

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |



CARIBOU HUNTING.

See "Current Comment."

# MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 6.

## LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

BY BERNARD McEVoy.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA (with the accent on the Tad), possesses the robust, physical strength, and nervous energy which seem to be indispensable, or nearly so, to great performances in art, or literature, or music. The Bohemian superstition that long hair and limpness are the invariable accompaniments of the artistic temperament, is passing away. The commonplace virtues of industry, self-restraint and regularity are appreciating—to use a currency term—in the best art circles. Accordingly, when you meet Alma-Tadema in a London street, or near Regent's Park, where his residence and studio are situated, his short, virile, broad-shouldered figure, his clear eye, and wholesome face suggest the idea of a pervading earnestness. As you look after him you find it easy to believe that he has painted 300 pictures, and that most of them are famous. He was one of the men who were thought of the other day as possible Presidents of the Royal Academy, and he must be counted as one of the few really great painters of Europe.

His ancestry is Dutch. He was born in Donryp, Friesland, in the north of Holland, sixty years ago. The first step in his artistic career was getting a broad and liberal education at the Leeuwarden Gymnasium. He became especially interested in classics. At this time of his life he was so passionately devoted to Greek and Latin literature that his contemporaries might easily have supposed that he would make his mark as a

scholar. Love of art was, however, in his blood. His classical education was to be used, but not in the ordinary way. The more he saw of the great triumphs of Dutch art, and drank into its traditions, the more he longed to be a painter. He left the Gymnasium with honors, and became a student in the Antwerp Academy—one of the most famous schools of art in Europe—in 1852. There was living at this time in Antwerp, Baron Henry Leys, a history and *genre* painter of considerable eminence. He had a somewhat stiff and formal style, but he was a solid artist, and to his studio as a disciple Alma-Tadema went when he was eighteen or nineteen. He had shown in the Academy much pertinacious Dutch industry, and he carried the same earnest endeavor to the studio of his new master. Here his genius was shown in utilizing just that portion of Baron Henry Leys' example that could be assimilated by his own idiosyncrasy without disturbing his characteristic aims. A weaker man would have produced results which might have been called Leys and water. As a matter of fact he painted pictures that were Baron Leys *plus* Alma-Tadema. When he was twenty-five he got his first work accepted for the exhibition of the Antwerp Academy. The following year he exhibited at Amsterdam, was awarded a gold medal, and began to be known as a rising young artist who was sure to do something.

Mr. Gambart of the French gallery, London, was the first to bring Alma-

Tadema's work before the British public. It made an instant impression, because it had characteristics which the public could appreciate. Here were things such as marble, and drapery, and curtains, and ancient furniture, painted so that it did not need an artistic education to admire them. The marble looked hard, and

daily life of old Rome, and other French painters such as Hamon and Coomans had followed suit. Alma-Tadema made a speciality of what had been with these painters only a branch of effort. He brought to the task his unparalleled archaeological knowledge, and his classic learning. In 1865, he sent to Lon-



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN. AFTER PHOTO.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

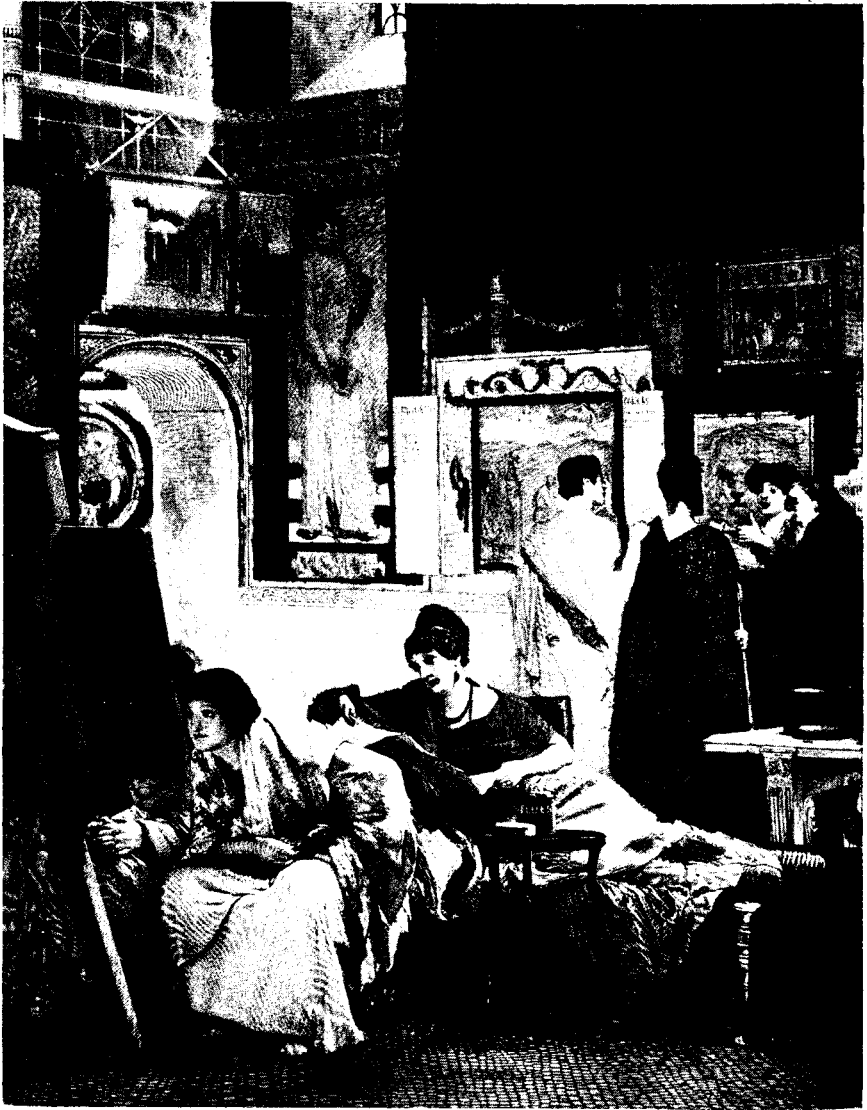
one could see the polish on it; you could almost push back that curtain, and pick up that flower. The Dutch painters had long been celebrated for this realism, but the British public were not so familiar with it as might be supposed. Also the continental artists had exhibited their skill on classic scenes. Ingres had brought the world face to face with the

don his "Egyptian Games"; in 1866, "The Roman Dance"; in 1863, "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles." In 1869, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, his picture being "A Roman Amateur." Thenceforward came, what have been well called, "the long variations of lovely work in sunshine, bronzes, marbles, flowers and stuffs,



FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

"A BACCHANTE."



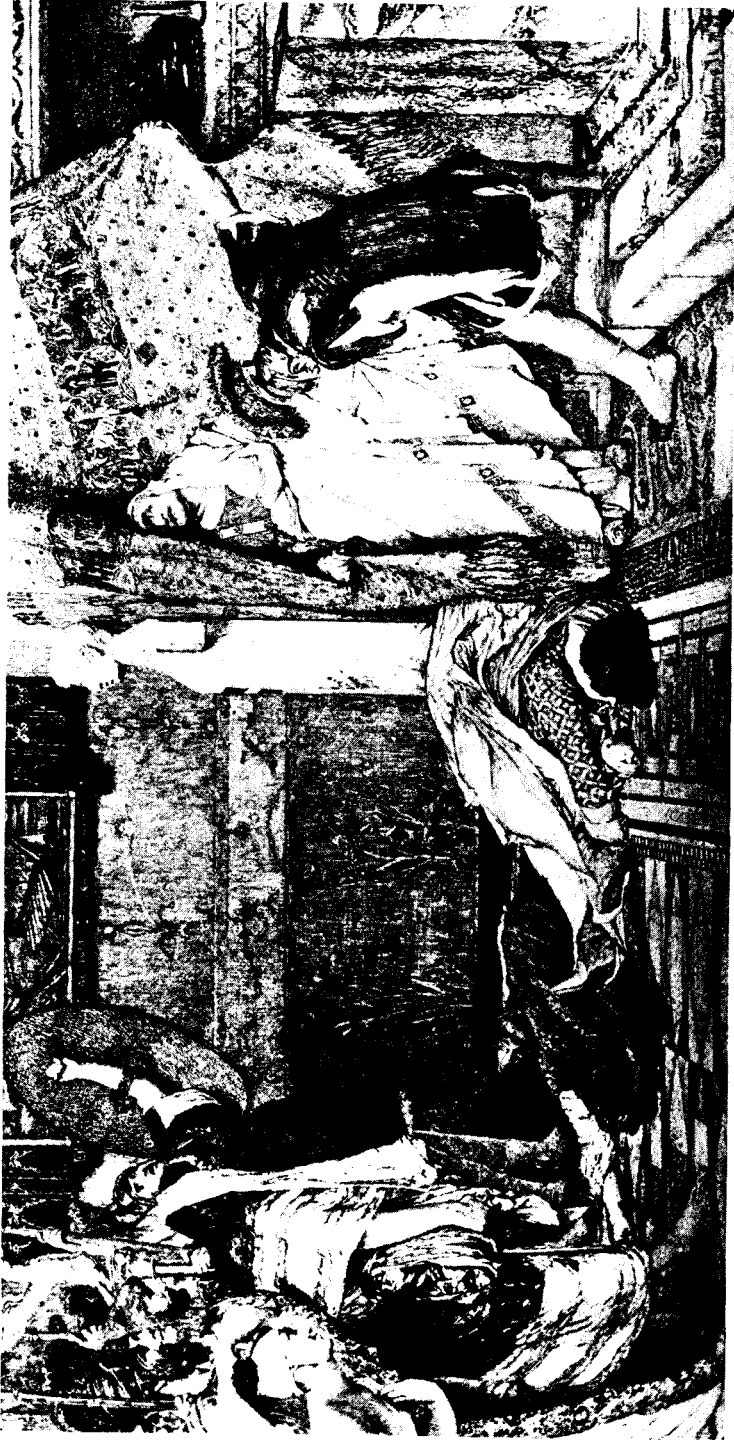
FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

"THE PICTURE GALLERY."



FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

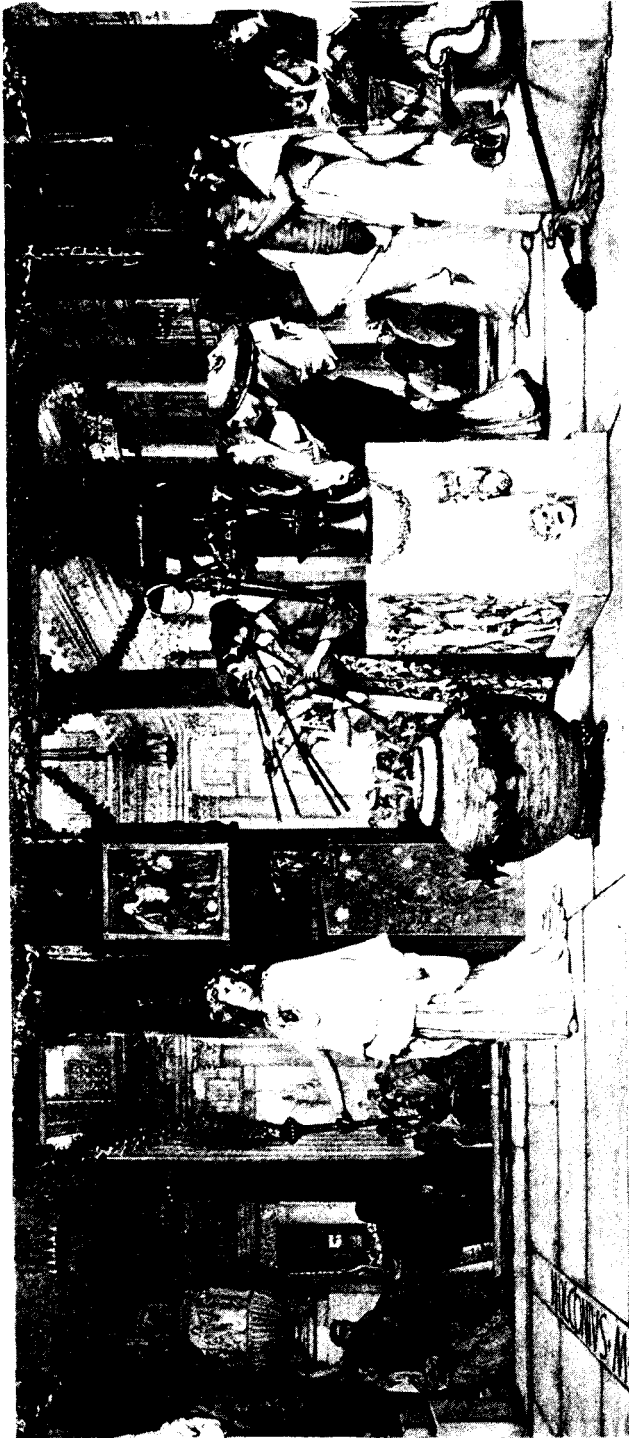
"THE SCULPTURE GALLERY."



FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

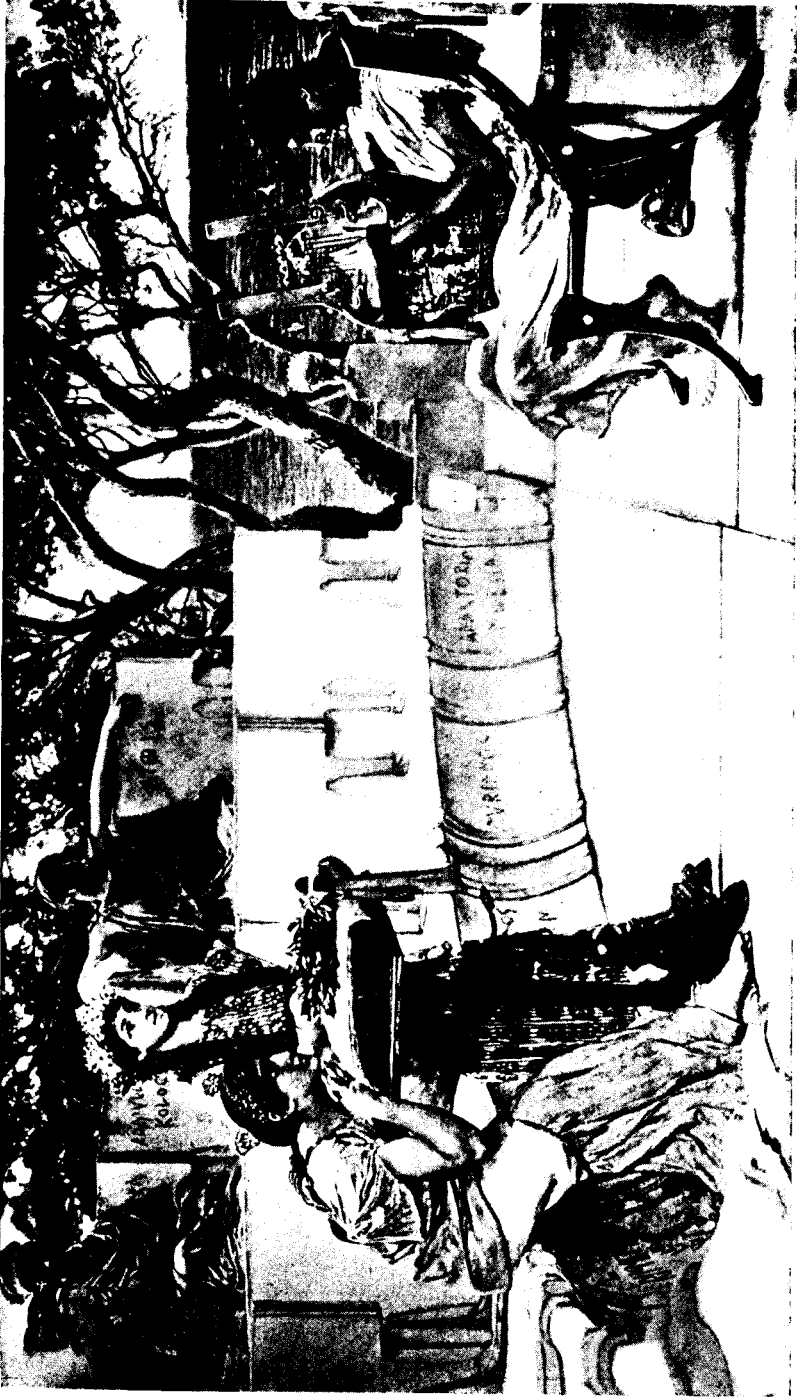
"A ROMAN EMPEROR."





FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

"THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL."



FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

"SAPPHO."



FROM THE PAINTING BY LAUREICE ALMA-TADEMA.

“AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS.”



FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

"LATE

tinted with refined colors which the artist would seem to have created for himself before he used them."

One of the results of the welcome he received in England was that he made it his adopted country, and London his home. He received letters of denization from the Queen in 1873. He has since steadfastly pursued the path of classicism, for which he was so eminently fitted by his education and voluminous reading. He has brought before us the times when, in Rome and Greece, art and luxury went hand in hand; apparently not so much because of the historic interest of the period, as that it afforded a fine opportunity for the display of all that was beautiful and congenial to pure art. He shows us the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians as they lived and enjoyed themselves; as a rule, without selecting historical events that might help him to make pictures with a strong literary interest. If in the dim future some artist essays to paint the Canadians of these last two or three centuries in the same manner, he will select for his brush "Montreal Snow-shoers," or "Canadian Ladies Wheeling"; rather than the "Landing of Jacques Cartier," or "The Battle of Queenston Heights."

Once or twice, however, he has departed from this rôle. In his picture entitled "A Roman Emperor," Alma Tadema gives us a genuine historic

painting of tragic interest. Caligula has been murdered, and his body has lain all night where he fell. The cowardly Claudius has hidden behind the curtain, and the moment selected for the picture is when the Roman soldiers, in their zeal to exterminate the Imperial family, are searching the palace, discover the trembling creature, and, in mockery, hail him as the successor of him whose bloody corpse lies there before them. The cynical crowd look on and mock also. The coloring and the exquisite beauty of all the accessories of this picture cannot be conveyed by the best reproduction in black and white. Neither can those of the "Sappho." The Greek poetess sits in a rapt attitude, chin on arms, at her desk, on which lies her laurel crown. Behind her, on marble seats, are three of the pupils of her school. Beside her stands her daughter, the personification of innocent beauty. Sappho is looking intently at Alcæus, who is said to have been deeply in love with her. At this time he is wishful to secure her aid in a political scheme. He introduces it apparently by gently touching his lute. It is all most poetical and artistic, and the sunshine on the waves is enchanting. But the reproduction fails to convey the color facts. Sappho is clothed in a lovely "dream" of pale green and gray. She has violets in her hair. Alcæus prosecutes his mission in a rose-colored garment.



