

HER PUNISHMENT.

Could'st thou have borne with me, this had not been;
Thy spirit scorned the vagaries of mine;
I wished o'er every heart to reign a queen,
But most of all beloved, a queen o'er thine;
Alas! the fates had willed 'twas not to be,
Thy patience died at last and I am free.

Free! oh, the mockery of that bitter word!
I know thou deem'st I never had a heart.—
Could'st thou, as I have felt its pulses stirred,
When that dread fiat came that we must part,
Could'st thou have seen the tidings fall on me,
Thou wouldst indeed have witnessed misery!

I tried thy strong, deep tenderness I know;
I felt of thy protecting love secure,
And thought no act of mine could overthrow
That which could uncomprehendingly endure;
For while I had a sunny smile for all,
Each bounding pulse was held by thee in thrall.

I felt like some young bird that would be free,
And foolish flogging takes his flight away,
Far from his parents and his sheltering tree,
To bathe within the sunshine's golden ray,
But soon returning with a weary breast,
Seeks warmth and safety in his shady nest.

The world's gay homage was my sunshine bright,
In which I revelled oft with fluttering wing,
And tasting such ephemeral delight,
Did to the winds my choicest treasure bring;
Returning homeward like the feathered guest,
Thy love forsook, the birdling had no nest.

But I forgive thee: haply in thy place,
Such jealous pang had earlier rent my heart,
Thou could'st not read in my averted face
That death were easier than from thee to part.
Enough; I know that we two, hand in hand,
Will never journey to the Silent Land.

Thou knowest not the treasure thou did'st hold,
I laughed with others while I turned from thee,
Thy words were warm yet my replies were cold,
I revelled in my false security;
Twas cruel yet thou might'st be well content,
To know how bitter is my punishment.

Love, love, henceforth a barren word! fill now
It woke the sweetest echoes in my breast;
The bridal wreath shall never grace the brow
With such remorseful memories oppressed;
I'll hide some long-forgotten nook within,
And expiate my folly and my sin!

But thou! may heavenly sunshine gild thy way,
And all rich blessings rain upon thy head;
May Love's pure taper shed its mellow ray
Along the flowery path I bid thee tread;
Thus I to others with a pang resign
The happiness, the hopes that once were mine.

MARY J. WELLS.

Montreal, March 1st.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

A WALK WITH A PHILOSOPHICAL MAN.

An irresistible proclivity for strolling and sauntering about in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, ultimately brings one into contact with a variety of odd and eccentric persons, whom he could not otherwise have met. Such has been my experience, at all events, and a description of some of the singular characters which I have thus run across, would be amusing in the extreme. But I desire only to speak of an intelligent and gentlemanly-looking man, with whom I have, on numerous occasions, when least expecting it, come face to face. Our accidental meetings finally became of such frequent occurrence as to excite the curiosity of both as to who and what the other one was. We did not take kindly to each other at first, for there seemed to be a kind of reciprocated aversion to each other, but, as time wore on, our intimacy was of a remarkably rapid growth, and both were surprised to find that neither was the villainous fiend that each had supposed the other to be. I found him to be a man of a more than ordinary reflective turn of mind, who had a habit of taking a most philosophical view of things. There was a charm of novelty about him which was new to me. Many a pleasant walk and many a profitable hour have we since spent together. On a delightful morning, not long since, we set out for a ramble, and determined to ascend the mountain by an isolated bridle path in the east end. I was glad to find my intelligent friend in a more than ordinary talkative mood, and, as we sauntered leisurely along, our thoughts drifted into the curious, but interesting, work of comparing great men with each other. Europe, the United States and Canada were severally ransacked for subjects, and, to my youthful and inexperienced mind, the great men of the world appeared as numerous as the stars in the evening heavens. By the time we had reached the summit of the mountain, however, my astute companion had reduced the number of truly great men down until he could count them all on his fingers. As we reclined upon the green sward and gazed out over the fair city, the shortcomings of human nature were expatiated upon without mercy.

"Yes, my boy," he remarked, as his eyes fairly glowed with interest, "Vincit, qui se Vincit." "If you are not already too tired of listening," he continued, "I will tell you what a careful study of the history of the world, together with my own observations of life, have taught me as to who is

THE HERO OF MODERN TIMES."

Upon the assurance that nothing would give me more pleasure than to be favoured with his views on that important question, he began, as follows:—

"Away back in old romantic days, when chivalry was effulgent, deeds of daring, personal courage, physical prowess, a complete subordination of the love of life to a love of honour—were the qualities which made men glorious. That was before the world had become what England was once termed—i.e., 'A nation of shopkeepers.' But the times have changed.

Human ambition now aims at a different goal. The victories now sought are conquests of mind over matter. To surmount physical obstacles, to pry into the hidden mysteries of nature, to control and utilize the forces of the universe—are the fields in which men now distinguish themselves. The successful savant, engineer, soldier, statesman, merchant, are the great lights which receive the world's adoration. To accumulate a fortune, tunnel mountains, bridge mighty rivers, to send forth valuable books, vanquish armies, or subjugate a nation, are grand achievements, but for a spendthrift to conquer his extravagant habits, is a mightier victory than them all. It is a result that can be accomplished only by the exercise of a tremendous will-power. Many of the qualities which insure success in the great fields enumerated are requisite to gain a victory in this respect—viz., resolution, foresight, action and an unyielding determination. He is opposed at every turn by the advance skirmishers of the army of conventionalism. He is attacked on every quarter by the most powerfully seductive attractions; a thousand allurements are ready to ensnare him, and he must, at the same time, struggle against a fierce internal rebellion. It is one long, unceasing fight, and, not for a single instant, day or night, dare he slacken his zeal or rest in the conflict, until he has gained a complete mastery over himself. And when he has succeeded in enthroning a kingly self-control at the helm of his ship, he has achieved a grander triumph than the conqueror of a nation or the winner of a crown. Such a man is, in my opinion, the hero of modern times.

"To understand this, let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Bevel Zechin, a young man about town. Perhaps you may already know him."

"The name is not familiar to me," I reply.

"Ah! I am not surprised to hear you say that, for, if his name was familiar to every one, he could not be the subject of our present conversation. Let us go back to twenty years ago. He was then a fine-looking young fellow; clever, witty, pleasant and sociable. He appeared to have an abundant income from his business, and his liberality and agreeable qualities made him wonderfully popular. His bachelor apartments were most luxuriantly fitted up in every respect. His wines and cigars had more than a local reputation for their excellence, and his splendid horses were the envy of the Park. His yacht was pronounced the finest of any on the lakes, and his immense variety of sporting equipments were all of the finest description. His associates were a number of elegant and affluent young gentlemen, and their group was the acknowledged back-bone of all sporting circles. By way of diversion from the monotony of business, they were in the habit of investing in all sorts of pools, and putting up handsomely on the result of all pending contests of any consequence. Experience had made them shrewd in such matters, but they scorned the idea of betting for mere gain. They indulged in this pastime for the pleasure which the excitement afforded. Some of the friends were annoyed when luck went against them (as they termed it), but not so with Bevel. He deliberately ran the risk, and, therefore, abided by the consequences with a good grace.

"With all his fascinating qualities, it is no wonder that he was the idol of the fashionable and the envy of the poor. Warm-hearted, dashing, gallant Bevel! What a brilliant future seemed to await him! But this splendid young man had a fault. He was a spendthrift; he spent more than he could afford. His mode of life had never given him a serious thought, and his extravagant habits grew upon him unconsciously until his annual personal expenses became something enormous. His life appeared to be a realization of a beautiful poetical dream; no racking cares, no distracting troubles, but one long round of elegant pleasure. At last, the unperceived cloud which, all the while, had slowly been gathering about him, burst, with all the fury of a thunder-storm, and, as the blackness of the sudden uproar rolled away, he beheld the grim spectre, bankruptcy, staring him in the face. The day of reckoning had come, and it was the most terrible day he had ever seen. It was followed by a night of indescribable agony. Then he rose triumphant. What did he do? Did he apply for a compromise? no; did he ask his mother to mortgage the farm? no; did he take that little seven-barrelled instrument out of the drawer and look upon it as a panacea for his troubles? no, no; did he flee away to other fields and pastures new? no. He retrenched. Thick and fast came the bills payable, for no one had confidence in him now. He realized and paid—realized and paid; day after day he battled against overwhelming difficulties; still, he would not give up. Securities, which he held, one after another, proved worthless; still he fought on. The proceeds of the sale of all his elegant personal effects, including jewellery, helped him to keep his head above water. He gave up everything—friends, horses, cigars, pocket-money. He turned everything into money and paid the claims against him. Dishonest and conniving creditors did all in their power to compel him to assign, that some of their hirelings might have an opportunity to wind up his affairs to their (the creditor's) undue advantage. All the machinery of the law was set in motion against him, but he would not be crushed. He fought them all, single-handed, and the wreck of his fortune enabled him to pay all, dollar for dollar. It was a fearful conflict, but he came out of it victorious, and when the last shilling he had in the world had been given to wipe out the last

shilling of his indebtedness, he stood 'erect, with front serene, a man,' and smiled amidst his poverty.

"Then he began afresh. He had to make a new world for himself, and he had to fit himself into it. He plunged into work, and with superhuman efforts he began to restore the remnant of his business. No luxuriant abode; no more elegant leisure. As he hurried through the streets in his shabby attire, hundreds of his former friends looked out at him and whispered, 'Heavens, what a fall is there!' All that glittering world, which had helped to land him in the mire, could not now extend a hand to help him out of it. Mercantile sharks and social parasites no longer found him an easy victim. Energy, perseverance and economy invariably have their reward. In time, the fickle goddess, wealth, was waved back to his desolate hearth, and when prosperity again smiled upon him he was able to bear it like a man. To-day his name is a tower of strength to all great financial enterprises, and when he is seen in the city, which is seldom, all those people who stood off and pitied him in his hour of trial, are forced to regard him as the Hero of Modern Times."

"Do you regard him as such simply because he has acquired a fortune?" I asked.

"Decidedly not. As I said before, the accumulation of a fortune is a great achievement, but, in this instance, the acquirement of a complete self-control, by a spendthrift, and the power of making great personal sacrifices, by one who had always been in the habit of gratifying his every whim, is an accomplishment of unparalleled value. And, to a person possessing such qualities, the acquirement of a fortune is but a natural consequence."

During our walk home, I, of course, thanked my friend for the lesson which he had given me.

"You do well to regard it as a lesson, my boy," he replied; "and I only wish that every Canadian youth would make himself familiar with, and profit by, just such experiences. The old quotation, 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' is often misinterpreted. The past is not all dead. It is full of living examples which, if properly utilized, would surely shield millions of our fellows from the terrible disasters which are daily overtaking them."

I will have to leave my philosophical friend for the present, and, should any of your readers run across him in some out-of-the-way place, as I did, I beg of them to treat him kindly for my sake, and for his own as well.

W. F. McMAHON.

April, 1878.

THE GLEANER.

ENGLAND has eight newspapers over a century old.

BISMARCK writes with a pencil fifteen inches long.

It costs English fox hunters about £50 for each fox killed.

BEECHER expects to net \$55,000 from this season's lecture tour.

It is stated, on legal authority, that the stamps on the Rosebery-Rothschild ante-nuptial settlement instruments amounted to 4,000.

THERE is talk of a grand festival and illumination of Paris on some night during the Exposition, at an expense of half a million francs.

THE Indians never touch a telegraph wire from superstitious fear. Were it not for this the difficulties of frontier life would be greatly increased.

SIR WILLIAM GULL, one of Queen Victoria's physicians, advises those fatigued from overwork to eat raisins rather than to drink wine or alcoholic drinks.

COUNT ANDREASSY, it is said, is as popular in Vienna for his graces as a dancer and for his drawing-room conversation as for his acknowledged diplomatic acumen.

THE *Petit Marseillais* says a marriage is contemplated between the Marshal's son, Lieut. Patrick MacMahon, and Mlle. Lambrecht, daughter of a Minister of M. Thiers.

THE American firemen with their steam-engines will create a marked sensation in Paris. It is said that the authorities have granted them permission to parade in the Champs Elysées.

THE *Contemporary Review* says that Major Walter Wingfield, who invented the game of lawn tennis, has done more for the women of England than any 10,000 doctors have done.

A PRIVATE house at Mortlake (with eight windows commanding a view of the river to Barnes bridge), was offered furnished on lease for the boat race week for the sum of 200 guineas.

THE Count and Countess de Chambord, having been given to understand that they would be received at the Vatican merely as private persons, have decided not to undertake their contemplated journey to Rome.

It is said that the glass used by Marshal Bazaine at Sainte Marguerite, and the rope, with hooks, by which he descended to the boat, have been sold to the police authorities for 300 francs, purchased, no doubt, for show purposes in Paris.

It is said that a great British financier has gone so far as to promise Prince Gortschakoff to float a Russian loan for twenty millions sterling, if Russia modifies her views so as to bring them thoroughly within that area wherein only peace lies.

The new down town merchants' club at New York has been built on a plan of unusual common sense. The kitchen is placed in the upper storey, whence its fumes can by no possibility permeate the building.

THE centre stone of the Countess of Dudley's tiara is worth \$150,000. It was found in South Africa over ten years ago by a black shepherd, who received \$1,200 for it and who thereupon drank himself to death. His master sold it for \$60,000.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is, and has been for years, a prisoner to her room from illness, and overwhelmed with works of all kinds. So she writes a letter expressing her sympathy with the promotion of the Volunteer Ambulance movement in England.

THE Viennese fiacre has long enjoyed a European reputation. Some members of the Austrian Jockey Club have decided to send specimens to the Paris Exhibition. They at first thought of travelling thither in them, but have abandoned the design.

THE *Italia* states that the health of Father Becky, General of the Jesuits, who has lately met with an accident, leaves hardly any hope of recovery. He is eighty-three years old. Father Valeriano Cadellari, provincial of the province of Rome, is designated as his successor.

THERE is some talk of erecting a statue to Alexandre Dumas, *père*, on the Place Malesherbes. The spot is excellently chosen. His son lives only a few steps distant, and at the time of his death Alexandre Dumas occupied the third floor, No. 1, Boulevard Malesherbes.

THE work in connection with the preparations for erecting Cleopatra's Needle on the Victoria Embankment is making good progress, though it has been found necessary to sink to a considerable depth in order to secure a firm foundation for the concrete bed which is to support the pedestal.

THE taking of cod liver oil is seldom found a pleasant operation. M. de Pontevet recommends mixing a spoonful of the oil with the yolk of an egg and ten drops of the oil of peppermint, and adding half a glass of water with some sugar. This is said to effectually conceal the characteristic odor and taste.

A VIENNA mechanic has succeeded in constructing an apparatus for working sewing machines. Electricity, steam or water power, are, on the score of cost, domestically inapplicable. A system of cog wheels is arranged underneath the surface of the table upon which the machine is fixed, and by a handle at the side the string is wound up with facility.

PRINCESS Mary of Teck is so petulantly warlike that she is called the "Queen of the Jingles." The other day the English Premier was dining with Her Royal Highness. "You have," she said, "the Queen with you, Parliament and the country; what more do you want?" Lord Beaconsfield glanced at his plate, and solemnly replied, "Potatoes, ma'am."

OSMAN PASHA, before leaving his Russian imprisonment, is said to have presented jewelry to the host of the hotel in which he stayed, and expressed himself most favourably to the correspondent of the *Standard* with respect to the treatment of his countrymen, sick and otherwise, in captivity. He ordered 5,000 cigarettes to be distributed, without distinction of nationality, to the patients in the local hospital.

GAMBLIYA has just been "struck by a grand grief," to use the stock phrase of the French newspapers. He has lost his aunt. The misfortune is one which most nephews bear with equanimity. But in this instance the bereavement is really keenly felt. Mlle. Massadun has been like a mother to the eminent statesman, had devoted her life to him, and often given him most useful advice. She was seventy-one at her death.

PIERRE SIMONS, who was tutor of education to the Prince of Wales in 1855, says that his father, Prince Albert, insisted that each of his sons should learn a trade, and that the Prince of Wales showed him a pair of boots he was wearing which he had made himself, having learned the shoemaking trade. Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, learned to make his own clothes, and Prince Arthur was taught cabinet-making.

THE auction of the ex-Queen of Spain's jewels is fixed for the month of July. The ex-Queen does not publicly admit that she is driven to this course by impending penury, but it presents that being no longer compelled to appear at State ceremonials she has no further need of such a quantity of ornaments. Her son Alfonso is anything but generously disposed towards the Lady of the Golden Rose, and shows no inclination to help his mother in her financial distress.

DEATH IN HIS FAVORITE ROBE.

The mortuary statistics of the whole civilized world show that about one-fifth of mankind die of consumption alone, and the number of deaths due to consumption bears a greater ratio to the whole number than that of any other three diseases together. Moreover, investigation proves that this ratio is steadily increasing. Its increasing prevalence has led to the popular belief that consumption is incurable. Every year hundreds of these sufferers seek, in the sunny retreats of Florida or the dry atmosphere of Colorado, for health—and find only a grave. The influence of the atmosphere—the only remedial agent that either Florida or Colorado