

The Family Circle.

IN A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The sights and sounds of the wretched street
Oppress'd me, and I said: "We cheat
Our hearts with hope. Man sunken lies
In vice, and naught that's fair or sweet
Finds further favor in his eyes."

"Vainly we strive, in sanguine mood,
To elevate a savage brood
That, from the cradle sordid, dull,
No longer has a wish for good,
Or craving for the beautiful,"

I said; but chiding my despair,
My wiser friend just pointed where,
By some indifferent passer thrown
Upon a heap of ashes bare,
The loose leaves of a rose were sown.

And I, 'twixt tenderness and doubt,
Beheld, while pity grew devout,
A squalid and uneager child,
With careful fingers picking out
The scentless petals, dust-defiled.

And straight I seemed to see a close,
With hawthorn hedged and brier-rose;
And bending down, I whispered, "Dear,
Come let us fly, while no one knows,
To the country—far away from here."

Upon the little world-worn face
There dawned a look of wistful grace,
Then came the question that for hours
Still followed me from place to place:
"Real country, where you can catch flowers?"
—*Florence Earle Coates, in Harper's Weekly.*

[All Rights Reserved.]

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

'Who was she?' asked Marjorie.

'A maiden of Troyes in France, who became a nun, and came out to Canada in the old French days to be a missionary to the Indians, and especially to teach their children. She was one of the founders of Montreal and of its oldest church, and you will see her picture in there when you go to see the convent. It's what we Scotch call a "soncy" face, full of heart and goodness.'

'Another light in the darkness,' thought Marjorie, and her thoughts flew southward to her father. But they were quickly recalled by the novel scene about her, as Dr. Ramsay guided his horse carefully through the throng of vehicles of all kinds on runners, from the great drays and the large handsome family sleighs, with their rich fur robes, down to a miniature cutter drawn by a goat, which delighted her greatly. They passed the Champ de Mars with the stately facade of the courthouse behind it, and Nelson's Column, and then as they approached the crowded Bonsecours market, a mass of market sleighs and people—sellers and buyers—they had to go more slowly still. Marjorie watched with great interest the crowds of *habitants*, horses and vehicles of quaint and curious fashion, and the wonderful variety of articles they were offering for sale, from carcasses of sheep and poultry to great pans of frozen milk which were sold by the pound.

The shrill chatter of intermingled French and English tongues, in which the French predominated, made it almost impossible for her to hear Dr. Ramsay's occasional explanations as they passed some object of special interest. Some fine carcasses of beautiful deer, frozen stiff, excited her admiration and pity. Dr. Ramsay told her they were brought from a long way back among the hills, and promised her venison for dinner some day, as a treat. And Marjorie thought she would rather have the deer bounding over the hills than lying stark and stiff in the marketplace. But then, on the other hand, the deer might starve in winter, which was one consoling consideration. As they passed the great dark stone pile of the market itself, Dr. Ramsay pointed up a narrow alley at the end of which was a quaint, weather-beaten little stone church. 'There,' he said, 'is the quaintest, oldest little church in Montreal, *Notre Dame de Bonsecours*—'Our Lady of Gracious Help.' Many a prayer has been put up there for soldiers and sailors, and many a sailor has hung up his little votive offering in token of gratitude for merciful deliverance. I can't wait for you to go in now, but you shall go in another time, and take a good look at it all;

for it will give you a very good idea of many an old church abroad. It might quite well be, in Normandy.'

They are now gliding along St. Mary Street, through the old French suburb of Hochelaga, with the white expanse of the river to their right, and the woodcrested mound of St. Helen's Island rising out of the wide river plain. Dr. Ramsay explained that this was the oldest part of Montreal; that the name Hochelaga had been the name of the original Indian village which had occupied the spot when Jacques Cartier first visited it, shortly after he had first discovered the St. Lawrence itself. He described how the gallant Breton navigator had left his largest ships at Quebec, and sailed up in a small sloop to visit this large palisaded village which he had heard of as the capital of a great country on the river, then also called the river of Hochelaga. He told how Cartier had landed somewhere near that very place, and had walked up through the maize fields in state, to the village of bark wigwams, with its triple wall of palisades; and how all, from the withered and decrepit chief, down to the squaws and children, received the white strangers with the greatest joy and respect, even believing that Cartier could heal their maladies. And then Cartier had been conducted through the primeval forest to the top of the beautiful mountain, and had given it the name it has kept ever since—'Mount Royal'; in honor of the magnificent view, beautiful then as now.

