FRAGRANT BLOOM.

O, roses red and white, that glow O, roses red and white, that glow
In summer glory at her door,
Fade, fall and die, that winter snow
May speed the springtime home once more!
For though her banishment severe
Sends me an exile from her side,
The golden love-tide of the year
Shall bring me back to claim a bride.
When the spring comes in again, sweetheart,
With the May on grove and glen,
We will keep our love-tide then, sweetheart.
When the spring comes in again.

O, roses red and white, that shine Stars on the nimbus of her hair. Tell her that all your thorns are mine, Her tokens in my heart to wear! O tell her, since she bids me go, Love loyalty must needs obey;
But tell her, too, that well I know
Her soul would fain have bid me stay!
When the spring comes in again, sweetheart,
With the May on grove and glen,
We will keep our love-tide then, sweetheart,
When the spring comes in again!

O, roses red and white, that climb
About the windows of her room,
Breathe her the burden of my Thyme
In silent speech of fragrant bloom?
Waft it upon the wings of night,
Wed to the music of a kiss,
Hushed in a whisper of delight,
Low on the uight-wind murmur this:
When the spring comes in again, sweetheart,
With the May on grove and glen,
We will keep our love-tide then, sweetheart,
When the spring comes in again, sweetheart.
When the spring comes in again, sweetheart—

DARKNESS.

Dark masses of angry clouds drift swiftly across a sullen sky. One, blacker than the rest, over-rides them, shaped like a gigantic fiend. There is a threatening silence in the night air; it is full of omens, if one knew how to interpret. Then what means the flight of this little crescent moon from her gloomy pursuers, who catch and overwhelm her again and again?

Now she has climbed a few feet into a clearer heaven, and great colypus-feelers sailing by, reach vainly to drag her down

I accept this presage; she is a human soul and escaping from a legion of tormenting devils into boundless space.

It is long past midnight. Soon the interminable chimes of the old church clock will play again, and it will strike "One!" the knell of a departed soul. Do souls hear, see, feel, I wonder, in their way? Will my spirit, wandering presently in the night, hear its knell from the village steeple?—hear the sounds that come to willage steeple?—near the sounds that come to me now, as I sit by the open window, the moan-ing and sobbing of the wind, the dash of waves upon a rocky shore? Will she see the white foam that the darkness hides from me, or feel the close heat of this August night, or catch the grateful coolness of the sea-breeze? Ah, a few minutes will solve this problem, and many

My preparations are perfect, I think. I should have liked to challenge the opinion of a world that dealt hardly with me, by asserting the conviction which has slowly shaped itself from a contradictory crowd of perplexing dogmas and superstitious beliefs.

It is clear to me that when the always doubtful boon of an unasked existence becomes a burden and a curse, it is but right and fair the sufferer should relieve himself of it if he see fit.

But the world is not ready for my creed; and for the sake of the few friends whom I should grieve to shock and pain, I suppress it. Lying circumstantial evidence will prove my death accidental, and it will be only a quiet grief to

A long letter to my brother lies unfinished on my desk; a cheerful, chatty epistle, in which I propose to meet him in town next week. was easy to arrange that the lamp should burn down ere it was finished, and that my stump of bedroom candle, lighted with the last match in the box, should follow suit. The wick still smokes and flickers, and I await its extinction. Then nothing will remain but to grope my way to bed, intending to finish my correspondence by daylight.

Yes; one thing remains. My housekeeper knows I have suffered so much lately from neuralgia, that for quite a month I have been com-pelled to swallow several drops of laudanum to induce sleep at night. Since this habit became confirmed, she has been accustomed to place a wine-glass upon my medicine chest, and the chest within arm's length of the bed.

There are three rows of tiny bottles in this chest; the fourth bottle in the first row contains laudanum, the fourth in the second row prussic acid. Stretching forth my hand in the darkmight I not mistake the row?

I had this last bottle filled the other day, that I might poison my dog—poor old Nero. He died instantaneously—painlessly. Old, half died instantaneously—painlessly. Old, half blind, existence was a burden, of which I mercifully relieved him.

Shall I be less merciful to myself?

