

QUEBEC.

Earth has no scene, however bright and fair. The golden floods and beautiful skies are there. Unhallowed by the magic of the past, With power its image in the hearts to cast. The sweetest flowers their crimson leaves may show. Unblest, unnoted, to the radiant glow. Of eastern suns, the purest stream may glide. Bright fables twining o'er its silver tide. Through valleys of perfume, circling isles of light. Unloved, unhonored, if no spell be cast. Upon these flowers, that stream, by love or glory. But bring the rich memorials of the past. The hallowed legacy of ancient story. And all is fair, and beautiful, and bright. Quebec, thy name with magic power can start. The peace-bound pulses of the warrior's heart. Above thy rocks a burning halo plays. To light the record of his glorious days. And through its rays o'er height, and rock, and flood. To mark the Hero's triumph, or his blood. Long o'er conflicting Europe Fame had flown. His eagle pinions, but no field, no flood. Appeared, which never had been seen. Proudly beneath his roll'd standard. Or drank the warm stream of his gushing blood. To transatlantic realms he lent his flight. Where glory never had shed one beam of light. And hovering o'er Quebec, settled there. Look'd in the bright lanes of the morning air. High on the Cape he stood, and cast his eye. O'er the deep forest and unclouded sky. Proudly beneath his roll'd standard. And o'er it fairy skills were seen to glide. Guided by dusky figures on the shore. With seeming effort a fairy's play. And, through the western vale which lay below. The same dark, visionary forms would glow. Like the wind lighting on its brief career. Chasing along the streams the flying feet. Now seen a moment, and now lost again. In the deep foliage of the spreading plain. "This spot," he said, "is here death shall lay. "Midst the children of a future day. "Of laurel, for their youthful brows in death. "Then, from the crystal rocks around, there came. Redoubled sparkings and a brighter flame; White on the cloud o'er Montmorency's plain. The sun was seen to play in forms of light. And gold and crimson flames played around. The vapour foldings of that misty mound. Soon from these scenes the children of the wood Retir'd, as came the Pale-face o'er the flood. These Christian plunderers of simple train. Who came to cleanse them from all earthly stain. Gave the insidious draught, whose maddening sway. Stole their senses and their lands away; And then, to quell their indignation, gave A little part of what was theirs—a grave! Long years of savage conflict then came on— All bloodshed and contention—They are gone! But still imagination hears the cry. Of the wild, dead man, arising from ambush nigh; Sees the fierce gleaming of his eye, whose light Burns like the meteor through the shade of night. As tomahawk and unheath'd scalping knife. Kindled the horrors of nocturnal strife. Past are these scenes; and passing, too, are they. Who o'er this western world once held the sway. Where now is gone the towering, martial form. Which heard as naught the conflict's gathering storm; The bounding step; the arm, whose sinewy strength Drew the long arrow to its utmost length; The eye of fire, which, from the forest's shade. That death-stain'd arrow to its distant prey? Far in the western wild the Red-man still Securely wanders by his native rill; But when the Pale-face, from his home away From his last home, where all the wanderer stray? The sons of the injured, and the western main Thy sun descends, never to rise again! Away inglorious themes! and let us turn To where the vestal glories of yore burn! And thou, O Wolfe! the poet's votive wreath. That did no light to thy triumphs bring. Yet, as the mountain's brow, at setting sun, Shines with a flood of glory not its own. So may thy cherished name a halo fling Upon the poet's humble offering. Three happy thou, in life, in mourn to be Wounded in death to fame eternally. Thy course was like the sun's, and light and shadow, Shining thro' dazzled clouds and wreathed flowers; Thy death his setting, where all beautiful things Hover around on gold and crimson wings. On Abram's Plains the storm of battle roared. As Night his shadowy mantle round him drew. And fled, affrighted at the wild uproar. On towering ledges, and from each forest hoar. As if a thousand fends were on the air. Spreading wither'd wreaths and sulphureous glare. The quick snapping of the fatal steel. The quick discharge of musket, peal on peal; The quivering triumph, and the shriek of death. The savage war-whoop, and the panting breath. Orchard press'd valor—Here the veteran lay On his last field; his locks of reverend grey Had with the noble blood which never ages Shall burn at hearing sound the martial strain— His country still his mistress, for whose weal He brav'd the death-wind's hail, or shining steel. There lay the youthful soldier's graceful form. Like some fair flower o'er which has pass'd the storm. Gone, too, his dream of her, who turn'd And slaken'd at his plumes and bright array; Who, on that day, her first, her last kiss gave. And said: "Be faithful still—and, O be brave!" There's not, in this world of light and shade A sight more glorious than the warrior laid, Upon the battle-ground—No vain parade—No heaving pageant of funeral rite. No teeming motes, no hard-wrung tears are here! His fall the shining heavens and sunbeams bright. With the soft verdure of the field his bier. And many a form of beauty press'd those Plains. As roll'd the sable cloud of war away; The evening sun look'd forth on dust and stains. Where shone at morn that gallant, bright array. The stars even look'd on Britala's glory. And saw a new star fall upon his shrine! A bright page added to his former story. A new-born star o'er Fame's fair temple shine. And long that star a beacon-light shall wave, To guide the young, the noble, and the brave! And then, Montcalm, tho' vanquish'd, thou didst bear. The warrior's spirit in that youthful frame; With Wolfe thou wast that wreath of glory share. With his register the toeman's name, And thy fair frame, when hastening to decay. Told that its spirit had not pass'd away: High words of martial valor from thee came, Like the last gleaming of the dying flame. Years roll'd along, and war's tumultuous roar Was heard along those rugged heights once more. Once more a noble victim gave his breath. And met, beneath these walls, a soldier's death. Montgomery, thy radiant name shall soar. A fair companion for those gone before.

