

cellency in doing so," replied Hardinge, at the same time delivering the remainder of the package which he had received from Donald.

"What have we here?" questioned the Governor, not fastening the string which bound the parcel.

"Letters from Colonel Arnold to General Schuyler, the original commander of the army of invasion. Arnold will be surprised, if not chagrined, to learn that Schuyler has been succeeded by Montgomery."

"Ah! I see. Well, as these letters are not addressed to General Montgomery, and as Gen. Schuyler has left the country, it will be no breach of etiquette on our part if we open them. No doubt they will furnish very interesting reading. And these?"

"They are letters from Arnold to several prominent citizens of Quebec."

"Impossible."

"Your Excellency will please read the addresses."

The Governor examined the superscriptions one by one, and in silence, while he made his comments in an undertone.

"Mr. L.—It does not surprise me."

"Mr. F.—I shall inquire into it."

"Mr. O.—As likely as not."

"Mr. R.—Must be some mistake. He is too big a fool to take sides one way or the other."

"Mr. G.—His wife will have to decide that matter for him."

"Mr. X.—I'll give him a commission and he'll be all right."

"Mr. N.—I don't believe a word of it."

"Mr. H.—Loose fish. He was false to France under Montcalm. He may be false to England under Carleton."

And so on through a dozen more. At length he came upon the twentieth address, when he exclaimed:

"Mr. B.—Impossible! My best friend! But what if it were true? Who knows what these dark days may bring about? B—! B—! I will see to it at once."

Saying which, he flung all the letters on the table, and striving to master his excitement, turned towards Roderick Hardinge, and asked:

"Have you anything else to say to me, my young friend?"

"Nothing more, sir, unless it be to apologize for having occupied so much of your time, and especially at this hour."

"Never mind that. If what you have told me is all true, the information is incalculable in importance. I shall lose no time in acting, and shall not forget you nor your old servant. I will send out scouts at once and proceed myself to the examination of these letters which you have placed in my hands. The situation is grave, young man. You have done well, and to show you how much I appreciate your conduct, I intend employing you on a further mission. You have not slept this night?"

"No, Your Excellency."

"It is now half past five. Go and rest till noon. At that hour come to me with the best saddle horse in your regiment. I will give you your instructions then."

Roderick Hardinge gave the salute and took his departure just as the first streaks of dawn lighted the sky.

No one accosted him in the vestibule. The sentinel at the entrance did not even notice him. He walked straight to the barracks. As he crossed the Cathedral square, a graceful hooded figure glided past him and entered into the old church. It was pretty Pauline Belmont. Roderick recognized her, and turned to speak to her, but she had disappeared under the arcade. Alas! if either of them had known.

(To be continued.)

A "TIED-BACK" WOMAN.

Charles Dudley Warner writes: She resembled a fish; but fish do not walk on their tails, nor even mermaids. There was I know not what fascinating about her, more than any siren whom cast-away mariners used to be led on to follow. And you could not say exactly in what it consisted. She wore a round hat put upon the back of her head, like the aureole of a saint to whom her sweet face gave her the appearance of kindred. Her bodice was close-fitting—indeed, drawn tight about the waist like the bark of a young slender tree. Her scant skirt pulled tight in front so as to show her form, and "tied-back," terminated behind in a short fan-like train, like the tail of a mermaid. She was mounted on shoes seven sizes too small for her feet—indeed, only her toes appeared to have accommodation in them, and the high heels coming under the instep tilted her forward and completed the grace of her carriage. When she walked she put down one little foot after the other as if each leg were as elastic as an iron rod. It was a great pleasure to see her pecking along, a thing of perfect beauty, like one of the drawings of a chimera by an old master. It is not every woman who looks well in this singular costume, or who can put it on with just that last touch of art that conceals art. It needs a certain piquancy in the wearer, and I may say archness and prettiness that all women—Heaven forgive me—do not have. Everybody knows that notwithstanding a ridiculous rigidity of outline and scantiness of apparel, a certain sweetness of face and purity of form which enchant even this faithless generation. Let no one suppose that I am ridiculing this costume or the woman who wears it worthily. On the contrary I am trying to discover, upon principles of art, in what its quaint beauty consists. I suppose that it is pre-

Raphaelite. I only know that it attracts one in the street as the quaint figures of Giotto do in the frescoes, and that one is tempted to follow it and see the wearer of it in motion—a new sort of angel, drawn in angular lines, astray in the world. Few, very few, attain to the high art of tying themselves back in an artistic and at the same time striking manner. It would be well if it were taught in our schools of design. It is not a matter of no importance. One can gain or lose a reputation by it. I heard a lady say the other day: "The Duchess of Manchester has the reputation of being the best 'tied-back' woman in England."

BRELOQUES.

TEACHER—"What is the definition of flirtation?" Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

As leap year is only a month off a good many young men are already procuring bogus marriage certificates to carry about their persons as a means of protection.

A BACHELOR returning from a ball in a crowded coach, declared with a groan that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had a most unequivocal aversion to "belles on his toes."

