

visits to The Hall, and the general state of agitation through the country, prevented her long absences from being noticed at the camp; and when the mental anguish he had undergone, added to the physical torture of his wound, threw her charge into a low fever, Winona nursed him day and night.

The medical skill of the Indians is well known, and when Hugh felt life and vigour once more returning, the desire for liberty grew stronger every hour, and he urged Winona to attempt the last stage of his escape almost before he was able to stand. But in this she was inflexible, and until the search through the country had relaxed in vigilance, and the popular agitation somewhat quieted down, she turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties. Rose listened with breathless interest as Winona proceeded with her story, and, when she concluded by saying she had decided to risk the crossing that night, her long-trying self-control gave way, and she faltered in agitated tones.

"Oh, if you should fail now, Winona, at the very last, it would be worse than all."

"Be patient and brave a little longer, dear Miss Rose," said the girl, taking her cold hands between her own. "I shall not fail, and I see in the future many happy days in store for you both."

"We shall owe them all to you," said Rose, fervently. Then, with an effort regaining her composure, she added: "I shall watch anxiously for you to-morrow, and oh, Winona, promise me that you will save him!"

"I will die for him, if necessary," she answered, solemnly. "But dead or alive I will come back and tell you he is safe," and without further farewell they parted.

One of the most picturesque bits of scenery along the St. Lawrence is the beautiful curve in the shore formed by the High Rocks in the vicinity of Brockville. The sheer, precipitous cliffs rise straight from the water's edge, their surface entirely hidden in many places with mosses and lichen, and a dense growth of shrub and thicket extending from the water-line to their rocky summits, crowned with lofty forest trees of maple and pine. Midway down the face of the cliff, at its highest point, and running parallel with its surface was the cave in which Hugh Gordon lay hidden, the descent from the top and the entrance as well being concealed from view by a tangled screen of vine and thicket, which also served the purpose of a ladder.

The dusk of the November afternoon had deepened into early twilight as Winona, her canoe safely hidden under some bushes on the beach, made her way with noiseless steps along the cliffs, and prepared to descend. Suddenly her quick eye caught sight of a figure seated in the curved trunk of an old tree leaning far out against the face of the rock below where she stood. Her heart sank as she recognized Saco, and it flashed across her that once or twice lately she thought she had been followed. All at once the watching figure raised a rifle to his shoulder, and following the direction in which it was levelled, she saw the Hugh's head appear in the opening. Swift as thought she swung herself over the edge of the cliff, and dropped, straight as a die, to the rocky platform directly in front of Hugh, one arm grasping an overhanging bough to steady herself. At the same moment the report rang out on the still night air, and, startled by the unexpected apparition of Winona, the assassin suddenly lost his balance, plunged wildly forward, and, striking a projecting rock in his swift descent, bounded out into the air and dropped into the deep dark waters beneath.

For a brief moment the two figures looked at each other with horror-stricken eyes.

"We are lost," exclaimed Hugh, hoarsely. "That shot will rouse the neighbourhood."

"Not if we fly at once. It is our only hope," said the girl, beginning the ascent with eager haste. In a few seconds the canoe pushed from the shore, not a moment too soon, as voices and lights moving along the bank testified. Swiftly and in perfect silence, favoured by the gathering darkness, the crossing was safely accomplished, and as Hugh once more set foot on land he turned, and taking both of Winona's hands said in deep, earnest tones: "To-night and many times during the past weeks I have owed my life to you, Winona. How can I ever hope to repay you for all you have done?"

"Think sometimes of me. Do not forget me when I am gone." She raised his hand to her lips, and the next moment he stood alone.

The canoe drifted slowly through the starlit darkness, as Winona, faint and exhausted, shipped her paddle, and strove to staunch the bleeding of the wound that, unknown to Hugh, she had received in defending him from Saco's jealous hatred. Suddenly she raised herself, and, folding her hands, gazed intently upwards. A brilliant meteor shot across the heavens, and, when the trail of fire in its wake had vanished, the stars shone coldly down upon an upturned canoe and a few ripples that broke for an instant their calm reflection in the silent waters.

