LOVE'S PROMISE.

"I will come back," Love cried, "I will come back," And there where he had passed lay one bright track. Preamlike and gol 'er, as the mosulit sea, Between the pine wood's shadow tall and black, "I will come back," Love cried—Ah me I Love will come back.

He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I wait; Though it is evening now, and cold and late, And I am weary watching here so long; A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate. For Love who is so fair and swift and strong.

He will come back—come back, though he delays: He will come back—for in eld years and days He was my playmate—He will not forcet. Though he may linger long amid new ways. He will come back, with barren sweet regret. Old years and days.

Hush! on the lonely hills Love comes again;
But his young feet are marked with many a stain,
The golden haze has passed from his fair brow,
And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain;
And it is night: O Love—Love—enter now.
Remain remain. Remain, remain.

A BALAKLAVA HERO.

Among a group seated around the fire which blazed brightly in the office of the Continental hotel, at Saratoga, on an intensely cold day last attack on those batteries had been delayed a few week, was George Aldridge, who was in the famous charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, which Tennyson has celebrated in deathless Aldridge is a tall, powerful, jovial-looking Englishman, who, though at least fifty years of age, stands time's attacks so well that he scarcely looks more than forty. There is not the slightest trace of bravado about the man who saw sixteen years of service in the British army, and bears the honorable sears of many a wellfought field, but he has the natural pride of an old soldier, and will occasionally "fight his battles o'er again." So, in answer to some questions, he said:

"There were not exactly six hundred in the Light Brigade, but six hundred and forty altogether, in detachments taken from the Eighth and Eleventh hussars, Seventeenth lancers, and the Fourth and Thirteenth light dragoons, and two troops of horse artillery, all under the command of the Earl of Cardigan. The Light Brigade did reconnoitering duty. It was generally formed about 2 o'clock in the morning, and there were different detachments

made every once in a while.
"Our camp was at a little town called Kitckel, not very far from Belaklays. On the morning of the 25th of October, 1854, I happened to be in the Light Brigade. It had been reported that the Russians were coming down from the north in considerable force, and the Light Brigade, at about 2 A. M., started out to reconnotire. After scouring the country in different directions for many hours we finally turned towards Balaklava, which was held by our forces under the Earl of Lucan.

"There were fortifications near Balaklaya, which had before been held by the Turks, who were our allies, you remember. We had got within two miles of these redoubts when we halted. We had as yet seen no Turks, nor a sign of any of our troops stationed at Balaklava. We had dismounted, and were chatting very sociably together, not dreaming that there was any fighting ahead."

"What was your first intimation that there was 'nighting ahead?"

"Well, as I say, we were standing beside our horses, joking and laughing among ourselves, when we saw a horseman coming down from the direction of Balaklava. We paid no particular attention, supposing that it didn't concern us. but was some message going to our camp; and he did appear to be going that way, when he saw our brigade and bore down upon us. Old Earl Cardigan, or 'Jim Crow,' as he was called by the soldiers, was at the front, and the rider, who was Capt. Nolan, with orders from the Earl of Lucan, went up and handed Cardigan a slip of paper. Old 'Jim' gave a queer look when he read it, as if he doubted his eyes. The Russians, some 25,000 strong, it appeared, had driven the Turks from the redoubts near Balaklava, and were now in possession. The orders were to retake them. The old earl turned around to us after we had jumped into our saddles and said, pointing towards the redoubts, 'Men, we've got to have those guns over there!' and ordered an advance. We were then about two miles off. First we went at a walk, then the trot was sounded, later the trumpeter called the canter, and in this way we moved up the plain to within about 1,500 yards of what was known as the Turkish redoubt, or French hill. Then the enemy opened fire from there. The charge was now sounded, and our 640 men moved forward at full gallop. The first few rounds from the Turkish redoubt showed that the Russians were firing at random. One discharge would plow up the ground in front of us- and I tell you it made my hair stand right up—and the next would go over our heads. The Turkish redoubt was on our left. As we drew nearer the artillery on Sugar-Loaf hill, to our right, opened on us, but didn't do much damage. When we got up to within about one thousand yards the twelvegun battery in the centre of the Russian position opened fire, and the first round dismounted two guns of our Croop of horse artillery. We now began to eatch it. It literally was 'cannon to the right, cannon to the left, and cannon in front, and the slaughter was frightful. Whole lines of men and horses would be moved down like swaths of grass by the fire of those batteries. We kept ahead just as ever for the centre, and

