

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Hail to thee! holiest daughter of God, Gift of the Infinite, blessed to mankind; Peacemaker after the strong-scourging rod Of adversity, unlovely and blind. I come and I worship thee, sad as a slave. Ask thee if haply thy presence may save: Lilt up my spirit, redeem from the grave, Loose the fetters that fasten my mind.

In the days of old, when the ancient men Of the slow-thinking ages dwelt Darkly and joylessly, hardened by pain; The weary no freedom felt, As the Sainted One who was crucified On the rugged Cross, cried in agony "My Father, why hast thou forsaken me?" So we, also, all driven and mortified By the dim, dull, soulless and iron reign Of slavery never were sanctified. Rise up, shining goddess, mercy crowned, Bean o'er a world still in evil drowned, Seek out the wand'ring, proclaim them as found Change all our losses, restoring our gain.

I am weak with the weight of my tears. Like a child sick through weeping all day, Let me clasp thee in light flying years, Let me know thee revealed, if I may From the errors, the vileness of sin, From the fierce burning passions within, From the strife and the tumult and din Remove me away and away.

Yea, my confidence, love for the Son Of the Holy One, spotless, sincere, Led me onward, with victory won, My faint courage, my rescue begun And Love laughed at the dull-dreaming year. Mighty cheerer, sweet giver of Hope, O regard my long doubt and neglect, Bless the fallen and grant him respect, Bless all mourners' death heaven's wide cope Sound the triumph from sea unto sea, Tune the anthem "now let us be free," Upon each as thou hast upon me, Bestow fortune, bid all weaklings look up.

Shall I plead? there are some in their chains, Wilt Thou heed the loud murmurs of time; Yet the labour of glory remains, Lives of heroes forever sublime, But the paltry disdain that abides Where the throne awaiteth the king, And the diffidence never that hides, And the winter that hateth the spring, These unloose by the breath of Thy name; Call me not till my mission is sure, Cleanse me not till I learn to be pure.— Fill with power and in greatness endure, Send me forth and enrich me with fame.

These Thy praises I cannot well sing In humility left by the way; I am troubled, yonder cometh a king, And Night yielded her sceptre to Day, Though in sadness whatever reward Men of wisdom may calmly afford Let me wait for the Voice of the Lord Kneeling meekly, O, teach me to pray!

CHARLES W. RITCHIE.

Montreal.

IN A STUDIO.

"I am mad to speak of love to you," he said, with a sad, womanish smile on his handsome mouth; "no one knows that better than I do, and yet sometimes I have fancied that I saw a look in your eyes that has made me forget everything. Oh, Francia, it is true that I am a pen- sioner, a man with nothing but aspirations; but—"

"But people cannot live on aspirations," answered the young girl in a clear, composed voice, singularly cold and calm.

She stood in the soft spring sunshine, the embodiment of the day, as it were, lovely, full of promise and budding beauty, a little chilly out of the sunshine of her favor, with a warmth that was not to be trusted, as it was liable to cloud over and die away into a stormy coldness at any time. She was young, slender, yet softly rounded as to form, with a proud head, crowned by soft masses of blonde hair, very low on the brow, very light and fluffy and curling in sun- shiny tendrils about her face. The eyes were bluish-gray, like a cold morning sky, but the face was full enough of warmth and rose-tints. She wore a dress of some soft clinging material, a dark blue in color, that pleased Herbert Wayne's artistic fancy well. She had, indeed, a natural artistic taste in dress that had at first touched him, and he had painted eagerly and by stealth a picture of her in that very costume, over which he was wont to gloat in the hours, the long hours, when he could not see her.

"I know it," he said, simply, but with a sort of heartbreak in his voice. "You said," the young girl went on, "that you had sometimes fancied you saw a look in my eyes that made you forget everything. What did you mean?"

The young man hesitated. "As if—mind, I say I fancied—as if you cared for me—"

"It was fancy," Francia said, looking down. "I do care for you, but not in the way you want—I care for other things more."

"You are frank," said the other, in a pained voice.

"It is best. I would not mislead you."