Next morning the waves washing against the shore carried something that rose and fell on their crested tops far up the beach below the poplars. The dark beauty of the face was not marred, and the red cap lay in its accustomed place on the long raven hair, but the soft eyes were closed forever, and the brave, loving heart was silent and still.

The Government wisely pursued a lenient policy in dealing with the political prisoners. Only the principal leaders were punished, and, of the large number captured at Prescott, nine were executed, while the greater propor-

tion, being youths under age, were permitted to return home, and a free pardon was offered to all who had taken part.

It was New Year's eve when Hugh Gordon at last returned to the anxious, thankful hearts awaiting him at The Hall, and he and Rose lingered long in earnest conversation that night in one of the deep recessed windows, looking out upon the frozen river and the snowy, moonlit landscape.

"Poor Winona," said Hugh with emotion, as Rose finished the tragic story. "So she is sleeping out yonder under the poplars, Rose," he added suddenly, glancing across to where Mr. McTavish, still an invalid, sat by the blazing hearth. "I have promised our father, as I would promise him anything now, to fit myself, after a few years, for a career in Parliament. And I solemnly pledge myself, in memory of Winona, to do something to help her unfortunate nation, the rightful owners of the soil, dispossessed and driven back, inch by inch, over their native prairies by their French and English conquerors."

And he kept his word.

WINTRY BEAUTY.

THE frost-magician, wand in hand,
Has been abroad, I ween;
And conjured up, o'er all the land,
A perfect fairy scene.

The trees are silvered o'er, each spray
Hangs thick with pearly gems;
And queenly nature wears to-day
A thousand diadems.

My Norway hedge appears a wall
Of alabaster white,
And near the gate, the poplars tall
Are glistening with light.

The separate balsams grandly rise,
Like Emerald pyramids,
The colour softened, as in eyes,
Half hid by drowsy lids.

The earth is robed in dazzling white,
As though a bridal dress
Made all things passing fair and bright
With Virgin loveliness.

Behind my lively steed I ride
Along transfigured ways,
A crystal pavement, far and wide,
Traversed by merry sleighs.

The Russian palaces of ice,
Alhambra's halls so fair,
And magic scenes, wrought in a trice,
Can scarce with this compare.

Each blade of grass is diamond-tipped,
A brilliant silvery sheen
Has changed the shrubs the frost had nipped,
To white, instead of green.

The fences glitter in the sun
All silvered o'er with ice,
Hung with festoons and fringes, done
In many a quaint device.

Lattice and fret-work interlace
The leafless forest trees;
And diamonds drop from dancing sprays,
Stirred by the passing breeze.

O'er all a sky of cloudless blue,—
Bright sunshine all around,—
When Spring shall nature's face renew,
Will beauty more abound?

O earth is lovely, even when
The wintry wind blows keen!
Beyond the power of tongue or pen
To paint the witching scene!

WARBLECK.

THE RAMBLER.

REFERENCE was made last week to Mr. Llewellyn Davies in connection with "Socialism." About a year ago Mr. Davies read an admirable paper before the Diocesan Conference of Carlisle on the relation of the Church to Socialism. He thought that the Church should be Socialist so far as the grand object of Socialism—the elevation of the poor—was concerned, and that it had hitherto leaned a little too much towards the rich. It should, however, aim rather at leading than following the multitude, and should, in particular, avoid three dangers. One was economic blundering such as might frighten away capital. A second was teaching the poor to rely upon State aid until character in general became lowered; and a third was "that of encouraging society in general, and the working classes in particular, to make of material comfort the highest aim in life." This is admirably said, and if positive individual responsibility is ever insisted upon, the race will then, and only then, be genuinely

moving on and upward. Yet though the things of the body are not the only things of true price, they represent a very important fraction of what goes to make up this present life. Cleanliness is not—a long way behind, or across the street from—but *next door* to godliness, and it is an admitted fact that you cannot deal with the ignorant or squalid poor, particularly London poor, until you have reached them through coals and candles. You remember the brickmaker's house, don't you, where Mrs. Pardiggle took Esther and Ada, in order to impress upon them her methods of reforming the poor.

