

WHAT WILL BE.

BY W. M., HALIFAX, N. S.

What will they say when I am dead?
The winds will sigh around thy grave,
And bid thee sleep; the long grass wave
Its whispering hush where'er is said.

The willows bended, old and gray,
Above thy tomb will throw their shade—
Seem weeping o'er where thou art laid,
And caring for thy mouldering clay.

The leaves will fall around thee dead,
The grass will wither o'er thy mound;
Ah! what a sermon from the ground,
Speaking of death when summer's fled.

The rain will drop from cloudy skies
In dark midnight its pattering fall,
And voices in the clouds that call
Will seem to thee like angels' cries.

Like now when thou art prest with care,
And all alone the world shut out,
Thou look'st for succor all about
And feel'st angels in the air.

Thro' ages summer suns will shine,
Cold winter storms will flow around,
And thou beneath the frozen ground
Will calmly wait the end of time.

But what will they—the living say
When life is done, and I am dead?
Of all my faults what will be said
When 'neath the grass I mould away?

What will they say—the living say?
They'll all be dead thy name who knew.
They all will then be sleeping too,
As a still night they'll pass away.

As one still night will ages pass,
And thou sleep on thy sleep begun,
The voices from the world that come
Are but the murmurings of a mass.

But thou shalt sleep, thou'lt calmly rest,
Thy grave with lichens covered o'er,
With grass and blue bells, but the door
To homes where dwell earth's pure and best.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

It is not so much an experience of my own that I am about to relate, as it is one connected with a dearly loved daughter—Heaven rest her soul—who is now no more.

Twenty years ago I was curate of a little town in England called Pitsleigh. Pitsleigh is situated in the heart of the coal district, and hard indeed was my task among the rough miners of the place. I seemed to have cast my lot with a set of savages who had copied the worst vices of civilisation without adopting any of its virtues. Drinking, wife-beating, and dog fighting were among the commonest of their degraded amusements. Soon, I became obnoxious to them, for my plain speaking, and went every day in fear of some brutal outrage. Still, it was my Master's work, and I was resolved to continue it as long as possible. My eldest daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, had established a class for the "gillies," or little boys who worked down in the mines, and only came up occasionally to breathe the scarcely less coal impregnated air of day. Her favorite scholar was little Jim. Little Jim was a kind of male Topsy. He had no friends, and Topsy-like he "grewed" into existence. There was something winning and attractive about the boy despite his dare-devil ways and elfish speech. As time passed, and we learned to penetrate the mantle of reserve in which Jim wrapped himself up, a great many of his good qualities came to light. As for my daughter, little Jim listened to her with a kind of reverential admiration, and, in his uncouth way, was constantly expressing his anxiety to serve her.

The crisis at length came. For some time past I had been threatened by roughs who would openly insult me, and disturb the respectable part of my little congregation.

It was a very dark Saturday night. I had retired to rest when a thought suddenly struck me, and putting on my dressing gown I hastened to embody it in my sermon for the morrow. Scarcely had I taken up the pen when I heard a loud rap at the window, and the panting of some one who had evidently been running a long distance. "Master, master," cried an eager voice, "let me in, master."

Hastily unfastening the window I pulled it open, and little Jim, more dead than alive, crawled through.

He tried to speak, but his parched and swollen tongue refused to perform its office.

I raised him and moistened his lips with water. In a little while he recovered sufficiently to sit up on the floor, and drink greedily from the tumbler.

At last, he was able to speak, and as I watched his countenance it seemed to be full of some strange emotion that filled him with overmastering dread. Staggering to his feet with an involuntary movement he closed the window.

By this time I was becoming seriously alarmed. My wife and daughter, aroused by Jim's entrance, hastily dressed, and came down.

The sight of Eva my daughter seemed to exercise a magical effect on Jim. Drawing himself up to his full height, he pulled an old pistol from his pocket, and listened eagerly as if he expected some one.

"What is it, Jim?" said Eva, tremblingly.

To shorten Jim's rambling statement, it appeared he was returning from the pit and came suddenly upon a body of miners talking stealthily to each other. In the darkness he mingled with them unnoticed, and heard all their plan for attacking my house. They had been drinking freely, and though, at first, some of them were unwilling to join in the affair, they, after

a time, consented, and Black Evan, the instigator of every riot for miles around, was selected as their leader.

