

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Aye, give her Empire! for she sits enthroned
On the firm basis of her people's love;
Our glorious Monarch! with rare virtues crowned,
Victoria, Queen, anointed from above!

The setting sun casts no departing rays
On her dominions wide, from shore to shore,
And they will bask in his meridian blaze
Till the firm fiat, "Time shall be no more."

Now may the glad New Year auspicious dawn,
With great prosperity its days be crowned;
Neath her mild rule may anarchy be gone,
And blessings rich be scattered all around.

Eastward the star of empire takes its way,
With pomp and pageantry, to Delhi's gate;
Rulers and chieftains, subject to her sway,
Gather in regal Oriental state.

Let the famed jewels bright of India's land
Flash out their smiling welcome on the scene,
And all the lands, gift by her "cord strand,"
Hail to their Empress! our own gracious Queen!

And let the trumpet notes sound loud and long,
And deep reverberate o'er hill and dale;
Let Britain bring her offerings of song,
Australia's distant lands take up the tale.

British America sends her greeting,
Bright welcome, for our Sovereign Lady's sake;
"The fiery artery, with lightning beating"
Doth all a nation's "boval thunder" wake.

See! England's royal standard is unfurled,
The "Star of India" lights the gorgeous scene;
One hundred guns proclaim to all the world
Victoria, Empress! may "God save the Queen!"

The proclamation's read, the thousands cheer,
The Empress' crown shines radiant on her brow,
And all throughout her Empire, far and near,
In loyal fealty to her sceptre bow.

Another crown awaits Victoria's brow,
When her bright reign is closed in righteousness,
And with the hosts redeemed, she'll cast it low
Before the exalted Jesus, Prince of Peace!

Glasgow, N. S.

L. D.

IN THE GREEN WOODS.

PART I.

IN THE WOODS.

"I should think so, indeed," Godfrey was made a hero among the ladies of the party at once. Some of them had settled it among themselves that he was in love, or nearly so, with a single lady of the party, Mary Hapscott, who, they were very sure, was in love with him. Whether Mary Hapscott shared in the conviction it would be difficult to say. She was not over young, very brilliant, and a thorough woman of the world; such women are not apt to be deceived as to a man's feelings; but Godfrey Garth was innocently a very dangerous man, and some very *cassees* women had been deceived by his manner. He was handsome, as all heroes should be, of the large heroic type of beauty all women admire, but seldom see, and like most heroes in real life, he was conscious of his appearance; but what he was not conscious of was his manner, which without meaning anything more than friendly interest, was apt to be caressing towards women, and had already got him into several little difficulties. It is so very natural for a woman, when she sees a man of whom she thinks favourably, listen to her with a deep interest she believes is tender, speak with a caressing tone, care for her comfort with a manner that appears to express feeling more than gallantry; to believe he loves her, especially if she is pretty and knows men are apt to love her; and so he had the reputation amongst some of being a male flirt. But never was a flirt so innocent! He liked women, felt tenderly towards them all, in fact almost loved them all; but on the other hand he had such strength of character, was so good a judge of it in others, and so extremely fastidious in his tastes, that he was a person very unlikely to be prejudiced in favour of any one because of theirs in his favour, or to allow his more tender and still deeper affection to be misplaced.

Thus it was that Mary Hapscott when she heard Godfrey speak of Marie as being so different from her surroundings, felt a jealous pang, and she did the man she loved the injustice to believe that she counted for something in his solicitude for the poor woodcutter.

The next day Mary Hapscott proposed that they should all go to the Ribards farm with Godfrey. It would serve as a pretext for an excursion, and they could replenish their camp stores with perishable articles such as butter and eggs which had run short; the reason seemed sufficient and was hailed with delight, Godfrey being the only one who saw an obstacle to the proposal. He was afraid of the effect of the excitement such an irruption would cause Pierre, but they all promised to remain in the garden and his hesitation was got over; but Mary Hapscott, who could not believe Godfrey would have any serious anxiety about a peasant, believed his objection had been on account of Marie.

The next great question was, how to go? The ladies could not walk, but that was got over by Godfrey proposing they should walk a couple of miles to the place where he had heard the news of Pierre's accident, and then the man who drove him over would have convenience for taking them in a rough way.

The ladies put up a few little delicacies from their camp stores for Pierre, and thus they went.