Growls the man on the floor: "I wants a end of these liberties took with my place. I wants an end of being drawed like a badger. Now you're agoin' to poll-py and question according to custom. I know what you're agoin' to be up to. Well! you haven't got no occasion to be up to it. I'll save you the trouble. Is my daughter a-washin'? Yes, she is a-washin'. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin, instead! An't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally onwholesome; and we've had five dirty and onwholesome children as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it; and if there wos, it would'n't be suitable to me. . . . Don't I never mean for to go to church? No, I don't never mean for to go to church. I should'n't be expected there, if I did; the beadle's too genteel for me."

And so on and so on. This is the heart of the poor man. Bad though he be, ignorant though he be, his home is his home, unless he has so lapsed into brutality as to no longer recognize his home as such, whether it be hovel or hut, cottage or cabin, the archway of a bridge or the steps of a city church. And here is where the delicacy of the thing comes in. You think these people have no senses, no instincts, no preferences, no repulsions. But they have—and they know themselves for dirty and degraded as Adam knew himself for naked—and this makes it harder for them and for you. The sensitive poor! oh, the difficulties here must be immense! At the slightest tincture of Pharisaicism your talisman fails you; your culture will drop to the floor as a rag, no longer a garment; your protestations appear but as mere wheedlings and idle mutterings; your very religious belief itself but a cloak for insincerity and foolishness.

I wish I had the space in this connection to give the readers of THE WEEK, Anglican and otherwise, a sketch of the growth of that London mission known as "St. Alphege's, Southwark." This portion of "Darkest England" was discovered by the Rev. A. B. Goulden in 1873, and this explorer began his civilizing work in an old dilapidated stable in the last stage of decay. Round this room were to be discerned the mangers out of which the horses once fed, and from which the place received the name of "the Manger." Figuratively speaking, of course, no more appropriate place could be found as a cradle for an infant church than a manger, but as a matter of fact many generations of the followers of Him who was born in one had, like the Levite, passed by on the other side. The attendance rose so rapidly that twenty—the original number—soon became 160, huddled together in rags and tatters and consisting mainly of children; finally the Manger became too small for the congregation.

Again, following the Scripture precedent, the next resting-place of these evangelists was at an inn, where toilworn travellers were invited to rest, and to have the balm of the Gospel applied to their wounds. At the back of this inn, which was in grim reality a beerhouse which had lost its license through its disreputable ways, was a miserable skittle alley.

The clergy, turning carpenters, paper-hangers and plasterers by turns, worked with a will until a chancel was made cheerful with colour, an altar fitted up, radiant with light and a surpliced choir formed. At present there is an actual congregation—not a floating, ephemeral one, by any means,—of 1,500, many of whom rise on Sunday morning, even in the depth of winter, to attend a celebration at 6.30. The Mission of Costermongers, the Young Costermongers' Mission for boys who become "swells in shiny black on Sundays" (these are the Vicar's own words), the Calvary Mission for Women, the Nazareth Mission, the Children's Mission, the Total Abstinents' Mission, the Band of Hope, Four Guilds, the Crèche and Infant Nursery, the Children's Kitchen—why, there is no end, literally, to the institutions which flourish in this wonderful London parish. It will be sufficient to say that they are so numerous that were a total stranger to be planted in ever so remote a corner of the district, he would have no need to enquire for St. Alphege's Church. It pervades the entire neighbourhood, and St. Alphege's this, St. Alphege's that, and St. Alphege's something else meets the eye in every squalid street. The answer to the question, "Where is the Church?" would therefore simply be, *Circumspice*.

The inauguration of our new Board of Trade building has inspired a modest anonymous writer among us to record its proportions in verse. The *Mail*, in drawing attention to the production, terms the author a "Writer-Citizen." (The capitals are mine.) What sort of a citizen is a Writer-Citizen? May he vote? Can he run for alderman? Does the honour—presuming it to be an honour—carry money with it, or only *kudos*? Why must