

**My Saint.**  
 My saint! As I name her I fancy you thinking  
 Of some gracious woman, tall, stately and  
 Who bears her serene, white wearing full  
 The beautiful crown of her burnished  
 It leaves me, believe me, to slight your  
 Your vision is one for an artist to paint;  
 But its loveliness would give to  
 The form and the face and the charm of  
 my saint.

Is she young? Is she old? I am puzzled to  
 tell you;  
 Her eyes are the last thing one thinks of, you  
 see;  
 Should you reckon by trouble, her years  
 have known double  
 The sorrows life portions to you add to  
 still her tones are so steady, her smile is so  
 brave,  
 The shade of her eye is so fearless and  
 true,  
 Few note the locks faded, the pale brown  
 strands,  
 By lines that no chisel but pain's can en-  
 grave.

The saint, whom we women have rever-  
 ence,  
 Spent hours in prayer at the altar and  
 shrine;  
 My saint is braver than her time for  
 prayer cries,  
 By death throbs cries out to the Helper  
 Divine,  
 So busy for others, your sisters and mothers,  
 Whose burdens she aids them to lift as she  
 can;

In love to the neighbor, in lowliest labor,  
 She serves the dear Lord in a service to  
 man.

Not dimpled and dainty, she is in life's  
 battle,  
 Who fights, though a victor, is questioned  
 with scorn,  
 The old wounds awaking, oft hurt to heart-  
 breaking;  
 New pink and white beauty such agony  
 mar,  
 But children adore her, the babies climb o'er  
 her,  
 The weary sob out their distress on her  
 breast,  
 And her plain little dwelling, it goes with-  
 out telling,  
 Is cozy and curtained and warm as a nest,  
 She hasn't much money, this saint of my  
 praise,  
 But never her loaf is too small to be  
 shared,  
 Of her best she is giving, while patiently  
 living;  
 The one household darling who could not  
 be spared,  
 Oh, far be the day when the angels shall  
 call her,  
 At the thought, at the presage, my spirit  
 grows faint;  
 The day would be dreary, once shorn of the  
 cheer,  
 The dear, quiet presence I christened My  
 Saint.

—MARGARET E. SARGSTER, in Burlington  
 Hawkeye.

**DAD'S JO.**

Just noon of a warm, bright day at  
 Block Island. On the broad, shady piazza  
 of the great hotel there is an unbroken  
 stillness. The roses, climbing over the  
 railing, nod lazily in the breeze; the  
 curtains at the long windows sway gently  
 to and fro; the parlors beyond are silent  
 and deserted. Up at the beach the waves  
 are lazily lapping the glistening sand,  
 while the bright colored suits drying in  
 long lines behind the merriment of the  
 one only reminder of the merriment which  
 existed less than half an hour ago. One  
 or two ox-teams are slowly creeping along  
 the road, loaded with trailing seaweed of  
 variegated hues; here and there is a group  
 of bronzed fishermen mending their nets.  
 These are the only signs of life.

Everybody is down on the pier. The  
 Block Island is overdue more than twenty  
 minutes, and the rickety boards creak and  
 tremble as the anxious crowd press to the  
 very edge, each one eager to catch the  
 first glimpse of the steamer as she rounds  
 Clay Head.

The excitement increases. The fishing-  
 boats huddle close together behind the  
 breakwater; the backmen, growing impatient,  
 vociferate loudly; the Marine band  
 in the pavilion on the hill strikes up; and  
 yet—

"Here comes Jo!" some one shouts.  
 "Depend on it, the boat'll be in soon,  
 now," says a grizzled old fisherman  
 standing close by. "Jo's a sure sign."  
 Night upon a year since she's watched that  
 boat come in every day, and never knew  
 her to round the Head unless Jo was  
 here.

All eyes turned toward the road. An  
 antiquated specimen of a carriage is con-  
 coming down the hill as rapidly as the lean and  
 bony horse in front can drag it along.

It draws up on the wharf beside the  
 more pretentious vehicles, a young girl  
 jumps out, ties the horse, lays her arms  
 lovingly around his neck a moment, then  
 hurriedly pushes her way through the  
 throng to the end of the pier.

A young girl, clad in a home-  
 made dress of the coarsest material, scant  
 and patched, yet very clean, with a rough  
 straw hat tied down over her hair which is  
 long, straight, and decidedly red. A girl  
 with nothing pretty and attractive about  
 her, but there is such a brave, pathetic  
 look in her great, blue eyes, that one  
 involuntarily turns and looks at her again  
 and again.

