

frown, again you smile, then you laugh, and—well, no, I haven't seen you cry, but I suppose you do”.

“I mout, en then, agin, I moutn't”, she said shyly “Tell me how you want my face, Mr. Lyman, en I'll try en git it so. I want it painted right”.

“Put your heart in your eyes, little girl. That's the safest plan, whether you are to be painted or not. Don't give it away, or wear it on your sleeve. Let's go in”.

In the house they found the other Sal. Frank looked at her curiously. She was a very much faded picture of Sallie,—there was the curly hair, but grayish and rough, the fresh complexion was deadened to dull sallowish tints, and the mouth was purple and chapped.

“By jove!” exclaimed Frank to himself, “could little Sallie ever look like that, and talk in such an ear-splitting squeak. These mountain women must age rapidly, if they are faded at thirty”.

A fortnight passed, and it was well into the third week of his stay, when Frank put the finishing touches to his picture. The two sat in Sallie's favorite spot, and the painter was working rapidly, as he always did.

“One moment, one moment, Sallie”, he said eagerly. “There, even I must admire it. Come and look, Sallie”.

She gazed breathlessly over his shoulder.

The background of the picture was composed of great trunks, and lower branches of the mountain trees, exquisite in tint and coloring. In the foreground a little brook tossed over stones, and posing herself on one of these was a girl with white star-flowers in her curly hair, and her hands full of the pure blossoms. Her heart, her soul was in her beautiful eyes, and a little smile parted the sweet lips. In its simplicity consisted the beauty of this work. It was grand, and in after days it won for the painter much of the fame he longed for.

“Well, Sallie, how do you like it?”

“O—, I caint tell how lovely it ah, Mr. Lyman. I never war so pretty as that ah”.

“Yes, you are. It's exactly like you, Sallie, my dear. You are the prettiest girl I know. I'll tell you what I'll do, little one. When I go home, I'll make you a copy and send it to you”.

“When you—go home”, she repeated slowly. “I haint thought yit of you a-goin' home”.

(To be concluded in next number.)

ELLA NORRAIKOW.—The Countess Ella Norraikow has, so far as journalism is concerned, an unique record. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and when very young one story from her pen was published. After this came marriage and travel over the limits of the world. Finally, after the death of her husband, coming to New York, she met her present husband, an exiled nobleman, was married to him, and decided to devote herself to literary work. The countess has contributed to all the local newspapers, as well as to the *Detroit Free Press*, *Youth's Companion*, and other publications. She is at present occupied on a volume to be called *Russian Life*; the upper, middle and lower classes. She has also written of the police and spy system of Russia, and a brief History of Nihilism—Fannie Aymar Mathews in the *Cosmopolitan*.

## Our Contributors.

### AT LAST.

*In limine est lumen, est animam*

A DIEU, thou circling source of glory  
That through my lonely window shines  
Dappling my couch with splendours hoary!  
Farewell, thou Day, that low declines;

And thou, sweet Eve,—ye twilights tender,—  
Ye friendly stars, 'mid falling dew,—  
White maiden-queen, of softer splendour,  
Regent of midnight skies,—adieu!

Adieu, fair world! thy face adorning,  
These fading eyes no more shall see:  
Once, lit thy purple pomps of morning  
And throbbed thy flowery breast for me.

Ye minstrel-winds, adieu! ye mountains,  
With piny harps whereon ye play!  
Ye cymbal-waves, and fluty fountains!  
Others shall list the things ye say.

Ye friends who weep to see me lying  
With mortal paleness on my brow,  
Rejoice; for Love and Song, undying,  
Have filled my years and crown me now!

For sun and moon and stars of heaven.  
Sunsets and risings, ever new,  
And winds and waves, have emblem given  
Of glories I am going to.

And Song is there—supreme, victorious!  
And Love is there—divinely sweet!  
And Beauty there shews ever glorious  
The steppings of her radiant feet!

Yea, Truth and Life, fair angels, find me,  
Wending up my appointed way;  
Frailty and fear I leave behind me;  
Awake, my soul, for it is Day!

There sainted souls and birds immortal  
Swell of delight the mighty sun;  
Thou warden bright, under the portal!  
Is it a dream that I have come?

Farewell, vain hopes I loved to cherish  
When heart was high and thought was new!  
Farewell, ye dreams that brightly perish!  
Ye lingering loves, a fond adieu!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

CANADIANS AT HARVARD.—We notice among the names of Canadians at Harvard College, the following: W. A. Taylor, St. John; Benj. Rand, Cornwallis; W. E. Ganong, St. Stephen; E. W. Nicolson, Liverpool; M. Chamberlain, St. John; T. T. Davis, Oxford; J. A. and C. H. McIntyre, Springfield, (N. B.); R. J. Burkitt, Halifax; E. R. Morse, Paradise; S. St. C. and S. A. M. Skinner, St. John; W. T. Raymond, Hampton; F. W. McLeod, Charlottetown; Edward Fulton, Lower Stewiacke; A. J. B. Mellish, Charlottetown; and Prof. Frank Eaton, of Nova Scotia. Several of these are professors in the university.—*British American Citizen*.