

## "Allons Done."

"'Allons done,' she then said, and passing out attended by the carls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall."—*Princess of Mary Queen of Scots.*

"Go on!"—To that imperial throne  
She made a glory and a shame:  
No. Mary Stuart stood alone,  
Her queenly crown an empty name.

"Go on!" She waved her royal hand,  
"Go where!"—to that dear distant land,  
The loved, the lost, the joyous land,  
Where once she led the song and dance:

On to that home where first her child,  
Born in her grief the heir of tears,  
Looked in his mother's face and smiled,  
Unconscious of her foes and fears!

Ah, no! Her youth, her hope were dead:  
Her boy a stranger far away.  
The glamor of a crown had fled:  
This was her last, her dying day.

She stood so calm, so still so proud,  
So firm amid a hundred foes,  
So careless of that eager crowd,  
So crowned anew with fatal woes,

So scornful of the cruel death  
That waited, crouched beyond the door;  
The ruthless jailers held their breath,  
The vengeful warriors spoke no more.

"Go on!" And on the grim carls went;  
There was the scaffold and the block;  
The murderous axe against it leant,  
They moved her not, her heart was rock.

The spirit of a kingly race  
Inspired her soul and fired her eye,  
A smile lit up her tranquil face:  
"You thought a queen would fear to die!"

She clasped the cross against her breast—  
"Oh Lord! thine arms upon the tree  
Spread for the world, now give me rest;  
Forgive! redeem! I come to Thee."

Her maidens leaved the widow's veil,  
And laid the sable robe aside;  
Their cheeks were wet, their lips were pale:  
But hers were red with scorn and pride.

Fair in her blood-red gown she stood;  
So stands against the stormy skies  
A rose, that in some solitude  
Uplifts its stately head,—and dies.

"Weep not, my ladies! weep no more;  
Farewell, farewell! we meet again.  
O Lord! amid my troubles here,  
I trust in Thee, nor trust in vain."

She laid her head upon the block,  
And murmured low, "In Thee I trust."  
Down fell the axe with thundering shock;  
Mary the Queen was common dust.

The beautiful face, the smiling lips,  
Wrinkled and set in aged gloom;  
So from some tree a tempest strips,  
In one brief gust, its leaf and bloom.

Leave her the peace that life denied;  
Her sins and follies all are o'er.  
A queen she lived, a queen she died;  
Peace to her ashes! Ask no more.

—*Rees Terry Cooke.*

## BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF  
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER X.—A LIFE DRAMA.

THE mutual helpfulness that prevailed among the early settlers of Upper Canada threw into intimate contact, and placed under mutual obligation, the new comers, both Quaker and Cavalier, and the Heck family. On the narrow stage of this backwoods scene was played by these humble actors the grand drama of human life; nor were there wanting any of the elements which give it dignity and sublimity. There were the deep immortal yearnings of the soul for a fairer and loftier ideal than this world offers, the hungry cravings of the heart for affection and sympathy, the aspiration of the spirit for a higher and holier life. Beneath the promise surface of Canadian

rural toil there were for the young hearts awakening to self-consciousness amid their forest surroundings a rich mine of poetry and romance. Nature in her varied moods and with her myriad voices spoke her secrets to their souls. The gladness coming of the spring kindled joyous pulses in their frames. The rich luxuriance of the summertime was a constant psalm of praise. The sad suggestions of the autumn, with its wailing winds and weeping skies and falling leaves, lent a pensive tone to their spirits. And when the deep snows of winter clothed the world "with ermine too dear for an earl," their hearty out-of-door life and cheerful home joys bade defiance to the icy reign of the Frost King. To gentler natures the deep shadows of the lonely forest aisles, the quiet beauty of the forest flowers, the solemn sunsets on the shining river, and the mysterious whisperings of the night winds among the needles of the pine, so like the murmuring of the distant sea, were a perpetual and deep delight.

Such a nature was that of the fair Katharine Heck, the youngest child of Paul and Barbara, now a blooming maiden in her later teens, who inherited her mother's early beauty and mental acuteness and her father's placid and contemplative disposition. The loveliness of character and person of the young girl made a profound impression on the susceptible southern temperament of Reginald Pemberton, a younger son of the gallant colonel. The alert mind of Barbara Heck observed with a mother's solicitude the unconscious attachment springing up between these young hearts, and read their secret before the principals were aware of it themselves. While Reginald was a youth of noble spirit and manly, generous character, still he was ignorant of the great regenerating change which the pious Methodist mother regarded as the prime essential—the "one thing needful"—to secure his own and her daughter's happiness. Moreover, he belonged to a proud and aristocratic family, who were in their social standing and their ideas emphatically "people of the world;" and how could those who felt themselves the "heirs of the kingdom," smile on such a worldly alliance? Moreover, she was so proud in her way as any Pemberton living, and would not brook that union with a child of hers should be considered a misalliance by the bluest blood in the realm.

Much troubled with these thoughts, the devout Barbara thus communed one day with goodman Paul:

"Have you not observed, Paul, that young Pemberton is vastly more attentive to Katharine than is good for either of them?"

"No, I can't say that I have," replied Paul with a look of surprised inquiry. "Have you?"

"To be sure I have," rejoined the anxious matron; "he is moaning around here half the time."

"Is he? How do you know he does not come to see the boys?"

