

said, with a smile, and there the subject dropped; but in his heart he knew that his mother's prejudice was quite unshaken.

She refused, with a grim courtesy, the invitation to Cristine's wedding, though she did not attempt to keep her son from attending it, saying indeed that she would be glad to hear, on the evidence of an eye-witness, that it had really taken place, as she was always in fear that Israel Bonjuda would discover some fresh wickedness on his betrothed's part, and break the marriage off at the last moment.

Her fear was not justified. In the clear bright sunshine of a fine March morning, Cristine Singleton, arrayed in white velvet, Brussels lace, orange-blossoms, and pearls, knelt on the altar-steps, and rose up Baronesse Bonjuda. The ceremony was less ornate and splendid than quite suited the bridegroom's Oriental taste, the guests assembled were fewer in number than seemed right to his lavish hospitality; but he could find no flaw in the beauty or the splendour of his bride; and he look a proud and radiantly happy man as he walked, with astounding self-possession, down the long aisle, with that fair and shining vision on his arm.

Cristine's serene self-possession did not desert her on her wedding-day; she bore her new honors with a graceful ease that filled the Baron with rapture, and supplemented her mother's somewhat nervous hospitality with a ready tact of her own. Looking at her, Nora could hardly recognize in this smiling, coolly-gracious woman the tearful, pleading Cristine of the previous night.

Nora herself was painfully nervous at the beginning of the ceremony which inevitably brought back memories of her own tragic wedding. Arthur Beaupre, standing beside her, and Vance Singleton, watching her across the church, saw the color flicker in her face and the red lips quiver; but she controlled herself with a strong effort—perhaps the touch of Arthur's hand was reassuring, perhaps the calm of the sacred place fell on her spirit—and before the service ended the lovely face bore no trace of fear or trouble, only a sweet grave peacefulness.

Nettie was there, a radiant little matronly figure in garnet-coloured velvet and soft fur, by her tall husband's side; Mrs. Clare too, and Jennie; but Jennie for once, deserted both mother and sister to cling to Nora's hand—for the little cripple had taken one of her capricious fancies to the pale patient girl she had known as Miss Vansittart, and clung to her in and out of season with a persistency that once had all but cost Nora dear.

Not until the breakfast was over, and the necessary change of dress effected, till the carriage waiting to convey the bride and bridegroom to the station was at the door, did Cristine show any sign of feeling: then in saying good-bye to Vance, she threw both her arms around his neck, and whispered with something like passion—

"Try to think well of me in the future, Vance. I have been a bad daughter and a cruel sister; but—I will try to be a good wife."

There was no mistaking the fervent sincerity of the promise. Vance was too startled to answer at once, though he returned the embrace warmly, and, when breath and words came back to him, he saw his sister's fair face framed in the carriage window, smiling back in gracious farewell.

But, evanescent as that emotional outburst had been, it left a more hopeful feeling in Vance Singleton's mind.

"All's well that ends well, Vance," said his mother, with a sigh of full content. "I never thought, after all her disappointments and misfortunes, that Cristine would be a great lady after all."

"It is better than that mother," he answered gravely. "Once, not long ago I thought that Cristine would never be a good woman. Now I hope and think she will."

That afternoon, when the wedding-guests had taken their leave, when Mrs. Bruce, worn out with the fatigue and ex-

citement of the day, had stolen away to sleep off an incipient headache, Arthur and Nora found themselves alone. The bright chill day was fading into dusk, the lamps were gleaming in the gray haze outside. Within, only the ruddy firelight shone on Nora's warm velvet dress, on the slender clasped hands and sweet calm face.

She sat in her favorite attitude in the low chair beside the chimney-corner. Arthur, leaning with crossed arms on the top of the *prie-dieu* chair, watched her in silence, wondering whether her thoughts had taken flight. Then suddenly he spoke.

"Did you dread the ordeal of to-day, Nora?"

