

A WANDERER'S SONG.

Responsive hearts are everywhere,
Go where'er you may;
But touch the spring that holds them there.
They beat to you always:
But wandering in distant parts,
A longing often fills—
A longing for the true, true hearts
On the old Canadian hills!

Through cities of magnificence,
I tread with sprightly feet;
And many sights of excellence,
Admiringly I meet:
But as from stately block and dome
The greatness falls and thrills,
I long so for the dear old home
On the old Canadian hills!

In mazy dreams I breathe the air
On southern plains of flowers,
In aromatic forests where
The white magnolia towers:
But even as the fragrance drops
Into my heart, and thrills,
I long so for the maple tops
On the old Canadian hills!

And many maidens pass me by,
In my oft-changing way,
Some pensive as the twilight sky,
Some sunny as the day;
But in the grace that shines above
My restless eyes, and stills,
I long so for my true, true love
On the old Canadian hills!

O sweetheart mine! O true hearts mine!
O blossoms in the grass!
I come to you in lights divine—
To you in dreams I pass!
Sometime again I'll greet you there,
If gracious heaven wills—
I long so for my native air
On the old Canadian hills!

Cowansville, P. Q.

C. L. CLEVELAND.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRIM'S TRUNK.

We cannot go into the next day's shopping, though it was a very enjoyable day for the two people engaged. Some things however must be mentioned, on account of words and thoughts to which they gave occasion.

The business on hand this day was the getting of New Year's gifts for everybody in general. And as, with the exception of the Hollow people, it had also to be for everybody in particular, the work was slow.

Wych Hazel wanted a secretary for Primrose, in the first place. A very beautiful one was found, very perfect also, of some light-coloured ornamental wood, finely inlaid, price three hundred dollars. On the other hand, Rollo got one, a larger one, and equally good, for Arthur Maryland, for just half the money. One for Prim was to be had for a third of the money: but it was unadorned black walnut, and less elegant in form, and Wych Hazel recoiled. She would have got the first without hesitation, only she could not coax any encouragement out of Rollo.

"Do you think she would like this plain one better? Do you?"

"Suppose the difference, in the shape of a note, lay in one of the drawers, for Prim's poor people? Which do you think would give her most pleasure?"

"O that,—if you put it so. But I wish I could suit myself too."

"You can suit yourself too," said Dane smiling.

"I'll think about it as we go along. You see," she said meditatively, "I could put the cheque in, just the same."

The next place in order was Stewart's.

"I have something to get for Prim, too," said Rollo as the carriage stopped. "I have provided a new patent upright trunk; and I propose to stock all its compartments. Will you help me? Else, I am afraid, I shall never know all that ought to go in."

"Well," said Wych Hazel,—"is it to be filled with Prim's ideas, or mine?"

"Let us give her what she can use and enjoy; every comfort we can think of; and nothing that would not be a comfort. You wonder at my choice of a present, perhaps; but Dr. Maryland's means are very limited, and I know Rosy often hesitates about a new pair of gloves."

"I can choose gloves," said Hazel confidently. "But then—Dane—"

"Well?" said he, smiling, as he pushed open the swinging door.

Hazel walked on in a brown study.

"Never mind,—let me see you begin, and maybe I shall learn how to go on," she said, as they paused before one of the dress goods counters.

It was no doubt new experience to her. For Rollo began with soft merino and warm plaid pieces, choosing colours and qualities indeed with care, yet refusing the more costly stuffs which were offered. Except that he indulged himself and Primrose with a delicate gray camel's hair at last. At the silk counter he would not be tempted by the exquisite tender hues which the shopman suggested to his notice; no, he looked, and called for others, and

finally bought a good dark green and a black, the mate to Mrs. Coles' black silk. At the glove counter he handed the matter over to Wych Hazel. She had watched all his proceedings with observant eyes, saying hardly a word, unless upon some point of quality where she knew best. Now she faced him again.

"How much do you want to invest in gloves, please?"

