



THE UNREALIZED IDEAL.

My only love is always near,—
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young.
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is over her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waste.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track

She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice! Ah me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I speed when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase,—
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face.

Frederick Locker.

TWO VENTURES:

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I.—BROUGHT BACK

In the accident ward of Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal, lay a man, hovering as it is called, between life and death. Indeed, looking at him, one could not help thinking that he was much nearer the latter, than the former, for he showed no sign of animation save faintly drawing breath at long intervals.

He was a strongly built man, of about five and thirty years old, rather above middle height, broad across the shoulders, and having a very deep chest. His hair and thick short beard, were brown, his features massive, and though not very refined, there was a distinct power about them which forced you to admit, that the face was on the whole, rather goodlooking than otherwise. His eyes were closed, he was evidently unconscious, and at the time suffering no pain. The doctor, who had examined him, was watching him closely, asking questions, and giving

directions to the nun in attendance, one of those Sisters of Mercy, whose business through life it is, to relieve her fellow creatures of physical pain, and to lighten the burden of the wounded or the sick, looking for no reward here below, but following out the great Master's words, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me." Whatever may be our creed we surely must pause upon the common ground of charity, and be thankful to those Samaritans, who, when we have been left for dead, pour in "oil and wine," and labor to bring us back to health.

"The accident you say, occurred at Hochelaga?" said the doctor.

"So I was told, sir. There was a child on the track, and in saving it he was knocked down by a locomotive, to one side, fortunately, and the ambulance brought him here a quarter of an hour ago."

The wounded man opened his eyes and a spasm of pain shot over his countenance.

"Burruf pawnl lao jeldi jeldi!"—he cried.

"That is some of the language he muttered when he was first brought here," said the nun, "what does it mean?"

"I think I can guess," replied the doctor, with the intuitive perception of his profession. "Bring some iced water, quick."

The cool drink was placed to the man's parched lips, and he groaned rather than spoke his thanks.

"He'll do," said the doctor, shutting up his case of instruments, "it is well the pain has come back again, showing the spine is all right. Keep him quiet and I will send a soothing draught at once, to put him to sleep."

These, with other directions being given, the doctor departed, saying he would return in three or four hours.

The nurse followed out all the doctor's orders, and before long had the satisfaction of seeing the patient drop into a peaceful slumber, from which he did not wake, until the doctor was beside his bedside.

"Well, and how do you feel now?" asked the doctor, cheerily.

"I cannot say I feel 'gradely,' as we call it in Lancashire," was the reply, in a weak voice. "There is still a great deal of pain down my back."

"So there should be, or you would be nearer death's door than you are," said the doctor.

"All right, I can bear it. But how about the 'choti chokri,'—the little lass I mean?"

"Oh, she is none the worse," was the reply.

"I am glad of that, and can say 'cootch perwam' to all the rest."

"What is that the Lancashire for," enquired the doctor, smiling,

"Lancashire" exclaimed the wounded man, "Lor, bless you, that is Hindoostani. I have been ten years in India, and sometimes speak the language unconsciously. But what am I to say to you, doctor, and this kind Sister, for all your goodness?"

"Say nothing at all, but remain quiet," replied the doctor.

"And how long will it be before I am well again?" asked the patient.

"Ah that depends a good deal on yourself. If you obey orders implicitly, you may leave your bed in about three weeks, and a fortnight longer, will, perhaps, see you about again."

"Five long weeks before I can resume work!" cried the man impatiently.

"Tut, tut," said the doctor, "be thankful it is not worse, for at one time I was doubtful whether you would ever do another stroke. You have had a close call, and have talked quite enough for the present. I will see you to-morrow morning, meanwhile