She winced a little, but raised her large clear eyes to his, with the instant answer: "Yes—it was terrible at first. I could think of nothing but that dreadful day of—"

She paused, with a shudder, and turned her head away. The wound had been sore and deep, and must be long in healing; yet Arthur Beaupre thought, with a sudden quickening of his breath, that he dared touch it—at last.

"The worst is over now, my darling!" he cried fondly. "There is no need ever to look back any more. Now, I have waited long and patiently for this moment, I must speak. My own love, you know what boon I ask, know how truly and unchangeably I love you. When shall my love meet with some reward?"

She trembled violently; but there was no repulsion in the attitude of the graceful figure, no anger in the fair troubled face. With a wild heart-throb, Arthur knew his cause was won.

"Nora, I have served as Jacob served for Rachel. When will my wife be mine?"

She rose and stood before him, a wild appeal in her great gray eyes.

"Arthur, may I be happy—dare I—is it right? My love, I love you so well, I would not do you harm."

"Harm, when you give me all I love on earth?" He clasped her to him in a lover's rapture, and kissed the red sweet lips to stay their pleading. "Dare you be happy, Nora? Dare to be any thing else when you are once my wife, and you shall see the tyrant I will be!"

She smiled; but a faint touch of the old trouble lingered around her lips and in her eyes.

"But you, Arthur—will you never regret that your wife has lost all that you used to praise in the old days—beauty and youth and gaiety of heart? See—I am almost an old woman!"

She touched the white lock with a pitiful upward look. He stooped and kissed them with a sudden reverent passion, though he answered cheerily—

"Calumnies all, Mistress Nora! I regret nothing on this day that makes you mine; and whoever says my wife is not the youngest and best and fairest of women must answer to me, her lover and lord."

(THE END.)

#### In The Choir.

During the sermon one of the quartette fell asleep.

"Now's your chance," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you can catch the tenor."

"You won't dare do that," said the contralto.

"You'll wake him up" suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that as sure as my name's Psalm," remarked the boy that pumped the organ; but he said it so solo that no one quartet.

Hawthorne once wrote: "If I were to meet with such books as mine by another writer, I do not believe I should be able to get through them."

Quitting to learn is beginning to die. Schooling is not only needed for girls and boys, but for men and women through every phase of life, if they would complete their career.

## Music and the Drama.

### Some Recent Concerts.

The choir of Parson Johnston, Hyf Meeting House, called to Metropolitan, will give a great Concerto of Sacred Hymns and Tunes, and likewise Worldly Songs, certain of which were sung in yore of our Lord 1679, and which will be once more played and sung in the Pavilion which is in the Gardens which is called Horticultural, on the 30th day of the month of May, N. S., under the direction of Father Holm Torrington, Timonist. The tickets will be Four York Shillings, and the people that like to be with the Deacons can have the privilege by paying One York Shilling more at the Harspacher's Store kept by one Suckling, near the crossroads called Yonge and Adelaide.

Mr. W. W. Laudor will give two recitals of chamber music during the semi-centennial celebration, assisted by the Toronto Quartette Club, and Mr. H. Jacobsen. Among others the following important works will be performed:—Schumann's grand quintette, for piano and strings; Saint Saens' Algerian suite, for two pianos (Miss McCutcheon and Mr. Laudor); Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata; Rubinstein's great sonata for piano and violin; Gade's romantic sonata for piano and violin; and Hensell's great F minor concerto. Both of these recitals will be varied by songs from prominent vocalists.

It is pleasant to be able to record the increasing appreciation by the public of the efforts made by the Toronto Quartette club to popularize the chamber music of the great masters. The club's fourth concert was attended by a very large audience, and the playing of the quartette, under Herr Jacobsen's lead, was characterized by much genuine artistic excellence. Miss Agnes Corlett sang one or two songs in her accustomed tasteful manner, being especially happy in Dr. Strath's new composition, (with cello obligato) "To an Absent Friend."

