on towards the village, while the lovers soon gained the pebbly beach, and seated themselves under the shade of an overhanging rock. Ontario was majestically calm, rolling its rippling waves with sweet music on the shore. Here and there a white sail dotted the blue surface, and the gull winged its flight through the clear ether. But the young creatures gazing on all this beauty were deaf and blind to melody and color, their hearts were played upon by passion, and the effect was discord. Willie, in earnest trembling words, told the cherished secret of his life, but his listener instead of melting into tears and blushes, grew white and awe struck—clasping her hands in prayerful entreaty that he would say no more. She did not reply, she loved him not. Had he mistaken her sweet sisterly affection for something dearer than he had ever dreamt of? Oh no! Willie felt, bitterly, madly felt, that whatever her reason now was, she had once loved him, with all the ardor of youth. Had not her eyes and cheeks again and again revealed the tale? He conjured her to be true to the dictates of her own heart, and not shipwreck their happiness for a passing whim. He implored her to say distinctly she had never loved him, or else to throw herself on the faithful bosom of her devoted Willie. His words fell on a cold ear. Pale, trembling, yet determined, Evelyn bade him begone, never see her face again, and without uttering one syllable of farewell, of pity, she arose and fled with swift steps homeward. Not a word escaped Morris of his interview, but overwhelmed with a grief almost too great to be borne, he returned to