

hear of, was so signally punished? Neither do we hear of Noah being found fault with for being 'drunken,' and some of the oddest apologies are made for him in the circumstances, by preaching men, who would not be slow to consign Christopher to Gehenna for the same 'mistake.' And yet in the sacred writings, Noah is not only *not* blamed but is classed alongside of two of the best men the world has yet produced. Can it be consistently held that Noah, a noted preacher of righteousness, and so eminent for his piety as to be the only person eligible by divine scrutiny to be the new progenitor of the human race, by being alone preserved through the deluge, while all others, excepting his family, were destroyed, could be so forgetful of the claims of duty and of gratitude to God, as to go to the reputed extent, into sensual indulgence, and thus incur the displeasure of a sin-hating God, and yet be allowed to pass without censure or condemnation. Sin of any description is followed by the hidings of God's countenance from the sinner; but according to common belief, here is Noah with the fumes of his wine still about him, made the vehicle of a Divine communication. Is it possible to conceive that the aged patriarch, when waking from a drunken sleep—cross and irritable, and in a state in which we may consistently believe the prophetic spirit would have no communion with him—should pronounce a prophetic anathema affecting the future destiny of millions of his posterity and yet that curse be fully executed in the course of ages, by the providence of God? And on what grounds is the curse pronounced? Does not the Patriarch himself appear more at fault than his son who found him in his reputedly undignified condition?

Now Christopher cannot see consistency in these things, nor yet the proper dignity of Divine Revelation in the circumstances as stated in our common version of the Scriptures. He therefore believes that there is an error in the translation of this passage relating to Noah, and that the venerable Patriarch *did not get drunk at all*. He therefore takes up his Bible, turns to the passage and reads thus:

Gen. IX. 20. "Now the man Noah cultivated the ground; also he planted a vineyard. Then he drank of the wine, and he was satisfied: for he himself opened the inmost part of the tabernacle, when Ham the father of Canaan, exposed the symbols (sacred furniture) of his father; which he declared to his two brethren without. But Shem with Japheth had taken the vestment, which both of them set up for a portion; thus they afterwards went, and concealed the symbols of their father; with their faces backward; but the symbols of their father they saw not."

Ham's offence was profane intrusion into the most holy place, a crime worthy of the most condign punishment.

REVISED FOR PURE GOLD.

EYRION.—PART IV.

A NEW ORIGINAL POEM.

BY WILL HENRY GANE.

PART THE FOURTH.

THE RESCUE AND DEDICATION OF EYRION.

The frost king had vanished
In a haze of golden splendor—
In a haze of mellow glory.
The white and fleecy mantle
Of pure, unsoftened beauty—
Like the vestments of the angels,
Has taken wings and wandered
To the great, and wide blue ocean,
Where the mighty constellations
Perform their revolutions.

It is spring-time! lovely spring-time,
When the violets are peeping
From among the grassy hillocks.
When the birds are singing gaily
In the depths of the old forest—
In the light and lovely forest—
In the green and balmy forest.

They have chained him to a sapling—
A young and pliant sapling,
In the heart of the old forest.
They have chained him for a purpose,
That they may sacrifice him
To the God of the Hereafter.
And he stands there, brave and fearless.
The man of brain, the man of muscle,
The man of heart, the man of sinew,
While the sun is sweetly shining
Through the trees of the old forest.

The chieftain of the Mohawks
A great and mighty warrior,

Seizes the glittering war-axe—
The fatal, cruel war-axe,
And he hurls it with a power
That is almost superhuman,
With a skill so very fearful,
At the very heart of EYRION!
But a monarch of the forest—
A royal and antlered monarch,
Bounded just before the victim
And received the fatal war-axe.
Thus EYRION was rescued
By a power that is mighty,
That belongeth to Jehovah
Who governs the universe
With wisdom unapproachable—
And a goodness without parallel.

A very aged chieftain,
A father of the Mohawks—
Of the great and mighty Mohawks,
Laid his hands upon our hero
And blessed him with a blessing
That contained a mystic power;
That enabled him to conquer
All the dark and strange diseases—
All the cruel ills and sufferings
That the angry spirit showered
On the disobedient people.

There was EYRION, noble EYRION
Working out his retribution,
'Mong the red men of the forest.
He blessed them, and he healed them,
And, when the great death angel
Robbed the happy little wig-wam
Of an inmate, it was EYRION
Who closed the weary eyelids,
And wrapped them in their blanket—
Their old and cherished heirloom,
And laid them where they slumber
Underneath the swaying branches
Of the monarchs of the forest.
Where the birds are ever singing
Their sweet and happy fragments
Of songs pure and holy—
Of songs sweet and dreamy.

PART THE FIFTH.

ION.

