

THREE LITTLE HAY-MAKERS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

Out in the summer sunshine
We tossed the fragrant hay,
Three careless, happy children,
And work was sweet as play;
Sweet for the blossoming clover,
And the red of the cardinal's crest—
Sweet for the hedge-lark's gurgling song,
And hints of her hidden nest.

Now, in the shadowy coolness
Of the bowery haunts of June,
We wiled away, with song and play,
The golden afternoon;
And now, in the wake of the mowers,
We raked the green winnow,
Till over the upland's woody crest
The sun dipt red and low.

In the edge of the tangled covert,
Where the lush blackberries hung,
Like a jewelled pendulum to and fro
A wood-wisp spider swung;
And climbing out of the shadow,
At the feet of the spiky ferns,
A wild rose held to the sunshine
The dew in her crimson urns.

And low in a tuft of daisies,
With grasses woven round,
In a nest of cunning fashion,
Three speckled eggs we found,
Translucent spheres of beryl,
Freaked with purple and brown,
And we laughed aloud in thoughtless glee,
As we bent the tall grass down.

But ere, in our boyish mischief,
A sun-burnt hand had stirred
To grasp the tempting treasure,
"Boys, think of the mother bird!"
Said Ruth, our little sister,
"Flocking in sad surprise,
Her red lips all a-tremble,
And tears in her big blue eyes."

"Boys, think of the mother birdie,
And the pang in her tender breast,
When she sits in the trampled daisies,
A ruffled and broken nest."
And busily digging our bare toes
Deep in the balmy grass,
We covered, with downcast faces,
Before our little lass.

The springs have blossomed and faded,
The summers waned away,
Since out in the happy sunshine
We tossed the fragrant hay,
And under the silver daisies,
And the clover white and red,
Our little sister lies,
At peace in her narrow bed;
But the tender ruth she taught me,
Beside the ground bird's nest,
Still blooms like a flower, amid the care—
And crimes of a world-worn breast.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

BY LOOP REVIL.

"My dear," said Mr. Chillingworth entering the breakfast room, "I think we may expect Mr. Deighton by this evening's train."

"Indeed, Sir, you surprise me altogether," replied his wife stily, "I should have thought a more extended notice in stricter keeping with those business-like habits of which you boast. But I suppose you treat others with more consideration than you do your wife. For shame, Sir! you don't care what trouble and annoyance you cause your household, or in what unfeeling way you upset my domestic arrangements." And Mrs. Chillingworth rang for breakfast with energy.

"But my dear," responded Mr. Chillingworth, as he meekly received his coffee, "I thought I told you, weeks ago, that all my plans were ready and that Mr. Deighton might come over and estimate as soon as he liked; besides, I fully understood that you wished the left wing extended and a portico thrown out before the arrival of our guests for the 'Hunt' Ball. You know we looked over the plans together and were mutually satisfied, and, and, zounds, Madam," continued Mr. Chillingworth warming, "if I choose to be the architect of my own house as I have been of my own fortunes it appears you reap the benefit of both, so let me hear no more;" and Mr. Chillingworth relapsed into silence apparently rather surprised at himself, while his wife calmly perused a letter which she had first opened. "Sleeping apartments will be required for Mr. Deighton and his clerk who accompanies him," presently resumed Mr. Chillingworth, "and be so good as to have all my plans and drawing materials conveyed to the back drawing-room, which must be temporarily converted into an office. The furniture must also be removed from the two western bedrooms, and perhaps Miss West will kindly superintend the carrying out of my instructions." And bowing slightly towards me, Mr. Chillingworth continued his breakfast.

To this somewhat stormy conversation, and to much more that followed, I, Miss West, governess, was an unwilling listener, and were it not for the amusing incidents which subsequently resulted therefrom and which I have now full permission to narrate, as a story of long ago, I should not have troubled you with any scribbles of mine.

Mr. Chillingworth was a wealthy and influential merchant, who, some few years ago, upon retiring from active business, built the beautiful mansion in which we then resided.

