

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

KNUD IVERSON,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, BASED ON AN INCIDENT OF HISTORY.

BY
GEORGE ARTHUR HAMMOND.

SCENE I.—A rural district. IVERSON alone.

Knud Iversen.—Whispering a syllable that stirs my bosom,
Trips the sweet zephyr, stoops and kisses me;
Recent from hill and orchard, o'er her robes
The odorous season has poured out its vial.
And, while the bright hour moves to melodies,
My heart is wakeful.

Gladness steals upon me
Like golden sunbeams through the foliage
That fall and flicker on a dancing rill,
A summer morn, which cannot choose but sing,
Rejoicing in existence: I am such.
For God has built the earth most daintily,
And me a living essence, to pervade
The labyrinth of its loveliness; or be
A star to wink upon it from the deep
Blue quiet heaven of God.

I would I were
An angel wholly. But long years, perhaps,
Long weary years and sadness-shadowed days—
And hours like rich pearls strung on threads of
gold,
And mingled thoughts, and ornate earthly doings—
Which to me yet are climes beyond a sea,
A continent untravellered, but oft dreamt of,
May pass before me ere I shall be such.

The humming bird midst wealth of blossoms lives,
It chirps or darts or pauses unconfin'd,
It sips the sweet dew in its graceful motions,
Gleaming and volant. It cannot conceal
Its changeful plumes, its joyous attributes:
The hour that rules in gladness is its riches.

The zephyr wakes not with a menial touch,
While days—fair Neophytes—walk forth in gold,
With beauty crowned and richly garlanded:
Neither can I. My heart replies to pastime
Industriously as honey-bee in June.
I run, I laugh, I sing, and am withal
A very summer bird; and know not yet
That there is winter, cloud, or raining tears
In this fair world of dreams. But who comes here?

[Boys running in the distance.]

There is a thought let down the mystic jar,
A nucleus of crystallization, which
Selects, attracts the fluctuating atoms
And evanescent points of earthly good,
Transmuting them to pure and durable gems.
It realizes more than alchemist
E'er dreamed of in his most extravagant mood.

Enter two boys.

First Boy.—Knud Iversen!
Second Boy.—What say you to a ramble?
Knud Iversen.—Whither?
First Boy.—Along the river by the gardens.
Knud Iversen.—Fair sights grow by the river,
pretty gardens.
Kind leisure serves me, freedom and the will
To gaze, and gazing is participation:
For I love innocence and joy.
Second Boy.—And we
No less than you: so come.
First Boy.—We will have fun!

[Run off laughing.]

SCENE II.—By a river.

Enter KNUD IVERSON.

Knud Iversen.—The broad deep river holds a
heart of glory,
Wherein the earth and heaven delight to sit
Tranquil and lovely. Even that drifting cloud—
Which, like an Island of the beautiful,
Floats silver-rimmed in a surpassing sea—
Disdains not the slow waters, but goes down
Like the bright angel of the sacred scroll,
Who in the holy city sought the Pool,
And made it healing. Surely there is health
In such pure prospects, more than had men think.
The universe should hold but innocent hearts
Of gladness, and resound with songs of rapture.

Enter a boy.

Boy.—What doing, Knud?
Knud Iversen.—Thinking.
Boy.—You lose the sport.
Thinking—when we are playing! Think alone
When none are near you. Only greybeards think.
Come and be merry.
Knud Iversen.—Go—I come anon.

[Exit boy.]

They think not: I am younger and yet think.
What is the earth for but to make us think?
And life and death, and time, and chance, and
change,
And good and ill—should these not make us ponder?
Life unto some how sad, to many how short,
To all uncertain, and beset with snares,
Eventful, perilous, holding wide extremes.
Thus I have read: conjecture and surmise
Being the peaks of rock on which I stand
To look about me. Having climbed thus high,
Only thus high, and gazing towards a land
Cloud-canopied.

