

hunger to be where I might scan from my place the things which now to miss awhile is perfect satisfaction.

There is here, besides the big stone parish church, a humbler wooden one for the heretic Anglais—principally the owners of the ornate villas and the smart cottages near the hotel. Anglican bishops and canons have been here in the season and have assisted the Quebec "clergyman in charge" on Sundays and at the daily week-day prayers. It is only of wood—sweet and fragrant pine and birch—this little temple by the sea; but it is singularly chaste in its appointments, and from the first one loves the quiet, reverent service.

But in all this what of the sea itself? "Tell us," you will say, "of this."

Ah! when I try to write or speak of *this*, my pen and my tongue fail me.

Let me, then, first view it in its commonplace aspect. For bathing purposes the water is cold but invigorating, and along the beach are rude dressing-houses, for which, in this primitive place, there is apparently no charge. But the bathers, if sensitive, must protect their feet from the loose pebbles and the broken shale which everywhere abound. This shale—but now, as I write the word, I lose myself at the outset, and drift away into the regions of the ideal.

For what has the commonplace to do here? These rock exposures, these indescribable anticlinals, where, as our college-bred Felicia informs us, the soft Siluro-Cambrian mud has been folded and baked in the earth's heated centre, and worn by the ceaseless tide into forms so eccentric, and yet so perfect, that the eye dwells upon them with a silent rapture of satisfaction, for which words are all too weak. These divine *values*, these masses of light and shade of infinite variety of orange and soft dull red and grey and green. What in human art can equal, or in nature's heavenly handiwork surpass, them? I look upon them till the fulness of their beauty strikes me dumb.

For many days it had rained, and when evening had closed in we had gathered in our little snugery, with a blaze of fire in the sombre stove and Ludovic's hammock swinging picturesquely across the room, and had read aloud the adventures of the immortal "Pickwick."

We had not yet seen the moon. But on a certain impluvius night, as Felicia and I sat contemplative, on the edge of a cliff, whence a little path winds down to the beach, lo! over the purple hills on the farther shore shot out the crescent "Regent of the night."

Long ago, in childish days, I remember a picture—a common wood-cut—which held for me a singular fascination. It represented Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus to meet her Anthony. What possible connection could there be between this northern moonlight scene, this mighty river-sea, so vast and still, with only the solemn, spiritual sound of the waves lapping at our feet, and the one long silvery line of light where the moonbeams fell—all else in purple or inky shadow—and but one solitary ship, moving, phantom-like, "Over the waters, away and away." What possible connection, I ask, between this and that vivid pageant of Eastern magnificence in the fervid glow of Egypt's noon? Let psychologists answer. For as I looked, insensibly, my thoughts reverted from the one to the other, and I found myself repeating under my breath:

"Flutes in the summer air,  
And harps in the porphyry halls,  
And a long deep hum like a people's prayer,  
And with its heart-breathed swells and falls,  
And the river's murmur heard through all."

After a pause Felicia spoke. "Do you know," she said, "I have been thinking, sitting here, what a grand thing self-sacrifice is. To give oneself one's life for another—mine, for instance, for Ludovic or for you. I do not believe I should mind it much; indeed, I think I should be glad."

I looked at her. She had taken off her hat. Her face was very pale in the moonlight, and the wind, moving in her hair, stirred it, with a golden glint and shimmer.

"What do you mean by giving one's self for an-

other?" I asked. "Is it to die or to live a living sacrifice?"

"Oh! to die," she answered, quickly. "I do not say I should be willing to live a sacrifice." Then, reflecting, after a silence: "I do not know. Perhaps I might even rise to that. It would certainly be the grander thing of the two."

That moonlight night was the precursor of days of brightness. Mornings when the sea, veiled at first in silvery mists, blushed and kindled under the sun's matin kiss to tints of rose and primrose, and anon to fullest crimson and amber; when the white wake of the ships was flecked with hues of the rainbow, and the dancing yachts and fishing and pleasure craft seemed instinct with life as they shot over the sparkling waves. Noons of golden glory, and sunsets whose effulgence rolled at full tide into the soul, till metaphor seemed lost in radiant reality.

It was on one such evening that Felicia and I sought the beach for Ludovic, who was fishing with the inflowing tide. As we strolled downwards we could see him perched upon a rock in what seemed to us a shining waste of waters, but was, in reality, no more than a succession of small pools, formed by the advancing tide, over which the jutting rocks afforded a secure enough footing back to the mainland. The only danger would be from the slippery nature of the shale, covered as it was at such times with slime and dank seaweed. His rod was poised high in air, his head bent down, his attitude one of keen attention. I shuddered, for the thought came: What if he should move and miss his foothold by a single false step! He cannot swim. It has always been our playful taunt wherever he has gone, by sea or stream, and Felicia has vainly endeavored to stimulate his ambition by her own attempts. But the piscatorial art has sufficed him.

"Lu-dovic! Lu-dovic!" Felicia calls, and he turns his head and sees us.

He jerks up his line, with the silver tommy-cod dangling on the hook, adds the poor captive to the glistening string of its fellow-victims, and, waving the trophy in triumph towards us, begins to descend the rock. He is using all possible caution, but—another step, and, without word or cry, we see him slip into the water.