One last dying flicker, and a column of black smoke rises from the red wick. The candle has gone out, and it is so dark I can barely distinguish the outline of the medicine chest. Where is the glass? I have it. How my heart beats

One sudden thrill of pain, sharp but short, and I am falling backwards. My right hand sinks awkwardly upon my breast, the clenched fingers grip the wine-glass. I try to unclasp them—to raise it. I cannot. This then is death. Death-yet life. Life intensified-de-

To what extent I cannot yet tell; my mind is in a whirl; a crowd of undefinable sensations overwhelm and perplex me. I am in a state of mental chaos, the elements of which refuse to assume any degree of distinctness, save that I am conscious of two things—expanded power—utter

As one miraculously born into the material world-a man in stature, strength, intellect-an infant in want of experience—so am I, hurried unprepared into spiritual life.

As he, the man-babe, conscious of power, ignorant of its extent, might stretch covetous fingers to grasp the sun—might try to leap a mountain, yet make timorous circuits of a mole-hill, or neglect the fruit within his reach—so shall I essay, presently, to discover, by blundering ex-periment, the conditions of this unknown ex-Meanwhile, I pause tremblingly upon

its threshold, and watch.

I am aware of forces within me that struggle vaguely towards action, but they are restrained by fear—the fear of a blindfolded man who longs to run. I would fain supplement crude reasoning upon imperfect premises by careful observation ere l act.

I can see, or rather I have some subtle gift of perception that is sight, and yet is not; for the room is in darkness, and human sight would fail. To me the minutest object is as clear as at noonday. It would seem all the natural senses remain, but they are keener. I feel the salt breeze blow in at the open window; I hear the faint rustle of the bedhangings as it stirs them; I see the hands of my watch lying in its pocket behind and above my head. They indicate it is within two minutes of one o'clock.

More than this. I see through the solid walls into the deserted square, down the narrow street along the desolate shore, whereon the waves beat, beat unceasingly.

I see every object memory recalls, one by one, not as recollection might paint it, but with a distinct perception of what is actually occurring and I know instinctively that by a mere effort of will I could pass to them, or to any strange spot upon this earth, as the electric current passes swiftly, and without noise. That the old physical sight should be thus ex-

tended causes no thrill of surprise. A more marvelous gift, that of spiritual vision, only impresses upon me the general fitness of things For a new world is open—a world existing conjointly with the old, but independent of world governed by fixed laws, as regular as those of the material universe, but so distant

from them as to never clash.

A world of spirits. They pass and repass; they throng the room, the house, the silent streets. Earth, air, ocean, are but three great highways, wherein they come and go at pleasure. Matter offers no obstruction; they pervade it. They have a language that is not speech—a language of which I am as yet ignorant as an untaught man of a foreign tongue. Yet as he, cast upon some strange shore, might partially interpret look, or tone or gesture, so did I receive impressions. Looking into these spirit-faces, I dimly trace somewhat of happiness or misery, I wonder whether all the joy, and pain and striving of their past be not written there, were I skilled to read; for as they regard me, I am conscious my earth-history is revealed, with its abrupt and shameful termination, and something comes into the gazing spirit-eyes-pitying sadness, exultant triumph.

But, oh, the loneliness! Strangers all, with

no welcome for him who came uncalled among them. Surely, surely, the whisper of the Great Unseen is borne by angel-messengers to dying mortal ears, and they usher him into this spiritland, and teach him its mysteries, but I entered unsummoned.

A mark was set on Cain's brow, and he became a wanderer on the face of the earth; so a voice calls to me, the self-murderer, "Arise wander among thy fellows!" My punishment has begun.

I stand by the bed, and look upon the rigid face that just now was mine. Just now, or ages ago? That old life, the griefs, the hopes, interests of it, are removed infinitely further than childhood's pursuits from the grown man. et, as he may recall, with curiously sympathetic interest, the fancies, the illusions, the generous or naughty impulses of boyhood, I recall the dead past-with this difference, that memory is perfected.

Ah, it is so! Not an action of mortal life, not a sin, struggle, defeat, triumph, but memory produces with complete clearness, only I regard them dispassionately, from a height that dwarfs and narrows into nothingness, as a minister of state might note the progress of a childish game. All the twistings and turnings, inexplicable before, of that game of life I played and lost, are

A little patience here, a little forbearance there, a little boast in God's Providence, a little thought of immortal interests hanging on weak probationary threads, and I might have won.

