

## TO "BAY MI."

LACKING a good three years of seven,  
Sunny haired boy with eyes of heaven,  
With everlasting ripple of laughter;  
As yet, no touch of worldly leaven  
In thy frank soul. Oh! how you capture  
All hearts, and drown in present joy  
The cares which come from before and after,  
Sunny haired, blue-eyed, happy boy!

Running, jumping, never at rest,  
Now using one toy, now abusing another,  
Caning your dearest friends in jest,  
Ruling father and sister and mother,  
And bowing all wills to your high behest,  
I could watch your movements all day long,  
Whether you laugh or whether you cry,  
Like a bird or a rill you enchain the eye,  
And you fill the heart like a burst of song.

As pageants held in ruined towers  
Will make the sad place glad once more,  
As laughing waves on wreck-strewn shore,  
As summer sunshine after showers,  
You brighten up the weary heart,  
And charm with sweet unconscious wiles,  
So that the tears which still will start,  
Before they fall are lost in smiles,  
And you are folded to my breast,  
And patted and caressed;  
My hand runs through your golden hair,  
The world is seen in hues of love,  
There's not a cloud in heaven above.  
And all the earth is fair;  
Scorn and hate—each evil passion flies  
Before the beauty of your sinless eyes.

You—best of preachers I have seen!  
You steal into the heart, bid flow  
The dried-up streams of long ago,  
The farthest shores of memory glow  
With fragrant flowers and tempering green,  
So that this truth I more discern,  
If moral beauty we would wed,  
We must, as the Great Master said,  
Of little children learn.

Ottawa, April 17th, 1884.

N. F. D.

## COMPETITIVE CRAM.

I COULD not tell the cutler's name  
Who sold the blade that murdered Caesar,  
Or fix the hour when Egypt's queen  
First thought that Antony might please her.

I could not say how many teeth  
King Rufus had when Tyrrell shot him;  
Or, after hapless Wolsey's death,  
How soon, or late, King Hal forgot him.

I could not tell how many miles,  
Within a score, rolled Thames or Tiber;  
Or count the centuries of a tree  
By close inspection of its fibre.

So I was plucked, and lost my chance,  
And plodding Cram passed proudly o'er me.  
Who cares for Cram? I've common sense,  
And health, and all the world before me?

CHARLES MACKAY.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"  
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

## XII.

PAULINE was surprised, during the several ensuing days, to find how greatly her indignation toward Miss Cragge had diminished. The new happiness which had come to her was, in a way, resultant, as she reflected upon it, from that most trying and oppressive interview.

"I could almost find it in my heart to forgive her completely," she told Kindelon, with a beaming look.

"I wish that my forgiveness were to be secured as easily," replied Kindelon.

"Your forgiveness from whom?" asked Pauline, with a pretty start of amazement.

"Oh, you know. From your aunt, the vastly conservative Mrs. Poughkeepsie, and her equally conservative daughter."

Pauline gave a laugh of mock irritation. She could not be really irritated; she was too drenched with the wholesome sunshine of good spirits. "It is so ridiculous, Ralph," she said, "for you to speak of my relations as if they were my custodians or my patrons. I am completely removed from them as regards all responsibility, all independence. I wish to keep friends with them, of course; we are of the same blood, and quarrels between kinspeople are always in odious taste. But any very insolent opposition would make me break with them to-morrow."

"And also with your cousin, Courtlandt Beekman?" asked Kindelon, smiling, though not very mirthfully.

Pauline put her head on one side. "I draw a sharp line between him and the Poughkeepsies," she said, either seeming to deliberate or else doing so in good earnest. "We were friends since children, Court and I," she proceeded. "I should hate not to keep friends with Court always."

"You must make up your mind to break with him," said Kindelon, with undoubted gravity.

"And why?" she quickly questioned.

"He abominates me."

"Oh, nonsense! And even if he does, he will change in time.... I thought of writing to him to-day," Pauline slowly proceeded. "But I did not. I have put off all that sort of thing shamefully."

"All that sort of thing?"

"Yes—writing to people that I am engaged, you know. That is the invariable custom. You must announce your intended matrimonial step in due form."

He looked at her with a pitying smile which she thought became him most charmingly. "And you have procrastinated from sheer dread, my poor Pauline!" he murmured, lifting her hand to his lips and letting it rest against them. "Dread of an explosion—of a distressing nervous ordeal. How I read your adroit little deceits!"

She withdrew her hand, momentarily counterfeiting annoyance. "You absurd would-be seer!" she exclaimed. "No, I'll call you a raven. But you can't depress me by your ominous wing-flapping! I thought Aunt Cynthia would drop in yesterday; I thought most *certainly* that she would drop in to-day. That is my reason for not making our engagement transpire through letter."

"I see," said Kindelon, with a comic, quizzical sombreness. "You didn't want to open your guns on the enemy; you were waiting for at least a show of offensive attack...."

But, as it chanced, Mrs. Poughkeepsie did drop in upon Pauline at about two o'clock the next day. She came unattended by Sallie, but she had important and indeed momentous news to impart concerning Sallie. As regarded Pauline's engagement, she was, of course, in total ignorance of it. But she chose to deliver her own supreme tidings with no suggestion of impulsive haste.

"You are looking very well," she said to Pauline, as they sat on a yielding cachemire lounge together, in the little daintily-decked lower reception-room. "And my dear niece," she continued, "You must let me tell you that I am full of congratulations at your not being made ill by what happened here the other evening. Sallie and I felt for you deeply. It was so apparent to us that you would never have done it if you had known how dreadfully it would turn out. But there is no use of raking up old by-gones. You have seen the folly of the whole thing, of course. My dear, it has naturally got abroad. The Hackensacks know it, and the Tremaines, and those irrepressible gossips, the Desbrosses girls. But Sallie and I have silenced all stupid scandal as best we could, and merely represented the affair as a capricious little pleasantry on your part. You haven't lost caste a particle by it—don't fancy that you have. You were a Van Corlear, and you're now Mrs. Varick, with a great fortune; and such a whim is to be pardoned accordingly."

Pauline was biting her lips, now. "I don't want it to be pardoned, Aunt Cynthia," she said, "and I don't hold it either as a capricious pleasantry or a whim. It was very serious with me. I told you that before."

"Truly you did, my dear," said Mrs. Poughkeepsie. She laughed a mellow laugh of amusement, and laid one gloved hand upon Pauline's arm. "But you saw those horrible people in your drawing-rooms, and I am sure that this must have satisfied you that the whole project was impossible... *en l'air*, my dear, as it unquestionably was. Why, I assure you that Sallie and I laughed together for a whole hour after we got home. They were nearly all such droll creatures! It was like a fancy-ball without the masks, you know. Upon my word, I enjoyed it, after a fashion, Pauline; so did Sallie. One woman always addressed me as 'ma'am.' Another asked me if I 'resided on the Fifth Avenue.' Still another... (no, by the way, that wasn't a woman; it was a man)...inquired of Sallie whether she danced The Lancers much in fashionable circles. Oh, how funny it all was! And they didn't talk of books in the least. I supposed that we were to be pelted with quotations from living and dead authors, and asked all kinds of radical questions as to what we had read. But they simply talked to us of the most ordinary matters, and in a *very* extraordinary way. However, let us not concern ourselves with them any more, my dear. They were horrid, and you know they were horrid, and it goes without saying that you will have no more to do with them."

"I thought some of them horrid," said Pauline, with an ambiguous coolness, "though perhaps I found them so in a different way from yourself."

Mrs. Poughkeepsie repeated her mellow laugh, and majestically nodded once or twice as she did so.