

SONG.

(From *Théophile Gautier*.)

Gay butterflies, white as the snow,
In swarms travel over the sea,
Oh I would that like them I might go
On a trip through the air blue and free!

Sweet lady, ma belle des belles,
Whose eyes dark as midnight appear,
Could I borrow their wings, couldst thou tell
Whether swiftly my course I would steer?

Not a kiss would I give to the rose,
But o'er forest and dale I would fly
To thy virgin lips that unclose—
There—flower of my soul—I would die!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

(Written for the Nkw.)

TIM'S LITTLE LASS.

By the Author of "Luzzy Dick," "Prose and Poetry," "Constance, a Lay of the Olden Times," etc.

"Oh God the Great, the High, forgive the thought,
In that we could not stand before Thy throne
Without the loved and lost that went before;
Our hearts would swell too big with pain to bear
The outpouring of even angel song;
We could but stretch to Thee such empty hands,
Or, if we dared not, hunger evermore."

Some dozen years ago I was inspector of the fire-brigade of a city in the Dominion not now so famous as it used to be; for in those days it was a garrison town and the place was alive with the gay doings of the military. One man, the Guardian of the Central Fire Station, I took a special liking to. He was a grand fellow, the veteran of the brigade, as able and efficient in the discharge of his duties as the youngest man amongst them, in spite of his sixty years; over six feet, he carried himself like a grenadier, and his grave, intelligent face would have attracted the attention of the most careless observer. He was popular amongst the men, and though slow of speech what he said was worth hearing; there was often a quaint mixture of humour and pathos in his utterances which seemed to hint of no common mind; indeed he was one of those rarities in my rank of life we call "Nature's gentleman." It was my good fortune to be able to render a slight service to this man, for which he evinced so much genuine gratitude as to make me feel almost ashamed of myself and call to mind the poet's oft-quoted lamentation over the gratitude of the race. I certainly reaped more than I had sown by gaining the friendship of my fire-man.

One evening when I was at his house I noticed a picture hanging on the wall. It was a photograph of a child, very poorly executed, for in those days photography was in its infancy, but even the absence of shading in the portrait could not destroy its singular beauty.

"Why Tim?" I exclaimed, "wherever did this thing come from? Is it a real child?"

I looked up in some surprise at receiving no answer to find my friend regarding the portrait with melancholy eyes.

"Ay, it's not an old story yet," he exclaimed, "and the pain of it's hardly gone by."

Fearing I had made some miserable blunder I would have hastened to change the subject, but he repeated:

"Not an old story, never old to me, and yet there's something about you, sir, that makes a boy like to tell you their troubles."

"It's nigh on ten years," he began, "since first I fell in with Tim Carey. He was as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, taller than me by an inch and a quarter, with a kind word and a ready hand for every one that needed it. Just to see the way those blue eyes of his smiled would have done your heart good sir. He'd had a peck of trouble too, poor chap, lost his wife the first year of their marriage and took it sore to heart; for he thought a heap on her, and never could be brought to so much as look on a woman after. But his heart was just as full of love as it could hold for his only child, a girl of four years old, his 'little lass,' as he always called her. Nothing but that and Lady-bird. And, bless the pretty! it just suited her to a T, for she was as fine and delicate as any lady. That there's her picture that has so taken your fancy, but, hang me, if it wasn't plain beside that child, even her father said so and he set great store by it."

And a fine sight it was to see the two together. The "little lass" was a rare one for goodness, even as a baby she never cried Tim said; and though she began to talk at a year old, she was a shy, silent little thing except with her father. As for Tim he couldn't do enough for the child. Every evening he'd sit in the big yard, back of the station, with her on his knee, and unless the alarm sounded you wouldn't see them apart again that night. Her hair was all one yellow shine, as curly as curly, and her eyes big and dark, and sad-like; but she'd the sweetest little voice like the piping of some wee bird.

"Dad," she'd say, and put her arms round his neck and give him a big hug, "ain't I your little lass?"

"Yes, sure," he'd say.
"And nobody else's, dad."

And he'd answer again unsteady-like. "Just mine and mammy's in Heaven."

