

will of the people, but by strong centralized government. To be sure, in the latter body—the Methodists—the will of the people is beginning to assert itself now, and democratic principles are pervading them too; in due time they must succumb, like the rest of us. Well, be it so; let us all rise to the occasion. Let us all become, in church as well as in state affairs, experts in parliamentary tactics; let us study how deftly to exact a workable verdict out of conflicting opinions. But don't let us idealize too much; that is to say, don't let us talk cant. Don't let us say that any fortunate condition of things, which in reality was the result of a due marshalling of votes or the skilful engineering of some cabal, is a bright exhibition of the will of the people.

The Rectory, Almonte.

GEO. J. LOW.

## DOWN THE GULF AND BY THE SEA.

## CHAPTER I.

Aylmer is a small inland watering place on the Ottawa river, in the Province of Quebec. It is about nine miles from Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, and here, during the summer, the civil servants of the capital, and others, come to spend a few weeks in the cooler air, which flows down from the Laurentian hills or across Lake des Cheynes. Lake des Cheynes is a fine sheet of water—an outspreading of the Ottawa river, before that splendid tide sweeps down the des Cheynes Rapids preparatory to thundering over the wild rocks at the Chaudiere Falls. The village of Aylmer is situated on a hill rising from the lake, and when seen from the water, especially in the early morning, as when glorified by the magic rays of sunset, looks very pretty and picturesque. A small steamer plies between Aylmer and the villages and landing places higher up the river. Large tugs are occasionally seen laboring with huge rafts of timber behind, or briskly making a boom to catch, not speculators but sawlogs, which in a moment of storm have deserted. Along the Ontario shore of the lake are beautiful little islands covered with bush, and tenantless, save where a fisherman has established himself and called the island after him. In one or other of these islands, it is the delight of the Ottawa youth to camp. The groves by the des Cheynes Rapids are a favorite resort for picnic parties. The Eardley Road, which commands the lake, is beautiful, and the mountains within a few hours' drive are rich in attractions—lakelets, wooded vistas, and bracing air and will one day be studded with the summer residences of the wealthy citizens of Ottawa. Among those who spend their summers at Aylmer two or three have steam yachts, and nearly everybody has a boat of one kind or other. Each summer evening when the little trains from Ottawa arrive there is a rush to the various hotels and boarding houses to swallow a hasty tea, then a rush on the part of the men for fishing tackle, on the part of the ladies for borrowing articles of marine toilet; the yachts, meanwhile, get up steam, and the "skipper" and his friends arrived, whistle impatiently if some lady overcareful about her health or appearance, is not on hand; a dozen little boats are making across the lake; scarves blue and red, Tam o'Shanter caps of all the colors of the rainbow; sailor suits, an occasional canoe, its paddler dressed in white flannel and wearing a red cap, his

sweetheart in the stern with a blue shawl over her shoulders; the various tints of the landscape, the blue-black mountains, the green woods, the mixture of sunshine and shadow, the yellow light, the tones and semi-tones, the blue sky growing crimson to the west, and the evening star shining like a great diamond up in heaven; all is grateful to the eye and fills one with a delightful sense of joyful idleness. And oh! the air. The pure, sweet, cool air, perfumed with pine and mountain shrubs! the still water stretching away like a mirror on all sides to the green wooded shores, over which those purple hills look so gloomy and grand, and solemn, and when at last the sun goes down, making the lake a sheet of molten gold and silver, changing the clouds into fantastic shapes of splendor, and of ever-varying dyes, and playing like an artist (some great master of color) with hill and tree, and transforming the village yonder into a gorgeous city of fiery crystal—no civil servant, however small his pay and large his family, but forgets his troubles in the midst of so much loveliness.