With characteristic liberality he had lavished upon it all the adornments which art or riches would produce and left nothing to be

desired for the perfect enjoyment of them. Here, in happy retirement, broken only by occasional visitors and the periodical return of the two sons from Eton, the family grew up, which consisted, at the time I entered it, of the eldest daughter, Emily, about seventeen, the two boys first mentioned, and Fanny and Kate, my two especial charges, thirteen and eleven years of age respectively. The conversation first recorded took place some few weeks after my arrival, and with a few words of explanation thereof I will proceed.

Mr. Chillingworth, like many others, had a hobby, which in his case was architecture; indeed he possessed no mean skill and was in early life destined for that profession. Upon his retirement from business, therefore, he gave himself up to his favourite pursuit, the first result of which was the building of "Rosedale" from his own designs, of course under the supervision and correction of Mr. Deighton, whom I have already introduced by name. However faulty from a professional point of view, Rosedale reflected infinite credit upon its eccentric designer. After a lengthened period devoted to architectural improvements among the dwellings of his tenantry scattered throughout the neighbouring village, Mr. Chillingworth's hobby broke out once more nearer home and soon became apparent in the ominous word "alterations."

Now, to do the good man justice, these alterations had been the talk of the house for at least six weeks, and the number of times I journeyed to the city in search of cardboard, indian ink, pencils and mathematical instruments sufficiently prove it. The "plans" even had been inspected by the family no longer ago than the previous evening, besides which it had been arranged that the children, under my escort, should proceed upon a lengthened and long promised visit to Aunt Mary's in order to be out of the way during the bustle, and that very moment our boxes were standing ready packed in the hall. However, it all turned out right, and by the same train which brought Mr. Deighton and his clerk the children and I left for "Aunt Mary's." Emily, although strongly urged, declined to accompany us. What follows was, of course, made known to me afterwards.

The next morning Mr. Deighton, having expressed his readiness to inspect the plans, was ushered into the "office."

"I think, Sir," said Mr. Chillingworth, unfolding the plans and laying them before Mr. Deighton, "that you will find everything here in good order and only wanting your master-hand to render them complete."

"Ah! no doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Deighton, his mind at the same time full of it, "with the assistance of Caleb here, we shall soon bring things into a condition to work upon, although I see there is still much to be done."

"Mr. Caleb," he continued, "oblige me by opening my case of instruments and making yourself ready for business. Mr. Chillingworth, allow me to introduce to you my assistant, Mr. Caleb Sparks, a most worthy young man, Sir, bent upon climbing to the top, I might almost say to the topmost branches, Mr. Caleb, of the professional tree."

Mr. Caleb colored slightly, perhaps from the exertions called forth by the professional tree, bowed awkwardly and was silent.

"I will leave you now, gentlemen, as I have an appointment which calls me to the city for the day. Pray make yourself comfortable and ring for anything you may require. Good morning."

And with these words Mr. Chillingworth closed the door after him.

"Caleb," said Mr. Deighton, addressing the only button on that young gentleman's office coat and drawing him towards the plans by it, "these plans will require your utmost attention for some time. Our amateur has rather overtaxed himself. However, be careful to follow out my corrections and don't hurry yourself. I must first run down to the village for a short time. Lock the door after me, we must keep up professional dignity you know," said Mr. Deighton swelling. "If Mr. Chillingworth should return before myself inform him I have been called away upon business."

"Certainly, Sir," replied Caleb, locking the door after him, putting the key in his pocket and seating himself on the plans.

"Well, my governor's about as cute a cove I should guess, if I was in the habit of it, as here and there one, and a good architect too, although a man as is good at planning ain't always architect. However, old Chill won't save much by being his own architect after all, and quite right too. These dabblers must be made an example of. What are my articles good for I'd like to know," said Mr. Sparks addressing the mantle shelf, "if everyone who thinks he can draw a straight line is to step over me. Howsoever its very comfortable here and I'll make the best of it. Now, if I could only get time to run home, it isn't so far from here, and see mother and have a romp with the children, I think I'd do it. She would be pleased to see me getting on so well," and Mr. Sparks got off the plans and walked to the window. "And such a pleasant surprise too. It would be capital fun, if I could only get back again in time. As for the work here, that's all bosh. It's all done as far as I can see. By George, I'll do it, let me see. Bullo!

what's that, some one at the door. Come in, no, wait a minute, it's locked," and Mr. Caleb, as the knocking became louder, slowly turned the key.