Eyn they who sent the hasty summons forth. Knew what merr'd the generous foe-man's worth.

Thus early blighted, which more brightly shone. As all things valued, when forever gone— Like that bright bird, which, as its wings aspire, Shines in the sun a wreath of lambent fire. On the proud front of Fame's fair temple shines. A hallowed circle, traced with golden lines; Within whose lines, in lightning, stand the names of men. Three bright names—"Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery." A diamond lustre round that circle plays. And lights the pencil's deeds of former days. Fair flowers, with laurel wreath'd, around are flung; And on a thousand golden banners hung: While everlasting day shines doubly bright Upon those dearly cherish'd names of light.

From the Catholic World.

THE WRAITH OF THE ACHENSEE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

(Founded on fact.)

CHAPTER I.

In a small cheerless apartment on the topmost floor of a house in Fingergasse—the narrowest street in Munich—there lived forty years ago two poor art-students. Their names were Carl Schelling and Heinrich Bach. Ay, they were very poor, not far removed indeed from beggary, for between them they actually possessed only one suit of clothes. This may seem too strange to be believed; yet who ever has mingled much with German students, and seen the hardships which they cheerfully endure in order to acquire knowledge, will not deem it improbable. Nor did their threadbare suit cause any of their comrades to look down upon them. Carl and Heinrich were welcome to every "kneipe," and what grieved the two friends most was that at these jovial reunions they could never be together. One must needs remain at home, high up under the peaked roof, amid the rocks and swallows of dingy Fingergasse.

The master under whom they were studying was the celebrated sculptor Schwantaler, and let us here observe that of all his many pupils he considered Heinrich and Carl the most gifted. Indeed, so highly did Schwantaler appreciate their talents that he had hired for each of them a studio in the great gloomy building next to St. Michael's church, which is now used partly as a museum, partly as an academy of art, and which in days gone by had been a Benedictine cloister. Here they might labor at whatever tasks he set them, undisturbed by the presence of other students; and when Schwantaler had first shown them this mark of his favor the young men were able to come every day to their work, and delight in him by the rapid progress they made. Now, however, at the time our story opens, the pittance which they had been wont to receive from their parents was no longer forthcoming—the old folks were dead—and ere long Schwantaler noticed that whenever one came to his studio the other was absent from his, and delight as he prized him a good deal. Still he did not ask any questions, for Schwantaler knew how morbidly sensitive Carl and Heinrich were. The two friends were about of one age—thirty-and-twenty—and their cheeks were marked by the same number of scars. For, as we have said, poverty did not keep them aloof from their fellow-students, and German students are prone to fight duels. But in temperament Carl and Heinrich differed not a little; and perhaps it is why they got along so well together. Heinrich was calm, pensive, and full of dry humor. He was likewise gifted with an exquisite sense of beauty—so much so that whenever he met a beautiful maiden, his face would haunt him all the rest of the day. But then he seldom prayed or went to church—unless drawn thither by one of the gentler sex—and he used laughingly to assert that Carl prayed enough for both. This was hardly an exaggeration. Carl was extremely devout, heard Mass every second morning, and was troubled not a little by scruples. Never did he go to his studio without first entering a church, where he spent a few minutes in prayer. For he was a chaste soul and he knew the temptations to which an artist is exposed, and he never permitted himself to touch even the tip of a woman's finger. Yet full as much as Heinrich did Carl admire beauty; he had even been known to stand a whole hour before Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia, which hangs in the old Pinakothek, and some students had sneeringly said he was in love with the beautiful saint. Carl was, moreover, very hot-tempered, yet equally ready to forgive as to cross swords; and Heinrich, who knew him better than anybody else in Munich, declared that Carl had a heart as big as himself.