At that moment the glare of torches became visible on the carriage drive, and a disorderly crowd rushed along it to the front of the house. Opening the window, I earnestly endeavored to persuade them from such a frantic course.

"Come out, come out," they yelled. "Dang ye, parson, we thought ye'd show the white feather, come out."

It seemed to me to be the best way, and that by so doing I could divert their fury from my helpless wife and child. I could not, however, remain proof to the latter's entreaties, and whilst hesitating what course to pursue the mob became impatient. Picking up a log they used it as a battering ram against the door. For some time it resisted their efforts. After repeated failures it at length gave way with a crash, and Black Evan, with a huge stone in his hand, sprang into the hall.

Jim had hastily constructed a barricade at the head of the staircase, and stood manfully by my daughter, his pistol in his hand.

Black Evan stood as if uncertain what to do. I could see by the hideous grin on his distorted lips, and the evil glare of his eyes that he meant mischief. Drawing himself back he whirled the stone round and round his head, and then paused with a mocking laugh to see the agony of suspense with which I followed all his movements.

I ought to have explained that I stood at the head of the staircase on the first flight. On the next flight was Jim, beside my daughter, and behind them my wife.

The staircase there was very narrow, and there was no chance of avoiding any missile that once passed me.

There was an oath, and the stone came gyrating with tremendous force towards me. To my shame, be it spoken, I bowed my head, and it whizzed by my left temple just grazing the skin.

Overcome with anguish I tottered against the wall, feeling that it must carry certain death to my loved ones, and bitterly regretting the cowardice which had prevented my barring its course with my own body. I turned sick and faint as Jim sprang forward in front of my daughter to shield her.

With a dull, harsh thud the stone struck heavily on the child's breast, and the tender bones crushed in beneath its cruel pressure. I could feel the warm blood splash over my features as the murderous stone fell at my feet, and rolled slowly past me.

With a shriek Jim fired the pistol, and fell back wildly beating the air. Black Evan stumbled forward on his face, a thin, red stream trickling from his temple where the bullet had entered, and I knew that he was dead.

A hush fell upon that awe-struck crowd. They seemed sobered directly by the awful presence of death, and dispersed in all directions. My daughter's tears fell thick and fast as she bent over Jim, and gently kissed his white lips.

He still breathed but was unconscious. There was something very pitiful and pathetic about the small golden-haired figure that lay there so unnaturally still and calm. Poor little, lonely Jim! In all our meetings he had been so full of life, so gay, as happy during his brief sojourn in the sunshine as any butterfly that flew from flower to flower; so brave in his patient endurance of wrong, so compassionate to any thing weaker than his own puny strength, and now—he was about to leave the only friends he had ever known. They were the only ones who with a kindly look or smile had brightened and cheered his little toilsome existence, and he was about to give up his life for their sakes, dear, noble little Jim!

Towards morning he opened his eyes, and smiled feebly as he felt our wet tears on his cheeks.

My daughter held his little feverish hand in hers, "Oh! loving, faithful heart," she sobbed, "you have sacrificed yourself for me," and, stooping, she kissed repeatedly his clammy brow.

Little Jim smiled. Such a smile! In its tranquil radiance his features shone with all the glory of another world. Though the blood was running from his mouth he struggled to speak.

"Be quiet, Jim," she cried. "Only be quiet, and you may yet live. Try to live for my sake, that you may be a brother to me!"

Little Jim feebly shook his head, and motioned for something to drink. The light came back to his eye, and he struggled into a sitting posture.

"Miss Eva," he whispered. "Don't cry when I am gone. Indeed, indeed it does not hurt me now. I never had anybody but you to love, and, though they called me bad and wicked, I would not steal or lie after you had taught me better. I never knew that it was wrong until you told me." His voice grew fainter, but, after a pause, he resumed. "God never seemed to come within that dark, dark mine. I always thought he loved the sunshine and the birds, and didn't care for us so far below."

