

AS FROM THE NECTAR LADEN.

As from the nectar-laden
Lily the wild bee sips,
A British Queen, sweet maiden,
Drained with her loving lips
The poison that was filling
Her husband's veins with death,
Her love with new life thrilling
His heart at each drawn breath.

Not less thy love, sweet maiden,
Nor less thy bravery,
For when I came, o'erladen
With poisoned hopes, to thee,
With smiles and shy caresses
Thou didst the venom drain,
And healing my distresses,
Didst give me life again.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

THE GHOST OF A GARDEN.

THERE is one street in our busy, beautiful city, into which I never turn, if I can, by any chance, avoid doing so. Yet it is a pretty street: the broad, formal bands of turf on each side of the roadway are green and fresh, even in August; the double row of maples touch bough tips across it; and the neat little houses stand back modestly, amid their spacious flower-beds. It is a very pretty street, but at one end of it a large new brick mansion has recently taken the place of an old-fashioned house and garden. And because that little plot of ground is not as I once knew it, I would rather not see it again while I live. A trivial reason, is it not, for daily avoiding the shortest way between home and work?

Not very long ago this house and garden I speak of had an existence, now they are blotted out of being, poor things, as you and I shall be some day. They can no more come back than the snows of last year. No man in his senses will keep ground for flowers and fruit which is available for building lots, or leave a plain, old house standing, where he may have a brand new one, with all modern improvements, fine red brick without and fresh white plaster within. An old garden is sadly out of place in the very heart of a thriving, modern city; so it vanishes. The one I speak of survives only as a spectral shadow of itself in that vast limbo of forgotten dreams, to which I alone have the key—my memory. So it is in a way imperishable. It is pleasant walking, even in a dream garden, and I sometimes wander about in mine for a day and a night together. My demesne is fenced with a phantom wall to keep the hands of thievish elves and fays from the golden ghosts of apples and pears. Though this apparition of a wall would seem to forbid all entrance, there is a cunningly made postern door that will open to you, if you have found favour in the eyes of the mistress of that enchanted ground. Once inside, you wonder to see how far it stretches to left and right, and how the wall that faces the noonday sun is hung with green arras of vine leaves, where the clusters turn black in the warm Septembers. They are not real, remember, but ghostly grapes, the most luscious of their kind. The long straight walk of seeming gravel fades away between spectre borders of blood-red and fiery yellow nasturtiums; on both sides of the path grow mazes of cherry and pear trees, and tangles of flowers, as they please. It is a little journey from end to end, but you do not notice how often you turn, if the moon is shining high over the great elm by the garden wall (it is always moonlight in my garden); and at your side is pacing the tall, neat-footed mistress of the Joyous Guard. The white moonlight falls on the thin white scarf which she has thrown over her dark brown hair, and the frank brown eyes meet yours with quick confidence and kindly humour, as you walk and talk—

Only a garden in a dream! never, alas! can it be again anything but a dream!

And this is only an echo of a boy's romance—a reminiscence of a mere love story? No. It is not love I celebrate, but something rarer and almost as sweet—a perfect friendship. On the one side, a shy, awkward, country-bred young scholar. He has been brought up among books, and he loves them. The phantoms that have their being in books are more to him than the men and women whom he meets every day. He fancies that the real world is peopled with such rare and beautiful forms, if not here, beyond the mountains. Like the heroes and heroines of the enchainings books, men are all brave and honourable, women all lovely and true. The books have beguiled him into weaving new romances of his own, and have dowered him with what may be either a blessing or a curse, high hopes, aspirations and ambitions. He has lived so long in the cloud land of his own fancies that he cannot pluck apart the real and the unreal, nor does he care to do so. What is there for such a dreamer but an inevitable, cruel awakening? A sudden, rough shaking would only paralyze all effort, and fling him from one extreme of folly to the other. Only one thing can save him. To learn life as it really is, slowly, under the tutorship of a noble woman. And for once the stars are kind, the impossible thing happens. For on the other side is a pure woman of the same age, by virtue of finer instinct, richer experience and inborn wisdom, fitted to be his tutor. They were near akin, but had been strangers; they became friends, and so remained to the end, frank, joyous comrades. Why she