"Did the professor visit your studio today?" inquired Carl one April evening and setting aside, as he spoke, the ideal bust of a girl just ripening into womanhood which he had been working at since morning all alone in his dreary chamber. "Yes," answered Heinrich. "And Schwantaler was in an uncommonly good mood. He heaped praises on my Ariadne and rapped twice at the door of your studio, then shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he turned away. 'Happy I wonder what he thinks of you and me!' continued Carl. 'For the past month he has never found us both at work on the same day.'"

"Well, whatever Schwantaler may think, he does not complain," answered Heinrich. "Nay, he said this afternoon that he would give me a studio in finishing his 'Battle of Arminius,' which, by the way, in less than three weeks is to be placed in the Wallhalla." "Well, I wonder what Schwantaler means to do next?" said Carl. "Ha! now we are coming to do something interesting," replied Heinrich. "Well, you must know that our master has just been commissioned by the king to execute a colossal statue of Bavaria; it is to be ninety or a hundred feet high. But at the same time the Grand Duke of Nassau is anxious to have him restore and embellish without delay the ancient castle of Rafenstein, which his highness has lately purchased, and which, as you know, stands on the mountain-side overlooking the Achensee." "The most enchanting spot in the wide world," exclaimed Carl, watching, as he

spoke, a wreath of smoke circling upward from his old clay pipe. "Ay, no lake—and I have wandered over all the Tyrol—inspired me with such thoughts as the Achensee, pursued Heinrich. "One might almost fancy that a piece of heaven's bluest sky had almost fallen down and got wedged in among the mountains." "Ha! then you have only seen the Achensee in fine weather," said Carl. "True," answered Heinrich. "Well, go there when the wind is howling," said Carl, who, besides being devout, was also very superstitious. "Go there when the rain and hail are pouring down and the thunder is roaring. Look at the Achensee then. Oh! you will behold a very different sight. The water is black as ink, and God! what unearthly sounds I did hear. The walls and shrieks rang in my ears and chased me like the voices of fiends till I got back to Munich."

"Where you drowned them all in a schoppen of beer at the 'White Lamb.' Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Heinrich. "But now come, Carl, to business. As I have remarked, Schwantaler had been commissioned to adorn the grounds about Rafenstein. There is a big black rock," pointed on that rock ever and anon." "Well, on that rock," said Schwantaler to me, 'I would like to place a figure representing a water-wraith. This will be an excellent subject for the exercise of your imagination. But let each of you treat it in his own way and finish his own statue. Then when they were both completed I shall select the one which pleases most.'"

"Good! good!" ejaculated Carl. "It is a weird, ghostly subject, and I can throw my whole soul into it." We shall be friendly rivals, but terribly earnest ones," answered Heinrich. "Here, old fellow, give me your hand. And wish that we were sleeping in God's care," continued Carl, "either your water-wraith or mine will be standing on that rock, and the Grand Duke's descendants will point out to it and say: 'Behold the work of a genius!'" Here Heinrich laughed, then walked through the door. "Ay, to-night is your night to drink beer at the 'White Lamb,'" said Carl. "And now you are off. Well, drink a schoppen for me, and don't get into another duel until the last lash on your cheek is healed." Heinrich nodded, then quitted the room, leaving his friend gazing at the bust at which he had been toiling all day, and wishing that Carl should manage to light up the dusky chamber with a hundred tapers, in order that he might continue on with his labors until midnight; for it was a lovely day and Carl was in love with his own creation. "But, alas!" he sighed, "darkness is coming on apace; the last swallow of your night drink is down, and I wish we were sleeping in God's care." For "that else could the poor fellow do? But never mind," murmured Carl presently; "never mind. To-morrow it will be my turn to wear the clothes. Oh! how I wish it were to-morrow."

