



GENERAL BROCK'S MONUMENT, ABOVE QUEENSTON.

(From a print of 1835)

The Magic Grove.

(Continued from page 379.)

were slashed with blue, and with wristlets, whose delicate pattern almost reached his fingers. The fourth gentleman was scarcely more than a boy, with the down yet upon his lip. He had what Ferdinand described as laughing eyes and a pair of the reddest cheeks. He sat between Sylvie and Phœbe, and he and Sylvie were constantly bubbling over into laughter. His name was Oscar. To complete the picture, as my friend gave it, it is necessary to say that just behind Ormond, looking on with intelligent eyes, was a magnificent Italian greyhound. Beside Phœbe lay a pretty white lap-dog tricked out in an azure covering tied with red ribbons.

"No, not that thin mixture this time, Marie," laughed Ormond, after Ferdinand had observed them for some time. The young Frenchman had been pouring into Marie's glass a bright red liquid, but he now seized the glass and tossed its contents behind him, just missing the greyhound who started up.

"Let it be champagne all round this time," he said, "and we shall drink to our happiness and to each other's love. Each to each—you to me, Marie, and I to you."

"And you to Phœbe and to Sylvie and to Clytie, and to dear Annette also," said Marie. She glanced at the sweet-faced lady behind her, who smiled, but said nothing.

"But to you especially Marie, and you to me, since we are to be wed."

Marie's eyes lit up. "Ah yes! but I shall love Philip and Oscar and Henri; and so I must drink to them also."

"And I am to love Sylvia here, and Clytie and the others as well as you?" asked Ormond, nodding and smiling at each of the young ladies mentioned.

"Why not?" said Marie, "Why should we not all love each other? I love you because you are strong and clever, and Philip because he is merry and good, and Henri because

he is witty, and Oscar for his amiability and his *beaux yeux*. How could I love one person only?"

Well! soliloquized Ferdinand, of all the wonderful wonders. Surely I have dropped into the golden age. What a jolly crowd they are!

"Then is each content," said Ormond, raising his glass, while the others did the same. "Is each content to be equally beloved—no one to be less loved than another—no one to be first, no one to be last."

"Yes," said Phœbe, "I love Philip, but do I not likewise love Ormond and Oscar? Does not a sister love all her brothers?"

"Ah!" said the laughing Oscar, as they still held their glasses, "let us all love and love well. But there will be one a little dearer than any other—a little dearer. Here's to all—and to the one who is a little dearer!"

"Yes," said Sylvie, "I think—"

"Well, perhaps." Marie interrupted, with a smile at Ormond, "one may be just a little dearer."

"To each and all and to the one who is just a little dearer!" they cried with one voice, and their glasses were at their lips when Phœbe's lap-dog barked and Phœbe exclaimed,

"What—what is that?"

The dog had seen our luckless Ferdinand, who, in his excitement, had almost risen to his feet. With Phœbe's surprised exclamation, he avers, darkness came over him. He fell into a swoon, and was mysteriously transported to the very spot from which he had first caught sight of the bright coloured dresses and had heard the voices in the grove. He looked at his trousers covered with burrs, and at his boots with the brown earth he had walked through still upon them. There was the long scratch still fresh on his right hand, that a bramble had given him. Mute witnesses these to the fact that what he had seen was a reality and no dream. But the waters of the lake were glup-glupping at his feet, and over yonder were the birches pale and still. No voice came from them and no figure was visible. Then he cursed his recklessness which put to flight the delightful visitors be-

fore he had seen how the affair would quietly and naturally terminate. I have told him, for his consolation, that it was all a day dream, a freak of the imagination, the result of our tendency to make groves populous, to give the tree its dryad, the wood its nymphs. But he shakes his head sadly and sceptically, and looks as if, like Endymion, he longed for another vision. I suspect the luckless lad may have fallen in love with one of the young ladies of his distempered dream. With the blue-eyed Marie, perchance; with Cleopatra—I mean with Phœbe—or, mayhap, with the sweet-faced Mademoiselle Annette, whom no one seemed to claim.

The Canadian Government has raised the question, if not of Imperial Federation, at least of its essential preliminary, an Imperial Zollverein, in a very practical and concrete shape. On the motion of the Premier both parties in the Senate on Friday agreed to petition the Crown for the denunciation of the treaties with the German Customs Union and Belgium, which are in the way of reciprocity with Great Britain. As the fiscal relations of the colonies stand, they cannot discriminate in favour of the mother country without discriminating in favour of the German Zollverein and Belgium at the same time. So long as the treaties exist which give the most-favoured-nation treatment to those two countries, full commercial reciprocity with England is impossible. This important vote could hardly have come at a more opportune time. Canadian trade with England is increasing relatively more rapidly than with the United States; and the establishment of reciprocity with England would be a crushing weapon in the hands of the loyalist majority in Canada against the small but noisy minority, egged on by such men as Mr. Erastus Wiman, who are forever preaching the advantages of a Customs union with America.—*The St. James's Budget*.

Sir Henry Parkes has engaged to write a history of Australia, for which he is to receive £10,000. He has also a personal, literary and political autobiography in hand.