

[For the NEWS.]

THE BIRD AND THE HEART.

When Summer reigned as Queen of Time
And fair-blown flowers were in their prime,
A little bird came to my pane,
And sang its sweetest, soft refrain;
It soothed my heart, for I was sad,
It made my sullen spirit glad.

But when the Autumn came, it fled—
Ah, me! my heart was drear and dead,
Enfeebled was its bounding beat,
And roused no joy nor rapture sweet;
It longed to hear the soothing strain,
And beat in unison again.

All through the weary Winter while,
My heart waked up no cheery smile,
And seemed as though the chilly blast
Its feeble flood had frozen fast;
Its tide, methought, would never flow
In joy and love like long ago.

But when the Spring cast off its hood
Of snow, and loosed the frosty snood
That bound its tresses, then the bird
Returned, and its first cheering word
Unlocked the gates that stayed the flood
Of joy, and quickened all my blood.

From this we learn that though the heart
May have been pierced with sorrow's dart,
The balm of Time can heal the harm,
And leave behind a subtle charm
That almost makes one wish the pain
Would come, be cured, and go again.

C. M. R.

SUNDAY AT LAKESIDE.

BY NED F. MAH.

"May I help you make the toast, Miss Polly?"
"No, indeed you mayn't, sir; it's all made.
Besides, if you do, you'll hinder me so I'll be
late for church."

Whether this extremely logical speech was intended for a decided veto we can scarcely, in the face of a certain adage covering negatives and affirmatives in regard to the female persuasion, generally, take upon ourselves to declare. We are, however, certain that the individual to whom it was addressed did not so consider it and he advanced into the kitchen in consequence.

And really the attractions of the speaker were such that a man might be pardoned for having a sterner denial than Polly Norman's pretty lips were wont to frame to gain the privilege of her society. Uniting in her veins the blood of a mother who was of French extraction with that of a father who was an honest John Bull, Polly joined the fascinations of a French woman with the frank simplicity of an English girl. She was a brunette, her face was a perfect oval, and beneath the clear olive of her complexion the rich blood mantled with a charming healthful glow, tinting with the brightest ruby the ripe lips that were parted by the whitest and evenest of teeth, while raven tresses, arranged with that perfect neatness which is peculiarly French framed this delightful picture of fresh young beauty. Her active figure, possessed a suppleness and natural grace no art could ever have imitated, and her raiment, simple and unassuming in texture and color, yet had about it the indescribable *distingue* air which a French woman knows how to impart to the commonest apparel.

What wonder then that Frank Hinton, admitted to the daily influence of a companionship so charming in Polly's rustic home on the margin of a Canadian lake, should not have remained altogether insensible to the attractions that so close an intimacy served only to enhance. He had been banished to these transatlantic backwoods ostensibly for the good of his health which had suffered, so it was alleged, in consequence of some unhappy love affair in his native land. And though the stalwart form and ruddy cheek did not seem to warrant the assertion, yet doubtless wiser heads than his had sapiently decreed his exile and there were reasons why his absence was necessary to allow some youthful folly time to blow over and be buried in oblivion.

"But really and truly this is the last piece," asserted Polly, deftly depositing from the spears of her long toasting fork a crisp, brown square upon a huge pile of similar brown squares, and administering a liberal application of the fresh, white butter, the produce of her own dairy, upon the thirsty surface of the cereal. "Still if you are determined to make yourself useful you may fill the tea pot," and suiting the action to the word she presented the silver vessel at the spout of a giant kettle that hissed and sputtered on the stove.

Possibly it was because the bright face was an irresistible magnet to the young man's eyes that the next moment a shrill cry of pain echoed through the kitchen and Polly dropped the tea pot as though she had been shot.

But as Polly's nerves were in good order and she was a sensible girl not given to strive after effect or make scenes, in a second she had dashed the scalded hand into a bucket of cold water, and declared, in answer to Frank's lamentations and extravagant self-accusations that "it was nothing—nothing at all," although the skin had turned white and blistered in a very ugly fashion.

Then she told where he would find some burn salve of her mother's own manufacture in a tin upon the third shelf to the right in the store-closet. And in the next minute he had fetched it and was binding up the wounded member most assiduously. They stood with their heads very close together at this business so that their hair touched, and Polly's cheek flushed a little

and Frank's hands trembled just a trifle nervously.

As they were still in this romantic attitude, Fanny Wendell the American girl, appeared in the doorway.