sabred the gunners that stuck to their guns, as many of them did Some of the Russian gunners crawled under their guns, where we couldn't reach them with our sabres, but the Seventeenth lancers, who, of course, could reach them, made it hot for 'em. The Russians fell back and we held the guus.

"Just then the heavy brigade came up from the right on the other side of Sugar-Loaf hill, and, coming around in the rear of the batteries, they charged the enemy with success. The other batteries both ceased firing when we took the 12-gun battery in the centre. The heavy brigade followed up the Russians, and we formed ranks again in front of the centre battery. There were only 140 of us left. Earl Cardigan afterwards cried like a child over the loss of his men. Our engagement lasted, perhaps, twenty-five minutes, between nine and ten in the morning, and in that time we lost above five hundred men. "Were you wounded in the famous charge!"

"Yes; I was hit in nine different places in my right leg by grape and by fragments of shells, but in the excitement of the thing I didn't know it till I tried to get off my horse after the fight was over. Then I found I couldn't budge my right leg. We went back to camp and I was taken to Scutari, where I was in the hospital one hundred and five days. If the hours longer we would have got them without the horrible slaughter they cost.

"The soldiers well knew the move was a blunder, then?"

"Certainly, but they had nothing to do but obey orders. The earl of Cardigan and Lucan were enemies: they had quarrelled about some woman, it was said. Still, Lucan was in the fight, too. The earl of Cardigan was a good general and understood what he was about. first rounds went over our heads, and he would order us, after each discharge, to move forward range of heir guns. Of course, when we got close they couldn't help but hit us."
"You were at Scutari; did you see Florence Nightingale?" all the faster before they could change the

Yes, I remember seeing her, and an attractive face she had, too. The soldiers thought the world of her and the other ladies, many of them of noble birth, who did everything they could

for us."
"Have you met any survivors of the charge here in America l'

Yes, Judge Hilton's coachman, John Daily, was in it; he was in the Eighth hussars; and Roundsman McKenzie, of the Twenty-eighth precinct, New York city, was in the detachment from the Seventeenth lancers, but I believe there are only seventeen altogether now living who were in the Light Brigade that day,

Mr. Aldridge also served in India, and was at the relief of Lucknow, at Delhi, Cawnpore and in other engagements.

HEARTH AND HOME.

INTERESTINGNESS .- Inherent interestingness is disclosed involuntarily, and often as clearly in a single phrase or a small act as in matters of importance. Who has not at some time observed and felt it in an entire stranger speaking of the weather or performing a trifling courtesy! Something in his tone, or facial expression, or gesture, or suavity, reveals his quality, individualises him, touches the common chord of humanity He makes an impression positive and distinct; you remember him; you want to know more of him; and, if you do, you find your intellectual curiosity well warranted.

THOROUGHNESS. - A want of thoroughness in whatever is undertaken is perhaps one great cause of men's failures. A practical writer on that topic gives the following good direction— "Never leave what you undertake to learn, A practical writer on until you can reach your arms around it and clasp your hands on the other side." It is not the amount of reading that you accomplish that will ever make you learned; it is the amount you retain. Dr. Abernethy maintained that there was "a point of saturation" in his mind beyond which it was not capable of taking in more. Whatever was pressed upon it afterwards crowled out something else.

