

looking white, and spoke in a quick and agitated way. Mrs. Grant was ill, and would like much to see me. She had had news; and I saw that the news, whatever it was, had affected Jean equally. In a few minutes I was ready, and we walked the shortest way to Burnside. As we came near the cottage, Jean said, in a low voice, "Kenneth is married—he is coming home," and, leaving my side, I entered alone. Whiter than usual Mrs. Grant could hardly look; but there was great distress in her keen blue eyes, and in the helpless, beseeching way in which she stretched out her hands.

"Tell Jean she must stay," were almost her first words; and it then at once occurred to me that this coming home might bring about painful complications; and that if Kenneth had forgotten, Jean still loved.

Kenneth's marriage had been a surprise, but when Mrs. Grant put his letter into my hands, and begged me to read it, I quite understood the pain it must have caused her. He wrote in a sad and desponding way—was evidently sorry for his young wife—found it impossible to remain there, surrounded by her relations—began several times to send a message to Jean, carefully scratching out what he had begun; and finally leaving all unsaid, he ended by hoping his grandmother would be kind, and make allowances. It was a letter written in such evidently low spirits, and the want of happiness was so painfully manifest, that it was quite sad to read.

I sat long, and talked with the old woman. She told me Jean never would listen to Kenneth, but even she did not know why. She was sure she liked him. She thought some one had made mischief. Altogether it was a comfort to her to talk it over with me; and though I felt utterly incapable of giving advice, once the reserve she usually showed was broken into, she opened up to me more of her own thoughts and feelings than I had ever yet seen—and the confidence comforted her.

I went down by the burn side, intending to speak to Jean, but stopped when I saw her sitting, her face buried in her hands. As she heard my footsteps, she raised herself up. She had so sad, so despairing a look, that I felt I could not speak to her just then. Her lips parted, and, raising her eyes, she murmured, so low that I could hardly catch the words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all," and went slowly up the bank, her head drooping and her hands clasped together, as though endeavouring to suppress her excitement.

When I arrived at home I found a telegram summoning me South. The dearest friend I possessed had been severely injured in a railway accident, and within a few hours I was going to him, my thoughts too fully occupied to think of Burnside.

Winter had come early. Storms had already caused havoc among the shipping and brought distress to many a home. I was plodding my way through the daily cares and troubles of my large parish, when I one day received a letter from Jean, remind me of a promise I had made her of doing her a favour, and entreating me to get her a place, ever so humble, it did not matter.

Her letter distressed me. It was written in such evident sorrow—not a word of Kenneth and his wife, and of Mrs. Grant only that she was much the same.

Perplexed by her letter, I still had it before me when I heard a bustle in the little hall, and my friend Mr. Macrea, the minister of the beautiful parish where I had spent those well-remembered summer months, stood before me, his coat sprinkled with snow, his colour raised by the frosty air, and a look of quiet happiness that told me at once his long engagement was drawing to an end. He had come to try and persuade me to take his duty for one fortnight, and was delighted to find small persuasion needed.

Two days more saw me on my way. Not long after I started a violent snowstorm set in. So long as we were in the railway our progress was pretty good; but with something like forty miles of coaching through the wildest scenery, and over a road that divided tremendous hills, it became a work of the greatest difficulty. Gangs of men had to accompany us, and every now and then we were obliged to get out and allow the coach to be cut out of the drifts. When night came we had to spend it in a miserable little inn, where the peat-smoke, having no proper outlet, made the air of the room nearly intolerable; and the only provisions were oat-cake, very hard cheese, and whiskey. As this last was a thing I never touched, I was delighted to find that a spring of clear water rose near the house, and that, though surrounded by icicles, it was obtainable.

Next morning we pushed on, to find, as is often the case near the sea, that the snow had given place to rain, which was pouring down pitilessly, and never did I so rejoice over a welcome as on that weary day when I found myself greeted by a splendid fire, a cloth that rivalled the snow, and a most excellent tea, with bannocks and all sorts of home comforts before me, from kippered salmon to home-made marmalade.

