

"TO WHITELEYS."

A SCOTTISH HOME.

In mem'ry of a time when all the air was sweet
With dewy scent of summer flowers,
When sky and earth did vie, with shining looks to greet
The quickly coming—fleeting hours.

When twilight's gentle calm, and softly falling shade
Lulled Nature's happy heart to rest,
And all her sun-tired children fair, of field and glade
Sleep sweetly on her breast,

When friendship's hand held mine and love warmed
friendship's heart,
While the birds sang softly and low,
And we, who since have drifted years and miles apart,
Were side by side, and happy so.

Those summer days have long gone by, and ne'er again
Shall my hand lay in thine, my dear—
Yet, things that once have been, forever must remain,
And mem'ry still shall hold them near.

So, even now, a still and quiet moment brings
The sunshine of those days to me,
Kind eyes meet mine, the roses bloom, the mavis sings,
And, once more, fair "Whiteleys" I see.

S. R. HARTLEY.

A CANADIAN PILGRIMAGE.

In the last number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. F. H. Taylor gives the following interesting account of the anniversary festival of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

Le Moine, the contemporary local chronicler, gives his readers some account of the origin of the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and the guide-books, with which every tourist down the St. Lawrence has his pockets stuffed, call attention to it as one of the standard attractions of the voyage. To the faithful it is the shrine of Lourdes, the Paray-le-Monial of the Western World, the most highly venerated spot in America, and is regarded with the same superstitions awe that Mexicans entertain toward Guadalupe and his divinely pictured blanket.

June 26, the anniversary festival of Ste. Anne witnesses a great visitation into the little hamlet, overflowing its hotels and miraculous shrine, while upon every other day of the year a smaller crowd of devotees are here to be found. Advertisements of "pilgrimages" are frequently to be seen in the Canadian papers, and these, which are usually excursions promoted for the benefit of "Young Men's Institutes," or the parish church, together with the large number of visitors drawn hither through curiosity, or invalids in hope of relief, make up a current of travel highly profitable, and supporting a daily steamboat from Quebec. The annual number of pilgrims is about 25,000.

Ste. Anne was the mother of the Blessed Virgin. After death her body reposed in the cathedral at Jerusalem until it was sent thence by St. James to St. Lazare, the first Bishop of Marseilles. This prelate afterward dispatched it to St. Auspice, the Bishop of Apt, who concealed his precious charge in a subterranean chapel. Goths and Vandals swept the church from existence, and for seven hundred years Ste. Anne rested forgotten. During brilliant ceremonies in the cathedral of the town, upon the occasion of the advent of Charlemagne, several miraculous incidents led to the recovery of the remains from the grotto, effulgent with divine radiance, and fragrant with heavenly odors. So read the chronicles of the Church.

Certain colonists in the Canadas were commended by an apparition to erect a church in honor of Ste. Anne upon its present site, which was done in 1658, and ten years later this new shrine was enriched by a relic, which was nothing less than a bone of the hand of Ste. Anne. This is still retained and carefully preserved, its exposition being a favor but rarely vouchsafed even the faithful.

It was long the custom of all ships returning from voyages to anchor here and honor Ste. Anne by a broadside. Old writers also speak of large villages of Indian proselytes which were located in the vicinity.

The name of Ste. Anne has always been a favorite in Canada, where, indeed, nearly every hamlet and railway station is canonized. There are said to be thirteen parishes in the Dominion bearing her name.

Our objective point, the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, stands at the base of a steep hill crowned with farms, behind which the land again rises, forming Mont Ste. Anne, the most elevated point upon the river, being 2687 feet in altitude.

Seen from the deck of a passing steamer, the hamlet appears to straggle aimlessly along the road, at a distance of a quarter of a mile across marshy flats.

Four years ago a new church was built—a handsome and classic structure, yet lacking a spire—and the patron saint graciously deserted the old church upon the hill-side, where she had so long succored weak humanity, and took up her abode in the new quarters provided.

In front of the handsome and classic edifice is set a large circular fountain, about which stood a number of pilgrims engaged in the obviously unusual work of washing their hands and faces, which were duly wiped upon handkerchiefs or coat-tails. Close at hand the proprietors of a small booth drove a good trade in the sale of beads, amulets, relics, and lithographs of the Virgin.

