

Annetta assumed the veil at *Saint Jesu* (as the Lady Superior knew she would, after being assured that her brother was the only man she ever loved) after spending a few weeks at the home of her childhood, and had seen her brother married, who when Isabella II was seated upon the throne, and when the Carlists were unable from the thinness of their ranks to create any serious disturbances, settled down at his villa on the banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir, and Antonia was "WHICH OF THE TWO?"

A CURE OF SOULS IN CANADA.

LETTER I. BASIL TO HENRY, AT NO. 1 CLIFFORD'S INN, LONDON.

"What, then, is Canada like?" oh, London chums, do ye ask me—
Ye who in Fleet Street abide, by the beautiful gate of the Temple,—
Lighting your pipes with the "Record," as we light ours with the "Echo;"
You, 'mid the forest of chimneys, the endless prairie of pavement.
Take, as a sample in rough, my last year's life as a curate;
Roving from mission to mission, a sort of clerical Arab.
Four mission stations are mine, in each a type of the country—
Goddard their names, St. Etienne, Three Brooks, Massawappi.
Goddard, of English speech, has a tribe of Lancashire miners—
Delters in earth, and purgers by fire of its bowels of copper,
St. Etienne is French, and Three Brooks Yankee,—and Baptist.
Massawappi—the name has an aboriginal flavour—
Is the largest of all, the Cathedral Church of the district:
Built of bricks is the church, a glorious work of the hodman;
But the village of wood, of wood the hotel, and the Court-house:
Built of wood the Notary's house, and the house of the Doctor.
Here where the garden winds by the marge of the murmuring river,
Is my abode, in the house of Byrne, the Protestant farmer—
Byrne, from Donnybrook Fair, the foe of Pope and of Prelate—
Byrne of the Orange club—at the Tavern a truculent hero.
Well, as to life in the village, 'tis much like a village in England—
Somewhat heartier, freer, and less conventional, haply,
Mixing on equal terms are the Storekeeper's wife, and the Farmer's;
Yea, and the Storekeeper's girls, and the Doctor's, and Notary's daughters;
Equally fair through the week, and equally fine on the Sunday—
Each with her hair in a lump, as large as the burden of Christian;
Bolstered up, who knows, with locks of the dead or the living.
E'en as a Choctaw chief is graced with the scalps of his foemen.
This did I not expect when I fled from civilized England—
This did I not come out to see in the wilderness westward.
All the rest you know—you were quite in the right about climate;
What you said of the Bishop, I say to you of the Bishop.

LETTER II. A YOUNG LADY TO A YOUNG LADY.

Dearest Julia, I write you the news according to promise;
Basil LeStrange is the name of papa's new curate from England;
He is a monster of curates, with not one clerical virtue—
Has not a word of small talk, though I tried the whole of the gamut;
Tea-meetings, Church bazaars, Book clubs, Catholicity, Croquet—
Did not care for gossip, and never looked at the muffins;
Sat abstracted and silent, like one who inwardly ever
Reads in the air from a breviary some invisible office.
He is ascetic, a ritualist, of course, and terribly earnest.

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