It is a strange world we live in, and every person has his ups and downs. Many a young man who is now mournfully treading the path of sorrow and affliction, will soon be lifted into the sunshine of joy and ecstasy by the gift of a pair of slippers which are too small for him.

YOUNG Mrs. Burdock asked old Miss Ann Thropy why Little Johnnie Burdock was like an angel, and Miss T. said there was not the slightest resemblance between them, which was not the right answer. Now the ladies do not speak to each other mornings when they are sifting the ashes at the fence dividing their back yards.

LADIES (says a Western fashion writer), you may fix your hair, do it up high, let it down low, have it hanging on your back, "scrambled" over your foreheads, "banged" into your eyes, puffed up at the sides, worn waterfall style, tied up in a doughnut, or any other way you may please, and it will be all right—for fashion says so.

YOUNG man, if you should see your girl gazing intently at your feet, don't shift them about uneasily, or draw them up and sit upon them, under the impression that she is overwhelmed by their immense size. She is merely taking their measure mentally, for a pair of slippers, on the toes of which she intends to work a blue dog with a green tail and scarlet ears.

A TEACHER in the Wood street school has, by long experience of the innocent manners of childhood, become so wise that when a little girl comes to her in the morning, and twining her arms around her neck, kisses her, and falters with bashful tenderness, "Dear Miss Page, I love you so much," she always replies, "Well, Cornelia, why is it that you didn't study your lessons for to-day?"

A WOMAN on Craig street has learned a lesson that will do her some good in the future. One cold morning last week she had the hard-heartedness to make her husband get up and make the fire. He mistook the clothes pins she had put in the basket for chips and made a roaring fire with them. She mourns the loss, but the husband is satisfied that she'll impose upon him no more.

"I beg pardon, sir; I'm attached to you!" she exclaimed, pettishly, in the street car, struggling at the same time to free her clanking chain which had got hooked upon his button. He lifted his hat and bowed and stammered: "The attachment is mutual, madame, I assure you." The chain was loosed and the lady got off, blushing, and the young man sat down complacently. It wouldn't happen that way once in a thousand times.

A WRITER on Spanish women says: Occasionally one meets a type of the true, *distingue* breed, the clear, pale complexion and finely cut, oval face contrasting superbly with the dark hair and great eyes, and all enhanced by that most graceful of head dresses, a rich Spanish veil. To see one of these standing in the barn-like doorway of an insignificant house, with her fan restlessly fluttering as she waited for us to pass, and her eyes scanning us fearlessly, apparently unconscious of the admiration she excited, was to have a vision that restored all one's idea of Spain.

A native-born Wolverine can't be crushed out by anything short of death. Yesterday an old man seventy years of age called upon the Chief of Police and abruptly said:

"My wife has run away."

"Has, eh?"

"And taken all my money."

"Well, that's bad."

"And nearly all the household goods."

"Whew!"

"And she took the children with her."

"Well, well."

"And she run me in debt \$300 before she left."

"She did?"

"And I shan't have a place to lay my head after to-day," continued the old man.

"Well, what shall we do about it?" asked the Chief.

"I know what I'm going to do," replied the old man in a determined voice; "I'll marry again in less than a week, and before spring I'll have a hundred dollars in the bank!"

HYMNUS RESPONSORIUS.

The *Contemporary Review* for December publishes a rhymed Latin version, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, of this hymn. The translation is made from the hymn by Dr. John Mason Neale (No. 254, Hymns, Ancient and Modern Revised and Enlarged) taken from the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaites.

I.
Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Are thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

II.
Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If he be my guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

