

## THE CITY.

Canst thou not rest, oh city,  
That liest so wide and fair;  
Shall never an hour bring pity,  
Nor end be found for care?

Thy walls are high in heaven,  
Thy streets are gay and wide,  
Beneath thy towers at even  
The dreamy waters glide.

Thou art fair as the earth at morning,  
And the sunshine loveth thee,  
But its light is a gloom of warning  
On a soul no longer free.

The curses of gold are about thee,  
And thy sorrow deepeneth still;  
One madness within and without thee,  
One battle blind and shrill.

I see the crowds forever  
Go by with hurrying feet;  
Through doors that darken never  
I hear the engines beat.

Through days and nights that follow  
The hidden mill-wheel strains;  
In the midnight's windy hollow  
I hear the roar of trains.

No sound of lute or tabor,  
Where singing lips are dumb,  
And life is one long labour,  
Till death or freedom come.

Ah! the crowds that forever are flowing—  
They neither laugh nor weep—  
I see them coming and going,  
Like things that move in sleep.

Grey sires and burdened brothers,  
The old, the young, the fair,  
Wan cheeks of pallid mothers,  
And the girls with golden hair.

Care sits in many a fashion,  
Grown grey on many a head,  
And lips are turned to ashen,  
Whose years have right to red.

Canst thou not rest, oh city,  
That liest so wide and fair;  
Shall never an hour bring pity,  
Nor end be found for care?

Ottawa.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

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## TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDORE BELL.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

MANY roses were still in bloom, but, spite of many hints, Coristine's button hole remained empty. He admired the pinks, the carnations, the large-eyed pansies, "like Shakespeare's winking Mary-buds," he said, but all in vain, save a civil answer. The Day-lilies and the sweet-scented pure white and Japan lilies, the early Phloxes, the Honeysuckles against the arbours, and many other floral beauties he stopped to inspect, and wondered if Mrs. Carruthers would mind his gathering a few, although the house was full of flowers. His companion did not satisfy his wonder, only answering that she thought flowers looked so much better growing. Then he pulled himself together, and answered naturally, joking on the tall Scarlet Lychnis, now almost a garden flower of the past, which boys call scarlet likeness and scarlet lightning, and ran on into accounts of botanical rambles, descriptions of curious plants, with here a little bit of reverent natural theology, and there an appropriate scrap from some flower-loving poet, or a query as to where the worshippers of Wordsworth had got, if they had left "The Excursion" for the smaller pieces on the Daisy, and the Celandine, the Broom, the Thorn and the Yew. In thus talking he gained his end without knowing it, for, instead of a mere routine lawyer and impulsive Irishman, Miss Carmichael found in her companion an intelligent, thoughtful, and cultured acquaintance, whose society she thoroughly enjoyed. Occasionally an unconscious and half-timid lifting of her long eye-lashes towards his animate, handsome face thrilled the botanist with a new, if fleeting, sensation of delight. As they passed through a gate into a hill-side meadow, at the foot of which ran a silvery brook, they were made aware of voices in song. The voices were two, one a sweet but somewhat drawly female soprano, the other, a raucous, loud, overmastering shout, that almost drowned the utterance of its companion. The masculine one furnished the words to the promenaders, and these were:—

Shayll we gaythurr at thee rivyerr  
Whayerr bright angel feet have traw-odd?

"Do you know who these are?" asked Miss Carmichael.

"If I thought he knew as much tune," replied Coristine, "I should say he was The Crew."

"Oh, tell me, please, who is The Crew?" Thereupon the lawyer launched out into a description of his travels, so comical a one that his fair companion laughed until the tears stood in her eyes, and she accused him of making her break the Sabbath. "No," she said at last; "that is not Sylvanus, but it is his brother Timotheus with Tryphosa. They are sitting in a ferny hollow under these birches down the hill, with a hymn-book between them, and as grave as if they were in church. Do you not think, Mr. Coristine, that that is a very nice and proper way for young people to improve their acquaintance?"

"Very much so, Miss Carmichael. May I go in and get a hymn-book? I can run like a deer, and won't take a minute over it. One will be enough, won't it?"

