

The Family Circle.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Weep! weep! Oh tearful skies,
While summer gently dies,
And let us bid her sad farewell;
There are no tears so dear
As yours, nor so sincere,
Nor to our hearts such solace tell—
Farewell!

The trees with beauteous green,
The leaves no longer screen,
But to the sun their verdure sell—
He gives them glittering gold,
And colours manifold,
How short their day—twere vain to tell—
Farewell!

Let the wind sadly sigh
O'er flowers that withered lie
In sober mead or shadowed dell
Under the falling leaves—
The shroud that autumn weaves
They sleep that once we loved so well—
Farewell!

Not with rare flow'rets gay
Make we a last bouquet,
But mint, and rue, and asphodel
These are our chosen flowers,
Now that the summer hours
No more our hearts with gladness swell—
Farewell!

Early the waning light
Fades from our pensive sight,
While deeply tolls the evening bell;
Over the tree-tops tall,
Night treads her airy hall,
And silent listens to the knell—
Farewell!

By the night coldly kissed,
The silvery ghostly mist,
Wakes from its slumbrous earthy cell,
Wanders beneath the trees,
Moved by each passing breeze,
Where late the burning sunshine fell—
Farewell!

Beneath the stars' faint gleam,
Moves on the placid stream,
And toward the sea doth flow and swell;
So doth our life-stream flee,
On toward Infinity,
Where no abiding sorrows dwell—
Farewell!

—Bernard McEvoy, in 'The Week'

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Gerald and Ada called for Marjorie, according to arrangement, and Alan was delighted to go, too. Near the church they met Professor Duncan, who undertook to act as cicerone on Marjorie's account.

'You see, you've got to know all about our Montreal antiquities,' he said, good-humoredly; 'and I know these youngsters don't know half of what they ought to know about them, so I'll take pity on your ignorance.'

As they entered the great church—said to be the largest in North America—Marjorie could not but gaze in astonished admiration at the long vista of stately nave, with its lofty Gothic arches, the rich coloring that outlined the gallery, the white and gold that alternated with deep tones of crimson and blue, the richly carved pulpit, the gorgeous altars, the crucifixes and the large imposing paintings that attracted the eye. But after the first sensation of magnificence was past, she felt that what Marion said was true, and this church, with all its grandeur, wanted the harmonious beauty that had impressed her in the church of the Jesuits.

After they had looked at all the objects of interest, and the representations of the Nativity, the professor began to give them his historical reminders.

'You know, Marjorie, that not far from here is the spot where Maisonneuve, with his friends and Madame de la Peltrie, about whom you must hear some other time, first founded Ville Marie. The place was called *Pointe a Calliere*, and their first place of worship was a little chapel of bark which was afterwards rebuilt in wood. But as Ville Marie grew larger, the church grew too small; and first Maisonneuve founded another church on St. Paul Street. Finally, about forty years after Champlain's death, they built a much larger one here, and this is its successor; not

much more than half a century old. So, with all its size and beauty, it isn't so interesting to me as some much smaller and plainer churches. But we may as well go up to the top of the tower, and have a view of the city from it.'

They clambered up the long winding stair and at last stood on the lofty platform, with the city spread at their feet in the afternoon sunshine, the mass of walls and roofs strongly revealed against the white ground, while on one side rose the snow-clad, pine-crested 'mountain,' and on the other stretched the wide, winding white sheet of river, studded with masts and hulls and flanked by the distant snowy mountains that stood out in dazzling purity against the clear azure sky.

'There! isn't that a glorious panorama?' exclaimed the professor, when they had taken breath.

'But O, Marjorie!' said Ada, 'it doesn't begin to be so beautiful as it is in summer! You mustn't go up to the top of the mountain till it is quite spring, and then you will see how lovely it is. It's prettier than any of the views I saw last summer when I was away.'

But it was pretty cold up there, and though Marjorie was delighted with the view and much interested in picking out all the streets and buildings she had already learned to know, they did not prolong their stay on their airy perch. As they descended, vespers were beginning and they waited a little to enjoy the rich deep strains of the organ and the chanting of the choristers.

