

PROGRESS.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Editor and Proprietor,
Office: Masonic Building, German Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 15.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

AN INVESTIGATION WANTED.

It was considerable satisfaction to all lovers of justice and fair play, and to this paper, to read the announcement Thursday morning that the representatives of the citizens had supported our demand for a strict investigation into the charges preferred against certain members of the police force. While it is quite true that the chief of the police force is all powerful in this matter, yet he can hardly afford to stand out against public opinion and pursue a course contrary to the good judgment of his advisers. Though he is the appointee of the government, and only responsible to it for his actions, still he will not fail to remember that the citizens, who are denied their just right of control over him, have the doubtful privilege of contributing to his salary. Whatever the result of the pending "inquiry," there must be one good effect from the very liberal and free ventilation of police affairs—the people will realize just how powerless they are in the matter.

While the assertion is often made—and there are some arguments in favor of it—that appointments of this nature should not be in the hands of the representatives of the people, and subject to change with them, still we must admit that the people should have some power to restrain and advise those officers whom they are compelled to pay. The remedy, of course, is always open of appealing to the government, and laying the facts of the case before that body, but when the constituency has pronounced decidedly against the administration, relief from that quarter would be exceedingly doubtful.

We trust that the chief of police will have no difficulty in refuting the rumors and semi-charges that would reflect upon his conduct as a public officer. Those who give currency to them should either be prepared to substantiate them or cease talking. It is bad enough to have subordinate officers under suspicion—to go further and higher would indicate that police affairs are in a deplorable condition.

A NOBLE WOMAN'S LIFE.

When Mrs. Booth, "Mother of the Salvation Army," died recently, the earthly career of a very famous woman, and an earnest christian worker, ended. Mrs. Booth was perhaps one of the best known women of the nineteenth century and her life and work serve as apt illustrations of the extent to which the spirit may triumph over the flesh. The ceaseless activity, the uncomplaining poverty, the enormous amount of good accomplished during this fragile woman's life are amazing—when one considers that she was never robust and struggled during her entire existence with that most subtle and hopeless malady, spinal disease. A late memoir of Mrs. Booth gives some interesting stretches of her life and early work. She was born in a small country town in England. She was an only daughter, and her delicate health prevented her from seeing very much of regular school life, but the inclination of her mind was always towards theological studies, and while very young she became a member of a church, and joined a class. Her family had moved to London, which was destined to be the scene of her early work.

The future great preacher was of a most timid and nervous disposition, shrinking from observation as a sensitive plant shrinks from the touch. The mere request that she should pray aloud at class meeting filled her with terror, but her strong will triumphed over the shrinking heart, and she became in a short time teacher of the largest girls' bible class connected with the church.

It was just at this time that she first met her future husband, then known as the "boy preacher." Shortly after, they were married. Mr. Booth being at the time an evangelist, who was preaching with great success. Thus began a life of self-sacrifice and self-devotion, for the noble minded pair, which was to end only with their death.

The church to which they were attached, was the New Methodist Connexion, and Mr. Booth was appointed to the charge of Bethesda Chapel, Gateshead. It was in this town that Mrs. Booth's first public

address was delivered, sometime in the year 1860, and she gives a touching description of the influences which led her—the most timid of women—to address an audience of some thousands. From this time forth, she became a regular preacher.

The first step towards the formation of the Salvation Army was taken when Mr. and Mrs. Booth severed their connection with the church to which they had been attached, with the idea that they could do more work as evangelists. Until the year 1865 they travelled about, conducting revival services in different parts of the country. In that year they came to London and organized a settled mission, which in time developed into the Salvation Army.

During the thirteen years, between 1865 and 1878, when the name "Salvation Army" was first used, Mrs. Booth was in the habit of preaching three times every Sunday, and conducting numerous meetings during the week. Her whole life was one of work and prayer, of self-sacrifice and consecration to the welfare of others. Even on her death bed her constant prayer was that she might not linger long, lest she should take up too much of her nurses time and so impede the work.