The next morning was one of unceasing rain. Early in the afternoon the old servant, with evident reluctance, brought me a message a man wished to see me. It was Kenneth. As is usually the case, he was completely different from the idea I had in my own mind conceived of him—tall and fair, with a sunburnt face, and the manner and appearance of a man who had

seen a good deal of the world—one of nature's gentlemen, in outward semblance at any rate. He came to see me, and to tell me of old Mrs. Grant's evidently approaching end. Then, with a lowered voice, he spoke of Jean, and with frankness said that the position at home was intolerable to her. Without casting blame on his wife, he showed me that Jean could find no home with her if old Mrs. Grant died, and asked me what could be done.

I had often seen the sore need that existed in a children's hospital near me for just such a person as Jean, and spoke to him of it. He bent his head a little, and I saw that the idea of any service so far from him gave an acute pang, and that he put force on himself and was trying to think it was for the best.

Something I said brought out the fact that his wife's people in Australia were not very respectable, and a flash in his eye showed that certain remembrances were not pleasing. All at once he flung back his hair, and standing up, said to me, "You are very kind, sir, and the truth is best. My wife's father is a ticket-of-leave man. She is very young, and does not know the shame."

I grasped his hand, and, as he was leaving, he said, "Do you know, sir, why Jean held out—why Jean would not marry me? Her father is still living; he is shut up for a crime, but they would not punish him, for he has not his wits. He is a criminal lunatic."

I could not speak for a moment; then I said, "Does Jean know? I mean about your wife—"

An anger look gleamed into his eyes, and he said, "She told Jean when she was angry the other day. She is very wrong," he said in a tone of defense, and went out.

So this was the story—the higher nature felt the disgrace, and gave up her happiness and sacrificed herself, and then had to stand by and see that the sacrifice had been in vain, and I thought of her muttered words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all." Poor Jean!

It was nearly dusk when the faithful old servant came into my little sitting-room. "Though you man had sense enough to leave you in peace," she began, "here's an urgent message for you. Mrs. Grant's dying, and would fain see you; and such a night!" she said, looking out at the never-ceasing rain.

Wrapping myself well up, I hurried off, contrasting the wet and dreary walk with my first walk there. Nothing could be more miserable than this one—in places almost ankle-deep in boggy mud, the heavy rain blotted out the hills, and the wind sent it in slaps against my face, and countermanded the use of an umbrella. Kenneth met me close to the burn, with the intelligence that the poor old woman had slept away peacefully; and we were talking together, looking at the torrent of water pouring down, when we saw the bank underneath the little plank bridge below the house suddenly give way. The plank remained treacherously in its place, supported by a sod of earth only a few inches thick. "This is terrible," said Kenneth, as he started off and ran up towards it. He was still on his way (it all passed in a very few minutes), when the door of the cottage opened, and his wife, a girlish-looking creature, with lint white hair, ran down, and stepped on the plank, just as her husband reached it. He was too late late to save her; and, with a shrill scream I never shall forget, she fell, with the plank, into the foaming stream.

I can give no clear or connected account of that dreadful night. I remember seeing Jean, with a resolute face, waded in from below and reach her; and the memory still haunts me of the two figures struggling in the water, and Kenneth's face as he tried to breast the torrent and go to their assistance. I hurried for help, and help came. I saw Kenneth carrying one figure home, and others tended one lying on the bank; in the still, white, upturned face, I recognized Jean.

Though I was shivering from head to foot, partly with excitement and partly with cold, I did not leave till I saw that her eyes unclosed and knew that Jean lived.

I paid the penalty of having been so long exposed to the damp, and was in bed for several weeks with rheumatic fever. When I recovered I heard that Jean was with a neighbour, and that she and Kenneth had been almost daily to ask for me.

Two summers came and went, and once more I was in that lovely Highland place. The cottage at Burnside was deserted, and the primroses and foxgloves realized the poet's idea—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But some miles away there is a comfortable farm house, where flowers also bloom and linen lilies bleaching in the sun. It is essentially a home of peace; and kindness is spread round, and is made to reach many far beyond its boundaries. Here Kenneth and his dark-eyed wife live, their happiness tempted by remembrance; and her welcome is as kind, and her smile far sweeter and brighter, than it used to be in the days when I knew her as "only Jean."