AUTUMN."

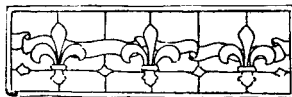
The "Vintage Festival" is a marvel of drawing, of coloring, of archæology, and of splendor. It brings the ancient ceremonies before us in the most vivid way, and if it represents the festive people in rather subdued and "stained-glass attitudes," we must accept that as a phase of the master's art. He does not aim at dramatic intensity, he wishes to show us that the life of art and poetry was a life of calm and equable joyousness. Consequently the processionists are inexpressibly elegant and artistic. Painters rave about that picture. That and others have created quite a school of Alma-Tadema copyists, who try to paint marble, and silken products of the loom, and graceful girls of the old Greek and Roman times, with as much accuracy and realism as he does. It may be said, by-the-way, that it is reported that commissions given to Alma-Tadema now, are given with the distinct understanding that the projected picture shall contain at least a piece of silk or tapestry, some of that marvellously painted marble, or a bit of mosaic. Mr. Alma-Tadema, by his excellent and prodigious skill in these

directions, touches the heart of the *nouveau riche* as infallibly as he touches the heart of the artistic and poetical amateur, who only wishes he, too, could give him a commission.

Of "The Picture Gallery," it may be said that it is simply crammed full of artistic sweetness and light. The Roman amateur who is looking at the picture on the easel is just the type of man we want in Canada. Rich, enthusiastic and impressionable, he is drinking in the beauty of that picture. The price? That is a minor consideration. And when this particular picture was first exhibited, all the women went mad with admiration over that silk cushion used as a footstool.

The position Mr. Alma-Tadema has attained in art has been widely recognized. He has won many honors. He is a member of the Royal Academies of Amsterdam, Munich, Berlin, Stockholm, and Madrid. He became an associate of the Royal Academy in London in 1876; a Royal Academician in 1879. He is an officer of the French Legion of Honor, and must have a whole cabinet full of medals.

*Bernard McEvoy.*





There she sits, and her face is kind,  
Though the snow piles up at the door,  
And the leaning moon is a frozen rind  
And the field is a frozen floor.

There she sits and the fire burns warm,  
And her eyes grow deep as the fire.  
I mind not the sweep and rise of the storm,  
Nor the winds that never tire.



For the snow may pile on my groaning walls,  
'And the frost may burst in my tree,  
And the ice may fetter the water-falls,-  
But leave me my memory!

For 'tis memory sits in my dusky room  
By the warmth of my flashing fire,  
'Tis memory, weaving across her loom  
The story of my desire.

'Tis she who sits in the carved chair,  
Though at times I know her not,  
But rise and taste of an old despair  
And a happiness unforget.

Her shadowy face will sometimes change  
'As she leans o'er the hearth to me...  
Oh take not away my weird and strange  
Dear mistress memory!

G. E. Theodore Roberts.

"Aldergarth"






# THE HUMMING BEE.

Glad music of the Summer's heart:  
Jargonine from flower to flower,  
A part of each unconscious hour  
Until the happy days depart.

Thou dream-like toiler of the fields:  
Each homied spot thou knowest well  
Where nature's heart her sweetness yields:  
Some ruined trunk thy citadel,  
There buildest a home for Winter's hour  
In some lone, sunlight-haunted place,  
When all the year is at its power,  
And June's high tide on bank and bowery  
Mistors in blossoms nature's face.



At early morn by breathing wood,  
Or in some decay clover dell,  
Tuning the young days' solitude;—  
Or down the slumbrous afternoon,  
Rich-freighted, wingest thy tuneful way,  
Self-musing, marmurous, musical,  
Amid the whole world's dreamy swoon,  
Sole voice of all the drowsy day  
Until the gradual shadows fall;—  
Then by some lonely pasture sell  
At ruddy eve when homeward come  
Past deepening shade or fading ray,  
The weary children of the day,  
I hear thy joyous, drowsy hum:—  
Till stars peep out and woody breathe low  
And sounds of human toil grow dumb,  
And Night, the blessed, comes apace  
Bending to earth's her cooling face,  
While air's across the dark outflow:  
Then rocked on some glad blossom's breast,  
Thou dreamest to rest.





When Summer wanes to Autumn's age  
And come the days of sale and rage,  
O, happy Humming Bee!  
Then wilt thou sink to wintry sleep  
When storms are hoarse along the deep,  
In hushed tranquility,  
No more wilt wind thy subtle horn  
By dreamy eve or misty morn,  
When trees are leafless, pastures shorn,  
Ah me! ah me!  
Could we like thee, go down the days  
Of Summer hush to Autumn haze,  
Housing with what we built before,  
The gold of all our memory's store  
And garnered thought;  
So when the bleak December's hale  
Beat round the bastions of our sale,  
We, wrapped in wealth of bonied dreams  
Of kinder visions, far-off streams,  
Might heed it not.

*William Wilfred Campbell*



DRAWN BY J. T. M. BURNSIDE.

See 'Current Comment.'

BEFORE THE FIRE.

## THE SHY WIDOW.\*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

*Author of "A LILAC SUNBONNET," "THE RAIDERS," "SWEETHEART TRAVELLERS," etc.*

**A**T first Stephen Turnberry had thought that it would come easy, but, strangely enough, it did not.

According to all the authorities, it is easy to make love to a widow. Besides, to comfort the afflicted comes natural to a sympathetic man, and Stephen Turnberry felt himself eminently qualified to console Clara Culsalmond. And it was no wonder that he did, for he was but forty years of age, a bachelor of the best standing and intentions. He had the leading draper's shop in the town, and could, upon occasion, dress like a prince of the blood. At least, so said all Cairn Edward—which had never seen anything nearer a prince of the blood than a military officer (Colonel Lester of the Volunteers) on a black, high-stepping horse. This gentleman's seat in the saddle was thought to be a very fine thing. People stepped off their shop fronts to look after him, remarking, as they watched the Colonel's blue-corded riding breeches pounding the saddle:

"Saw ye ever the like o' that! I declare ye can see daylight atween his legs at every loup!"

But Stephen Turnberry, as he turned out to go to church on Sabbath morning, was felt to be the next thing to the Colonel on horseback. He was a deacon, a somewhat new-fangled office, which combined the fascinating freedom of the ordinary laymen with the awe-inspiring dignity of the elder. For instance, an elder cannot be supposed to be in love under any circumstances whatever. The mind reels at the thought. On the other hand, it is an eminently right and proper thing that an unmarried deacon should be, if not in love, at least—to put it practically, and more in accordance with the sentiment of the town—"lookin' oot for a wife."

Now, the uninstructed, glancing casu-

ally in at the door of a kirk, observes two men standing with the "plate" between them. One of these is usually an elder, the other a deacon. The "plate" is the shallow, wooden receptacle upon which are deposited the offerings of a devoted and (comparatively) liberal people. The prevailing color of the "plate" after the bulk of the congregation has passed in is decidedly brunette—in fact, of a dismal coppery hue, stray bits of blonde silver being stirred through the brown mass, like the rare plums in a school pudding. Saunders Stitt, an elder in the Hill Kirk, had a way of stirring up all the sixpences to the top with his umbrella when the stream of worshippers slackened for an instant, which was considered very effective, though possibly unscriptural. Sometimes, however, even this failed of its desired effect, as, for instance, when Gib McKittrick saw three shillings in silver lying on the top, and put his penny back again in his pocket because he did not want his minister to be cockered up with spiritual pride on account of the large collection.

"O Lord, keep oor minister humble," was Gib's prayer, "an' we'll see an' keep him poor."

The collection at the evening diet of worship was usually not large in the Hill Kirk.

Stephen Turnberry's minister had a stranger once preaching for him. At the close of the discourse, he gripped his friend's hand, and said:

"O man, but you are the popular man. The collection's eighteen pence the night. A shilling's the regular thing."

His friend returned the hand grip, but said, sadly:

"Then wae's me for my poppularity! I pat in the saxpence mysel'!"

Clara Culsalmond was a pretty widow, but was in no way awe-inspiring, except

to Deacon Turnberry. In fact, she appeared an exceedingly pleasant person. She had been married to old Saunders Culsalmond, the retired corn factor and seedsman. She had originally come from England, a barbarous country, where it is reported that the wife has not much to say in the transaction—at least, to begin with.

But Saunders did not live long. He grumbled so much at having a wife to spend his money, and wished so often that he were well out of his misery, that one day Providence took him at his word. In his prayer the minister glanced at the circumstance. "We hope," he said, for he was a cautious man, "we hope that our brother is now in a place where wailings and complaints are never heard."

It was there and then decided by those invited to the funeral that wherever this place might be, it would be considerable of a change for Saunders Culsalmond. The day after the funeral, people began to arrange how soon it would be respectable for Clara Culsalmond to marry again. As to the man who should have her, there were hardly two opinions. Stephen Turnberry was the man. Had he not been seen to blush when the widow chastely extended a daintily-gloved hand to him as he stood at the plate—a suspicious circumstance at the best, for it is the law of the ecclesiastical quarter-deck that "Thou shalt not speak to the man at the plate!"

Moreover, when Clara Culsalmond went to his shop, Stephen Turnberry always waited on her himself, and the assistants and apprentices were expected to have business on the other side at the time. This is testified to by William Harper, apprentice draper, who got the yardstick across his back for digging among the hat boxes below the counter while the Deacon was serving the Widow Culsalmond with No. 6 gloves. Stephen believed in teaching his boys to do their work at the proper time. His system was to be kindly but firmly patriarchal, and a good, solid yardstick can be used for at least two purposes. William Harper knows of three.

But in spite of all, months passed by, the second year of Clara's liberty and

renewed good looks was drawing to a close, and still Stephen Turnberry was unable to screw up his courage to the asking point. Stephen often looked at Clara. He sometimes thought he could do it, if he had not to look higher than the dazzle of muslin that set off so well the dimple of her plump cheek and the contour of her neck—for Stephen was a connoisseur. But it is an ill-conditioned thing not to look a woman in the face on such an occasion, and there was a restraining something in Clara's eyes which alarmed and confounded the Deacon. He had made up to himself at least half-a-dozen well-considered forms of proposal, all of which had good apparent chances of success. The best of these was, "I hae been thinkin' o' furnishin' a drawin' room—what color do ye prefer for curtains?"

This was to end with, "But it'll never be thoroughly furnished till ye are sittin' in't yersel'."

The scheme was, to all appearance, fitted to achieve a great and deserved success. Stephen developed his plan of campaign, gazing meanwhile at the dimple on his lady-love's chin, which fluctuated and vanished in an inexplicable manner. He was nearly ready, but at the critical instant he happened to glance higher, and in a moment Widow Culsalmond's serious grey eyes said, "Check."

Now, this was most unfair of them, as well as uncalled for—because, as a matter of fact, Clara's heart said nothing of the kind.

Married women and unmarried men are the two most conceited classes in the world. They think that they know everything. Among other things, they believe that they can read the language of the eyes. Married men, with whom is wisdom, know differently. Once they thought that speaking eyes were given to a woman for the revealing of her emotions. Now they do not think so any more.

Clara Culsalmond was a woman of thirty, but she had looked twenty-four ever since her cheek took on its pale rose-leaf bloom and the curves of her figure filled out. It was already the second summer after the winter of her discontent

was wholly overpast. But she was not going to be thrown at any man's head. And it was doubly unfortunate for Stephen that the village gossip had connected their names. Stephen was forty, and looked it, but in spite of the fact he was a very proper man, indeed. Various ladies residing on the High Street of Cairn Edward began to play the piano at one o'clock and again at five, when he left his shop to walk to his house for dinner and tea. Before the Misses Harvey had done with their duet, Stephen had passed into the "sphere of influence" of Miss Kate Baudrons, who played Mendelssohn in a purring and feline way, as if she had a spite against that eminent composer. Then as he crossed the street, Stephen entered the sounding Corryvreckin of "The Battle of Prague," which always reached the "Distant Cannonade" as he passed the open window of Sophia McKittrick. Stephen usually ran a little at this point, because he was so hungry for his dinner. But all this attention is not good for a man. It made him think too much of himself, which, as an unmarried man, he was already too apt to do. But the account was certain to be squared the next time he met the Widow Culsalmond.

Stephen had plenty to say behind the counter, when he had flirted a fabric across it towards a fair customer, and thrown his left hand under it to bring out the gloss; but it was altogether another thing when he walked home with Clara. She seemed so calm, so cold, so impassible. He tried to think that he was a deacon in the kirk, but even this did not give him any real confidence.

He often wondered why it was that this glamor surrounded her, even extending to the wispy muslin about her throat, and the pale, nodding, lavender sea-pinks in her bonnet. Stephen knew the price of each of these, for he had taken the widow's money for them with satisfaction. This in itself was strange, for he would gladly have bestowed himself and his all upon her. But in the meantime it was a satisfaction to make out her account more neatly than anybody else's.

Now it was very questionable whether

ever the Deacon Stephen Turnberry would have found courage to take one of his best black kid gloves (size No. 6) with the Widow Culsalmond's charming hand within it, inside his own, had it not been for the Presbyterian examination, and especially for Sam Gelston.

Yet Sam has never been thanked for it, except by Clara herself, who kisses him when she bids him good-night—though now he is sixteen and a pupil teacher. Sam overlooks this because she is a woman, and only really likes it when there is no one there.

This is how it all happened.

One of the festivals of the Scottish town was the great day of examination by the Presbytery, when the ministers of the countryside gathered themselves together and examined the assembled school as to its progress in knowledge during the year. The various classes had been reading one lesson apiece for three weeks previously. The book which was handed to the chief examiner opened itself at that lesson, and it was considered mean and scoundrelly to turn over. The examiner usually for his own credit accepted the convention. Otherwise, he became a marked man, and Sam Galloway took him in the neck with a sod from behind the hedge as he went home. Sam Gelston, pupil teacher, saw that this was done—semi-officially.

So Examination Day was a high day in Cairn Edward. Stephen Turnberry stood at his shop door with his hands in his pockets, so absorbed in thought that William Harper practised single-stick unchecked in the back shop with the new apprentice. His master meant to go to the school inspection somewhat later in the day. The pretty widow would be there.

Higher up the street, and nearer the school, Jenny Kilpatrick, by looking over the sweetie bottles in her tiny, square-paned shop-window, could see as many as five bairns at once, and all in Sabbath clothes.

"Saw ye ever the like o' that extravagance?" she said. "There's Leeb Mulfeather's lass wi' three colors o' ribbon in her hat!"

Her sister Meg came to the window to wonder. Leeb Mulfeather's lass did

indeed walk the street with her head in the air, and a white straw bonnet upon it from which depended streamers of red and yellow and green—in primary shades of each.

"Her mither soops (sweeps) Deacon Turnberry's shop," said Meg Kilpatrick, as a sufficient explanation; "an' the ribbons are rael becomin', I'm sure!"

Meg was not more charitable than her sister, but the exigencies of living alone for sixty years compelled her to take the opposite side to every question. It was her sole interest in life.

There were two schools in Cairn Edward—the Institution, commonly known as Cuthbert's, concerning which these present records are written, and "Snuffy" Tamson's. A long cross street and a little hill divided the two. There were always some broken windows on this street, many loose paving-stones, and upon the hill-side sods were torn from the roots of the hedge in a curiously mottled manner.

It was generally recognized by Cuthbert's boys that the Snuffyites were cowards. This is indeed proved to demonstration by the fact that they always took advantage of the boys of Cuthbert's on this day of all days of the year—when they were all in their best attire. They dared them to single combat with contumelious epithets and dirt as they passed along their way.

"Wait till the morn," was all the Institution boys could find to reply. This was, however, felt to be distinctly weak. The youth of Cuthbert's sighed to be once more "in russet raiment clad"—all except the girls, among whose locks the ribbons gaily twinkled.

To a well-conditioned and healthy boy there is nothing more dispiriting than good clothes on a week-day. He loathes the very touch of them. When he cannot help putting them on, he has at least the grace to be ashamed of himself. The power is gone out of him, his natural strength is abated. His mother, with Delilah Soap and sheep-shears has shorn him of his pride.

Now at Cuthbert's there were two Sams, both mighty in power—Sam Gelston, who had just "got on" for pupil teacher, and Sam Galloway, the

printer's boy, who was at once Man Friday and whipping boy to Sam Gelston. These two made it a point of conscience to defile their Sunday clothes upon Examination Day with easily rubbed off dust in order to encourage the idea that their finery had just been made over to them as every-day wearing suits.

Their success was not very remarkable. They met one of Snuffy Tamson's boys, "Skelly" Brown, so called because he suffered from an alarming cast in one eye.

"Oh my new breeks!" cried Skelly, pointing at the two Sams in an obviously insulting manner.

The moment after he sat down hastily on the cobble stones. Something had suddenly met his eye. It was Sam Gelston's fist, doubled hard.

"That'll learn ye!" said Sam, and passed on.

But Galloway stopped behind to take exercise with a thick leather strap upon Skelley's prostrate body. He happened to have the strap with him. This teaches us that the gifts of a kind provision should never be wasted.

Then there were loud outcries which brought Skelly's mother on the scene with a pot stick. Sam Galloway's time down the street to the Institution has scarcely ever been beaten.

Much cheered by this encounter the two Sams turned into the playground, and began to practise jumping in their elastic-sided boots, under the mistaken idea that they could go farther in them than in their natural hobnails.

They found their companions equally discouraged by their finery. The elder boys were anxious to get outside the town during the hours when the "weans" of the junior classes were being examined. They watched each other with lynx eyes to see if they could distinguish any symptoms of pride. Sam Gelston wore his coat inside out as the token of a successful career in piracy, while Sam Galloway took off his tie and put his trousers into the tops of his boots to show that there was no pride in him.