And she was such a wise child. She'd say never another word.

And indeed if you'll believe me the mother herself couldn't have done better by the "little lass." He'd wash and dress her every day, and tie her ribbons as deft as any woman; and then

to see him comb her hair, why the curls 'ud all look running away round his big fingers. And Tim 'ud look as proud as a king, and call her his golden lady bird. Then, if it grew cool of a summer's evening, he'd go in and fetch an old shawl and put it round the child to keep off the chills. Tim was a prime favourite with the men and when he became Guardian of No. 8 (our station) there wasn't a man in the brigade that wasn't glad of his promotion. Of course after this we saw more of the little lass than ever; for the guardian came to live at the station. She lost some of her shy ways and grew quite merry and friendly. Her great delight was to be put on the top of the big engine when the men were cleaning it, and she'd beg a bit of rag of them and fall to rubbing it with all her might, and give a little shriek of delight when she saw how the brass would shine. Somehow or other she were all the better for the child being there. By and by a bad word grew scarce amongst us, for how could a man swear with that bit of innocence staring at him with big eyes. Such dainty, lady ways she had too that no one would think of touching her with dirty hands. In fact she was the pride of the brigade; not a man in it but would have gone through more than fire and water for her. One of the fire-men had a little lad, a year or two older than the Lady-bird, and he'd come and play with her sometimes. The way those two children would talk.

"What are you going to be when you grow big?" she'd ask him.

"A fire-man, of course. What are *you* going to be?"

"A fire-woman," she'd answer, firm as a rock.

"But you can't," he'd cry, bent on teasing her; "you're only a girl. They never are."

"I'm going to be anyway. Like my dad."

"But he ain't a woman."

"He's far better," she'd answer, sharp as a needle, "for he doesn't get drunk like your mother. And then because he gets red in the face she puts her two arms round his neck and kisses him, and whispers: 'Sorry, sorry, but you mustn't speak against dad.'"

"But I didn't speak against him."

"Yes, you find fault with him for not being a woman; but say no more."

So she'd often end her sentences for all the world like a woman. It came from being so much with older folks I reckon and playing little with other children. But she and Philip (the little lad) were always prime friends.

We had the great fire-man's picnic that year: first a short trip down the river to a green island all covered with grass and trees and twittering birds; with the sun shining away up there in the blue like the glory of Heaven; and the place so rare and quiet that the look of it only would have comforted a sore heart. There was games, running matches and such like, and a dinner afterwards in a big grove of maple trees. Tim and I were so big and strong that we run each other close in everything we undertook. The men called us rivals in the sports, though to be sure it always seemed to me Tim did a little the best, and Tim, bless him! would always declare the same of me. But well I mind that day the awful scare we got. It was Tim's turn to throw the hammer after me and he'd just turned to me and said with that merry open smile of his,

"Well, Tom, old boy, I'll do my best to beat that." Whizz it went through the air at a strapping pace and fell full twenty yards beyond the mark, the highest number scored that day; but none of us paid great heed to that. For as the hammer left Tim's hand the little lass somehow had slipped into the circle and came running towards her father, her arms stretched out to him, all in her pretty white holiday dress, the wind flapping her blue ribbons that only that morning I'd seen him tie with his own hands. It was all over in a minute. Only for that longer fling of Tim's and she'd have been lying there, our Lady-bird no longer, but it missed fire just by a hair's breadth, and on she came without a sign of fear. You might have heard your heart beat for that moment of awful quiet; but Tim went white as death and fell against me. Then there was a loud cheer from the men and a dozen hands were stretched out to pass her on to her father. He came to in a second and caught her fast and held her as if he'd never let her out of his two arms again with never a word. But when we all fell wondering why she wasn't frightened but ran on cool and steady as you please, she leans against her father kissing her a-many times and we all hear her small voice piping out:

"I wasn't afraid of the hammer because you threw it, dad, and of course you'd never hurt your little lass."

Tim walked off with her then and there, and wouldn't take a bite of the fine dinner ready for us.

"It's given me such a turn, Tom," he says.