The lady laughed a little pleasant laugh, and replied: "I think not, sir. We are not servants, at least in the same sense, and the piano and organ are at our disposal when we wish to exercise our musical powers."

"Snubbed again," muttered Coristine to himself; then aloud: "I wish I were Timotheus."

"If you prefer Tryphosa's company to mine, sir, you are at liberty to go; but I think your champion of Peskiwanchow would object to such rivalry."

"Oh, I didn't mean what Tryphosa."

"You do not know what you mean, nor anybody else. Let us return to the house."

As they sauntered back, the lawyer suddenly cried out: "What a forgetful blockhead I am. I have had ever so many business questions to put to you, and have forgotten all about them."

"Had you not better leave business till to-morrow, Mr. Coristine?" asked the lady, gravely, almost severely.

"Your father's name was James Douglas Carmichael, was it not?" asked Coristine, ignoring this quietus.

"Yes," she answered.

"He came to Canada in 1848, and was, for a time, in military service at Kingston, before he completed his medical studies. Am I right?"

"How do you happen to know these things? My father was singularly reticent about his past life; but you are right."

The lawyer opened his pocket-book and took out a newspaper cutting, which he handed to his companion. "I found that at Barrie," he said, "and trust I have not taken too great a liberty in constituting myself your solicitor, and opening correspondence with Mr. MacSmail, W.S., regarding your interests."

"It was very kind of you," she answered; "do you think it will bring us any money, Mr. Coristine?"

"Yes; it must bring some, as it is directed to heirs. How much, depends upon the wealth of your father's family."

"They were very wealthy. Papa told mamma to write home to them, but she would not. She is too independent for that."

"Will you sanction my action, and allow me to work this case up? Your mother cannot be an heir, you know, save in a roundabout way; so that you, being of age, are sole authority in the matter."

"How do you know I am of age?"

"I don't; but thought that, perhaps, you might be, seeing you are so mature and circumspect in your ways."

"Thank you for the doubtful compliment. I am of age, however."

"Then will you authorize me to proceed?"

"With all my heart."

"Do you know it makes me very sorry to become your solicitor?"

"Why?"

"Because henceforth ours are mere business relations, and I, a struggling junior partner, must be circumspect too, and stand in proper awe and distant respect for a prospective heiress."

"Do not allow your reverence to carry you too far to an opposite extreme. You have been very good during most of our walk, and I have enjoyed it very much."

As she tripped in at the French window, Coristine could not reply. It is probable that he ejaculated inwardly, "the darlin'!" but, outwardly, he took out his pipe and sought consolation in the bowl of the Turk's head. While patrolling the long path down towards the meadow, he heard a low whistle, and, proceeding to the point in the fence whence it came, found Mr. Rawdon, as pale as he well could be, and much agitated. "Look 'ere, Mr. Currystone," he said, "I've bin down to Talfourds and a good bit further, and I find a fellow called Nash 'as bin about, plottin' to 'urt my business along of that brute of a Chisholm. They can't 'urt it much, but I can 'urt them, and, wot's more, I will. 'Ow I found out wot they're about is my haffair. I hain't got no time to lose, so you tell the genniwin Simon Pure Miss Do Please-us as I'll hoffer 'er a thousan' dollars cash for that there farm of 'ers till to-morrow mornin'. 'Er haccptance must be hat the Post-office hup the road hany time before ten o'clock, and the deed can be drawn hup between you and me and the Squire just has soon thereafter as she pleases. Ha, ha! pretty good, eh? Miss Do Please-us, she pleases! Bye, bye! Mr. Currystone, don't you forget, for it's business."

The Grinstun man stole along the meadow fence and travelled over the fields, back way, towards the Lake Settlement. Emptying his pipe, the lawyer found Miss Du

Plessis and at once announced Mr. Rawdon's proposal, which he urged her not to accept. She said the land was certainly not worth any more, if it were worth that amount, and that a thousand dollars would be of much immediate use to her mother. But Coristine reminded her that Colonel Morton was, in all probability, with her mother now, and begged her at least to wait until their joint opinion could be procured. To this she agreed, and further conversation was checked by the arrival of Marjorie, the five young Carruthers and Mr. Michael Terry.