Fanny was the complete antipodes of Polly. Polly was faultless and truth and naturalness personified. Fanny was a deception from the top of her false hair to the tips of her high-heeled boot. Polly spoke out of the fulness of her good, merry heart in the full, clear tones of her fine voice as a child of nature should. Fanny filtered her words through a nasal drawl, doubling her vowels, and indulging in all kind of affected vagaries.

Perhaps it was well for Frank that Fanny was there to remind him that there was another and more artificial world to which he belonged and to which he must one day return, that he could not always live in Arcadia and fish and shoot and learn to plough, and milk cows, and make butter, and play Damon to Polly's shepherdess. That there was a society in which full dress consisted of something more than brushing the hair and putting on a clean collar, in which Polly's beauty would have been deemed vulgar by the side of the rouge and powder of city belles, and her frank sayings deemed rude, and the experiment of transporting her there have been disastrous in the last degree to herself and him. Fanny was a great flirt and chatter-box and it was decidedly a good thing for Frank that she was there to divert his attention from Polly. Whether it was quite such a good thing for Polly is doubtful because it raised a sort of rivalry in her and made her think more of Frank's words and looks than she would otherwise have done.

"Well, I vow! what a romantic picture! So this is why you teach the virtue of early rising to Mr. Frank, is it! That you may have a quiet hour's sparking all to yourselves before breakfast. Well, I declare, who'd have thought there was so much mischief in the quiet little thing! But I shall have my revenge by sparking him myself every moment until church time. Let go her hand this instant, traitor, and come here to me."

Yes, Fanny was an incorrigible flirt and reckless coquette, and like too many young women of the present day to be found not by any means in America alone, aped a fastness of costume and a laxity of language more becoming to a "pretty horse-breaker" than a young lady from the avenue. Had she united to this looseness of demeanor the strength of mind to conceive a violent attachment she would long ago have gone to wreck herself or have worked sad havoc among her male acquaintances. As it was there was not much harm in her, she was too frivolous to cherish, and certainly not calculated to inspire a grand passion. Could such women see how men whose love is worth having, despise them, surely they would endeavour to divest themselves of such a manner as eagerly as they strive to acquire it.

Fanny hadn't been two days in the house before she had challenged Frank to kiss her, not a week before she inveigled him into taking solitary strolls with her in the bush, reading poetry to him, and playing Darby and Ivan, as she expressed it, generally.

She became honest John Norman's pet aversion. One day he even forgot himself so far as to characterize something she did or talked of doing as "disgraceful." Fanny pouted, and declared if she was considered disgraceful "she would write to papa to be taken away at once. I always was a spunky sort of girl, you know, and speak before I think sometimes. I can't help that, that's my style." And the grey eyes looked a trifle moist. "There, then, child, don't be angry. I'm Jack Blunt, you know, you musn't mind me, only I should love you a deal better and be prouder to know you was my daughter's friend if you did dress and speak and carry on sometimes just a trifle less like a hussy. There, then, dry your eyes and don't take on and talk about going away when you know you're as welcome as the day to make my house your home just as long as you and your people think fit." And so she threw her shiny, white arms round the old man's neck and left a speck of pearl powder on the tip of his sun-burnt nose, and having thus "made it up" went into the spinney to look for Frank.

Yet there was very little really bad in this queer girl, despite her affectation of loose demeanour. For one day with her head on Frank's shoulder and her yellow, false hair flooding all over him, justifying the caress to herself by her desire that he should not be angry, she took him to task about Polly: "Look here, Mr. Frank Hinton, you ought to have some pity on that girl. Of course, you would never think of marrying her and I don't believe you are even the least bit in the world in love with her."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Frank. "Of course not. But why on earth am I to pity her?"

"Because, stupid, she's in love with you." "Now you are talking nonsense at any rate." But he flushed a little with a secret sense of gratified vanity. Is it in human nature for a man to entirely disbelieve one woman when she tells him that another loves him?

"It's true, true, I tell you. Don't I sleep with her and hear what she says in her dreams. Besides she's so jealous of me that she could bite my head off. Now, just you mind what I say and don't be too kind to her, that's all. She'll be breaking her heart when you go away."

Nothing more was said on the subject. She moved along very Grecian bondically a few steps, leaning very heavily on Frank's arm, and then

as they approached the open in front of the house, "Then go back to your ploughing like a good boy and let me go in alone, the less we are seen together the better. The old man has just been telling me my ways are disgraceful. Ta ta, and cogitate what I said about Polly."