It is summer now, and glory
Lies upon the eastern hill-tops,
A sweet and graceful glory—
A calm and balmy glory.
The world is just as peaceful.
Just as calm, and just as holy
As that most sacred hour
When the words of love are whispered!
When the mystic words are spoken,
That change the revolution
Of the life of man and woman!
Making them more good and holy—
More grand, and brave and lofty.

Out among the fragrant flowers—
The violets and daisies,
Out among the chanting choristers,
Out beneath the swaying branches
Of the monarchs of the forest,
A boy, brave and happy,
With hair as bright and golden
As the dancing of the sunrays
In the mellow Indian summer.
You would know him in a moment,
Despite the curious costume—
Despite the painted features,
To be ION, son of EYRION.

Let us leave them—leave our heroes
Until twenty golden summers
Have been numbered with the dying!
Let us leave them in the forest.

Through the sweet and balmy spring time,
Through the cold and chilly winter.
If it please the mighty Spirit
That dwells above the tree-tops,
In the fabled land of forests—
Of shining rills and rivers—
Of rich and verdant meadows,
In the happy hunting ground,
In the land of the immortal.

PART THE SIXTH.

THE RE-APPEARANCE OF MONSALVASCHE—
THE CASTLE OF THE GRAL.

It is autumn; and the glory—
A soft and fleecy glory
That we call the Indian summer,
Drowns the world in light and splendor!
So dreamy, so delicious,
It seems to be a foretaste
Of the everlasting summer
That lies beyond the tree tops.

Twenty golden summers
Have blazed the old St. Lawrence—
The chanting old St. Lawrence,
Since we met upon her waters—
Her tossing, tumbling waters,
That is ever chanting dirges
For cold and sightless dreamers,
For loved and lost darlings
Underneath the rippling surface.

Listen! Oars are splashing!
Boats are coming down the river.
Very gently, very slowly,
Just as sweetly, just as careless
As dead leaves floating downward
With the current of the river!

Another boatman, rowing upward,
Pulling hard against the current.
He is brave, and strong, and noble!
Despite his curious costume
You would know him by a halo
Of hair light and golden!
The boat-men come together
Upon the smiling river!
There's a rippling of the water
Upon each little boat keel!
The oars are poised a moment—
A holy, mystic moment.
EYRION whispers as though dreaming,
"ION! is it ION?"
A pause for just a moment,
Like the fading of the lightning
Before we hear the thunder,
Then a voice of manly vigor
Answers, like one awaking
From some dark and gloomy day dream,
"We have met at last, MY FATHER!"

As they gaze toward the sunset
The outlines of a castle—
A grand, and lordly castle
Was pictured in the halo
Of the purple mist of evening.
It was the MONSALVASCHE,
The CASTLE OF THE GRAL—
Ingersoll, Ont.

THE END.

Tales and Sketches

FROM HEARTH AND HOME.

The Mystery
OF
METROPOLISVILLE.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,
Author of "The Hoosier School-Master," "The End
of the World," etc., etc.

SAWNEY AND WESTCOTT.
CHAPTER XXI.

'Well, Gray,' he said 'how are you?
Have you written any fresh verses lately.'

'Varses? See here Mr Charlton, do you 'low this 'ere, is a time for varses?'

'Why not?'

'To be shore! Why not? I should kinder think yer own heart should orter tell you. You don't know what I'm made of. You think I a'n't good for nothin' but varses. Now, Mr. Charlton, I'm not one of them air fellers as lets themselves all off in varses that don't mean nothin'. What my pones say, that my heart feels. And that my hands does. No, sir, my po'try's like the corn crap in August. It's laid by. I han't writ nary line sence I seed you afore. The fingers that holds a pen kin pull a trigger.'

'What do you mean, Gray?'

'This 'ere,' and he took out a pistol. 'I wuz a poet; now I'm a garden angel. I tole you I wouldn't do nothin' desperate tell I talked with you. That's the reason I didn't shoot 't'other night. When you run him off, I draw'd on him, and he'd been a gone sucker eft hadn' been fer yore makin' me promise 't'other day to hold on till I'd talked with you. Now I've talked with you, and I don't make no promises. Soon as he gits to makin' headway agin, I'll drap him.'

It was in vain that Charlton argued with him. Gray said life wont no 'count no how t' he had sot out to be a Garden Angel, and he wuz agoin' through. These 'ere Yankees tuck blam'd good keer of their hides, but down on the Wawbosh, where he come from, they didn't valley life a copper in a thing of this 'ere sort. Ef Smith Westcott kep' a shovin' ahead on his present trail, he'd fetch up kinder suddent all to wonst, weth a jolt.