Swiftly and silently she passes along to  
 the farther end of the pier, and, lifting  
 one hand to shield her eyes from the sun-  
 light, gazes steadfastly at the distant hori-  
 zon.

"I know he will come to-day," she says,  
 seemingly unconscious that she is speak-  
 ing aloud. "I wait a year ago to-day he  
 went over there, Dad did. He promised  
 to come back soon, but it has been so  
 long. Oh! he will surely come to-day,  
 won't he?" she asks, turning to a weather-  
 beaten old sailor, who is gazing at her  
 with just a suspicion of moisture in his  
 eyes.

"Aye, lass, that he will," he answers.  
 "I've got extras for dinner to-day," she  
 goes on, brightening up, "cause he'll  
 have a mighty appetite after being at  
 them furrin' places so long, and I've made  
 a cushion for his chair that sets by the  
 window. I brushed up the team, too, and  
 old Besseemed to know he was coming,  
 for she brought me over in no time."  
 "Quite like he'll come to-day," says the  
 old skipper, "and he'll bring you so many  
 smart things that I'm afraid you won't  
 be Jo any longer."

"Yes," she replied the girl. "I'll  
 always be Jo to Dad, anyway. Dear old  
 Dad. He's told me many a time, how he  
 picked me out of the water that dreadful  
 night; and when no one seemed to want  
 me, he took me home with him; and a  
 helpless baby with nothing in the world  
 but a ring on my finger with 'Jo' scratched  
 on it. Oh, I wish I could do something  
 big for him, so he would know."

"Well, cheer up, lass; he's waiting for  
 some good reason. Praps he can't find  
 what he wants for you just yet."  
 "Oh, I know now; that's it. He was  
 going to get me a blue gown with a big  
 collar on it and a great, gold star in each  
 corner, but I begged him to try and get  
 a white one; white is so pretty like, and  
 I never had a white dress in all my life,"  
 glancing ruefully down at the homespun  
 cotton. "May like he had to go and go,  
 for he could get it."  
 For a few moments she gazed earnestly  
 over the water. Is it smoke—that long  
 thin line of gray! Yes! just around the  
 headland something white is coming into  
 view. A few more minutes and the great  
 steamer, gaily bedecked with flags and  
 pennants, burst into sight. Slowly, too  
 slowly, she approaches along  
 through the blue water, with  
 with foam and sparkling in the sunbeams  
 the huge wheels cease revolving and the  
 Block Island is in at last. The ropes are  
 fastened, the plank is thrown out and the  
 passengers come ashore.

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 passengers come ashore.

With one despairing cry she bounds  
 down the plank and searches for him in  
 the cabin.

"Come, come, move along, my girl,"  
 says the captain, roughly. "What do you  
 want here?"

"Oh, I want Dad," she sobs; "he was  
 comin' to-day, I know. Tell me, haven't  
 you seen him?"

"How should I know him," he answers,  
 gruffly. "Move along! We are late to-  
 day and can't be bothered."

Jo turns slowly away and mechanically  
 passes up over the gangway. What does  
 it matter to her that the sun is shining,  
 that the band is playing its sweetest music!  
 All the brightness of the day has gone for  
 her. Calmly she walks along, slowly un-  
 fastens her dress, and climbing in the wagon,  
 silently drives away.

But her face is very pale and there is  
 such a strange, strange look in her great,  
 blue eyes that more than one honest-  
 hearted sailor draws his brown hand  
 across his eyes and murmurs, "Poor little  
 gal!"

**HOW THE ENGLISH TOOK QUEBEC.**

THE TRUE STORY OF THE DEATH STRUGGLE  
 OF NEW FRANCE.

When the first chapter of this volume is  
 up in the first chapter of this volume is  
 the situation of the English colonies was dis-  
 heartening, though it may be opined that  
 Braddock's defeat and other reverses were  
 needed to call out the concerted energy  
 by which their numerical superiority to  
 the French enemy was to be at last turned  
 to account. Certain it is that in 1758,  
 after the return of William Pitt to office  
 had given them the assurance of vigor  
 and support and capable leadership on the  
 part of the mother country, the northern  
 colonists in particular evinced a fighting  
 power in which observing Englishmen  
 discerned a warning. But even Pitt could  
 not reorganize the British army at a  
 good deal from incompetent general-  
 ship, the failure of the movement from  
 which they hoped the most—the attack  
 on Fort Mifflin in 1758—being un-  
 questionably due, as Mr. Parkman shows,  
 to the blunders and faint-heartedness of  
 the English commander, Abercromby.

