Derrick did not answer, but turned away, and went slowly out of doors. A wild voice called his name from a barred upper window; an insane glee of laughter smote upon his cars. A spasm of pain contracted his features, and paused for a moment to look up at the bioated face and red-balls peering out through the bars; then he went on silent and sad.

The road was sandy. Patient horses panted through it, fetlock deep, dragging the wagon-through it, fetlock deep, dragging the wagon-wish heavily after them, and the wild grasses and thistles that skirted it were gray with its deating implicable stone. The with its-floating impalpable atoms. The sun shone down brightly; the beautiful earth lying warm and burnished in its light, while over-head masses of cloud idly trailed their white

Derrick walked slowly on. He was communing with his heart—going back over his life with its disappointments and purposcless aims. He stopped at last beside a mossy fence, under the shade of a whispering pine.

"Margy is right," he said, simply. "I don't believe my life is any more of a benefit to my fellow-creatures than that thistle growing yon-der. If one could only believe that these crosses and disappointments were ordered aright-were the sort of food our souls need to fit them for some great end-if one could feel that God underlies it all. It's so hard—so hard!

As he stood leaning heavily against the fence, watching the stanting shafts of sunlight faintly brightening through the pine boughs, the rasping whir of a locust breaking the silence, he saw two figures coming around the curve of the road toward him. They did not notice him standing in the shadow, and he watched with hungry eyes the pliant grace of Hester Dean's figure as she came slowly on, tenderly careful of the diminutive, misshapen figure at her side. What a fair, innocent face she had! how it would have made the sunshine of his home! Then he shrank deeper yet in the shadow; the old weakness had possession of him still. Her very presence unnerved him in his jaded frame of mind.

She saw him at last, stopping before him, visibly astonished and frightened. "Why, Derrick-Mr. Halsey, are you ill?"

He tried to come forward and give her his hand, but only leaned back more weakly. "No, not ill; and yet not feeling very strong. These warm days depress one somewhat."

"But you really look far from well, and you should not venture out so in the heat of the day," looking compassionately at him from our her honest, tender eyes.

He did not dare look longer in them because of the wild, insane longing that urged him to clasp her fiercely, closely to his heart. His, and his only, she should have been. What had the right to set them apart?

"They say we are going to lose you, Hetty?" he said in a vague, questioning way. She looked up wonderingly, then, meeting his gaze, blushed hotly. There was a chaking in her throat when she tried to speak, and she almost sobbed instead. He stood still a moment looking on her. There was desolation and farewell in his gaze, as if he were renouncing cherished home forever. Then he turned and went down the road.

She looked after him eagerly. "Derrick! she called at last, but too hoarsely and indistinetly for him to hear.

"He can't hear you, Hetty," said Rene, wonderingly.

"Never mind, End. I don't want him."

But it was an untruth. She did want him; she knew it now, as she watched his black figure going, oh so slowly, down the road—his head bent, his hand clasped listlessly behind him. She felt, too, that if ever she had had a chance to gain an insight into this man's soul, she had lost it forever. There was despairing renunciation in the look he had given her. He would put her from his life, and he would never know— But she would not even whisper to herself the secret that had taken possession of her. She drew Rene closer to her side.

"You are all the world to me now, Bud, she said, tenderly.

But the child, who had been peering vigilantly up the road for the past few moments, was all alert now, his eyes flashing, his face

radiant. "Look, Hetty! there comes George Hurle-but with that new team of bays; and we'll ride Won't we, Hetty?"

"Hush, Rene. George's team don't make any difference to us; we came purposely for the walk to the lake, you know."

She spoke hurriedly, trying to restrain the gleeful shouts and signalling ringers of the boy but with indifferent success; for the handsom fellow who was tearing along the road reined in his mettlesome horses so suddenly that they were thrown upon their haunches.

"This is fortunate," he said, springing to the round. "My lucky star sent me in your way ground. "My lucky star sent me in your way to-day, Miss Hetty. Your cheeks—looking at you in a professional light, of course—are a triffe too pule for perfect health; therefore I prescribe a ride as just the tonic you need Come, Rene, my little man!"

"Oh, Hetty, do please," said the boy, be-seechingly; "and, Mr. George, I may take seechingry; "and, Mr. George, I hay take the reins and drive a little way, nayn't I? Oh, Hetty, you will, I know. Oh, Mr. Hurle-but, you are kind," and the eager child willingly suffered himself to be lifted into the

"Surely, Hetty, you will have compassion n Rene?" said George, auxiously.

