

Correspondence.

OTTAWA, 25th March, 1890.

To the Editor of the Independent Forester.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—On the 4th instant, at the kind invitation of our enthusiastic and energetic brother Thos. Butler, P.D.H.C.R., and also in the company of Brothers E. Botterell, P.S.C.R.; Thomas Potter, P.H.Phys.; G. H. Hayes, C.D.H.C.R.; E. E. Hickmett, F.S.; — Spittal and others from Ottawa, the undersigned had the pleasure and satisfaction of taking part in the institution of Court Hazledean, one of the finest Courts in the jurisdiction, composed of strong active members who, from physical appearances and the very rigid examination of Dr. Potter, form a combination of risks as safe as it is possible to have in this uncertain world. Some thirty passed and were in due form initiated by the Past Supreme Chief Ranger, who, from his lucid, kindly explanations added very much to the satisfactory result attained. It was a "rather cauld nicht," and a long drive, but Brother Butler had, with generous foresight, obtained a spanking team, a fine sleigh, plenty of rugs, and above all, provided Buffalo coats. You would not have recognized your friend, for I was nowhere, and all you saw was coat. We were sumptuously treated by the Hazledean boys, had a capsizing to vary proceedings, and reached home in the "wee sma hours," after enjoying a very pleasant trip.

It may interest you to know Brother Butler is moving with such a will that in the near future other equally strong Courts will owe their existence to his efforts; and so the good work goes on.

Fraternally yours,
JAMES B. HALKETT.

A Boy Who Became Famous.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang

into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool and, when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves until the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a sacred look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But, when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.—*Anon.*

The remarkably liberal offer, on page 325, of that first-class Family Weekly, *The Western Advertiser*, is worthy the attention of Foresters, to whom the special offer of "Balance of Year" for Fifty Cents is alone made.