Surely if ever there was a place where people might live in harmony, Aylmer is that spot. It is secluded, cheap, unknown to the vulgar tourist. The cooking at the hotels is not good, but the Hotel Ritchie forms an exception to this rule, and it was at the Hotel Ritchie, the persons with whom we are concerned were stopping, or more properly, were "guests." These were an old colonel of the 42nd, James Dark, Harry Roby, Mrs. Roby, Mrs. Dark, and Mrs. Emerson, this last a grass widow of great beauty, good taste and exemplary demeanor. No excursion or picnic party was complete without these six persons, and Mrs. Roby, Mrs. Dark, and Mrs. Emerson were like sisters. James Dark was a short man, with very black eyes, large white teeth, which he showed when he laughed, and his laughter at his own jokes was frequent; a large shirt collar completes the catalogue of striking features. I had nearly forgotten the eye-glass, which was not ornamental but an absolutely necessary appendage, for he was almost blind. With his eye-glass and shirt collar he looked like one of those figures of caricature in which the body of a dwarf is surmounted by the head of a man. Harry Roby, on the other hand, was very tall, handsome, hook-nosed, but with a wild look in his red features and large hazel eye, this wild expression suggesting (notwithstanding his light complexion) Indian blood, and he has been known to swear most explosive oaths that he has in his veins the fiery current of I don't know how many nations of Red Indians, but my impression is it was six. Whether it was his Indian blood, or that he was "raised" on the Canadian frontiers of the Western States, his conversation abounded in odd exaggerated forms of expression, which were more picturesque than elegant, and which were sometimes so grotesque, and unnatural as to make one astonished how they could ever have emanated from a person reputed sane. But if Harry Roby was insane, there was a method in his madness: if he sold you a piece of land or a horse the chances were he had the best of the bargain; he was if anything too clever; but he was kind-hearted, full of pranks, raising funds for some distressed wayfarer to-day, to-morrow playing at practical jokes, and ever and again explaining schemes whose profitable results would transcend even those of Colonel Sellers. Mrs. Roby, oddly enough, was a pattern of what a fine lady should be; a daughter of

one of the F. F. C.'s (first families of Canada) and a great favorite at Government House where her small figure fitted about like a humming-bird. Mrs. Dark, tall and stately, lived in retrospective dreams of conquest made in Toronto, in days before the military were withdrawn from the colony. Mrs. Emerson had travelled in Europe (where she met her scape-grace husband), had lived in New York, and "dressed as well as an American," which is the superlative of millinery praise. The old Colonel was the son of a Waterloo hero. He was a good amateur actor, full of anecdote and who had served with distinction in the Crimea.

Mrs. Emerson had a brother at Oxford of whom she always spoke as Bob, and one evening she quite electrified her friends at the Hotel Ritchie by telling them that Bob was on his way from England, and was bearing with him a hat made by M. Bombazine of the great house of Bombazine of Paris, in part out of a beaver-skin, the skin of a muskrat, the skin of a bear, the skin of a seal, the neck of a swan, the wing of a king-fisher, eagle's feathers and the plumage of twenty-five different kinds of birds, with a tiny bag of pemmican surmounting all.

This piece of news was overheard by one of Mrs. Ritchie's maids, who told it to the cook; it was imparted in confidence by Mrs. Roby to a particular friend of hers at the Hotel Reilly; Mrs. Dark confided it to her special friend at another hotel, as a secret imparted to her, accompanied by the most solemn injunctions, and the result was it ran like wild fire. Long before Bob appeared, the hat he was bringing with him from Paris was discussed in remote farm houses, by lonely streams twenty miles up the Gatineau. The news took wing and went across the lake, and Mrs. Emerson vowed that one day as she and some friends were camping out in the township of March, she heard two farmers' wives denounce her extravagance, in the intervals of a desultory discussion on the merits of their respective bees, the fatalities of drones and the despotism and all-absorbing functions of the polyandrous queen.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

## HEIMWEH.

[Written after hearing Jungmann's "Heimweh." The piece of music played from went down, with many others, at the foundering of the "Oregon," and alone of all the music survived the immersion.]

[The Prelude.]

The groves, the lawns of lovely England seem  
So far away in this wild land of snows;  
But as the music grows  
From prelude into stately chords, a dream  
Comes of a dearer land; and this wide plain  
Turns to that little island in the main  
I dare to call  
The fairest land of all;  
For the blue of the prairie heaven is not so  
blue as the sea,  
Nor the sward of a prairie landscape as green  
as that isle can be.

Play on, play on, the links of thought you  
bind  
Have bridged the gulf of years with one swift  
span,  
So that once more I can  
Cross over to the land long left behind,  
And see through mists of many bitter years,  
Ay! through the mist of sudden starting tears,  
My youth once more  
On that remembered shore,  
For the spell of the measured music can carry  
from other lands  
A dream of days half forgotten, and the touch  
of long severed hands.