ALL the movables at Cremorne are to be sold in a few days. The lots include four theatres and the celebrated dancing platform. The theatres will be dealt with, no doubt, in a matter-of-fact spirit; but there is a whisper that the dancing platform is to be cut into splinters and sold as relics to the fast young men of London.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

HAYDN'S ORATORIO—"THE CREATION."

As I mentioned in my notes of a few weeks ago, the musical talent of this city determined to give a rendition of Haydn's great work—"The Oratorio of the Creation." At first the announcement was received with considerable misgiving, for few felt that the grand composition could be displayed here with anything like justice. The citizens have felt justly proud of their several gifted vocalists and talented instrumentalists, but no grand effort had very recently been attempted which combined the whole and gave scope to their individual and united powers. When it became known that this wonderful composition was in course of preparation, many of the appreciators of oratorical music trembled for the result. But, as the weeks wore on, sounds, as it were, escaping from the rehearsals, gradually began to create confidence, and, a day before the evening of the first rendition, every seat in the large hall had been secured. Mr. G. Robinson, leader of the XIIIth. Batt. Band, was assigned the office of Conductor, and entered into the work with all the ardour of a thorough musician. The members of the "Sacred Harmonic Society" never for a moment slackened their zeal, but quietly persevered until they had mastered the various duties assigned them.

Tuesday, 9th April, was the opening night, and by 8 o'clock the spacious building was completely thronged by an appreciative audience. The chorus consisted of about 130 singers, and the orchestra comprised 36 instruments. The soloists were: Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Keltie, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Barr, Miss Egan, Mrs. Parker (contralto), Mr. Power (tenor), Mr. Egan (basso), Mr. Clark (do.), Mr. Herald, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Filgiano, jr., and Mr. Buchner. Most of these ladies and gentlemen have already been introduced to your readers through this column. The orchestra comprised 7 first violins, 5 second do., 2 violas, 2 double bass, flute, clarinet, cornet, melodeon, drums, &c., &c., and was led by Mr. Fryer. Among the instrumental performers were the following well-known musicians: Mr. G. Steel, Mr. Littlehales, Mr. Jennings, Mr. T. King (late bandmaster Hamilton Artillery Band), Mr. Cowan (Toronto), Mr. Pember, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Fairclough (organist), Mr. Gardner, M. Fricker, and others, the names of whom I do not know.

Close upon the appointed time the whole Orchestra and chorus filed into their respective places in an easy and orderly manner. The oratorio opened with the instrumental introduction, representing Chaos, and, before the first few bars had been completed, the audience had become inspired with confidence in the Conductor. As the weird and terrible representation progressed, it was plainly discernable that Mr. Robinson fully comprehended the conception of the composer.

Mr. Egan followed, in excellent taste, with "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." When "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," had been rendered, the chorus broke forth in thundering tones in "And God said, let there be light, and there was light." In this the orchestra and voices blended in excellent harmony, and the effect was grand in the extreme.

"And God saw the light" was given by Mr. Herald, who also sang "Now vanish before the holy beams" moderately well, and in the chorus, "Despairing, cursing rage," all appeared to have become thoroughly warmed up to their work, and the effect was all that could be desired. "The marvellous work" was beautifully rendered by Miss Egan, and Mr. Egan acquitted himself grandly in "Rolling in foaming billows." "With Verdure clad," by Mrs. Keltie, was exquisitely beautiful, and the accompaniment by the orchestra was really faultless. Mr. Johnson perhaps lacked a little in spirit in giving the difficult part—"In splendour bright is rising now the sun," but the orchestral representation of the rising sun was truly grand. The well-known chorus, "The Heavens are telling the Glory of God," was pronounced the grandest musical effect ever heard in Hamilton. The lingering radiance of this grand chorus no doubt detracted a little from the trio which followed, "In all the lands," by Mrs. Campbell, Messrs. Johnson and Buchner.

The second part opened with "And God said," by Mrs. Caldwell, and then came the gem of the evening, by the same lady, "On mighty pens." This delightful passage was most exquisitely rendered by this gifted lady. The orchestral accompaniment in this sweetly beautiful solo, was charming, and "The nightingale's delightful notes" and "Her soft enchanting lays" will long be remembered in Hamilton. One of the local papers pronounced Mrs. Caldwell's rendering of the solo the finest that has ever yet been heard in Hamilton, an opinion in which many citizens concur.

