

LORNE-LOUISE.

A WELCOME TO CANADA.

Loyal and true our hearts beat for thee,
Loudly our welcome shall rise o'er the main;
Ocean to ocean shall tell our glee
Over a continent wild with acclaim.
Up from the East goes a welcoming strain,
Round the cold North it is echoed again;
Inland and westward it gathers again,
North sends it rolling adown to the plain—
Son of MacCullum More, a welcoming cheer!
England's fair daughter, to us you are dear!
Enshrined in our hearts we will nourish both here.

J. A. PHILLIPS.

Ottawa, 23rd November, 1878.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

There were six of us seated before a blazing fire, which cast a generous glare into the otherwise unlighted room. Outside a winter storm bellowed over the chimneys, and beat seriously at the window-panes. Afar off we could hear the gust roaring among the naked hills, now plunging shrilly through the skeleton branches of the trees, and again whirling overhead with a weird, shouting sound that might well have proceeded from the throats of evil things riding upon the wind. The ghostly spirit of the storm seemed to have penetrated even into our comfortable circle, for we got, I know not how, upon that most dismal of all subjects—death.

We had canvassed the theme pretty thoroughly before we discovered that two of our number, the Professor and the Doctor, had taken no part in the conversation. They were sitting a little removed from the rest of us, gazing gloomily into the fire. Their ordinarily cheerful expression of countenance had given place to a sober, troubled look, and more than once we had detected the exchange of a strangely significant glance between them.

As may be readily supposed, we were not slow to press them for an explanation of their conduct. But for a considerable time our efforts were fruitless. At length, after much persuasion, it was the Professor who spoke:

"Gentlemen," said he, gravely, "no man cares to gain for himself the reputation of a liar or a maniac. Yet that is exactly what you are pressing both of us to do. I have no doubt that the experience which I am about to relate, and in which my friend the Doctor bore no unimportant part, will appear absolutely incredible to persons of your advanced views."

There was a touch of sarcasm in the worthy Professor's tone, but in our eagerness to hear his story we found it convenient to disregard it.

"However," he continued, "I shall risk it. If you chose to disbelieve it, why I shall endeavor to have charity for your ignorance and conceit. Now, Doctor, if you will hand me the tobacco and one of the pipes—the ranker and blacker the better—I will proceed."

Having filled his pipe, and settled himself comfortably in his chair, he began thus:

"It must be fully ten years ago that the Doctor and myself were engaged upon a geological survey of the northern part of this State. We had labored diligently during the summer and fall, when toward the close of a cold November day we shouldered our knapsacks and turned our faces homeward.

"Our way led through a chain of black and rugged hills toward a frontier town, twenty miles distant, where we intended to take the railroad. A more forbidding region it has never been my misfortune to see. It was a chaos, blackened and warped by primeval fires, and destitute of the smallest trace of vegetation. Tall cliffs towered a thousand feet above our heads, shutting out the light of the dull November sky. Sluggish streams filtered between crevices in the rocks, and poured noiselessly into the deep and motionless turns. It seems that the blight of death had fallen upon the whole country.

"Well knowing the peril of attempting to proceed through such a region after nightfall, we halted at sunset, and, building a fire at the foot of a crag, disposed ourselves to rest as well we might. Exhausted with the toils of the day, the Doctor was soon asleep.

"How long I had slumbered I knew not, when I found myself sitting upright, peering nervously into the darkness around me. It seemed to me that some one had uttered a wild, appealing cry in the very portals of my ears. For some moments I sat so, wondering and anxious. Then I reflected that, as there could be no human being in the neighborhood besides ourselves, the sound which had alarmed me must have been the shriek of some bird or animal. Explaining the matter thus, I was on the point of lying down again when I was arrested by a repetition of the cry. This time there could be no mistake. Wild, long, and, it appeared to me, full of intolerable anguish, it re-echoed among the crags with fearful shrillness. With an uncontrollable start I turned and shook the Doctor to awake him.

"Be quiet," he muttered; "I am awake and heard it all."

"What can it be?" I asked anxiously; surely nothing human; no one lives in this region for miles around. Perhaps it is a wild-cat."