"I wonder whom I can get to sit as a model for my water-wraith?" thought Heinrich as he wended his way towards the Isar-Thor—the ancient entrance into Munich from across the Isar, and hard by which stood the well-known tavern christened "The White Lamb." Heinrich knew a score of girls who sat as models, but they were all models by profession, and Carl despised them. "I wish I could find a water-wraith for pure love of the thing," he said to himself—"somebody who will inspire me. I wonder where I can find such a girl?"

In about a quarter of an hour Heinrich found himself in the spacious beer-hall, where every second evening he heard the clatter of saucers and the rattle of the Teutonic Corps, of which he was a member, and the place was more thronged than usual. Indeed it was difficult to distinguish those who were seated at the far end of the hall, for every student had a pipe and every pipe was sending forth an ending stream of smoke. By this smoking clouds, formed a mistlike barrier which the eye could scarcely penetrate. "Welcome, Heinrich!" exclaimed half a dozen voices, as Heinrich squeezed himself into a seat at the long table, then glanced right and left to see how far off the big beer-bowl was. "Patience! he is coming, will catch us by and by," observed the friend on his left, who was likewise very thirsty, and who, besides being uncommonly fond of beer, was a pretty good Sanskrit scholar. In a little while the old bowl—it was a century old at least, and cut of Dollinger, Liebig, Schwantaler, Agassiz and Canova's hand—was being passed in their youth—arrived at Heinrich's parched lips. After quaffing a good deep draught of the delicious beverage he passed it to the Sanskrit scholar. And so on and on the venerable bowl went, round and round the noisy table, to the music of two hundred and fifty jovial voices. "Well, I declare! will it be this?" exclaimed Heinrich presently, opening his eyes ever so wide. "I never saw this young woman before; and she has a peasant dress on. When did she arrive?" But his words were drowned in the din of the "kneipe," and the water-girl who had so suddenly attracted Heinrich's attention went by with nimbly step, placing on the table a blatter of saucers and sauerkraut, then as rapidly withdrew to fetch something else. As she passed along the line of students a score of hands were stretched forth to catch her hand. But she managed to elude them all with an arch smile and a sparkle of her eye which drove away the spirit of the students—especially the Sanskrit scholar—almost as if by magic. "By St. Ulrich! that is a girl in ten thousand," exclaimed Heinrich, as he watched the door through which she had disappeared.

In a few minutes the girl came back, whereupon our friend immediately raised his arm and made a sign to catch her glance. She saw the sign and presently fled, like the other students, made an attempt to steal her hand—her small sun-burnt hand. But the girl drew it quickly out of reach, then, bending down till her cheek was tantalizingly close to his, said: "I did not hear your order, Lieber Herr,

is it sausages or schweinfeisch?" "Well, the uproar here this evening is perfectly deafening, my pretty one, and I am not surprised that you did not hear me," answered Heinrich. "But this is a grand 'kneipe,' you know, and 'kneipes' are always uproarious." He was about to go on and say something else, something rather sentimental, when a hungry voice shouted, "More sausages! more sausages!" which caused the girl to say to Heinrich: "Dear sir, I must be off. What is it you wish? Sausages, too?" "Yes, yes, sausages, sauerkraut, schweinfeisch, anything you like, only come back soon. I want to—" But she did not wait to hear the rest of Heinrich's sentence; she was half way to the kitchen when it was spoken.

At this moment the beer-bowl, after having once more made the circuit of the table, found itself at Heinrich's place again, and he took another drink; but this time it was only a sip. "I have been drinking your health, my pretty one," he said when the girl brought him his sausages. "Indeed! Well, I have drunk to your health," she replied, "for another student has just been muttering a curse on me."