At twenty-five minutes past eleven, just before the class in MacCulloch's

Course of Readers went in, the Master's son, James Cuthbert, was put under the pump for having a flower in his coat. He was only let off with a caution when he explained that his big sister had pinned it in, threatening at the same time to box his ears if he took it out. The explanation was considered eminently satisfactory. Big sisters are capable of anything.

But for all that Sam Gelston was proud and happy. The Widow Culsalmond, whose rose-covered house he kept sacred as to its garden from bands of marauding schoolboys, had given him a shilling for himself. He was to stand at the head of the first class for the last time that day. It hardly detracted from his joy that from this day forth, he was to be a pupil teacher at ten pounds a year, or that he would have to wear Sunday clothes every day and black his boots every morning. For two years he had been able to thrash any boy in the school, or along with Sam Galloway any three together—facts ascertained by frequent experiment. Several boys could run faster, it was true; but they gained nothing by this, for Sam Galloway could catch them and then they received double for the sin of presuming to run away.

Also the bell rope was broken again. It always did this the night before the examination. Sam Gelston saw to this himself. Ropes cannot last forever, and when they do break, it is well that they should do it opportunely.

So as each class went in to face the ordeal of the Presbytery, Sam mounted the variously graded roofs, beginning on the master's hen-house, till, astride on the belfry, and watched by crowds of awe-struck juniors and envious seniors, he swung the bell with a carelessly jaunty and gallant air. Afterwards he walked back along the rigging, as steadily as John Harrison himself, the town slater, in his best days. When all the girls of the first class were looking up at him, Sam Gelston felt that life was distinctly worth living.

But in the intervals that he had to spend within the same building, he was not so sure. Mothers sat around in the

pride of their position. At one end of the elevated benches were to be seen the airy muslins and lavender bonnet of that very attractive young woman, the Widow Culsalmond. It was understood that even the Presbytery did better when she was there. Stephen Turnberry sat beside her. There were four unmarried ministers, and Saunders Culsalmond had left a good deal of money. You never knew what ministers might not do. It was well, therefore, for the Deacon to be on the spot. At this moment William Harper and the new apprentice were playing leapfrog over the counters, and Stephen Turnberry was morally certain of the fact. Yet he sat still.

This proves the sincerity of his affection. It was a pity that Clara did not not know it.

At the upper end of the school the Presbytery made a smiling black-coated half-circle warming themselves in the brief sunshine of their own importance.

There was the geographical minister, Crookshanks of the Shaws, who regularly lost his way in Edinburgh every time he tried to find the Assembly Hall. He was rebuking a wretched boy for manifesting ignorance as to the interior of Kamschatka.

Crookshanks next tried local geography.

"Show me on this map," he said, pointing to a county chart, "how I could come straight here from Kirkpatrick."

"Ye couldna except ye flew," said Sam Galloway; "there's sic a heap of corners to turn!"

Then he glanced at Mr. Cuthbert, who had pulled down his face ominously at this answer. Sam Galloway calculated the chances of the master's forgetting during the holidays. They were about even. Six weeks were a long time, but then Mr. Cuthbert had a long memory, except when reminded that he had promised a half holiday.

It is true that none of the Presbytery was so proud of their state as Sam Gelston on the roof of the school, but still each of them had his innings and his chance of distinction. Some were famous examiners. There was Hill, from the Glenkens, who liked to examine the junior classes in spelling. "Yacht"

was his poser. Then there was Williamson, the poet of the Presbytery, from Whunnylriggate. His forte was the Shorter Catechism. He was noted for having written an epic on the Westminster Confession, in a style which was a cross between "Paradise Lost" and the minutes of a very dull Presbytery. Nobody had ever read it, but several people owned to having kept awake while they were reading the notes, which were in prose. The second edition was to be all notes together, the text being left out.

Several of Williamson's friends agreed that this edition would be a great improvement on the first. In response to this frenzied demand, the author was understood to be preparing a new volume, with illustrations. But the world waited in vain. It never came. Williamson was so well-beloved by his fellow Presbyters that they forgave him even his poetry. This shows how they loved him.

But Sam Gelston specially hated the Reverend George Dunn, the local minister, under whose jurisdiction the school was supposed to be. Mr. Dunn took the heavy end of the questioning. He was so variously gifted with inquiries upon all subjects that he was commonly considered to be a walking dictionary. It was, however, subsequently discovered that he got up the subjects the night before.

Still, it was a sublime sight to see Mr. Dunn, standing square and squat in the centre of the impressive semi-circle of the Presbytery, snuffbox in one hand, and red-brown handkerchief in the other, lading snuff into him, and questions out of him, so fast that even the *duxces* could hardly answer, and the legs of the rank and file failed them for fear. It was his own favorite expression to say that he was a "square man in a round hole." But we of Cuthbert's were not particular what hole he was in, if only it were deep enough. We would not have quarrelled about the shape. We wondered where all the snuff went to and where all the questions came from, and how there was room for both in so small a body. From the Rule of Three to New Zealand, and from "Thirty days hath September" to Mensuration he

seemed invincible. He was the snuffy Napoleon of interrogation.

The long double row of mothers rustled and whispered, shaking feathers and clashing black beads on brodered jackets, divided between indignation and admiration at the minister's onslaughts.

Clara Culsalmond and Deacon Turnberry sat together in the dark corner, but there were more love stories in and about the school that day than theirs.

For the seniors got two hours in the middle of the day.

They were quite grown up, being of the mature ages of fourteen and fifteen. Immediately after their release, it was the custom of the entire upper class to walk in company up the "Drap" road to the house of an aged lady named "Peggy Candy," who in return for the smallest coins of the realm retailed extremely glutinous and unpleasant sticks of toffee. But to them it was as nectar and ambrosia. It was considered a point of honor to have at least two sticks of this delicacy upon Presbytery day.

The girls walked ahead with arms linked for protection. The boys followed in a more irregular band, nipping and knocking one another about, some two hundred yards to the rear. At any other time of the year a boy who spoke to a girl was thought to have demeaned himself; but the day of examination stood by itself. Having arrived at Peggy Candy's cottage and bought a stick of the sweetly clammy stuff, it was the duty of every boy to present it like a gallant knight to the lady of his choice. There was a very particular formula which was always used.

"Hae!" said the boy.

"I dinna want it!" said the lass.

"Weel, please yersel', tak' it or leave it."

All this was understood to be the merest formula for the preservation of mutual dignity. But soon the transaction was complete. Then the pairs wandered back aimlessly, through the bosky copses of Springfield and the broomy knowes about Dunjarg. Not aimlessly, sayeth the chronicle, for it was well understood that as the price and consummation of the tryst, a chaste kiss was to be given and received. Usually it



was expended all too harmlessly upon the point of Juliet's nose or even the brim of her hat, while Romeo's ear rang for the rest of the day from the willing impact of Juliet's hand. But yet the custom was an ancient and honorable one, and well understood by both parties. Then the boy Romeo did not speak to Juliet again for six months, but when their eyes met over the top of their slates, the memory of that kiss was in Romeo's mind, I know. Was it also in Juliet's? I must ask her one of these days.

Next day Romeo would fight a pitched battle with any boy who mentioned the walk to Peggy Candy's. There was a distinct understanding that Examination Day stood by itself, and that whatever took place that day between the sexes was "without prejudice," as the lawyers say.

Now Sam Gelston could not go to Peggy Candy's, because he had to ring the bell on the roof at the end of every hour. But he did not mind, because Mary Hastings did not want to go to Peggy's either, and had stayed in the girls' playground reading a book. She preferred it, she said, when Sam Gelston asked her about it. She did not like candy. Mary was a girl with downcast pathetic eyes, who nevertheless, in spite of her shy looks, was an accomplished heartbreaker at the age of fifteen. She had often broken Sam Gelston's heart—indeed, six times a week on an average.

But if Sam Gelston could not go himself to Peggy's up the Drap Road, he could send a representative. Therefore he entrusted his faithful Achates, Sam Galloway, with a penny to buy for him in the best market, with intent that Mary Hastings should not miss her toffee, by sitting where she could see him mount the roof to ring the bell. At other times she is believed to have studied the book. Once when all the girls were out of the playground, Sam Gelston, who had to pass through the girls' playground on his way to the belfry, sat down beside her to see if she were diligent. He says that she read diligently all the time, and he ought to know.

But alas! for the faithfulness of the faithful. Up the Drap Road Sam Galloway fell from virtue. He basely yielded

to temptation, and gave Sam Gelston's pennyworth of toffee to Alison Wood, a pretty girl with great, brown eyes and a pink ribbon round her hair. He said that it was his father's fault for not giving him a penny that morning when he asked for it.

Furthermore, he declared that he did not care a button for Sam Gelston. This he said when he was still about two miles up the Drap Road, and in the exaltation of having arranged matters to his satisfaction with the brim of Alison Wood's hat. But as he drew nearer the town his imagination began to work handsomely, and he promptly left that easily-consoled young lady to look for another swain. He went and sat down over the hedge to try to think of some faceable story that he might tell to Sam Gelston.

He might conceivably have succeeded had not Sam Gelston swooped down upon him before he was ready—so contrary is fate—and finding that he had neither penny nor candy, proceeded without the least curiosity as to explanation, to take it out of him with his own leather strap.

Andrew Clark, a humorous youth who lived at Clark's Corner, came up at this moment, and stood with his hands in his pockets to enjoy the scene. Him Sam Gelston pursued, the strap having served its purpose, and in brief space relieved him of all the candy in his possession. Thus was the wrong made right—as Sam Gelston, who possessed a theological mind, pointed out to Andrew Clark. Sam Galloway had the penny, Sam Gelston the sweets, and Andrew Clark had reason to congratulate himself that he had not received the thrashing. So it was all for the best; but Andrew, while dimly remembering that he had heard something like this in church, felt that there was a flaw in the argument somewhere.

Then Sam Gelston went to ring the bell again. When he came down there was not a soul about the playgrounds. From within he heard the hum of voices, and far up the Drap Road he could hear the seniors calling. The wily youth pretended to slip on the roof, and came sliding down upon the hen-house with great clatter.

"Mary!" he called faintly (the wretch). Mary Hastings came running, a pale-

ness on her pink cheeks. She had loved him three weeks—only separated from one another by some intervening months.

"O my foot," he groaned; "help me down, Mary!"

He looked at her pathetically, and she extended her hand. Putting one hand on her shoulder and taking her extended palm in his, the wretch leaped feebly down. As he did so he glanced round. Not a soul. So, as if accidentally, he kissed her fairly on the lips.

"O, how could you?" said Mary Hastings, starting back aghast.

"Quite easy! This way!" said Sam, the Bold and Bad.

And forthwith showed her how.

After this his foot rapidly recovered. A soothing application is good for sprains especially if frequently repeated.

Within there was an air of unrest as the afternoon wore on. The classes answered with less sharpness and the examiners became less pointed in their queries. The Presbytery itself began to wax weary. The dinner Presbyterial began to present itself in the cheerful livery of hope before them. They remembered that not even ministers are exclusively intellectual. The vague "felt want" which had been rendering them uneasy for the past hour became assertive and definite, localising itself somewhere under their watchchains.

The crowded rows of proud mothers in rustling silks and shining beaded bonnets would have sat on undauntedly listening till dark to their darlings declining "Hic, haec, hoc," but the Presbytery felt it was time for knives and forks to be clattering.

A great satisfaction with the results of the examination began to take shape in each breast. They started to polish their speeches of congratulation. But there was one more final test. Sam Gelston had to come in for the occasion, after he and Mary Hastings had finished the stick of candy between them in the leafy and amicable silences of the master's garden.

The whole school came together to be examined on religious knowledge. It was growing dusk, and in the corner farthest from the windows, under the dusty Map of the World on Mercator's

projection, sat Stephen Turnberry and the pretty widow Culsalmond. His hand lay very close to Clara's, but on his own knee. He felt that no bridge on earth could span that inch of palpitating space. He could never lay his hand on the best black No. 6 glove that once had been his own, and which inside the wristband bore in the neatest of figures his own private mark. He thought of this and he looked down at it.

As we have said, the concluding subject was religious knowledge. All the Presbyters were equally at home here. Even those who had been called out on business when the Greek and Latin classes were being heard now returned, and stood manfully in the breach.

"What are the duties of a minister?" asked Mr. Dunn, tapping his snuffbox.

Twenty hands went up. It was not allowed to crack fingers on that day—a cruel and unnecessary restriction.

"Well, my man," said Mr. Dunn, pausing with the pinch of snuff suspended between box and nose, where also there is many a slip.

"Can you tell me what are the duties of a minister—like me, ye ken?" he added, to make things plainer.

"To do naething," he said, "only preach an' pray an' ask questions that boys canna answer."

The pinch of snuff dropped.

"No, no—not exactly," said Mr. Dunn; then feeling that the subject had better be left alone, he continued:

"Now can you tell me what are the duties of an elder?"

"To stan' at the kirk door an' see that we put in oor pennies!" said Alex MacGuffog, who had suffered from unworthy suspicion. He considered this kind of spying most unfair and perfectly uncalled for. He and Sam Galloway could never understand why boys could not be left to their honor even when they went to the house of prayer. The same applies to missionary boxes and thin-bladed knives.

It was rapidly growing darker. Mr. Dunn took breath before he propounded his last question. The matrons were intent on the success or failure of their particular boys. Sam Gelston, erect, with his arms folded behind him, looked

across at Mary Hastings and struck as heroic an attitude as is possible in that position. Everyone had forgotten Deacon Turnberry and the fair young widow in the dark of the left-hand gallery. If anything Stephen's hand seemed nearer the No. 6 glove than before; but really this might be a mistake, for it was too dark to see.

"Now, tell me," said Mr. Dunn, with the air of propounding a poser, "What is the duty of a deacon?"

There was a great silence.

Mr. Cuthbert, standing in his desk at the side, looked a little anxious, for no hand was held up. At last, out of the crowd in the first class rose the confident hand of Sam Gelston, the hope of the school. He even snapped his fingers in his excitement lest someone should be allowed to answer before him. In the circumstances Mr. Cuthbert overlooked this.

"Well, my lad," said Mr. Dunn, "what do you think was the duty of the deacon in the early Christian Church?"

The whole assembly hung on Sam Gelston's reply. Even Clara Culsalmond leaned forward to catch the answer.

It came distinct and clear:

"Please, sir, to look after the widows!"

Stephen's hand was holding the No. 6 glove now, and the pretty widow did not seem to notice. Perhaps she thought the action was official and in accordance

with Sam Gelston's answer. It was raining when they went out. The bairns scampered wildly homeward. The Presbytery streamed as eagerly and only a trifle more sedately in the direction of the dinner Presbyterial. Stephen and Clara went home together. Can two such sober people have a love-story all to themselves? This we cannot say, but at any rate the No. 6 glove with the private mark inside went home on the arm of its former owner. It is, indeed, ridiculous to walk any other way under one umbrella. When they came under the porch of the widow's house they found that the roses and honeysuckle grew very close around them. So they stood there for a while, silent. She was thirty and a widow. He was forty and a deacon. Yet they found it more difficult to find words than Sam Gelston had done when he talked to Mary Hastings by the master's hen-house. Indeed, it was that worthy who ultimately found their way out for them.

"May I do my duty to one widow, Clara?" said Stephen.

"You may!" said Clara, who liked being taken care of.

As for Sam Gelston, he remained to roll up the maps, and to smile to himself—I cannot think what at. He did not speak to Mary Hastings for other six months, but he looked at her a great many times and mostly she was looking at him.

*S. R. Crockett.*

[THE END.]

## LIFE.

A STRUGGLE, a cry, a pain;  
We enter this life's abode—

A struggle, a cry—again

We stand in the presence of God.

*Martin Butler.*

[*Begun in November Number.*]

## THE LADY AND THE FLAGON.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

*Author of "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," "PHROSO," etc.*

### CHAPTER II.

**I**N after days the Duke of Belleville was accustomed to count his feelings, as he fled bare-footed (for what protection could silk socks afford?) across Hampstead Heath with three incensed pursuers on his track, among the keenest sensations of his life. The exhilaration of the night air and the chances of the situation in which he found himself combined to produce in him a remarkable elation of spirits. He laughed as he ran, till shortening breath warned him against such extravagant wasting of his resources; then he settled down to a steady run, heading across the Heath, up and down, over dip and hillock. Yet he did not distance the pack. He heard them close behind him; a glance round showed him that the lady was well up with her friends, in spite of the impediment of her skirts. The Duke began to pant; his feet had grown sore and painful; he looked round for refuge. To his delight he perceived, about a hundred yards to his right, a small and picturesque red-brick house. It was now between one and two o'clock, but he did not hesitate. Resolving to appeal to the hospitality of this house, hoping, it may be, again to find a door left open, he turned sharp to the right, and with a last spurt made for his haven.

Fate seemed indeed kind to him; the door was not only unbarred, it stood ajar. The Duke's pursuers were even now upon him; they were no more than five or six yards behind when he reached the little, red-tiled porch and put out his hand to push the door back. But at the same instant, the door was pulled open, and a burly man appeared on the threshold. He wore a frock coat embellished

with black braid, and a peaked cap. The Duke at once recognized him as an inspector of police. Evidently, he was, when surprised by the Duke's arrival, about to sally out on his round. The Duke stopped and, between his pants, made shift to address the welcome ally; but before could he get a word out the young man was upon him.

"Inspector," said the young man, in a composed manner, "I give this fellow in charge for stealing my property."

"I saw him take the tankard," observed the driver, pointing towards the Queen Bess flagon.

The lady said nothing, but stood by the young man, as though ready with her testimony in case it were needed.

The Inspector turned curious eyes on the Duke of Belleville; then he addressed the young man respectfully.

"May I ask, sir, who you are?"

"I am the Duke of Belleville," answered the young man.

"The Duke of Belle-ville!" cried the Inspector—his manner showing increased deference. "I beg your Grace's—"

"The name," said the Duke, "is pronounced Bevvle—to rhyme with Devil."

The Inspector looked at him scornfully.

"Your turn will come, my man," said he, and, turning again to the young man, he continued:

"Do you charge him with stealing this cup?"

"Certainly I do."

"Do you know who he is?"

"I imagine *you* do," said the young man, with a laugh. "He's one of your own policemen."

The Inspector stepped back and turned up the gas in his passage. Then he scrutinised the Duke's features.