They turned by and by, after Dr. Ramsay had pointed out the great convent at Hochelaga, where so many French Canadian girls have received their education, and which he said she should go to see some day. 'The nuns,' he said, 'are sweet and gentle women, and their scholars love them dearly, and learn from them gentle and womanly manners, which make French Canadian girls so charming, and are, like a low voice, "an excellent thing in woman."'

Dr. Ramsay turned into St. Paul Street on their way back, to show Marjorie the very oldest bit of the city, the site of its first foundation, and talked about the old heroic days when this one little street of small houses stood alone to stem the great tide of savage barbarism that swept like a flood over all the surrounding country, except only the rock of Quebec and the fringe of eastern settlements of her Puritan forefathers.

'In those days, Marjorie,' he said, 'the bitter enemies of Canada—the fierce Iroquois—were the friends of your forefathers; and am I sorry to say that these two colonies of Christian nations not only went to war with each other before the eyes of these poor heathen savages, but even urged on their Indian allies to fall on the defenceless colonists on each side, and murder and plunder and destroy. It was horrible that such things should be! Let us be thankful that the world has grown a little better since then, and that nations are beginning to see the wickedness of war in its true light.'

'But there were heroes in those days, Marjorie,' he added, and he went on to tell her how that very Place d'Armes, in front of the big church of Notre Dame, had been the scene of an exploit as brave as the 'holding of the bridge' in the 'brave days of Rome,' which she had read about in Macaulay's *Lays*, when Maisonneuve, the Christian knight and soldier who founded Montreal, had kept a horde of Indian assailants at bay, single-handed, until every one of his pursued retreating followers was safe within the walls of the little fort.

'And was he killed?' asked Marjorie.

'No,' he replied, 'the Indians were so impressed by his brave defence that they were determined to take him alive, and then he managed to strike down their chief, and, in the excitement that ensued, he too got within the walls. And so that adventure at least ended happily.'

'For the French, yes,' said Marjorie, and the doctor laughed.

'Ah, I'm afraid we've all a little heathenism left,' he said, good-humoredly. 'But then, you see, if Maisonneuve and his men had been killed, it might have involved destruction to the whole French colony at that time,

which would have been a far greater misfortune than the death of a few savages could be.'

And now they were back in St. James Street, and Dr. Ramsay set down Marjorie at the bookstore where her aunt and cousin were to meet her.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW FRIENDS.

As Marjorie expected, her aunt and cousin had not arrived when she entered the bookstore, so she followed her uncle's directions, bought some Canadian postage stamps, and sat down by the counter to look at the new books there displayed, until her aunt's arrival. Not far from her sat a gentleman who seemed deeply engaged in looking over some large volumes, yet occasionally darted keen, scrutinizing glances at the people who came in or went out, one or two of which rested a moment on herself. She could not help stealing a glance at him again and again; for he seemed to her both a very peculiar and a very interesting-looking man. He had a strong face which no one could have called handsome, but which was full of deep lines of thought and expression; a powerful, though by no means tall figure, somewhat high-shouldered and stooping. He had the air of one who lived much alone and communed much with books, and yet had strong sympathy too, with men, for the lines of his face were kindly as well as thoughtful, even when it was at rest. The bookseller treated him with marked respect, and brought out one volume after another to show him—books which seemed very large and learned-looking, Marjorie thought.

At last, after selecting two or three volumes to be sent to him, he rose, buttoned his overcoat, shoved his heavy fur cap—which had been lying on the counter—down almost to his shaggy eyebrows, and took his leave after a kindly good-morning to the bookseller and a last glance at Marjorie, which seemed to say that he knew quite well that she was a stranger, and was mentally classifying her as he might a botanical specimen. Just as he reached the door, he stopped to greet with the most overflowing cordiality, Mrs. Ramsay who was just coming in. Both she and Marjorie responded to his greeting with evident pleasure, parting with the words, 'We shall see you to-morrow, then.'

'O, Aunt Mary! who is that gentleman?' asked Marjorie, with eager interest.

'That is Professor Duncan, one of our dearest friends here,' replied Mrs. Ramsay, with a smile. 'But what made you ask?'

'Oh! I couldn't help looking at him while I was waiting. And I thought he must be very wise and clever; I am so glad you know him! Jack and Millie were talking about Professor Duncan yesterday.'

'Yes; he's a great favorite of theirs, as he ought to be; for he is most kind in talking to them and telling them stories. He lives all alone, and often drops in to take tea with us on Sunday evenings, so to-morrow, you will see him and hear him for yourself.'