After this, the dread of a tragedy of some sort did not decrease Albert's eagerness to be away. He began to talk violently to Plausaby, and that poor gentleman, harassed now by a suit brought by the town of Perritaut to set aside the county-seat election, and by a prosecution instituted against him for conspiracy, and by a suit on the part of the fat gentleman for damages on account of fraud in the matter of the two watery lots in block twenty-six, and by such trouble arising from his illicit speculation in claims—this poor Squire Plausaby, in the midst of this accumulation of vexations, kept his temper sweet, bore all of Albert's severe remarks with serenity, and made fair promises with an unruffled countenance. Smith Westcott had defeated Whiskey Jim in his contest for the claim because the removal of a dishonest receiver left the case to be decided according to the law and the regulations of the general Land Office, and the law gave the claim to Westcott. The Privileged Infant, having taken possession of Jim's shanty, made a feint of living in it, have moved his trunk, his bed, his whiskey, and all other necessities to the shanty. As his thirty days had expired, he was getting ready to pre-empt; the value of the claim would put him in funds, and he proposed, now that his blood was up, to give up his situation, if he should find it necessary, and 'play out his party little game,' with Albert Charlton. It was shrewdly suspected, indeed, that if he should leave the Territory, he would not

return. He knew nothing of the pistol which the Garden Angel kept under his wing for him, but Whiskey Jim had threatened that he shouldn't enjoy his claim long. Jim had remarked to several people, in his lofty way, that Minnesota wuz a healthy place fer folks weth consumption but a drefle sickly one fer folks what jumped other folk's claims when they wuz down of typus. And Jim grew more and more threatening as the time of Westcott's pre-emption drew near. While throwing the mail-bag off one day at the Metropolisville post-office he told Albert that he jest wished he knowed which mail Westcott's land-warrant would just come in. He wouldn't steal it but plague ef he wouldn't have it off into the Big Gun River, accidentally a purpose, ef he had to go to penitensh'ry fer it.

But after all his weary and impatient waiting on the badgering of Plausaby, Albert got his land-warrant, and hurried off to the land-office, made his pre-emption, gave Mr. Minorkey a mortgage with a waiver in it, borrowed two hundred dollars at three per cent a month and five after maturity, interest to be settled every six months.

Then, though it was Friday evening, he would have packed everything and hurried away the next morning; but his mother interposed her authority. Katy couldn't be got ready. What was the use of going to Red Owl to stay over Sunday? There was no boat down Sunday, and they could just as well wait till Monday, and take the Tuesday boat, and so Albert reluctantly consented to wait.

But he would not let Katy be out of his sight. He was determined that in these last hours of her stay in the Territory, Smith Westcott should not have a moment's opportunity for conversation with her. He played the tyrannical brother to perfection. He walked about the house in a fighting mood all the time, with brows drawn down and fist ready to clinch.

He must have one more boat-ride with Helen Minorkey, and he took Katy with him, because he dared not leave her behind. He took them both in the unpainted pine row-boat which belonged to nobody in particular, and he rowed away across the little lake, looking at the grass green shores on the one side, and at the bass wood trees which shadowed the other. Albert had never a happier hour. Out in the lake he was safe from the incursions of the tempter. Rowing on the water, he relaxed the strain of his vigilance; out on the lake, with water on every side, he felt secure then. He had Katy, sweet and almost happy; he felt sure now that she would be able to forget Westcott, and be at peace again as in old days when he had built play-houses for the sunny little child. He had Helen and she seemed doubly dear to him on the eve of parting. When he was alone with her, he felt always a sense of disappointment, for he was ever striving by passionate speeches to elicit some expression more cordial than it was possible for Helen's cool nature to utter. But now that Katy's presence was a restraint upon him, this discord between the pitch of his nature and of hers did not make itself felt and he was satisfied with himself, with Helen, and with Katy. And so round the pebbly margin of the lake he rowed, while they talked and laughed. The reaction from his previous state of mental tension put Albert into a sort of glee: he was almost a boisterous as the Privileged Infant himself. He amused himself by throwing spray on Katy with his oars, and he even ventured to sprinkle the dignified Miss Minorkey a little, and she unbent enough to make a cup of her while palm and to dip it into the clean water and dash a good solid handful into the face of her lover. She had never in her life acted in so indignant a manner, and Charlton was thoroughly delighted to have her throw cold water upon him in this fashion. After this, he rowed down to the outlet, and showed them where the beavers had built this dam, and prolonged his happy rowing and talking till the full moon came up out of the prairie and made a golden pathway on the ripples. Albert's mind dwelt on this boat-ride in the lonely year that followed. It seemed to him strange that he could have had so much happiness on the brink of so much misery. He felt as that pleasure party did, who after hours of happy sport, found that they had been merry-making in the very current of the great cataract.