should have troubled herself with the raw boy at all, and admitted him to such intercourse, I cannot imagine. There is no reason for it, but her own good heart, and that, perhaps, she discerned the possibilities of better things beneath the crudities of a mere bookish youth. At all events, it actually happened that she became his friend—an event of incalculable importance to him. Of course the gossips put their heads together and whispered, "Lovers." It was a long time before a chance wind brought the gossips' words to the ears of the two, and they only laughed to themselves and held their peace. They both knew that never did page serve lady more reverently, in all honour and humility; and he knew, though she did not, that never was lady more worthy of service. Their calm happiness in each other was not ruffled even for a moment; much less they did not heed the idly wagging tongues, and they had their reward. Common interests in the worlds of art and of books first drew them together; likeness of taste and temper held them. Her quick insight and perfect comprehension were new things to him (for he had never known a woman before), and delightful as they were new, and her spirit of comradeship and loyalty kept her from tiring of him. Delight as of children in the wonders of heaven at sunset and moon rise, in the wonders of earth at seed time and harvest, in even the common wayside growths of shrub and wild weed gave them many memorable afternoons and evenings, along the fresh country side; days so full of light and warmth and woodland scents, that they have sweetened and cheered and brightened many an hour of black winter since. Many were the merry meetings in the long, low rooms of the old house and in friends' parlours. They even framed a calendar of their own, which began with a certain home festival at the turn of the year, and contained certain moveable feasts and holy days which were punctiliously and regularly observed. Many were the long talks, grave and gay, in the blaze of the drawing-room fire; but the garden was the favourite meeting place. By far the greater number of those hours of pleasant converse were spent under the shadow of the great elm, or in strolling along the gravelled paths, among the flowers and fruit trees. That is why I regret the loss of the garden most. The outcome of it all was that, unknown to them both, she taught him the fine essence of life, how to grasp the facts of the world as it appears without losing hold of the eternal, unseen things. So the years of peculiar danger were safely tided over; the boy passed through his nonage and grew to the stature of man. He had learned the meanness and misery of life without being debased by such knowledge.

And then—she went away. The place was sold to strangers, who pulled down the old house and divided the garden. The pretty street has never looked the same since.

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HILLSIDE.

THE Manor farm of which I wrote recently is one type of a Canadian country place. "Hillside" is another. At the head of the Island of Montreal spreads the spacious vista of Lake St. Louis. On all sides are scenes of stirring historical interest, Lachine, St. Anne De Bellevue, with Fort Senneville, and the old Indian village of Caughnawaga. Above this is the basin of the Chateauguay River, a winding stream that runs its length of over fifty miles, rising in New York State, and emptying into the Lake St. Louis, at which point it is divided by a beautiful island, on one side of which rises a mound that has been attributed to the ancient mound-builders. Not far from the steamboat landing is the fruit farm, "Hillside," the residence of the authoress, Mrs. "Annie L. Jack," and the local habitation of a plan of living so intellectual, and at the same time so practical, that it were well if it could be known and imitated far and wide over our Dominion. The lives of authors are (within a certain limit) considered public property, and we feel an interest in reading how they live, if we enjoy their pen thoughts.

Mrs. Jack is of English birth, coming to this country in her thirteenth year, and studying for a while at Mrs. Willard's famous seminary in Troy, N. Y. A portrait of her at that time shows that she was an attractive girl, with dark eyes, and a face of singular intelligence and force.

She had the good fortune to marry a Scotchman of sterling worth, and practical industry, and together they have worked and applied brains as well as manual labour in the management of their fruit-farm. To-day they possess a magnificent range of orchards, and raise a number of specialties, acres of vineyard, with grapes of over forty varieties, strawberries in the same varieties, raspberries in an immense plantation, and all the lesser fruits. By their example, the neighbourhood is becoming known by its fruits, and apple-growing is here seen in perfection. Yet this family have found leisure and means to keep in contact with sources of culture, ampler than those attained by the average mercantile household.

It was my privilege to make them a Christmas visit some years ago, with a friend. We crossed the river to Caughnawaga in a canoe manned by Indians (now they have the C. P. R.). It was a bitterly cold day, and the boat was grinding its way through steaming ice floes in the rapid current. We were met and welcomed by the happy looking boys of the household, and soon were receiving a "Merry Christmas," from the family group.

