

COMFORT.

By ALICE CAREY.

"Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild—
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child
Is a corpse upon my knees

"No holy choir to sing so low—
No priest to kneel in prayer—
No tire-woman to help me sew
A cap for his golden hair."

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
"Not without Him, who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died.

"His grace the same, and the same His power
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether He makes of the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

"On the land and the water, all in all—
The strength to be still or pray,
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May."

MY TRIP TO CACOUNA.

CROOKS, Jinks & Co. had hesitated some time when I laid before them my humble request for a three weeks' leave of absence, but their ingenuity failed to devise a satisfactory reason for refusing me, and they finally consented. My mind had dwelt on a trip to Cacouna so persistently for the last two weeks that a sight of that bleak summer resort was an event absolutely necessary to restore my thoughts to their proper channels again. Besides, several of my young lady acquaintances were already revelling in its cool breezes, and I looked forward to many pleasant flirtations with them. Full of the most delightful anticipations, therefore, I embarked on the "Montreal," and was soon steaming down the river.

Young Crooks had promised to accompany me, but his inexorable papa had packed him off to New York to see after some goods that had not come forward according to promise. Every one knows that travelling alone is not always very pleasant, and where one is in that peculiar state, when a second person is needed to share the overcharged feelings, the want of a friend is a serious evil; but although I scoured the boat from end to end for a companion, my search proved vain. I was beginning to get very lonely, when my eyes rested upon one who appeared to me the most enchanting creature that ever greeted mortal vision. She was sitting at the piano playing that most charming of waltzes "Her bright smile haunts me still," and as the liquid notes floated through the saloon, I almost felt transported to that visionary land which some imaginations have described as the abode of elfin beauty and happiness. Quite a number of the passengers had collected to listen to the music, and a buzz of admiration flew from lip to lip as she gracefully arose, and retreated to a lounge. She was unaccompanied by any one except a sour visaged old lady whom she addressed as Auntie, and who, no doubt, acted in the capacity of chaperone to the beautiful musician.

My worldly possessions are not extensive, but I would have given all, even the showy charm that adorned my watch guard, and which contained an infinitesimal lock of Anna Maria's hair, for the pleasure of her acquaintance. That desirable result achieved, I felt certain a fair share of good looks, and a persuasive tongue would go far towards ensuring me a deep conquest. I haunted her like a shadow, and made several attempts to attract her attention, but the cross-looking duenna returned my modest efforts with such threatening glances that I finally desisted, and retired to my stateroom. I threw myself on a berth, and in a few minutes was dreaming that my hopes were realized—that already the brown eyes grew softer, the smile more radiant in my presence.

I might have been asleep an hour when I was

suddenly awakened by some one shaking me, and the words, "Lizzie! Lizzie! where did you leave the light?"

I sprang to my feet, and recognized as well as the uncertain light would allow me, the form of the ogress who chaperoned the beautiful stranger. The next moment two or three piercing shrieks reverberated through the saloon, and a motley crowd flew to ascertain the cause. Here was a dilemma. The old lady in an excited state, and with a spasmodic scream between every word, pointing me out as a midnight burglar, who had invaded the sanctity of her room, and the passengers in all shades of costume vociferously advising an impromptu cold bath or a coating of tar.

I defended myself manfully against the base insinuations, and attempted to explain, but the crowd grew more and more violent until I was on the point of giving myself up for lost, when the fair Lizzie made her appearance.

"Oh, Auntie! hush—not another word," she exclaimed, taking the hysterical lady by the arm, and shaking her into a standing position; "you have made a great blunder. Our room is opposite, and you have subjected this gentleman to much inconvenience, but I hope he will," turning to me, "allow us in the morning an opportunity of expressing our regrets for this unfortunate occurrence."

I bowed low, and, dragging the repentant aunt with her, she disappeared.

The crowd sneaked away, and, re-entering my state-room, I locked the door. What had seemed an impossibility was within my reach. How could I regret an occurrence that opened an avenue for making the acquaintance of this charming young lady. Sleep was a stranger to me for the remainder of that night. I racked my brain to find suitable words to express my forgiveness, and built castles in the air without number.

A long time was expended at my toilet in the morning, but when I emerged from my room, I was, I flatter myself, irresistible. The boat had reached Quebec, and a great number of the passengers were making preparations to transfer themselves and luggage to the Magnet, which was moored alongside, when, smiling and radiant, Lizzie Hoster made her appearance. In the most artless manner she apologised for the unintentional mistake of the previous evening, and hoped it had not interfered with my night's rest. They were going to Cacouna for a few weeks, and how glad they were that it was also my destination.