Poor Rene, it would be hard to disappoint him now, when his heart is so set upon it. I'll ride a little way for his sake."

George Hurlobut's eyes grew dangerously brilliant—his lips curving into satisfied smiles.
Fill know the worst," he said, under his breath, as he took his seat.

Rene's treble pipe of a laugh rang merrily ut as the blooded animals dashed off and his ttle hands closed over the strong roins. A arn of the road brought them past Derrick lalsey. He looked after them with sad eyes. I didn't know the struggle would be so hard," said, with infinite pathos in his voice.

t root the love of her out from my heart. bught my home would be a heaven if she there. Her fresh, pure life would fuse tone and vigor into mine. Even late in day I could find unspeakable rest and cont in one true heart. We'd live together, e'd grow old together, we'd die together, if God willed. But the dream is past, and the is great—oh, so great to me!

He paused beside the gate. What a calm, irless day it was! The insects droned sleepy, the leaves hung motionless from the trees hen a sharp cry broke on his car—a cry of gildest fear, and Margy came rushing toward m, breathless, horror-stricken.

"Oh, the well, the well! Troll's after her. Good God! it's too late now!" and down she fell, prone on the ground, hiding her face in the

Derrick neither moved nor spoke, but with a sudden breath of horrror turned his eyes to the meadow below the house. He knew, by fatal intuition, what she meant. The well, dry and deep there, curbless, its mouth overgrown with rank clusters of rag-weeds. The eye of her keeper, and hastened madly to her doom. He saw her figure sharply defined on its very edge, saw Irell wildly tramping through the tall grass. Then he shut his eyes with a deathly faintness. When he opened them again Trell stood alone where she had stood a moment since.

"Bring ropes, bring ropes!" he shouted, Throw them in after me. I'm hoarsely. going down."

It seemed ages before he clambered out again, with bleeding hands and white, worked

"Bear a hand," he said, "Derrick, Margy! Slowly they drew up something-a bruised, limp figure—the arms and feet hanging helpessly down—blood on the face, on the tattered garments.

"Perrick," said Brell, compassionately look away, man, for God's sake!"

He looked vacantly up; then he went down on his knees beside the motionless figure, lying stark and stiff where they had placed it. "Susie!"

It never stirred. He stroked the faded rown hair, passing his hand over the rigid

"She be dead, man," said Trell; "it's no

"This is the baby I loved and cherished," council Derrick. "This was mother's little moaned Derrick. girl. She was pink-cheeked and golden-haired I'd a sworn she could never come to I tried to do my duty by her. Mother will know! mother will know! Susie! Where's her soul, Trell? Was I its keeper? Mother said, 'Be kind to my little girl for my sake.' She's gone now, Trell. I'm alone, all alone!"

His body rocked from side to side, his face grew ghastly. Then he fell motionless beside

A pleasant room with snowy curtains looped aside from the window; a stand with an array of vials upon it; a comely black face. were the first things of which Derrick Halsey was vaguely conscious. The wind, too, was sighing drearily-drearily enough to render him sensible of the coziness of the room, with its bright fire on the hearth. It was so pleasant resting there on the soft bed, wrapped in a dreamy languor, too feeble to think even. A cold nose was thrust up into his hand, and the old dog's overjoyed whine made Margy hastily start up and look in upon the bed; then with a choking cry she was down upon her knees beside it, audibly raising a thankful prayer Then—was it moments or hours after he could not tell—Trell's sturdy, square figure entered the door, his brown eyes dimmed with moisture suspiciously like tears, his warm, strong hands grasping in their hearty clasp the thin, white ones on the counterpage.

"Trell!"

นรe.'

"Derrick!" "What is it. Trell? Have I been sick?" "Yes, my boy, you've weathered a heavy sea-you've come night he grave. But you're too weak to talk now, rest a bit first."

So Trell went away, and Margy, sitting in her easy-chair, found it impossible to remove her thankful eyes long from her master's face. The dog curled himself contentedly beside the bed, and Derrick smil d placidly, this bare consciousness of life was so sweet. By-and-by the curtains were drawn, there was a mellow glow, of light pervading the room, and then Derrick childishly folded his hands and whispered a little prayer he had repeated years ago at his mother's knee.