"Oh, don't apologize, my dear fellow," said the intruder glancing round the room and walking forward. "I'm really sorry to disturb one in your profession, excellent profession too, I take quite a peculiar fancy to anyone in it, my grandmother always did too, quite runs in the family I assure you. But I have the advantage,—Mr. Caleb Sparks, allow me to introduce to you Ellis Wortherspoon," and taking out a card, he gaily flitted it across the table.

"I am glad to see you, Sir," said Caleb, "but unfortunately Mr. Deighton has been called away upon business and will not return for some time."

"Mr. Deighton to old Harry. It's you I want to see, my boy. Do you smoke?" inquired Mr. Wortherspoon very abruptly.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Sparks, after a little hesitation, "certainly, but requiring a steady hand in my profession I prefer a mild one, more soothing too I imagine," he continued looking anything but soothed as he took "just the brand" as Mr. Ellis styled it, out of that gentleman's proffered case.

"Here's a light for you," said Ellis lighting a fresh cigar, "and when you're perfectly composed, as I guess I rather surprised you—I always do surprise people somehow—we'll talk over a little business in which I want your assistance. But, first and foremost, can you keep a secret?"

This question had the effect of throwing Mr. Sparks far behind in his efforts to regain composure, which certainly had been somewhat upset by the sudden appearance of Mr. Ellis Wortherspoon.

"Well, really I don't ever remember trying, but I suppose I can. It isn't gunpowder—or—"

"It isn't what?" cried Ellis.

"I mean it isn't anything shattering to the serenity of my nerves, undermining to the constitution for instance, gnawing at your peace of mind like a grub at an apple. Some of 'em do, you know," said Mr. Sparks gnawing at his cigar as if it contained some one's peace of mind.

"My dear fellow," said Ellis, laughing, "how grotesquely absurd you are, now do compose yourself like a good Sparks. You needn't feel the least compunction at aiding and abetting. There may be a slight explosion in the house, but I'll provide for that. But seriously, you can do me a great favour if you will."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," returned Caleb, "Pray explain yourself."

"Well, then," returned Ellis, "I'm in love,—in love with the most charming, adorable creature you ever saw. Perhaps you have seen her though, eh? I mean Emily, old Chillingworth's daughter. But of course you haven't; how stupid! you only arrived last evening. However, that's situation Number One. Situation Number Two:—The course of true love, as usual, anything but smooth. Old folks unkind—cruel separation of young hearts—clandestine correspondence—reciprocated devotion—love's stratagem—patient waiting—opportunity arrived at last—more secret meetings—letters—chambermaids—milk cans, and gardeners. A stealthy approach on the wings of love, rather dragged though by creeping through the bars of the pantry windows. And here I am. Situation Number Three.—Discovers Mr. Sparks eager to assist his friend Wortherspoon by a trifling exchange of raiment. That done, C. S., having a holiday at his disposal, pops over to see his charming mother and sisters, and leaves a deputy behind him. It's brief, but to the point. Now, what's your opinion?"

During this rapid exordium Mr. Sparks had sat in a state of blank amazement. Opinion he had none. His cigar, which had gone out, had been subjected to the most violent sucking, as though his opinions were concentrated in it and required to be thus drawn out. But the attempt seemed a failure, for upon Ellis repeating his question he muttered something about its being "exactly so," and relapsed again into silence.

"The whole thing's in a nutshell, my dear fellow," said Ellis, "and now, if I'm not very much mistaken, I may depend upon your sympathy and assistance."

"You may," exclaimed Caleb with a sudden outburst; "you may with all my heart," and began to divest himself of his coat with extreme enthusiasm.

"Stop, stop," said Ellis, thinking he was carried away by some happy thought; "we must go calmly to work. What members of the family have you yet seen?"

"Mr. Chillingworth only. I have kept strictly to my own duties and position as Mr. Deighton's clerk," said Mr. Sparks, seating himself again on the plans—an act which that young gentleman, as Mr. Deighton's clerk, seemed to think included both position and duty.

