

depending on those rents has been left destitute; and some, as I have heard, have been consigned to lunatic asylums. Surely they have a right to say to Parliament: 'We took that coin your laws made current; you clipped that coin and spoiled its currency; now take it from us at the price we might have obtained before you did that, or give us a clearing-house instead of a prating-house in College Green to make and maintain communal distribution of all the real and personal property in the kingdom.'

"It seems to me that the British Parliament has given the communist or socialist his first great victory, and that it will not do here to rely on the distinction between real and personal property, the question being one of keeping or rectifying a breach of public faith with private citizens who in that faith invested *their* personal property in land.

"For the present one patent effect is, that competition between farmers seeking to rent land having been extinguished, competition between farmers seeking to purchase the estates of tenants carved out of the estates of landlords is intensified. In Leinster, where nothing corresponding with the Ulster custom obtained, I heard a tenant farmer say, 'It is the worst act that ever was passed for Ireland; no man will ever get a bit of cheap land again, as the interest on the price he pays for stepping into the tenant's shoes will exceed the rent clipped from the landlord.' It must be so, the farmer reasoned well. Here in Ulster from £20 to £50 an acre is being paid for tenants' estates, and money is being borrowed on mortgage to complete purchases."

DULCE DOMUM:

A LEGEND OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

There is a beautiful custom, still in vogue, at Winchester College, whose students assemble at "Evening Hills," towards the close of term, and awake the echoes with the touching song of "Dulce Domum."

DULCE DOMUM! Sweetly Homeward! Loud the old familiar strain
Rolls its wondrous tide of sweetness o'er the hills, adown the plain,
Bearing happy thoughts of school-work, soon—oh bliss—to be resigned
For the pleasant, dear home-coming—hall and studies left behind;
And the gentle night-wind wafts it, over mountain, vale, and lea,
Whispering softly to the white cliffs, and the white cliffs to the sea
Echo back the glorious anthem; once again, and yet again,
O'er the woodland slopes of Hampshire, roll the gladly sweet refrain:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! But each word with anguish thrills
One lone heart beneath the shadows of the grand old "Evening Hills,"
One, whose melancholy features likeness to his dead sire's bear,
Round whose young life beams the halo of a sainted mother's prayer,
And the scorching tear-drop glistens, rising nigh beyond control,
For the iron of his sorrow pierces to his boyish soul,
Whilst the memories of his childhood o'er his recollections throng
As he listens, in his sadness, to his schoolmates' gladsome song:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Homeless he, with none to bless;
Not for him the hearth of welcome, nor sweet sister's warm caress;
Chill his classmates' careless good-bye on his heart despairing falls,
Doom'd to linger, through vacation, in St. Mary's dreary halls,
Dreaming of his happy childhood, and his gentle mother's love,
Wondering, if she now beholds him, from her home in realms above.
But forever, and forever, through the dreary nights of pain,
In his orphan ears are ringing bitter echoes of the strain:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Soon the "long vacation's" o'er,
One by one, the lads come trooping back to college life once more;
But a face they've known is absent, and they hear, with bated breath,
That their sad-eyed little comrade sleeps the unbroken sleep of Death.
Yes; an angel voice had whispered at the hour of midnight, "Come,"
And the dear Lord, in His mercy, took the little orphan Home.
Bright and glad his parents' welcome, who had waited for him long,
But the brightest, the most joyous, was the *youngest* angel's song:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Toronto, 1884.

H. K. COCKIN.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

VII.—Continued.

They were presently strolling along the stone-paved esplanade, with its granite posts connected by loops of one continuous iron chainwork. To the south they had a partial view of Brooklyn, that city which is a sort of reflective and imitative New York, with masts bristling from her distant wharves and more than a single remote church spire telling of the large religious impulse which has given her a quaint ecclesiastical fame. But westward your eye could traverse the spacious bay until it met the dull-red semi-circle of Fort Columbus, planted low and stout upon the shore of Governor's Island, and the soft, swelling, purplish hills of Staten Island, where they loomed still further beyond. Boats of all shapes and kinds were passing over the luminous waters, from the squat, ugly tug, with its hoarse whistle, to the huge black bulk of an Atlantic steamer, bound for

transpontine shores, and soon to move majestically oceanward through the fair sea-gate of the Narrows. A few loiterers leaned against the stone posts, and a few more lounged upon the seats ranged further inland along this salubrious marine promenade. Back among the turfy levels that stretched broadly between the flagged pathways, you saw the timorous green of hardy grass, where an occasional pale wreath of unmelted snow yet lingered. People were passing to and fro, with steps that rang hollow on the hard pavement. If you listened intently you could catch a kind of dreamy hum from the vast city, which might almost be said to begin its busy, tumultuous life here in this very spot, thence pushing through many a life-crowded street and avenue, sheer on to the rocky fields and goat-haunted gutters of dreary Harlem.

"What a glorious bay it is!" exclaimed Kindelon, while he and Pauline stood on the breezy esplanade. "There never was a city with more royal approaches than New York."

"That fort, yonder," said Pauline, "will perhaps thunder broadsides, one day, at the fleet of an invading enemy. This is still such a young city compared with those of other lands.... I suppose these waters, centuries later, will see grand sights, as civilization augments."

"Perhaps they may see very mournful ones," objected Kindelon.

"But you are an evolutionist," declared Pauline, with a priggish little pursing of the lips that he found secretly very amusing. "You believe that everything is working toward nobler conditions, though you laughed at Leander Prawle, the optimistic poet the other evening for his roseate prophecies about the human race."

"Oh, I'm an evolutionist," answered Kindelon. "I believe it will all come right by-and-bye, like the gigantic unravelling of a gigantic skein... But such views don't prevent me from feeling the probability of New York being reduced to ashes more than once in the coming centuries."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Pauline. "There are often the apparent retrogressions—rhythmic variations of movement which temporarily retard all progress in societies."

Kindelon burst into one of his mellowest and heartiest laughs. "You are delicious," he said, "when you try to recollect your Herbert Spencer. You make me think of a flower that has been dropped among the leaves of an Algebra."

"I am not at all sure that I like your simile," said Pauline, tossing her head somewhat. "It is pleasant to be likened to a flower, but in this case it is rather belittling. And if it comes to recollecting my Herbert Spencer, perhaps the process is not one of very violent effort, either."

"Oh," said Kindelon, ruefully, "I have offended you!"

A sunny smile broke from her lips the next moment. "I can't be offended," she replied, "when I think how you rebuked my absurd outburst of pedantry. Ah! truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and I am afraid I have very little... How lovely it all is, here," she proceeded, changing the subject, as they now began to move onward, while they still kept close to the edge of the smooth-paven terrace. "And what a pity that our dwelling-houses should all be away from the water! My grandparents—or my great-grand-parents, I forget which—once lived close to the Battery. I recollect poor mamma telling me that I had an ancestress whom they used to call the belle of Bowling Green."

"That was certainly in the days before commerce had seized every yard of these unrivalled water-fronts," laughed Kindelon. "Babylon on its Euphrates, or Nineveh on its Tigris, could not eclipse New York in stately beauty if mansions were built along its North and East rivers. But trade is a tyrant, as you see. She concedes to you Fifth Avenue, but she denies you anything more poetic."

"I wonder who is the belle of Bowling Green now?" said Pauline, looking up at her companion with a serio-comic smile.

He shook his head. "I am afraid your favoured progenitress was the last of the dynasty."

"Oh, no," dissented Pauline, appearing to muse a trifle. "I fancy there is still a belle. Perhaps she has a German or an Irish name."

"It may be 'Kindelon,'" he suggested.

"No—it is something more usual than that. If she is not a Schmitt I suspect that she is an O'Brien. I picture her as pretty, but somewhat delicate; she works in some dreadful factory, you know, not far away, all through the week. But on Sunday she emerges from her narrow little room in a tenement-house, brave and smart as you please. The beaux fight for her smiles as they join her, and she knows just how to distribute them; she is a most astute little coquette, in her way."

"And the beaux? Are they worthy of her coquetries?"

"Oh, well, she thinks them so. I fear that most of them have soiled finger-nails, and that their Sunday coats fit them very ill... But now let me pursue my little romance. The poor creature is terribly fond of one of them. There is always one, you know, dearer than the rest."

"Is there?" said Kindelon, oddly. "You're quite elucidating. I didn't know that."

"Don't be sarcastic," reproved Pauline, with mock grimness. "Sarcasm is always the death of romance. I have an idea that the secretly-adored One is more of a convert than all his fellows to the beautifying influences of soap. His Sunday face is bright and fresh; it looks conscientiously washed."

"And his finger-nails? Does your imagination also include those, or do they transcend its limits?"

"I have a vague perception of their relative superiority... Pray let me continue without your prosaic interruptions. Poor little Mary... Did I not say that her first name was Mary, by-the-bye?"

"I have been under the impression for several seconds that you called her Bridget."

"Very well. I will call her so, if you insist. Poor little Bridget, who