But sunlight plays around me,
Waving its glittering staff. Yet in my heart
I feel that I am in a fallen world.
Surely it is enough to make one sad:
But there is healing, yes, a glorious way.
Of life in God through Christ. In Him I hope.
Kneeling to Him I pour out all my heart.
Though sinful, unto Him I tell my wants.
Though halting, aye to Him I limp on my soul.
Does He not hear me from the mercy seat?
Can He not aid me through the journey of life?
Will He not take me to His bosom of love?

[Voices in the distance calling.]

Those lads are boisterous in their urgency.
Peace—soon I come.

Musing would be my choice
Amid such beautiful scenes, which ever awe me,
Charm me and soothe me, with their tongues and
shapes
Of glory and joy in endless combination.
O wondrous euphony. O marvellous skill.
O matchless wisdom. And Thou art my Father,
Maker, Redeemer, Thou who gavest me these!

Would I could watch the earth ere Eden saw
The sin that slew our gladness. Garden of God,
Would I could see thee as thou wast! Could fly,
With the volition of an angel, moving
Through the illimitable space, so far
That the remotest images of things,
And paradise of God, would just be fitting
In rainbow hues on light's untiring wings,
Fresh with first laurels. That would be a sight.

On the white walls and bright emblazoned panels
In the great gallery of eternity

Shall I behold them photographed? Or read
In book of space traced by the finger of God?
A charm o'erlades the weird and wondrous past.

When I become an angel, possibly
With simple effort of my will, I shall
Step forth amidst the ages that have gone,
With night and day, millions and millions of
leagues
Beyond conceivable distances, and made
Large entrance on the infinitude of space.
In that great cavern of eternity
All things are floating freshly in their glory.
There I shall see the wild absorbing past
Traced by the pencil of Heaven with golden light
In the great roll of an infinity.

O what a future awaits me—up with God,
A theatre of revealing. I must walk
A marked—perhaps a rough way—circumspectly.
The path to life is narrow—must enter in
Through the straight gate. Assist me, Stooping
One.
I have my lesson for the holiday,
The sacred season, diligently conned.
'Tis well, and I will go. Stay, I am with you.
[Exit, running.]

SCENE III.—Before a garden.

Enter KNUD IVERSON.

Knud Iversen.—Thought falls like dew on life's
historic flower.
I am weary with the sport—and pause.

[Sits down on a stone.]

It is the autumn time, and goodly fruits,
Like living witnesses, stand up around
Throughout this garden. O'er the pleasant paths,
Rare flowering trees supply a grateful contrast.
Empowered passages, and blooming brinks,
And flowing walks in graceful curves, afford,
Midst narrow limits, ample boundaries.
Fastidious taste has lavished all its skill,
Laudably copying nature unconfin'd.
And birds the beautiful are fitting round.

All these allure me to the Garden of God,
And Tree of Life whose leaves will heal the nations.
My heart like autumn bird forsakes this clime.
My thoughts like birds of spring flock up to
Heaven:
Like birds they seek the shrubby mountain side.
From transitory life, though newly waking,
Superior attraction leads me up.

Just as the young swan loves the spreading lake;
Just as the bobolink first tries its wings,
Just as a traveller caught amidst a crowd
Feels where his purse is hid instinctively;
So do my aspirations evermore
Creep to my Saviour in the holy heaven,
Or tottle onward to my Father's knee.

While yet earth dazzles, its enchantment's broken.
The alluring halo of imagination
Surrounding all this subliminal state,
Pales in the glory of a clearer light.
Or rather, something to my apprehension
Has been address of the Delightful World,
Where there is neither death nor woe nor sin,
Where glory dwells, and progress has no bar.

[Boys in the distance calling.]

Yes, I am coming presently—go on.
There is a bustle in this meagre life—
What turbulence of joy! But halcyon days
Sleep in the distance, like fair city spires,
Near a deep river on the further side,
Bathed in the peaceful silver beams of night.

[Rises and goes away.]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Garden near the River.—A group of Boys.

Enter KNUD IVERSON, running.

First Boy.—Knud Iversen, O see what loaded
branches.

Don't they look nice!
Second Boy.—How tempting!