"No," he said, between his teeth, such a sound never came from the throat of a wild cat. There it is again. Listen!"

"The cry was repeated. It was a woman's voice, but it expressed such supreme misery as I believe woman never felt before. It came ringing up the gorge with a weird and mournful intonation that chilled the blood in my heart. By the Doctor's quick breathing I could tell that he was as much affected as myself. Neither of

us spoke nor moved; both waited for a renewal of the cry, in the hope of arriving at some rational explanation of it.

"Again it came; but now like a low, tremulous sob. I am not a superstitious man, gentlemen, but I confess that I sat there shivering with a species of horror that was utterly new to me. What could it be? Not a living woman, surely, alone and suffering in an inaccessible fastness where we were morally certain nothing human dwelt. And then what misery was it that gave itself such uncanny expression? Not fear, nor bodily pain, but something nameless to us. While we were debating these questions in smothered tones, the cry came once again. This time in words we understood:

"Help! Oh God! help!"

"At this intelligible appeal to our manhood, our superstitious weakness at once disappeared. Seizing a torch from our smouldering fire, we made our way hastily toward a pile of rocks a few hundred yards distant, whence the sound seemed to have proceeded. Scrambling up the height, we came suddenly upon a strange and mournful scene. Before us stood a small and wretched-looking hut, evidently constructed by hands unused to such labor, unglazed, and without a chimney. There was a dim light within, and through the open door we saw the body of a man, apparently lifeless, lying prone upon the earthly floor. Beside him, with arms flying wildly over her head, knelt the figure of a woman, evidently the one whose cries had alarmed us. It needed but a glance to assure us that some strange tragedy had taken place, and without a moment's hesitation we entered the hut.

"The woman raised her eyes as we approached, but gave no further heed to us. Apparently her great sorrow had driven her distracted. She was a young creature, hardly twenty, I should judge, and, despite the signs of hardship and sorrow visible on her features, very beautiful. Her form was slight and even attenuated, but in its shabby dress preserved traces of former refinement.

"Her companion, a young man of about her own age, attired in a wood-man's suit, had evidently succumbed to hardship or disease, and was either insensible or dead. His pinched and ghastly countenance must have been once very handsome, but now it looked old and worn as that of a man of sixty. He had apparently fallen in the present position, and the girl had been unable to raise him.

"My friend the Doctor," continued the worthy Professor, "surly, uncouth and cynical as he commonly appears, has as kind a heart as ever beat in a man's breast—no flattery, my dear fellow, for it must be confessed that you have faults that more than counter-balance your one good trait. Well, gentlemen, he bent over the poor creature, and in a voice as gentle as a woman's, endeavored to arouse the girl from her lethargy.

"Who are you?" said he, "and what has happened?"

"He is dead—dead!" she muttered, hoarsely.

"Perhaps it is not as bad as that," he rejoined. "Tell us all about it. We are friends, my dear, and medical men, and may be able to assist you."

"He died this morning before my very eyes," she moaned; "died, oh, my God! of starvation. And I never knew he was depriving himself for my sake. Oh, my husband! why did you not let me die with you? And she threw herself across the body, sobbing as if her poor heart would break. There were tears in the Doctor's eyes as he looked at me," added the Professor, with a tremor in his voice, "and the rascal has always sworn that my own were not dry. That, however, is aside from the subject.

"Though we knew nothing of these two poor children—for they were but little more—we felt that we had chanced upon a strange, sad story of love, pride and suffering, such as is rarely told, even in this unhappy world.

"The Doctor stooped down and felt at the heart of the prostrate man.

"He is dead," he whispered, motioning me to imitate his example.

"Yes, dead," I replied, after examining the corpse.

"How we made the truth known to the poor wife I do not remember. It would seem that she had preserved some faint remnant of hope until our assistance destroyed it utterly. With a low groan, she fell suddenly at our feet insensible. Although we were at a loss what course to pursue, we felt it no more than our duty to remain in the hut for the night, and on the morning to make the best arrangements for the poor girl's comfort that were possible.