The whole party sallied out of the windows on to the verandah, the lawn, and thence out of the front gate, where they found the dominie in a state of radiant abstraction, strutting up and down the road, and quoting pages of his favourite poet. He had just completed the lines:—

And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

The lawyer went up to him before he came near and hissed at his friend, "What about our compact?" to which the dominie, with a fierce cheerfulness, replied, "It is broken, sir; shivered to atoms; buried in oblivion. When a so-called honourable man takes a young lady walking in garden and meadow alone, and breathes soft trifles in her ear, the letter, the spirit, the whole periphery of the compact is gone. Your conduct, sir, leaves me free to act as I please towards the world's chief soul and radiancy. I shall do as I please, sir; I shall read Louisa and Ruth and Laodamia and the Female Vagrant, none daring to make me afraid. A single tress of ebon hair, a single beam of a dove-like eye, shall be enough to fortify my heart against all your legal lore, your scorn, your innuendos, your coward threats."

"Wilks, you're intoxicated."

"Such intoxication as mine is that of the soul—a thing to glory in."

"Well, go and glory, and read what you please; only add the Idiot Boy to the Female Vagrant and you'll be a lovely pair. I'm going to do as I please, too, so we're both happy at last."

Thus saying, the lawyer returned to Marjorie, while the dominie stood stock still in the road, like a man thunderstruck, repeating: "The Idiot Boy, the Female Vagrant, a pair!—and he was once my friend! A pair, a pair—the Female Vagrant, the Idiot Boy!—and that slimy, crawling, sickening caterpillar of a garden slug was once known to me! Truly, a strange awaking!"

It was now six o'clock, the time under ordinary circumstances for tea; but the circumstances were extraordinary, as the Squire, Mr. Nash and the minister had to be waited for. The party was in the road waiting for them. "Look, Eugene!" cried Marjorie; "there's Muggins. Here Muggy, Muggy, good doggie!" Muggins came on at full speed, and, striding at a very respectable pace, his master followed.

"Ow, Mr. Coristine, sow glad to see you again, I'm shore. I was delighted to see you bringing two straye sheep into the true fowld this morning. I howpe Miss Marjorie will turn out a good churchwoman; woun't you now, Marjorie?"

"I'm not a woman, and I won't be one. A woman wears dirty clothes and a check apron and a sun-bonnet. We've had a charwoman like that in our house, and a washerwoman; and in Collingwood there's a fish-woman and an apple-woman. I've seen them with my very own eyes. I don't think it a bit nice of you, Mr. Brown, to call me a charwoman."

"I said churchwoman, my dear, not charwoman."

"It's the same thing; they scrub out churches. I've seen them do it. And they're as old and ugly—worse than Tryphena!"

"Hush, hush, Marjorie!" interposed Miss Du Plessis; "you must not speak like that of good Tryphena. Besides, Mr. Perrowne means by a churchwoman one who is like me, and goes to the Church of England."

"If it's to be like you, and you will marry Eugene and go to the Church of England, I will be a churchwoman and go with you."

Mr. Perrowne glowered at the lawyer, whom, a moment before, he had greeted in so friendly a way. Coristine laughed, as he could afford to, and said: "I'm sorry, Marjorie, that it cannot be as you wish. I am not serious enough for Miss Du Plessis, nor a sufficient judge of good poetry. Your friend wouldn't have me at any price; would you now, Miss Du Plessis?"

"Certainly not with that mode of asking. How unpleasantly personal children make things."

Muggins and the young Carruthers were having lots of fun. He sat up and begged for bread, he ran after sticks and stones thrown by feeble hands, he shook paws with the children, had his ears stroked and his tail pulled with the greatest good-nature. Right under the eyes of the still dumbfounded dominie, his owner accompanied Miss Du Plessis into the house, while Coristine prevailed on Marjorie to sing a hymn with a pretty plaintive tune, commencing:—

Once in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her infant  
In a manger for his bed;  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.

The old soldier left his grandchildren with Muggins and came to hear the hymn. "The Howly Vargin bliss the little pet," he ejaculated, and then crooned a few notes at the end of each verse.

"Fwat is it the Howly Scripchers says, sorr, about little childher an' the good place?" he asked Coristine.