"One of my men!" he cried. "Your Grace is mistaken. I have never seen the man."

\* Copyrighted, 1896, by Anthony Hope.

"Yes, yes," cried the young man, and, in his eagerness to convince the Inspector, he stepped forward, until his face fell within the range of the passage light. As this happened, the Inspector gave a loud cry.

"Hallo, Joe Simpson!" And he sprang at the young man. The latter did not wait for him; without a word he turned, the Inspector rushed forward, the young man made for the Heath, and the driver, after standing for a moment apparently bewildered, faced about and made off in the opposite direction to that chosen by his companion. The three were thirty yards away before the Duke of Belleville could realise what had happened. Then he perceived that he stood in the passage of the Inspector's house, alone, save for the presence of the young lady, who faced him with an astonished expression on her pretty countenance.

"It is altogether a very remarkable night," observed the Duke.

"It is impossible that you should be more puzzled than I am," said the young lady.

"Excuse me," said the Duke "but you run very well."

"I belonged to my college football club," said the young lady, modestly.

"Precisely!" cried the Duke. "I suppose this door leads to our good friend's parlor. Shall we sit down while you tell me all about it? I must ask you to excuse the condition of my feet."

Thus speaking, the Duke led the way into the Inspector's parlor. Placing the Queen Bess flagon on the table, he invited the lady to be seated, and took a chair himself. Perceiving that she was somewhat agitated, he provided her with an interval in which to regain her composure by narrating to her the adventures of the evening. She heard him with genuine astonishment.

"Do you say that you are the Duke of Belleville?" she cried.

"Don't I look like it?" asked the Duke, smiling, but at the same time concealing his feet under the Inspector's dining-table.

"But he--he said he was the Duke."

"He said so to me, also," observed the Duke of Belleville.

The lady looked at him long and keenly; there was, however, a simple honesty about the Duke's manner that attracted her sympathy and engaged her confidence.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it," said she, with a sigh.

"Not unless you desire to do so, I beg," said the Duke, with a wave of his hand.

"I am nineteen," began the lady. The Duke heaved an envious sigh. "I live with my aunt," she continued. "We live a very retired life. Since I left college—which I did prematurely owing to a difference of opinion with the principal—I have seen hardly any one. In the course of a visit to the seaside I met the gentleman who—who—"

"From whom we have just parted?" suggested the Duke.

"Thank you, yes. Not to weary you with details—"

"Principals weary me, but not details," interposed the Duke.

"In fact," continued the young lady, "he professed to be in love with me. Now, my aunt, although not insensible to the great position which he offered me (for, of course, he represented himself as the Duke of Belleville) entertains the opinion that no girl should marry till she is twenty-one. Moreover, she considered that the acquaintance was rather short."

"May I ask when you first met the gentleman?"

"Last Monday week. So she forbade the marriage. I am myself of an impatient disposition."

"So am I," observed the Duke of Belleville, and in the interest of the discussion he became so forgetful as to withdraw his feet from the shelter of the table and cross one leg comfortably over the other.

"So am I," he repeated, nodding his head.

"I, therefore, determined to live my own life in my own way—"

"I think you said you had been to college?"

"Yes, but I had a difference of—"

"Quite so. Pray proceed," said the Duke, courteously.

"And to run away with my fiancé.

In pursuance of this plan, I arranged to meet him to-night at his villa at Hampstead. He sent a brougham to fetch me. I made my escape successfully, and the rest you know."

"Pardon me, but up to this point the part played by the flagon, which you see on the table before you, is very obscure."

"Oh, when you'd gone to pack his things he took out a curious, little instrument—he said he had forgotten his key—and opened the cabinet on the mantel-piece. Then he took out that pretty mug and gave it to me as my wedding present. He told me it was very valuable, and he would carry it for me himself, but I declared that I must carry it for myself or I wouldn't go. So he let me. And then you—"

"The whole thing is perfectly plain," declared the Duke with emphasis. "You, madam, have been the victim of a most dastardly and cold-blooded plot. This fellow is a swindler. I daresay he wanted to get hold of you, and thus extort money from your aunt, but his main object was no other than to carry off the famous cup which you see before you—the Queen Bess flagon. And the Duke, rising to his feet, began to walk up and down in great indignation. "He meant to kill two birds with one stone," said he, in mingled anger and admiration.

"It is pretty," said the young lady, taking up the flagon. "Oh, what is this figure on it?"

The Duke, perceiving that the lady desired an explanation, came and leant over her chair. She turned her face up to his in innocent eagerness; the Duke could not avoid observing that she had very fine eyes. Without making any comment on the subject, however, he leant a little lower and began to explain the significance of the figure on the Queen Bess flagon.

The Duke has been known to say that, in a world so much the sport of chance as ours, there was no reason why he should not have fallen in love with the young lady and offered to make her in very truth what she had dreamed of becoming—the Duchess of Belleville. Her eyes were very fine, her manner

frank and engaging. Moreover, the Duke hated to see people disappointed. Thus, the thing might just as well have happened as not. And on so narrow a point did the issue stand that to this day certain persons declare that it, or part of it did happen; for why, and on what account, they ask, should an experienced connoisseur (and such, undoubtedly, was the Duke of Belleville) present a young lady, previously unknown to him, (or, for the matter of that, any young lady at all, whether known or unknown to him) with such a rare, costly and precious thing as the Queen Bess flagon? For the fact is—let the meaning and significance of the fact be what they will—that when the young lady, gazing fondly the while on the flagon, exclaimed: "I never really cared about him much, but I should have liked the beautiful flagon," the Duke answered (he was still leaning over her chair, in order to better explain and trace the figure on the flagon):

"Of him you are well rid. But permit me to request your acceptance of the flagon. The real Duke of Belleville, madam, must not be outdone by his counterfeit."

"Really?" cried the young lady.

"Of course," murmured the Duke, delighted with the pleasure which he saw in her eyes.

The young lady turned a most grateful and almost affectionate glance on the Duke. Although ignorant of the true value of the Queen Bess flagon, she was aware that the Duke had made her a very handsome present.

"Thank you," said she, putting her hand into the Duke's.

At this moment a loud and somewhat strident voice proceeded from the door of the room.

"Well, I never! And how did you come here?"

The Duke, looking round, perceived a stout woman, clad in a black petticoat and a woollen shawl; her arms were akimbo.

"We came in, madam," said he, rising and bowing, "by the hall-door, which we chanced to find open."

The stout woman seemed at a loss for words. At length she gasped out:

"Be off with you. Don't let the Inspector catch you here."

The Duke looked doubtfully at the young lady.

"The woman probably misunderstands," he murmured. The young lady blushed slightly. The Inspector's wife advanced with a threatening demeanor.

"Who are you?" she asked, abruptly.

"I, madam," began the Duke "am the—"

"I don't see that it matters who we are," interposed the young lady.

"Possibly not," admitted the Duke, with a smile,

The young lady rose, went to a little mirror that hung on the wall, and adjusted the curls which appeared from under the brim of her hat.

"Dear me," said she, turning round with a sigh. "it must be nearly three o'clock, and my aunt always likes me in before daybreak."

The stout woman gasped again.

"Because of the neighbors, you know," said the young lady, with a smile.

"Just so," assented the Duke, and possibly he would have added more, had not the woman uttered an inarticulate cry and pointed to his feet.

"Really, madam," remarked the Duke, with some warmth, "it would have been in better taste not to refer to the matter." And with a severe frown he offered his arm to the young lady. They then proceeded towards the doorway. The Inspector's wife barred the passage. The Duke assumed a most dignified air. The woman reluctantly gave way. Walking through the passage, the young lady and the Duke found themselves again in the open air. There were signs of approaching dawn.

"I really think I had better get home," whispered the young lady.

At this moment—and the Duke was not in the least surprised—they perceived four persons approaching them. The Inspector walked with his arm through the arm of the young man who had claimed to be the Duke of Belleville; following, arm-in-arm with the driver of the brougham, came the policeman whose uniform the Duke had borrowed. All the party except the Inspector

looked uneasy. The Inspector looked somewhat puzzled. However, he greeted the Duke with a cry of welcome.

"Now we can find out the truth of it all!" he exclaimed.

"To find out truth," remarked the Duke, "is never easy, and not always desirable."

"I understand that you are the Duke of Belleville?" asked the Inspector.

"Certainly," said the Duke.

"Bosh!" said the young man. "Oh, you know me, Inspector Collins, and I know you, and I'm not going to try and play it on you any more. But this chap's no more the Duke than I am, and I should have thought you would have known one of your policemen!"

The Inspector turned upon him fiercely.

"None of your gab, Joe Simpson," said he. Then, turning to the Duke, he continued. "Do you charge the young woman with him, your Grace?" And he pointed significantly to the Queen Bess flagon which the young lady carried in an affectionate grasp.

"This lady," said the Duke, "has done me the honor of accepting a small token of my esteem. As for these men, I know nothing about them." And he directed a significant glance at the young man. The young man answered his look. The policeman seemed to grow more easy in his mind.

"Then you don't charge any of them?" cried the Inspector, bewildered.

"Why, no," answered the Duke.

"And I suppose they none of them charge me?"

Nobody spoke. The Inspector took out a large red handkerchief, and mopped his brow.

"Well, it beats me," he said. "I know pretty well what these two men are; but if your Grace doesn't charge 'em what can I do?"

"Nothing, I should suppose," said the Duke, blandly. And, with a slight bow, he proceeded on his way, the young lady accompanying him. Looking back once, he perceived the young man and the driver of the brougham going off in another direction with quick, furtive steps, while the Inspector and the policeman stood talking together outside the door of the house.

"The circumstances, as a whole, no doubt, appear peculiar to the Inspector," observed the Duke, with a smile.

"Do you think that we can find a hansom cab?" asked the young lady, a little anxiously. "You see my aunt—"

"Precisely," said the Duke, and he quickened his pace.

They soon reached the boundary of the Heath, and, having walked a little way along the road, were so fortunate as to find a cab. The young lady held out her left hand to the Duke; in her right she still grasped firmly the Queen Bess flagon.

"Good-bye," she said. "Thank you for the beautiful present."

The Duke took her hand and allowed his glance to rest for a moment on her face. She appeared to see a question in his eyes.

"Yes, and for rescuing me from that man," she added, with a little shudder.

The Duke's glance still rested on her face.

"Yes, and for lots of fun," she whispered, with a blush.

The Duke looked away, sighed, released her hand, helped her into the cab, and retired to a distance of some yards. The young lady spoke a few words to the cabman, took her seat, waved her small hand, held up the Queen Bess flagon, kissed it, and drove away.

"If," observed the Duke, with a sigh, "I were not a well-bred man I should have asked her name," and made his way back to his house in a pensive mood.

On reaching home, however, he perceived the brougham standing before his door. A new direction was thus given to his meditations. He opened the gate of his stable-yard, and, taking the horse's head, led it in. Having unharnessed it, he put it in the stable, and fed and watered it; the brougham he drew into the coach-house. Then he went indoors, partook of some brandy mixed with water, and went to bed.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Frank, the Duke's man, came up to Hampstead to attend to his Grace's wants. The Duke was still in bed, but, on breakfast being ready, he rose and came downstairs in his dressing-gown and a pair of large and very easy slippers.

"I hope your Grace slept well," said Frank.

"I never passed a better night, thank you, Frank," said the Duke, as he chipped the top off his egg.

"Half an hour ago, your Grace," Frank continued, "a man called."

"To see me?"

"It was about—about a brougham, your Grace."

"Ah! What did you say to him!"

"I said I had no orders about a brougham from your Grace."

"Quite right, Frank, quite right," said the Duke, with a smile. "What did he say to that?"

"He appeared to be put out, but said that he would call again, your Grace."

"Very good," said the Duke, rising and lighting a cigarette.

Frank lingered uneasily near the door.

"Is anything the matter, Frank?" asked the Duke, kindly.

"Well, your Grace, in—in point of fact there is—there is a strange brougham and horse in the stables, your Grace."

"In what respect," asked the Duke, "are the brougham and horse strange?"

"I—I should say, your Grace, a brougham and a horse that I have not seen before in your Grace's stables."

"That is a very different thing, Frank," observed the Duke, with a patient smile.

"I suppose that I am at liberty to acquire a brougham and a horse if it occurs to me to do so?"

"Of course, your Grace," stammered Frank.

"I will drive into town in that brougham to-day, Frank," said the Duke.

Frank bowed and withdrew. The Duke strolled to the window and stood looking out as he smoked his cigarette.

"I don't think the man will call again," said he. Then he drew from his pocket the ten-pound note that the young man had given him, and regarded it thoughtfully. "A brougham, a horse, ten pounds, and a very diverting experience," he mused. "Yes, I am in better spirits this morning."

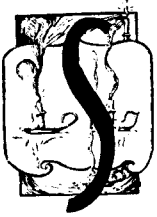
As for the Queen Bess flagon, he appeared to have forgotten all about it.

*Anthony Hope.*

[THE END.]



# Christmas, 1896.



PIRIT OF CHRISTMAS—awake! Come forth and be born again,  
Show thyself in thy beauty to us, the poor sons of men,  
Leave the imperial heaven for this ungracious earth,  
Work us the modern miracle of thy most precious birth.

Spirit of Christmas—we need thee; we who are prone to stray  
We who falter, yet hurry, we who grow faint by the way;  
We who have toiled for nothing, we who have loved and lost,  
We who are conscience-stricken, we who are trouble-tossed.

Spirit of Christmas—we need thee; we who have hardly time  
To note the season's changes, to hearken the Christmas chime;  
We who are fixed in our orbits, we who no longer feel,  
We who are chained to labor, slaves of the belt and wheel.

Spirit of Christmas—we need thee; we who choke in the mine,  
We who rot in the cities, we who drown in the brine,  
We who drop from the rigging, dead ere we lived our life,  
We who go down to the dark at the touch of a murderous knife.

Spirit of Christmas—we need thee; we who are darkly bound  
In ignorance, pain and error—we who are daily ground  
In the mill of a sullen tyrant, we who on Christendom wait,  
Till her voice ring out in a challenge to the keepers of the gate.

Message of Christmas and greetings—what are you worth to-day,  
If the nations be still at feud, and the cry be still to slay—  
If the love of man for his brother be only a priestly dream,  
If lust, oppression and murder, be still in the breast supreme?

How long, we cry, and how long must the evil be maintained?  
Till mountains it seems be levelled, till rivers and oceans be drained;  
Many long years is it now since the Message was given and sung  
In the clear eastern dawning by the Celestial tongue.

Spirit of Christian Christmas—pass us not lightly by!  
Dwell with us now for a season, here under frosty sky;  
Here in the glowing Orient, here under tall palm trees,  
Here in the sultry tropics, here in the frozen seas.

This was the message sung by the shape the shepherds saw—  
Kindness and love and light—against such there is no law:  
O men, and women too, think - if but for one day,  
The Spirit of Christian Christmas held on the earth full sway!

*Seranus.*



## A LYRIC OF FROST

The red frost came with his armies  
And camped by the sides of the sea.  
The maples and the oaks look on  
His gorgeous livery.

They dyed their tents a madder,  
A cizarin and brown,  
And dipped their banners in the sun  
To give their Joy renown

And lo, when twilight sobered  
Their dauntless cinnabars,  
Along the outposts of the sea  
The watch-fires of the stars!

And I for love of roving  
Am list'ed with the king,  
Because I knew the password,  
"Joy is the only thing!"

*Bliss Carman*

*1905*  
46

## 2ND (OTTAWA) FIELD BATTERY, CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

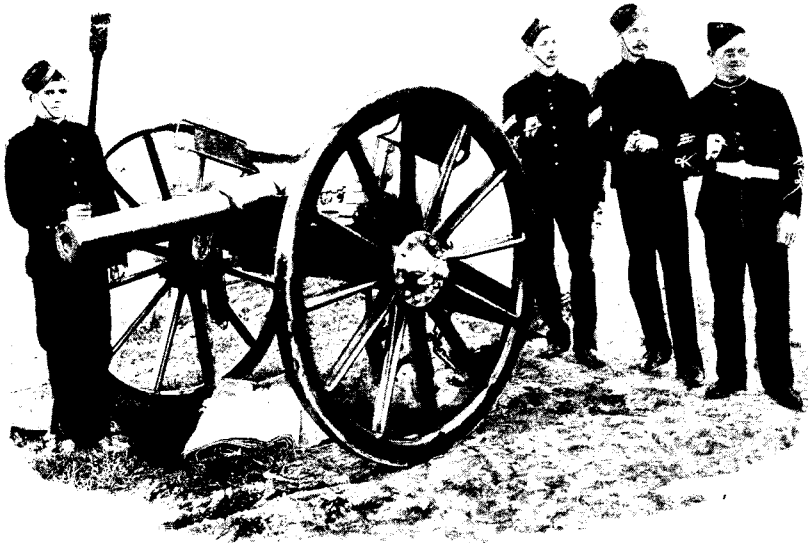
BY MAJOR A. S. WOODBURN, HONORARY PAYMASTER.

AS preliminary to the chief subject under consideration in these pages, a short account of the rise and progress of the 2nd (Ottawa) Field Battery, a few remarks in regard to the organization of the first volunteer infantry corps of the city may not be out of place.

After the withdrawal of the Regulars from Bytown (the original name of Ottawa, the Canadian Capital), the in-

of the service to which, when at home, they had been accustomed.

Therefore, it was in 1854 that a company of Volunteer Rifles was raised, the chief organizer being George Patterson, J. P., one of the early settlers and a leading merchant of that period. The members of this company were all drawn from the English-speaking residents, and as the Volunteers became very popular, it was but a short time before laudable



“NINE-POUNDER,” R. M. L. FIELD GUN.

habitants, then numbering about 6,000, exhibited considerable chagrin at the departure of the troops and the loss of the prestige their presence gave to their inland town.

From the date of the commencement of canal improvements in 1826, there had been constantly located in Bytown several companies of Infantry, and the old country people, always in the majority, as well as their French compatriots, longed for a representation of some branch

rivalry was exhibited, and the raising of a French-Canadian corps determined upon.

J. B. Turgeon, an ex-mayor of the town, was the leading spirit in the movement, and Dr. Beaubien his lieutenant. These gentlemen entered upon the work with all the ardor and enthusiasm of their race, and soon filled the ranks of the second company of Rifles. Mr. Turgeon became captain and Dr. Beaubien surgeon, and soon the work of



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 2ND FIELD BATTERY, C. A.

drilling both companies began, under the accomplished baton of an old British sergeant, who rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of Tim Dwyer.

