

And Bally Dean thought of the boy to be shot,  
Of the fair girl he loved in the woods far away;  
Of the true love that grew like a red rose of May;  
And he stopped where he stood, and he thought and he thought.  
Then a sudden star fell, shootin' on overhead,  
And he knew that his mother beckon'd on to the dead.

And he said what have I? Though I live, though I die,  
Who shall care for me now? Then the dull, muffled drum  
Struck his ear, and he knew that the master had come  
With the squad. And he passed in the tent with a sigh,  
And the doomed lad crept forth, and the drowsy squad led  
With low trailing guns to the march of the dead.

Then with face turned away tow'rd a dim streak of day,  
And his voice full of tears the poor bowed master said,  
As he fell on his knees and uncovered his head.  
"Come boys, it is school time, let us all pray."  
And we prayed. And the lad by the coffin alone  
Was tearless, was silent, was still as a stone.

"In line," master said, and he stood at the head;  
But he couldn't speak now. So he drew out his sword  
And dropped the point low for the last fatal word.  
Then the rifles rang out, and a soldier fell dead!  
The master sprang forward. "God help us," he said,  
"It is my ally, poor Bally, and he's gone up head!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## AD ASTRA.

WITH looks uplifted and with feet upfaring  
Does it avail the rugged steeps to try,  
Earth's pain and cross and bitterness still bearing,  
Delight of life and joy of sense still sparing  
For stars that strew an ever-distant sky?  
If so, say why!

How often to an orb do we draw nearer,  
Or reach the moon for which, like babes, we wail?  
They fade perennially as dawn grows clearer,  
While blisses left behind seem warmer, dearer  
To souls that shiver as the skies wax pale  
O'er hill and vale.

Were we led up to some sure good by gazing,  
Even as the Magi to their cradled Christ;  
Not as the Hindu by control amazing,  
To body numbness and to mental dazing,  
Then might we deem our loss by gain well priced,  
And be enticed:

But such as seek the Sangreal find scant healing  
For wounded feet that climb the rugged ways,  
Save love's star-aureoled face alone appealing  
Should draw them onward, bleeding, stumbling, kneeling,  
To gain the only guerdon worth the praise  
And length of days!

JOHN MORAN.

JAN. 2, 1884.

GOODBYE to the wife and children—a kiss to the baby, last,  
As into the cold gray morning the husband and father passed—  
For the holiday is over, and the workday is begun,—  
So goodbye to the happy home, till the daily toil is done.

But the earthly toil was over although he knew it not,  
And a train to a far, far country, unwittingly he sought,—  
While above the fiery chariot the pitying angels wait  
To carry each faithful spirit up to the golden gate!

A shout, a shock, a crash!—and over the pure, white snow  
Is scattered a mass of ruin,—with human forms below,—  
And oh! for the wives at home, and the children that no more  
Shall welcome home the father, when his daily toil is o'er!

Oh earth, thou art full of sorrow! Oh life, thou art dark and sad,—  
Save for the light from heaven that has come to make us glad  
With the hope of the life immortal that holds the key of this,  
So the joy of the coming meeting may thrill through love's parting kiss!

And perchance the angels heard the songs of the other shore  
Blend with the mortal music of the goodbye at the door.  
Goodbye to the wife and children,—a kiss to the baby last,  
As into the spirit-world, through the cold grey morn he passed.

FIDELIS.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"  
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

## III.—Continued.

In not a few other respects she was satisfied regarding herself. There was nothing, for that matter, which concerned herself in any real way, about which she did not feel wholly satisfied. Her environment in her own opinion was of the best, and doubtless in the opinion of a good many staunch adherents also. From the necklace of ancestral brilliants which she now wore, sparkling at ball or dinner, on her generous and creamy neck, to the comfortably-cushioned pew in Grace Church, where two good generations of Poughkeepsies had devoutly sat through many years of Sundays, she silently valued and eulogized the gifts which fate had bestowed upon her.

Pauline's present attitude seemed to her something monstrous. It had not seemed monstrous that her niece should give the bloom and vital purity of a sweet maidenhood to a man weighted with years and almost decrepid from past excesses. But that she should seek any other circle of acquaintance except one sanctioned by the immitigable laws of caste, struck her as a bewildering misdemeanour.

"My dear Pauline," she now exclaimed, "you fill me with a positive fear! Of course, if you shut your doors to the right people you open them to the wrong ones. You have got some strange idea abroad, which you are now determined to carry out—to *exploiter*, my dear! With your very large income there is hardly any dreadful imprudence which you may not commit. There is no use in telling me that the people whom one knows are not worth knowing. If you have got into that curious vein of thought you have no remedy for it except to refrain from all entertaining and all acceptance of courtesies. But I beg, Pauline, that you will hesitate before you store up for yourself the material of ugly future repentance. Sallie and I have accepted the Effinghams' box at the opera to-night. Those poor Effinghams have been stricken by the death of their father; it was so sudden . . . he was sitting in his library and literally fell dead . . . he must certainly have left two millions, but of course that has nothing to do with their bereavement, and it was so kind of them to remember us. They know that I have always wanted a proscenium, and that there are no prosceniums, now, to be bought for love or money. I have sent our box in the horse-shoe to cousin Kate Ten Eyck; she is so wretchedly cramped in her purse, you know, and still has Lulu on her hands, and will be so grateful—as indeed she wrote me quite gushingly that she was, this very afternoon. Now, Pauline, won't you go with us, my dear?"

Pauline went. A noted prima donna sang, lured by an immense nightly reward to disclose her vocal splendours before American audiences. But her encompassment, as is so apt to be the case here, was pitiable mediocre. She sang with a presentable contralto, a passable baritone, an effete basso, and an almost despicable tenor. The chorus was anachronistic in costume, sorry in voice, and mournfully undrilled. But the *diva* was so comprehensively talented that she carried the whole performance. At the same time there were those among her hearers who lamented that her transcendent ability should be burlesqued by so shabby and impotent a surrounding. The engagement of this famous lady was meanwhile one of those sad operatic facts for which the American people have found, during years past, no remedy and no preventive. The fault, of course, lies with themselves. When they are sufficiently numerous as true lovers of music they will refuse their countenance to even a great singer except with creditable artistic and scenic support.

Pauline sat in the Effinghams' spacious proscenium-box, between Mrs. Poughkeepsie and her daughter. Sallie Poughkeepsie was a large girl, with her mother's nose, her mother's serenity, her mother's promise of corpulent matronhood. She had immense prospects; it was reported that she had refused at least twenty eligible matrimonial offers while waiting for the parental nod of approval, which had not yet come.

During the first *entr'acte* a little throng of admirers entered the box. Some of these Pauline knew; others had appeared, as it were, after her time. One was an Englishman, and she presently became presented to him as the Earl of Glenartney. The title struck her as beautiful, appealing to her sense of the romantic and picturesque; but she wondered that it had done so when she subsequently bent a closer gaze upon the receding forehead, flaccid mouth, and lank frame of the Earl himself. He had certainly as much hard prose about his appearance as poetry in his name. Mrs. Poughkeepsie beamed upon him in a sort of sidelong way all the time that he conversed with Sallie. A magnate of bountiful shirt-bosom and haughty profile claimed her full heed, but she failed to bestow it entirely; the presence of this unmarried Scotch peer at her child's elbow was too stirring an incident; her usual equanimity was in a delightful