But let us go back to the kitchen. Just at this juncture John Norman, junior, commonly called Jake, came loafing in with his hands full of eggs warm from the nest. Jake was a handsome, sun-burnt youth with a frame like a young Hercules and a gymnast of no mean talent, and like the gentry of that profession generally, when off duty, affected a loose, shambling, lazy gait at all times.

When he had blushed a good morning to Fanny and laughed at Polly's mishap, telling her it served her right for boxing his ears last night, and she had merrily given him proof that she had one sound hand yet, he was made a prisoner in the corner by the dresser and put under cross examination:

"Did you go up to Black Ned's for the buggy last night?"

"Yes'm," with a sheepish air and a tug at his forelock.

"Did you get it?"

"No, your majesty," trembling terribly.

Polly's left hand in requisition again.

"Stand up straight, sir, and don't be silly. Why not?"

"Please your Polly's majesty, Black Ned had two ploughs and a harrow to finish, and couldn't get it done."

"Nonsense, the ploughs could have waited till Monday and we want the buggy to-day."

"But, please 'm, Smith on third concession and Jones on the fifth must have them early on Monday morning, and Black Ned is a hard-shell Baptist and wont work on Sunday."

"Nevertheless he might have got up early and fixed the buggy this morning. It's a work of necessity. He might have known we couldn't walk to church with the roads in the state they are."

"Please 'm, if you'll let me have the clean table cloth and the prayer book, and the family Bible, I'll be parson and we'll have church in the front parlor."

"Don't be profane, sir," another box on the ear. "I'm ashamed of you."

Jake simulated excruciating agony, "Please your cruel sisterhood, if you let me out and promise not to hit me, I'll engage to take you all to church dry foot and in slip up style."

"Prisoner, the court accords you your liberty on your parole of honour. But fail at your peril."

Jake drew his fore finger across his throat, and a scir-r-ring sound issued from his larynx.

"Thou shalt do so unto me, and more also, if thy servant perform not this thing."

And the council for the persecution making way, he scuffled out of the door.

Then Polly's little sister Angelique appears at the dining-room door, forcing her way with head and elbows between Frank and Fanny, and with her bright curls gleaming like burnished gold against the background of Miss Wendell's blue dress, inquires:—

"I thin't the eggth boiled 'et, Polly? I'se tho hungry."

The little one is immediately caught up and appeased by Frank with kisses and caresses, and the three retire into the breakfast-room on Polly's declaration that the meal "will never be ready while they stand there and hinder." Here bluff John Norman is discovered in his shirt sleeves, before a looking glass propped against the window panes, going through the laborious process of a Sunday shave, an operation which he could no more perform with comfort to himself, in his bed-room than he could carve a joint unless he had previously dressed for dinner by taking off his coat.

But now the last thing—the tea and coffee, toast, eggs and bacon, and chops—came trooping into the room in quick succession, borne by Polly and the servants; and Mrs. Norman rustles downstairs in some light, well starched material and takes her place, cool and smiling, and neat about the head like her daughter, at the board; and the others have scarcely followed her example before Jake, beaming with exercise and self-satisfaction—he had thrown two somersaults in crossing the yard in the exuberance of his spirits at some recent project—completes the circle.

There isn't much said at breakfast for all the participants have country appetites and are too busy to talk, except Fanny, whose tongue nothing can completely silence. And there is some laughter at Angelique's expense, who persists in commanding Frank—she calls him Frank—to give her some more "shickens, 'tos I don't like 'white dath ony 'e fedderth," and after some cross-questioning it is elicited that the idea originated with Jake who warned her she would turned into a lobster if she stuffed herself with "fedderth." Then there is a burst of tears because Fanny giggles and thereby insults M'dlle Angelique's dignity, and she is carried out in a squall by Frank who calms the infantile tempest with the latest intelligence about piggy-wiggies and geegies.

"Well, sir, are you prepared to redeem your promise?" inquires Polly.

"Put on your bonnets, girls, and see which will be ready first, you or the carriage."

"Well," says Fanny, "if you arn't jest like the good fa-a-ry in Cinderella."

"And don't you wish you might meet the prince at church," retorts Jake.

"Well," assents Fanny, "I shouldn't be a bit angry if we di-i-d."