"Oh, rare and modest youth! by that conduct you have played our trump card. Now, all we have to do is to make the exchange. Then I guide you to a safe exit from the house; you go and enjoy yourself and leave the rest to me."

(Concluded next week.)

ART AND LITERATURE.

Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Sheridan has been bought in Paris, by Baron Rothschild, for £3,200.

A metrical translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" into Armenian has been published at Venice.

Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, has been appointed Professor at the *Ecole Royale* of Music at Brussels.

The brother of the King of Portugal, a pupil of Rossini, recently made an appearance as a tenor at one of M. Thiers' soirées.

It may be useful to the numismatic world to hear that if coins are heated gradually, the inscription will in almost all cases make its appearance.

At Marseilles, Dejaret, who has entered upon her 75th year, is drawing crowds nightly to see her in the plays of "Monsieur Garat," and "Gentil Bernard."

It is stated that Miss Minnie Hauck, the American cantatrice, has been engaged for life at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, and is obliged to sing twice a week regularly.

Tamberlik has been singing at the First Communion of his son at Paris, having journeyed from Madrid on purpose to take part in this interesting service, which is the most solemn and impressive in the Roman Catholic Church.

A society with a very useful object—the publication of musical works by ancient masters—is about to be formed at Berlin, on the principle adopted by the old Musical Antiquarian Society in London, of issuing the works annually to subscribers.

Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, who is having an unbroken round of triumph in her English starrng tour, has received most tempting offers from Italy to go to Florence, and "create" the part of *Ophelia* in the "Hamlet" of M. Thomas, which has never yet been produced in Italy.

The celebrated Military library of Metz, comprising nearly 40,000 vols., rare manuscripts, &c., and the result of three hundred years' collecting, has been given by the Emperor of Germany to the General Staff at Berlin where the library will now probably be transferred.

The death is announced of Mr. Jonathan Bagster, the senior partner in the firm of Samuel Bagster and Sons. The deceased was the son of the late Mr. Samuel Bagster, the founder of the firm, and the originator of the scheme of Polyglot Bibles, with which the name is identified.

The Luther-Linde, the lime-tree under which Luther preached at Ringthal, Saxony, because permission to preach had been refused him in the neighbouring town of Mittweida, has been burnt to a stump. The accident arose through fire having been used to expel a swarm of bees which had taken refuge in its branches.

A memorial to the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod is being got up by his friends and admirers in Glasgow. Although there has been no public advertisement on the subject, nor any canvass for subscriptions, the amount already subscribed amounts, it is stated, to several thousands of pounds sterling. The committee includes men of all denominations.

A letter from Huy, in Belgium, says:—"On opening the quarries worked by M. Bodart-Bodart in the rocks of Lovegnée, commune of Ben-Ahin, opposite the magnificent ruins of the castle of Beaufort, which overlooks the Maese, a cavity was lately discovered containing the fossil remains of animals and birds belonging to a species now extinct. All were carefully collected and placed in a local museum."

An Austrian *savant* has discovered, by means of a microscope, in a stone taken from the pyramid of Dashour, many interesting particulars connected with the life of the ancient Egyptians. The brick itself is made of mud of the Nile, chopped straw, and sand, thus confirming what the Bible and Herodotus have handed down to us as to the Egyptian method of brick-making.

The city of Leyden (Holland) has just inaugurated with great pomp a statue of Boerhaave, the great naturalist and physician, in presence of a vast multitude. The monument is 11 feet 8 inches high, and stands on a pedestal of ten feet from the ground. The deceased is represented in his professional robe, with a book in his hand, and seems to be either beginning or terminating a lecture. The work is due to the chisel of M. Strackee, sculptor to the king.

The Queen has recently obtained possession of a very interesting art treasure, in a copy, namely, of the bust of Charles I., by Bernini, which was originally placed in Whitehall. It is well known that Vandyke painted his celebrated "Three Heads of Charles I." to enable Bernini, in Italy, to produce this bust, and that whilst in Whitehall it suffered from fire. Fortunately a marble copy had been previously made, and this it is which Her Majesty has obtained, and placed with the picture in the Vandyke room at Windsor.