To Marjorie, the music seemed heavenly, and she was divided between the desire to stay to hear more, and the strangeness of being a spectator in a church instead of joining in the service. They left the church very quietly, and as they came out on the Place d'Armes, Professor Duncan told Marjorie that the great bell, called the 'Gros Bourdon'—only rung at certain times—is one of the five heaviest bells in the world. The charming chime of eleven bells she had already heard repeatedly, for it is one of the 'features' of Montreal Sundays and holidays, and is considered the finest on the American continent.

And now Professor Duncan proposed that they should jump on one of the street cars and go as far down as the old Bonsecours Church, since they were on a sight-seeing expedition. They were soon at the Bonsecours market, and in front of the alley leading to the old-fashioned little church standing on the old St. Paul Street—the street of Ville Marie. Then they walked up to the modern front of the ancient church with the quaint inscription over the arched doorway, which none of the younger members of the party found their French quite equal to deciphering. It runs as follows:

*'Si L'Amour de Marie
En passant Ne T'oublie,
Son amour est Grave
Et Lui Dire un Ave'*

Professor Duncan told them that it meant that the passer-by was not to forget the love of Mary, but was to say an Ave to the Lady of Gracious Help.

They passed into the solemn, quiet-toned church, a complete contrast to the one they had left. The dark walls, relieved by tablets containing appropriate texts, beautiful frescoes of the ceiling, the odd, conical pulpit—all gave the impression of quaintness and antiquity and solemn repose. A tablet on the wall near the main entrance commemorates in French the name of 'Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal, and donor of the site of this church.' The name, the spirit of the place, and the sailors' votive offerings on the walls, seemed to carry the mind back to those old heroic days of the troubles and the glories of New France, about which they had all been hearing so much from Professor Duncan.

'What a pity,' he remarked, 'that those tablets are in Latin, instead of being in French, the tongue "understood of the people" here! Now, boys, here's a chance for showing what you can do in translating some of these texts for us.'

Gerald and Alan simultaneously translated the text: 'Christ washed us from our

sins in his own blood,' while Marjorie, who was nearest to no other one, half-shyly read, 'We have redemption through His blood.'

'Well done, Marjorie,' said the professor, 'I didn't know you were a Latin scholar!'
'Oh! that's very easy; I only know a little Latin. My father wished me to learn it.'

'That's right; I wish more girls did.'

They went round to the back of the old church and looked at the weather-beaten stones that had stood so many years, and been consecrated by so many prayers, weighted with the burden of many a troubled, sorrow-laden heart, for is not human nature the same in all ages and under all outward forms? And then, having done due honor to the old church which had seen a young country grow up around it, they turned their steps homeward.

When Marjorie and Alan, with Professor Duncan, reached Dr. Ramsay's door, they found Mrs. Ramsay just setting out in the doctor's sleigh to go down with some little comforts for the Browns.

'Here, Marjorie,' said her aunt, smiling, 'I think you would like to go with me. Alan can drive us, and then your uncle can stay at home to rest and talk to Professor Duncan, as I'm sure he will be glad to do, for he has been out most of the day. You see doctors can't have a holiday even on Christmas Day!'

Marjorie willingly squeezed in beside her aunt, and Alan, perched half on the side of the cutter, soon drove them down to the narrow street where the Browns lived, and then drove on to leave a parcel for some other poor patient, while Mrs. Ramsay and Marjorie went in.

It was a much brighter scene, already, than on Marjorie's first visit. The mother was able to be about, and the table was comfortably laid for the evening meal. The father was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, watching with an expression of affectionate pleasure, the baby laid beside him, gently cooing to itself. The other children were amusing themselves happily with the toys they had received the evening before; the boys with a little Noah's Ark, the girl putting her doll to sleep, as she had seen her mother hush the baby. The poor man smiled gratefully as Mrs. Ramsay wished him a happy Christmas.

'Indeed, mem, it's been that, an' I never would ha' thought I could have been so content lyin' here. But you an' the doctor's been that good to us, I'm sure we've much reason to thank the Lord for His mercies. You see I've got my doll here,' he added. 'I was tellin' Jenny there, I wouldn't give it for hers, that she's hardly had out o' her hands since she came back last night, so full of the Christmas-tree an' all the things she saw, that she could hardly stop talkin' about them, even in her sleep.'

