

## THE DEDICATION TO

"LA VIE DE BOHEME."

(Translated from Henry Murger.)

Like a true Bohemian brother  
Marching on with buoyant heart,  
Eagerly I journey forward  
On the thronged high-road of Art.

And for staff to aid my footsteps  
Till the heights of Fame be won,  
I have hopefulness and courage,  
Other helpers I have none.

Ah! the road seemed wide and sunny,  
When it first allured my youth:  
Undeceived, at length I see it,  
As alas! it is in truth.

Now I see it, dark and narrow,  
Doleful cries my soul affright,  
As with bleeding feet my comrades  
Stagger forward through the night.

Loudly they lament behind me,  
While they climb the rugged hill,  
Often falling by the wayside,  
Yet I struggle onward still:

And I breast a foaming torrent  
Till half-drowned I reach the shore—  
Friends! I drew my sombre picture  
When the hurricane was o'er!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

[Written for the NEWS.]

## MIRIAM.

## A STORY.

BY FESTINA LENTE,

Author of "Hic Jacet," "The Holy Grail,"  
"Brounie," "Roman Antiquities," etc.,  
etc.

Rollo was silent from mere amazement. He had expected to find a dull, spiritless creature, whom he could pension off at will. Here however, was a busy, decided, original little woman whom he saw could and would—not only have her own way, but have sense and courage enough to govern his daughter who was really suffering from want of discipline.

"May I leave Irene in your charge?" he said feebly, after a long silence.

Miriam laid down her work and looked keenly at Irene.

"She will be reasonable," she said. "Leave her by all means."

"If you can make her learn anything," said Rollo, still feebly. "I shall be very grateful. She cannot read yet."

"She will begin to-morrow," said Miriam, with energy.

"What do you say to that," asked Rollo of Irene.

"I suppose I can learn to read if I wish," she answered.

Rollo thought he had better ask no more questions, but leave the matter to Miriam to manage. Presently he rang for Irene's maid.

"You are completely under this lady's control," he said to her; "she will give you your orders. Whatever they are you will have the choice of obeying or leaving your situation. Irene wish Miss Bach good-night."

"I love you, Miriam," said the child, hugging her. "I will be good."

"This will be a pleasant change," said Miriam musingly. "Better far than even ghosts."

"You must not think so much of ghosts," said Rollo kindly. "It is an unhealthy subject to dwell upon."

"What do people talk about in the world?" asked Miriam. "I am fond of talking, but I never get a chance."

"People often talk nonsense," said Rollo, smiling. "But if you care for an attentive listener, I assure you I will be one, if you will tell me as much as you can about my uncle, and about the books you had to read to him, and your own life apart from his."

"Uncle Rollo, oh! he was a horrid cross old monster," said Miriam, with wrath shining in her deep grey eyes. But in a moment she put down her work and gave a graphic account of ways and doings of this same old monster. The books, too, she could describe with glowing enthusiasm, but as for her own life apart from his, here she paused.

"What I felt and did," she said with dignity. "cannot be of interest to you, a stranger. I will keep it to remember all my life in case I am ever tempted to be too happy."

By that time the evening was over, Rollo and Miriam were full of friendly feeling to each other. So that when Miriam rose to retire for the night, Rollo said,

"Cousin Miriam, look at me. Did you never see me before we met in this room to-night?"

Miriam looked and shook her head.

"I have seen something like you," she said gravely, "but not you."

And Rollo rolled up his sleeve and showed some cruel little marks of nips and pinches.

"Dear little cousin," said he. "Give up all faith in ghosts for evermore. I was the ghost you rated so energetically in that haunted wing. I can assure you I enjoyed everything but the nipping and pinching exceedingly. So much so that I meant to play ghost again to you at the first opportunity. But now I have seen you, I care too much for your well being to foster in you what is so morbid and unhealthy. I shall not be satisfied until I have driven that wistful, eerie look out of your eyes, and have brought more colour to your cheeks. And be-

lieve me, if my ghost ever meets with that of my uncle, there will be a fearful reckoning between us on your account."