The shopping expedition began, and Marjorie accompanied her aunt and cousin from one large shop to another, where furs, blanket-suits and an infinitude of other articles of winter wear were displayed in bewildering profusion. After a good deal of comparison and consideration, Marjorie finally decided on a warm squirrel cape, cap and muff, for ordinary wear, and a tobogganing costume, consisting of a white blanket ulster with a striped border of sky-blue, and blue sash and *tugue bleu* to match; colors which Alan had especially commended, because he belonged to a club bearing the name of *Tugue Bleu*.

They were just coming out of the last shop when a large family sleigh with handsome fur trappings, drew up in front of it. Marjorie was just admiring the beauty of the horses and the appointments of the equipage, when a light figure sprang out and she heard a lively voice exclaim:

'O, Marjorie! I'm so glad we've met you. I was just going to drive up as soon as mamma was done shopping, to see if you would come and take lunch at our house to-day. May she, Mrs. Ramsay? It was too stormy yesterday to go to see you, you know, but mamma always lets me have any one I like to luncheon on Saturdays.'

Mrs. West who followed her daughter more leisurely, endorsed Ada's invitation, and as Mrs. Ramsay seemed quite willing that Marjorie should accept it, the matter was quickly settled, Ada saying that they could leave Marjorie at her uncle's house when they drove out in the afternoon.

Marjorie preferred to sit with Ada in the sleigh while Mrs. West went in to make her purchases. She thought she should never tire of watching the stream of people and sleighs of such variety of aspects, that poured along Notre Dame Street—the great shopping street of Montreal—and Ada's brisk accompaniment of remarks and explanations made the scene still more entertaining, for she could tell Marjorie something about a good many of the people who passed.

When Mrs. West came out the horses' heads were turned homewards, and they were soon again across Victoria Square and ascending the slope of Beaver Hall. Then they drove a little way along Dorchester Street, and Ada pointed out the beautiful churches and mansions there, and the fine English cathedral with its rectory close by; and then they crossed the wide St. Catherine Street and soon were gliding along Sherbrooke Street, where the stately mansions that line it on either hand, stood out to view all the more plainly, because of the leaflessness of the environing trees. Behind the line of handsome houses and snow-clad grounds, rose the white slopes of the stately "mountain"—in dazzling purity against the vivid blue of the clear wintry sky.

They soon stopped in front of a fine mansion of gray cut stone, with an ornamental portico, and somewhat extensive grounds. Ada, as usual, was out first, and waited impatiently for Marjorie to follow Mrs. West, for whom she politely waited to descend first. The door was quickly thrown open, and Ada eagerly led her friend into the softly carpeted hall. Marjorie had never been in so fine a house in her life. The spacious hall and rooms, all so richly carpeted and luxuriously furnished, the gleam of gilding and white statuary here and there, of gorgeously framed pictures and rich tinted curtains, and a glimpse of a French window opening into a conservatory glowing with lovely flowers—all seemed to give her the sensation of entering a fairy palace. It seemed a sort of charming dream which would dissolve again directly. Poor Ada's accustomed eyes had never seen her own home as the beautiful vision that it seemed to Marjorie's just then. To her it was very matter-of-fact reality, though she could have told just how much some of the pictures cost, and was proud in her heart of her luxurious home which she knew was so much admired. But to Marjorie, as she followed her friend up the wide staircase to Ada's own room with its costly furnishings, it all seemed too beautiful and grand for homely every-day use.

'There's my canary,' said Ada, pointing to the gilt cage that hung between the pretty pink-lined curtains. 'He sings beautifully, and hasn't he a pretty cage? That was my last birthday present, but I'm awfully afraid of forgetting him. Now if you're ready come down, and I'll show you the drawing-room and conservatory before lunch.'

Marjorie was divided in her admiration between the large handsome room with its artistic decorations and charming pictures, and the pretty little conservatory gay with geraniums and chrysanthemums, white and golden, and its ferns and hanging baskets with their clustering tendrils of drooping plants and flowers. She was still lingering in delighted admiration of these, when a gong sounded, and Ada said they must go to luncheon.

They passed on through the spacious hall, its light mellowed by the rich tones of the stained glass window, into the large dining-room with its heavy carved furniture, where an oval table was beautifully set out for luncheon, with flowers and silver and gleaming crystal. Mrs. West came in with her somewhat slow and languid air, and Gerald followed a few minutes later, and after a courteous salutation to Marjorie, took his seat opposite her. He was not like Ada, being pale rather than fair, with brown hair and rather large gray eyes like those of his mother. He was much slighter than Alan in figure, and Marjorie thought he looked like a clever lad and would be rather handsome if his expression had not something dissatisfied in it. She thought he did not look so bright and happy as Alan, notwithstanding the pony and abundance of pocket-money.

(To be continued.)