The poor man was evidently glad to get an opportunity of pouring out the pent-up gratitude he had been feeling all day; and his wife, though quieter, seemed no less cheered and strengthened by the kindness and sympathy that had been shown to them. It was a pleasant little bit of Christmas brightness, even for Mrs. Ramsay and Marjorie, to see how much Christian love had gladdened that poor home and its inmates.

The rest of the Christmas day passed swiftly and pleasantly enough for Marjorie. When she and Mrs. Ramsay drove home in the gathering dusk, it was a picture of Christmas comfort to see the family group in the drawing-room gathered about the bright coal fire. They had dinner late—an unusual luxury; for Dr. Ramsay thought an early dinner best for his children, whom he liked to have about him when he was at home. Besides Professor Duncan, there were one or two young men, away from home, and one lonely school friend of Marion's; for both Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay liked to gather the homeless about them at Christmas time.

Before dinner there was both merry and sober talk, and a little music. After dinner, which was a plain, good, substantial Christmas dinner—including, of course, an orthodox pudding, brought in blazing with the traditional blue flame, to the unbounded delight of

Norman and Effie—there was more music and a merry round game. And then the professor was asked by Dr. Ramsay to give them a reading of Dickens' Christmas Carol. This, as it happened, Marjorie had never read, and it was a rare treat, not to be forgotten, to hear its humor and its pathos both so sympathetically rendered, as Professor Duncan gave it to them.

He did not of course read the whole, but his selections gave them at least the cream of that most charming of Christmas stories. Jack and Millie went into fits of laughter over the Cratchits' Christmas dinner, and especially over the 'two young Cratchits,' who, every one said, exactly corresponded to themselves. Tiny Tim—well, who that ever hears or reads the story does not love Tiny Tim, and pray that he might live? It seemed as if the little family picture Marjorie had seen that afternoon made more real to enter into her the spirit of the 'Carol.' And when Professor Duncan ended with the including words, 'And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us—every one!' it seemed to her a most appropriate ending for a wonderfully happy Christmas Day.

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF ENGRAVING.

The history of the various branches of reproductive art, says the *Portland Oregonian*, from wood-cutting to photographic process, is a record of strange vicissitudes, of marvellous growth and sudden decay, of curious imitations and substitutions. Wood-engraving is the oldest of these arts, though engraving and etching on metal were born with it, in that wonderful fifteenth century. Wood-engraving seems to have been related to printing, and probably preceded it in Europe. Engraving, on the other hand, was related to Goldsmith's work. Both, like the then more closely related art of etching, found ready employment and large development in multiplying the works of great painters. But the development of these arts has been curiously uneven and interrupted, and now photographic process threatens to supersede all except etching, which has evolved from a reproductive to an original art. The nineteenth century has seen marvelous changes, the complete decay of line-engraving on steel and copper, passage of wood-engraving through a complete cycle of growth, floriture and decline, and the apotheosis of etching as an original art. Americans led the way in the new birth of wood-engraving, as well as in development of the new reproductive processes which have superseded all manual work. They developed wood-engraving to a point where it could do everything done with burin or needle through a more stubborn medium, destroyed the occupation of the line engravers and forced the etchers to abandon reproduction of paintings, and form the school of "painter etchers," who work from nature, which is the triumph of black-and-white art in the nineteenth century. But just as wood-engraving had completed this victory came photographic process, which is a combination of photography, etching and lithography, to drive it out in turn with a method cheaper, more flexible and more popular. There is a passage in the American edition of Hamerton's "Graphic Arts," published only twelve years ago, in which he confesses the error of earlier judgments and frankly admits that American wood-engravers have made all other reproductive processes unnecessary. But Mr. Hamerton lived to see wood-engraving itself superseded, not only in the magazines, but in the print shops and the studios, by process work. The *Century* is the last of the American magazines to abandon wood-engraving for the cheaper, less artistic, but more popular process work, but there are signs in recent numbers that it is preparing to follow the rest, perhaps after Mr. Cole's old masters series is done. This apparently will be the end of wood-engraving in the United States, except for high-class books, which afford only a narrow market for engravers. It is probable that the English illustrated papers, which still use wood cuts, will follow soon, and the process picture will rule undisputed from the ten-cent magazine to the choicest offering of the print shops. It is a curious