Third Boy.—How inviting!
Knud Iversen.—Red apples moving in the golden
sunshine;

Great pippins, peeping through the velvet leaves,
Like laughing faces from a cottage lattice
Embowered with vines.

Fourth Boy.—Come, boys, we'll have a share.
What say you? Let the supplest quickly fetch
them.

Knud Iversen.—They are not ours, therefore we
must not touch them.

First Boy.—We are too clumsy to evade the
barrier.

Second Boy.—Some little fellow, Knud, just like
yourself.

Fourth Boy.—Yes, Knud, such silly scruples!
You are small.

Knud Iversen.—Too small to steal.
Fourth Boy.—We would not call it stealing.

Second Boy.—And who would miss them?
Fourth Boy.—Yes, or notice you?

So what prevents? Run quickly, bring us some.
Second Boy.—Trees grow for all; we have a right
to them.

Knud Iversen.—They spring and flourish by the
bright plumed sunbeams,
That perch upon them all the rustling years,
Summer and winter. But who makes them grow?

Third Boy.—What but the earth?
Fourth Boy.—And earth is just as much ours as
anyone's.

Third Boy.—Yes, and the apples too.
Knud Iversen.—We have no right to them. The
apples are God's.

Who gives them to the owner of the garden.
I'll never touch them.

Fourth Boy.—Don't be quite so stout,—
What if we make you? Stubborn twigs have bent.

Third Boy.—They grow for all, and we would
like to taste them.

And so would you.
Knud Iversen.—I do not covet that
which is not mine. Nor could I go unnoticed.

Have I not thoughts, and they would notice me?
Is there not one above would notice me?

And would they not be missed? O yes, myself
For one would miss them. The robbed trees would
rise.

Where'er I turned, and crave their rifed fruitage.
Day, night, the earth, my thoughts, and God would
lead me

With just reproach. Think now if I can do it.
Even you who urge me onward would despise me.
So go your way.

[Attempts to run away; they lay hold of him.]

Boys.—Nay—nay—you go not so.
First Boy.—Bring us some apples; needn't eat
yourself.

Fourth Boy.—You cannot help it; it is our
decree:

And we compel you: so the fault's not yours.
We'll bear the brunt and blame; then do it.

Knud Iversen.—No!
Fourth Boy.—You won't indeed! We'll make
you—come!

Knud Iversen.—I cannot.
I dare not. If I dare, I would not do it.
So let me go.

[He struggles to get free. They drag him into the river.]

First Boy.—Now go—taste the water.
Fourth Boy.—Choose quickly. Come, let's duck
him in the river.
Knud Iversen.—Surely you will not drown me?
Third Boy.—Drown you—no.
Fourth Boy.—Down to the bottom. Answer, will
you?

[They plunge him: he struggles.]

Knud Iversen.—Oh!
First Boy.—We want the apples; will you bring
them to us?

Knud Iversen.—I cannot sin.
Fourth Boy.—Duck him again!—again.
Now hold him to the bottom till he begs.

[Knud Iversen drowns.]

SCENE V.—The same.

Spirit of KNUD IVERSON rises from the water.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—I have been sleeping:
but the dream is past:
I rise to consciousness. Surely a change
Has rippled o'er me. Who are those that run?
Where am I? Have I left the river of death?
Surely it cannot be! Is death thus gentle?
Can I believe it? Yet, a form lies sleeping.
So blanched, so still—the body of my abode!
Quiet beneath the stream.

What new impressions!
All things are changed, and I like one awaking.
[An angel passes in the distance.]

O smiling messenger! The calm that sits
Upon his countenance, leads to my heart
A peaceful and mighty river. Canst thou tell me
Why I am here? Have I indeed come through
The doleful gateway?

[Music.]

O the sweetness!
How far off and how rich. It floats from Heaven.
A wreath of shining ones! and in the midst,
One clothed with marvellous joy. They bear him
up

With songs triumphant.—Yes—Hosanna—yes!
Some of them I have seen. They wave their hands,
Intent upon their errand—like the first—
Another—he has scarcely tasted death:
While feasting on the mountain tops of lore
The archer smote him—but the King was there.
Though unattended, I am not forgotten:
I know in whom I trust.