The man's face—a handsome face, tender but not strong—with dark, passionate eyes, changed and quivered with intense emotion. He would not charge this girl with leading him on; he had too much nobility to recall her wiles, "her sweet eyes, her low replies," or the hundred subtle nothings that had forged his chains. It was not in his nature to say a harsh word to her now, when he stood there madly longing to touch one of the slender, girlish hands, feeling that he could give his life for one moment's happiness—if she loved him. Yet he had never really hoped. He knew what things Francia cared for more than any man's love—pretty toi- lets, flashing jewels, praise and flattery, and a whirl of excitement—and yet it was true that the vain little heart had been more fluttered by his love than ever before. It was an uncom-

fortable sensation, and Francia hastened to get rid of it, as she always did with unpleasant things; and the knowledge that he might have read the heart tumult in her eyes made her more cold and decisive.

"Well, my dream is over," he said, with a sudden effort. "Spring, you know, is a time when, as Tennyson says:

'A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

So, let the season excuse me. Everything looks so promising, I thought the year might have something for me, but it's all over now. I will get used to it, I suppose, and learn content. Good-bye, Miss Francia."

"Are you going?" she said, looking into his changed face with an uncomfortable twinge.

"Yes; I must go and work," he said, in an absent way, his glowing eyes fixed upon the young girl's face with a devouring glance, as if taking farewell of it.

She held out her hand with an impulse of kindness. He seized it, half raised it to his lips, then dropped it. He could not trust himself, but turned swiftly and went away along the road, under the fresh green branches that made a verdant arch over it. Francia stood watching him with absent eyes.

"If he were rich," she said, with a little sigh; and then she began to dream of a lover who could give her all she longed for—a man who had lately singled her out for marked attention. Her fancy rioted in a succession of Worth's toilets, billows of gleaming satin with foam of lace, ropes of pearls and the glitter of diamonds and the red span of rubies turned before her vision like the confused figures of a kaleidoscope; and yet, after all, she found herself walking somewhat slowly and sadly home, seeing only a quivering face, pale as ashes, a pair of dark, eloquent eyes full of passionate pain, and her heart seemed to be stirred with a dull pain that would not be stilled.

"I believe I love the man," she said, with a petulant laugh.

The sunshine struck athwart the trees and kindled the vivid greens of some, the dark red buds of others into new brightness, the next afternoon, as two people strayed in a lingering and lover-like way beneath them. Francia paused suddenly, with the prick of memory at her heart, and said:

"Let us go home; I am tired."

The gentleman laughed.

"You are frank, at least. Suppose we go into Wayne's studio. He has wanted me to look at his pictures. I think it would encourage him to buy one, poor fellow! I am afraid he has a hard time of it. Will you go with me? I should like to have your taste in selecting."

Francia hesitated a moment. If she could be of any use materially to this man whose hopes she had slain, why not do it? She had some kindly feeling, and she knew the sale might depend on a word from her. Perhaps the artist might kindle to new enthusiasm over his work, if success smiled on him, and so lose that other maddening dream that had blighted his life.

"Yes, let us go," she answered.

So they mounted up the stairs without further words till they stood, somewhat breathless, at the top—the rooms were nearest the sky.

"Artists like to get above the small affairs of our lower life," said Mr. Thorne, somewhat pompously—"near the stars and comets, I suppose."

There was no answer to their knock, but Chester Thorne pushed open the door and went in. Palette and brushes were thrown about in that disorder that seems somehow fitting to a man of dreams. The place seemed filled and permeated with the immediate presence of the owner, so that Francia looked about for him, and rather expected to see him emerge from a dim alcove before which hung a faded bit of rare Gobelin tapestry. There seemed some sort of figure there; but, then, the room was full of phantoms. A woman's form here, with classic Greek drapery; a wooden model there, with an ancient toga about it; plaster hands, a foot, a face, old armour, a Malay creese, a carven chair, a faded shawl.

Francia looked about curiously enough, and then started back with a cry. She was looking at—herself!

The artist had not expected such a visitor, or he would have turned that picture to the wall. It was Francia in the dim-blue dress, but he had painted her as Juliet in the balcony. About her round, young neck were three strings of pearls. The blue silk was cut square in the neck, and some sort of white under-robe came up to the throat, and was puffed with blue bands across the rounded, plump young arms, which were covered to the wrist with tightly-fitting blue sleeves. Through the masses of blonde hair a blue ribbon was carelessly drawn. She leaned her elbows on the gray stone of the balcony, and rested her cheek against her two slender clasped hands. Her face was pale, and there was an inexpressible sadness about the small mouth, and unshed tears in the eyes, over which the lids drooped heavily. You could see she thought of her absent lover. Life at that moment looked hard and drear to her. A word would make those lips tremble and the tears fall.