The terzetto "Most beautiful appear, with verdure young adorned," by Mrs. Caldwell, Messrs. Power and Filgiano, was very fine. Mr. Clark, a young gentleman possessing a fine voice, of wonderful power, gave very feelingly the difficult part "And God said, let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind." And here, again, the orchestra displayed the care with which they had been trained. The imitations of the roaring lion, the flexible tiger, the noble steed, the cattle, the hosts of insects, &c., &c., were all brilliantly produced.

Mr. Power, the popular tenor, was particularly

happy in that grand passage, "In native worth and honour clad, with beauty, courage, strength adorned, erect, with front serene, he stands, a man, the lord and king of nature all." The trio (a), "On thee each living soul awaits," by Miss Barr, Messrs. Herald and Egan, was very pretty, and the culminating chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work," was given with powerful effect.

The duet between Adam and Eve (Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. Egan), was brilliantly rendered throughout, and the concluding portion, beginning "Graceful consort, at thy side, softly fly the golden hours," was beautiful beyond description. The final chorus, "Sing the Lord ye voices all," closed the performance.

The Sacred Harmonic Society may well feel elated at the complete success which crowned their efforts. The citizens feel indebted to Mr. Robinson and Mr. Egan for the musical festival.

The oratorio was repeated on the following evening with equal success, and, so delighted are the citizens, that the Harmonic Society have determined to repeat the whole work next week.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, April, 1878.

HEART AND HOME.

CHEERFULNESS is preferable to mirth. The last is an act, the former is an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. These are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

MORAL BEAUTY.—What is the beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exaltation, themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of human adoration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom.

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF HIS TWO WIVES.—Their characters were diametrically opposite. Never were there two women less like each other. Josephine had grace, and an irresistible seduction, and unreserved devotedness. Maria Louise had all the timidity of innocence. When I married her she was a truly virtuous novice, and very submissive. Josephine would sacrifice millions upon her toilet and in her liberalities, Maria Louise, on the contrary, economised what I gave her, and I was obliged to scold her in order to induce her to make her expenditure consistent with her rank. Josephine was devoted to me; she loved me tenderly—no one ever had a preference to me in her heart. I uniformly held first place—her children the next. And she was right, for she was the being whom I most loved, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind.

A TERRIBLE FATE. In India, lepers are occasionally buried alive. When a leper is past all hope of living more than a few days or weeks, his nearest relation arrange, with his approval, for his immediate interment. Self-destruction by burial is called *samadh*, and is regarded as so highly meritorious that the disease is sure to die out in the family of the victim. So lately as 1875 a leper named Oomah, living lingering at Serohi, entreated his wife to put an end to his misery. A bunnia, or tradesman, was accordingly engaged to make the necessary arrangements, which simply consisted in hiring a couple of labourers to dig a hole into which they thrust Oomah, consenting to his own death. The durbar, coerced by the British Government, at last took cognizance of this incident, and fined the widow one hundred rupees. The bunnia was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and the grave-diggers each to two years'; but it is very unlikely that they will undergo half that punishment.

DOMESTIC.

HAM PIE.—Very good indeed; try one for dinner. Make a crust the same as for soda biscuit; line your dish, put in a layer of potatoes, sliced thin, pepper, salt and a little butter, then a layer of lean ham; add considerable water and you will have a good pie.

A DELICIOUS BEEFSTEAK.—Have your frying pan very hot, wipe the steak dry, place in it and cover tightly; turn frequently and keep covered. When done, add to the gravy one tablespoon hot coffee, a good sized lump of butter; salt and pepper to taste. Pour over the steak and serve hot.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil until tender two nice fowls; throw into the water a small handful of rice, which will make the meat white. When cold cut with a sharp knife into pieces about one quarter of an inch square; add one quart celery chopped fine; mix well together; boil six eggs very hard, take the yolks and stir with the bowl of a spoon until the consistency of cream. Add one gill of table oil or melted butter, one teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls mixed mustard, one cup strong vinegar, one-half cup grated horseradish, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful salt; beat well one-half hour before using; mix well with the chicken before serving. Ornament the top of the dish with the tops of the celery and the whites of the eggs.