When he awoke again it was morning, bright and beautiful, and closs at his side, stood faithful Margy with a basin of cool water, with which she laved his face and hands. Then there was a crisp slice of buttered toast and a cup of fragrant tea in readiness, which he ate and drank, and felt refreshed thereby. He heard voices in the hall, and low as they were he distinguished the tones, and with a sudden longing called with all his weak strength, "Hetty! Hetty!" He feared he must be dreaming still as Herty came softly through the door, and put out his thin, white hand, far whiter then hers now, to feel if she were indeed a reality; but the clasp of the soft hand was real.

"It's good to see the face of a friend once The world is dearer and kinder than I ever before felt it to be, Hetty. So Hurlebutt lias not taken you over to Stonington yet?" still keeping his hand in the warm clasp of hers.

She changed color at this, but answered, imply, "It was an untrue report, Derrick."

He locked up at her now, his eyes appealing, his voice growing unsteady. "Hetty, I need you so much; if you could only know how I Lave loved you!"

He stopped weakly, his face paler than be-fere, these depths of love in his heart he could not put into words.

And the chance was hers after all, not gone forever as she had thought. Into this life, so thirsting for love, she could enter at last; she had found her mission; nothing should keep her from confessing the truth now.

"And I need you, Derrick, for I love you." Tears came to his eves, there was infinite comfort and tenderness in his voice. "Is this true, Hetty? I never dareif to dream even of this. You are mine—mine forever—a gift from God." His eyes filled with a vague horror, he looked away from her face, caught his breath.

"Susie!" he gasped. But Hetty clasped his hands more tightly. "Don't think of it now, Derrick. Let the dead past sleep. I want to be all the world to you now. I want you to find rest in my love.

"Your love! My Hetty! Ay, I can rest in your love! I won't gloat over the hurt any longer. She's gone now. Henceforth every moment of my life—our united lives—must be devoted to extracting the present good. God has given me the chance of life again, and now it stretches out before me, alive with great and good possibilities. A life in which to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God."

"Amen," whispered Hetty, softly.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.—Buddha.

CANADA.

(Written for The Ontario Workman.) Slowly sinks our Red-men's glory In the West, their Spirit sun, And their fast decreasing numbers, Toll us of their race near-run. Hushed are all their songs and shoutings; Wont to wake the warbler's sleep; Silent slumbers hold their chieftains, And but few are left to weep.

Proudly did those forest heroes Struggle gainst on-coming woes, Yielding not to fitful frettings, Blanching not before their foes. Yet the brave and dusky warriors White men's skill could not withstand, And departing slowly westward, Left for us this fertile land.

And where once the leaves of maple Rustled in autumnal breeze, There are now the fruitful cornfields And the waving orchard trees. Yonder, too, a growing city In majestic pride now stands; To its harbour stately vessels Bring the goods of foreign lands.

Here there smiles a little hamlet, Peoping through embowering green; There the statlier village spires, Shining in the morning sheen, Here by stream-side in the valley, Clacks the noisy rumbling mill; And the farmer's quiet homestead Yonder nestles on the hill.

There beside that clump of pine trees, The school-house stands with open door; And the hearty, shouting children Rush to learn its simple lore. There fast in the city's suburbs, A great dome with massive walls, Woos the seeker of mind's treasures To frequent its classic hails.

And where ence the heavy waggen Trundled on its course most drear, And hooting of the night-owl Mocked the lonely traveller's fear; There the iron horse exultant Sweeps on in his rapid flight, Passing all the birdlings flying, In the azure fields of light.

Wealth there is yet in the forests, Treasures hid beneath thy hills, Proudly roll along thy rivers, Widered by thy many rills. Lakes expansive and majestic, Lave throughout thy fertile plains: Fields there are by giebe unbroken, Where primeval Nature reigns.

Beast we cannot, like Athenian Skies of milder, summer ray, Under which the golden orange Ripens, mellows day by day: Winter here, all bleak and blustry, Holds his long and solemn reign; Covering fields with snowy mantles, Madly sweeping o'er the plain.

Land than ours more beauteous, never; Never other land more blest: Southern climes with wealth in flowers. Prairies of the sunny West-Never other country fairer Smiled 'neath heavens' azure dome: Peace and plenty here residing,
And where Freedom finds a home.

Canadian bearts, let us be loyal, And remain 'neath England's wing Till sile can no longer guard us-Then to Canada e'er cling. Patriot's love and zeal inspire us To maintain our country's rights; Yield-no, never, to our foemen, Though we come to bloody fights.

