

intensified by remorse, preyed on her mind, and after a violent illness she settled down into a gloomy weak-minded creature whose every hope seemed blighted, whose life light was quenched. Her morbid mind forever dwelt on their last day together. She would think over the quarrel, over every word he had said and blame herself bitterly.

You, who have read this story, will know that she had been no more in the wrong than he, in fact, the blame lay more on his side; but he was dead and she was living, and 'tis the living that suffer remorse, not the dead.

This young couple were so childish. The quarrel was so trivial that their tragic end may seem strange, but "such is life;" we know not what a little thing may lead to.

If either of these two had had a little less of that stubborn false pride which causes so much trouble in the world, they would have returned home from that concert as happy as two birds. His death would have been averted and she would have been spared long years of anguish.

EDITH EATON.

ASPIRATIONS.

"On earth Peace among men of good pleasure!"—

What cry is this that down the ages ringing,
As glad some marriage-bells, or angels' singing,
Swelling again in tones whose solemn measure
Wakes in the tired strife-worn soul long weary
Of buffets in life's battle, marches dreary,
An eager longing to possess the treasure

Of a quiet spot to rest him in a world at peace.

Anon amid the stillness of the bivouac's dreaming

The piercing *reville* peals forth its strident screaming,

The camp awakes, the hosts advance with banners streaming;

Mid shouts and cries and hoarse command,

And mingled din on every hand,

With wild appeal like men to stand,

The marshalled force in solid band

Exultant greet the mandate of their King:—

"Dream not of peace but wield the sword I bring!"

Yet still above the roar and crash of battle,

And howls of war-dogs straining at their chain,

The clash of steel, the death-hail's ceaseless rattle,

And groans of mangled men in mortal pain

Is heard a murmur like a summer breeze

Among the swaying pines, which, gathering strength,

The storm-cloud burst above the bending trees;

So once again some stricken soul breathes out

Its prayer for peace, whose welcome, glad refrain

Is chanted by a host, until again

It breaks into an agonizing shout:

"How long, Oh! Lord, shall blood thine image stain?"

How long shall nations lift their sword in hate,

Invade, with lustful greed, each other's soil,

Distrust, deceive, their quarrels arbitrate

By force of arms, and bloody war's turmoil!

How long shall man his brother's birthright spoil;

By right of might, or right of law, oppress

The weak, and of their goods himself possess—

Enrich himself with fruits of other's toil?

Among the men by whom a nation's led—

Who occupy the legislator's seat—

Are Honour, Truth and Duty, obsolete,

And right and wrong perverted terms, or dead?

Do Peace, and Power, and Party stand for these,

And statecraft mean but faction's wrangling fight,

Is Policy a synonym for Right,

And Loyalty a cloak to change at ease?

While musing thus I seemed to hear

A whispered murmur in mine ear,

As if some visitant were near,

Some Seraph from a brighter sphere—

A message singing sweet and clear:

"Where nations love not war, soon wars shall cease,

Then dawns the universal reign of Peace,

When man shall own his brotherhood as one,

Then Love shall rule, and tyrants be undone,

When peoples choose the Right, Love's law fulfil,

Needs must that rulers bend to do their will!"

And do we wait, while hearts beat high with hope,

For succour from the woes that darkling lower,

And look for One to save, who, by his power,

Shall wrong redress and with injustice cope?

Methinks I see him now, in radiance bright,

His comely form and features but the shell

That wraps a soul, a pure and limped well,

Whose hidden springs sustain, refresh, delight.

I crave a speech with one so passing fair,

Commune and question, praying him to tell

The secret of his power, and by what spell

He shall achieve, his high emprise declare.

"And would'st thou then, poor weakling, with thy dreams

of peace and rest,

Rise up and give thee for a fight, a bloodless new Crusade,

Waged not with forged arms of steel, which, none the less, shall test

The mettle that is in thee?—pause if so thou art afraid;
For cruel blows may wound thee should they fail of mortal stroke,

And heart and brain may weary in their groping for the light,

When kindly deed and earnest word but scoff and sneer provoke,

And cold indifference numb thy soul as chill of winter's night.

In scorn of these can'st thou press on, thy colours floating wide,

Strong in the faith that shall prevail, and conquest at the last;

Persuade, convince, and others call to battle by thy side

'Gainst vested Wrong enthroned as Right through errors of the past?

In thy free, beauteous northern land foul war should ne'er have birth;

From Wisdom learn the precepts that promote the ways of Peace;

In nation-building act thy part and prove thy native worth,
Thy rest shall come some time, somewhere thy toil shall have surcease."

And speaking thus his gracious presence seemed

To vanish from my sight, but as it passed

A train of spectral shades in numbers vast

Came trooping by, whose radiant faces beamed

With light ethereal, and their shadowy forms

Resembled that which late mine eyes had seen;

In mould heroic and benignant mien

As men they seemed miscarried by passion's storms.

Their serried, marshalled ranks advanced along

In panoplied array, with banners spread

To catch the inspiring breeze that overhead

Flung wide their folds, and bore afar a song

That seemed an echo of an old refrain:—

"'Peace on the Earth, to men naught but good-will,'

For God, and Man, and Country, we, until

Our toil and work shall end and Peace shall reign!"