"Who is he? Where does he sit? By St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Heinrich rising to his feet. "Hush, hush!" said the girl. "I beg you to be calm; do not pick a quarrel over a poor thing like me. Point him out," continued Heinrich. "The unmanly dog who would hurt the feelings of the prettiest girl in Munich ought to be made to rue the day." "Oh! pray, sir, do not speak so loud," said the young woman in an imploring tone. Then when she had persuaded Heinrich to rise from his seat, she said: "Pray, sir, do not sit leaning at me, there from the head of the table." Heinrich looked and beheld, sure enough, a student, whom he did not recollect to have ever seen before, watching the girl with a villainous expression. "Ever since I arrived in town yesterday morning," she continued, "he has been looking at me. I do not know what I possess which attracts his attention so much. He had also whispered things in my ear which prove that he is not a good man. But I have given him proper answers and I defy him!" Here the girl's eyes flashed, and she looked boldly at the student.

"Well, now it is my turn to urge you to remain calm," said Heinrich. "But let me assure you that, although you are only a poor mortal, I will protect you." At this moment another voice shouting, "Beer! beer!" called the young woman away. At this time she hastened to a gigantic beer-barrel standing outside the hall, where she filled a pitcher with beer; then she rushed back into the room, barely in time to prevent the big wooden bowl from being drained of its last drop—a thing which was never allowed to happen at a "kneipe," and which would have caused the utmost consternation.

During the next half-hour Heinrich scarcely took his eyes off the beautiful stranger. The girl was dressed in the picturesque costume of the Zillertal maidens, which set off to perfection her tall, graceful figure. A fastidious critic might perhaps have said that her cheek-bones were a little too prominent and that her skin was slightly bronzed by the sun. But then, when she had—so large and black and lustrous: like two precious stones they seemed. And what a luxuriance of raven hair! pinned together by a silver arrow, as if Cupid had shot at her without wounding, and left his missile entangled amid her tresses. But then, when she looked at Heinrich, whenever they parted in smiles, set her sweet countenance aglow with whole emotion. Surely we cannot wonder that she caused every student's heart to flutter, and that Heinrich murmured to himself: "No girl in the world so bewitching as the Tyrol one." And by St. Ulrich! the one had he been a model for my water-wraith." Nor did Heinrich doubt for a moment that she would consent to be his model. His only fear was lest his good friend Carl, who could hardly fail to be attracted by her beauty too, might choose her for the same purpose. Presently, moved by an irresistible impulse, Heinrich rose from his seat and followed the young woman into a semi-darkened closet where the bread was kept—ever so many huge loaves, and each loaf several feet long; then just as she was taking one off the shelf, he pressed his lips to her cheek. It was a deftly stolen kiss; but quick as lightning came the punishment for the deed. Heinrich received that he winced with pain; for her hand had struck full on the last sword cut, which was not yet three days old. While he was groaning, and without as much as glancing round to see whom she had boxed, the girl went back among the hillocks of beer-drinkers, distributing right and left thick drunks of bread and defended by countless voices screaming to her: "Come here! come here!" for they all wanted to be helped at once.

But of a sudden the din came to an end; there was a moment of perfect silence; after which, rising to their feet, the enthusiastic revellers began to sing the newly-composed ode of the great, popular poet Arnold. "Was ist das Deutscher Vaterland?" The girl, who had never heard this thrilling ode before, felt her heart beat quicker as she listened to it. Then, presently, turning to where Heinrich had been seated, she said to herself: "He must be flashing!" But to her surprise her champion was not in his place. Where had the gallant fellow gone? "No one!" it is possible!" murmured Heinrich. "Is it possible? Can it have been he that I slapped?" Then away he flew to the dusky bread-room. But no Heinrich was not there. Then she entered into the court-yard. And lo! by the light of the moon—the full moon—there she discovered the youth leaving his cheek at the fountain.

"You naughty boy!" she said as she drew near him. "Was it you who kissed me a few minutes ago?" Then in a more tender voice: "But did I hurt you? Is that blood I see on your handkerchief? Tell me it is blood?" "It was a welcome slap," answered Heinrich, again venturing to press his lips to her cheek—her now burning cheek. Then folding his arms and looking boldly at her, "Now strike me again, if you wish," he said. But the girl, who per-

ceived that her cruel hand had opened his wound and caused the blood to flow afresh, merely answered in low, faltering accents: "I am truly sorry that I hurt you. I hope you will forgive me." "Have no doubt about it," continued Heinrich, smiling. "But now pray do not leave me so soon. Tarry a little and tell me something about yourself; for although I have never met you before this evening, I feel a great interest in you."