But while the direct line of approach to  
 Montreal by way of Lake Champlain was  
 thus barred for another year, the circle of  
 the French defences was broken down  
 and narrowed by successful operations in  
 the Cape Breton strong-  
 hold, on which the French  
 relied to command the Bay of St. Law-  
 rence and keep open maritime communi-  
 cation with Quebec, had yielded to  
 strong English armament after a desper-  
 ate resistance, while the capture of Fort  
 Frontenac and Fort Duquesne freed the  
 French flank and left them free to  
 their flank and rear, and the conquest of  
 Canada in the succeeding summer. The  
 main interest of the decisive campaign  
 of this volume is, of course, concen-  
 trated upon the expedition led by Gen.  
 Wolfe against Quebec. Of this officer,  
 whose death in the moment of triumph  
 has distracted and gained for him,  
 perhaps, more fame than he really  
 deserved, a discriminating estimate is here  
 for the first time offered us. The resolu-  
 tion displayed by him during the tedious,  
 and what long seemed fruitless, leaguer  
 of Quebec, is forcibly depicted, and it is  
 clear that Wolfe was a sick man when he  
 left England, and that the success of his  
 battle on the Plains of Abraham would  
 probably have died, like Forbes' (who a  
 year previously had taken Fort Duquesne),  
 before reaching home. But while with-  
 out his dauntless and inflexible spirit the  
 expedition must have miscarried, the in-  
 ference is pressed upon us by Mr. Park-  
 man's recital of the steps that Wolfe's  
 strategic abilities were, on the whole,  
 inferior to those of his antagonist, Mont-  
 calm, and that the daring movement by  
 which success was won was largely due to  
 accident. The impression left upon the  
 reader of history has been that the  
 Wolfe found Quebec apparently impre-  
 gnable, but that his eye at once detected a  
 single chance for the assailant in the  
 heights above the town, whose ascent,  
 though supremely hazardous, was at  
 least possible. The facts, however, are  
 that the British fleet anchored off Quebec  
 in the month of June, and that it was  
 nearly in the middle of September when  
 the ships could delay their departure  
 for England only a few days longer)  
 before the effective stroke was dealt.  
 All his preceding operations, though they  
 weakened the resources of the besieged  
 troops and the loyalty of the Canadians,  
 did not really bring Wolfe any nearer his  
 main object, for Montcalm's positions  
 were still secure, and his communication  
 with his base of supplies at Montreal  
 unbroken. But for a chain of accidents,  
 all unfavorable to the French commander,  
 the attempt to scale the Heights of Abrah-  
 am would apparently have ended in  
 appalling disaster. It is evident from  
 Wolfe's dispatches that a week before his  
 victory he was in despair, and the desper-  
 ate expedient to which he finally resorted

was not of his devising. He had, it  
 seems, submitted to his three Brigadier  
 Generals three plans, all of them bold  
 enough, but which were led by Mr.  
 Parkman's account of the situation to look  
 upon as impracticable. At all events,  
 they were all three rejected by the Brig-  
 adiers, who, in their turn, suggested  
 a fourth scheme, even bolder than the  
 others, but which, in the event of success,  
 would place the English troops between  
 Montcalm and his base of supply, and thus  
 force him to fight or surrender. This pro-  
 ject was at once embraced by Wolfe, who,  
 however, Mr. Parkman says, could see  
 but little hope in it. "He knew," he read,  
 "that every chance was against him. Dis-  
 appointment in the past, and gloom in the  
 future, the pain and exhaustion of disease,  
 tolls, and anxieties, threw him at times  
 into deep dejection. By those intimate  
 with him he was heard to say that he  
 would not go back defeated, to be exposed  
 to the censure and reproach of an igno-  
 rant populace. In other words he felt that  
 he ought not to sacrifice what was left of  
 his diminished army in vain conflict with  
 hopeless obstacles." In a letter written to  
 the Admiral of the English fleet not long  
 before the final dash was made, he spoke  
 despondingly of the proposed attack above  
 Quebec, and deemed a nature to order others  
 to execute, while his illness would prevent  
 him, as he believed, from carrying it out  
 in person.

"The little gal was so happy yesterday,"  
 he says, turning to the man, who, how-  
 ever, will not remove his gaze from her.  
 "I'll never forget her standing there  
 an' sayin' as how she wished she could do  
 something big for Dad; an' she has, she  
 has, poor little gal."

He breaks into little weeping, and, turn-  
 ing, leaves the room.