After much jolting over rough roads they arrived at the farm and were regaled in the garden with honey, fresh butter, milk, and such delicacies as the farm afforded; they were waited upon by Marie with whom Miss Hapscott pretended to be charmed, asking her if she would not come to live with her as her maid, when she learnt from Marie that she wanted as soon as spring came to do something to make herself independent.

Meantime Godfrey was in the house with his patient whom he found regaining his strength and able to talk and thank his preserver.

The poor fellow's gratitude was almost painful; he would have given Godfrey anything he had, and entreated him to accept Jean, his beautiful, faithful hound which he certainly held dearer than anything he owned in the world. The offer touched Godfrey who declined to accept it, but conceived a great liking for the good, simple fellow.

When the ladies had left the camp Godfrey came again and again to the farm; finding Pierre was fond of reading and improving himself, he brought him several books which he had with him to while away the evenings in camp.

The days went by and Pierre's leg got gradually better, but still Godfrey and his companion lingered in the woods. The weather was lovely and Marie such an inveterate sportsman that, as long as Godfrey chose to remain, he would be content; they both loved a hunter's life and made excursions for a day or two sometimes, but always returning to Hart Lake as their headquarters; and then Godfrey would go over to see Pierre, sometimes staying for hours. Marie was very fresh and piquant, Pierre quite an intelligent companion.

The visits of the splendid hunter were delightful episodes in Marie's existence; she had never seen or spoken to such a superior mortal before, and had never got quite over the awe with which his unexpected appearance and skill had inspired her; then he took such kindly interest in her pursuits, even making her tell him all her past life, and involuntarily even her present thoughts and feelings, for alas! Godfrey's manner had again been doing its mischief. It was so easy to get interested in a pretty young woman, out of her place in these rough surroundings; their very roughness even making her seem more refined than she was, and feeling this interest, what so natural as to show it?

With a view to relieve the monotony of her life he talked to her a great deal of Montreal and the great Republic over the line. These conversations usually took place out of doors. Pierre was still too weak to go out, but Marie had frequent little expeditions on hand and Godfrey sometimes unthinkingly accompanied her part of the way; at others he would not go a step, but taking his gun he would stroll off into the woods close by. This was all watched by poor Pierre who believed every time Marie left the house with Godfrey that she was with him the whole time.

Loving Marie as he did, he could not imagine but that every other man must do the same. The thought having once entered his brain was not easily to be dislodged—everything he saw but confirmed his suspicion. Godfrey's kind, playful manner and tender friendly smile could to Pierre's simple imagination mean but one thing; he felt that he would give worlds to possess that smile which in him would mean so much. He watched Marie when Godfrey was there and seeing how animated she was in speaking to him, how her frank vivacity, the sparkling vivacity of old France contrasting as it does so strongly with the manners of her children on this side of the Atlantic, whose gaiety is but noise—bubbled forth when he questioned her about her native country, its customs, ways. And then he heard her singing to him her soft Provencal airs, instinctively of course, but gaily, melodiously, as such airs should be sung, and as he lay in his bed (the house possessed no couch) he turned his head to the wall in an agony of grief. He knew very little of social distinctions and he never doubted a moment but that Godfrey was in love with Marie; he could not conceive any one being often near her without loving her. He knew not that compared with women of the world to which Godfrey belonged, Marie was uncultured, almost uneducated, and, at least very unlikely to satisfy completely the usual demands of more refined taste.

As Pierre watched he was tortured between his feeling of gratitude to Godfrey and jealousy of him. He compared himself with him, and wondered how he could hope Marie could love him when she looked at Godfrey; even his stature and strength of which he had been proud was equalled by that of Godfrey; and the grace, he knew he had not, he could not help admiring. He at times felt he hated him, and then he hated himself for the feeling of ingratitude, but how could he be grateful for a life he no longer valued? Death was welcome if he must lose Marie! How hard it was to grudge this man anything! But Marie! He grieved as he thought of her. If it would make her happy could he say or wish anything that would interfere with that happiness?

He felt that he could have almost killed any other than Godfrey who had won Marie from him, but Godfrey he loved and hated at the same time.

Things were in this miserable state with Pierre when Marie and her aunt went to Quebec to make autumn purchases. They were to be gone three or four days.

