

Derrick did not answer, but turned away, and went slowly out of doors.

The road was sandy. Patient horses panted through it, fetlock deep, dragging the wagon-wheels heavily after them.

Derrick walked slowly on. He was commencing with his heart—going back over his life with its disappointments and purposeless aims.

As he stood leaning heavily against the fence, watching the slanting shafts of sunlight faintly brightening through the pine boughs, the rasping whirr of a locust breaking the silence, he saw two figures coming around the curve of the road toward him.

She saw him at last, stopping before him, visibly astonished and frightened.

He tried to come forward and give her his hand, but only leaned back more weakly.

"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 out 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.

"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.

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

"Never mind, Bud. 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, on so slowly, down the road—his head bent, his hand clasped listlessly behind him.

"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 Harlebut with that new team of bays; and we'll ride too. 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 fingers of the boy; but with indifferent success; for the handsome fellow who was tearing along the road rained in his mettlesome horses so suddenly that they were thrown upon their haunches.

"This is fortunate," he said, springing to the 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 trifle too pale 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, beseechingly; "and, Mr. George, I may take the reins and drive a little way, mayn't I? Oh, Hetty, you will, I know. Oh, Mr. Harlebut, you are kind," and the eager child willingly suffered himself to be lifted into the wagon.

"Surely, Hetty, you will have compassion on Rene," said George, anxiously.

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

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

He paused beside the gate. What a calm, peaceful day it was! The insects droned sleepily, the leaves hung motionless from the trees, when a sharp cry broke on his ear—a cry of widest fear, and Margy came rushing toward him, breathless, horror-stricken.

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

Derrick neither moved nor spoke, but with a sudden breath of horror 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 insane woman, who had escaped the vigilant eye of her keeper, and hastened madly to her doom.

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

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

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

"Derrick," said Trol, 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 brown hair, passing his hand over the rigid face.

"She be dead, man," said Trol; "it's no use."

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

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

A pleasant room with snowy curtains looped aside from the window; a stand with an array of vials upon it; a comely black face. These were the first things which Derrick Halsey was vaguely conscious of. The wind, too, was sighing drearily—drearly enough to render him sensible of the coziness of the room, with its bright fire on the hearth.

"Trell!"

"What is it, Trel? Have I been sick?" "Yes, my boy, you've weathered a heavy sea—you've come nigh the grave. But you're too weak to talk now, rest a bit first."

So Trel 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, smiling placidly, this bare consciousness of life was so sweet.

When he awoke again it was morning, bright and beautiful, and close 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.

"And I need you, Derrick, for I love you." Tears came to his eyes, there was infinite comfort and tenderness in his voice.

"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, Tell us of their race near-run.

Proudly did these forest heroes Struggle 'gainst on-coming woes, Yielding not to awful frettings, Blanching not before their foes.

And where once the leaves of maple Rustled in autumnal breeze, There are now the fruitful cornfields And the waving orchard trees.

Here there smiles a little hantlet, Peeping through embowering green; There the staid village spires, Shining in the morning sheen.

And where once the heavy waggon Trundled on its course most drear, And hoisting of the night-owl Mocked the lonely traveller's fear:

Wealth there is yet in the forests, Treasures hid beneath the hills, Proudly roll along the rivers, Watered by thy many rills.

Beast we cannot, like Aethonian Sides of milder, summer ray, Under which the golden orange Ripens, mellowed day by day.

Land than ours more beautiful, never; Never other land more blest; Southern climes with wealth in flowers, Prairies of the sunny West—

Never other country fairer, Smiled meth'nsheavens' azure dome; Peace and plenty here residing, And where Freedom finds a home.

Canadian hearts, let us be loyal, And remain North England's wing Till she can no longer guard us— Then to Canada ever cling.

May that time be ages distant— Ever here at peace remain! Never may Canadian freedom 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!

SATURDAY NIGHT.

HERE so soon again. Verily, time flies. The invisible warp of life is filled faster than we could vainly believe. The thread of life is reeled from the spool of time, reeled continually, unceasingly, with greater velocity than unthoughtful man imagines.

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.

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

seen on every side. But ever and anon, a picture of darker shade is presented. Just now we see a shopmate; he comes swaggering up the street with all the bluster of a man that owned a quarter of the world; but, my God, in what condition? Drunk! Can it be possible?

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.

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

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.

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PLUCK.

"Walker, 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."

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

"Wrong again, my boy. Good looks, as the world speaks, fade, wither and die. Handsome infants seldom 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.

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 hundred too many—and fit 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 sink, it be in deep water. If you reach for a fact, take the best one. If you fail—get up man and try again. Children cry and weep—leave tears off when you 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. Problems 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 pluck to begin at the bottom 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, Walker, my boy, you will succeed. Pluck is the great 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 OPENING 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 ceremonies. 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, for strolling into the gallery a few minutes before 3, I found the members chatting and laughing and sitting in a variety of attitudes not remarkable for elegance. The Premier, Sir John Macdonald—one of the "High Jinks" you remember—who was dressed, as well as several others of the Cabinet, in the elaborate official custom worn on such state occasions by English ministers, was the merriest of the throng, and did not shirk any of that anxiety which his opponents will have it he actually feels at meeting the public representatives for the first time since he made over the Canadian fisheries to the Americans for so insignificant an equivalent. But "Mr. Speaker" was announced, and there was a temporary lull as the functionary in gown and cocked hat made his appearance, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, who placed on the table a heavy gilt mace as soon as the chief commissioner of Canada took his seat on the damask chair which he is likely to find uncomfortable enough before the 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 red-headed Canadian, attired in the closest black tight-fitting style for which he is famous—for the present gentleman of the Order of the Pluck Rod is the personification of the most exquisite official etiquette, though some may not persist in calling it "tomfoolery"—and he invited the attendance of the honorable Commons in the Senate Chamber. Then he backed himself out with a series of the most approved bows.

The Sergeant-at-Arms shouldered the mace, the Speaker put on his cocked hat, the Clerk left the table, and followed by 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 lighted by windows of richly-stained glass, and rounded by columns of native marble, were crowded by ladies and gentlemen, so that would be difficult to wedge a small boy among them. On the floor there were representatives of the *cite* of Ottawa, dressed in evening costume, at the request of Lady Lisgar, who occupied the first seat. Lord Lisgar was seated on the throne—a heavy chair, covered with crimson damask—under a large canopy, surmounted by the royal arms; while standing on each side of 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 sunshine. 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 English and once in French; for our French Canadian 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 to their public business. Before 4 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—that! And it ain't nothin'—no!" he will be anxious by and by to deny authorship of some other things written by him in mature manhood.