The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under Mr. A. E. Fisher's direction, produced Cumming's "Fairy Ring"—an attractive little cantata—at St. Luke's School house, Thursday last, before a very large audience. The soloists were the Misses Katie Heyes and Scott, and Messrs. Kitchener and Schuch, all of whom acquitted themselves in a very satisfactory manner. Miss Fisher, a sister of the conductor, made her debut as a vocalist, and sang "Bid Me Discontinue" in a manner that at once secured an imperative encore.

Mr. J. F. Thomson has secured Rafael Joseffy, the famous pianist, for two recitals during the first week in June. This celebrated performer was greeted by a very large and appreciative audience on his first visit to this city, and doubtless those who heard him then will be anxious to hear him again. The programme proposed is one of the finest ever offered to a Toronto audience.

Mrs. J. R. Adamson, the well known violinist, gave a highly successful matinee musicale at Messrs. Mason & Risch's music-rooms, Saturday afternoon, before a very large and fashionable audience. She was assisted by Miss Hillary, Mr. H. M. Field, and Mrs. Dick. The programme was a most attractive one, and many of the numbers received well merited applause.

Mr. W. Redstone, the well known tenor, of this city, recently made his first appearance before a Bowmanville audience, and although down on the programme for two numbers only, made such an impression that he was recalled four or five times before his audience was satisfied—a mark of appreciation which the artist doubtless valued very highly.

Herr Jacobsen, solo violinist, and Miss Agnes Corlett, soprano, have been engaged to support Claxton's Orchestra upon their tour through the Provinces early in June. Mr. J. F. Thomson has control of the business direction of the organiza-

tion. The manner of their trip will be sufficiently complete to include a special car.

Messrs. Sims & Pettit's highly successful military and spectacular drama, "In the Ranks," will be produced at the Grand Opera House next week. It has met with unusual success in London, New York and elsewhere, and will doubtless prove equally successful here.

"Sam'l of Posen" has made his bow to a Toronto audience. We are unable, unfortunately, at this present writing, to speak from personal observation of an impersonation which has won golden opinions wherever presented.

S. P. Warren the famous organist of Grace Church, New York, will give one organ recital at Bond St. Church, on the evening of July 4th, during the semi-centennial celebration.

The pressure on our space this week prevents our noticing the Trebelli Concert as its importance deserves. We therefore hold over our notice until next week.

Mr. J. F. Thomson is negotiating with Mr. Fredk. Archer, the famous English Organist, for a recital here, at an early date, which has yet to be fixed.

### The Iron Duke.

A writer thus describes the action of the Duke of Wellington during the memorable battle of Waterloo:—At every moment and at every place the Duke exposed himself with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions. While thus engaged several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his staff, and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he coolly observed—"That's good practice." Riding up to a regiment in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, my lads; we must not be beaten. What will they say in England?" On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest had fallen, and the event of the battle seemed doubtful, he said, with the coolness of a spectator—"Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used the common sporting expression—"Hard pounding, this, gentlemen: let us see who will pound the longest." One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the Duke that his brigade was reduced to one-third of its numbers, and that those who remained were so exhausted through hard fighting that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of necessity. "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field must die on this spot now or occupy." "It is enough," returned the general, "I and every man under my command are determined to share his fate."

### Portable Sunlight.

The *Mail* says: It is said that a syndicate has been formed somewhere, with very large capital for the purpose of developing an invention which will work a revolution in mundane affairs. It is simply an apparatus for collecting sunlight and conveying it over an electric wire to any point which it may be desired to illuminate. Such a result may seem impossible, but it is not more so than the telephone would have appeared a few years ago. The managers of fairs and exhibitions the advantages of such a contrivance would be enormous. On a gloomy day during the Semi Centennial week here the Committee could, for example, switch on to Montreal, or Boston, or New York, or whatever place might then be bathed in sunlight, and light up this city quite independently of the weather. It may not be wise, however, to discuss the matter till mere light is thrown on it.