The first and second day Pierre saw nothing of Godfrey, which now appeared proof enough that he had come only for Marie; but the third morning Godfrey made his appearance, and with complete unconsciousness said that he was going back to Quebec. Pierre's heart gave a great throb of pleasure at the news. Godfrey once away, who knew but that he might win Marie after all, and then his heart sank again at the thought that if Marie did love, and was like himself, how very little the mere absence of the loved one would incline her heart to another.

When Godfrey announced his departure, Pierre supposed he meant when Marie came back; it did not seem possible to him that Marie could be a mere accident in the life of a man who seemed to take pleasure in talking to her, as Godfrey had done; it was with astonishment that he heard him say when he rose to leave:

"Well, Pierre, my friend, I hardly know when we shall start, to-morrow morning or next day, and probably I shall not have time to come again, so I will say good-bye now. Your leg is all right and you will have the use of your foot as well as ever, if you take care of yourself. I shall be this way in the spring and shall drop in and see you."

"Going, sir, to-morrow—and Marie?"

"I am sorry I shall not see her before I go; you must say good-bye to her and your mother for me."

Pierre was so astonished he knew not what to say; he was glad, and when he remembered that but for Godfrey he might have been a cripple for life, yes dead—how far more than life he owed him—the old gratitude surged up, and yet through it all there mingled a vague fear that Marie might suffer and be unhappy.

"I owe you so much, sir, I hope I hope I shall some day be able to do something to show my gratitude, not for saving my life—I don't know that that will be of much value to me now—but for saving my leg; to have lived a cripple would have been far worse than death."

"Your life of not much value? Of course it is, to you and to those dear to you—your mother, Marie, and everyone you love. You would not say that if you had seen them as I saw them when I came here; but you had better go out into the air and sun now; you are getting low and melancholy. Good-bye again; I will see your father as I go through the woods."

"Will you not accept Jean from me? I have nothing else that would be of use to you, and I would like you to have him; he is a good dog."

"No, my good fellow, keep your good dog; but if you want to repay me, do a good turn to any poor fellow who comes in your way."

"Indeed, I will."

"Well, good-bye again; don't be impatient to try your strength and you'll be all right."

And Godfrey left. Pierre was stunned with surprise. It was clear to him now that Godfrey did not love Marie; but what if he had made her love him for his amusement? Unsophisticated as Pierre was, he had heard of such things, and he ground his teeth at the thought that he might be bound by ties of gratitude to one who might have played with Marie.

PART II.

IN THE CITY.

Meanwhile, Marie was enjoying her trip to Quebec. It was the first time she had been in a Canadian city, and Quebec delighted her. She never tired of looking at the shops, and she and her aunt were in the streets all day long. The second day they were there, while admiring a milliner's window, a tall, beautiful lady, magnificently dressed, came out. Marie was surprised by the lady stopping before her.

"Ah, Marie, I am so glad to see you; I want to know how your brother is progressing; isn't he your brother?"

Marie now recognized the lady as the one of the party who had been to the farm with Godfrey, and who had asked her to be her maid. "My cousin is getting well fast, thank you, mademoiselle."

"I am so glad. And so you and your mother have come to the city for a few days, I suppose."

"Yes, mademoiselle; we always come to buy our winter stores, Pierre and I, but this autumn, as he could not come, I thought I would bring Marie. Marie is my niece, mademoiselle, from old France, the daughter of my sister who—"

"I think mademoiselle has heard it all, aunt," said Marie, arresting her aunt's volubility, and fearing Miss Hapscott might laugh at her.

Miss Hapscott smiled sweetly.

"I am glad you have such nice weather, and now I want you to let Marie go with me; I will drive her round the city and bring her back to you in an hour or two."

Madame Ribard was only too glad for Marie to have any pleasure; and Marie was delighted with the idea of going about in Miss Hapscott's beautiful carriage. Once seated in it, however, she felt awkward and ill-dressed, and out of place, but her new friend soon put her at ease by talking to her pleasantly and showing her the different objects of interest they passed; then she made Marie speak of her home life, and all that went on at the farm now that Pierre was ill, and it was not long before she found out that Godfrey was a frequent visitor there, and exactly the terms on which they were.

"And so you often see Mr. Garth?"

"Ah, yes; he comes very often, and is so very kind; now Pierre is disabled there is no

one to go fishing or shooting for us, for uncle has to do the work of two, and has no time; but Mr. Garth often brings us fish and birds. O, yes, he is very good and kind."