Rollo put his arm round his cousin and looked down at her slight form, and elf like expression, with mental anathemas on his selfish old uncle. Miriam looking up saw sympathy and kindly interest in his face. It was the first that had ever come to her. She put her arm round his neck and kissed him gratefully.

"I am sorry I pinched you," she said. "But I hate these selfish old 'ghosts,' and I thought you were one."

So saying and without noticing Rollo's astonished look, she took her work and went out. Rollo heard her sing gladly as she mounted the wide low stairs—

"I had a nest—a nest of my own,  
Ah! happy, happy I."

He sat down again by the fire to think, and after an hour rose briskly saying,

"That will do, of course. Just the very thing."

The next day he told Miriam that business would keep him away from England for a year. Meantime he should send Irene to school, and as a year of regular study would certainly not come amiss to Miriam herself, he hoped she would consent to accompany Irene.

Miriam was delighted. The school was found, and Miriam and Irene both installed as parlour boarders. Rollo felt as he left them that one was hardly more of a child than the other. But he knew that Miriam would soon learn from her companions the ways of society.

"I shall be away for a year," said Rollo, as he bade Irene farewell; and he left orders with his lawyer that during that year Miriam and Irene should be well supplied with money. But Miriam ere long learnt much, and the readiest lesson she learned was that if a woman would gain her own respect and that of others, she must put forth the power that is in her, and show that she can earn her own living. Miriam put all the money the lawyer sent her into a box, and carefully sealed it up, and then in the absence of the English teacher took that post in the school and made much advance in the estimation of both teachers and pupils.

The year passed but Rollo did not come; then as the time rolled by the schoolmistress grew alarmed and wrote repeatedly to the lawyer for money, but she received no answer, only at last a visit in which the lawyer said that Rollo was dead, and that the estate had passed to the next heir. There was no will, and of course Irene was penniless. Miriam did not at once see all the principal results that must follow, but day by day opened her eyes. First of all, the position of parlour boarder must be given up for that of dependent and a garret chamber. In suits became a portion of Irene's daily life, the bread she ate was cast at her with stinging words. Miriam could not help her, she was over-worked and paid merely a nominal salary. Yet she gave out all she could of sympathy and kindness, and at length matured and carried out a plan with energy and zest.

One autumn day after a stormy interview with the heartless principal of the school, she took Irene out to walk. It was nearly tea-time, and the wintry wind blew cold, and Irene now ten years old, was far taller and broader than Miriam, and her clothes were worn and ill-fitting. She was neither warmly enough nor suitably clothed for such a day. Miriam was in her brightest mood, and laughed merrily as the wind made havoc with her hair and dress. But Irene was not far from tears. She had never once complained; she had borne with a nobleness and power hardly to be expected from one so young; but scanty fare and persistent cruelty were wearing her heart and enfeebling her frame, and grief for her father's loss repressed by the harshness of those around was becoming all absorbing in her inner life.

On the top of the cliff was a tiny house facing the sea. A bright light blazed from a window of it, shining out into the chill autumn air, giving a sense of the intense comfort of the interior of the house. Irene paused on the shore and looked longingly at it.

"It looks like a home," she said, wistfully. "Oh! Miriam, we must go back, the clock is striking six."

"Let us first climb up this little cliff path," said Miriam, dancing over the rough stones like a child. Irene followed in sombre mood, stopping often to look at the sea birds that flew over the wild sea to their distant eyries.

"Irene, Irene, we shall be late."

Irene shuddered; she slowly climbed up and up.

"Irene," cried Miriam, with tears shining in her eyes, "Come home." And she drew her to the open door of the cliff cottage, and when they had entered carefully put up the bar. Then she opened the door into the sitting-room whence shone the light. A fire burning now in embers glowed upon the hearth, and showed a simply-furnished sitting-room, with various articles Irene recognized as her own or Miriam's, giving it a home-like appearance. And Miriam bright and merry threw aside her hat and jacket and put on a large linen apron, and bustled back and forth to the kitchen. Irene numb with surprise followed her back and forth without attempting to assist. How delicious was the tea that Miriam prepared this evening, how perfect and dainty its every arrangement. The eggs, the muffins, the bread and butter, the tea, Irene had never eaten such in all her life before. There they sat, Miriam at the head of the table, and Irene as close as she could conveniently sit to her friend.