Passing the poverty-stricken, diseased, and tattered groups upon the steps of the edifice, we entered. The interior failed to bear out exterior promises, for the walls were roughcast, the beams unpainted, and seats of the most

primitive fashion. Near the door a boy was held up on the shoulders of men while he chipped away with a knife at a heavy cross, tossing the shivers to an eager crowd of devotees, to be carried home as relics.

Along the walls were hung a number of very ancient paintings. One of these, a portrait of the patron Saint, is said to be from the hand of Le Brun, the French artist, and was presented by the Marquis of Tracy. Others were painted by Lefrançois, a Franciscan monk, who died in 1685. One is a representation of Ste. Anne hovering over a ship in distress.

Upon a post the following notice was conspicuously tacked:

"As the number of masses asked in honor of Ste. Anne exceeds those that can be celebrated in this church, the faithful are informed that as many as possible will be said here, and the balance at other churches of this parish within the space of about a month from their reception."
"Priest of the Parish of Ste. Anne de Beaupré."

By far the most conspicuous feature of the place was a towering trophy of crutches and canes, raised within the rail dividing the altar from the auditorium. These were of all sizes and shapes. Two fresh additions rested against the rail, where they had evidently just been deposited by the newly recovered owners.

Down the aisle toward us hobbled an old man with the help of two assistants. His crutches were discarded, but his features revealed a pain which gave the lie to his feeble praises of the saint at his restoration. At the rail a mother knelt, holding close a pigmy babe; and when she passed out her face was raised with new hope, but I saw in the face of the child only the seal of dissolution.

The priests in attendance moved about with a listless, mechanical air, bowing at stated places and intervals, one of them presenting a glazed medallion portrait of the saint to the lips of kneeling supplicants. The air of every-day occupation seemed impressed upon the whole drowsy scene, unrelieved by music or the usual pageantry of the picturesque Romish service.

As we walked up the single village street we passed the old man, who still dragged his weak frame bravely along, the two attendants upholding him. The agony in his every lineament would have won the admiration and roused the artistic enthusiasm of Parrhasius himself.

THE ÆSTHETIC CRAZE.

Our latest guest was Mr. Legrand Savage. Mr. Savage was a kind of jest in London. He and his friends were the most recent result of the pre-Raphaelite spirit—a spirit which, however distorted and extravagant in many of its aspects and forms, is really a regenerating influence in modern art and life. The universal taste for greater beauty in all the accessories of life is both a consequence and manifestation of the pre-Raphaelite spirit. It was merely a name, like the Renaissance, to describe a certain stage of progress and perception in art. All that is said of Mr. Savage and the æsthetes, of their costume, their manner, their fanciful affectations, their unseemable absurdities, was said of Rossetti's and Millais's pictures thirty years ago. Mr. Savage and the school of which he is an accepted representative are only another form of the feeling which expresses itself in the art of ornamentation. He is a natural product of the time, which also produced the Kensington School in London and the Decorative Art Society in New York.

The Cynic, of course, asks whether all this makes Legrand Savage any the less d—well, diabolically—silly, or the people who run after him any the less foolish. Perhaps not. But why should we get angry with languishing ladies who love to lift a lily, or who sit in the rosy twilight of a deftly darkened room, clad in a tinted costume of duly adjusted hue, holding a harmonious screen? They are engaged in a laudable endeavor to give pleasure to the chance visitor. They are assisting the artist who colored and gilded the walls and hung the draperies and composed the ensemble of the drawing-room. Perhaps you would prefer that human beings should not make themselves adjuncts of furniture and wall-paper, and that immortal souls should not be rapt by a dodo or enchanted with a frieze. But nature has room for humming-birds and flamingoes, for cockatoos and paroquets, for scentless but brilliant flowers, all of them fitly set in a corresponding landscape. Why not also for living parts of exquisite house-furnishing? The æsthetic lady in a green mist of verdure accordant with the tone of her boudoir obeys the same impulse of nature that poises a bird-of-paradise in the heaven of the Eastern isles.

If Cynic is not equal to these things, let him not seek relief in oaths and gibes and reckless reviling. If my tinted lady chooses sweetly to offer a lily to Mr. Legrand Savage, let not the Cynic shiver as he thinks of the London Mrs. Grundy. Let him rather reflect that Nature is wise and thrifty. She will not suffer us to be crushed by a lily. As she produces but an occasional dodo, so she vouchsafes few fanatics of the dodo. Neither the dodo nor the dodo shall devour us, and Cynic would be much happier if he could see that Mr. Legrand Savage is but an amusing extravagance of an excellent tendency, and if he could only school himself to care as little for John Bull's opinion of our "way" as that worthy cares for our opinion of his way. When it comes to a society that sometimes makes itself ridiculous, an impartial Cynic will agree that honors are easy.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

A FRAUD IN CHARITY'S NAME.