With a sigh he sank back, and, in his wanderings talked to the horse, the faithful companion of his dreary solitude. "Good bye," he murmured. "I'm 'fraid you'll miss me when I'm gone. No one will ever bring you flowers and green, cool grass again. You'll be beaten and driven, and then you'll miss me for a time."

The twittering of the birds came through the casement in the dim dawn. "Listen! listen!

The music and the singing!" he cried. "They're calling, call—ing—me—a—way!"

The blood gushed from his mouth as he fell still smiling, and little Jim was dead.

Since then I have passed through many lands, but every year I return to visit two graves nestling side by side in that dull region. One of them is my daughter's, and the other that of little Jim.

GEORGE B. BURGIN.

L'Original, Ont.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PATIENT SUFFERING.—There is a sanctity in suffering, when strongly, meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

GAMSTER.—Take a skeleton from the box of an anatomist, give its head an immovable mask of flesh; clothe the skull, but leave all besides dry bones; make it calculate, but not feel; give it motion but not life, and there's your model—there's your trading gamster.

DUELLING.—If a man pronounces you a liar it is very absurd to call him out for the same. This ceremony does not prove that you are not a liar; it only shows, that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces, while a pistol—probably a leadless one—is fired at you.

SENSIBILITY.—A man who would thrive in the world has no such enemy as what is known by the term sensibility. It is to walk bar-foot in a mob; at every step your toes are crushed by the iron-shod shoon of crowding vagabonds, who grin from ear to ear at the very faces you make—at the cries that may escape you.

CHEERFULNESS.—The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of Nature's works is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

PATH OF SAFETY.—Some clear-headed fellow says there is but one road to happiness and prosperity, for either individuals or a nation, and this is economy and faithful persistence in the legitimate paths of business. The riches that come in an hour do more harm than good. Hence we call upon all good people to unite in an effort to stay the tide of wild excess. Let a man be frowned upon in society where he is living beyond his means. Let all true and noble women express their disgust at the extravagant and indecent display of the followers of fashion. And so shall the nation be saved from the mill-stone that has dragged over republics to destruction; so shall our young men find a larger and nobler devotion than that of money, and modesty and dignity shall not wholly desert English womanhood.

SOLITUDE.—Oh, solitude, how sweet are thy charms! To leave the busy world and retire to thy calm shades is surely the most ecstatic pleasure the contemplative mind can enjoy. Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of splendour, and who prefer pomp and ease to solid pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely to be found in the courts of the great. Solitude affords us time for reflection, and the objects around us incite us to contemplate and adore. In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a variety of pleasing sensations, which improve it, and render it alive to all the various beauties which we find displayed in the great book of nature. Blest solitude! may we never forget the advantages which may be derived from devoting a part of our time to thee, but continue sensible of thy great advantage.

JEALOUSY.—Of all the pangs of which humanity is susceptible, jealousy is the worst; for most frequently it is an effect without a cause—a monster engendered in the imagination of its victim; and feeding alike upon his heart and brain, it withers the rose upon the cheek of beauty, dethrones reason from its judgment-seat, and gives the reins to passion; it is the punishment of Tantalus without his crime. To the jealous mind madness would be a relief, and death a blessing; it takes a martyr's pleasure in its torments, and adds to their intensity by the ingenious skill with which it adduces proofs from air-drawn nothings, adding fuel to the flame by which it suffers. Jealousy is a passion against which persuasion and argument are equally vain; the proofs which convince but tend to confirm its fatal error.

MARRIAGE.—Perhaps nothing shows the existence of the Divine idea in marriage so much as its incomprehensible mystery, which all those who enter it, save the most frivolous and thoughtless, are obliged to recognise, feeling themselves as much surrounded by it as if they lived among the great primeval agencies that first set the world going; for to all it seems as strong as if they were the first and only ones, and they are at a loss to explain it or to penetrate the meaning of the deep and sacred enigma. They understand a mother's love for the flesh of her flesh in her children, a child's

love for the visible providence of its father; but who is to comprehend the love of the husband, who, arrived at maturity, with all his prejudices formed, his course marked out, meets one who, in scarcely more than an instant, becomes more to him than father and mother, sister or brother, or all in the world—in short, on whose presence the happiness of the world hinges? And who shall comprehend the devotion of the wife, who, if need were, would die for her husband?