"Fortunately, the Doctor had his medical case in his pocket. Administering a powerful sleeping potion to her, he placed her in happy unconsciousness of the events that were to follow. We then proceeded to a more careful examination of the man.

"Without vanity, I can say that both the Doctor and myself have received some few testimonials as to our scientific ability from the world. You will probably believe that we are capable of deciding upon a very simple case of death by starvation?" He paused and looked very gravely around. "Very good; remember, then, that I assert upon my professional reputation that the man was stone dead."

"Yes," added the Doctor, who had hitherto remained silent, "the life must have been extinct more than five hours when we found him."

"Well," continued the Professor, with increasing gravity, "having satisfied ourselves upon this point, we covered the corpse decently and sat down to wait for morning. Though

in no mood for conversation, the startling experience of the evening kept us awake for several hours. But at length, completely overcome by weariness and excitement, I fell into a slight slumber.

"Almost immediately, it seemed, I was awakened with a shock. The Doctor was bending over me with an expression of wonder and alarm upon his face.

"Wake up," he said, in a troubled whisper. "Something very strange has been going on in this room for many minutes past."

"What is it?" I asked. "I thought I heard some one speaking."

"You did," he replied. "I have distinctly heard a voice close beside us, yet there is no one in the room except ourselves and these two poor people."

"Perhaps the woman has been talking in her sleep," I suggested, "or it may be that the man is not dead, after all."

"No, I have looked to both," he returned. "One sleeps soundly, and the other will never speak again in this world. So satisfy yourself."

"I arose, and trimming the lamp, proceeded first to the couch where the girl lay. She at least could not have spoken, for all her senses were locked in a profound stupor. I then examined the corpse, and found it as we had left it, except that the features were more shrunken and sallow than before. No voice could have come from those rigid lips. Concluding that we had both dreamed or had mistaken some nocturnal cry for the human voice, I replaced the light and was about to resume my seat, when my movements were arrested by a very singular voice.

"There it is again!" muttered the Doctor, agitatedly.

"A low, confused murmur, resembling nothing that I had heard before, arose in the room, and seemed to circulate in the air for an instant, and died away. Again it arose, coming from a point over our heads, and gradually descending until it appeared to emanate from some invisible source beside us. I knew of nothing with which to compare the intonation except it may be the articulation of the telephone, or that of a ventriloquist.

"The first words we caught were, 'Oh, my poor wife!'"

"It would be impossible to describe the effect that these words produced upon us. It was not so much the tone, weird and uncanny as it was, as the startling significance of the words, that amazed us.

"Who could have spoken them but the husband of the woman lying stupified upon the couch? Yet he had been dead for many hours. Full of repugnance at the horror of the idea, we started up and again examined, not only every nook and corner in the hut itself, but even the space outside for many yards around. There was no human being besides ourselves in the vicinity.

"We again scrutinized the corpse. It had neither changed its position nor its appearance. The flesh had grown perfectly cold, and the muscles rigid; there was no trace of vitality in it," continued the Professor, wiping his head nervously. "I have arrived at what I imagine will be the limit of your credulity. I do not expect you to credit what followed, but I swear to you on the word of an honest man that I do not deviate from the truth as much as a syllable when I say while we bent over the body we again heard the voice proceeding from the distant part of the room, saying audibly:

"In the name of God, assist me back to life!"

"With hearts beating thick and fast, we stood gazing at each other absolutely thunder-struck. An experience so terrifying, so utterly without precedent, completely unnerved us. While we remained stupefied with horror, the voice was again audible:

"Oh, have pity!" it said; "aid me to return to life!"

"It was some minutes before either of us could recover from our amazement sufficiently to make any reply.

"Who is it that speaks to us?" asked the Doctor, in a low tone.

"The soul of the man which lies dead before you!" it replied.

"It is impossible that the dead can speak," answered the Doctor.

"No, for the intelligence never dies," replied the voice. "My body is indeed dead, but that with which I lived and thought and loved is still in this room."

"What is it that you desire?" asked the Doctor, carrying on this strange colloquy with increasing wonder.