May that time be ages distant-Ever here at peace remain! Never may Canadian freemen Feel the haughty tyrant's chain! Heaven smile upon our country-Guard it with thy righteous wand ! Make it great as nations have been-Mighty as its Mother Land! CANADIAN.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

HERE so soon again. Verily, time flies. The invisible warp of life is tilled faster than we would fain believe. The thread of life is reeled from the spool of time, recied continually, unceasingly, with greater velocity than unthoughtful man imagines. Theend will soon be reached; yes, very soon. Perhaps ere another Saturday night, many who last Saturday moved in the gay and thoughtless crowd, will ne'er be known on earth again. And many, who this Saturday night are planning deep schemes for days to come, will look back, a week hence, on the vanity and folly of earth, from the unknown, indefinable realms of endless life. The world moves on. The coming in and going out of life are the inflations and depressions of the great lungs of time. The world moves on incessantly; its only breathing spell is man's Saturday night. Silver-tinged, golden-lined, grand, noble old Saturday night. Working brother, do you not think that God, from the beginning, did all things well? Saturday night is His merciful hand thrust between the oppressed and oppressor, and for one day, at least, out of seven, labor is granted a divine respite. Saturday night is the brake applied by God to the great wheels of tyranny and wrong, that during their cessation the toiling poor might gain, through peace-ful rest, new strength to light the exacting, grinding lattles of the world. Let us go forth to-night, and view labor in repose. The hum of machinery has ceased; the fires in the furnace are dead; the hammer and driver are tuneless and still. Everything indicates repose and rest. The man who slowly and wearily plodded the street during the week now walks erect with joyous step. Happiness radiates and beams in every face. Ecstatic joy, entranced hope give new life to the world on Saturday night urday night. As we pass down the street many varied scenes strike the eye; lovely babbling children are climbing on the fence, or swinging on the gate, all anxiously waiting for papa; and occasionally at the door, or peering through the curtains of the window, a beaming face can be seen, a face evidently in sympathy with the anxiety of the seraphic, watchful sentinals outside; and see when he arrives in sight, how they run to meet him, cling to his coat, grasp his great brawny hands or climb on his knees, and such an inexhaustible uproar of innocent prattle; and how the mother's heart expands at the sight; and how the father for-gets the weary toils of the week in the smiles of his loved ones, are some of the many pictures

seen on every side. But ever and anon, a picture of darker shade is presented. Just now we see a shopmate; he comes awaggering up the street with all the bluster of a man owned a quarter of the world; but, my God, in what condition? Drunk! Can it be possible 2 What an object for those dear treasures that are even now at the gate, on the door steps, or a piece down the street watching his coming, and what a coming for those young innocont hearts; what a coming for that meek, forgiving being who will now, notwithstanding his semi-beastly condition, watch over him, wash him and even love him. This man, in-stead of going straight home, when paid off, went to have a quiet glass with a friend. is one of those exceptions to the general rule, "that a man who drinks, will sometimes get drunk." "He could take a glass or let it alone," but somehow he took it and never let it alone. Poor man, we pity him. May God pity him, for he deserves pity. Let us pass on. There goes another shopmate, with a huge market basket on one arm, his wife on the other. See how happy they look. We saw him a few hours ago, at the shop; we know he went straight nome. The gas is now lit, throwing its mellow light on pavement walk and house. The street looks like a great corridor, the angles of which seem to meet at the far end, like termination of a tunnel. The whole town appears to be out—there is a rush and jam on the street. This is the laborer's trading or shopping night. The stores are crowded; some coming, some going, others waiting. Now there passes quickly by, a happy pair of lovers, arm-in-arm, on they go. To-night, a gentle confiding girl—next Saturday night a wife, and so goes the world. As we pass on there breaks upon the ear, from the opposite side of the street, a gay rollicking air, sung in a dashy, ringing voice, with a piano accompaniment. We stop to listen and reconnoitre. Opposite is a spacious building, with great large windows, whereon are painted those lying, deceitful, high sounding words "Sample-rooms." As exhibiting samples of ruined vigor, blighted aspirations, blasted hopes, shattered manhood, enfeebled intellect and candidates for hell, they are truthful, but in nothing else. These words hide behind their vague and ambiguous interpretation more real sorrow, more heart-rending woe, the sequel to more misery and destitution, crime and shame than all the other agencies that old Zamiel has invented, or suggested to bring sorrow and wee upon the world.