So in a little time I went to find him, carrying some of the best of the victuals for the little lass who I thought maybe might tempt her father to eat. I was a while looking without success, and then I saw him sitting under a high elm with the child asleep in his arms, looking straight before him, and I knew by the look on his face he was saying a bit of a prayer. Presently Lady-bird stirred, opened her eyes and said she was hungry, so I made haste to come up with the grub. Whilst she was eating a piece of cake she coaxed her father to take a bite and I followed up with some good roast turkey, and so between us we got him to eat a bit. Then Lady-bird was for having a story, for Tim

was great in that line, and she, bless the pretty, would never grow tired of listening. But her father had no mind for inventing that afternoon for the shock had been almost too much for him, so he fell back on a Bible story, for Tim and me were no great scholars and never got much beyond our Bible and the newspapers. But that he should have pitched on that one seemed to me a queer coincidence years after. He began:

"Long, long ago, there was a rich man, just as rich as ever he could be, who had everything he wanted."

"Was he a fireman?" asks Lady-bird.

"No," says Tim, smiling a little for the first time, "he was a great king, my pretty."

"Oh, go on," says Lady-bird, giving the order like a little queen.

"He lived in a great palace and had servants to wait on him and you would have thought nothing that heart could desire was out of his reach. In the same country there lived a poor, poor man."

"What was he?" asks Lady-bird again.

"He had a lot of men under him," says Tim.

"Oh, then he was a fireman like you, dad," cries Lady-bird, clapping her hands.

"Not a bit of it," I put in laughing, and Tim goes on.

"He was a captain, my pet; his men were soldiers; there were not any firemen in those days."

"Oh," says Lady-bird, drawing a long breath; "then it must have been an immense time ago. Longer than a million miles. Go on dad, but you needn't hurry."

"Thank you kindly," says Tim, smiling at this, and on he goes. "Well the poor man was just as poor as the other was rich, he had only one thing of his own."

"A little lass?" cried Lady-bird, delighted.

"Well not exactly; a little lamb."

"I don't think much of that," says Lady-bird, disappointed.

"Ah! but he did. He hid it in his bosom to keep it warm, fed it out of his own cup, kept it always and always safe from harm."

"Like you and me," says Lady-bird again.

"Just so, my precious. Well one day the king, the rich man, set eyes on the poor man's lamb, and he wanted to have it for his own. He went on a-longing and a-longing till at last he sent and stole the little lamb and kept it."

"What did the man do?" cried Lady-bird, the big tears ready to drop from her big eyes.

Her father's voice was strange and husky-like.

"He couldn't ever have torn the little lamb out of the poor man's arms while he was alive, so he killed him first."

"I would have killed the rich man," cries Lady-bird, the colour flaming up in the darling's face; "didn't no one kill him, dad?"

"No, he was a rich man."

"So he got off," sobs Lady-bird.

"God didn't let him off," said Tim solemnly; "he was punished for it afterwards, sorely punished. His son that he loved, as I love you my little lass, grew up bad and fought him, and when he got killed in battle the king's heart was near broken. How he could ever have lived after it," adds Tim, pressing the little child to his bosom, "after to-day I don't understand. It beats me hollow."

"I suppose it was because he wanted to that he couldn't die," says that wise, simple child; at which Tim shudders. "But you see, dad," adds the darling gravely, "God's way was best."

Well two years went by and the little lass was hardly bigger though now nigh on six, for she was always a delicate wee thing, as white as a lily. For all that her voice was sweeter than ever, and Tim was time and proud of her singing; and when strangers came to inspect the place, as they often did, and admired the child for her uncommon beauty, he'd have her trill out one of her songs as sweet as one of the blessed angels. About this time too there came to the town a minstrel troupe of French singers. The manager came one day to see a new kind of engine we had just imported from Paris that everybody was talking about. Tim, who was a clever fellow in machinery, was showing it off to him and explaining when into the big hall at that moment comes the little lass, looking as sweet as a peach in her pink check dress; a sight to set any father's heart a-flowing. The manager looks at her directly and asks her name, and if she's the child he'd heard tell sings so pretty. Of course this sets Tim off, as it is my belief he meant it should, and he makes Lady-bird sing her very best song. The foreigner seems mighty pleased, and asks her to sing something more, which she does there and then.