I was greatly struck by the healthy thought apparent among them. Not a traditional custom had been left out. Though the house was in its outward appearance plain and unpretending, it was truly Christmas inside, over doors and ceilings being decorated with red berries, home-grown holly, and evergreens from the woods; and a fire of blazing logs burned cheerily in the wide fire-place, decorated with artistic skill by the eldest daughter. There was mistletoe in the hall, and English fare on the table, while every one of the family and each expected guest had a formidable mince-pie their very own, marked with their name in paste, which excited a good deal of innocent mirth. The children had been encouraged to form a taste for some specialty as a recreation, and the pictures and studies on the wall showed how faithfully the work Miss Jack had done was nature's own. For Hillside is famous for its roses, and in summer there are rows or hedges of them in the garden blooming all the season, and faithfully portrayed on the walls of the drawing-room by the artist daughter's brush. The eldest son from a boy was a student of natural science, and when I met him lately in Boston I found him high up on the staff of the Harvard Arboretum, and a regular and valued contributor to *Garden and Forest*. Mrs. Jack's literary friends are chiefly Americans. She was a school friend of that fascinating writer, Louise Chandler Moulton, and enjoys the friendship of the family of James Freeman Clarke. With all her many duties, her pen has been busy writing short stories, and verse, and articles on horticultural and household topics. A series of stories, on the avenues of work women can do, attracted considerable attention, and called forth an order from *Harper's Young People* for an article on the subject from her pen. Under a *nom de plume*, "Loyal Janet," she wrote for the *Montreal Witness* some Scotch articles that hit upon social topics and became a household word in the locality. On her drawing-room table are photographs of many literary friends, and among her literary treasures is a letter from the poet Whittier, in which he says, alluding to her success in horticulture, "Many women desire to do these things but do not know how to succeed as thou hast done." In the living-room is a book-rack of fruit and farm books, to which all may refer, and in a tiny corner room, where I was permitted to enter, is to be found her desk and papers for the literary work hours. It delighted me to find such intellectual culture on a paying Canadian fruit-farm, and the life-long good taste of the occupants was proved by the grove of beautiful trees, that had been planted by them in front of the house, with rustic seats and tuble, where the family often dined in summer time. A tiny conservatory keeps roses for them all winter, and, with a touch of poetry that will be a life memory to her children, Mrs. Jack places a rose at every plate for child and guest every Sunday morning all the year round. How, I asked myself, have these results been brought about? Intelligence, industry, and particularly systematic and combined method were, I discovered, the keys to the problem. There is no false pride; there are regular duties to be done by each; there is ambition to do them well, even to George Herbert's—

Who sweeps a room as to Thy Laws.

It is a simple home life, but an oasis to many weary hearts in this rush and haste for wealth and position, and an encouragement to a younger generation that farm life can be elevated and ennobled, and country homes beautified and cultured in every sense.

"I do not covet wealth," Mrs. Jack once said to me, "but I should like to feel that we were growing better as we grow older." When I asked her favourite poet, she quickly answered "Whittier," and added "he understands." And I thought of his beautiful description of a life like this in one of his earlier poems, when the fair girl makes butter and lives beside the Bearcamp water.

And musing on the tale I heard,
"Twere well thought I, if often,
To rugged farm life came the gift
To harmonize and soften,
If more and more we found the truth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labour's strength
In rural homes united.

ALCHEMIST.

THE RAMBLER.

THE Koch lymph agitation has had some amusing features. Last year, we were all agog over *la grippe*; now, the famous discovery of the eminent German is on everyone's lips. But was not Prof. Ramsay Wright a trifle too previous? I do not quite see what he went for, nor yet what he will do when he comes back. The world is practically so small in these latter days, as I remarked last week, that such a journey as that undertaken by Prof. Wright at the Chancellor's expense is almost superfluous. Now comes Dr. Ogden Jones' letter, causing a flutter in many circles, wherein he states that the practice of inoculating by lymph for certain diseases is well known to homeopathic practitioners.

All this talk about inoculation suggests a rather melancholy train of thought as regards the otherwise serene and innocent days of childhood. In addition to cholera, whooping-cough, measles, apthæ, and other ills, that infant life is heir to, it will now be *de rigueur* to inoculate the unfortunate little being for cholera, consumption, cancer and epilepsy—and of course small-pox. The said infant at the tender age of two will be a mass of conflicting scars, and