This trading upon charity and the charitable is one of the industries of the great city. It is probably a very moderate statement that half of the enormous sum of money which is given every year in New York for charity is not only absolutely wasted, but actively increases pauperism, knavery, and crime. As "H. C. P.," a correspondent of the *Evening Post* whose initials reveal one of the most intelligent, energetic, and efficient laborers in the field of practical charity, forcibly observes, while most of the charities outside of the public institutions are administered by ecclesiastical organizations, there is no common understanding, no concert of action. One inevitable consequence of this chaos is that Chadband and Charlatana have a free field for their cheating, because there is no system or organization by which they can be detected and exposed. It is only a happy chance that a reporter comes in upon Chadband, and posts him in the Rogues' Gallery.

The trick of these gentry is very transparent. It is based wholly, as we said, upon the general good feeling and laziness of the community. The reader of these words, for instance, sitting comfortably by his fire, would very willingly succor somebody who has no comfortable fire to sit by, if he could do it without trouble. Happily for him the morning mail brings him a simple and candid circular, which is really an extraordinary coincidence. The circular sets forth that the Saint Thingumbob's Guild, or Fraternity, or Fold, or Home, or Arms, or other soft and humane name, is Not Sectarian, and is Devoted to the Relief of Sick Mothers and Suffering Children, and the Reform of the Neglected. It aims, D. V., to discover Real Necessity, to teach the Poor the Laws of Health and Economy, to show them How to Help Themselves, to make Employment the Basis of Relief, and to Provide Homes in the Salubrious West and South. It will also supply to the Absolutely Destitute a Home, Food, Clothing, and Moral and Humane Instruction; Preparing the Recipient for Honest Employment, and Aiding in Strengthening them against Temptation. Who will give a House, Rent Free, to the Deserving Poor, who are Eager to go upon the Land and Build up the Country? The Reverend Chuzzlewit Chadband is Director, and Sister Charlatana will be always at the office.

The comfortable reader sees at once the finger of Providence pointing the way that he wished to discover—the way in which, without personal inconvenience, he can aid the deserving poor to help themselves, and prevent the growing and alarming evil of pauperization. If to the circular a respectable and responsible name or two is appended, as an officer or a member of an advisory committee, it is conclusive. But money is always a dangerous gift even for charity, so with an excess of prudence the comfortable reader sends to Dr. Chadband an order upon the grocer for provisions. The humbly grateful doctor hastens to the grocer, and receives the provisions. The good grocer, also of a charitable mind, hears of this truly excellent institution, and encouraged by the order of the customer known to him, he, for his own share, doubles the gift of hams, sago, and soap. The inquisitive and incredulous Thomas, if such a skeptic there be, who happens in to verify the existence of the institution, finds the house, and beholds Sister Charlatana dispensing the cheese, currants, nuts, coffee, tea, and canned peaches, the soap and sago, buttons, cotton, ham, which cost her nothing, to a few melancholy recipients. She provides employment for the deserving, of whom she knows nothing, by sending applications to the address of advertisers in the *Herald*.

This is indeed beautiful. But what the incredulous Thomas does not see, nor the comfortable reader nor the good grocer suspect, is that Chadband and his assistants reserve for the institution a proper share of the provisions and cash received, and are simply living upon the charitable impulses and humane sympathy of the lazy and the busy. Can there be anything more indispensable than the common understanding and intelligent co-operation among legitimate and honorable charitable associations which H. C. P. urges? It will throw out Saint Thingumbob's Guild, Fraternity, Home, or however it be called, as promptly as the Clearing-house throws out a broken bank, and it will relieve the really honorable and humane guilds and fraternities and homes from the stigma which such swindles cast upon them all.

Meanwhile let the comfortable reader reflect that there is no way of being carelessly and comfortably charitable. In order to give wisely he must give carefully. To smother scientific charity is to increase pauperism, crime, and the public peril. It is as sensible to smother scientific physiology or scientific anatomy as to smother scientific charity, which is merely a phrase describing an intelligent system of treating poverty, founded upon the widest actual experience and the most careful thought.—*Harper's Magazine*.