Transfixed to the spot, I cannot move or speak. The horror of it penetrates my soul for a single instant of consciousness, and then the physical infirmity which from childhood has been my bane overcomes me, and I sink, senseless, on the strand.

When I recover they are by my side, both of them, their garments still dripping wet, the seaweed still tangled in Ludovic's hair. Both their faces are pale as death, but smiling, though unwonted tears are in Ludovic's dark eyes and a strong tremour in his voice as he speaks.

"Don't be frightened; we are both safe," he says, "and Felicia is a heroine, and I mean to have her get a medal from the Government or from some one."

Felicia does not speak, but only smiles. We walk home, all of us, feeling the exercise safest for the two wet ones, though Achille has come with his cab and the doctor from the hotel, and a sympathizing crowd has gathered, some of whom have witnessed the scene and are loud in expressions of admiration of Felicia's courage and promptitude. She had, it seemed, plunged instantly into the water, encumbered as she was with her ordinary clothing, and, with rapid strokes, had reached Ludovic as he rose for the second time, had grasped his garments, and had swam with him to shore.

The wet garments are exchanged now for dry ones, and Dorothy, having kindled a fire in the stove, has brought us tea and cocoa smoking hot, and Ludovic, his natural warmth restored by active rubbing, has resumed his gaiety, and reproaches Felicia playfully for the loss of his fish.

"Now, if only you had saved them," he complains, "it would have been something worth while; but think of it—thirteen of them—a whole baker's dozen—gone at one fell swoop."

Felicia laughs, but I notice that her face is still white, and—is it fancy? a sudden spasm seems to contract it while the smile is still upon it. She says it is, and exchanges a rapid glance with Ludovic. But I catch the glance.

"What is it?" I ask, sharply. "You are keeping something back from me, both of you. I am sure you are."

"Oh, nothing of the least consequence," Felicia says. "I did not tell you, for you are so easily alarmed for us. It was only that, clambering up the wet rocks, after we came out of the water, I slipped, and—my back hurts me, just a very little."

Ah! my Felicia, when we sat by the solemn sea that night, and talked of the sacrifice of self, did we think how soon it would come for one of us? My white lily. I know that she can never be well again, never what she once was; but she will live, and for this I am thankful. She has taken up her cross bravely, and bears it as for Him.

"I wanted to do great things," she says, with a radiant smile through the sharp pain, "and now I can only suffer. But I remember what you told me long ago—I have never forgotten it—that

\* \* \* "Pain in man  
Bears the high mission of the flail and fan."

EROL GERVAISE.

## HUMOUROUS.

SEVERAL Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers, when one of them remarked: "Faith, I'm a brick." "And I'm a brick-layer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

VERY REASSURING.—How often do you get a new rope for this elevator? asked a stout gentleman, as the overloaded elevator slowly ascended to the tenth floor. Once every four months; and if we pull through safely to-day, we are going to get a new rope to-morrow, replied the elevator boy.

SHE had done something naughty and her mother had sent her off to bed a little earlier than usual, and told her she would punish her for it in the morning. The child knelt down to say her prayers, and she put in this interpolation: "Please God, won't you take mamma up to heaven, not for altogether, but just for to-morrow."

MRS. Testy (looking up from the paper): "Isn't this strange? A certain gentleman, after a fit of illness, was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not believe she was the one he married." Mr. Testy: "Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."

TAILOR: "I am in a regular pickle. I can't decide what to do." Friend: "Let me hear what your dilemma is." "You see, Baron Habenichts has given me an order for a suit of clothes. Now, I don't know, as he never pays his debts, whether I ought to charge him a big price, or whether I should charge him as little as possible, so my loss will not amount to much."

IMPATIENCE REBUKED.—Teacher: Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. (Five minutes later.) Now, then, Benjamin, what is that you wanted to say? Benjamin: There was a tramp in the hall a while ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol.

WHEN Franklin was ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society and not well understanding French when declaimed, he determined to applaud when he saw a lady friend express approval. When they had ceased, a little child, who understood French, said to Franklin, "Why, you always applauded most when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily, and explained his dilemma.

THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF HIS LIFE.—Magistrate: Were you ever arrested before, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: Yes, sah, I war 'rested, but I war discha'ged; an' I tell yo', yo'r honah, dat I war nebbah so proud in my life as when I walked down dat court-room a free an' honorable man. Magistrate: Then you were not proven guilty, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: No, sah; dere was a flaw in de indictment, sah.

A MAN OF RESOURCES.—Assistant Night Editor (calling down speaking tube): Got to have about seven more lines on the telegraph page to fill out the last column. Night Editor: Run in a dispatch from Ujjjjjjjj, or somewhere else in Africa, announcing discovery that Stanley has been killed by natives. Assistant (some minutes later): Got to have two more lines. Dispatch don't fill column. Night Editor (roaring up speaking tube): Put in a dispatch contradicting it!

"BARRISTER NOLAM," of New York, one day, as he was holding forth in his usual aggressive style before Judge Duffy, was warned several times, but in vain, to moderate himself, and finally, getting beyond the limit, was fined \$10. "Your honour may be just in your censure," he pleaded; "but I have no money to pay such a fine, and where can I get it?" "Oh, borrow it of a friend." "Thanks, your honour. Then I must trouble you, for you're the best friend I have." "Mr. Clerk," said the little judge, "you may as well remit that fine. The city can better afford to lose it than I can."