Early in the same summer there came to the town a military appearing Englishman, who had travelled extensively in Europe. Although not of the regular army, he had become possessed of much

information on military matters. He was the son of an English vicar, was well educated, proud and adventurous, and, like many of his station in life, had early gone abroad to visit other lands. This gentleman was Mr. J. B. Turner.

Previous to his arrival in Bytown, Mr. Turner, tired of roaming, had turned up in Montreal, soon finding congenial



MOUNTING AND DISMOUNTING ORDNANCE, R. M. L.

employment in writing for the *Montreal Courier*, of which journal he soon became editor. The following year he came to Bytown, introducing himself as a lecturer, his chief theme being the battlefields of Europe. The newcomer also soon found his services acceptable on the *Press*—weekly at the time—Mr. Alex. Gibb gladly accepting of his contributions for the *Bytown Gazette*.

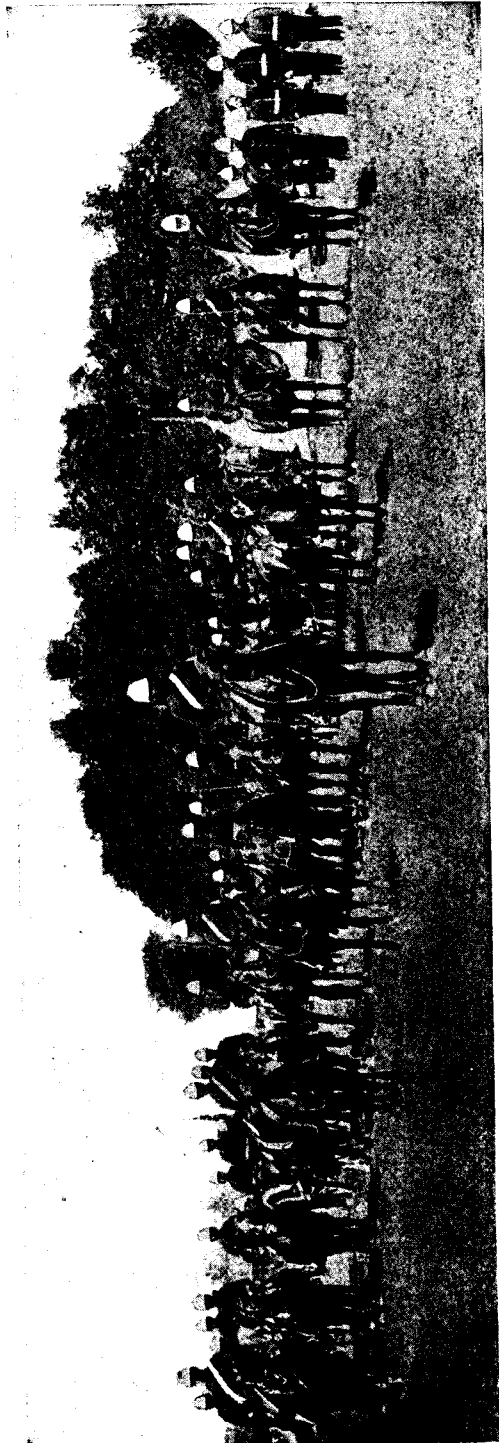
It was in this way that Mr. Turner was introduced to the public in Bytown, and on the 25th September, 1855, he succeeded in organizing the Ottawa Field Battery, which he commanded until his decease in 1864.

And it may not be out of place here to mention the fact that the writer of this sketch on volunteer organization in Bytown, soon formed friendship with the occasional editor, as he "set up" in type the articles he wrote, and was one of the first to fall into line in the formation of his Battery.

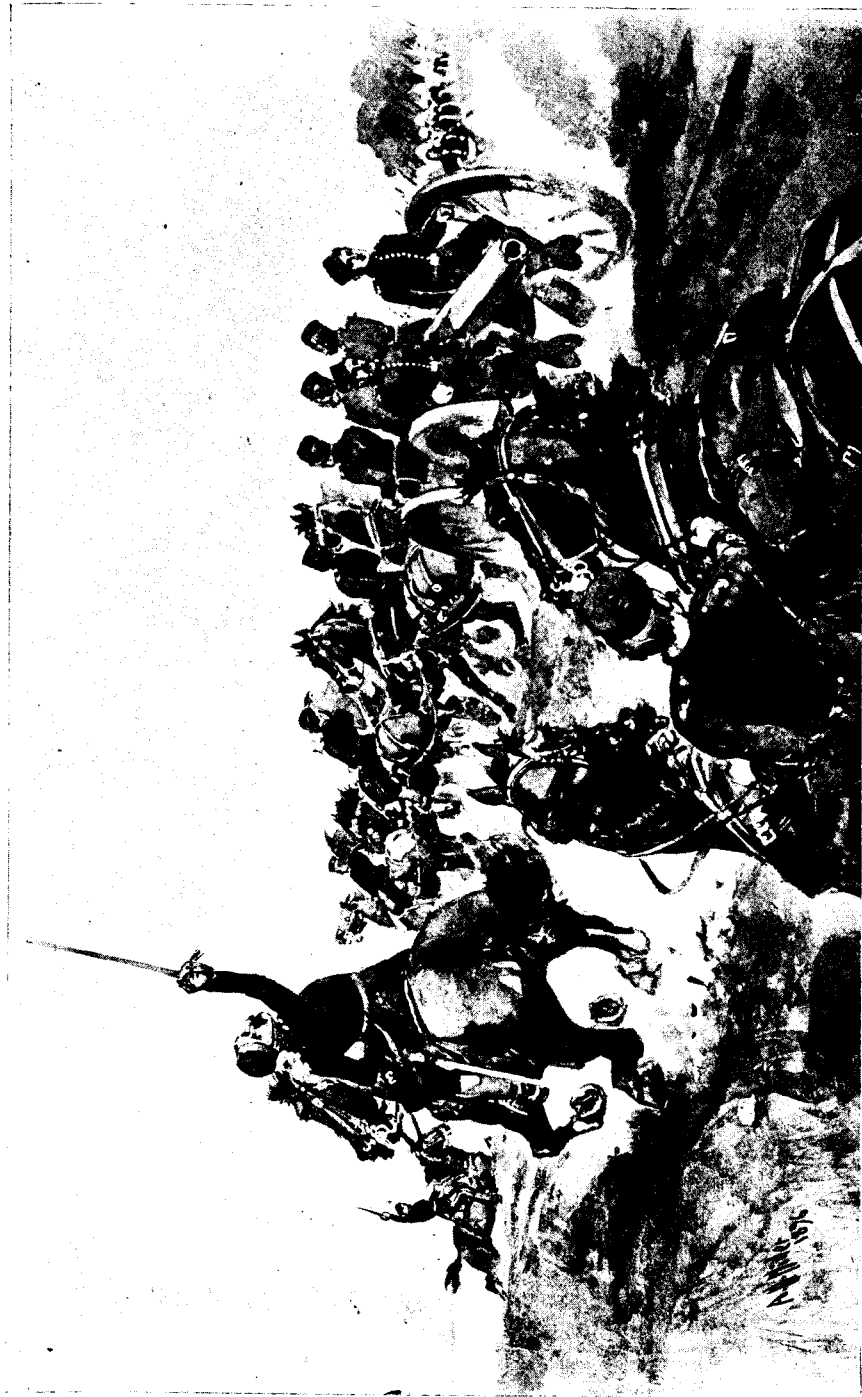
So much for the personality of the first commander of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company" of Bytown. Now for the material the captain had to deal with in the organization of his corps.

The first effort in that connection was among the young farmers of the neighborhood, possessed of good teams, whom Mr. Turner personally visited, in company with James Forsyth, a former sergeant-major of the regular army. The latter was at this time an officer of the Ordnance Department, having charge of government lands in the town and all along the Rideau Canal.

He it was who first taught the sword exercise with wooden "foils"—for there was nothing more dangerous in use during the first winter's practice—and the same sterling soldier continued to be drill-instructor when the big guns came in, and ever after until his death in 1872.



MOUNTED PARADE, 2ND FIELD BATTERY, C. A.



"HALT."

DRAWN BY A. M. HIGER.

On the decease of Major Turner, the command devolved upon Lieutenant Alfred G. Forrest, but he held office for a short period only, soon connecting himself with the formation of a company of Garrison Artillery; and it was then that Lieutenant Forsyth (to which position

Captain Forsyth until 1894, when he died, Lieutenant Bliss succeeding him by regular promotion, first becoming captain and afterwards major, a rank all commanders of batteries are now entitled to.

Meantime, however, there had been



MAJOR W. G. HURDMAN, COMMANDING 2ND FIELD BATTERY, C. A.

he had advanced) became the leader of the men he had thus far instructed so well.

Following Captain Forsyth came the promotion of Lieutenant John Stewart to the command of the battery, his period of office continuing from the death of

other commanders, Captains Workman, Evans, Bowie, and Eaton taking charge for short periods between those already named.

As to the rank and file it may be readily imagined that Bytown in '55 did not afford among her young men the



THE LATE MAJOR J. B. TURNER.

choice for the recruiting-sergeant that Ottawa now does. The youthful men, such as form a considerable portion of our various city corps to-day were not to be had. Thus, the majority came from the mechanic and business ranks, and were generally of an age between twenty-five and thirty-five—men of bone and sinew, and fully up to the military standard. These men felt the necessity of being organized, whether for home protection or a march to the front—a contingency always probable from the time of the troubles of '37-8—and they were ready on all occasions, when the order of the captain went forth, to leave work and don the habiliments of war, whether for a march out or for shot and shell practice on the river.

On two separate occasions, '66 and '70, the battery has been called upon to meet, if necessary, the enemy invading our border. Fortunately, no shot had to be fired, but the readiness with which the men rallied and took the road to Prescott and Cornwall in these years showed the excellent material Lieutenant Forsyth and acting Captain Workman had to command—the latter at Prescott and the former at Cornwall.

Local election troubles also have caused the city corps to turn out, prominent among these being the battery. Fortunately the use of the big guns had never to be resorted to, although they were more than once placed in position on the streets of the town, order always being restored by the admonishing influence of the back of the sword or the prod of the bayonet on any unruly "shiner." But that the polls were kept clear in the time of two or three days of opening voting was, on more than one occasion, due to the presence of the volunteers. The cause of this state of affairs is not to be attributed to the permanent residents, but to a floating population of unemployed shantymen, always ready for a scrap with the loyal citizens whenever occasion offered, whether at election or public meeting.

Thus may be closed this brief sketch of the early days of volunteering at the Capital. The "pet corps," as the battery was always known, was organized at a time when there were mutterings of trouble coming from the South, and has always been ready to take part in the defence of the country; and it has been useful at home, keeping up the martial spirit so desirable among those who value the full exercise of their rights and the protection of their homes.

Few remain of the men of '55, but a "saving remnant" of about a dozen can still be mustered, one-half of whom are



SURGEON LIEUT.-COL. BELL.





VET. CAPT. HARRIS.



LIEUT. C. C. CUMMINGS.



LIEUT. R. A. KLOCK.



LIEUT. H. J. MACKIE.



LIEUT. H. A. BLISS.



SERGT.-MAJOR INGRAM.

of the original "drivers," each ready and willing and still able to mount at the call of duty.

It may be stated that up to this period the organization has been a 4-gun battery, but will, on the arrival of the new breech-loaders, be advanced to the full complement of a 6-gun battery, both officers and gunners being increased proportionately. The Battery at present has the proud distinction of holding first place in the Dominion for general efficiency. In gun-drill the Battery advanced this year from third to second place at the Laprarie Camp, and was admittedly, considering the limited practice had in preparation for the inspection, the smartest Battery on the field.

Major Bliss, under whose command there has been great progress in perfection of drill, and in equipment, during the past two years, has recently been promoted to be Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, and Major Hurdman, a former Lieutenant and a promising young officer, is now in command, with Lieuts. Klock, Bliss, Cummings and Mackie in charge of sections. Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Bell is the medical officer of the Battery, with Veterinary Captain Harris, for fifteen years in office, succeeding his father in the same capacity.

The officers commanding at different

periods during the forty-one years of the existence of the Battery are as follows, named in the order of their being officially gazetted as Captain and Major respectively :

COLONEL COMMANDANT. — Lieut.-Col. W. B. McLeod Moore, of the Canadian Rifles, under whose nominal direction Major Turner, who raised the Battery, acted until 1859.

CAPTAIN. — J. B. Turner, 29th September, 1855.

BREVET-CAPTAIN. — Alfred G. Forrest, 14th November, 1855.

CAPTAIN. — James Forsyth, 28th September, 1866.

CAPTAIN. — John Stewart, 13th April, 1883.

CAPTAIN. — Thos. Evans, 1st June, 1883.

CAPTAIN. — D. C. F. Bliss, 8th January, 1886.

CAPTAIN. — George Shepherd Bowie, 23rd May, 1894.

CAPTAIN. — Daniel I. V. Eaton, 1st April, 1896.

MAJOR. — John Bailie Turner, 28th November, 1856.

MAJOR. — John Stewart, 1st June, 1883.

MAJOR. — D. C. F. Bliss, 23rd May, 1894.

MAJOR. — Daniel Isaac Vernon Eaton, 13th June, 1896.

MAJOR. — W. G. Hurdman, 8th July, 1893.

A. S. Woodburn.



## GEORGE DU MAURIER.

BY W. J. THOROLD.

**A** FATAL honor it often appears to be crowned the genius of the hour. Success is sometimes a poisoned sceptre—and he who swings it counts out the seconds of his life. So did it prove with George du Maurier. The cable that had been kept trembling with the news of his triumphs, suddenly flashed the message of his passing—like the falling of a star, cut off

in the fullness of promise of a meteoric literary career.

The author of three novels, his fame, at present, rests upon the second. The first, "Peter Ibbotson," created no sensation. Possibly, when the third is seen in its complete form it may be adjudged his masterpiece. But it is not likely that "The Martian" will be able to surpass "Trilby"—the novel that has caused

more discussion than is given the complete works of many of the foremost men of the pen at any time. No book for many a decade has been favored with such boundless popularity. Dramas, burlesques, songs, neckties, scarf pins, shoes, bracelets, laundries, towns, are some of the things named after the

their emotions are so universal. But the two leading characters come from the two greatest races in the world—the two so celebrated for brawls, bullion and brilliance: the Irish and the Jewish. With Scotch and English added, the plot laid in Paris, what more could be desired? With these strings to his lute, a



PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON.

COPYRIGHTED.

THE LATE GEORGE DU MAURIER.

unique novel of the gifted Du Maurier. Boom it got, vogue it has had, classic it will become. The reason? In addition to being so exceptionally natural and human, "Trilby" is the most adequate representation of an important phase of modern life. "Trilby" is truly cosmopolitan: the people of its pages are drawn from so many countries, and

novelist should be able to discourse all sorts of fictional music. Potatoes and linen, lace and eggs are merely side issues in Ireland and France. The Island of the Shamrock is too busy producing orators, rhetoricians and policemen; the Land of the Lily, making dramatists, pictures and revolutions. The Celtic, Gaelic, Semitic—three races whose veins

are full of warm glowing blood, who are at once passionate and intellectual—here, truly, was the field for a man with such powers of observation and insight, such technique of pen and pencil, to record what he saw. Few works of imagination contain so much of truth. "Trilby" possesses in a marked degree the three requisites of a legal oath, and in common with his other efforts the *sine qua non* of a novel, dramatic potency.

This is the decade when the home and habits of celebrities seem to be of more than evanescent interest to the public that admires their achievements. And it is astonishing what a difference there is among the famous of the earth. According to both common and biographical report, the men of letters of half a century ago and more were noted for neglected homes and more neglected habits. Not so the great ones of to-day. Nor do they esteem poverty a necessary adjunct of brilliance. To these rules, Du Maurier was no exception. He did not sympathize with the many, especially those who fail, who regard artistic excellence and wide popularity as similar to oil and water—a *credo* that is the secret of the plenitude of poverty-stricken hacks. It was different with Du Maurier. In addition to cultivating a large soul, he saw no objection to cultivating a large fortune. He did not consider it an inevitable concomitant of ambition to possess either a short pocket or a long mane. He spent money to escape the latter and earned it to avoid the former. Du Maurier's houses were places furnished as only a wealthy Bohemian knows to do. The home wherein his last days were spent, however, was not that where "Trilby" was written. The residence at Hampstead was exchanged for that at 17 Oxford Square, W., which is continually the object of curious interest. But to be given the privilege of visiting the Du Maurier house is indeed a rare pleasure. You feel the warmth of the rooms, notice the orderly disorder, with beauty everywhere, think it might be called Liberty Hall and long to live in so cosy a paradise.

Du Maurier's eldest son is filled with aspirations for a military career and is

in the British army; his second has adopted the stage as a profession, made his *début* with John Hare at the Garrick Theatre and is now with Beerbohm Tree. It was a particular pleasure to me to observe the name Gerald du Maurier in the cast of his father's play and *Henry IV.* at the Haymarket. A handsome fellow, of evident physical and mental development, he has the artistic spirit and is full of promise. It is likely he will also be in the cast at the new Her Majesty's, when Sir Henry Irving's rival opens that temple of the drama with "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker, of whom Canada is so justly proud. The two daughters of the family, Minnie and Annie, take delight in being of service to their brothers and father.

A literary man is made or marred on his bridal day. It would, perhaps, be scarcely fair, in speaking of Du Maurier, to refer to his wife as his better half, but it certainly is true that few writers have been blessed with so efficient a helper. If you wrote to the author, the answer would come signed "E. Du Maurier." She attended to all his correspondence, in this way saving his time and eyes—the loss of one of which was his life's sorrow. In all his literary and artistic efforts, she was his coadjutor—making suggestions, criticising, encouraging—an ideal life companion.

