

"AEQUAM SERVARE MENTEM."

(From Horace.)

PETER A. HENDRICK.

Since thou, O man, so soon must die,
Be cheerful in adversity.
Nay be your joy too loud confessed,
If you, by fortune's smile are blessed.
And whether life be dark with care,
Or Bacchus' nectar thou dost share,
Ere health and joyous youth are fled,
Ere fate has snatched life's slender thread,
Enjoy yourself as best you may,
'Twill perish with the passing day.
On fruit and ruby wine regale
Reclining in some mossy vale
Where cowslips breathe forth perfumes sweet,
Where breezes fan your cool retreat.
Where spreading oak and stately vine
To give you shade their leaves entwine.
And merry brook its forest song
Sings as it quickly glides along.
The rich from tower that stands in pride
Upon the moss-banked river's side,
From shady grove, from house of state,
Must part when called by sable fate:
An heir who mourns in mock distress
His high piled riches shall possess,
Nor shall the poor man's sorrows last;
His storm of life will soon be past.
The name of each lie in the urn,
And death will draw them forth in turn.
Enjoy your life, then, while you may,
'Twill perish with the passing day.
Fordham 1877.

FOR MY OWN HAND.

"Well, Harry, old man, why don't you get married and settle down now?"

So spoke my old college chum, Bob Linton, or as he preferred to be called, Mr. Robert Linton, one quiet evening in June as we were strolling down Broadway. Bob had been my dearest friend ever since I had forsaken pinafores, and after graduating with me at Harvard was now a young lawyer, waiting for his first brief. I myself, who had intended to kill or cure under the name of Harry Ford, M.D., had been fortunate enough to come in for the life-earnings of a wealthy uncle, before I had penetrated very far into the mysteries of *materia medica*, and was now engaged in helping Linton to spend his superfluous time, which meant his whole time.

"I suppose that it is because I have never met my fate yet, Bob," I answered. "You know I'm impossible enough."

"I don't know anything of the kind," retorted Bob. "You're a regular piece of cast iron, and look at pretty women as if they were statues. However, I'm tired of loafing round New York, so I'm going down to the country to see a cousin of mine in whom I have a particular interest; you can come if you like."

"Masculine cousin?"

"Not much. Will you come though? We can take the 5 o'clock train to Hillsbury tomorrow, and just drop in in time for tea—no six o'clock dinners in the country."

Glad of a chance to get some fresh air in the bright June weather, I agreed to go, and next day saw us on the road. What road concerned me not; suffice it that in about an hour we arrived at a little station surrounded by a most beautiful tract of country. We had not forwarded any notice of our coming, and of course there was no one to meet us; and we had some difficulty in securing a conveyance to take us over the two miles intervening between the station and our destination. At last we were compelled to jump into a rickety milk-cart, and in such *distingue* guise rattled up to the friendly door.

I suppose that we were warmly received, that the table was well spread with the fresh delicacies so esteemed by the denizens of the dusty town; I cannot speak from remembrance, for all that I remember is the impression that the first sight of Grace Linton made upon me. A clear proud face, with large beautiful eyes, and hair brown and wavy; I had met my fate in one whom I believed to be already secured by my chum Bob Linton. While she remained in the room I was silent, almost afraid to speak; but when she left to settle some household matter my anxiety to make a favourable impression enabled me to say enough to prevent being considered a fool, and whatever she thought of me, I managed to make a firm friend of Mr. Linton.

On retiring that night I did not fall asleep immediately as usual, but spent a long hour in a confused argument with myself of which the ever recurring refrain was that if I stayed there I would lose my heart and make myself miserable; that I must leave Hillsbury on the morrow; and when I had dropped off into a sleep, it was troubled and restless.

The morning broke bright and beautiful, and from my window I surveyed a scene of delightful freshness. Below in the garden I could see the cherries darkly red among the leaves moist with the fresh morning dew. The bright beams of the sun, the green fields and beautiful scenery inspired me with new courage and chased away the half-formed resolutions of the previous night. Why should I not stay instead of running off like a coward? Why be afraid of a woman, I who had seen so many. If Bob had already engaged her affections I could do nothing to affect his happiness, and I might as well stay as go.