The manner in which this mother in Israel brought up her eight children will well be an example for other mothers, when one remembers how those children all turned out. They saw practised in the home what they heard preached in public. She had such a hatred of all that was false or mean, of all shams, that there was no fear of her children ever hearing her say she was delighted to see anyone who called, and then remark afterwards that she wished they had not called. In speaking on this very subject she expressed herself thus:

No mother will succeed in begetting in her child a greater antipathy towards any sin than she feels for it herself. Children are the quickest of all analysts, and instinctively detect in a moment all affectation of goodness. They judge not so much from what we say as how we feel. They are not influenced so much by our teaching as by our spirit and example.

For instance, a mother teaches her child to be truthful, and on no account to tell a lie; but what effect will such teaching have if he hears her tell one, or sees her act one, the next day? Parents teach their children to be sincere, and take occasion to point out examples of the meanness and wickedness of deception, but by their own example they very frequently train them in the grossest insincerity. Take an illustration.

A person calls to see you whose society your child knows that you neither esteem nor desire, but you are all smiles and compliments, pressing her to come again, and assuring her that her visit has given you very great pleasure. What more effectual lesson could you give your wondering little one in deception and double-dealing than this?

"And yet how common is this kind of thing in many households? I once stayed in the house of a lady who had a fine, promising boy of about eighteen months old. He used to kick and scream violently when he found she was going out of the house. This, of course, was the result of previous bad training. But what did she do? Instead of facing the difficulty, and in a calm, firm and affectionate manner cutting her little son of this bad habit, she used to promise every time that she would bring him a pony that he could ride on, and the little fellow believed and believed until he got tired and then put down his mother in his baby mind, as a liar. Of course, he would not understand such a definition, but the deception would be burned into his soul never to be eradicated.

A child hurts himself against the table; the mother strikes it, and says, "Oh naughty table, you have hurt baby; but the child soon learns that the table was not to blame, and at the same time learns to distrust his mother, who said it was.

Such was the woman whose death was mourned, not only in England but all over the world, whose funeral procession blocked the streets of London, and whose title of "Mother" was not a mere empty word, but a love-title conferred upon her by the thousands to whom she had been in the truest truth a mother in the highest sense of the word.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Oratorio society has monopolized every evening this week, and I am compelled to say that the active members have devoted all their spare time to its service. I am sorry that the concert was given too late in the week for me to say as much as I would like about them in this letter. The only attraction was Miss Sharp's concert, Monday evening, which I did not attend.

Miss Sharp took a poor time for her entertainment, just before the Oratorio concert, and besides I think all our citizens have done what they can afford to honor Fred. Young's memory. It must be unpleasant to the poor lady's friends to see the placards which are exhibited about our streets, using his name to draw people to what are in some cases performances which would be much better omitted. Not that I wish to include Miss Sharp's concert in that class. I believe it was enjoyed very much by those present.

Truly this is an age of musical progression. Now comes an entirely new key board for our pianos, invented by Paul de Janko, which is going to revolutionize piano playing as well as piano making, if it is adopted, and as it has attracted a great deal of attention, and also approval from the greatest musical authorities in Europe, I fancy that we will have to accept it in time. I have seen some engravings of the "Janko key board" in the *American Musician*, and a funnier looking object for playing on, I never beheld. It looks something like a roof with the old fashioned slanting keys with the slates for keys, of which there are six rows in a sort of terrace slanted bank, each row being elevated a little above the one in front of it. The main thing about the "Janko key board" seems to be the facility with which you can strike any *any* notes at once.

If any one would like to learn any more about the "key board," I advise him to invest in a copy of the *American Musician* for Oct. 25th and Nov. 1st, and satisfy himself.

The New York Churchman comes to the front with another instrument, or attachment, and says, "The latest invention is the pianoforte and harmonium combined. It is called the 'Lindard,' in honor of the pianist, Dr. Lindard. There are ten steps to the pianoforte, and placed so that the performer can reach them easily while playing. The attachment can be made to an ordinary piano, and would cost probably about five pounds."

Last Saturday I went to the recital in the St. John church of music. The principal portion of the programme was in charge of Miss Hitchens. I had heard a good deal about the school, but had never had an opportunity for visiting it before. Unfortunately

ON COURTNEY BAY.

In Memoriam, Frederic Young.
O fierce and strong the mighty winds that lashed,
Those raging waters, roaring, tempest-tossed,
To foaming billows, mountains high, that crashed,
In rolling thunder, all along the coast!
And ships at anchor, near the harbor bar,
Like cradles rocked, upon their angry swells;
While borne upon the breath of winds afar,
Chimed the sweet echo—of unheeded bells!
As, through storm threatening clouds, the otherday,
The sun rose redly, upon Courtney Bay.

Then, reaching him, he lifts the drowning child,
Shouting exultingly, above the din—
"Oh howling winds, and stormy tempest wild,
But ah! for that brave, true heart, and bold!
Alas! for the agonized hearts on shore!
On the fatal line, they can grasp no more.
But that cry was answered, from Heaven, straightway,
And sweet was the "Welcome" they won that day
Beyond the poor confines of Courtney Bay!
O bells that tolled!—O mourning skies that wept!



DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY MR. J. H. KAYE—Engraved by "Progress" Engraving Bureau.

Many a heart beat wild with dread and fear,
Dreaming of loved ones on that stormy sea;
For O, it was an awful sound to hear
The wind, that blew that day, so bitterly!
Full of youth's brightest hopes, and life's sweet dream,
That fateful noon—a mother's darling boy,
Upon the bank beside that maddened flood,
Till one fierce blast outbore him far away
Into the treacherous depths of Courtney Bay!

God help his mother now! for who will dare
To risk his life in such a cruel sea,
To save her little lad? Yet, one was there
(And braver, never trod the earth, than he!)
Who plunged into the angry churning tide,
While on the shore, a horror-stricken throng,
Watched the life-line slip down, the bank's steep side!

While far, far out, the swimmer fought his way
Through the mad waves—upon Courtney Bay.

nately, I was somewhat early, and had the doubtful pleasure of hearing the selections to be performed rehearsed in an adjacent room. The apartment I was in was intensely warm and crowded, and I was in anything but a pleasant mood by the time the entertainment commenced. A lady played one of Mozart's sonatas in a most uninteresting manner, and with a goodly number of mistakes, which she endeavored to conceal by much use of the loud pedal. Then came some recitations, with which I have nothing to do. Miss Hitchens, with two pupils, sang a trio, "O Fairly well, although the parts were not always together, and the tempo might have been improved upon. I cannot say that I like Miss Hitchens' way of enunciating certain consonants; for instance words ending in R. I noticed it particularly in the solo sung by one of her pupils.

I, I grant, very useful, but we don't want too much of it. It does not sound one bit fetching to hear from a maiden, that she has been *thundering* *four* *leaves* *clovers*, and the sentence, *May as die together*, does not sound pretty, either. However, as Miss Hitchens announced, that "none of the pupils had taken lessons for a quarter," we will hope for better results later on. I forgot to say that two young ladies performed a piano duet at the closing of the recital. They would have been better employed in playing scales for another term before being brought before the public. But if they must be exhibited, they should be confined to something very simple. I quite allow that school recitals are beneficial to pupils, after they are advanced to a certain extent, but for mercy sake, let them know their "little pieces" thoroughly, before inflicting it on suffering relations and friends.

Miss Flossie Bowden, who played with the Philharmonic at the Oratorio concert, was to leave for Boston at the end of this week. She will receive her musical studies at the New England conservatory.

Master Fred Blair has accepted the position of organist at St. Andrew's church for six months. Master Blair is now visiting his home in Chatham.

Mr. A. H. Lindsay is expected to join the Stone church choir about the first of December.

I happened to strike some new songs the other day, "Cupid's Reign," by J. L. Roeckel, is spoken of in the *Queen* as "a pleasing and very elegant song," and is published by G. Ricordi, London. "An Evening Melody" by J. Barnby, and published by W. Morley, London. The reviewer of the same paper says, "We have naught to say but praise of this charming and well written song, 'Margaret,' by Col. John Hay, is said to be 'pretty and very dainty.' It is published by Goddard & Co.

Then, reaching him, he lifts the drowning child,
Shouting exultingly, above the din—
"Oh howling winds, and stormy tempest wild,
But ah! for that brave, true heart, and bold!
Alas! for the agonized hearts on shore!
On the fatal line, they can grasp no more.
But that cry was answered, from Heaven, straightway,
And sweet was the "Welcome" they won that day
Beyond the poor confines of Courtney Bay!
O bells that tolled!—O mourning skies that wept!