Then when the tea was over, Miriam sat before the fire and took Irene in her arms, and told her the good news. She had got a situation as daily governess in a wealthy family, and so she had taken this cottage and furnished it with Rollo's money, and had paid rent for a year and Irene must learn to keep house during the day, and study with Miriam at night. Happy, happy Irene; words would not describe a tenth part of her happiness and her adoration for Miriam. All that was best, most lovely and beautiful came out in them both, and knitted them together in bonds of the closest love.

"This is life," said Miriam, with satisfaction, as she went her way year after year. "It is love and independence. When Irene has passed her next examination she too shall earn her own living. I love her too well to let her feel the horror of being a dependent."

Irene grew up to be splendidly handsome, tall and queenly, and simple and graceful. Miriam was intensely fond of her. Her noble character seemed to require the noble physique it so well suited, Miriam was of childish proportions in comparison. Meantime poor Rollo detained as a spy by the Russian Government was seeking chances of escape from the Siberian mines. Enduring more agony of soul than of body as he reflected on the possibility of the world proving cruel to the two children he had left at school.

Years flew by; Irene was seventeen years old.

It was autumn and the sea beat mildly on the shore, for the wind storms hovered near the coast and kept the waves in ceaseless turmoil. Miriam had a holiday, and she with Irene walked far over the headlands to the cliffs, the eyrie of the sea birds. Irene would climb to the highest peak and sit motionless amongst the dark scarped rocks. Irene with her steadfast, faithful face so wistful in its look seawards; the wind in her brown curls, the sunlight in her hazel eyes. Down from the eyrie floated the sound of a voice; rich contralto almost tenor in its fullness. Generally in monotone, for the songs her Hindoo servants had sung to her in girlhood clung to her, and when in idle mood recurred to her mind. Miriam seated at the foot of the rocks busied herself with her sketch book trying even to catch the tossing beauty of the waves and lay their spiritual significance in her book. She worked busily, ever and anon calling to Irene. Some one passed and paused with a long, lingering look at Irene. Miriam did not look up, she was too busy, and the person went on, he could be heard at a little distance trampling down the pebbles on the stony beach.

"What is it?" asked Miriam, as Irene climbed suddenly down from her eyrie.

"Some one is staring very rudely at you—the grey haired man over yonder," said Irene. "Let us go home."

Miriam agreed it would be best to do, and hastily put up her sketch book; but before she left the spot she gave an indignant look at the stranger whose bad behaviour caused them to leave their favourite spot.

"Do you know," said Irene, as they drew near home, "that man is still following us. Do you see, he still keeps us in sight."

"Perhaps he means to rob the house," said Miriam, with some asperity. "Let him try. My revolver has six chambers."

Irene went into a succession of soft laughs over Miriam and her revolver, and at length forgetting all about the stranger they settled to their usual occupations in the house.

A wild storm arose ere night; the autumnal gales made havoc with the waves. The sea foamed, it broke on the cliffs, the wind drove the spray against the cottage walls. Irene sat by the glowing fire with her work basket on her knee; it was the idle twilight hour. Miriam stood by the window with grave eyes trying to pierce into the stormy world without. Suddenly a heavy hand went at the door, and a manly voice was heard entreating entrance.

Miriam hastily unbarred the door, and a man stepped into the house. He took off his hat and wiped the rain from his face. Miriam recognized him then as the grey-haired stranger whom she had seen on the rocks.

"Miriam do you not know me?"

It was Rollo.

To Miriam the cottage world appeared to spin round and round; she held out her arm to Irene and clung to her as to a very rock of strength. Held to her blindly until life came back to her, and she drew herself away and looked at father and daughter conscious that her own right to Irene was gone.

"Have you no welcome for me?" said Rollo, pitifully.

Miriam put out both hands in hearty welcome, while Irene clung to his breast; then tears came to their relief, and ere long they and all recovered from the sudden joy enough to sit by the fire and ask and answer questions. It was a joyful, ecstatic evening, and the cottage home was beautifully cosy and home-like.