Du Maurier's personal popularity in London, quite apart from his being the author of the hypnotic play at the Haymarket and the novel of which it was the dramatization, was wonderful in the extreme. *Punch* was undoubtedly the path to this. He was the genial cartoonist whose stingless humor enlivened nearly every polite breakfast table in England. There for many years he had been hitting off the foibles of people of low degree and of those who are the counsellors of princes, but always in the most good-natured manner. And they knew it. He smiled with them, never at them. The weaknesses of humanity were amusing, but he would willingly admit that they were his weaknesses too. Therefore he was at no time a cynic—that misanthrope most despised by the great B. P. In the French capital his popularity was nearly as remark-

able as in London, so considerable a portion of his life was spent there. In the *salons*, of course, he was lionized. When he visited the Louvre he was the object of as many admiring eyes as were any of the paintings or statues. Let him walk through the Latin Quarter, he was regarded as the bright successful hero of that famous student realm—where there are no ten commandments, but only one: thou shalt not steal—where all believe in the gospel of work well mixed with pleasure, and in the legend inscribed all over France *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, and live up to their creed. George du Maurier was to the Latin Quarter of Paris what Hall Caine is to the Isle of Man.

The cartoonist latterly gave much more attention to his drawing, infinite pains being taken with the smallest sketch. Naturally he received the tribute that envy never fails to pay to success. Draughtsmen question his *status* as an illustrator, though it has always been acknowledged by artists. Mechanical architects were left by him to worship form and accuracy while he gave expression to thoughts comic and satirical, caring little for squares and compasses. Du Maurier for a long time has been the only *raison d'être* for *Punch*; without him it would years ago have sunk by its own weight. His work has been accepted eagerly in the editorial rooms of such publications as *Fliegende-Blätter* in Germany, *Life* in America, and *Le Journal Amusant* in France. Surely, this is recognition in high places!

But his trenchant wit has been shown no less in his drawings than in the text that accompanied them. He was fully alive to the comedy of life ever playing before us, always inducing the world to smile, so apt were his comments and so true his deductions. It was probably this training in illustration and dialogue that furnished him with that perfection of technique which enabled him to leap at one bound to a secure place among the leading novelists of modern times.

On account of his Parisian birth and education, though of Anglo-French parentage, it might reasonably be expected that Du Maurier's productions would bear a marked resemblance to those of

the great magicians on the other side of the Channel. But the brilliant spirits on the banks of the Seine seem to have had less real effect upon him than those sturdy knights of the quill on the banks of the Thames. The writers who wielded over his mind the greatest formative influence were not Molière or Hugo, Balzac or Zola, as might be expected, but instead two Englishmen. Though no copyist, Du Maurier is certainly saturated with Thackeray, and has taken numerous hints from Stevenson, whom he admired and quoted freely.

Such a question is perhaps a little premature, but many are now endeavoring to determine Du Maurier's standing as a man of letters. At the present moment this is obviously a most difficult problem. A number of those who think they know say he will be unheard of in a decade. But by some natural law it happens that a critic is forgotten sooner than a genius. There is every possibility that the people of ensuing generations, who are the final arbiters, will place him in the same category with Thackeray and Dickens. It is an odd coincidence that he resembles the latter in facial expression as strongly as he does the former in qualities of style. At first glance you would also notice Du Maurier's likeness to Alma Tadema.

Resourceful beyond a doubt was the author of "Trilby," gathering his plot from an older book, his dialogue from the lips of the people and his characters from everywhere. The charge of plagiarism that several persons preferred against him, will soon be lost sight of—and for the most natural of reasons. The greatest monuments in literature are largely the result of what a distinguished German has termed the process of transforming adaptation. For instance, it may have a tendency to slightly lessen one's esteem for the peerless Sardou to read so frequently in the French newspapers of his being sued for appropriating other people's literary belongings in the way of situations and episodes, though he always improves them vastly. An effect somewhat similar may be produced when one remembers the elder Dumas' confession that he took his property wherever he found it. But it

certainly does not detract from the fame of Shakespeare to know that he borrowed many of his plots from Boccaccio's "Decameron," and other works still extant. The treatment justifies the importation, when the material is so raw and the product so finished and superb. It was thus with "Trilby."

Should you happen to be under the polar star, tramping on snow-shoes over fields of ice, or travelling on camel back across the hot sands beneath the equatorial sun, and pick up a few stray pages from "The Martian," you would know at once who was the author. Though Du Maurier's latest and last story is cast in a different mould from either of its two predecessors, the metal is the same; there is no mistaking that style, so inimitable, charming, intimate. At the top of the first page is a legend that will, probably, be found to be the key-note to the whole romance—or tragedy:

"Après le plaisir vient la peine;  
Après la peine, la vertu."

The hero of the new novel is a male "Trilby." What an opportunity for a *petite* and clever actress if the book is dramatized! Barty Josselin, whose escutcheon was crossed with the bar sinister, was the son of an English nobleman and a French *comédienne*, the daughter of peasants. Du Maurier tells us that Barty was the greatest literary genius this century has produced, as the irresponsible Irish model was the greatest vocal artist of our age. Young Josselin possessed phenomenal boyish beauty, and was endowed with strange occult powers. How similar to Trilby! From the present outlook it appears that the author was very diplomatic in attempting to duplicate his first great sensation, instead of branching out along entirely new lines. It will be a most interesting study to watch this posthumous work, and see if in "The Martian" Du Maurier succeeds in out-doing Du Maurier.

W. J. Thoro'd.



## THE DERELICT.\*

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



RAGSTONE had committed what this world called a crime — an inexcusable offence that caused him to be shunned by society, and estranged from his

father's house. He had proved a failure.

Not one of his whole family connections could say unto the others, "I told you so," when he turned out badly.

They had all predicted that he was born for great things, then to discover that they had over-estimated him was irritating, it told against their discernment, it was unflattering, and they thought him inconsiderate.

So, in addition to his failure, Cragstone had to face the fact that he had made himself unpopular among his kin.

As a boy, he had been the pride of his family, as a youth, its hope of fame and fortune; he was clever, handsome, inventive, original, everything that society and his kind admired, but he criminally fooled them and their expectations, and they never forgave him for it.

He had dabbled in music, literature, law, everything—always with semi-success, and brilliant promise; he had even tried the stage, playing the Provinces for an entire season; then ultimately sinking into mediocrity in all these occupations, he returned to London

\* "The Derelict" won second prize in the Story Competition instituted by MASSEY'S MAGAZINE in May last. [EDITOR.]

a hopelessly useless, a pitifully gifted man. His chilly, little, aristocratic mother always spoke of him as "poor, dear Charles." His brothers and clubmen all graciously alluded to him with, "deuced hard luck, poor Charlie." His father never mentioned his name.

Then he went into "The Church," sailed for Canada, idled about for a few weeks, when one of the great colonial bishops, not knowing what else to do with him, packed him off north as a missionary to the Indians.

\* \* \* \* \*

And after four years of disheartening labor amongst a semi-civilised people, came this girl Lydia into his life. This girl of the mixed parentage, the English father, who had been swept northward with the rush of lumber trading, the Chippewa mother, who had been tossed to his arms by the tide of circumstances. The girl was a strange composition of both, a type of mixed blood, pale, dark, slender, with the slim hands, the marvellously beautiful teeth of her mother's people, the ambition, the small tender mouth, the utter fearlessness of the English race. But the strange, laughless eyes, the silent step, the hard sense of honor, proclaimed her far more the daughter of red blood than of white.

And with the perversity of his kind Cragstone loved her; he meant to marry her because he knew he should not. What a monstrous thing it would be if he did! He, the shepherd of this half-civilised flock, the modern John Baptist; he, the voice of the great Anglican Church crying in this wilderness, how could he wed with this Indian girl who had been a common serving maid in a house in Penetanguishene, and been dismissed therefrom with an accusation of theft that she could never prove untrue? How could he bring this reproach upon the Church? Why, the marriage would have no precedent; and yet he loved her, loved her sweet, silent ways, her listening attitudes, her clear, brown, consumptive-suggesting skin. She was the only thing in all the irksome mission life that had responded to him, had encouraged him to struggle anew for the spiritual welfare of this poor

red race. Of course, in Penetanguishene they had told him she was irreclaimable, a thief, with ready lies to cover her crimes; for that very reason he felt tender towards her, she was so sinful, so pathetically human.

He could have mastered himself, perhaps, had she not responded, had he not seen the laughless eyes laugh alone for him, had she not once when a momentary insanity possessed them both confessed in words her love for him as he had done to her. But now? Well, now only this horrible tale of theft and untruth hung between them like a veil; now even with his arms locked about her, his eyes drowned in hers, his ears caught the whispers of calumny, his thoughts were perforated with the horror of his Bishop's veto, and these things rushed between his soul and hers, like some bridgeless deep he might not cross, and so his lonely life went on.

And then one night his sweet humanity, his grand, strong love arose up, battled with him, and conquered. He cast his pharisaical ideas, and the Church's "I am better than thou," aside forever; he would go now, to-night, he would ask her to be his wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for—

A shadow fell across the door-way of his simple home; it was August Beaver, the trapper, with the urgent request that he come across to French Island at once, for old "Medicine" Joe was there, dying, and wished to see the minister. At another time Cragstone would have felt sympathetic, now he was only irritated, he wanted to find Lydia, to look in her laughless eyes, to feel her fingers in his hair, to tell her he did not care if she were a hundred times a thief, that he loved her, loved her, loved her, and he would marry her despite the Church, despite—

"Joe, he's near dead, you come now?" broke in August's voice. Cragstone turned impatiently, got his prayer-book, followed the trapper, took his place in the canoe, and paddled in silence up the bay.

The moon arose, large, limpid, flooding the cabin with a wondrous light, and making more wan the features of a

dying man, whose fever-wasted form lay on some lynx skins on the floor.

Cragstone was reading from the Book of Common Prayer the exquisite service of the Visitation of the Sick. Outside, the loons clanged up the waterways, the herons called across the islands, but no human thing ventured up the wilds. Inside, the sick man lay, beside him August Beaver holding a rude lantern, while Cragstone's matchless voice repeated the Anglican *Formula*. A spasm, an uplifted hand, and Cragstone paused. Was the end coming even before a benediction? But the dying man was addressing Beaver in Chippewa, whispering and choking out the words in his death struggle.

"He says he's bad man," spoke Beaver. A horrible, humorous sensation swept over Cragstone; he hated himself for it, but at college he had always ridiculed death-bed confessions; but in a second the feeling had vanished, he bent his handsome, fair face above the copper-colored countenance of the dying man. "Joe," he said, with that ineffable tenderness that had always drawn human hearts to him; "Joe, tell me before I pronounce the Absolution, how you have been 'bad'?"

"I steal three times," came the answer. "Oncet horses, two of them from farmer near Barrie. Oncet twenty fox-skins at North Bay; station man he in jail for those fox-skins now. Oncet gold watch from doctor at Penetanguishene."

The prayer-book rattled from Cragstone's hands and fell to the floor.

"Tell me about this watch," he mumbled. "How did you come to do it?"

"I liffe at the doctor's; I take care his horse, long time; old River's girl, Lydia, she work there too; they say she steal it; I sell to trader, the doctor he nefer know, he think Lydia."

Cragstone was white to the lips. "Joe," he faltered, "you are dying; do you regret this sin, are you sorry?"

An indistinct "yes" was all; death was claiming him rapidly.

But a great, white, purified love had swept over the young clergyman. The girl he worshipped could never now be a reproach to his calling, she was proved blameless as a baby, and out of his great

human love arose the great divine calling, the Christ-like sense of forgiveness, the God-like forgetfulness of injury and suffering done to his and to him, and once more his soft, rich voice broke the stillness of the Northern night, as the Anglican absolution of the dying fell from his lips in merciful tenderness:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences, and by His authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Beaver was holding the lantern close to the penitent's face; Cragstone, kneeling beside him, saw that the end had already come, and, after making the sign of the Cross on the dead Indian's forehead, the young priest arose and went silently out into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was slipping down into the far horizon, fretted by the inimitable wonder of islands that throng the Georgian Bay, the blood-colored skies, the purpling clouds, the extravagant beauty of a Northern sunset hung in the west like the trailing robes of royalty, soundless in their flaring, their fading; soundless as the unbroken wilds which lay bathed in the loneliness of a dying day.

But on the color-flooded shore stood two, blind to the purple, the scarlet, the gold, blind to all else save the tense straining of the other's eyes; deaf to nature's unsung anthem, hearing only the other's voice. Cragstone stood transfixed with consternation. The memory of the past week of unutterable joy lay blasted with the awfulness of this moment, the memory of even that first day—when he had stood with his arms about her, had told her how he had declared her reclaimed name far and wide, how even Penetanguishene knew now that she had suffered blamelessly, how his own heart throbbed suffocatingly with the honor, the delight of being the poor means through which she had been righted in the accusing eyes of their little world, and that now she would be



his wife, his sweet, helping wife, and she had been great enough not to remind him that he had not asked her to be his wife until her name was proved blameless, and he was great enough not to make excuse of the resolve he had set out upon just when August Beaver came to turn the current of his life.

But he had other eyes to face to-night, eyes that blurred the past, that burned themselves into his being—the condemning, justly, righteously indignant eyes of his Bishop—while his numb heart, rather than his ears, listened to the words that fell from the prelate's lips like curses on his soul, like the door that would shut him forever outside the holy place.

"What have you done, you pretended servant of the living God? What use is this you have made of your Holy Orders? You hear the confessions of a dying man, you absolve and you bless him, and come away from the poor dead thief to shout his crimes in the ears of the world, to dishonor him, to be a discredit to your calling. Who could trust again such a man as you have proved to be—faithless to himself, faithless to his Church, faithless to his God?"

But Cragstone was on the sands at his accuser's feet. "Oh! my Lord," he cried, "I meant only to save the name of a poor, mistrusted girl, selfishly, perhaps, but I would have done the same thing just for humanity's sake had it been another to whom justice was due."

"Your plea of justice is worse than weak; to save the good name of the living is it just to rob the dead?"

The Bishop's voice was like iron.

"I did not realize I was a priest, I only knew I was a *man*," and with these words Cragstone arose and looked fearlessly, even proudly, at the one who stood his judge.

"Is it not better, my Lord, to serve the living than the dead?"

"And bring reproach upon your Church?" said the Bishop, sternly.

It was the first thought Cragstone ever had of his official crime; he staggered under the horror of it, and the little, dark, silent figure, that had followed them unseen, realized in her hiding amid the shadows that the man who had lifted

her into the light was himself being thrust down into irremediable darkness. But Cragstone only saw the Bishop looking at him as from a supreme height, he only felt the final stinging lash in the words: "When a man disregards the most sacred offices of his God, he will hardly reverence the claims of justice of a simple woman who knows not his world, and if he so easily flings his God away for a woman, just so easily will he fling her away for other gods."

And Lydia, with eyes that blazed like flame, watched the Bishop turn and walk frigidly up the sands, his indignation against this outrager of the Church declaring itself in every footfall.

Cragstone flung himself down, burying his face in his hands. What a wreck he had made of life! He saw his future, loveless, for no woman would trust him now; even the one whose name he had saved would probably be more unforgiving than the Church: it was the way with women when a man abandoned God and honor for them; and this nameless but blackest of sins, this falsity to one poor dying sinner, would stand between him and Heaven forever, though through that very crime he had saved a fellow being. Where was the justice of it?

The purple had died from out the western sky, the waters of the Georgian Bay lay colorless at his feet, night was covering the world and stealing with inky blackness into his soul.

She crept out of her hiding-place, and, coming, gently, touched his tumbled fair hair; but he shrank from her, crying: "Lydia, my girl, my girl, I am not for a good woman now; I, who thought you an outcast, a thief, not worthy to be my wife, to-night I am not an outcast of man alone, but of God."

But what cared she for official crimes? She was a woman. Her arms were about him, her lips on his; and he who had, until now, been a portless derelict, who had vainly sought a haven in art, an anchorage in the service of God, had drifted at last into the world's most sheltered harbor—a woman's love.

But, of course, the Bishop took away his gown.

*E. Pauline Johnson.*



DRAW BY J. D. KELLY.

"IN LUCK."

See "Current Comment."

[*Begun in October Number.*]

## WITH PARKMAN THROUGH CANADA.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L.

PART III.

### CANADA UNDER LOUIS XIV.

**ENGLAND AND FRANCE.** We have seen something of the claims upon the Continent of America by the different European powers. It took a century and a half to settle those claims. At present we have to do with the rivalry of Great Britain and France; the former claiming the continent on account of Cabot's discovery in 1497, the French through the voyage of Verrazano in 1524. In 1604, Henry IV. gave to De Monts all America, from the site of Philadelphia on the one hand to Montreal on the other. Eight years later Louis XIII. gave to Madame De Guercheville and the Jesuits the whole continent from Florida to the St. Lawrence, the whole of the future British colonies. In 1621, James I. of England gave to Sir William Alexander, under the name of Nova Scotia, the peninsula now so called, with a great wilderness behind it, as a Scottish fief; and Sir William afterwards got an additional grant of the "River and Gulf of Canada," and a belt of land 300 miles wide, reaching across the continent. Thus the King of France bestowed upon some of his subjects the sites of Boston, New York and Washington, and the King of Great Britain gave to a Scotchman the sites of Quebec and Montreal. But before the great conflict is considered, we must turn our eyes again, for a time, to Acadia.

**ACADIA.** It has been mentioned that, for a considerable time after the lawless inroads of the English under Argall, the French kept hold of Acadia. After the death of Biencourt, the government was assumed by a young man who claimed to have been made heir by Biencourt, Charles St. Étienne de la Tour, who begged the King to send him help in order to prevent

the English from seizing the country. The father of La Tour had been captured and taken to England by Kirke, where he married a lady of honor to the Queen, and became a Protestant and a British subject. Alexander made him a baronet. The father was sent to Cape Sable, where his son had placed the seat of government in a fortified place, and tried in vain to induce the younger man to give up the place to the British.

**LA TOUR.** This young gentleman's conduct, however, was of a very dubious character. Like his father, he was made an English baronet at the same time that he was asking help from Louis XIII., and whilst he was holding a grant of land near Cape Sable as a fief of the Scottish crown, he got a grant, from the French King, of land on the River St. John, on the other side of the Bay of Fundy, and built a fort on the river, not far from the present city of St. John. During this time the occupation of Quebec and Montreal by the French was going on, and the doings of Kirke in those regions.

**LA TOUR AND D'AUNAY.** After various vicissitudes, Acadia was restored to the French, and La Tour, saying nothing of his engagements with the English, procured a grant of lands at Cape Sable, the title of Lieutenant-General of the King in Fort Loméron, the fort built there by Biencourt, and Commander at Cape Sable for the Company of New France. But another man of mark, Charles de Menou d'Aunay Charnisay, appeared on the scene, and, on the death of his relative, Razilly, in 1635, became representative of the King in Acadia. The rivalry between these two men, La Tour and D'Aunay, was lifelong.

**CHARACTERS OF THE TWO MEN.** The two men differed widely in position and character. D'Aunay prided himself on being, above all things, a "gentleman of France." La Tour is said to have been of distinguished birth. If this were true, he was, at least, poor, and comparatively uneducated. La Tour's life at Cape Sable was a wild and wandering one. D'Aunay resided at Port Royal (now Annapolis) like a feudal lord. He was married, and brought out a number of settlers from France, and gave each colonist a farm with a small charge upon it. He kept on good terms with his neighbors, the Miomac Indians. He had a seminary at Port Royal with twelve Capuchin friars.

**HOSTILITY.** D'Aunay and La Tour could not remain friends. Until D'Aunay's arrival, La Tour had been the greatest man in Acadia, but now he had to take a second place, and became bitterly jealous of D'Aunay. He removed from Cape Sable to Fort St. Jean, which lay right opposite to Port Royal. A bitter strife arose as to the ownership of various lands.

**PURITANS.** Instead of helping D'Aunay in keeping the Indians in order and the English at bay, La Tour embarrassed him in every way, even seizing his supplies and conveying them to Fort St. Jean. He was ordered to France to defend himself, and D'Aunay was empowered to seize his fort, which, however, he was not strong enough to accomplish. La Tour was now in open revolt, and applied for help to the Puritans at Boston, who received him with misgivings, abundantly justified, and, on the whole, regarded him as a "man of Belial." These Puritans became the terror of the French—"worse than wolves or rattlesnakes." Parkman remarks: "Children are taught that the Puritans came to New England in search of religious liberty. The liberty they sought was for themselves alone. It was the liberty to worship in their own way, and to prevent all others from doing the like. They imagined that they held a monopoly of religious truth, and were bound in conscience to defend it against all comers. Church and State were joined in one. Church members

alone had the right to vote. There was no choice but to remain politically a cipher, or embrace, or pretend to embrace, the extreme dogmas of Calvin. Never was such a premium offered to cant and hypocrisy; yet, in the early days, hypocrisy was rare, so intense and pervading was the faith of the founders of New England.

**MADAME LA TOUR.** La Tour was, of course, a kind of Protestant, and tried to make the New Englanders receive him in this character. His wife, on the contrary, was a sound Protestant "of excellent virtues," in fact, a genuine heroine. However, the Puritans sent help to La Tour, but the men they sent disobeyed orders by attacking D'Aunay and destroying some of his property. Things went from bad to worse. Madame La Tour, with dubious expediency, drove out the Friars and Roman Catholics from her fort; although, if her plan of getting Protestant ministers had been carried out, she might have succeeded better. But the end was near. In the absence of her husband the fort was assaulted and taken by D'Aunay, who gave the lady a good deal of liberty until she was found conspiring. She was then shut up, and fell ill and died. It is said she recanted her heresies—which may be open to doubt.

**END OF THE STRIFE.** D'Aunay now entered into negotiations with the Bostonians, and peace was made. La Tour had lost his fort and his heroic wife, and went on roving expeditions, in which, as usual, he behaved badly. D'Aunay seemed to have everything in his hands, holding Fort St. Jean as well as Port Royal; but on May 24th, 1650, he was in a canoe which upset, and he perished, not by drowning, but from the cold of the water. He was a fine specimen of his class; loyal, courteous, high-minded, in all respects superior to La Tour. Yet the latter succeeded to the place of D'Aunay, apparently persuading the King that he was misunderstood! He soon succeeded in marrying the widow of his rival. When, afterwards, the English took possession of Acadia, La Tour fell back on his English rights, and obtained a grant of the colony from Cromwell; but soon afterwards sold his

share to his partner, Temple. The history of New France in Acadia is not a glorious one.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL Great were the difficulties of the colonies in Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec in the year 1653. Surrounded by hundreds of savage and hostile Iroquois, the slender garrisons had great difficulty in maintaining their position. They could very inadequately defend the remnant of their allies, the Hurons; and even Frenchmen from time to time fell victims to the cunning and violence of their ever wakeful enemies.

THE ONONDAGAS. All at once a change seemed to come over at least a portion of the Iroquois. The Onondagas, occupying a central position among the five nations, with the Cayugas, and Senecas to west of them, and the Oneidas and Mohawks to the east, signified their desire to conclude a peace with the French, and they were succeeded in this by the Oneidas, and later and reluctantly by the Mohawks. The Iroquois left hostages, and two young Frenchmen offered themselves as pledges to the Indians. The fur trade was renewed and wampum belts exchanged. The joy was universal, although misgivings occurred to those who were acquainted with the character of the Indians. Apparently the Onondagas were sincere. They had heard from the Huron captives the praises of the Jesuits and of their doings in the Huron country; and so they conceived the notion of planting a colony of Frenchmen, under the direction of the Fathers, at Onondaga, so that the Hurons might be induced to join them. It was a serious question, what was best to be done—whether to trust these applicants and to risk the lives of the priests and other colonists, or to irritate them and render them hostile by a refusal.

FATHER LE MOYNE. In order to pave the way, it was resolved to send an envoy who might soothe the Indians and confirm them in their pacific resolves. Father Simon Le Moyne was chosen; and set out for the country of the Onandagas, July 2nd, 1654. He was received enthusiastically

by the Iroquois and by his old disciples among the captive Hurons. Deputies from the other tribes were summoned to attend a conference. The Father prayed and addressed the assembly, enforcing his exhortations with presents. The appointed Indian orator responded in the most friendly manner, and begged the French to choose a spot where they might dwell among them. After further friendly interchanges he returned to Quebec and cheered its anxious inhabitants with the good news of his reception. But hardly had they begun their rejoicings when an outbreak of the Mohawks led them to understand how uncertain was the peace which had been established.

THE MISSION AND THE ONONDAGAS. The Onondagas renewed their request for a colony of Frenchmen to dwell among them; and again a middle course was taken. Two Jesuit Fathers, Chaumonot and Dablon, were sent like Le Moyne, partly to reconnoitre and partly to confirm the Onondagas in their friendly intentions. They were received with glad welcome. Chaumonot was an accomplished speaker and the Indians were never weary of listening to him. The Iroquois orator, in response, assured the Christian priest that they all were eager to adopt his religion. But many reasons led them to doubt of their hosts. Erie prisoners were tortured before their eyes. Huron women and children were killed out of pure caprice. But it was necessary to fall in with their wishes, and Dablon went to Quebec to obtain this boon for them. After an arduous journey he got back, and with many misgivings the Governor at Quebec consented; and four Jesuits, and two lay brothers, together with ten soldiers commanded by Du Puys, Major of the fort at Quebec, and thirty or forty other Frenchmen set out. Chaumonot with a multitude of Indians was waiting for them on the spot which he and Dablon had chosen as a habitation. They were received with enthusiasm, although some Mohawks in the Iroquois capital, Onondaga, did their best to stir up strife.

FAILURE. While these events were passing among the Onondagas, the Mohawks were losing no opportunity of harassing the

French and their allies. In the year in which the colony was planted at Onondaga they murdered the Jesuit Garreau on his way up the Ottawa. Next spring they carried off from Quebec more of the Hurons into slavery. Quebec was at that time cursed with the most feeble of Governors, Lauson and his son Charny, who received the threats of the Mohawks with imbecile terror, and were openly defied by these savages. When the Onondagas heard of the capture of the Hurons by the Mohawks, they came to Quebec to demand their share of the plunder; and not in vain. On their return they fell upon their captives on the way and massacred many of them. On reaching Onondaga others were burnt, who were Christians, and among them several women and their infants. This was the beginning of the end. They went on killing the Christian Hurons, and at last the Jesuits heard that their own death was determined upon. They were to be killed before the spring began in 1658. They were watched day and night, but the Jesuits were not to be outdone by the dissimulation of their professing friends, and took measures for escaping. Quietly and privately they got ready the means of escape, eight canoes and two large, flat boats, made in a loft over the mission-house. After a disgusting medicine feast to which they were invited, the Indians intended to massacre the whole party. But before the day dawned the doomed men had fled, crossed Lake Ontario, and descended the St. Lawrence. On April 3rd they reached Montreal, and on the 23rd arrived at Quebec. Three men had been drowned in the rapids. The rest were saved; but the Mission had failed. Work and suffering were after all in vain; yet who can withhold his admiration from the workers and sufferers?

Reference has already been made to the work begun in what was thought a miraculous manner by the visions and revelations made to Dauversière. This "wretched fanatic" brought a good deal of suffering to his coadjutors, but the greatness of the work done by Marguerite Bourgeoys and Jeanne Mance in

their school for female children at Montreal should never be forgotten. All kinds of difficulties were surmounted and the work was carried on with the greatest devotion. Moreover, the hostile Iroquois were round about the settlement, sometimes murdering any of the inhabitants that came in their way. Le Maître, one of the two priests who had sailed from France with the nuns, while throwing himself forward in defence of his laborers, was shot by the Indians, (August, 1657). Another priest who had accompanied him, Guillaume de Vignal, with a company of men, landing at Isle à la Pierre (in October), was set upon, and shot by a band of Iroquois who feasted upon his remains, and afterwards tortured one of his companions named Brigeac to death. From this heroic soul they could wring no cries, but only prayers for their conversion. Another, a layman, Major Closse, was also shot, dying, writes de Casson, "like a brave soldier of Christ and the King." When cautioned not to expose his life, he replied: "I came here only to die in the service of God; and if I thought I could not die here, I would leave this country to fight the Turks, that I might not be deprived of such a glory." The colonists were not all heroes, and some of the Governors were distinctly unfit to deal with the difficulties of their position, but the general spirit of the makers of New France, especially of the priests and the nuns, was worthy of the best days of Christendom.

HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT. The settlement of the French in Canada is marked by numerous romantic and heroic episodes, but there is none more heroic than that of the Long Sault. During the period of twenty years in which the people were exposed to the fury of the Iroquois, the whole French population was under 3,000. They were saved from destruction only by being grouped round the fortified posts of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, within which they could take refuge, and by the disunion and distraction of their enemies. Yet many terrible losses occurred. The son of Governor Lauson was killed with seven companions on the Isle of Orleans. The same fate befel the son of Godefroy,

one of the chief citizens of Quebec. Outside the fortifications there was no safety for a moment. François Hertel, a youth of eighteen, was carried off into one of the Mohawk towns, where he expected a violent death; but he lived to fight heroically against the English and to be abhorred as the leader of Popish malignants and savages.

A Mohegan Indian, before being put to death, revealed to the French a plot of 1,200 Indians to take Quebec, kill the Governor, destroy the town, and then attack Three Rivers and Montreal. Immediate measures were taken for defence. A small party venturing outside the city were seized, but rescued by a party of Algonquins and French. They learned from some captured Mohawks that the enterprize had not been abandoned. But the city was saved by the heroism of a few brave youths, led by a young officer, Daulac, commandant of the garrison of Montreal. It was a desperate undertaking on which he embarked. The Iroquois warriors had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa; Daulac resolved to attack them on their descent of the river without regard to disparity of force. Sixteen young men of Montreal caught the spirit of the leader and bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter, got the permission of Maisonneuve, the Governor, made their wills and received the sacrament. They were entreated to wait until after the spring sowing that others might join them, but they refused. They had, with great difficulty, made their way to the rapid called the Long Sault, and here they took their stand, and were joined by a party of Hurons and Algonquins, encamping within an old dilapidated palisade fort. By-and-by a party of five Iroquois appeared. The French fired with such precipitation that one or more escaped and carried the news to the main body, 200 in number. The first attack of the Iroquois was quickly repulsed. Then the Indians began to fortify themselves; and the French proceeded to strengthen their defences. Before their work was finished the Iroquois were upon them again. They were repulsed with great loss again and again. They called in another

body of their warriors. Some of the Hurons deserted to them. When their reinforcements arrived they advanced cautiously and resolutely, but the French fire told with deadly effect and drove them back. They almost despaired of success, but again they approached the French defence and at last forced their way in. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. The Indians would have taken them alive, but they fought with sword or hatchet or knife with the fury of madmen, until all were shot down. The traitorous Hurons found no mercy. They burned a number of them. But the colony was saved. The Iroquois wanted no more such fighting.

One of the most prominent figures in Canadian history about the middle of the Seventeenth Century is Laval, titular Bishop of *Petræa* in Arabia, and Vicar Apostolic in Canada. It is not quite easy to give an impartial account of this scion of the noble family of Montmorency. To the members of his own Church he is hardly short of being a saint. They have named the Catholic university of Quebec after him, and he is commonly referred to as "the virtuous prelate," or "the holy prelate." It must be admitted that he was a man of perfect sincerity, and that his self-denial was even excessive. He was willing to make any sacrifice for the papal prerogative and for his own ascendancy as papal representative. But he was a man of a most domineering temper, and fond of exercising his authority.

All was not harmony among the Colonists or the Mission Priests. Montreal and Quebec had constant rivalries. Still worse were the disputes between the Sulpitians and the Jesuits, and these broke out when it was thought necessary to have a bishop in Canada. The Sulpitians wanted Queylus for the bishop, and almost secured his nomination for Mazarin. The Jesuits opposed, and were asked to name a bishop. In the meantime the Sulpitians applied to the Archbishop of Rouen, as the prelate from whose province the ships sailed for Canada, and he appointed Queylus his

QUEYLUS  
AND LAVAL.

Vicar-General for Canada, with a kind of episcopal jurisdiction. The new Vicar-General was an admirable man, wealthy, generous, laborious, and impatient of opposition. But the Jesuits disliked him, and he preached at the Jesuits. At last the Jesuits got Laval appointed Vicar-Apostolic (1659). These two men represented, respectively, the Gallican and Ultramontane parties in the Church. Queylus at first recognized Laval as his ecclesiastical superior but shortly became his opponent, and Laval, getting the upper hand with the Government, had him sent back to France. This was a defeat to the Sulpitians. After seven years, Queylus submitted and returned to Canada, to work as a missionary.

LAVAL AND  
ARGENSON.

But Laval could brook the ascendancy of the Civil Government as little as he could endure a spiritual equal. Argenson was Governor when Laval arrived in Canada. He was a man of education and apparently moderate and reasonable; moreover he was a loyal and earnest son of the Church. But it was not long before Laval quarrelled with him respecting precedence. First it was about the position of their seats in Church, then about their seats at table, and which of them should be saluted first by the children on occasion of the solemn catechism, and so forth. Moreover, Argenson had trouble with Maisonneuve, the Governor of Montreal, who wanted to go his own way without regard to the Governor-General. At last his position became intolerable, and it was a great relief to him when he was recalled.

He was succeeded by Baron D'AVAUGOUR. D'Avaugour, an old soldier of forty years' service, of an imperious and somewhat obstinate disposition. Although disliking Laval, he did his best to remain on good terms with the Jesuits, and made some of them members of his council, but they were too closely connected with the Bishop, and he dissolved his council and appointed a new one. Then he had trouble about selling brandy to the Indians in which he was thwarted by the inconsistencies of the Jesuits. Things fell into disorder, and it was a relief to D'Avaugour when he was recalled.

LAVAL AND  
DUMESNIL.

The Company of New France with its privileges was feudal Lord of Canada, but its whole career had been one of misfortune and mismanagement. At the eleventh hour it sent an agent invested with powers of controller-general, intendant, and supreme judge, to enquire into the state of its affairs (1660). This agent was Péronne Dumesnil, an advocate, a man of energy and integrity, who would not wink at evil doing. His difficulties began at once. The trade had been under the direction of a council composed of the Governor, the Superior of the Jesuits, and some others. These Councillors declined to allow Dumesnil to look into their management. They found themselves and their friends charged with fraud and embezzlement. Dumesnil probably went too far, but there was reason for his accusations. Men took sides and Dumesnil's life was in danger: one of his sons received a blow in the streets which proved fatal. Dumesnil was not daunted by these assaults. But Laval had gone to France, had secured the recall of D'Avaugour, and had obtained that by a Royal edict of April, 1663, all the powers formerly possessed by the Company should be vested in a council composed of the Governor (whom Laval had chosen), of Laval himself, and other councillors, an attorney-general, and a secretary, to be chosen by Laval and the Governor jointly. The new Governor was Mézy, who was completely under Laval's influence. The other members of the Council, according to Dumesnil, were "incapable persons." But they were probably worse: the very men whom Dumesnil accused of peculation were made members of the Council. As Dumesnil could not be silenced, they seized his papers and placed him under arrest. He expected to be murdered like his son. The Council endeavored to prevent his return to France, but he escaped and told his story to Colbert, minister to the youthful Louis XIV., who at once saw that something was wrong. But the matter, as usual, dropped. It is probable that Dumesnil exaggerated the evil-doing of the financial managers of the colony; but there can be little doubt of their dishonesty,



and their treatment of their accuser was inexcusable.

If Laval was always in the right, he must have been singularly unfortunate in his fellow-workers. Mézy, who was appointed Governor after Avaugour, was Laval's own choice, and a man whose humility, charity, and devotion were unquestioned. Yet he found he was expected simply to do the bidding of Laval, appoint his creatures on his Councils, and give effect to his plans. In his perplexity Mézy appealed to the people; and this was unpardonable. He was recalled and an inquiry ordered into his conduct, which, however, was anticipated by his death.

Laval's visit to France, which caused the dissolution of the Company of New France, and other things, had for one of its objects the appointment of the Vicar Apostolic as Bishop of Quebec. By that means he would have not only an ecclesiastical, but a civil *status*. He also wanted the parish priests to be entirely dependent on the will of the Bishop. Moreover, he wished his Seminary to be a place of refuge for the clergy in sickness and old age. The difficulty was about funds. Laval had parted with his own property when he left France. But he still had influence, and his family had wealth as well. He acquired vast grants of land in the best parts of Canada. Some he sold and exchanged. Some he gave to the Seminary, which still draws a revenue from them.