"How like you, and yet how different!" exclaimed Thorne, in a matter-of-fact way.

"How did he ever see that expression in your face? How could he paint such a heartbreak there?"

"I don't know. I do not see how he painted me at all, as I never sat to him," Francia said,

staring at the picture in an uncomfortable way. It was so like that it seemed to her as if some time that look must come to her, as if she would verify it by having some heartbreak to complete the likeness. Francia shivered a little with apprehension and turned away.

"I will buy that picture." Thorne was saying in the assured way in which millionaires are wont to speak. "Here is something he spoke to me about the other day," continued Thorne, "and I said I would come and look at it. Do you know I have found a change in him lately. There was something curious, vague, and drear in his eyes. I wonder if he was not in want? I know there came a very eager look into his eyes when I spoke as if I might possibly buy his picture. Poor fellow! I don't know much about these things, but it strikes me there are elements of greatness in it."

The picture was a large one of Prometheus. Bare, cold rocks uplifted high and above a heaven full of thunderous glooms. A desolate sky above a desolate sea, as if both were in league with fate, and in this atmosphere of doom lay that awful figure chained to the barren rocks—that face of untold agony, yet contemptuous, scornful, bold—those awful eyes turned to the unrelenting heaven, those wordless lips eloquent with despair.

"I will take it," said Mr. Thorne, after a pause. "It is not to say cheerful, but I feel that it is great. Yes; I will take this struggling young fellow by the hand. I will foster his genius; he shall go to Rome for a couple of years, if he likes. He can repay me with his painting. When I get a home of my own I shall need a good many."

"It would be a noble work to help him," said Francia, with a pretty blush, which made her companion look at her instead of at any other picture.

"He does not come," he said; "he does not know what good fortune awaits him. Let us sit down; you are looking tired. Why may I not say here some words that I have been longing to say for a week or two?"

Francia flushed still more, but did not object. "These shadowy people will not interrupt us," said Thorne, with a comprehensive gesture towards the pictures. "When I think of a future home, I think of you, Francia. You would grace any home, however stately. Will you share mine?"

It was an odd sort of love making, the girl thought, and yet she had dwelt so much on material things, why should they not be offered instead of hearts and undying love and sighs and vows?

Chester Thorne came nearer, and took her hand.

"You would make me very happy if you could care for me in that way," he went on, some eagerness coming into his tone. "I have money, as you know, but that is not everything. I want you. I cannot be happy without you."

Well, that was something, Francia thought, with a stir of gratified vanity at her heart. She wished Mr. Thorne had chosen some other place, for it still seemed as if the artist's presence was there. The room must be full of his aspirations, as he had called them, his dreams, his soul.

Perhaps that prevented the answer that rose to her ready lips; or was it the sudden gleam of the afternoon sun that seemed to push through the dim curtains and irradiate the room. It fell on the old china, the armor and the lace on the stiff wooden model; on the faded Gobelin tapestry of the alcove; on the strange effigy with- in hanging from a beam. Ah! the light sought that out with terrible power. The smile froze on Francia's lip! A horror sprang into her eyes! Her face paled as she pointed with a trembling hand to the strange spectre!

"He has hung himself!" she moaned, with stiffening lips.

Thorne sprang forward, gave one glance of horror, and then took her hand.

"Come," he said, "it is no place for you."

She shivered. She did not look back.

"He is dead," she muttered; "and I loved him!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Many Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution received of Problem No. 278. Correct.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 274.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 275. Correct.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 276. In the solution of Problem No. 274, if Black should move P to Q 4, the white pawn would be obliged to take it en passant in order to force mate in two moves.

We have just been informed by Mr. Shaw that the last game in his Canadian Correspondence Tourney has been brought to a conclusion, and that he will shortly be enabled to publish the final results of a contest which we feel sure has given much pleasure and profit to all engaged in it.

We shall be glad to insert in our Column his statement showing the relative standing of the competitors, the list of prize winners, and any other particulars which will be interesting to lovers of chess here, and, perhaps, elsewhere.

We congratulate Mr. Shaw on the termination of his enterprise, and we have no hesitation in saying that its success has, from its beginning, depended greatly upon his tact, assiduity, and determination not to spare himself with reference to a very large amount of almost daily labour.