Rest thee,
Blest spirit!
Still on death's river the turbulent foam;
Thou hast arrived at the permanent home;
Thou dost inherit
The house
Whose foundation
Securely is laid;
Thy scope
Is the cope—
The splendid and infinite dome.

Rest thee,
Blest spirit!
Sadness and Sorrow can never invade
The heart's habitation;
No mornings that wake
Shall have power to break
The trance whose calm rapture hath blest thee;
And the peace
Shall ne'er cease,
That like a soft hand hath caressed thee;
And thy heart hath forgotten to ache.

Rest thee,
Blest spirit!
Thy brow
Have the garland of merit;
Thy song is the song of salvation;
Thou seest thy Savior and markest the work
Of His love and His passion—and hark! there
resounds,
Hosannah!
Hosannah!

From tongues of a glorified nation.
With the antheum throng
Thou test thy place,
With the light on thy face,
And joinest the song.
While the garment of white doth invest thee.
Rest thee! Rest thee! Rest thee! Rest!
Pure, beautiful, soul of delight,
Enter thy rest!

And as our lips spake murm'ring,
With sweet accord, in love-tones light,
A sonnet, dear, you asked of me.

The crimson leaf fell from the tree,
And whirled about the path, that night
We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee.
And as our lips spake murm'ring,
With sweet accord, in love-tones light,
A sonnet, dear, you asked of me.

Then, as these lips stole tremblingly
Unto your own like roses bright,
We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee.

The stars danced on the rippling sea,
And as our souls thrilled with the sight
A sonnet, dear, you asked of me.

Ah, dear! your image, now, I see
With fainter heart, as when that night
We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee.
A sonnet, dear, you asked of me!

Dark Jewels.
The cost of coal is now a burning question,
Which often makes the thrifty housewife scold.
It only needs a little cool reflection
To show, if coal was subject to inspection,
The parties buying it might not, "be sold."

There are scores of innocents who will applaud
A clever trading dodge, and there are some,
Who say that coal inspection is but a fraud
As side by side, they journeyed to the grave;
And sold—like hot cakes—"in short tons at home,"
"Soul!"

The "long ton" and the "short ton" operation,
Just "uplifts the difference," that we all admit,
And furnishes a simple illustration
Of what's supposed to be a fair equation,
Which leaves the difference one side of the split.

You think you buy your coal by weight or measure,
The price is often more, its seldom less,
Than should be paid, 'en for the dusty treasure;
When thus, it gives an honest trader pleasure,
To weigh your coal, or measure it—by guess.
St. John, Nov., 1890.

And poured your sorrow down in ceaseless rain!
And with the mourning city sadly kept
Fetters measure, with that funeral train:
A-side by side, they journeyed to the grave;
Followed by thousands, weeping silently,
Our Hero, and the lad he died to save;
Our pride and boast, forever more to be!
While sad from the gloomy skies and grey
The sobbing rain fell down—on Courtney Bay!

O pleading Bells, unheeded for so long
That day your message reached the hearts of all
As over that uncounted silent throng
You played so sweetly—the "Dead March" from
"Soul!"

Whenever tales of Heroes shall be told,
Whenever songs of Heroes shall be sung,
Let him be mentioned first, the "heart of gold,"
The brave true Hero, gallant Frederic Young,
Who gave his life to save his friend that day
Among the stormy waves—of Courtney Bay!

Nov. 13, '90. JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

Samson was a success in many ways; I think it even went better than when it was last given in St. Andrew's church, although there are a good many new voices among the chorists in the short time given for preparing them. As the soprano solos in *Samson* were taken by Mr. Humphrey Allen, it is needless to say that they were sung perfectly. The most pleasing numbers to me were the first aria, "Ye Men of Gaza," and the concluding air, "Let the Bright Seraphim," which was magnificently sung. Della's entrance and recitative, "With Doubtful Feet," was also very effective, in fact, I hardly know how to particularize when all Mr. Allen's work was so very excellent. Mrs. Gilchrist sang *Mica's* music very sweetly, her aria, "Hosanna, O Lord of Hosts" was given with a great deal of expression.

