

"The same."

"O go on! go on! the sequel!" came from all sides, and Evelyn resumed her story.

"You all remember two years ago when Elinor entered the training school for nurses at the general hospital, and the delight she used to take in all the old men who became her patients, especially if they had 'long silvery hair,' to use her own expression. Well, one day I went over to spend the afternoon with her, and she told me many interesting things about her work; showed me all over the 'Nurse's Home,' which is separate from the main building. We had looked over the books and magazines in the library, strummed a little upon the piano, and made a visit to the room in the attic of the main building where the clothing of all the unclaimed dead is stowed. I could not overcome the feeling of oppression and sadness which took possession of me at the sight of those boots and shoes of all sizes and shapes, from those of a pair of tiny red shoes, which the over-active little feet had kicked out at the toes to those of a great rough man's. It had not occurred to me that there were so many uncared-for dead in the world. Elinor seeing me so blue—pardon the word—began to relate the comic side of hospital life—the funny speeches and deeds of the curious characters with whom she came in contact. Suddenly she turned to me and said:

"O, I had almost forgotten to show you my dear old man!" And she looked at me reproachfully as if I were the one who had forgotten.

"Well I have a few more minutes to spare," returned I, "let's go at once. I have not the same enthusiasm for fossils that you have, but I suppose new specimens are always interesting."

"He is lovely; his hair is so long and white and clean. We did not have to cut it off as we have to do to so many of the horrid wretches who come in—and such eyes! they are lovely, just like a young girl's. But he can't speak a word of English. The only thing we have been able to make out are the Italian words, *Cara mia*, and he always speaks them as if his thoughts were far away. Sometimes when I arrange his pillows and make him more comfortable, he turns his great solemn brown eyes upon me and murmurs *Cara*, as if I were some one of whom he was very fond. Sometimes again I have a horribly eerie feeling as he looks at me so fixedly."

Thus saying, she opened the door of the ward and led the way between the rows of white beds, whose occupants turned great hollow eyes on us, giving me a horrid sensation. I felt that I had no right to thus taunt these helpless sick with my strong, vigorous health. I was recalled from these thoughts by seeing Elinor stop as if spell-bound, her lips held firmly together. Then she turned to me and said: "It must be near the end, for they have drawn the screen about the bed. O, I hope it is not too late—it is too awful to die alone in a place like this." She stepped hastily to the bed and drawing back the screen very gently, bent over what seemed to be a lifeless figure, for under the white bed cover the limbs were rigid. I had not yet seen the face, and presently I heard Elinor say in a hushed voice: "Come here, Evelyn!" I stepped to her side and looked down upon the face of the dying man; it was strangely familiar to me, but I could not recall definitely where I had seen it. The eyes were closed and I noticed the thick, heavy fringe of the eyelashes. At the sound of her voice the eyelids slowly opened, disclosing the most wonderful and to me the most awful of eyes; the sudden gasp which I gave attracted his attention, for with an unexpected and sudden movement he sat erect in the bed, his long silvery hair floating wildly about him, while the great eyes glared upon me with the same awful expression which I had seen two years ago in a dream. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins and the old sensation of guilt came upon me a hundred-fold! But when with the same old gesture of seizing me he ejaculated the word "Now" from lips that before had only murmured in Italian, I, for the first time in my life, lost consciousness.

I learned afterwards from Elinor that after his sudden vehemence, he fell back dead, just as I fainted. Who he was or what he was; where he had come from, why he should speak in English at that moment when he had been known to speak only in Italian before; why I should see him in a dream, and two years afterwards meet him in real life; why in both cases he should seem to accuse me, and why I should have experienced such a horrid sense of guilt, are all questions to be answered. KATHARINE LESLIE.

PROFESSOR PONFIC, of Breslau, Germany, has made the important discovery that a large part of the human liver may be removed without creating any serious disturbance of the animal functions. He also finds that the liver possesses a wonderful power of reproduction, a portion equal to two-thirds of its usual size being replaced in some instances within a few weeks.

THE coal-fields of Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, and Bohemia are estimated to cover an area of 60,000 square miles; those of Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece 30,000 to 40,000 square miles; those of Russia are unexplored, but she has already surveyed 2,200 square miles. In 1838, the collieries of Kursk-Kharkow, the Sea of Azov, and Donetz produced 1,500,000 tons of coal, and in 1889 the output had risen to about 2,250,000 tons. Japan is also well supplied with coal-fields in process of development.—*English Mechanic*.