"O mein Lieber Herr! they are calling me," said the girl. "Hark! don't you hear them? I must be off." "Well! I will wait here until you find a spare moment to return and answer me a few questions," said Heinrich. "So now, my pretty one, go; but come back soon."

"How this cut does bleed!" he murmured as soon as her back was turned, and again dabbing his moist handkerchief to the wound. "It was a stinging blow she gave me. Still, I'm not sorry, for I believe it has opened the way to her heart."

Heinrich remained at the fountain a good quarter of an hour ere the girl reappeared. Then she came, waving a clean handkerchief and saying: "Take this, sir, and let me have your handkerchief. I will wash it and have it ready for you the next time you come." "Many thanks," returned Heinrich. "But now, mein Lieber Herr," she added, and wetting the corner of her apron at the fountain, "now let me wash my own face; for when you made so bold as to kiss me a second time you left a red spot on my cheek—a little, weep spot of blood about the size of a rosebud. And when the bad student at the head of the table perceived it, it seemed to enrage him, and as I passed by he said: 'I saw what took place out by the fountain; I saw it all, my pretty deceiver. Now I know you do let people take liberties with you.' O sir! he is terribly jealous; he frightens me."

"Well, he shall never harm a hair of your head," answered Heinrich. "So do not fear him." Then taking the girl's hand in his, "But now please go on," he said, "and tell me something of your history. Where do you hail from? What is your name?" "My name is Moida Hefer," replied the girl, "and my home is in the Zillertal, Tyrol. Both my parents, as well as my brothers and sisters, died of small-pox during the past winter, so that I am left quite alone in the world. I am very poor. The only thing I possess which is of any value is this silver arrow in my hair. But poor as I am, I would not sell it, for it belonged to my dear mother. Everybody in my native village shook their heads when I spoke of coming here to earn a livelihood. 'Munich is a bad, wicked city,' they all said, 'and you will be surrounded by vice and temptation. If you go there you may be lost. Stay with us; we will make a home for you. But, alas! I wanted to see the great world which lay beyond the mountains, and so I came here. I am still, you perceive, in my peasant dress, and truly I walk in the midst of temptations. This morning I went to Mass, and every evening I say my Rosary, just as I did at home; and I mean to be what my dear father and mother would wish me to be if they were living—an honest, virtuous girl.'"

"Yes, yes. Be good, always good," answered Heinrich. "I am not myself as good as I ought to be, I seldom pray or go to Mass. But perhaps some Sunday morning you will take me with you to church. At this Moida smiled, then said: "Hark! they are calling me. Oh! how much these students do eat and drink. I must be off."

"Well, only half a minute more," said Heinrich, holding her back by the waist. "And now, to be brief, let me inform you that I am a sculptor and am seeking for a model—one different from any of the models whom I am accustomed to have in my studio. None of these inspire me. But I feel that the marble which I might turn you into would be like a thing of life. Will you, therefore, come and sit as a model?" Moida looked surprised at this question. "Oh! I am afraid that I cannot," she answered, after hesitating a moment. "Never did such a thing in my life." Then, after another brief pause, during which the calls for sausages and sauerkraut grew terribly louder, "But, Lieber Herr," she added, "what must I do in your studio? Perhaps I do not understand."