Of Mr. Parker I can only echo what I said of Mrs. Allen; that his numbers were perfectly sung in every case and his phrasing is exquisite. I don't think any one who was present at the concert will easily forget his rendition of the Air "Total Eclipse," to me it was the best bit of work in the Oratorio. I liked it even better than the more difficult number "Why does the God of Israel sleep." "Thus when the Sun" was also beautifully rendered. Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker in the duet "Fellow to Love" pleased every one greatly, but for my part, I liked it the least of their work. It seemed to lack the dignity of the other selections.

I cannot imagine the *Samson* who sang "Total Eclipse" descending to a quarrel with *Della*. Mr. Mayes did not do as well as usual in *Samson's* *Harapha* had too much of the fee-fo-fum of the giant about it, and his recitative work was painfully stilted and not always in time.

"Honour and Arms" was his best effort and even in that he was out of tune at times and some of his runs were very clumsy. The duet, "Baffled Coward," sung by Mr. Parker and Mr. Mayes, was very effective. Mr. Daniel's interpretation of *Manasse*, *Samson's* father, was remarkably well done. And he threw in rather more expression into his recitatives than they would have been improved, but both of his solos were good, especially the aria "Thy Glorious Deeds," which he sang very evenly and carefully.

What we should do without Miss Bowden, I really don't know. The piano seems to keep things from going to pieces very often, and is a great addition to the orchestra. Mr. Ford did his best, although Mr. Brutowe did his best, still singing with a totally new leader, after learning with specially the always a very risky thing. My one hope now is, that *Jairus* and *Jephtha* will go well.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

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"From Bar Room to Pulpit."
DON'T FAIL TO HEAR HIM.

Reserved seats, 50c.; general admission 25c.
Tickets for sale at A. C. SERRA's, Charlotte street, on and after Thursday, the 13th inst.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

(Continued from Second Page.)

not make a dash for freedom, if I can? Better that Cameron and his men should shoot me down, than that I should dangle in the courtyard yonder, and have the jail-dog that I have petted whimper as they swing me off.

Monday, September, 25th, 8 p. m.—The moment one day has passed. Blackstock made his speech on my behalf; Oiler made his speech in reply. The judge summed up. I know that it's all over. They testified that Benwell and I carried a gun-case from the train at Eastwood. "What became of the gun-case?" asked Blackstock. "Thrown into the bottomless lake," replied Oiler.

"Two reputable men saw the prisoner at Woodstock," said Blackstock. "They were mistaken," replied Oiler.

"Benwell had eaten nothing on the day of his murder; so he could not have been killed during his journey with Birchall," said Blackstock. "We have given evidence that he refused to eat, and made in falling when Birchall killed him," replied Oiler.

"His boots were clean, while Birchall's were muddy," said Blackstock. "The sleet had washed them," replied Oiler.

As there were other people in the swamp, Birchall would have been afraid to shoot," said Blackstock. "He didn't know they were there," replied Oiler.

"He had no motive for murder; for, if Benwell's father had sent the draft, Birchall could not have called it," said Blackstock. "You are mistaken," he could," replied Oiler.

And thus my counsel's points vanished like summer snow. When Oiler sat down my defence was gone.

The game is up. I must face the crisis, face it like a man; and—then—then—I must trust to Florence.

Same day, 11 P. M.—The case has been given to the jury. My only hope is in Florence.

What if I made a half confession, and implicated somebody else? Whom to implicate? Whom? This Neville Birchall, on whose farm I lived—why should I not say that he helped me? Why not boldly assert that I merely decoyed the bird, and that Birchall killed him?

After all, what should I gain? A few days of life. They would, and then, in court for a week, and during that week Florence would find chances to hand me the poison, or to pass it to me in her mouth when she kissed me.

Kissed me?
How odd the two words look, written under this struggling light. What memories they bring of the days when we wandered hand in hand, in those Newwood lanes! There was the Crystal Palace just in front of us; the grounds where lovers could sit beside the lake, or lose themselves in the solitary patches of trees.

The day comes back to me from the past—the day when I asked her to marry me. I had led to her father about Oxford. He found me out and forbade me to speak to his daughter.

And we sat, the only two people in the Crystal Palace, and watched the same, and "spooned." "Florence," said I, "I'm neck or nothing now. You must choose between me and me."

And she said to me, as I had said—I wonder if I remember my Bible well enough for quotation? "Where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Where thou diest will I die, and more also, if I might but death part thee and me. Heilho!