The old man leaves the room. His  
 whole face changes. The terrible calm has  
 broken up, but no tears come. Only a  
 look of unutterable gladness and joy.  
 "I know'd it, Jo; I know'd it. Some-  
 thing big for Dad; I know'd it. Wait  
 just a minute, I'll comin'!"

His head falls forward upon the coffin.  
 Some one comes in presently and finds  
 him there. He is quite dead.

They bury them side by side, in one  
 grave, close by the murmuring sea; and at  
 the head they place a simple, white wooden  
 shaft, with just these two words roughly  
 inscribed upon it—"Dad's Jo!"

ence in America he had made such good  
 use of his powers that he not only filled  
 the position of co-proprietor with the Arch-  
 bishop of Boston and some other prelates  
 of the most important journals in the  
 United States. Mr. O'Reilly was one of  
 the most influential men in the State of  
 Massachusetts and one of the most hon-  
 ored citizens in the United States, and  
 might long ago have occupied a seat in  
 Congress if he could have spared from his  
 literary labors and the duties of journal-  
 istic life the time to devote himself to public  
 life in that capacity. He (Mr. Sexton)  
 might go so far as to say that one of the  
 English gentlemen who met him lately in  
 Boston, Sir Lyon Playfair, who occupied  
 the position of chairman of the Ways and  
 Means Committee of this House, was so  
 impressed with the personal qualities and  
 gifts of Mr. O'Reilly that he was one of  
 the gentlemen who pressed upon the  
 British Government the propriety and the  
 duty of extending to Mr. Boyle O'Reilly  
 the same terms freely given to the men con-  
 victed under similar conditions. In Decem-  
 ber last the Irish residents of the city of  
 Ottawa, intending to hold a celebration on  
 St. Patrick's Day, invited Mr. Boyle  
 O'Reilly to join them. The celebration of  
 St. Patrick's Day was held in so much  
 respect that it was the custom for the Par-  
 liament of Great Britain to adjourn on  
 St. Patrick's Day so as to allow the mem-  
 bers of Parliament of Irish birth or sym-  
 pathy to attend the celebration. Mr.  
 O'Reilly replied to the invitation that he  
 did not feel himself at liberty to accept  
 it in consequence of the uncertainty which  
 he felt of what the action of the British  
 Government might be towards him. He  
 put himself into communication with the  
 American Secretary on the matter, and  
 was very nearly all the time available was  
 wasted upon movements useless from a  
 strategic point of view, it is indisputable  
 that whoever suggested the mode of  
 attack at last adopted, it was executed by  
 Wolfe with incomparable efficiency. If  
 not a strategist of a high order, Wolfe  
 was, at all events, a better leader of men,  
 a more successful organizer and inspirer  
 of soldiers, than any General that Eng-  
 land ever sent to North America. Had he  
 lived to direct the British forces in the  
 Revolutionary war, it might have freed all  
 with the colonies, for in that contest strat-  
 egic skill was less requisite on the part  
 of the British commanders than the posses-  
 sion of a spirit of enterprise, fertility of  
 resource, infectious daring, and dogged  
 tenacity, the very qualities, in short, in  
 which Wolfe alone pre-eminently.—*New  
 York Sun's Review of Parkman's "Montcalm  
 and Wolfe."*

**THE CASE OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.**

DEBATE IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Sexton said he wished to draw the  
 attention of the Government to certain  
 facts connected with the case of Mr. John  
 Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, who nineteen  
 years ago was convicted of treason in Dub-  
 lin, and sentenced to penal servitude for  
 twenty years. At that time Mr. O'Reilly  
 had hardly, he might say, reached the  
 prime of manhood. The time of Mr.  
 O'Reilly's trial was a time of great excite-  
 ment and political excitement, and of many  
 political trials in Ireland, and he was one  
 of a large number of Irishmen who were  
 tried upon a similar charge and sentenced  
 to like terms of penal servitude. Those  
 who were sentenced then might be divided  
 into two classes—those who were civilians  
 and those who were members of the British  
 Army. Not only had every civilian sen-  
 tenced at that time been released, but also  
 those who like Mr. Boyle O'Reilly were  
 members of the British Army had since  
 been set at liberty. In the case of some  
 of the civilians, their release from penal  
 servitude was accompanied by the condi-  
 tion that they should exile themselves  
 from the Queen's dominions, and he would  
 be curious to hear the Home Secretary  
 whether the Government now thought the  
 case pursued in compelling the civilian  
 prisoners whom they released to exile them-  
 selves in permanent exile, had been a course,  
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