"That is not the point? I want to stock her glove drawer. Warm gloves, cool gloves, dark gloves, light gloves; you have carte blanche. I will now look on."

Hazel laughed a little.

"There are more sorts of gloves than that. What about six buttons?"

"Six buttons!" repeated Rollo.

"Would you like more?"

"I do not understand the question. Excuse me."

Wych Hazel held out her dainty wrist, turning it slightly that he might see.

"I approve of that," said he, looking gravely down at it.

"But you cannot have that for nothing," said Hazel.

"What?" said Dane, his eyes coming now with a sparkle in them to her face.

"Hush!—Don't you understand? The more buttons, the fewer gloves—if you are limited. That was why I asked how much."

"The buttons do not look costly."

"But they are—in effect."

"What's the difference?"

"Every additional button counts for so much," Hazel told him.

"How many buttons are needed for comfort?"

"Twelve are best for some occasions,—and I think I can have one box with two."

"But how many are needed for comfort?" said Dane, inquisitorially now.

"Why!—as I told you," said Hazel. "The comfort of a glove depends on its fitting your hand and the occasion as well as the hand."

Dane pulled a card out of his pocket and did a moment's figuring on it with his pencil.

Then he showed it to Wych Hazel.

"Do you see?" he said low and rapidly in French. "If you buy so many—the difference between two buttons and four would keep a fire all winter for one of Rosy's old women who has no means to buy firing."

Hazel looked at him with open eyes, shook her head, and moved away. "I see I must quit my side of the counter," she said. "That would not suit Prim's 'views' at all. May I get them with two?"

Practically the same thing went on in the lace and embroidery departments. In the shawl room Hazel was better satisfied, though even there Rollo was content with less than a cashmere. Furs, linens, ribbans, what not, claimed also attention; and Prim's trunk took a good while to fill.

The next thing was a new carpet for the long library at Dr. Maryland's.

So went the day, with many an other purchasing errand, general and particular. New Year's gifts for the mill hands and the children; the supplies for the stores which Rollo was purposing to open in the Hollow, where all sorts of needful things should be furnished to the hands at cost prices; an easy chair for Reo, a watch for Mrs. Boërresen; books, pictures, baskets. In the course of things Hazel was taken to a bank, where a dignified personage was presented to her and she was requested to inscribe her name in a big book, and a deposit was made to her account. Also a good town restaurant was visited, where they got a lunch.

It was a regular game of play at last. Rollo bought, as Hazel never before saw anybody, things he wanted and things he did not want, as if the shopman or shopwoman seemed to be of sorry cheer or suffering from that sort of slow custom which makes New Year's Day a depressing time to tradespeople. And Hazel looked on silently. It was so new to her, this sort of buying, and (it may be said) the buyer was also so new! She did not feel like Wych Hazel, nor anybody else she had ever heard of, and could hardly find self-assertion enough to execute her Chickaree commissions when she saw the right thing. She made a suggestion now and then indeed,—"strawberry baskets" and "fishing lines" and "worsted." Byo says Trüdchen knit every minute she was at Chickaree, she remarked. And every suggestion she made Rollo acted upon as fast. Some things were ordered at once to Chickaree; others were sent or taken home with them to the hotel; whither at last, with their work but half done, the two busy and tired people repaired themselves.

A pile of business letters demanded Mr. Rollo's time after dinner; and while he was somewhat absorbed in them, Hazel softly brought a foot cushion to his side and placed herself there.

It was almost a demonstration, the way she did this, but she ventured nothing further, and sat there still and absorbed in her own musings. Dark blue silky folds lay all around her, and hands and arms came out a little from the wide lace sleeves and were crossed upon her knees. Rollo's eyes wandered to her from his letters once and again, and finally he tossed them aside, and stooped down to look at her and pull her curls a little away from her face.

"Business can wait!"—he said. "What are you musing about, duchess?"

"O, a host of things!"

"Take me along."

"So I have."

"In what capacity, pray?"

"General Superintendent."

Rollo began to laugh. "May I know what I am to superintend?"