The ice thus happily broken, I succeeded by a chivalrous offer to see after the transhipment of their baggage in installing myself securely in Miss Hoster's good graces. The time flew quickly as seated by her side I basked in her sunny smile and listened to her merry laugh. I was in love—desperately, in love—with her, and forgot completely the tender vows I had breathed into Anna Maria's ears but a week or two previous.

At Rivière du Loup, I secured the best conveyance, I could find to take us to our destination. It was but a lumbering affair at the best, but in her sweet company I could not find fault with the very primitive condition in which the intervening few miles were accomplished.

The reader may infer that at Cacouna the many young ladies who had the pleasure of my acquaintance were greatly astonished when they perceived that my attentions were wholly monopolized by Lizzie Hoster. The means of enjoying one's self were not many two years ago, but I exerted myself strenuously to provide amusements for her. She was fond of driving, and the services of every Jean-Baptiste who had a horse and cart for hire was brought into requisition to gratify her taste. Their exorbitant charges made fearful inroads into my half-year's salary, but I was amply repaid by the many smiles with which Lizzie rewarded my efforts.

Two weeks flew by, and I had had no opportunity of declaring my love. The trembling words had been on my lips several times, but ere they found an exit, something was sure to occur to distract our attention. The old aunt (by the way, how I detested her) seemed to make it her especial business to prevent such a disclosure, and it was therefore with a very small amount of grief indeed that I heard one evening that a severe cold confined her to her room. The favorable moment had come, and full of the most delightful anticipations

I hurried to grasp it. I had no doubt of the result, for in Lizzie's artless manner I had witnessed sufficient to convince me that she would listen favourably to my suit.

The door was closed when I reached the house, and the voices of two persons reached my ears. I could not distinguish the words, but one of the two was undoubtedly Lizzie. I did not stop to listen, however, but with the freedom of a lover I entered unannounced. A quick change of position ensued, but not before I had seen her head reclining affectionately on a masculine shoulder, and an arm belonging to the said masculine clasping her waist.

I stood petrified with astonishment, and alternately gazing at the startled pair, whose confusion would have been ludicrous in the extreme had I been merely a spectator instead of a sharer in the general amazement. Lizzie, however, was the first to recover her composure, and laughingly rebuked my boldness for interrupting so suddenly a delicious tête-à-tête.

"You see," she said pointing to the stranger, "this gentleman is my affianced husband. I have not seen him for several months, and it was natural that our meeting should be an affec—"

I waited to hear no more, but dashed out of the house. Her "affianced husband," and the deceitful coquette had never informed me that such a person was in existence. I felt desperate, but an hour's reflection cooled me, and the next morning I was on my way to Montreal. If Anna Maria was pleased at my return she no doubt went into ecstasies at the devoted attention bestowed upon her for the next few weeks.

Montreal, September, 1865.

G. H. H.

MAGGIE AND THE ALBUM.

HOW lovely!"

"Do you really think so?"

"Think so, Bob! How in the world can you ask such a question? Is it not beautiful? Are they not all surpassingly beautiful?"

"They look very pretty indeed. Will you step into the post office, Mag? I want to enquire about a letter."

Ungallant Bob! how could you have the heart to tear away your sweet Mag from that enchanting window of Worthington's, to enquire about a stupid letter? Dull fellow! could you not see why that pretty album looked so amazingly pretty in those pretty blue eyes of pretty Maggie's?

Deep down in Maggie's warm little heart,—so deep that no eyes, not even her own pretty blues, could catch a glimpse of it,—lay snugly and securely the life-like portrait of Bob. Was it strange, then, that she should covet—ay, covet, gentle reader—ono of those magnificent albums which Worthington has piled up in such a soundly tempting way in his window? Was it strange that she should wish to give Bob's portrait the place of honour in it? Maggie, though poor, was rich enough to buy an album; and Bob, why he was rich as a Jew,—so the world said,—and could buy a million albums, and yet both of them walked away from the dazzling window without the album.

Bob did not buy it because he was so wrapt up in his own self-importance that he would not "waste his precious time" thinking about such trifles, and indeed he was rather annoyed at Maggie for taking any notice of the window, or the albums it contained. Maggie did not buy it because she wanted it. This may seem paradoxical; it is true nevertheless. She wished to possess the album as much as ever she wished for a new dress. She left that window without the album as reluctantly as ever she left her milliner's without a bonnet that didn't please her mamma, and for which, of course, she would almost have—well, married a man she didn't like. She wouldn't buy the album, because she wanted to put Bob's portrait in it. The album would be a second heart to her; it would contain another likeness of Bob. How could she purchase a heart? No, no, it must be given to her, and by him.

Well, Bob and Mag stepped into the Post Office, he to enquire for the letter, and she to think about the album.

The English mail had arrived, and brought