III.
Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

IV.
If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

V.
If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

VI.
If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

VII.
Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins
Answer, Yea!"
(TRANSLATION.)

I.
"Scis te lassum? scis languentem?
Luctu contristat?
Andin? Veni, veniensque,
Pace perfruaris."

II.
Notas habet, quas agnōrim
Istum consecutus?
R. "Mansu, Plantae cruentatae,
Cruentatum Latius."

III.
Equid portat, pro coronā
Quae Monarchae ornata?
R. "Diadema, sed spinarum,
Frontem Hanc adornat."

IV.
Sin obnitat, sin attingam,
Qui remunerabit?
R. "Luctus, defus, ac laborum
Largitatem dabit."

V.
Sin obstrictus adhærebo,
Quis in fine status?
R. "Vie meta, luctus fuga,
Labor exantlatas."

VI.
Si receptum supplicāsim,
Votum exaudiret?
R. "Quamquam Terra, quamquam Caelum,
In ruinam iret."

VII.
Persistentem, perluctantem,
Certe est beare?
R. "Vates quiesce, Martyr, Virgo,
Angelus testare!"

ART IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Writing from Paris a correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* says: The French people are unsafe keepers of the treasures which their own genius has evoked. They kindle at a spark, and in any revolution marbles and pictures, whose names are synonyms for beauty, would be but pebbles and rags in the way of their fury, and the Louvre itself but a mad bonfire. We can easily understand, after having seen its glory with our own eyes, the wail of horror which went up from all tourists at its reported destruction in 1871. No possible creative power could have given back to the world what a few hours of conflagration would have taken from it. Great men might have painted worthy pictures, but they would have been lacking in that sweet, memorial presence of the past which the canvas of dead masters so touchingly presents to us. Who can ever fail to be impressed by what seems to us in a great picture the living presentment of the inspirations of a painter, talking to us and teaching us, long after all that pertained to his mortal frame has gone back to dust? It is a rare school for art education, this Louvre, a place of endless resource and pleasure. It is freely open to artists who congregate here and cumber the rooms with their easels. A few copy well, most of them indifferently, and their wares are dispersed to every quarter of the globe. It gives exquisite delight to meet here in full glory so many pictures and statues which have been feebly repeated across the water in print and photographs. That certain something, which you missed from the engraving, which gray outline could not give, is here, the warmth, the glow, a vital clue to the imagination, a fire that looks from the eyes and speaks from the lips; hands full of motive power—the whole canvas instinct with that life which, through the master's hand, went out from the thing represented or conceived, through the instruments or use, and, having fastened itself upon the canvas or marble, lies there, not so much a simulation as a real thing, poised in some supreme moment of attitude or emotion. Thus the "Venus

of Milo," the "Ascension" of Murillo, the St. Cecilia" of Raphael, become to one exponent of the highest types of art, and as such seem as easy of comprehension as the alphabet to a little child. The Palais du Luxembourg, built by Marie de Medicis, beautiful for its gardens, holds the pictures of the best living artists, who by a touching winnowing and just process of fame are liable at death to have their pictures transferred to the Louvre and their names thus given a permanent place. The Louvre, the Palais du Luxembourg, and every other place of public exhibition in the city are full of articles of *virtu* and costly *bric-a-brac*. The Hotel de Cluny is rarely rich in antiquities of this sort. Its chapel communicates with the garden of the Roman palace Thermes, which was built by Constantius Chlorus towards the end of the fifth century, and is the oldest ruin in Paris. The part left was called the Frigidarium, or place for cold baths; a vast hall, with its water-tank and appurtenances clearly defined. It is a ruin full of the flavor of the past, telling, through its disjointed fragments, of the habits of a people so long since dead that their name even sounds like a fable. The peace of the past seems to hang over the whole place, and one emerges from the Hotel de Cluny, with its relics and its ruins, into the bustle of Parisian streets, as one would amazingly come out from a Roman tomb where he had been sitting with mummies.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SAVOURY RICE PUDDING.—Wash one ounce of the finest rice, put it in a pie-dish with half a pint of beef-tea or any kind of broth. Bake until the rice is well cooked; it will take about an hour in a moderate oven. Boil a quarter of a pint of milk, pour it on to an egg lightly beaten, stir well together, and then mix with the rice. Season with salt, and, if liked, a little pepper. Put the pudding into the pie-dish, bake very slowly for an hour and a half, and then serve.

A GOLDEN RULE.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost anything. He who has it should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of idleness and judge which is the best to serve, industry or idleness.

DREAMY LIFE.—Would you not call a man a fool who should spend all his time fishing up oysters, with the expectation of finding a pearl? But is he really more unwise than hundreds who, with their hands in their pockets and cigars in their mouths, are waiting for something to turn up or turn over, that will throw them at once into business and fortune? They may wait till doomsday—and longer, if possible—before their fond expectation will be realized. If there is a kind of life we abominate, it is that lingering, waiting, lazy, dreamy sort of existence over which angels and true men weep with unfeigned horror.

CURIOSITY.—Curiosity is in great and generous minds the first passion and the last, and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new inquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider prospect, it must be gratified by more rapid flights and bolder excursions than perhaps can be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasure of thought—a more powerful incitement to any undertaking than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

MAN.—During his days of youthful enthusiasm every man promises himself a career of perfect happiness—of stainless respectability—of matchless honour. We flatter ourselves that the world will reform itself for our sake. We anticipate a faultless partner in our future bride, and cheat ourselves with the expectation that the even current of destinies will flow over sands of gold. Alas! the first self-deception we are compelled to resign becomes a bitter trial to our fortune; but, one after another, we see these cherished visions fade away—we inure ourselves to the degree of mediocrity which is our allotted portion—and, finally, learn to be contented with such dirty scraps as the charity of fortune throws in our way.

THE CHOICE OF A VOCATION.—In the choice of a vocation there is one great mistake to be avoided—that of entering what are called "the professions," or mercantile life, or some other employment, where there is but little manual labour, on the supposition that this must promise to the young man a comparatively easy life. There are none who work harder than some who are supposed not to work at all. An aching brain may be more trying than a weary arm. The man who handles tools often sings at his work, but there is not much music of this sort in the counting-house where the capitalist weaves the web and unravels the tough knots of a great and complicated business. Some seem to imagine that thoughts come spontaneously, and that, when a clergyman has preached his two sermons on Sunday, he may rest until another Sunday recurs—that the barrister, when he is not engaged in consultation or pleading in court, is doing nothing—and that the only work of a physician consists in driving about and writing cabalistic prescriptions. The experiment of a few weeks in some such line of life would effectually cure all such delusions.