

Felt, and half blamed herself because she felt,
That he who held her captive to his will
Was, like a caged bird, pining to be free—
Free, but if free, freed only from herself,
Slave to the beauty of her sister Nell.
The boding gaze of sad mistrustful love
Could not be blinded, and, resigning hope,
Grace sighed, "O God! my life's short dream is o'er!"
Yes! it was true: with every passing hour
Doubt grew to full conviction, and the date
Fixed for her wedding-day was close at hand.
At hand! Grace shivered; will no pitying power
Unravel deftly this entangled skein,
And save their lives from life-long wretchedness?
Mere chance, it seemed—Grace said the hand of God—
Cut the coiled knot. One eve, at set of sun,
She, with her wayward lover, strayed along
A narrow path that bordered on the sea.
Lighthearted Nell, above them on a cliff,
Was gathering sea-pinks, and with warning cries
They strove to check her daring, but the girl,
Who knew no fear, scarce heeded them, until,
With venturous arm outstretched to cull a flower,
She fell, head foremost, from the crumbling ledge
Sheer to the waves, and, grazing with her brow
A smooth-worn boulder, floated out to sea,
Crying, "Dear Edward, save me!" He, half crazed,
Plunged in, and, swimming with victorious stroke,
Caught the frail form, and bore it to the beach.
In madness o'er the senseless maid he hung,
Called her "Sweet Nell," and sobbed, "Come back to me—
I cannot live without you, sweetest Nell!"
And Grace, with breaking heart, was looking on.

In aftertimes she told the fisherfolk,
"I did not marvel—could not think it strange
That the light fancy of the lad had veered
From me to her; for, when that night I scanned
My own grave features, and then looked upon
That fair young blossom as she lay at rest,
Like a bruised lily, on our little bed,
I thought how sweet she was, compared with me,
And felt no touch of anger that the child
Had twined round Edward's fickle heart, when well
I knew how closely she had twined round mine.
And so, next day, I said to Edward: "Dear!
I think you will not blame me when I say,
Take back your vows and pledges, for I feel
I am too sad a woman for your wife,
Nor shall I marry any man on earth.
Take Nellie—for she loves you well, I know."

So, when in time the colour had come back
To Nellie's cheek, the three were of accord
That the gay madcap should be Edward's wife.
Fresh plans were formed. Said Edward: "I will go
To a new world beyond Australian seas,
And seek my fortune. I am strong of arm,
And cannot fail where there is work for men;
And, when my life has prospered, I will send
Home for sweet Nellie, and you, too, must come,
Dear Grace, and live with us where'er we be."
"Nay, brother, nay," Grace answered, with a sigh
(Such sighs are breathed by broken-hearted maids),
"That cannot be. My home is here, alone,
Here, by my father's grave, until I die."
Thus the stern sacrifice of self was made
For two, whose shallow natures failed to gauge
The deep devotedness of woman's love.

Adair had sailed, and Nell, betrothed, was left
To bide the summons from beyond the sea,
Watched o'er, like some inestimable gem,
By her whose heart was bleeding all the while.
Grace toiled, and saved, and lived for Nell alone,
Training her tenderly to be the wife
Of one whom still she cherished in her dreams
As the sole star that once had lit the gloom
Of her young life, and then had faded out.
The end drew near: a letter came at last,
Nell's first love-letter. How the fairy smiled
And blushed to read the golden words of love
That Erin's sons coin best of all mankind!
It told of Ned's prosperity and health,
Of solid wages paid for solid work,
Of town and country, climate and the rest.
There was a draft, too, on the seaport bank,
Made out in favour of the careful Grace,
To pay Nell's passage, buy the wedding-dress,
And all things fitting for a lovely bride;
And last, not least, within the letter's folds
Nell found, close-muffled in some silken floss,
A tiny ring of Australasian gold,
Fit for the finger of the Fairy Queen.
All soon was ready. Morn, and noon, and eve,
Grace, with a self-denying love that seemed
Too strong for nature, too sublime for earth,
Yielded sweet service to the restless girl,
Who hourly chid the leaden-footed hours,
And sighed for wings to waft her o'er the main.

The day of parting came: beside the quay
A giant steamer lay, prepared to house
The thousand emigrants that thronged the decks.
Oh! sad the sights, unutterably sad,
That met the gaze upon that crowded wharf—
Fond mothers, folding in their arms the necks
Of stalwart sons; grey-haired, decrepit sires

Invoking blessings on the heads of those
They could not hope to meet again on earth;
And tearful lovers, parted for a time.
There, too, were Grace and Nellie. From the huts
Of the poor hamlet tender-hearted dames
Had joined the sisters, wishful to assuage
The bitter anguish of the last farewell.
Grace scarce could speak; with deep convulsive sobs
She strained weak Nellie to her throbbing heart,
And murmured, "Nellie, love, God bless you both!"
The deck was cleared of strangers; then a band
Struck up "St. Patrick's Day" to drown the noise
Of groans, and prayers, and blessings, and laments—
Back surged the crowd—the gangways were withdrawn—
And the huge steamer, with its joyless freight
Of Erin's exiles, slowly moved away.

An hour went by: Grace still was standing there,
Still gazing o'er the green Atlantic waves,
Rapt in deep thought. Softly the women came
And touched her, saying, "Dearest Grace, come home."
She answered, meekly, in pathetic tones:
"Kind friends, I ask your pardon, leave me here.
Pray, be not vexed—I fain would be alone.
Grant me this favour, for I am not well,
My heart is aching. When the night has come,
Perhaps I shall be better. God is good!"