"Ah! father, how much I have to tell you," said Irene, looking at Miriam. "Miriam has been so good, oh! so good to me."

"I have found out all about you," laughed Rollo, with a merry look at Miriam. "I mean to take my time about thanking you too; then with a sudden change of tone he said, 'How little did I suspect the practical strength of character that was hidden by such a web of absurd thoughts in ghosts.'"

"But I believe in ghosts to this minute," said Miriam, "and am no more afraid of them than when I mistook you for an unearthly visitant years ago."

Laughingly Rollo rose and said, "that he must go; he would return early next day." Miriam and Irene were alone again.

THE END.

## THE ENGLISH BAR.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

It is a characteristic distinction that at the Inns of Court men are "called to the bar" after a certain probation, while in the United States they are upon examination, "admitted to practice" in the courts. The former mode is a voluntary act of grace by which the benchers ask a man to become one of their fraternity; the latter is in the nature of the recognition of a right upon the fulfilment of certain conditions. A barrister's profession in England is nominally of an honorary character, and his fee is an *honorarium*, which cannot be sued for at law as an attorney's costs may. Practically, however, a barrister's services of course are paid for like any other professional service, and the professional incomes of many successful English barristers are very large. Law is the noblest of all professions in England. It takes men into Parliament; it makes them peers and Lord Chancellors. I did not have the good fortune of seeing any of the great courts in session, for my visit was in the long vacation; but I saw a criminal cause, tried in one of the minor courts in Liverpool, and was much interested in the proceedings. First of all, I was struck by the costume of the judge and the barristers, whose wigs and gowns gave them an air of dignity and authority well suited to their functions and not without its practical value. The wigs, indeed, did seem somewhat ridiculous, because of their absurd likeness and unlikeness to the natural covering of the head. The judge's wig was the least grotesque. It was quite like the large bob wig worn by all gentlemen in the latter part of the last century,—much like that, for example, represented in Dr. Johnson's portraits. But the barrister's wig is certainly the queerest covering that was ever put upon a human head. The gown gives dignity to the figure and grace to the action; but I found it difficult to look at the wigs without laughing. Behind at the sides there hang four little formal, isolated curls in double rows so unlike anything human, and yet so plainly an imitation of curled and powdered human hair, that they would seem like caricature, if they did not in their bald artificiality pass all bounds of caricature. I spoke of their absurdity to a friend who was at the bar, and said that, while the gown seemed worthy of reverence and admiration, I wondered why the ridiculous little wigs were not discarded. "Discard wigs!" was the reply. "Why, we could not get on without them. I could not try a cause without my wig. I should feel as if I had no right to be in court; as if the judge would be justified in taking no notice of me; and if the witnesses had me at their mercy, instead of me having them at mine. I should not dare to cross-question a witness without my wig." "In other words," I said, "your wig gives you an authoritative position which enables you to bamboozle a witness." "Why, yes," he answered, smiling, "that's pretty much it, if you choose to put it so."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

PARIS fashionable slang calls literary men and folk who live by their brains *cerebrals*.

LEPAGE will contribute his Joan of Arc to the coming exhibition of the Socie'y of American painters.

LUCILLE CLINTON has finished a head of Carlyle in crayon, which preserves very creditably the expression of the well-known portrait.

THE entrance halls of the Parisian aristocracy are now ornamented with life size hardware bulldogs. This is a fashion imported from Austria.

W. D. HOWELLS, for many years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has recently retired from that position, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet and novelist, assuming the editorial chair.

MESSRS. D. LOTHROP & Co., of Boston, Mass., offer to American artists \$1,500, in sums ranging from \$50 to \$300, for book-cover designs, coloured frontispieces and magazine illustrations.

ALGERIA is beginning to develop a taste for the fine arts. Not long ago the success of the exhibition at Algiers took every one by surprise, and now another, which has been organized at Oran, is equally successful.

D. RIDGWAY KNIGHT is the only American pupil who has studied under Meissonier. He has settled down near his master in the town of Poissy, a few miles from Paris, and here paints pictures of peasant life; for, although a pupil of Meissonier, he is not a copyist of his subjects, but treats of rural life among the French peasants of to-day.