As we watch there comes a man we know and respect; look, he stops. The song and music have chained his attention, he looks around; he is undecided whether to pass on on towards home, or go in. The music breaks forth more lively than ever. Again he looks towards home, louder sound the notes, but or his ear they break,

"Cracked and thin, Like a dead man's laughter Heard in heil far down."

The noble fellow has conquered the temptation and has gone home to the boson of his tabily. Brave, manly soul; how many would have gone in, only to come staggering out.

It is growing late; the streets are being de scrted, and grim silence, like a great pall, is setting down upon the city. Let us go home and profit by what we have seen; let us love one another and shield each other from temptation. Capitalists and monopolists may take from us our means of subsistence, the bread of born gift; if it were more generally cultivated man would be better, and we would all be happier. Man, woman and child, do what you can to harmonise the clashing discordant elements of society, and that millenium to which we have all looked, by inspiration from on high will one day surely come, when universal just ice will walk in the wake of universal intelli gence, when the world will shake the non producing drones over its unbounded rim, and recognize noncas worthy of habitation thereon except the honest, faithful toiler. - Coopers

PLUCK.

"Valker, my boy, what do you consider as God's best gift to man?"
"Woman, of course."
"Well, that is very good; but as woman is never given to man without his winning her,

there must be something else.'

' Money ?' "No, my boy, the root of evil is hardly a good gift as it is the source of more misery and trouble than happiness.'

"Good looks "Wrong again, my boy. Good looks, as the world speaks, fade, wither and dis-Handsome infants sedom make handsome adults-time works too many changes. The inner beauty of the soul which shines and radiates as trouble and sorrow gather around the heart, is seldom seen by the world. But there is a gift which is always noticed, and that bestowment is Pluck. Give us that, and all else follows. With a brave heart none need fail. What if you fall once, twice, twenty, or a hundred times? Pluck will pick you up and each time nerve your heart for a greater effort. Life is a succession of hills and valleys. They rise before us in all matters of existence. In love, wealth, ambition, success, or power, it is up here-down yonder, look around and see for yourself who it is that succeeds. Not the timid one, who at sight of the first obstacle in his path loses heart and yields the game. Not the man whose nerve will not keep his upper lip and under jaw in place. Not the man who gives up at the first trial. These men do not succeed. Success often sports with a man as a shy trout plays with the hook of the angler. Keep cool-be steady -stick to a regular business, and soon the nibble will end in a snapping bite, and you will land the wary prize safe at your feet.

Pluck will do anything, my boy. It will win the girl you love. Not in itself, perhaps, but it will give you the qualities she admires.

Women seldom wed men—they wed ideas. Pluck will fill your pockets with gold—but that is not the object of life. It will carve your way to eminence, and encircle you with friends who will pile the sod over your grave in sorrow—the heart-sigh, telling in eloquence beyond expression the love they bore you. Keep a stiff upper lip, my boy. Failure is the rule—success the exception. A million men walk boldly up to the great object of life—and then have not the courage to take hold of it. A million others fail because the way seems so long—or the road is too rough. Others fail for fear they will not succeed. This life is a school, my boy. There are many lessons to learn! We have each a thousand objects nine hurdred too many—and flit from one to another, as the humming bird dashes from bud

to flower-and life is all frittered away before we know it. Have a purpose. Take aim. Shoot at something. Make a mark, if nothing but a dent in the mud. If you cannot run up the hill, climb it. If you cannot reach the top, go as high as possible—then pass just one man more. If you die—die game. If you suit. Let it be in deep water. If you reach for a few take the best one. If you fall—get up man and try again. Children cry and valled the core tears off whenyou work.

The road may be rough, my boy, but whoever was made in the image of God should never say any road was too rough. Prombles may beset your path; make for the centre, as the hardest-pointed ones are those on picket duty. If you lack perseverance, have pluck to cultivate it. If you lack credit, have pluck to be honest and to show people that you deserve confidence. If you lack position, have plack to begin at the bettom of the hill and work up—the apex is broad enough for all who have the daring to struggle upwards to it, and so distant that few ever reach it. If you lack decision of character, have pluck enough to keep away from temptation. If you have no umbrella, do not stand around in the rain. If the monosyllable "no" is a good word to use, have pluck to speak it plain and distinct. Never choose the road that is shortest, if the other one is better. Never fail to satisfy your own heart—others will be satisfied in time.