Our Choice .- Whatever we elect to do, that is our choice. If we neglect the ordinary wise precautions of health-eat and drink beyond need, sit in a current of air when we are heated. get wet feet and neglect to change, persistently indulge in food that we know disagrees with us, over-walk, over-dance, over-ride ourselves, and a thousand other things well known to us allwe shall lose our strength, and it may be eventually life itself, as the penalty of our folly and, if we go out of our way to shock the feelings, offend the prejudices, affront the susceptibilities of others, we shall assert ourselves truly. but we must not expect that our audience will like our society or wish to cultivate our acquaintance further.

NEATNESS Indoors and Our .- Neatness is a commendable virtue. Who does not admire this quality? It should be seen in and about every home in the land. Sometimes it happens that the housekeeper may be a neat body, and the husband who manages outside may be a sloven, and vice versa. The home of a slatternly woman is one to be avoided always. This habit of neatness may be carried too far, but we think it bet ter to err on that side than in the opposite direction. A good housekeeper will never permit things to become untidy. The habits of neat-ness are partly natural and partly acquired. It

should be the aim of every father and mother to teach neatness to their children, and insist upon

PEACE AT HOME. -- No one can insist too warmly on the necessity of keeping the peace at home, for it is by this that the social life abroad is made beautiful and the souls of men rendered blessed. Fathers and mothers and brothers, all have their part in this; but, truly, no one so much as the "girls." When sisters are so harmonious together, everything seems to go well; when they quarrel, and are jealous and selfish and exacting, peace is not to be found, and nothing is as it should be—which is some way towards admitting that supreme influence of the sex so much insisted on at the present day. Unfortunately it is a mode of exercising influence not much regarded by the majority, who care more for the shadow than the substance -less for home than for the world without.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE .- When once a man has established a home, his most important du-ties have fairly begun. The errors of youth may be everlooked; want of purpose, and even of honour, in his earlier days may be forgotten. But, from the moment of his marriage, he begins to write his indelible history -not by pen and ink, but by actions, by which he must ever afterwards be reported and judged. His conduct at home; his solicitude for his family; the training of his children; his devotion to his wife; his regard for the great interests of eternitythese are the tests by which his worth will ever afterwards be estimated by all who think or care about him. These will determine his position while living, and influence his memory when dead. He uses well or ill the brief space allotted to him out of all eternity to build up a fame founded upon the most solid of all foundations -private worth.

A FORLORN LIFE .- Deny it though she may, t seems reasonable that the very old maid should lead a forlorn sort of life. A woman, a poor weak woman, without strength of mind, whose heart is capable of tenderness and love -what is she when age has destroyed her charms for one sex, and poverty has rendered her useless to the other ! Sadness becomes her portion, and damps her power of adding her little mite to the agreeableness of the passing hour. She becomes more and more spiritless and dejected, as she compares her unfriended situation with those whose lot in life Providence has destined to be less unfortunate. The rising generation treat her with contemptuous neglect; unable from her slender frame and unstrung nerves to assist or encourage their amusements, she takes no interest in them, and from their unconsciousness of sorrow and its destructive effects, they have no compassion for her. She is to them silent and inanimate; they ridicule and despise her; of those who have known her in the days when pleasure and lightheartedness were not merely a name, few, perhaps none, remain. Some are far away, some are no more, many have been forgotten; and if one half kind and half estranged friend, whose heart is almost indifferent to her sufferings, be with her in the last hour, and shed one tear as she closes her eyes in this world for ever, it is more than she has for many years dared to hope. This is a sad picture.

THE RELIABLE MAN .-- Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The word itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality, that we are tempted in our bilious moods to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any one of you know such a man, make him your friend. You can only do so however, by assimilating his character. The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind, and looks at it all round. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in habits of body, but also of mind. He is not a passionate man; if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. such a quality attainable I Most assuredly so. It is not born-it is made. Character may be formed; of course, then, its component parts may be moulded to that formation.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A NEW exponent of Shakespearenn characters takes the stage in the United States next month, neralded by the highest European encomiums. His name is Herman Linde.