"And very handsome, isn't he, Marie?"

Miss Hapscott fixed her lovely eyes on Marie as she spoke.

"Yes, very handsome, but so good."

"Yes, and you are quite a pretty girl. Do you know if you were a lady I should be very jealous of you, Marie; but I know he is too good to make love to any one he could not marry. Still engaged men are so thoughtless that you must take care of your own heart, little girl."

Marie blushed painfully, and her heart beat faster. With all her simplicity she saw that the lady had an object in what she had just said—the object of warning her—and though she passionately felt the warning was unnecessary, she tried to feel it was kind of her to take such interest, and speak so sweetly when she might have scolded her. But try as she would, she could only feel resentful; but she bravely strove to keep back the tears, and appeared unmoved as she said:

"Mr. Garth has been very good to Pierre, who is like my brother, but there is nothing more; he only thinks of me as a little country girl, and I think of him as a great, good doctor, that's all."

Marie looked through the carriage window, and dared not turn her eyes towards Miss Hapscott for fear the tears should fall. The streets had no more charm for her, and although Miss Hapscott was very pleasant, and told her when she was married she must come to town and see her, Marie was very thankful when she rejoined her aunt.

Poor Marie felt many years older, as she went back to the farm, and yet she hardly knew why she should feel so changed to find Mr. Garth was going to be married. No wild idea of his marrying, or being ought more to her than he was had ever entered her mind; she had never thought about it; and yet he seemed so much more to her than anyone else; he had seemed to take such friendly interest in her; surely he could not be so very kind to everyone he met? Of course he must marry Miss Hapscott, or some one else, and she would never see him again; it was nothing, he was nothing to her; but it would be very hard to go back to that old dull life into which no brightness came. Yet, how ungrateful she was to God, who had spared Pierre who was dear as a brother to her, and brought her there with those who cared for her, and loved her! But Pierre, too, would marry, and then there would only be herself and the old people in that drear house.

Tears of self-pity filled her eyes as she thus pictured herself.

When they arrived home, Pierre was sitting out on the porch to welcome them. With the refinement he had caught from Marie, he had filled the place with autumn flowers, and he had taken his station in the open air to show them how well he was. Nevertheless, he looked so sorrowful that Marie and his mother feared he was worse. They did not know that his suffering was caused by the wound he feared he would inflict on his beloved by telling her Godfrey had gone. Yet it must be off his mind. As soon as Madame Ribard had related every item of her adventures, and how Quebec looked, and what ridiculous fashions were worn, and enlarged on the disgusting laziness and stupidity of everyone, and how Marie had been driving about with the beautiful lady who had come to the farm, then she said:

"And now, mon fils, how is that excellent Monsieur Garth?"

"He has gone home; he bade me wish you and Marie 'Good-bye.'"

"Gone home? So suddenly?" almost screamed Madame Ribard, and she had a great deal to say about it in voluble French, and Pierre, with rare delicacy, turned toward the window that he may not see Marie's face; he feels it might reveal a grief she would not wish him to see.

"But, aunt, it is not so surprising; you know I told you he is to be married to Miss Hapscott, and naturally he wishes to be with her."

Pierre turns round at the clear, unfaltering tones. "Can it be Marie who, he had expected, would have quietly escaped to her room after the announcement he had made, to struggle alone for composure? His heart beat with a great delight and hope! Could he have been mistaken all this time? He looked at Marie; she was very calm—too calm, had he but known it; but in his joy and happiness, he saw in it nothing but her indifference to Godfrey."

From this time he made rapid progress; he took frequent walks with his crutch and Marie for support. What walks those were in which Marie was so gentle and kind, never now indulging in those saucy little humors which had delighted while they made him miserable. Now her manner was so tender and subdued that he found courage, one day, with faltering voice and broken words, to tell Marie the story of his love. Very badly he told it, as earnest lovers are apt to do, but his words went to Marie's heart.

How good and true this honest fellow's words were, which vainly strove to express all he meant, compared with the loving manner of Godfrey Garth.

Pierre waited for her answer, watching the expression of her face, and when she turned towards him with eyes full of tears, upturned to her, he caught both her hands in his and drew her to him.

"Well, dear Marie?"

"O, Pierre, I am not worthy."