HUMOROUS.

An old negro says, "Sass is powerful good in everything but children. Dey needs some oder kind of dressin'."

WHERE one youth depends on his mental ability for success in life, nine rest their hopes on the cut and gloss of their collars.

THERE was nothing but a plain slab at the head of the mound, but the simple inscription upon it tells its own sad story: "He was umpire in a close game."

A SHOPKEEPER in the Far West, having had a stormy discussion with his better half, put the shutters up and affixed the following notice: "Closed during alterations."

"So," observed a friend to the father of a pupil who had carried off a prize at the Paris Conservatoire, "your son has earned his spurs?"—"Yes," replied the practical sire, "and now he has to earn his boots."

THE following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business—they are the instructions given to a Foreign Office clerk for answering a letter:—Tell him (1) will see; (2) to use blacker ink; (3) to round his letters; and (4) that there's no *h* in exorbitant.

It was Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb who was asked to give an appropriate motto for the collar of a dog named Spot, and suggested "Out, damned spot," which displeased the owner, but was a capital instance of the pun-quotation. Another was suggested, which was not bad, for a cat's collar, "Mical inter omnes"—"He shines among all."

THIS is the season of the year when the average clerk talks carelessly for a few days about Saratoga, Long Branch, and other fashionable watering place, buys another twenty-five cent white tie, packs his valise, bids all his friends adieu, and slides carefully up the back streets, and takes the stage up country to help the old folks get in hay for a week or two.

THE man who was inspired to write a long poem just because he heard the rain on the roof, should come and sleep with us at our boarding house. He'd hear a noise on the roof that would form a foundation for a whole volume of poetry: that is, if there is any inspiration to be received from hearing a man crawl along the ridge pole, only pausing occasionally to pull down his shirt or throw a soap dish or china match safe at a cat just ahead of him.

AN Ohio political stumper, while making a high-flown speech recently, paused in the middle of it and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man in the assembly rose and, with one eye partly closed, said, with a Scotch brogue, "Mr. Speaker, I think, sir—I dae indeed, sir—I think that, if you and I were to stump the country together, we could tell mair lies than any ither twa men in the country, sir; and I'd no say a word myself a' the time, sir."

TITANS AND MEN.

"Blessed are the meek," exclaims the voice of inspiration, but can a man be meek with the consciousness that a dreaded monster is consuming his vitals? We are not a race of Titans. A Prometheus might stand chained to the torturing rock with a culture perpetually gnawing his liver, and his face ever wear an expression of heroic and even meek endurance. But Prometheus has left no descendants. With cultures (disease) consuming his liver, the modern man makes himself and every one around him miserable. Freeful, gloomy, hypochondriacal, he sees the world and life all on the wrong side—the dark side—and who ever dares to assert that there is a sunny side, he regards as an enemy, or at best a mocker of his imaginary woes. Unlike the mythical Titan, the victim of disease is not successful. There is an arm to rescue—a balm to cleanse and heal. As remedies for this most depressing of all diseases—"Liver Complaint," none are more efficient or popular than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Pellets effectually remove the effete and poisonous matter, while the Medical Discovery imparts strength and health to the entire system. They are sold by druggists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters received. Many thanks. D. C. M., Quebec.—Letter received. We have attended to your suggestion.

J. B., Montreal.—The Canadian Chess Congress and Tournament will take place at Quebec, on the 20th of August next, and following days.

CORRESPONDENCE CHESS MATCH BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

According to promise, we give to-day a few more particulars connected with the correspondence match which is about to come off between Great Britain and the United States. This contest appears to have been suggested and set on foot by the editor of the Glasgow News of the Week on the one hand, and the editor of the Hartford Times, Conn., U.S., on the other. From the latest intelligence we learn that twenty-eight players on the British side have already been registered, and sixteen only, as yet, on the side of the United States.

As regards the selection of antagonists for individual games, this can be ascertained by reference to the annexed rules. Each player in the match will have to contest four games with his opponent, and the side winning the majority of games will claim the victory.

For the annexed rules and the foregoing particulars, the whole of which are from the Glasgow News, we are indebted to the kindness of our correspondent, Mr. J. W. Shaw, of the Montreal Chess Club.