HE GOT THE PLACE.—A story is told of a youth who was undergoing a civil service examination for a Government clerkship. He was asked the distance of the earth from the sun, and answered that he did not know exactly, but he didn't believe the sun was near enough to interfere with the proper performance of his duties if he got the clerkship. To the credit of the committee he got the job.—*Oswego Sentinel*.

THE KIND OF A FELLOW HE WAS.

A very high-toned looking man in exquisite moustache, loud plaid clothes and necktie, low crowned hat, straw colored kids, and knitting needle cane, walked into a tobacco shop on Fourth street recently, and throwing down a half dollar said:

"Well, this is the worst town I ever saw; a gentleman can't get anything satisfactory and I am utterly unable to see how a person with fastidious tastes can live here. I say, Mr. Shopkeeper, can you sell a fellow a decent cigar?"

"Yes, sir," said the cigar man meekly.

"Well, then fly around lively and do it. Don't you see that half dollar?"

"Yes, sir. What kind of a cigar do you wish, sir?"

"What kind?"

"Ye, sir."

"Why look at me a moment, and see for yourself what kind of a cigar would suit me," and he drew himself up grandly and gazed down on the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper looked and then took in the half dollar, got out a cigar, handed it to the man, with forty-nine cents change and said: "I owe you half a cent, sir, but I can't make change unless you take another cigar."

The nice young man looked at the shopkeeper, then at the cigar, then at himself and without a single word walked out of the shop.

MISCELLANY.

PRECEDENCE AND AGE.—There is a story of Solomon not contained in the "Book of Kings." Two of his court damsels had a row as to precedence. Solomon looked kindly and said, "Let the oldest go first," and the damsels embraced and went in together with entwined arms.

WHEN Farmer Budge read that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for \$5,000 he remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal, but if Rosa wouldn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. And his economical wife replied that she thought he might paint it himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are now that the bull will be painted.

As a natural consequence of the hunting mania at Pau the attenuation of the female form is becoming daily more and more visible. One hundred and ten pounds is now declared to be the maximum that a hunting woman can allow herself to reach, and a great tailor is said to have issued an edict that no riding habit made in his establishment must have a waist measure of more than sixteen inches. To favour the attainment of this excessive slimmness, female underclothing is now made skin tight, and all the time-honoured garments of bygone days are discarded. Many ladies, we are told, wear only a single garment of chamois skin, over which the stays are laced, and no flowing garments of any kind are allowed to interfere with the symmetry of form which the clinging outside skirts display to the best advantage.

JOHN DEBOIS took a great deal of trouble to get a pair of boots in St. Louis for nothing, but he achieved success. He was a traveller staying at the Grand Central Hotel. He went to a store and ordered the finest pair that could be made. He was exact in his stipulations as to the material and style, and wished them sent to his room at a certain time. Then, he gave the same order to another store, except that the delivery was to be made an hour later. The boy who brought the first pair was sent back to have the left foot stretched, and the boy who carried the second pair was sent back with the right one. Debois then put on the two remnants, for which he had not paid, and caught the next out-bound train.

THE Rev. Daniel Isaac was an eccentric itinerant preacher. He once alighted at an inn to stay all night. On asking for a bed was told that he could not get one, as there was to be a ball that night and all the beds were engaged. "At what time does the ball break up?" inquired Mr. Isaac. "About three in the morning, sir." "Well then, can I have a bed until that time?" "Yes, certainly, but if the bed is called for you will have to move." "Very well," replied Mr. Isaac. About three in the morning he was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. "What do you want?" he inquired. "How many of you are in there?" inquired a voice. "There's me and Daniel and Mr. Isaac, and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply. "Then by Jupiter, there is plenty of you!" and the applicant passed on, leaving Mr. Isaac to finish his night's slumber.

THOUGH the sick covet health, they frequently and fruitlessly seek to obtain it by irrational means. Misled by false misrepresentations and absurd pretensions, they neglect those genuine restoratives which true science has placed at their disposal. No proprietary remedy has met with greater approbation from the medical faculty, and none has given more satisfactory proofs of its efficiency than Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The conjunction of these latter salts with Cod Liver Oil of warranted purity gives the preparation a great advantage over the ordinary cough mixtures, since the phosphorus, lime and soda are potent auxiliaries of the oil, invigorating the system, remedying poverty of the blood induced by waste of tissue, and increasing bodily substance. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.