When we met at breakfast I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as possible, and had the gratification of succeeding, for my hostess remarked that the journey down must have tired me a good deal, which meant I had been pretty dull the evening before. Bob gave me a comical look, for he knew that a trip of an hour, so serious to the quiet old lady, was a

mere nothing, and although I do not think he had any suspicion of the true state of the case, still he could not suppose the journey had made any impression on me. After breakfast we had a canter to the post to get any letters for ourselves or the family, and then had a look round the estate, a large and fertile one. Bob proposed to stay two weeks or so, and most of that time had passed in quiet enjoyment to both of us when an event happened which somewhat disturbed the usual routine. Meanwhile Miss Linton's behaviour to me was somewhat shy, and to Bob rather freer, but still more reserved than the manner of ordinary girls. Bob did not seem to be much impressed, and I began to wonder what was the real state of affairs. Whatever it was, my own heart was gone hopelessly, although I was not as yet fully aware of the fact.

A peculiarity at our host's was the large amount of antique silver plate daily displayed. It was an heirloom in the Linton family, but unlike the usual run of possessors of such things, the owners liberally used it on ordinary occasions, and it was therefore well known throughout the neighbourhood. I had expressed my surprise that more care was not taken of it, but Mr. Linton said that they had no rascals in their vicinity and that there was not the least danger. Indeed he had gone on as he was doing for the previous twenty years, and therefore experience supported him; but he was to learn that civilization was progressing, and Hillsbury becoming less of a rural elysium before long.

Grace Linton was in the habit of walking to the church (which lay about halfway to the railway station) on certain mornings to practice on the organ, which she played on Sundays. Bob and I had been in the custom of walking there with her, leaving her and then returning to escort her home. One morning Linton could not come, so I went with her alone. When we reached the church we heard that a man had been injured some distance off, and I went to offer what slight assistance my knowledge of surgery might be able to give. It was nothing serious and I was soon retracing my steps; but I met a lady coming from the church who told me that Grace, not knowing when I would return had decided to walk home alone. Thanking her for the information, I took a short cut across the fields which brought me to the main road within a quarter mile of the house. I had just entered the main road when I heard voices around a bend a few yards ahead, one of which was Miss Linton's and seemed to me to have a slight tone of fear. I hastened forward and found her talking to a ragged but powerful-looking man, who seemed to be more threatening to her than was pleasant. When I appeared Miss Linton turned to me with an air of great relief, and the beggar went off somewhat reluctantly. I found that he had been soliciting alms, but seeing her alone and wearing jewelry, had been getting importunate.

I did not notice particularly the appearance of the man, but the same day he called at the house nominally begging, but not seeming to be in much need of any support; and then I was struck with his great size and sinister face.

I forgot to mention that the reason why Bob was not with us in the morning was that he had been called back to town on some petty matter. He had intended to come back by the evening train, but about dusk we received a telegram from him saying that he would not return till the next day. Although we all missed Bob's fun and chat, I managed to spend one of my pleasantest evenings at Hillsbury, and retired at ten o'clock well satisfied with myself and all the rest of the world, only wishing that Grace Linton would not keep such confounded early hours. I slept soundly, but was awakened seemingly by a muffled attempt to open my door, which I had bolted. Still half asleep, I was not sure at first what was the matter, and was dozing off again when I heard a slight scraping and whispering in the passage. I got quickly out of bed and slipped on some clothes; and waited for a few moments, and was about to call out who was there when I heard sounds of a struggle in Mr. Linton's room which was next to mine. Thoroughly aroused I went quietly to the door, opened it, and in a moment a rough hand was at my throat and I heard a stick striking the door-piece above my head with a violence which would have effectually quieted me had it reached my head.

I grasped my assailant and a hard struggle ensued, but as soon as I had collected my scattered senses I found myself to be more than a match for my unknown opponent. I am physically of large frame, had paid considerable attention to bodily exercise at college, and since graduating had not suffered my strength to remain altogether without use, so that I was not at all contemptible in a personal conflict. Still the man struggled on with the strength of despair, and I might have taken some time to overcome him completely, when a shriek rang out in the dark house. I knew it was Grace's voice and it inspired me with redoubled strength. We were struggling close to the staircase; and exerting all my power I lifted my opponent from the floor and hurled him down, then sprang to the room from which the sound had come and found there a man attempting to gag Miss Linton. He turned to me as I dashed in, and in the weak starlight coming through a near window I saw the evil face of the beggar who had twice met me the previous day; and I saw, too, the glimmer of a knife in his right hand. He made a thrust at me; I dodged and the point

