

that woman, as coarse, as ugly. You could never reach my level, you would drag me down with you".

"O, you cruel, you cruel", she wept. "But you don't mean it. I love you. Be quick, the carriage ah a-cômin'; I hear it. Tell me to come with you".

She put her hand on his shoulder and looked at him tearfully, but O, so trustingly.

"Wait a minute", he said, "wait." He had his luggage put in the carriage and ordered the driver to walk the horses down the road.

"Let us walk a little", he said, trying to speak gaily. "My dear, I agree with Pythagorus, the great philosopher, who states that there are two factors in a man's composition, the rational and the irrational. The brain, the head governs the rational, the heart, the irrational. Now, considering what is expected of me, and what I hope to become, I must let my head govern. It won't do -O! my child", with a sudden change of tone, "I can't explain myself. You wouldn't understand. Won't you forgive me and forget me?"

"O! I can't, I can't forget you", she cried, "O! take me, take me with you".

He bent over and kissed her again and again, with his own eyes full of bitter, scorching tears. For one wild minute he thought he would lift her in his arms, put her in the carriage, and ride away with her to home and happiness.

"Curse my ambition!" he cried, in an intense, fiery one, "I wish I were dead. I wish these horses would run away, and dash my brains out. Kiss me, little pure heart, little one, whom I shall never see again. Forget me, forgive me that I have been happy with you. I will never be happy again. Let me look at your face once more. Then, little star-flower, good-bye, and God forgive me, and bless you".

He held her to his heart a moment, then put her gently down, and jumped into the carriage. As the horses dashed away he glanced backwards and there, sobbing and weeping, her heart broken, she, his little star-flower lay, on the grass, under the twilight sky.

## Our Contributors.

### DREAMS.

BY ERNEST W. McCREADY.

**S**ILENCE. The jewelled curtains of the night  
Are drawn at last. Now is the breathing spell.  
The dusky shadows as they swiftly fell  
Hid from Earth's tired eyes the lingering light,  
And wooed her children to forget the flight  
Of time. Upon the flowing Lethæ-tide  
Of sleep they rock and slowly onward glide  
Into the land of Nod. There all is bright.

The hills are green; the fields all gay with flowers;  
Warm the glad sunshine of the golden hours,  
And soft the perfume of this day of dreams.

The river broadens now. The sleeper seems  
To hear before his bark an ocean's roar.

It is the sea of life. The night is o'er,

St. John, N. B.

## A MEMORY.

**O**N the shores of the Ottawa River, almost midway between Ottawa and Montreal, lies the little French Canadian village of Carillon, near the scene of Dollard's heroism. It is rather picturesquely situated at the foot of a large hill, thickly wooded almost to its base, and if you will come with me some day I will show you where the best butternut tree grew "long ago".

Thirty-five or forty years ago Carillon was a much more thriving place than it is now, and also, it must be confessed, a much rougher place. The timid wives and daughters of the farmers from the surrounding district, when on their way to St. Andrew's, the County Metropolis, were always glad when Carillon lay behind them on their journey. The rough portion of the community was chiefly composed of a floating population of bargemen and raftsmen, whose natural lawlessness was very much assisted by the fiery quality of the liquor that was dispensed in the place in those days.

All this is changed, however, and it would be a difficult task to get up a good sized crowd to witness a fight now-a-days. Half of the houses are shut up and crumbling to decay, and save for a waggon track, the grass is growing in the streets.

The Carillon Canal skirts the upper end of the village and is, in fact, its "raison d'être". The whistling of boats, shouting of bargemen, and the noise of the chains which control the opening and shutting of the lock gates, are the daily and nightly sounds which fall on the ears of the inhabitants.

What familiar sounds they once were to me. On the wings of imagination I am carried back to Carillon. It is a drowsy August afternoon, and one side of the roadway is bathed in golden light. The two principal stores are opposite to each other, and the proprietor of the one on the sunny side of the way is sitting in friendly converse with his neighbor, whose premises, on this hot afternoon, are cool and pleasant. Rocking chairs have been brought out on the sidewalk, and the two men are comfortably rocking, and watching the antics of a small boy. At an upper window sits the fair mother of the boy, with another child upon her knee. A girl comes up the street, and goes into the store on the sunny side. The proprietor rises from his seat with a half sigh of regret, and goes to serve her, but when his duty in that direction is done returns, just as the aforesaid small boy is standing on his head. "Take care", he cries in French, "you'll kill yourself; you are a regular little 'Irlandaise'", and then he looks up and meets the laughing eyes of the "Irlandaise" mother of the boy, whose ambition it is that her children should be as "Irlandaise" as circumstances permitted. He is confused for a moment, but then laughingly remarks that to be "Irlandaise" is to be all that is good and beautiful.

But the glory of the summer afternoon has departed. The beautiful "Irlandaise" mother lies in the graveyard,