In order to finish the recent Chess Telegraphic Tourna- ment between Montreal and Quebec two games had to be brought to a conclusion, one between Mr. Barke, of Quebec, and Mr. Ascher, of Montreal, and the other between D. Bramley, of Quebec, and Dr. Howe, of Mon- treal. The games have at length been terminated, and each in favour of Montreal, so that the result of the en- counter, as it now finally stands, is Quebec 6½ games, and Montreal 5½ games.

As far as our experience goes, problems of more than three moves find little favour with the great majority of ordinary solvers, and even these, in order to be certain of much notice, must not be of the smooth-kind which give the royal personage, whose fate is impending, little chance to escape his pursuers. What will be said then, of eight three movers on one board, which we see is the latest novelty in chess problem composition. A few problems of this nature and half a doz- of those which we have seen lately whose solutions require more than a hundred moves would, one would imagine, be enough to satisfy any ordinary chessplayer for his lifetime.

The following particulars respecting the contest be- tween Messrs. Zukertort and Rosenthal will be accept- able to all our chess friends.

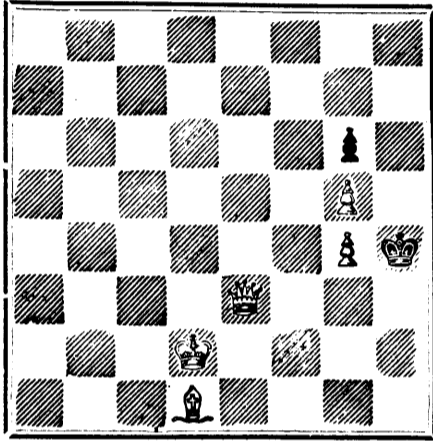
The first two games were draws, and the third was won by Zukertort. In this game it appears that Mr. Rosenthal at one time had the advantage which, how- ever, he failed to maintain. The fourth game resulted in a draw, and the fifth brought about the same unsat- isfactory conclusion. The score therefore is—Zukertort 1; drawn 4. We insert the second game in this contest in our Column to day. It is taken from the London Field, but the valuable notes appended to it in that journal, we are obliged to omit, for want of space.

PROBLEM No. 279.

By J. Pierce.

(From Mechanics' Magazine.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 409TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Second game in the match between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Rosenthal.

(Ponciari Opening.)

- White.—(Mr. Rosenthal.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to B 3, 4. Q to R 4, 5. B to Kt 5, 6. P to Q 3, 7. P takes P, 8. Q to K 4, 9. P to Q 4, 10. B to K 2, 11. Q to B 2, 12. Kt to Kt 5, 13. Kt to KR 3, 14. P to R 4, 15. P to R 5, 16. Kt to B 4, 17. B takes Kt, 18. B to Q 2, 19. P to Q Kt 4, 20. P to Kt 5, 21. B takes Kt P, 22. P to R 6, 23. B takes P (ch), 24. R takes Kt, 25. R to K 8 (ch), 26. R takes R (ch), 27. P to B 4, 28. Castles, 29. P takes B, 30. Kt takes P, 31. Kt to B 4, 32. P to Kt 6, 33. R to Q sq, 34. R takes R, 35. Kt takes P, 36. Q takes B, 37. Q to B sq. Black.—(Herr Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. P to B 3, 5. Kt to K 2, 6. B to Q 2, 7. Kt takes P, 8. Kt to Kt 3, 9. P to KR 3, 10. P to B 4, 11. P to K 5, 12. Q to B 3, 13. P to R 3, 14. Castles, 15. Kt to Q 4, 16. Kt takes Kt, 17. P to K Kt 4, 18. B to Q 3, 19. P to B 5, 20. P takes P, 21. Kt to Kt sq, 22. P takes P, 23. Kt takes B, 24. B to Kt 4, 25. K to Q 2, 26. K takes R, 27. P to K 6, 28. P takes B, 29. Q takes P, 30. R to K sq, 31. B to Kt 5, 32. P takes P, 33. R to K 8 (ch), 34. B takes R, 35. B takes P (ch), 36. Q to Q 8 (ch), 37. Q to Q 5 (ch).

Drawn game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 277.

- White. 1. R to K sq, 2. R to K 3, 3. Mates accordingly. Black. 3. K to K 4, 2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 275.

- WHITE. 1. R to K 6, 2. Mates acc. BLACK. 1. Anything.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 276.

- White. K at Q B 5, R at QR sq, Kt at K Kt 5, Pawn at Q 6, K Kt 3, and Q B 2. Black. K at K 4, Kt at K B 3, Pawns at K 3 and 5, and Q 2.

White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the News, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.