There are those who believe that every great catastrophe throws its shadow before it, but Charlton was never more hopeful than when he lifted his dripping oars from the water at half-past nine o'clock, and said:

"What a grand ride we've had!
Let's row together again to-morrow evening. It is the last chance for a long time."

A young lady of Philadelphia has invented an improvement in sewing-machines, which will adapt them to the manufacture of sails and other heavy goods, something heretofore impossible.

Froude says that the ablest of living naturalists is looking gravely to the courtship of moths and butterflies, to solve the problem of the origin of man, and prove the descent from an African baboon.

BRANWELL BRONTE.

It was my fortune, many years ago, to make the acquaintance of Patrick Branwell Bronte, the gifted and unfortunate brother of the authoress of "Jane Eyre." Those who have read the life of Charlotte Bronte, written by Mrs. Gaskell, will remember the vivid and revolting picture she draws of the unhappy Branwell—a picture, in my judgment, altogether overdrawn, and far too highly colored. The young man had his failings, very grave and sad ones, but he was by no means the reckless profligate that he is represented to be by Mrs. Gaskell. He fell into evil courses during the last year or two of his life. He drank deeply, and disturbed thereby the peace and happiness of his family. They took his misdoings very closely to heart—perhaps too closely. He had his private griefs, and was not strong enough to carry them on his own shoulders. His family treated him unwisely, and spurned him when he most needed their love and forbearance. They also, no doubt, felt deeply wronged by his conduct, and allowances must be made for them; but it is quite clear that their indignation conquered their charity. His sins were not unpardonable, and he paid their full penalty.

Whatever he was, even had he been a criminal and an outlaw, instead of sinning in a direction whitherward tend all the unclean passions of mankind, and through a fascination of cause which has lured thousands and tens of thousands to destruction and death, it was no part of Mrs. Gaskell's duty, as the biographer of his sister, to consign him to ignominy and scorn; and, having done her worst to blacken his name and memory, take to the chanting of Pharisaical litanies over his doom. There is such a faculty as silence, and it was esteemed so highly among the ancient pagans that they exalted it into a god; and, if Mrs. Gaskell had tested its power in this case, the scandal might have been less offensive. It is no bad maxim that, when one can say no good of a man, 'tis better to say nothing.

Branwell, during the latter part of my acquaintance with him, was much altered; for the worse, in his personal appearance; but if he had altered in the same direction mentally, as his biographer says he had, then he must have been a man of immense and brilliant intellect. For I have rarely heard more eloquent and thoughtful discourse, flashing so brightly with random jewels of wit, and made sunny and musical with poetry, than that which flowed from his lips during the evenings I passed with him at the Black Bull, in the village of Haworth. His figure was very slight, and he had, like his sister Charlotte, a superb forehead. But even when pretty deep in his cups he had not the slightest appearance of the sod that Mrs. Gaskell says he was. His great, tawny mane, meaning thereby the hair of his head, was, it is true, somewhat dishevelled; but, apart from this, he gave no sign of intoxication. His eye was as bright, and his features were as animated, as they very well could be; and, moreover, his whole manner gave indications of intense enjoyment.

We talked a good deal about his sisters, and especially about Charlotte. He said he believed that more strangers had visited Haworth since the acknowledgment of the authorship of the novels than had ever visited it before, since it was a village. He described some of the characters with much gusto, and found himself, as Charlotte's brother, almost as much an object of curiosity as she was herself.

He complained sometimes of the way he was treated at home, and as an instance related the following:

One of the Sunday-school girls, in whom he and all his house took much interest, fell very sick, and they were afraid she would not live.

"I went to see the poor little thing," he said; "sat with her half an hour, and read a psalm to her and a hymn at her request. I felt very like praying with her too," he added, his voice trembling with emotion; "but, you see, I was not good enough. How dare I pray for another, who had almost forgotten how to pray for myself! I came away with a heavy heart, for I felt sure she would die, and went straight home, where I fell into melancholy musings. I wanted somebody to cheer me. I often do, but no kind word finds its way even to my ears, much less to my heart. Charlotte observed my depression, and asked what ailed me. So I told her. She looked at me with a look I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old—which I never shall. It was not like her at all. It wounded me as if some one had struck me a blow in the mouth. It involved ever so many things in it. It was a dubious look. It ran over me, questioning and examining as if I had been a wild-beast. It said, 'Did my ears deceive me, or did I hear aright?' And then came the painful, baffled expression, which was worse than all. It said, 'I wonder if that's true?' But, as she left the room, she seemed to accuse herself of having wronged me, and smiled kindly upon me and said, 'She is my little scholar, and I will go and see her.' I replied not a word. I was too much cut up. When she was gone, I came over here to the Black Bull, and made a night of it in sheer disgust and desperation. Why could they not give me some credit when I was trying to be good?"