MR. BANDMANN announced in London that he will play Shylock in French, at Parls, in January; in German, at Berlin, in February, and in English, at London, in March. He also states that he has acted Hamlet "over 500 nights in two languages all over the world."

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT has been offered \$80,000 for four hundred nights' performances, allowing her the option of playing wherever she wishes, either in England, Australia, or America. She hesitates to necept it, as she wishes to appear in some new characters before leaving America

CHRISTINE NILSSON still wears semi-masculine apparel. Her winter costume is a shad-bellied coat of diagonal cloth, and waistcoat to match. She wears no petticoats whatever, but buckskin breeches, and over these a plain, untrimmed skirt of plaid or gray goods. On her hoad she wears a tweed but or a beaver.

In the February number of Harper's Magazine will appear twenty letters written by Meudelssohn to Mrs. Moscheles; in one of them occurs a little song of his, nover beretofere published. These letters are contributed by the widow of the illustrious composer, who has translated them for the purpose.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondent will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal,-Thanks for several valuable ommunications.

Student, Montreal .- Correct solution of Problem No.

R. S ,- Montreal,-- The problem shall be inspected. E. H. Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 204 received. Correct.

On Tuesday evening, January 7th, the mean of the Montreal Chess Club was visited agolu by a large number of the friends of the mouders and other amateurs who were auxious to enloy another opportunity of seeing the play of the American champion, Captain Mackenzie, The boards were arranged for a simultaneous contest, and the following gentlemen were his antagonists on this occasion. Messrs, H. Von Bokum, J. Henderson, J. G. Ascher, F. W. Hicks, J. Barry J. W. Shaw, C. S. Baker, G. W. Liddell, A. Saunders, H. Miles, Sk iffe and Prof. Hicks, Thirteen games were played, out of which Captain Mackenzie score I eleven, losing one game to Prof. Hicks, and another to J. W. Shaw.

On Wednesday, the Sib, a number of the chessplayers of the city met at Compain's Restaurant in order to do homour to their talented visite by a dinner. Around the table were gathered twenty guests. At the braid was Dr. Howe President of the Montreal Chess Club, and vica vix with kim Mr. Jacon G. Ascher, the Scoretary these two gentlemen being the basts on the occasion. To the President's right sat Captain Mackenzie, in homorr of whom all had gathered, and on either side of the table Messrs. Thomas Workman, You Bekn in George Murray, G. W. Liddell, John Barry, J. Henderson, J. W. Shaw, Alexander anoders, F. W. Hicks, Kortosk, Bead. Thos Cox, Henry Howell, Henry Aylmer, Henry Howe and Baker. Nearly all howed under the weight of some classical name given in jest, but inspired by which they fought their hardse over the chess board.

The health of Captain Mackenzie was drunk, to which he responded, and other toasts followed, which elimit replies replete with allusions to these and the magnates of the checkered brard. A most engagate time was spent, every one present doing his hest to hold to the picasure of the evening.

In connection with this, we must not forget a song, the "Boid Champions of Cussa." which was written far the occasion and sung by Mr. J. Hen lerson.

On Thirdsday, the 6th Captain Mackenzie met several members of the Club at their ro

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDÊNCE TOUR NEY.

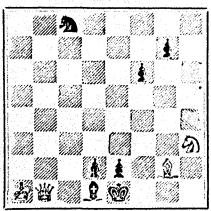
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INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

Great Britain, 14; America, 12; Brawn, 2.

We learn from a correspondent in Educhurgh that Mr. G. W. Stevens, Coventry, has resigned three games to Mr. Holmes. This accounts for so many of the unreported games alluded to in our last. The score is aftered accordingly - Argus and Express

> PROBLEM No. 20% - By SAMURE LOYD BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.