ran along the side of my neck, drawing the blood. The next moment we had closed and were wrestling desperately, I compelled to keep an iron hold on the hand in which was the knife. I soon found that I was not equal to this new foe, and would probably have met my fate before long, when at the crisis of the conflict the rascal stumbled over a chair, and not only dropped his weapon, but was so confused that I easily threw him heavily before he could recover himself. The struggle went on on the floor, but I was not long in danger, for lights soon flashed into the room, and the gardener with a couple of other men rushed in and secured my gigantic enemy, who from some cause or other, resisted but faintly. Grace had fainted before I had come to her rescue, and was lying white and senseless on the floor. A dash of water revived her, and then came payment for my exertions. For a moment she did not know me; then, as she saw the blood which had flowed rather plentifully from the scratch I had received, her face grew paler and with almost a sob she cried, "Oh, Mr. Ford, you are hurt!" and almost involuntarily placed her hand upon my arm. A momentary spirit of recklessness came over me, and catching her in my arms, I strained her to my breast. She did not attempt to escape at once, but soon we heard the sound of returning footsteps, and breaking from me she fled from the room. I must not omit to mention that we were in the up-stairs sitting-room, where most of the plate was kept. Grace, as well as myself, had been aroused by the incautious proceedings of the burglars, and divining their object had gone at once to this room, but was surprised by the big wretch before she could shut herself in.

When matters were explained in the morning, we found that the burglars had first entered my host's room, and bound and gagged both him and Mrs. Linton. Then one of them stationed himself at my door, after trying in vain to open it, while the other had gone to secure the plate, not taking Miss Linton into consideration at all. They had thought themselves to be quite safe as I was the only obstruction, Mr. Linton being old, and all the men servants sleeping without the building. The man I had first encountered was found stunned at the bottom of the stairs, with a couple of his ribs and his arm broken by the fall, which had been a very violent one. His big companion, whose strength had given away so suddenly at the last, turned out to be severely wounded, having fallen upon his own knife when I threw him. He was well known to the New York police, and his bad character, attempt at robbery and attack upon me, secured him a permanent situation at Sing Sing. The other man got off more easily.

That day Grace did not appear until dinner-time, and, then, she kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on the table-cloth, and I tried in vain either to get a word or a look from her. This in no way discomposed me, for I put it down to its true cause, and besides had no longer any fear concerning Bob's peace of mind, as I knew now from Mr. Linton, whom I had interviewed with regard to my lady, that there was no affection, beyond cousinly, between them. Grace soon left the table, and I followed her as quickly as was consistent with dignity. I found her in the garden.

"Grace, why are you afraid of me?"

No answer.

"If you dislike my presence, I will go back to New York." She looked up quickly into my face, but seeing a sort of triumphant air there, she turned and attempted to leave, but I caught her in my arms, and there and then obtained permission to hold her fast for the rest of my life.
Montreal. HARBANT.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.

The Art of Printing having been introduced into England in the year 1477, by William Caxton, the importance of the recurring centennial has suggested, both in England and Canada, the advisability of celebrating the event and rendering due homage to the author of its introduction.

The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, having undertaken to hold a *Conversazione* on the 26th of June next, and an Exhibition on the two following days, with this view, would feel grateful for the loan of such articles classified in the appended schedule, as may be in the possession of either private individuals or public institutions throughout the Dominion, the Society undertaking the cost of transmission, the rare and custody while here, and the immediate return of the Exhibits, at the close of the celebration.

It is desirable that the commemoration, although under the auspices of the Society, should partake of a national character, and be illustrative of the increasing energies and resources of the Dominion, and it is hoped that a widespread interest may be awakened, and contributions worthy of the importance of the event be forwarded from all parts of the Dominion.

It is intended to publish a descriptive catalogue, and contributors are respectfully requested, on account of the short interval allowed for preparation, to forward the Secretary an immediate list of all proposed contributions, giving details as to author's name, title of book, printer's name, date and place of publication, and any other particulars relating to the work in question.

SCHEDULE.

