

'Crown'd by the cross, now bathed in sunset fire,—

Even I, who willed and it was done, ne'er see  
One of my flock without the wish to say:

"You builded God a fitting dwelling place;  
The coppers you have given are glorified,  
And in high Heaven are turned to golden  
crowns."—

But we waste words. You have your view,  
I mine;

We are too old to change, even if we wished  
it.

You may be right; it may be wise to think  
Less of the house, and more about the life.  
And yet I feebly try to guide my flock  
To lead lives not unworthy of the church  
Where their weak feet come searching to find  
God.

No common edifice can ever grow  
Into the heart! A building to be holy  
Must be a miracle among its kind;  
And mine is that. Forgive an old man's  
pride!

'Tis his life's crown. My work was scarce begun

Ere I saw fellow-mortals pause and stare  
Wondering how common stone could take such  
grace.

And I have marked them, as they stood with  
awe,

And held their breath as in a holy presence.  
No, no! The ages have not wrought in vain;

The art that fronts you there is God's own  
voice

Speaking in stone to every passer by.  
Behold that wretch that skulks along the  
street;

Some sin is on his spirit! See him pause!

He sees my Virgin, shined in yonder niche;  
A prayer is on his lip, a heart-felt prayer.

I know his life; 'tis black, and soiled, and  
grim;

But he has helped to build this house to God.  
He feels it his. His eyes have reached the  
cross;

He cannot but go in, and he will pour  
His sins out at the blessed Jesus' feet.

Think of these words of mine, and when men  
say,—

"That heartless tyrant, swelling with vain  
pride,

Has robbed his flock to make himself immortal,"—

You may have courage to reply "Judge not,  
He may have done it for a mighty end;

He may have builded this magnificence  
That men beholding it, might turn their eyes

From viewing earth, with all its dross and  
greed,

And catch at least a passing glimpse of God."

Stratford. T. G. MARQUIS.

### NOT DESIGNEDLY DISASTROUS.

A few months ago, when the doctor advised me to leave Toronto for complete change and rest, I was provoked at the thought, but when once I had reached the peaceful surroundings of my brother's country place near Lake Simcoe my ideas gradually underwent a change. At the belief that I had a whole summer to spend there in rest and recuperation I began to rejoice.

I had taken with me one thing which I imagined would prove a source of nothing but pleasure and lots of that to me; it was my photographic camera. Amateur photography had for some time fascinated me, as it does all its earnest followers, and never before had leisure and scenery so happily combined to tempt me to its pursuit.

My brother, a bachelor, who generally spent his summers there, had been expecting to live a life of loneliness for a few weeks and was delighted to find that at last I had come to Solfair for rest. At his delight I was the less surprised when I found how solitary the neighbourhood of his house was. There was one large building within

a mile, and this, the only one, was a hotel, at which, during the summer, there were a good many city people staying, fancying the mineral water did them good. My brother took me to call there, but it was then too early in the season to hope to meet many people. He introduced me to two, a Mrs. Thomas and her niece, but they, I decided at first, would hardly cause me to forget the slow flight of time, or make the solitude less solitary.

Mrs. Thomas was an old, thin lady who was always more or less unwell. She was pleased to meet me, for her delight was in talking, but as she only cared for one subject, herself in general, the latest changes in her condition with the neglect or inconveniences to which she attributed them in particular, the delight in converse was not felt by me, nor, I imagine, by anyone who met her. The old lady kept her niece, Miss Annie Thomas, in attendance upon her, in order, I suppose, that she might never be without some listener to her complaints.

This poor girl's brother was also at the hotel, but he perhaps did not suffer much at his aunt's hands, for it seemed that he spent every day on the river fishing, generally with two or three friends who came up now and then from the city. I often met Mrs. Thomas, and once, when she was perhaps in a more querulous mood than usual, she told me that her nephew went to that river just because he wanted to keep out of her way; she declared this desertion of her on his part was very unnatural, though I had a private and quite different opinion.

Besides drinking the mineral water regularly, Mrs. Thomas made a point of going out every afternoon to take the air, and often during the first fortnight of my stay I met her in the quiet country roads, sometimes driving, when her niece would be shading her with a parasol, sometimes slowly walking, leaning on the poor girl. Miss Thomas was very quiet, seeming always intent on the commands she expected from her aunt, but in spite of this I believed she was obeying them from a sense of duty rather than love. She was as attentive as could be to the irritable old lady, always quick to put her cushions a little higher, arrange her shawl, bring her medicines at the proper intervals and the like, but in doing these things I thought I saw that her smile was an effort. It is needless to say I did not blame her for that. It was very seldom that she noticed me; her aunt monopolized the talk, and was evidently displeased if I ventured to address her silent young companion.

I had not been long at my brother's when he was summoned to Ottawa on business which he expected would keep him there ten or twelve days. I felt very lonely when he had gone, so I unpacked my camera and all my photographic chemicals and spent a good deal of time wandering about the neighbourhood getting pictures of the valley and the river and lake shores.

There were some beautiful and extensive views about the place, but none surpassed that from a point on a hillside not far from the hotel, where my brother had put up a little summer-house. This became quite a resort of mine after he had gone; I took some pieces of plank there and arranged them on the seat at the exact angle to suit my back, making a shelf of another piece on which I could set up before me anything I wanted to read. When I had tired myself out walking, and that did not take long

in my weak state of health, I would lounge there for two or three hours every day with a book or the newspapers. Though I knew that when there were boarders at the hotel they sat here often, I did not think that Mrs. Thomas would ever make her way up the hill, or imagine her niece ever leaving her, to come alone. So it was with astonishment, that, one morning as I reached the doorway, I beheld Miss Thomas seated within. She saw my start of surprise at coming upon her there, and knowing, I suppose, by my look that I had come to rest, and that the place was my brother's, she rose, and with an apology for intruding, was about to hurry away. But I assured her that the summer-house had always been freely used by the hotel inmates, and noticing with relief that she had not disarranged the pieces of plank on my favourite seat, begged her to stay. So she sat down again and talked for a few minutes so appreciatively about the view before us that I forgot my fatigue. Then, thinking, I suppose, that she had remained long enough to dispel any fear I might have had of having driven her away, and declaring that her aunt must be wondering what had become of her, she left me in solitude.

A day or two later I found Miss Thomas at the same old place again, and learned that she often slipped away from her aunt who slept before and after her mid-day meal. She had been to the summer-house several times before I had seen her there, but her visits were earlier in the day than mine. I was tired of being alone and after I learned this I generally reached the place a little earlier than of old, in the hope of meeting her. To be able to talk without the chill of Mrs. Thomas' presence and without being called upon to answer her complaints with affected sympathy was a relief to me, and I know it was a far greater one to Miss Thomas. It rather surprised me, however, to hear her say—she said it so quietly and as if it were the most natural expression in the world—that she enjoyed sitting in this summer-house most because there she was free for a little while from her aunt. This speech, perhaps, was not flattering to me, but I am sure she did not think of that. She was singularly open and innocent in nature; the idea of what other people might think of our meetings there if they knew of them, never occurred to her. She enjoyed her rest, probably none the less that someone was there to talk to, though I must say, from anything she showed to the contrary, anyone else might have done as well as myself. As for me, it was different. I can see when I look back, that my thoughts were more occupied with her after every meeting. Her only words that could be looked upon as even confidential were those about Mrs. Thomas (of whose ways I gathered many unprepossessing particulars) and also about her brother. Though she might be cold to her aunt she showed by the enthusiastic way she spoke of him that she was capable of warm affection. She would have felt all alone, and Solfair would have been unendurable, she said, if he had not been so good about staying; she always had his companionship in the evening when her aunt had retired and his day's fishing was over.

Once, when after a photographic ramble I took my camera into the summer-house, I got Miss Thomas to stand in the doorway and let me take a photograph of her. We thought the experiment proved quite a success, but, as will be seen, this picture was the beginning of my misfortunes. I finish-