"Come to see the boys, indeed! And is it to the boys he brings the bouquets of wild flowers and baskets of butternuts? And was it for the boys he tamed the raccoon that he gave to Kate?"

"Well, where's the harm? Kate is only a child yet."

"Only a child! she is near nineteen."

"Is she? Dear me, so she is. It

seems only a little while since she was a baby."

"The boy is so shy, that he scarcely ever speaks to her; but he is as content to sit dumb in her presence as a cat is to bask in the sun."

"Humph! I know somebody who used to be quite content to sit dumb in yours. Well, mother, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Do about it! That's what I don't know. Can't you tell him not to come so often, or something?"

"Fie, Barbara! Do you think I would be guilty of such a breach of hospitality! Leave the young folks alone. You will only be putting nonsense into their heads if you do anything at all. Katie is a good girl. You can trust her innocent heart. She loves her old father yet better than any other man, I'm warrant."

So the matter dropped for the time, although Barbara mentally resolved to warn Katharine not to let her affections become tangled.

That evening, in the golden glow of sunset, Katharine Heck was spinning in the ample "living room" of the large and rambling house. The amber-coloured light flashed back from the well-scoured tins and burnished brass kettles and candlesticks on the dresser, and tinged with bronze her glossy hair. And a very pretty picture she made, clad in her simple calico gown, as she walked gracefully back and forth from her wheel, now giving it a swift whirl and then stepping back as she dextrously drew out the yarn from the fleecy rolls of wool. Evidently young Pemberton was of the same opinion, as he stood for a moment at the open door holding in his hand a string of beautiful speckled trout—fresh from a sparkling stream near by.

"Good evening, Mistress Kate," he said after a pause. "I've brought a few fish for your mother, that I have just caught in Braeside Burn."

"O, thanks; how pretty they are! mother will be so much obliged," said the maiden, taking the string of fish.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the young man. "I'm sometimes afraid I've offended your mother. I don't know how, unless she thinks I am idle, I'm so fond of my rod and gun. I learned that in old Virginia, and can't easily unlearn it."

"She won't object to your sport today, at any rate," said Kate with a laugh, "for mother can fry trout better than any one in the world. You must stay and have some;" and she took the fish into the summer kitchen.

"And now," she said as she came back, "if you have been idle, you must make amends by being useful. I have been wanting some one to hold my yarn while I wind it."

"I am so awkward, I am afraid I'll tangle it; but I'll do my best," said the blushing boy as he stretched out his hands to receive the skein.

True to his fears, he soon did tangle it, letting several threads off at once; and as Kate deftly disentangled the skein, he thought her the loveliest being that poet's fancy ever conceived.

At this juncture the matronly Barbara entered the room to thank their visitor for his present. The self-conscious youth fancied—or was it fancy!—that he observed a severer expression than usual in her eye, though her words of thanks were exceedingly polite.

"I am playing the part of Hercules with Omphale," said the stalwart youth,

who had acquired a tincture of classic lore at the grammar school at Annapolis, in Virginia, "but I can succeed better at my own work of holding the plough or wielding my fishing rod."

"The former of these employments is the more profitable in a new country like this," said Barbara, with emphasis; "although the trout are not to be despised," she continued, relaxing into a smile, "and you must stay and have some."

About the homely farm and household duties of the youth and maid, love wove its sweet romance, and the tender hearts, remembering the fond emotions of their youth, could not chide with censorious words their budding and innocent affection.

A favourite amusement of the young people in the long summer twilight, when the after-glow of sunset was reflected from the shining reaches of the river, like a sea of glass mingled with fire, and when the great white harvest-moon clomb like a wan specter up the eastern sky, was to sail or row upon the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence; and often they would beguile the delicious hours with such song and music as their somewhat primitive tastes had acquired. On such occasions young Hannah and Reuben Whiteside often joined the party, finding in its innocent mirth a relief from the somewhat pallid quietness of their home life. One lovely August evening, Paul and Barbara Heck were making a friendly call on the hospitable Whiteside family at the Quaker Settlement. As they sat in the soft and silver moonlight on the broad "stoop" of the low-walled, broad-eaved log-house, the sound of sweet strains of music, wafted over the water, stole upon their ears. In the hush of twilight, when even the whip-poor-will's plaintive cry was at intervals distinctly heard, floated soft and clear, in the rich tenor voice of Reginald Pemberton, the notes of the sweet Scottish song:

"Maxwellton's brass are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
For 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true;  
Gave me her promise true,  
And ne'er forget will I,  
But for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'll lay me down and die."

More charmed than she liked to confess, Barbara Heck, in whose soul was a rich though seldom-touched vein of poetry, listened to the simple strain.

"It's a worldly song," she said at length, "but the music is very sweet. Pity that such gifts were not employed in singing the praise of their Giver."

After a pause the sweet and pure contralto voice of Katharine Heck thrilled forth the words of her favorite hymn—omitted in later editions of the hymn-book, which was the only volume of poetry she had ever seen—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

Then every voice joined in the triumphant chorus, which came swelling in a psalm of praise over the waves.

"Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

The tears stood in Hannah Whiteside's soft brown eyes as she said with a sigh, in which the long repression of her emotional nature found vent:

"Why should we not have holy hymns in our worship, Jesus!"  
"Nay, dear heart, it needs not answered the patriarch. "When we