1. Missals or manuscript books, prior to the art of printing.

2. Books from the press of William Caxton, Colard Mansion, Wynkyn de Worde and Pyn-ton.

3. Books from the invention of the art, to 1650.

4. Books subsequent to 1650, having merit in illustrating the special development of the art, "Editio Princeps," uncut editions, large paper editions, rare and curious books, works from celebrated printers.

5. Early and rare editions of bibles and prayer books.

6. Illustrated and illuminated books from the earliest epoch to the present day.

7. Books having reference to the early history of Canada (Nouvelle France.)

8. All books and newspapers printed in Canada prior to 1840, thereafter, books illustrative of the progress of the art in Canada.

9. Prints, etchings, woodcuts and engravings up to 1800, thereafter, specimens illustrative of Canadian engraving.

10. Specimens of Calligraphy, up to 1700.

11. Maps and plans relating to America prior to 1800.

12. Coins and medals.

Mr. Hart read a letter received from the Governor-General's Secretary in which His Excellency had voluntarily given his patronage to the celebration, and regretting that his official visit to Manitoba would prevent him from being present. The letter also stated that His Lordship would be happy to loan three of the Governor-General's medals to the proposed exhibition.

Answers were also read from the following societies and gentlemen:—Natural Historical Society of Quebec; Catholic Commercial Academy of Montreal; the Curator of the Laval University; Principal Dawson, McGill College; Dr. May, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Scadding, Toronto; Messrs. J. Subra & Sons, New York, and a number of others, the general tone of which was in favor of the proposed celebration.

The President stated that over \$500 had been guaranteed for the object in view.

On motion it was decided that the Secretary ascertain under what conditions it was possible to get the use of Molson Hall for the occasion.

The meeting then entered into an informal discussion as to the best means for arranging the various details, after which it adjourned.

LITERARY.

Miss BRADDON may be defined as the best and largest manufacturer of romantic shoddy of the present generation.

THE death of the famous Spanish authoress, Cecilia Anton Bohl de Faber, known to the literary world under the name of "Fernan Caballero," is reported at the age of eighty-one.

MRS. SARAH JOSEPH HALE, who has edited Godley's Lady's Book for forty years, is now eighty-two years old, still vigorous in body and sound in mind. Beside her editorial work she has written and compiled about thirty volumes, embracing plays, poems, romances, and cook books. She is represented as a very amiable and interesting lady, full of anecdote and to collections of noted persons she has met during her busy life.

THE number of journals in Spain in 1876 was four hundred and forty-three. Ninety-five were political, sixty-five religious, seventy-eight literary, one hundred and five scientific, artistic, and industrial, and one hundred were miscellaneous. The *Correspondencia de Espana*, at Madrid, has the largest circulation, having circulated during the last year nearly twenty-one millions of copies, beside about two millions of extra sheets (supplements.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. GOUNOD'S "Cinq Mars" is a great attraction in Paris, despite the badness of the book and the weakness of the cast. The music gains on every hearing, and the execution in the *ensemble* is very effective.

THE rehearsals of Massenet's opera *Le Roi de Lahore*, are being pursued with redoubled vigour, and the first performance is delayed from week to week in order to render the representation more perfect. Those musical critics who have been admitted to the rehearsals declare the music of *Le Roi de Lahore* to be something marvellous. The third act (in *parade*) is full of genius and originality, and the only fear entertained by the critics is that the whole work may be found of too high an order for comprehension by the ordinary public.

ALBANI, the American prima donna, is in high favor in the Parisian world of music and art, evidenced, among other ways, by the contributions to the *Album Album*. Lucy Hooper, writing from Paris concerning this album, says:—Some of the drawings are very fine, particularly an Oriental head, in pen and ink, drawn by Mr. Bridgman; D. R. Knight's sketches in water-colors, and a group of chickens in India ink from the pencil of Mr. Baint. A lady admirer of *la diva* has ordered from one of our rising young artists, Mr. George Rowland, a sketch for one of the as yet unfilled pages of the album. It represents "Fame," her trumpet lying at her feet, seated, and supporting with one hand a tablet on which she is inscribing the names of the great prima donnas of our century. She has written the names of Catalani and Jenny Lind, and has just completed that of Albani. A little cherub at her side is playing on a lyre, while her temple is illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, is visible in the background.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.