Straw men are never fit for anything except to fool crows from a corn-field. The men who build railways, steamboats, factories and cities are never cowards. The man who succeeds in anything is he who has pluck. And that little word, my boy, has a powerful meaning. It signifies something more than a bulldogism, and you can study it out at leisure. Never despair. A thousand dark and rainy mornings have ended in the most glorious sunsets. Many an almost impenetrable swamp has but stood sentry to a golden land beyond. Many a cloud has passed over and left behind it a clear sky. Many a cannon has been fired without a ball in it. Many a mountain has proved but a mirage. Have a heart for every fate. If in hard luck; it might be harder. And then, Valker, my boy, you will succeed. Pluck is the graff whose resources are limitless-whose power is magic. Pluck first; luck afterwards. With the first all else will follow. MARK M. POMEROY.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE OPEN-ING OF THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

(From the N. Y. World.) OTTAWA, APRIL 12 .- To-day at 3 o'clock the

fifth and last session of the first Parliament under the new political constitution, which was inaugurated in 1867, was opened by the Governor-General with the usual ceremonics. As many of us still cling to British customs and love to reproduce them on state occasions the opening of Parliament is attended with considerable parade. Nearly all the formality, however, is confined to the Senate Chamber, and does not extend to the House of Commons, or strolling into the gallery a few minutes be fore 3, I found the members chatting and laughing and sitting in a variety of attitudes not remarkalle for Chyance. The Premier, Sir John Macdonald—one of the "High Joints," you remember—who was dressed, as well as sevour bases, even our liberties, but they cannot take from us Saturday night, with its freight official custom were no such state occasions of holy memories; they cannot take from us by English ministers, was the merriest of the theory official in the pure angelic inspirations of love: Heaven horn official in the state occasions by English ministers, was the merriest of the through the state occasions. which his opponents will invest the actually feels at meeting the popular representatives for the first time since he gade over the Canadian that the since he gade over th dian lisheries to the Americans for so insignifi-cant an equivalent. But Mr. Speaker" was aunounced, and there was a temporary lull as amounteed, and there was a confident made his appearance, preceded by the Sergeant at-Arms, who placed on the table a heavy gilt made as soon as the chief commoner of Carada took his seat on the dann'sk chair which he is likely to ind uncomfortable enough before the convergation was session is over. Then the conversation was resumed, but only for a few moments, for a heavy knock was heard on the door, and a message from his Excellency was announced, and there danced up the floor a dainty little? reach-Canadian, attired in the closest black tights.
This emissary of the Governor-General schaamed in the style for which he is tomous - for the present gentleman of the Uster of the Plack Ro is the personification of the most exquisite official etiquette, though some proper vall persist in calling it "tom-foolery" - and represed the attendance of the honorable Communication Senate Chamber. Then he backed himself out with a series of the most approved bows. The Sorgeant at Arms shouldered the maco,

the Speaker put on his cocked hat, the Clerk' left the table, and followed by as many members as liked to witness the next scene, they walked through the corridors into the Senate Chamber as far as the gilt bar, which stopped their progress. The Senate presented a gay appearance. The galleries, which are light by windows of rightly-stained glass, and s rounded by columns of native marble, we crowded by ladies and gentlemen, so that would be difficult to wedge a small boy amon them. On the floor there were representati of the citte of Ottawa, dressed in evening of tume, at the request of Lady Lisgar, who occu-pied the first seat. Lord Lisgar was seated or the throne-a heavy chair, covered with crimson damask—under a large canopy, surmounted by the royal arms: while standing on each side him were members of the Cabinet, in then Windsor uniforms, militia colonels, members of his staff, besides other prominent functionaries. The whole affair was painfully quiet, and nearly everybody looked uncomfortable-especially those ladies who knew that "low necks" didn't become them in the bright sun shine. The Commons crowded the bar and got pretty well jammed before his Excellency finished reading his speech, which he did in a very deliberate, low tone; but the worst of it was that he had to read it twice, once in Eng. lish and once in French; for our French Cana, dian friends are very tenacious of preserving their language on all state occasions and in all public documents. But the agony was soon over, and His Excellency dismissed them to attend at their public business. Before o'clock came the whole affair was over, and the Senate Chamber was once more the abode of dullness.

BRET HARTE cards the press to repudiate authorship of the poem entitled "Darling Kathleen," written about the time he was eleven years old by somebody else. If Harte continues to produce verses beginning, "No." won't—thar! And it ain't nothin, mo?" he will be anxious by and by to dony aithor ship of some other things written by him in mature manhood