"De child's voice is most rare," he says thoughtfully. "She will be worth oh, very much money by and by."

"She's worth more than that to me ever since she was born, a precious sight more," says Tim with a loving look at the darling. The foreigner says nothing but looks at her again with a covetous look in his eyes that I did not like, and then he goes away.

The next morning, bright and early, coming down the stairs from Tim's private rooms, I saw that foreigner again. I ran up and went into the sitting-room without knocking, for he and I were as free as brothers. Tim was standing stock still in the middle of the room.

"What's up, old boy?" I cried, for his face was as red as fire and a queer mixture of laughter and anger in his eyes.

"Such a go, Tom, you'd never guess; that

foreign chap had the impudence to offer to buy Lady-bird."

"To buy Lady-bird!" I cried, a bit afraid that Tim was off his nut. At this he laughed outright.

"Well it comes to the same thing," he answered; "he says if I give her up to him for a term of years he'll go shares in the profits, for there's no end of money to be made out of her voice; or he'll pay a round sum right down on the risk if I'll give her up altogether."

"Why didn't you kick the fellow down stairs?" I cried, getting hot all over for longing over the lost opportunity.

"That's just what I'm wondering myself," said Tim, stroking Lady-bird's curls. She was standing by all the while, and here cried out as if frightened.

"You wouldn't send me away, would you, dad?"

He put his two arms around her in a sort of a passion of love and cried:

"Never, never, I'd die first," and Lady-bird looked satisfied.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

GEORDIE FLETCHER, a ploughman, was invited to the wedding of an old fellow-servant, in a Scotch town. On his return home next morning he was asked by a neighbour, "Weel, Geordie, man, hoo got ye on at the weddin' yestreen? Ye'll no be fit for your breakfast this morning, I suppose?" To which Geordie made answer, "Jock, thae town marriages are a real tak' in. Man, there was just 'Nae mair, I thank ye,' wi' them a' at the supper; an' of course, I just said the same, 'Nae mair,' till I thankit myself oot o' my supper a' thegither. I could eat a dead soder stuffed wi' baganets the noo."

A NEW DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—E. Werner, whose novels we have frequently had occasion to notice in English translations, has just had a success upon a new field. Some time ago the Munich Court Theatre invited the dramatic authors of Germany to compete for a prize for the best play. Ninety-nine accepted the invitation, sending thirty tragedies, thirty-one dramas, and thirty-eight comedies. E. Werner, who until then had never written a play, sent in a comedy, which was recommended by the Committee as the only play worthy to carry off the prize, which it therefore obtained. It is called "Superstition," and will be produced in the course of the coming season. E. Werner is the *nom de plume* of a lady—Elisabeth Burstenbinder.—*Athenaeum*.

HOW A SWEARING GENERAL WAS CURED.—The late General D., of D., who had seen and done some service to his country, retired to his paternal estate to wait the final "assembly." Among other improvements he determined to make a new road to the "Place" from the public road. As was then the custom, he had all his tenants and cottars warned to be on the ground at a certain hour of a certain day to make the road. Perpetual himself, as was to be expected of a military veteran, he was on the spot fixed at the time ordered. Up came John Tomson, asking what he was to do, and had his place and work assigned to him. Up came another and another at various times and received instructions. At length the tardiness of the "fall in" raised the veteran's ire, and when John Ross approached, touched his hat, and asked what he was to do with his horse and cart, he was ordered to "Go to—". Shortly after up came Robin Barbour, pick on shoulder, and, upon asking what he was to do, received the same answer—"Go, go." Among the vassals was a general, Jamie Kerr, who, looking up, cried—"Hey, Robin, step out quick an' ye'll get a ride—the General has just sent Rossie awa' there wi' a kairt." The rebuke from the half-wit was too much for the old hero, and from that day to the day of his death he was never heard to swear.

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They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for any thing impure or injurious found in them.—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs" in another column.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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