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

IN THE CHURCH OF THE GESU.

Feeling vastly as if we were about to "do" St. Peter's, Rome, Slowbridge and I sauntered, one Saturday afternoon, not long since, to the Church of the Gesu.

Arriving at the entrance, a notice, placarded to the right, announced to the public, viz., Slowbridge and myself, that a pamphlet containing descriptions of the frescoes and paintings was obtainable from the sacristan. While we were debating as to which aisle would the soonest bring us there, the massive centre door was pushed slowly from within, and a woman, shrouded in black, issued from her retreat. She had such a sad, unsmiling countenance that we almost feared to question her, and when Slowbridge, gaining courage, spoke, she was answered in that dull monotone which belongs to misery alone.

Following her directions we soon gained the vestry. Here there was a slight delay. The priest was being interrogated by one of his flock, and so we had to wait with the patience which comes from necessity. When our object was made known, the reverend father hurried away, returning in a few moments with two pamphlets, entitled "College St. Marie et Eglise du Gesu." We bowed our thanks and clasped the precious pamphlets eagerly, while I made a suggestion timidly: "Shall we bring them back afterwards?"

He smiled a little at this. They were twenty-five cents each—"a small trifle; it went to the church." Here we discovered that one book would suffice for us both; Slowbridge paid for it, I carried it, and thus things were even!

An air of supreme solemnity was throughout the holy building; it seemed sacrilege to even whisper commentaries upon those life-depicted figures. Here and there were stray worshippers—women, who had stolen in from their work for comfort and courage; some children, with curious, staring, uncomprehending eyes; a few men, bearing the mark of life's bitter struggle in their forms and faces. What sight more beautiful, more touching, than to witness a strong man bent before God's altar in prayer? It brings before one so vividly a vision of Him "who was wounded for our transgressions."

What pages of life's unwritten history may be read in a place such as this! "La grande dame," in her silks and furs, sobbing out her sorrow in the confessional, while her carriage awaits her at the door; the poor widow praying close by for forgiveness and strength. They are sisters in sorrow, these two, though they know it not, though they pass each other, touch each other in the aisle. An old man, with snow white hair and serene countenance, is saying his rosary, while a child kneels beside him following each movement. Presently the child spies the waxen figure of a monk; so life-like, so death-like is it, that the child's curiosity must be appeased. Cautiously, on her hands and knees, she creeps, until her hand touches the carved features. Their cold ghastliness fills her with fear; she retreats hastily, and, reaching the old man's

side, slips her fingers into his, reassured at the living contrast!

Fearful of disturbing those in prayer, we pass slowly and silently from one fresco to another. Above the High Altar a realistic representation of that grey morning at Golgotha keeps us spellbound, the cross, freighted with that most wonderful sacrifice, standing out against the sky. The weeping women at the foot, the merciless men, "gazing unmoved at what they had done"—even the camels standing by, so natural in every detail, add startling reality to the portrayal.

St. Ignatius, in the cave of Manresa, and the crucifixion of three Japanese martyrs, Paul Michi, John de Goto and James Kiso, in fresco, are worthy of admiration for their execution alone, while the representation of the death of Fathers de Brebœuf and Lallemand, who, by the hand of the Iroquois, perished at the stake on the shores of Lake Superior, March 16th and 17th, 1649, gives us an insight into the suffering of those who have done so much for our country and Christianity.

While we were meditating before the features of St. Francis Xavier, the students of St. Mary's College had entered; they fill the south transept. One seats himself at the organ and then their beautiful Lenten Litany rises on our ears. St. Francis Xavier is forgotten as the soul-stirring supplication swells through the church, and we, too, fall on our knees.

"Sancta Maria," chimes one rich, rare voice.

"Ora pro nobis," the choir of fresh young voices takes up the strain.

"Agne Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri," blend they all as one voice, and the sun steals in through a high window and slants down on the sweet boy singer. An impressive sight, the devotional band of boys on their knees in the gloom of the transept, while the form of their fair young leader rose by the organ, rapt in the sunlight of a springtide afternoon, and to our fancy the sweet face of St. Cecilia looked on and listened with approval.

We had gone to admire, to criticize the walls' wonders, but we had gained something greater than an afternoon's amusement—we had gained a deeper consciousness of that life which is *the life*; yet, as we step out into the busy, noisy street, where wealth and poverty, joy and misery, met and passed each other by, it seemed as though the peace of the church could not be so near. But still that divine petition was ringing in our ears, echoing in our hearts—

"Agne Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri."

Montreal, April, 1889.

FERRARS.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

His grandfather was a confectioner, whose son got a government appointment, and was able to send the Beau to Eton and Oxford. Of course the only profession he could enter was that man-milinary affair, the Tenth Hussars. So little did he know of the business of an officer that on parade he never could find his troop. Fortunately, there was a soldier in it who had a great blue nose, which served as his beacon and his guide. One day the soldier was absent, and Brummell, late as usual, was looking out for him. The old Colonel thundered, "Why don't you find your troop?" "Why, Sir, said the imperturbable Brummell, "I am looking for my nose." At last he gave up the army. The regiment was ordered to Manchester, and he really had to draw the line at that. On one occasion Brummell thought, or pretended to think, himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand after one night's lodging that he was in error, he told a friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in." Manchester seemed not to be good enough to stop even one night in.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

M. Charles Richet, editor of the *Revue Scientifique*, Paris, is investigating heredity in man, and invites information from correspondents respecting remarkable instances of the transmission of powers.