"Well," said Hazel, with a bit of a laugh on her side, "you were filling my trunk—and I could not tell how!"

"Why not?" said Dane, drawing a long curl through his fingers.

"Would it be like Prim's?"

"I hope I have more discrimination!"

"As how?"

"Than to think the same things would suit two so different people."

"O I did not suppose you would muffle me in stone-coloured merino," said Hazel,—"but I mean— You know what I mean!"

"I should not like you as well in stone-coloured merino as in blue. Should a bird of paradise wear the plumage of a thrush or a quail?"

Hazel looked soberly down at the dark silky waves that rippled along between her and the firelight. She said not a word. Dane knew well enough what she was thinking of, but chose to have the subject brought forward by herself if at all. He paused a minute.

"Would you like a trunk filled like Prim's?" Hazel trilled her fingers thoughtfully over the hand that lay near her, and then suddenly asked, "Does that annoy you?"

"Not much!" said Rollo drily. She glanced up at him.

"Mr. Falkirk used to hate.—And I forgot what my hand was about," said Hazel; sedately folding it again with its small comrade. From which it was brought back, first to her husband's lips.

"Have we got to the bottom of that trunk yet?"

"There was another point," said Hazel. "Should I ever get to the bottom of it?"

"Never!" said Dane. "If getting to the bottom of it implied using what you took out."

Hazel laughed a little.

"That was just how I felt," she said. "But Olaf"—growing sober again—"after all you do not answer the real intrinsic question."

"How would you state that, as it presents itself to you?"

"Whether you would fill it so," she said, looking musingly at the fire. "So,—not in precise colour, of course, not exact pattern,—but in general quality—and plainness—and—"

she paused for a word.

Dane said quietly, "Probably not."

Hazel went back into an unsatisfied muse.

"One would think," she said with a half laugh, "that I was an inquisitor, and that you were answering under torture!"

"Come," said he, "you shall not say that again. Question, and I will answer straight."

"Perhaps my questions were not very straight," said Hazel, still arguing into the fire.

"But I really did bring two empty trunks from home for myself—and in all these days—"

It occurred to Rollo that he had heard and seen nothing of any purchases for herself.

"What in 'all these days'?" The words look bare, but the gentle, fine intonation carried all of caressing tenderness that other people are wont to express more broadly.

"I have not known what to put in them."

"How is that? You never found such difficulty before?"

"No. Nor now. I could fill them both in one hour. But then if I did not want to take out what was there, I might as well have Prim's at once."

"Why should you not wish to take the things out?" said Rollo, with an inward smile but perfect outward gravity.

"I made up my mind—last winter," said Hazel rather low, "that I should always like what you like,—and that I would act as if I did."

The first part of his answer Rollo did not trust to words; but presently he told her, half laughing, that he thought she was wrong in both her positions.

"You think I will—and you think I won't," said Hazel. "Is that it?"

"Not at all. Yes, half of it, the first. I think you will, as you say. But I never want you to act contrary to your own feeling; and if I can help it, I will not let you."

Hazel laughed a laugh of frank amusement.

"Always excepting," she said, "the few occasions when my 'feeling' does not answer the helm! You see," she added, growing grave again, "I have all my life just done what I liked, and as much as I liked, and because I liked."

"Precisely my own principle. I hope you will do it all the rest of your life, duchess."

"Because you hope my likings will be just right. Yes, but how shall I know? For to begin with, they are as wayward as a west wind."

"Let us see. What is your motive of choice in buying?"

"Just what I said—what I like. I can tell in a minute what suits me."

"Beauty, harmony, and fitness, being your guiding objects."

"Well."

"Well. You cannot be too beautiful, or too harmonious, for my delight."

Hazel sat silent again, thinking, puzzling.

"I wonder if I understand you?" she said.

"O I have had plenty of comments made on me before,—I think I was a sort of shock to some people. Good people, you know,—at least the best I saw; nice quiet old ladies, and proper behaved young ones. But then—"

"Go on," said Rollo smiling.