That still, cold, up-staring face is nothing to me. no more than worn-out clothes a man puts off for the last time. I turn from it to pass into the night.

Motion is but an effort of will, I am in the open air, but whither shall I go? This horrible loneliness! the more hard that I am in a crowd. If one presence of the myriads that throng around would lead me to occupation, such as they must have, since they come and go; but the wish is vain—a great gulf lies for the present between us.

My mind reverts to the old ties, between which and me lies a still more cruel gulf. They can- pursued the passenger.

not stir me; I am utterly beyond, as a star is be yond its broken reflection in the suddenly dis-turbed water of some clear pool; but I am compelled to examine them, that I may clearly know whether the pain they brought did indeed overpower the sweetness, beyond mortal strength

There were not many in the existence I have left behind, only three; and of these, two did not greatly influence me. I will look first at them.

Inland, over miles and miles of field, wood, moor; over brooks, rivers, and a great canal, that lies silent and spectral in the moonlight (for the sky has cleared), to a distant town sleep-

ing in the shadow of a great hill.

It is two o'clock now, but my brother is not in his bedroom. He occupies an easy-chair in the study; the gas burns brightly; a money-market review lies open on the table. I come behind, and place my hands on his two shoulders. He I pass before him in the glare of the gas, and he looks straight at me, without a sign of recognition.

I see his thoughts. That is one of my new powers. They are of stocks and shares, and of promising speculation on the morrow.

As I leave the room, I pass before a large looking-glass; but it reflects no form. Through the hall, up the broad oaken stair-

case, and I pause before my mother's door, locked

For an instant only. Now I am looking on her dear wrinkled face, on silver hair contrasting with snowy pillow.

A smile plays about the lips; she is in dream

"Oh, mysterious country, neither mortal nor immortal, wherein the soul, which cannot sleep, disports itself whilst the body takes repose, can I, a spirit, enter thee?"

-that may not be; but I can draw so near

that she can recognise me.

We stand, as it were, on opposite shores, between which rolls the river of death; but I stretch forth my arms, and call, and she answers. Her dream has changed; it is of me now. I hear my murmured name as I leave her.

Ay, I leave her, to look once more on the face of my lost love—the fair, false face that lured me to destruction !

In an instant I stand beside her, whispering, Kate! Kate! "Great Heaven, have mercy! My punish

ment is greater than I can bear! Oh, mystery of pain, thou torturing fiend, how often have I marvelled that the inscrutable Divine goodness permitted thee earthly existence

but here, in the spirit-land, thy power is in-creased a thousandfold, and I have yet a prevision my agony is dull and feeble compared with That beautiful countenance, which with all my mortal strength I loved so well, is now, as

then, the instrument of my torment. Then it rose before me day and night, repeating the fact a host of corroborative evidence confirmed, that my passion was vain-hopeless. Now it tells me, by virtue of the new power, to read mortal histories in mortal features; that my passion was from the beginning returned; that the highest earthly happiness was ever within my grasp.

Poor deluded fool and poor girl-mourner, to whom the dawning day will bring grief unutterable, from the height of my far-removed spiriable, from the height of my far-removed spiri-tual existence I pity both; and with all my developed might I suffer. Not because my earth-love cannot be part of the spirit-life. Great as it was, it seems so small

a thing now. But I know it was the immortal germ that might have been my greatest earthly blessing, until in due time it followed me, purified, developed into this new life, which must now be a loveless one through the ages. In that

Rnowledge lies the pain.

How can I tell of it in the language of a leftoff existence? And as yet I have no other. It has cruel refinements and ever-varying phases. The myriad voices of nature, that speak so loudly to some human beings, speak a thousand times more loudly to me; and there are corresponding influences of the unseen world only, that tell in trumpet-tones of an offended Deity and of a distant horror of judgment, approaching with slow, relentless tread

I am an unholy soul, and they amongst whom my present lot is cast are more or less impure. Now and again a bright presence passes, on whom I may not look; but I bow my head, and fall prostrate. It is involuntary homage, paid to the ministers of the Unseen. What, then, of the guilty soul that may behold His visible face?