O the expanse
Of wonders which is opening! Rings of holy ones,
Thick sown as stars, with golden instruments
And snowy vestments moving. All employed:
The myriads do God's bidding, go or wait:
Delightful occupation! Now there rises
A pyramid of angels. On its summit,
In arms munificent, with exceptional glory,
I see a saint. Immortal transports swift
Succeed to torture and the dungeon cell
For Jesus' name borne meekly: It is well.
How the Great Father by appropriate ways,
On endlessness of rich diversity
Takes up his loved ones to their Sabbath rest.
The gate's ajar: bliss seems surmounting bliss,
Glory o'ertopping glory, as I look.

[Enter an angel.]

Angel.—Hail, him of God! This crown he sends
to thee,
This robe of dazzling whiteness—all his own,
With, well done, good and faithful servant, enter
The gladness of thy Lord.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—O how unworthy!
Angel.—The worthiness of Christ thy Lord is
thine.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—A crown of thorns was
his—and this for me!

Angel.—One of his jewels—fear not, little one.
Spirit of Knud Iversen.—O let me go with speed:
I ask to kneel

And lay these honours at my Saviour's feet.
Will the vast way be long?

Angel.—We can go thither
In twinkling of an eye. Such speed is ours,
That light the nimble messenger must lag
Millions of ages behind.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—But yet I see not
Half way to the pearly gates. Are they not hidden?
Others have looked beyond while in the body.

Angel.—Our master—thine and ours—has many
methods

In taking his loved ones home. He sits a King,
And heaven's chief gladness is to watch his will,
And wait to do his pleasure.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—I remember
Of having heard of one whose frail weak frame
Sickness had wasted. Bound on couch of pain
Long had she languished; when one blissful morn-

ning
She sprang up with strange strength, stretched
wide her arms,

As if to clasp him, and exclaimed, my Saviour!
'Twas said and she was gone. Did He indeed,
The Great and Lefty One, come to her couch,
And bear her in his bosom to her rest?

Angel.—His ransomed are his own peculiar care—
That is but little for our God to do.

Whilst marshalling countless starry systems, float-
ing

Like wisps of light around his glorious feet,
He superintends the most minute affairs.
An atom to a world is tantamount.

And ample field to show his infinite skill.
Much yet to learn, but endless years are granted,
In which to scan thy Saviour's marvellous works,
And note his care

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—O, scarcely have I
thought,

But shall I know the loved ones who are gone
A little before me? Thou seemest not a stranger,
Though never before beheld. But will they know
me

The dear ones of my heart, who through the cross
Have gone on high triumphantly, made meet
For heavenly glory?

Angel.—Most assuredly,
And presently in Paradise of God
Thou shalt be with them.

[Distant singing.—A single voice saying.]

Child of God, the bliss!
Angel.—The bliss in store for thee, even yet thou
knowest not.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—They come with songs.
[Enter a company of angels, saying.]

Angels.—With everlasting joy
Upon thine head; with ravishing voice of music
From Him whose right hand holds upon its palm
All that are—thou shalt be welcomed in.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—O, inconceivable grace!
And me the least—

A mote in floods of the great golden sunshine
Of God's rich mercy. Lead on, bright ones, lead:
My crown—myself I'll lay down at his feet,
For he alone shall be exalted.

Angels.—Praise!
First Angel.—A moment yet and thou shalt see
unveiled

Thy Father, thy Redeemer, the Great God.
Angels.—All things are thine.

Spirit of Knud Iversen.—Yes, in his book of love
Thus much is written. I called, he answered me:
O, what an answer he gives! High heaven is open:
The bow-enrolled Throne! My Saviour sits
Thereon. Innumerable multitudes,
Blood bought, blood washed!

Angels.—Let us go up. Praise God
[Disappearing singing.]

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TALES
OF THE
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

At Montreal the young wanderer found no
trace of the woman described by Renshaw.

He enquired at hotels, at boarding-houses,
at the institutions, at the Water Police, and
City Police offices; learning only that persist-
ency in seeking this person drew unpleasant
attention to the enquirer. Conway detectives
had telegraphed to confrères of the unwinking
eye in Montreal to be alert; a prison sparrow
of the Eliquister importation was on wing.

The refined manner, piety, exalted moral
sentiments of the gentle prisoner as reported
outside with perversions and commentaries, by
Luggy the key, and Luggy the son, confirmed
detective opinion that she was one of the most
adroit confidencias who had ever fluttered
across the orbit of lock and key.

During the time of the youth's weary and
fruitless enquiries, Lady Mary Mortimer was
charming society at foot of the Mountain, she
in turn more than charmed. And prior to de-
parture in search of this young gentleman, or
some who might know where he should be
found, the lady held a reception. After which
several citizens of distinction went by the
same train West. On their own business
affairs, no doubt, or on a pleasure trip to en-
joy the sumptuous drawing-room coaches of
the Grand Trunk. But cynicism affirmed that
the eminent citizens travelled on this occa-
sion to prolong the honour of sitting near
Lady Mary; or if compelled by pressure to be
in the second, third, fourth or fifth car apart
from her, to enjoy the honour of bowing on
arrival platforms, and of occupying rooms at
her next hotel.

And small wonder if they did. Not often,
if at any previous time since railways touched
Canada, had a lady visitor come fitting in,
gone fitting away, whose name, title and fame
had sweetened so many city drawing-rooms,
columns of so many newspapers.

In England, three weeks earlier, a reporting
journalist of the Lords' gallery, addressing the
Duke of Sheerness in the lobby, said:

"Your Grace, private accounts have reached
me from Canada by way of New York, which
I feel constrained to disclose. Lady Mary
Mortimer, for some purpose in her numerous
philanthropies, went to the States and Canada:
and having assumed an obscure name, has
been treated as a criminal. She is now serving
a term in gaol at a place named Conway, in
Canada. My informant enjoins absolute se-
crecy in all, but to mention the misadventure
to your Grace, or some member of her lady-
ship's family."

"Can this be true, Mr. Urlythorn; what
reason does your correspondent offer for his
secrecy?"

"It is enjoined on him by Lady Mary."

"We expected to hear from Lady Mary in
Algeria, or Morocco. She went to Italy as we
understood; saying she might also visit Algiers.
Shouldn't have been very greatly surprised,
though alarmed perhaps, had intelligence of
her captivity come from Algiers or Morocco.
But Canada! Your informant ought to have
known his name was a necessity in this mat-
ter."

"I feel it to be a necessity. And may dis-
close who the writer is without giving the
name. It is her ladyship's secretary."

"Expected as much; and the secretary says
he was enjoined to ———?"

"To silence, but could not remain wholly
silent. He entreated me to convey the fact to
some member of the family. I could not
think of any to whom it might be named so
suitably as your Grace."

"Really obliged, Mr. Urlythorn; much
obliged indeed. This is serious. In prison
as a criminal. Heaven! what can that mean?
I'll start for Canada at once. In turn, please
let me entreat confidence from you. Lady
Mary Mortimer serving a term in gaol! Jove!
what can that mean!"

The Duke of Sheerness was Lady Mary's
nephew, aged about twenty-six, as already
mentioned. Being unmarried he could travel
at once without explaining to any the cause
of unannounced absence from London.

Taking but one servant the Duke embarked
at Liverpool on the steamer to Montreal, just
then starting. It happened that in the same
ship Captain the Hon. Evelyn Pinkerton was
a passenger; going out to serve on the staff
of General Sir Kenneth Claymore, K. C. B.,
commanding H. M. troops in Canada East.
Captain Pinkerton was son of the Earl of
Enderwick, and of that "dashing Countess"
named some pages back. He partook of his
mother's dash in large degree, and had on the
ship several fast horses, grooms and other ser-
vants. The Captain was elated to have his