At this moment the moon came out from behind a cloud and flooded with its silver light the stone figure of a nymph, in whose hand was a pitcher from which flowed an endless stream of water. This was the celebrated fountain of the "White Lamb." It was considered very ancient. It had stood here in the days when Louis the Bavarian was Emperor of Germany, in 1314, and from this fountain came the only water in Munich that was fit to drink. "Well, I merely wish to chide you in spotless marble," answered Heinrich. "I am ambitious to create something more beautiful than this—here he pointed to the much admired statue beside them, all draped in moonbeams. Then, as Moida made no response, and taking alarm, at her silence, he added: "But I only crave leave to copy your lovely head; nothing more. But your lovely head I must have in order to inspire me." This, however, was far from being the truth; Heinrich did not mean to be satisfied with Moida's head. It might do for the present, but he hoped that when she knew him better she would consent to put on a certain costume which Schwantaler would lend him, and which, without in the least offending against modesty, would be perfectly seemly for a water-wraith. "And then," he said to himself, "what a beautiful statue I will make!" "Oh! yes, yes, you may do whatever you please with my poor head," answered Moida. "But you must promise to tell nobody. For several other artists have begged me to sit as a model, and I have said no to them all." Heinrich gladly made Moida this promise. "And on your part," he said, "I hope you will continue to say no to every painter and sculptor who asks you to be a model. For I want you all to myself." "You may rest assured," said Moida, "that I shall be your model, and your's alone. But now I must leave you—I must hurry off or my master will scold." And with this she left Heinrich alone by the old fountain, thinking about her; and, to tell the truth, Moida was a trifle absent-minded all the rest of the evening for thinking of him. Heinrich was

so different from the other students; he spoke so kindly to her; he had even offered to be her champion. "And yet I am only a poor peasant girl. Who else would be so chivalrous?" she said to herself. Then Moida thought of his threadbare jacket, with a patch on each elbow, and she determined some day to make it look a little better. "At least I can put new binding to it," she said inwardly. Moida's absent-mindedness did not escape the sharp eye of the bad student, whose jealousy was now thoroughly aroused, and he muttered to himself: "This hypocrite has given her heart to the peasant girl. But he shall not long enjoy his conquest."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRAVE BISHOP NULTY.

Spindling Speech in Reply to an Address—His Views on the State of Ireland—Stop Evictions and Murders will Cease—What Archbishop Croke told Him.

The Lord Bishop of Meath attended at the village of Rathure, about half a mile from Killeen, county Westmeath, on Sunday, for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of children. His Lordship remained at Killeen over night, and on Sunday, after last Mass, a deputation of the townspeople, anxious to do honor to the patriotic prelate, waited upon him at the parochial residence, and presented him an address.

Dr. Nulty, in reply, said: I am exceedingly grateful and thankful for the splendid reception you have given me, and also for the magnificent address with which I am presented, and which is in substance most touching. My regret is that I cannot in my present exhausted state of health respond in a proper manner to such feelings, but I assure you I am, indeed, most grateful and thankful. If any of you have benefited by any of my services, it is only a trival matter. However, in the little I have done, I have done my best, but, please God, before I die, I intend to do a little more towards serving my country (cheers). In this agitation to which you have referred we have done everything by legal means that could possibly tend to serve us.

WE RESPECTED THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS but it was of no avail, and now we are determined by legal means to uphold our own (cheers). Everything was going on prosperously, the country in a flourishing state, and the dawn of prosperity at last awakening on us, when those terrible, foul, and disasterly murders, cold-blooded and inhuman in character, were perpetrated on unoffending victims. These unoffending victims, injured in the most cruel manner, and have delayed the prosperity to which, I believe, we were nearing. Nothing but expressions of contempt and scorn are now lavished on us. However, bearing all these things in mind, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the wrongs inflicted on our poor people, bitter in themselves, were carried out with extreme cruelty. Never was the crowbar brigade in so much use as it is at present. Writs are showering down on the country; evictions are being carried out on a gigantic scale; the arrears of rent are impossible to pay, and the people are driven in hundreds and thousands from their homes to hunger and want, where the roads are full of speaking to the Archbishop of Cashel the other day (cheers), and he told me there were

NO LESS THAN 400 FAMILIES living in huts in his diocese who had been exterminated from their homes (groans). These evictions are cruel and inhuman, and yet most of the evicted people I was speaking to the Archbishop of Cashel the other day (cheers), and he told me there were

Happiness in the Royal Opera House.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Conner, Royal Opera House, (Toronto), he spoke as follows to a representative of a prominent journal in reply to a question concerning his health: "During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee, of what my physicians pronounced acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheumatic remedies, without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that St. Jacobs Oil was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I purchased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I used two-thirds of a bottle, I was entirely cured, and have experienced no return of my ailment."

The indications of the approaching season seem to threaten an unusual amount of the various forms of bowel complaints. Our readers would do well to supply themselves with some reliable remedy like Doctor Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as a safeguard against sudden attacks of Cholera, Morbus, Colic, Dysentery, &c., that unless promptly treated are often suddenly fatal.