"To be aided to resume my former existence," was the rejoinder. "I dare not leave my poor wife unprotected in the wilderness. I cannot see her suffer. I love her beyond all my hopes of a future life, and by the power of my love I have remained near her, and have been able to communicate with you. I can not, I will not be separated from her. I must return to her in my human shape."

"Whether the Doctor's courage deserted him at this point or not I cannot say, but he spoke no more; and, as the voice was no longer audible, we remained silent, in a state of mind that baffles all description.

"I am morally certain that both of us would have fled instantly from the place had it not been for the poor creature sleeping upon the bed. We could not leave her alone to face a mystery that shook even nerves as toughened as ours. After a hasty consultation as to what course we ought to follow, we resumed our former seats, and

waited in breathless expectation for what was next to occur.

"Some hours had passed in this way, and the first dim traces of dawn were shining upon the eastern horizon, when, with a simultaneous start, we sprang to our feet. The voice had again spoken. This time it had proceeded, not from some indefinite point in the atmosphere, but from beneath the sheet enveloping the corpse:

"Help!" it cried, in faint, but distinct accents; "for Christ's sake, help!"

"For an instant we hesitated—and who would not!—then hastened to the body and removed the covering. There was no alteration in its pallor and rigidity, but we perceived that the lips, from which a faint murmur was issuing, trembled slightly. Here our instincts conquered our weakness. Whatever the mystery involved in the matter, a human being was struggling to regain existence, and our impulse was to aid without question. A powerful restorative was administered, and, before many moments had passed, we saw the colour coming back to the wan cheeks and the sunken muscles reshaping themselves with the current of warm blood. Then, with a faint sigh, the eyes opened and gazed at us inquiringly. In a word, gentlemen, the dead was restored to life.

"It is needless to detail what followed. In the meeting which occurred between these two poor young creatures, we felt ourselves more than repaid for the startling experiences of the previous night. It can do no harm to add that we claimed and exercised the right of securing their future prosperity out of our ample means. We learned no more of their former history than that the persecution of those whose wishes their marriage had opposed had driven them to hide their poverty and misfortune in the wilderness. We have heard of them since.

"The young man, as we discovered on questioning him, remembered nothing of his sensations while unconscious, except a vague, dream-like, and yet intense sorrow for his young wife. He had no knowledge whatever of the voice which had addressed us, and appeared to believe that he had laboured under a temporary suspension of animation arising from starvation. We did not combat his belief, for we believed that he was actually dead, and that he only returned to life through his great love. Who will deny that love is stronger than death, and that it goes with us even beyond the grave?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. DION BOUCAULT is said to have made 40,000 dollars by the recent rise in Nevada mining stock.

A New opera entitled "Caterani Howard" by the maestro Alessandro Orsini, will be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre next season.

The first representation of Lecocq's new oper "La Camargo," at the Renaissance, will take place at the end of the present month.

KING LOUIS, of Bavaria, continues to be so fond of Wagner's music that he is now preparing at the Grand Theatre of Munich, for himself alone, a series of performances of the tetralogy of the "Nibelungen."

THE Paris *Figaro* notices the appearance of Mademoiselle Marie Fechter, daughter of the celebrated actor of that name, as Marie, in the play called "La Grâce de Dieu." The writer of the critique, M. Auguste Vitu, states that she is possessed of an excellent voice; that she sings with taste and talent, giving to the part of Marie "un parfum de chaste honnêteté," as high an encomium as any artist could wish for.

The revival of M. Boucault's "Relief of Lucknow" at Astley's Theatre recalls in a striking manner the principal incidents in the Indian Mutiny. As the piece is chiefly spectacular, it will be sufficient to say that the various tableaux elicited great applause, the representation of the Khyber Pass being particularly effective.

The anniversary of the death of Schubert will be solemnly celebrated by the Wiener Männergesangsverein, by the performance of a mass written by the deceased composer, which, we believe, has never yet been given in public. The solemnity will take place on the 19th inst., at the Augustine Chapel, Vienna, and the service for the dead will be read by Schumann's brother, Father André.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

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