No deadly arms they bore to force their way,

But in their helms an oriflamme they wore,

In glittering brightness shining on before

To light the path, and ambushed foes betray.

Of varied legends these and seen afar—

Here flashes Duty's star serene and stern,

There High Resolve with dazzling light doth burn,

And Honour's blazing crest no cloud doth mar.

Ideals, Earnest Thought, and Noble Deed

Have each a place, and with inspiring cry

They rush, and Fraud and Error, cowering, fly,

And Captive Conscience from its bond is freed.

Then, gathering strength from every well-won fray,

They forward press to reach the nearing goal

That speaks of rest to many a weary soul—

Of freer life, a bright, a better day.

Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

A STRANGE SUMMONS.

A year or so ago several papers in the United States published a marvellous story, to the effect that the Rev. Father Walter, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D.C., was once summoned to a death-bed by messengers from the another world. We made inquiries of the Rev. Father at the time, and he was kind enough to furnish us with a correct version of the incident—very different, by the way, from the one which was so widely published.

"The strange sick call I had," writes Father Walter, "happened some twenty-five years ago. I was called up in the middle of the night by the ringing of my front door bell. I went into the front bedroom, opened the window, and saw two small boys, about seven or eight years old, standing on the steps. On asking what they wanted—who was sick—they replied that a person was sick and dying at N.—(I do not now recollect it distinctly) on 11th or 12th street. Hurrying back to my room, I dressed and prepared to administer the Sacraments. Meantime the messengers had disappeared. I went to the house indicated, and found the front door partially opened. I ascended to the third floor without meeting any one, and there also found a door open. Inside the room was a dying man, alone, who said that he wished to see a priest. I asked him if he had not sent two little boys for me. He replied that he had not, that there were no boys in the house. He had two little boys, he said, but they were both dead. I gave him all the Sacraments, and then took my departure.

"I thought at the time that the circumstances were very singular, but paid little attention to the incident afterward. Here you have the simple facts of the case."—*Ex.*



C. S. Rodier, of Montreal, has been nominated senator for the division of Mille Isles, to replace the late Hon. J. B. Rolland.

George A. Drummond, Esq., the great sugar industrial, has been raised to the Senate, in the room of Hon. John Hamilton.

A reception is being arranged for Principal Grant. It will be taken part in by people generally. The Doctor arrives next month.

Hon. James Armstrong, ex-chief justice of St. Lucia and Tobago, and chairman of the Royal Commission on Labour, died suddenly at Sorel, on the 23rd inst., in his 68th year.

Hon. Edward Blake received a retainer of \$10,000 before accepting a brief from the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Manitoba Railway case just concluded in the Supreme Court.

Sir Terence O'Brien, the new Governor of Newfoundland, is the brother of Lieut.-Col. O'Brien who, for the last two and a half years, commands the Royal Engineers in Halifax.

The exceptionally favourable loan of Montreal City, on the London market, was chiefly due to the financial ability and professional influence of Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, the Mayor.

It is stated that Mlle. Tessier, the charming and talented blind vocalist, will leave Montreal in February for the purpose of finishing her vocal education at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Blake will be in attendance at the opening of the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, though his physicians may insist upon his spending a portion of the winter in a southern climate.

Mr. John Foster, of Apohagin, died on the 21st November, aged 82. His son, the Minister of Finance, was with him at his death. The deceased was a worthy old gentleman, much respected in the community.

The post to which Dr. Osler, formerly of Montreal, has recently been appointed, that of the Chair of Medicine in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, is the highest position in the medical profession of the United States.

Mr. P. A. Crossby, manager of the Dominion Type Foundry, was the recipient of a very handsome testimonial from a number of admiring friends. A complimentary dinner was tendered him, at which the presentation was made.

The death is announced, at sea, of Edwin J. Winterbottom, formerly of London, Eng., but in recent years of Calgary. To a large circle his name will recall pleasant recollections as that of the husband of Mrs. Rose Winterbottom, whose several letters, above the signature of "A Settler's Wife," have proved of so much interest and use to intending settlers in the Canadian Northwest.

LADY MACDONALD.

Apart from the Queen's representatives, the "first lady" in Canada is the wife of the Premier. Lady Macdonald will be remembered by many in Washington, whither she accompanied Sir John at the time of the last commission to settle the fishery question. In appearance she has altered very little since then, except that her dark hair has turned a snowy white; and this, rolled back from her forehead, gives a look of softness and gentleness to a face more expressive of purely intellectual qualities. Lady Macdonald is a remarkable woman, even in this age of remarkable women. Her mind has the masculine qualities of breadth and grasp and accuracy and logic, yet she is capable of the tenderest expression of womanly sympathy, the finest tact and the keenest feminine appreciation. But for the service she has rendered the country in being the stay and support, the intelligent and capable companion of her husband through so many critical years of his public life, Lady Macdonald would have had no province in Canada. Either in England or the United States such a personality as hers would have found a more interesting environment and wider appreciation. Here her superiority in knowledge of public affairs and general intellectuality over every other woman whose husband is in Parliament is so marked that comparison is out of the question.