THEN AND NOW: A WELCOME.

Respectfully inscribed to their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on the occasion of their visit to the city of Quebec, on June 10, 1890.

RAGE the ocean, clouds betray,
Surge the seas within the bay:
The filling silt, the churning crust
In time, at nature's bidding must

The flocking fields renew.
Tidal tempests rush and roar,
Fret the shallows round the shore,
Frown the forests green and hoar:

Men must up and men must do;
Their pains restore,
Amid the strife of what is life

The old that cometh new.

What time the pomp of courts, a rival light,
Obscured the *fleur-de-lis* and hardihood,
Its pristine bloom, the gift of chivalry,
Was wafted here, a seeming ocean waif:
The pioneer's welcome then was bitter-sweet,
As brought he hope and progress-seeds to plant
Afield a wilder western continent.
Yet now, the harvest near, the fruit of toils
Enduring ripens ours, to celebrate
A fate matured, a nation progress-sown.
And Champlain's city, proud of battlement
And wall, deep-mouthed and fierce of brow, uplifts
Her milder voice and seeks to doff her frown.
Her citadel, with empire-flag for crest,
Bespeaks the war-stained lore of centuries near,
Writ golden on the fringe of nature's smile.
Cape Diamond, erst Jacques Cartier's goal
And wonder, booms no shrinking welcome now;
The laughter of its volleying mirth re-peals
A crescent-burst beyond St. Charles' Plain;
And as it seeks retreat within the drowsy glades,
The wimpling wavelets touch, historic-tuned,
The chords that trill for us a tale of eld.
The hum of life and overgrowth hath claim
Where woodland wonderment first heard the din
Of herald-salvo from St. Malo's ships.
And nearer scenes, within the mist of days,
Give but a glimpse of bygone lingering woe.
The explorer's task, a ripple of romance—
The pioneer's pains, a seeming luckless toil,
Find echo still, though far away to those
Who deem the instant hour their ecstasy—
Find echo still a fame that hovers round
Perchance to flush the cheer of Champlain's soul
That sees an empire-growth upon his grave.
'Twas his and theirs, despite the after-arts
Of feudal-tempered rule, to sow a fate
Florescent now; 'twas theirs to sow their best:
And now, where crooned the nomad o'er his ills,
In thousands men have sweet domestic peace:
Beyond and near these bastion-bursts of mirth,
The moiling millions, faithful to their trust,
Begin to prize the patriot's recompense,
And sing aloud the freedom-songs of peace.
These narrow streets their teeming tales unfold
Of primal times, when unkempt nature thought
To keep her claim, the birthright of the woods—
Of feudal days, when outer strife prolonged
Arrayed its rivalry on battle-field
Near by, to wrestle for the gains of industry.
Where elm and maple erst embowered the trail
Of stalking foe, these pavement-threads bewailed
Bespeak the zeal that dared the rock-grained soil,
To ward a place whereon to build a home,
Or consecrate its acres unto God.
Their very names commemorate the faith
Of Christian calendar, or token else
The deeds of men that sanctify their pride
Of what their land, matured a nation, boasts.
A thousand rays—a light within our light—
Reveal in them the silver-dust of fame.
The glimpses of an outer beauty shine,
Like hope around the corner of a task,
To guide our footsteps lingering near the scenes
Of triumph or defeat. In *cul-de-sac*
Or thoroughfare, the very stones reflect
Some mosaic of events; within them flows
The tide of peaceful life, and yet the ebb
Of other days still ripples in its calm—
To sing of clanging arms or military parade,
To chant the martial song of valiant men
Impatient to possess, or moan a dirge
Of dire retreat that knocks at every gate.
And other echoes whisper civic strife,
Of law usurped by faction or romance—
Ambition's wiles or yet the rivalry of love
Disturbing peace to gratify the hour.
Beneath the archways, frowning as in war,
The footfalls of processions dead are heard
Within the sounds of living feet. The lanes
A requiem soft repeat or shouts of joy,
Till seeking respite from the subtle sheen
That floats around the old cathedral's walls—
That lurks within some palace court, rebuilt
A merchant's home—we find the freer height
Of bastion-keep or battlement, and there,
Enraptured with the scope of hill and dale,
Behold St. Lawrence as a jewel set.

Sing the river, laugh the lake,
Dance the cataract, roar and break
The seething shingle into dust;
In time, its circling siftings must
Old channels rectify.
Sleep the fortress, frown in vain,
Hum the hamlets o'er the plain,
Ring the chimes a sweet refrain.
Men must droop and men must die;
Their lives remain,
Amid the strife of what is life,
The soul-drift of eternity.

J. M. HARPER.

THE RAMBLER.

THE tendency—nay, the overwhelming necessity caused by pressure of racial and social antecedent history—of contemporaneous French writers is to write about Love. They may start about salads or race-courses or banking or Gothic architecture or medicine; they invariably finish by some allusion, and in most cases much more than an allusion to the *grande passion*. You remember Matthew Arnold's contempt for the contemporaneous Gaul. To the caustic and fastidious exponent of English modern thought the literature of modern France seemed full of pitfalls, and he shuddered to think that a fatal impulse might be communicated to the former by the obstinate refusal of French leaders of style and thought, or say, rather, expression, to consider any subject apart from Love. I do not, it is clear, refer now to works on science or on theological or educational subjects; I am considering *belles lettres* alone. And really, if we make a fair study of the thing, we shall be very much impressed with the fatal predilection hinted at. It is, verily, the mark of the beast. How delightful that Paris *Figaro* is with its excellent illustrations—oh! much more than excellent—I am in a qualifying mood this misty morning, especially at the Christmas season! It is worth artistically, all the other Christmas numbers put together. And yet, did you ever seriously consider and weigh its literary contents? Compare its wedding-trips by Zola and Dumas, its short stories of dressmakers and journalists, its Porte St. Martin echoes of ribaldry and dubious merry-making with the display of correct literary style, *technique* and originality such as men like Besant, Bret Harte, David Christie Murray and James Payn give us in rival publications. I was going to include William Black, but, alas! his star has set. Nature brings not back the sad-faced little Coquette with tea-roses placed cunningly—oh! those French—in the masses of her dark lustrous hair! And the sharp and genial Lady Drum, and dignified Queen Tita, and poor, poor unhappy Macleod of Dare, and truest of all to life, dear erratic James Drummond, the victim of a stupid though loving sister's mistake. No, they are all gone, and their descendants, in the *Graphic* or *Harper's Bazaar*, look strangely and stiffly out from a new, strange canvas and we do not grow to love them nor do they care to know us. Tell me, you impressionable, kind, sentimental, sympathetic reader (I have many such, I hope), did you ever read a more perfect love tale than that of poor Coquette? Yes, yes, of course you have forgotten it; by William Black. Of course, of course, never read novels now; too busy. Well, promise me to read it to-night; take it out as if it were some new and much talked-of work; read it carefully, read it reverently. Of course it's *only a novel*, but see the exquisite pathos of it, the humour of it, the delicate delineation of it, the picturesqueness of the contrast between the French slip of grace and sentiment and the decorous Scotch household! And, let me tell you, to appreciate it truly, read it some night after a course of George Meredith.

But what a long avenue I have gone down since I started my paper, with some not over complimentary allusions to those charming people, the French. I think the deviations proceed from the weather, and the cause, the cause, my soul, of the allusions themselves, was a half-hour's study of *La Revue Française*, that New York publication.

It is very interesting, indeed, and the May number includes a clever paper "Les Femmes D'Angleterre," in which an unknown, but brilliant writer asserts that Englishwomen are the worst flirts in the world. So they are. Grenville Murray told us that. Surely none can have already forgotten his sketches of Flirts in "Sidelights on English Society." The thoroughness of English character and the vigour of English temperament, are no doubt responsible for this: *En flirtage les Anglaises sont insurpassables. . . . les jolies Anglaises en cachent beaucoup de ces pêchés mignons. . . . Mais, des pêchés qui feraient presque rougir les Parisiennes*. One truth M. Pierre Monfalcour tells us, that when an Englishwoman gives herself up to a sustained and genuine flirtation, it usually ends either in a *grande passion* or *une haine féroce*. Yes, this, at least, is true. What was once a mere matter of the fancy soon becomes "the vast necessity of heart and life." Or else, *l'Anglaise, oublieuse des caresses de l'amour dont elle paraissait si assoiffée*, becomes once more *la femme de cheval, de sport, d'émotions viriles*. She may seem to forget, but she never does, and sometimes, when you would least expect it, the demon of revenge is working beneath her calm exterior.

The same magazine contains a most unimportant little sketch by Zola, "*L'Amour sous Les Toits*," and an all too