"Well, I used to think they did not know what they were afraid of. Twenty duck shot

would not have mattered, if only the gun had been wrapped in green baize. It was just the glitter of lock, stock, and barrel. Even Prim would have been easy if I had worn things in a heap."

"You must just reverse those conditions to express my feeling. I believe we ought to make ourselves as beautiful as we can, for the highest reasons. Only,—and here perhaps I shall touch the hidden point you have been feeling after,—there is one other thing which comes first."

She looked up, waiting his answer. He looked deep into her eyes as he gave it, with a smile at the same time that was very sweet.

"Do you remember?—'Seek first the kingdom of God.' Therefore, before even beauty and harmony. So, if I can secure these with one dollar, don't you see I must not spend two? The Lord wants the other dollar. He may want both. But generally, for all the purposes of use and influence, I believe he means us carefully to make ourselves, so far as we may, lovely to look at."

Hazel clasped and unclasped her fingers, working out her problem in the fire again.

"His kingdom is all the world," she said slowly. "The harmony having its keynote from heaven, and then finding its accord in all one's earthly life. I suppose that was what David meant.—'O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.'"

She laid her head down upon her arms and said no more.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

MACMAHON has been promised the support of the Senate for a moderate Left Ministry.

BARNUM gives the skins and skeletons of rare animals that die in his collection to the Smithsonian Institution.

DURING his long reign the Pope has founded 130 Bishopricks. In Europe there are 595 prelates; in America, 72; in Africa, 11; in Asia, 10; and in Australia, 21.

The principal buildings for the Paris Exhibition have been completed, and the interior arrangements commenced. The British buildings are in an especially forward condition.

QUEEN VICTORIA and the Princess Beatrice have been making lint at Balmoral for a half wounded in the Eastern war, and the example has been followed in fashionable circles.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is to have a golden wedding next spring in Berlin, and great festivities are expected. Among other potentates it is expected that Queen Victoria will be present.

Samuel Eliot, a prominent New England teacher, thinks that girls require a different kind of training from that of boys, and that proper moral training for girls is impossible at any boy's school at such an early age as they would enter.

GEN. CASSIUS M. CLAY is passing his old age in a stately mansion in the midst of an estate of 2,200 acres in Kentucky, with his adopted son, an intelligent young Russian, as a companion. This old abolitionist now holds the most gloomy opinions concerning the condition and prospects of the colored race. He says that of three freed by him, many years ago, none turned out well; also that the race is rapidly decreasing in numbers and must finally become extinct.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A NEW Cabinet has been formed in Holland. FIELD Marshal Baron Von Wrangel, the Prussian General, is dead.

THE resignation of the French Ministry is now stated to be an accomplished fact.

M. GREVY is making efforts to effect a compromise between the Republican and Conservative parties.

THE report of Russian killed, wounded and missing, up to the 25th ult., gives the number as near 62,000.

THE Egyptian leader, in the recent battle with the King of Abyssinia, is reported to have lost 23,000 men killed and wounded.

THE Russians are turning their attention to the investment of Silistria, but with its strong defences, and a garrison in first-rate condition, commanded by one of the ablest Turkish Generals, the task will be no easy one.

England is said to be conferring with the Powers as to basis of the negotiations for peace on the late Constantinople Conference. It is also a significant fact that the Czar has notified Serbia that co-operation has become unnecessary.

THOUGH no formal negotiations for peace have yet been opened between the Cuban insurgents and the Spanish authorities, the desire for peace in the ranks of the former is daily spreading, and desertions and surrenders are increasing to a large extent.

ACTING on information received by a sailor of the whaling barque *Houghton*, from an Esquimaux Indian, a proposition is on foot to fit out an Arctic expedition from New York in the spring, to obtain certain records said to have been buried with the Franklin crew at Englefield.

HOW

TO RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH to the feeble is a question often asked. PHOSFOZONE is one of the most active elements of the body. If it is wanting, disease creeps in, beginning with Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Bronchitis. PHOSFOZONE has cured many cases of above when all other remedies have failed. Sold by all druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.