Why do these souls flee away—thousands, tens of thousands? What terrible power holds my feet that I cannot move? Let me struggle loose, that I may escape, also!

Thank Heaven-blessed Heaven, a dream only! May I be pardoned last night's intention! It was laudanum I swallowed, after all, and I must have fainted with emotion the instant I had done so, passing from the swoon into sleep, for now the glorious sun shines hopefully. How could I mistake the bottle? I have time before

HE PREFERRED TO WALK .- " She's pretty hot, ain't she?" said a backwoodsman passenger, addressing the engineer of a Mississippi steamer that was racing with another boat.

"So-so," responded the engineer, as he hung an additional wrench on the safety valve cord to stop the steam escaping.
"I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon,"

"That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cords another twitch and hallooing through the trumpet to the fireman to "shove her up."

"One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the passenger, looking first at the gauge and then at the boilers.

"That's about where she's rusticating," put in the engineer.

Then the passenger ran his fingers through his hair nervously and walked about the deck for a few minutes, when he came back to the

engineer and observed :--Hadn't you better leave the boat go !"

"Hadn't you better leave the wood go "Can't do it. Must pass her." "But s'posin' we should blow up?" "Well," said the engineer, as he peeped over how fast he was gaining, "if it's the gnard to see how fast he was gaining, "if it's the will of Providence for this boat to blow up, we'll have to stand it." Then he hallooed to the fireman to roll up another cask of bacon and to mix plenty of rosin with the coal and give her a little more turpentine and oil.

The next moment there was a splash in the river, but before the yawls could be lowered the man had succeeded in reaching the shore, and hallooed out :-

"Go on with the race. I guess I'll walk."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

্রশ Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Letters and papers received Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 187 re

elived. Correct.

H. H., Montreal.—We will publish as many of the ames as we can.

THE DOMINION CHESS ASSOCIATION CONGRESS.

The Tourney of the Dominion Chess Association Congress has not yet been brought to a close. It began, as we stated last week, on Tuesday, August 20th, and was continued throughout the week. A large number of games have been finished, but there are still more than thirty to be played, and upon these, as a matter of course, the final results mainly depend. Subjoined we add a table showing the score of each competitor at the close of the week's ganter.

			Games.
	Games Played.	Games Won.	still to be Played
Howe	5	3	7
Hicks	9	7	3
Henderson	9	.5	3
Atkinson	7	3	5
Ascher	7	63*	5
Saunders	6	3	6
Shaw		4	Ç
White		6	7
Holt		8	l
Von Bokum	9	6	3
Bond		24*	Ü
Loveriu		o ⁻	2
Isett		1	4

*Drawn games count as one-half.

We have just received from England the August number of the Chess Players' Chronicle. It is filled, as usual, with matter most interesting to lovers of Chess, but want of space just now prevents us from saying more than merely calling attention to "Chess Notelets," which will be read with much gratification by those who like to know something of the history and historical associations of their favourite pastime.

(From the Ayr Argus and Express.) INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

A month ago, or rather two months ago, the Hartford Times published three games now in progress in this Tourney, which it was inferred were so many wins for America. The score is now even. One of the British team has been seven weeks without an answer from his American opponent; another has been only fourteen weeks considering his next move. An intimation from the leader of the American team "to move on" is necessary. Next week we hope to publish a game in this Tourney, with notes by Mr. Loyd. It finishes with the announcement—mate in eight; almost as neat as the one Mr. J. T. Palmer gaye.

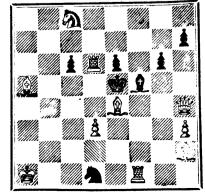
A CHALLENGE.

In a recent issue of the Scientific American, M. Loyd makes the bold announcement that he will solve any two problems in the time that it will take any one else to solve one. He wishes to have a few friendly matches at these odds, but prefers there should be no stake. We suppose the challenge is to Americans only

(From the Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript.

Mr. G. M. D. Harris, the well-known solver of St. Louis, and the editor of the Budget, are playing a Scotch and Danish Gambit by correspondence, with annotations from celebrated authors, applicable to the moves. This novel style of play, adding zest to the games, was first instituted by Mr. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. McLeod, of Quebec. We shall publish said games before many

PROBLEM No. 190. By J. W. ABBOTT. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves