

## AN IDYL OF THE SEASON.

## I.

Saw we not Spring with flower-gifts laden,  
Wake the sleepers to life again?  
Saw we not Summer, a love-flushed maiden,  
Round Love's temple her roses train?  
The violet eyes did we not behold,  
And the hair that was bright with the asphodel's gold;  
Did our hearts throb quick, were our souls dismayed in  
All her pleasure and all her pain?

## II.

Now out of woodland copse and cover,  
Dies the Summer, as died the Spring,  
And days of delight for lover and lover,  
And buds that blossom and birds that sing;  
And southwards over our inland sea  
Have vanished the humming-bird and the bee;  
Fleet on the blast the dead leaves hover,  
Loud in the forest the axe-strokes ring.

## III.

Yet is the wraith of departed Summer,  
Faint on the far horizon seen,  
To welcome Winter, the gaunt new-comer,  
The forest flames with a fiery sheen,  
And the maple's red dyes manifold  
Are overlaid by the larches' gold,  
And nakeder with each day and dumber,  
Dryad, and Naiad, and Nymph have been.

## IV.

Matron Autumn, with face brown-flushing,  
Shakes the last ripe fruit to our feet;  
Wines from apple and grape are gushing,  
Winter's solace from Summer's sweet;  
And the rain-swollen river is unto her  
Of December's feast-day the harbinger,  
When down the rapids the logs are rushing,  
When the lumberers' camps in the forest meet.

## V.

But winter comes out of desolate places,  
And the days decline and the nights endure,  
And the rich men grind the poor men's faces,  
Fuel grows dearer and food less sure;  
And the luxury of the proud and great  
Lets Lazarus starve at Lord Dives' gate;  
And the cry of the poor of Christ disgraces  
Our Christianity's caricature.

## VI.

Oh, for the days of the Spring's returning,  
Birds of Summer and buds of May!  
Freedom's Spring for which earth is yearning,  
Rights of labour and reason's sway!  
For love of man in men's hearts like fire,  
Of man then highest when none is higher,  
Sway or spoil of his fellow spurning,  
Through taxless lands an unarmed array.

Toronto, October, 1883.

—CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

## TRIOLETS.

## I.

You went in cream,  
And I in blue;  
Again I dream  
You went in cream.  
The soft lights gleam,  
I dance! Do you?  
You went in cream,  
And I in blue!

## II.

BECAUSE it is your birthday, dear,  
A ring of rhyme I send you,  
And with it weep a happy tear  
Because it is your birthday, dear.  
As other ring may not appear  
(Alas! it might offend you)  
Because it is your birthday, dear,  
A ring of rhyme I send you.

Ottawa.

—SERANUS.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

## A NOVEL.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"  
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

## CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Outside, in the Fifth Avenue, the February twilight had just begun to deepen. The air was mild though damp; a sudden spell of clemency had enthralled the weather; and the snow, banked in crisp pallor along the edge of either sidewalk, would soon shrink and turn sodden. At the far terminus of every western street burned a haze of dreamy gold light where the sun had just dropped from view, but overhead the sky had that treacherous tint of vernal amethyst which is so often a delusive snare to the imprudent truster of our mutable winters. Against this vapoury mildness of colour the house-tops loomed sharp and dark; a humid wind blew straight from the south; big and small sleighs were darting along, with the high, sweet carillons of their bells now loud and now low; through the pavements that Courtlandt and Pauline were treading, great black spots of dampness had slipped their cold ooze, to tell of the thaw that lay beneath. Yesterday the sky had been a livid and frosty azure, and the sweep of the arctic blast had had the cut of a blade in it; to-day the city was steeped in a languor of so abrupt a coming that you felt its peril while you owned its charm. Courtlandt broke the silence that had followed their exit. He spoke as if the words forced themselves between his shut teeth.

"I can't believe that you really mean to do it," he said, watching Pauline's face as she moved onward, looking neither to right nor left. "It would be horrible of you! He is over sixty if he's a day, besides having been mixed up in more than one scandal with women over there in Paris. I think it must be all a joke on your part. If it is, I wish for God's sake that you'd tell me so, Pauline!"

"It isn't," she said. She turned her face to his then, letting him see how pale and sad it was. "I must do it, Court," she went on. "It's like a sort of fate, forcing and dragging me. I had no business to mention mamma in the matter, I suppose. She couldn't make me consent, of course, although if I did not, her lamentations would take a most distracting form for the next year or two. No; it's not she; it's myself. I don't live in a world where people hold very high views of matrimony. And I hate the life I'm living now. The other would be independence, even if bought at a dear price. And how many girls would envy me my chance? What am I at present but a mere pensioner on my wealthy relatives? I can't stay in; I've started with the whirl, and I can't stop. Everybody whom I know is dancing along at the same pace. If I declined invitations, if I didn't do as all the other girls are doing, if I said 'No, I'm poor and can't afford it,' then mamma would begin tuning her harp and sending up her wail. And I should be bored to death besides." Here Pauline gave a hollow laugh, and slightly threw back her head. "Good Heavens!" she continued, "there's nothing strange in it. I've been brought up to expect it; I knew it would probably come, and I was taught, prepared, warned, to regard it when it did come only in one way. If he hadn't been old he might have been shocking. What a piercing pertinence there is to my case in that little proverb, 'Beggars mustn't be choosers'! I'm a beggar, you know: ask Aunt Cynthia Poughkeepsie if she doesn't think I am. And he's quite the reverse of shocking, truly. His hair may be rather white, but his teeth are extremely so, and I think they're indigenous, aboriginal; I hope if they're not he will never tell me, anyway."

She gave another laugh, as mirthless as if the spectre of herself had framed it. She had turned her face away from him again, and slightly quickened her walk.

"You mean, then, that your mind is really made up!" said Courtlandt, with an ire, a fierceness that she had never seen in him before. "You mean that for a little riches, a little power, you'll turn marriage, that should be a holy usage, into this wicked mockery?"

Pauline bit her lip. Such a speech as this from her equanimous cousin was literally without precedent. She felt stung and guilty as she said, with cool defiance:

"Who holds marriage as a holy usage? I've never seen anyone who did."

"I do!" he asseverated, with clouding face. "You do, too, Pauline, in your heart."

"I haven't any heart. They're not worn nowadays. They're out of fashion. We carry purses instead—when we can."

"I think I will tell Mr. Varick you said that," he answered, measuring each word grimly.