In a quarter of an hour they are down stairs again, Polly in a becoming straw hat with simple trimming; Fanny with a non-descript article on the highest peak of the hair mountain that surmounts her head, "looking," says old Norman, "like a saucer full of ice," at which Fanny declares "that he is always making fun of her and she does believe it because she's a Yankee girl." Thereupon he asserts that Yankee girls may be just as good as other people, and all he quarrels with her about is what she calls "her style." Though if we are to be strictly impartial we are afraid we must state that we cannot help thinking there is just enough of the English purse pride about our honest John to make him feel that he has gained the right by taking in his friend's daughter for a season, when, owing to a scarcity of funds produced by an unwise speculation he is willing enough to reduce the household expenditure by sending her to rustication and recruit her health at Lakeside—to laugh at her as much as ever he pleases.

There is something else to laugh at now, however, which is soon the cynosure of all eyes. Jake's impromptu carriage which proves to be nothing more or less than the old Scotch cart which has undergone a new painting this Spring and now stands, radiant in blue body and vermilion wheels in the morning sunlight, with Crown Bess between the shafts. Jake descends with dignity, gravely removes the tail-board, deposits it at the side of the front door, carries out a chair to assist in mounting the vehicle in which trusses of straw have been placed on the sides to form seats, and informs the family that "the carriage waits."

Mrs. Norman laughs good-humoredly and clammers somewhat weightily into the conveyance subsiding upon the straw couch with her back to the house. Polly springs deftly after and sits at her right side. Angelique is lifted in by Frank, and then Fanny, after wondering how she can ever get up there and vowing it's a "real shame of Black Ned," desires Frank with a caricature of modesty in her eyes "not to look," and ends by exhibiting fully six inches or more of padded calf and pink stocking than there is the slightest necessity for, or than even Frank has ever seen before. Then paterfamilias gets up in front, Jake mounts to his throne with one leg on either shaft, Frank is accommodated with a precarious perch upon the tail-board, and they set off.

Now Brown Bess, though a useful animal about the farm, not about ploughing even occasionally has been known to trot her fifteen miles within the hour in a light buggy or asleigh, and she no sooner feels Jake's steady tug upon the lines than she knows he means business and settles down into a steady stride, planting her honest round feet with a plosh-plosh in the half liquid mud upon the road, that sends samples of the black batter flying high into the air to alight in not infrequent instances upon the dainty ribbons and draperies of the occupants of the scotch cart, and imparting that clattering up-and-down motion which is the peculiar attribute of that vehicle at a high rate of speed, and so completing the discomfort of the ladies, and the fiendish delight of the irrepressible Jake.

"Land sa-a-a-kes, Mr. Norman!" cries poor Fanny, gripping the side boards of the cart with both hands, while the words are rather jolted out of her than uttered, "do go slow. I declare I'm going all to pieces." Thereupon Jake looks over his shoulder and asseverates:

"Can't hold her, Miss Fanny. Can't, honest injun! She will have her head when she's once started." While all the while the rogue was urging the willing mare to increased exertion.

Miss Norman's commands and Polly's pleadings were alike in vain. "Hold thy tongue lass," said the elder Norman, "the faster we go the sooner 't will be over," and with this philosophy they were forced to rest—only the word is a misnomer where there was no rest—content. The little Angelique is the only one completely happy. She laughs and screams with delight.

At length the quaint little church with its green yard and the shed for the shelter of teams during service looms in sight.

"Mind, now, Jake," says old Norman to his son as they approached the grey stone edifice, "you bring us up handsomely at the porch so that the women folk needn't dirty their shoes as they get out."

"All right, old man," says Jake, and getting the old mare well in hand he turns her sharp round by the lintel, backs up till the wheels touch and then with a sly kick of the heel loosens the bar and—a catastrophe better to be imagined than described!

"You should have seen," says Jake, as he sits on the table at his friend Bill Scaramouche's, way back in the bush, and helps himself to a drink out of Bill's stone jar, after having given vent to his excitement by throwing the giant swing three several times over the horizontal bar on which Bill dries his clothes—"you should have seen my old man's legs fly past my left ear, it would have done your heart good."

"But your mother and the gals," says Bill, "Good land and jiminy, man! they might have broken their bones!"

"Little fear," says Jake, "there was plenty of straw. Besides they are all plump except Fan, and she's too well padded to hurt."

"And you didn't stay to inquire?" says Bill.

"You bet, I didn't. Made tracks like a streak of greased lightning, and guess I'm a fixture here for two days at the very least computation!"