Louis XIV., surnamed the Great, was not altogether unworthy of this designation. He did not merely reign, he also ruled. He had a firm grasp of the affairs of the Kingdom, and he acted his part with grace and dignity. If he had not great parts, his abilities were above mediocrity. If his religion was ignorant and unspiritual, it was, in a certain way, intense. For some years his rule was beneficial to his country. He had good and able soldiers and statesmen in his service. First among them was Colbert, already mentioned. By his means great reforms were accomplished, by which the burdens of the poor were lightened,

the revenues increased, and the plunder of public money put a stop to. Better laws were made, agriculture was encouraged, roads and canals were opened, and trade stimulated at home and abroad.

Among the great trading corporations which he established, the Company of the West was prominent. It was created by royal edict May 24, 1664. The people were invited to become partners, the share being not less than 3,000 francs. As the edict declared that the glory of God was the chief aim of the Company, it was required to supply a certain number of priests and to exclude all teachers of false doctrines from its possessions. A monopoly of trade was granted for forty years. But the directors showed such a selfishness and narrowness of spirit,—forbidding all others to bring provisions or to trade with the colony—that they paralyzed the Canadian merchants, who had to pay exorbitant prices for what they bought. A change was ordered, modifying the rights of the Company.

LOUIS AND TRACY.

In other respects the charter was modified. The Company at first had the right of nominating the Governor and Intendant, but the King resumed this power, being sincerely interested in this part of his dominions; and in 1665, the Marquis de Tracy was sent over with the title of Lieutenant-General. A number of young nobles went with him. The King gave him 200 soldiers, and promised 1,000 more. Tracy was sixty-two years of age and in bad health, but he showed his devotion by refusing a cushion or stool and kneeling down, at his arrival, on the bare pavement. Laval was satisfied. The King showed a real and practical interest in New France. Before the season was over (Tracy arrived in June) about 2,000 had been sent to Canada at his expense. Tracy showed himself equal to the position. The first thing to be done was to teach the Iroquois a lesson and deliver the colonists from danger on that side. He first built forts on the St. Lawrence. But positive action was also needed. Courcelle, Governor under Tracy, undertook command of the expedition, 1666. It

was not well conducted or fortunate. They discovered, to their dismay, that Albany was now English instead of Dutch—a change not to their taste; and had to apologize for their appearance there. They suffered greatly from the winter cold; and finally they beat a retreat. Still the long march from Quebec to Albany convinced the Iroquois that they were not safe from attack; and the Senecas and then the other nations offered peace. While negotiations were proceeding, the Mohawks, with their accustomed treachery, set upon a party of French officers who were hunting, killed one and captured six of them. Preparations were made to fight, but a chief brought back the captives and offered satisfaction for the one killed. Negotiations were resumed and broken off. Tracy prepared to march in person against the Mohawks. They took the same course by Lake Champlain and Lake George, then St. Sacrement. When they came to the first Mohawk town, a panic seized the Indians and they fled. The second was taken as easily, and the third and the fourth. The fifth and largest was finally evacuated. They were all burnt to the ground. The Iroquois now became sincerely desirous of peace.

**PATERNAL  
GOVERNMENT.**

Tracy's expedition had been the most fruitful of all against the Iroquois. He returned to France and Courcelle and Talon remained to rule. Paternal Royal Government was to do its best for Canada, and Talon was its agent. He saw the evil done to the colony by the monopolies of the Company, and some of them were given up. He stimulated trade in different ways. He visited from house to house, relieving the needy. He began roads in Acadia. He advised the seizure of New York; and he seems to have made little for himself. Through ill health he retired in 1668. But Louis did more, he encouraged and aided the peopling of Canada, settling soldiers and sending out wives for men of all classes. Bounties were given on marriage and on children; and celibacy was punished, unmarried men being forbidden to hunt, fish, or trade with the Indians. Sometimes matters were carried on with scant de-

gency. We read of a widow who was married again before her first husband was buried. Talon gave an example by laying out a tract of land near Quebec as a model seignory, hoping that others to whom lands had been granted might do the same. He also laid out three villages, peopling them partly with families newly arrived, partly with soldiers, partly with old settlers; and each village had a carpenter, mason, blacksmith and shoemaker.

**CANADIAN  
GOVERNMENT.**

The social system of Canada was feudal, and all the forms of ancient feudalism, doing of homage, etc., were observed. The government was formed on the model of a French province. The Governor's power was generally nominal. Beside him was the Intendant, a check and a spy on his great colleague, in constant communication with the Court. The Governor was usually a soldier, the Intendant a lawyer. These two, with the Council, were the supreme governors of Canada, under the pleasure of the King. There were inferior courts for the administration of justice, and they seem to have been fairly well administered. There was not much liberty to any class. Servants who deserted their masters were first sent to the pillory; on a second offence were whipped and branded.

**TRADE AND  
INDUSTRY.**

The Companies fettered trade. There were a good many Huguenots among the merchants, and no favor was shown to them. Another evil was the depending upon the government for direct assistance. The King wanted to develop the fisheries, but little was done. All industries were perpetually begging for subsidies. The languor of commerce made agriculture languish. The fur trade seemed promising, and became greatly overdone. The hunters often became little more civilized than the Indians. There was work for the missionaries among both; and one of their greatest difficulties was the liquor traffic and drunkenness.

**CHURCH AND  
STATE.**

Although Laval succeeded in removing Mézy, it was no triumph. The King and Colbert saw his design to subordinate

the civil power, and so watched the doings of the clergy. They sent out Recollets to balance the Jesuits. They denounced the usage of making the clergy wholly dependent upon the Bishop. Laval went to Court and prayed for a successor on account of his health. His prayer was granted; but he was required to remain in France, and it was four years before he returned to Canada, and then not as chief. St. Vallier was the new Bishop. Educational work was carried on, although secular teaching was very meagre, and so continued until the present century.

**MORALS AND  
MANNERS.**

It was complained that the soldiers who came from France undid the work of the monks and nuns in their schools. Some of the officers were admirable men, others as bad as they could be. Some of their brawls were disgusting. Drinking shops abounded, which proved centres of vice and disorder. The Bishop, who had commended the morality of Canada to the Parisians, had to confess that every kind of immorality prevailed among the colonists. The country, also, swarmed with beggars, a simple result of sloth, when a good farm could be had for asking. The people were extrava-

gant in their habits, and wasteful. Slavery was introduced in 1688—negroes from the West Indies—but the climate was unfavorable.

**CANADIAN  
ABSOLUTISM.**

The Canadian people were made by their circumstances of heredity, education, government, civil and ecclesiastical. But so far they were in pupilage. Alongside of them, however, there had come a race of men, bred for generations and centuries in the enjoyment and exercise of liberty. And here, to some extent, is the explanation of the success of English colonies and the failure of French. The one had learned to walk by themselves, the other had not. The New Englanders had no fostering care from the home government, and they wanted none. They asked only to be let alone. Yet, the French system had one advantage, it favored military efficiency, and cultivated the old spirit of chivalry in the people. The habitant, too, grew up by the forest, the lake and the river, and became a skilful woodman, a bold and adroit canoe-man, and a willing fighter. The English conquest was the great crisis in Canadian history. It was the beginning of a new life of liberty.

*William Clark.*

## THE VIGIL OF FRANCIS BOURNE.\*

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSON CAB," "CAPTAIN FLICK'S EXPEDITION," &c.*



neath the virginal pall, and the moon

It was Christmas Eve, and so heavily had fallen the snow that Durvelstone village was almost indistinguishable from the surrounding country. Houses and meadows and trees, wide moors and narrow dells, were buried be-

neath the spectral radiance on mile upon mile of smooth whiteness. It was yet early, but already the villagers were thronging to the church for midnight service; and already the ringers were waiting in the tower to hail the Birth of Christ with the chiming of bells. At intervals could be heard the voices of unseen singers; and the carols, with their burden of joyful tidings, brought peace and gladness to the hearts of many.

But not to the heart of Francis Bourne. Notwithstanding his age, and the cold of the night, he was standing at the gate of

\* Copyrighted, 1896, by Fergus Hume.

the churchyard, looking down the long white road which wound to Durvelstone between the snow-laden firs. Occasionally he was greeted by the churchgoers; but, returning neither their words nor salutations, he gazed constantly and longingly in the one direction. In his hooded cloak, he seemed the wraith of some monk who had come forth from the ruined Priory to behold the worshippers of the faith which had supplanted the Romish rites. His wrinkled face, white beard, and sad eyes assisted the illusion; and leaning upon an oaken staff, he waited silently amid the white wonders of moonshine and snow. For all the notice he took of the passers-by he might have been an image of stone, as motionless, as indifferent.

Sometimes his eyes would wander from the road, and their gaze would rest upon the roofs and gables of a large mansion, which shouldered itself above the firs some little distance away. Then the melancholy of their expression would blaze into anger and disdain; and the old man's hands would clutch still more resolutely the oaken staff. When his gaze reverted to the road, the wrath would give place again to sadness. On two succeeding Christmas Eves the villagers had seen him at the same spot, at the same hour; but they did not inquire the reason of his vigil. They knew it too well. Francis Bourne was cursing his enemy; he was awaiting the return of his daughter. But the curses proved futile; the daughter never came back.

After a time Bourne became conscious that a woman was standing by his side; a woman cloaked and hooded, silent and patient. Scarcely roused from his dreams of a returning child, the watcher stepped forward, with an ejaculation of mingled pleasure and pain.

"Agnes!" said he under his breath. "Agnes!" and he laid a trembling hand upon the arm of the still figure.

"'Tis not Miss Agnes!" answered a voice with a strong Devonshire accent. "'Tis but your old servant, sir." Bourne stepped back, and passed his hand across his eyes to dispel his dreams. "Margaret—only old Margaret!" he muttered in a tone of disappointment. "And Agnes has not returned!"

"She will not return to-night, sir," said the old woman, taking her master by the arm. "Come home, Mr. Bourne; you will be chilled to the bone here. 'Tis bitter cold!"

"Not colder than my heart," groaned Bourne, with another glance down the road. "You are right, Margaret; she will not return to-night. Yet she left me two years ago, on such another Christmas Eve. If she comes back, it will be on this night."

Margaret made no reply, but led him unresistingly homeward. Indeed, there were no words, no arguments, which could dispel the false hopes of Bourne, or bring comfort to his aching heart. His belief that his daughter would return was almost sublime in its stubbornness. Agnes had left Durvelstone some two years previously; but wither, and with whom, her father did not know. Beyond a line to say that she was happy, he had received no tidings of her; yet he looked forward still to her home-coming. On some Christmas Eve, he believed, she would come up the long road; in misery, perhaps—forsaken, poor, and desolate. If thus she returned he would forgive her long silence, her cruel desertion; he would take her to his heart, and he would not even question her as to the lover with whom, it was rumored, she had fled. Such was Bourne's dream; but as yet there had been no fulfilment. "And there never will be!" thought old Margaret, as she led her master into the house.

On the threshold, the anger which had smouldered in his eyes at the sight of the large mansion blazed up, and this found vent in words.

"And this is the home I come to in place of Bourne Grange!" said he, striking his staff on the ground. "The Garrats have robbed me of house and lands; but they cannot take away my name. I am Bourne of the Grange still, and they but cuckoos in a stolen nest."

"Yesterday the young Squire came back with his bride," observed Margaret, in a hesitating voice.

"Squire, squire! Why do you call that young fox Squire? I am the Squire, not George Garrat!"

"It was not George Garrat who

robbed you, sir," expostulated Margaret, as they entered the poor sitting-room. You do ill to visit the sins of the father on the son."

Bourne drew his bushy brows together and frowned. He had seated himself by the window, and was tapping fretfully on the glass with one hand; the other still clasped his staff. In his anger he gave Margaret scarcely time to finish her speech, but burst out with deep-toned vehemence.

"Have you gone over to my enemies, also?" he cried. "Old fox or young fox, what does it matter? You know how Michael Garrat was my steward; how I left everything in his hands, like the fool I was; and how he robbed and swindled, cheated and tricked me out of my estates. When the crash came he was rich; he could afford to buy the Grange, and sit in my place. He is dead, and no doubt he has received the reward of his betrayal. But I am alive, and here—" He looked around with an eloquent gesture. "Leave me, Margaret," he groaned—"my wealth gone, my daughter lost, my wife dead—leave me to feed upon the misery of these memories."

Knowing his fiery temper, Margaret did not attempt to cross his will, but silently left the room, closing the door after her. A silver lamp—relic of past luxuries—illuminated the apartment, and shed a mellow light on the table. Thereon an excellent meal was displayed, with flowers and wine, crystal and silver. This wreckage of bygone splendors had been set out to-night by the special command of Bourne.

"It may be that Agnes returns this night," he had said; "and here she shall meet with a welcome. Her father's wine and food, her father's roof and heart. My poor child will find that I love her still."

Bourne looked at the untouched food, at the glitter of silver and glass, at the delicate tints of the china and the rich chasing of the lamp. These things represented his former life of luxury and ease; and he groaned to think that the gates of so comfortable a paradise had been closed against him by his own act. As a young man, he had been trusting

and generous, fond of pleasure, and impatient of business details. To his steward, Michael Garrat, he had given full command of his purse and estates; and the man in whom he reposed so weightily a trust had deceived him. Bourne had spent royally; he had anticipated his income; he had borrowed moneys at ruinous rates of interest, and had drawn upon his income as though it were the inexhaustible purse of Fortunatus. By his own acts—although he refused to admit as much—he had dug the pit into which he had fallen. Nevertheless, Michael Garrat had aided him in the digging.

In his career of madness and folly, Bourne had been encouraged by his domestic Mephistopheles, and when the crash came this very tempter proved to be his largest creditor, his bitterest enemy. As Garrat had lent the moneys which had been squandered, to him the fat acres of the Bourne had been mortgaged; and on the day of reckoning he had been the visible Nemesis of past follies. Driven from the Grange, Bourne had seen his former servant install himself in his birthplace; he had beheld his treacherous steward lord it over his estates; and had found himself dwelling a pauper, with wife and child, at the very gates of his lost heritage. Then Michael Garrat had died, and his son George—educated at Eton and Christ-church—reigned in his stead. Bourne, in his penury, cursed the dead and the living. As he had hated the father, so he hated the son; and from the poor house wherein he had taken refuge went up daily prayers that his enemy might fall as he had fallen. But the prayers remained unanswered.

At that time it had seemed as though Fortune had done her worst; but she had not yet expended her malice. The first blow was followed shortly by a second, the death of Mrs. Bourne; afterwards by a third, the flight and disgrace of Agnes. The mother had died of the change in her fortunes; of the morose humors of her husband consequent on such a change. The daughter, at the age of twenty-one, had fled without a sign of her intention. There were rumors, indeed, of a lover, of stolen

meetings, and the departure of two rash, young people to London. But of this gossip Bourne knew nothing; nor did Margaret dare to repeat it to him.

Absorbed in these painful memories—doubly painful on this anniversary of the girl's flight—Bourne did not notice that the door was pushed open gently. He was staring out into the moonlit world, and the chill of the room seemed to have frozen him into a statue. But that which alone could thaw him out was at hand. Across the floor came a tall and graceful woman, wrapped in a dark cloak. She knelt down beside the old man and threw back her hood.

"Father!"

With a cry of astonished delight Bourne looked round, and a moment after he raised his daughter to clasp her to his breast. Her lovely face, which had been full of apprehension, grew joyful at the warmth of this embrace; and her eyes filled with tears of relief as she sank again upon her knees before the parent she had so cruelly deceived.

"Oh, my father, forgive me!"

But Bourne could only weep and stammer, and murmur fond incoherences.

"Oh, Agnes! my child! After two years of sorrow and bitterness! At last, Agnes, at last!"

Finally, overcome by emotion, he sank into his chair again, and grew white. Agnes hurriedly filled a glass with wine, and held it to his lips. Shortly he recovered sufficiently to talk with some degree of calmness. As in former days, Agnes seated herself at his feet; and holding her hand, he spoke of many things, but mostly of her long absence, of her cruel silence. The girl winced and shrank back as he babbled of his loneliness, and joyed in his newly-found happiness. That which she had to tell him would destroy this latter at a blow; and, out of sheer pity and remorse, she refrained from confession at that moment.

"Ah, why did you leave me, Agnes?" said Bourne, piteously. "Was I cruel or unkind?"

"You were the best of fathers always," said Agnes, kissing his hand; "and I was wicked to leave you, dear. But I

did not dare to tell you the truth—then."

"You can tell it to me now, child. Not that it is necessary. I can guess all that has happened, you are not the first woman that has been wronged. Agnes," he added in a low voice, "who is the villain?"

"Villain?" echoed the girl in surprise. "There is no villain!"

Bourne shook his head. "You love him still, and in your eyes he is not to blame," said he convincingly. "I quite understand. Yet it is through this man's falsehood that you have been brought so low!"

Agnes rose indignantly. She guessed the thoughts which prompted this speech, and her sense of justice revolted at the misconception. Throwing off her cloak, she stood silently before her father, a tall and slender figure in a dinner dress of white silk and lace. Diamonds gleamed in her hair and on her bare neck, and she looked so pure, so virginal, that Bourne's instinct told him that he had spoken wrongly. Agnes made no attempt to defend herself, and Bourne studied with keen attention every line on the face, which he could see plainly in the strong glare of the lamp. When he removed his eyes, it was with a sigh of relief and deep satisfaction. He bowed his head humbly.

"I ask your pardon, Agnes. I have judged you wrongly. Yet these jewels, this rich dress—"

Agnes stretched out her left hand. On the fourth finger gleamed a plain circle of gold. "You see!" she said simply.

"You are married!" cried Bourne, clasping his hands. "Forgive me, Agnes! I should have known you were too strong to be ruined by the wiles of a villain. But those scandle-mongers said that you had fled with a lover."

"They were right, father. But in London the next day my lover became my husband; and after two years he is dearer to me than he was when I first saw and loved him."

"You saw and loved him—here?"

"Yes; in this village."

"Someone in this village!" repeated Bourne mechanically. "Well, well, youth and love go hand in hand, they

say. But it was cruel to leave me without a word. If you were married, why did you not tell me so?"

"I was afraid," said Agnes, under her breath.

"And if your husband lives in this neighborhood," pursued Bourne, not hearing her remark, "why did you go away? There was no necessity."

"There was every necessity, father. I would tell you why if I—dared."

"Dared! My child, that is not a word to be used between us. I have always loved you, and there is no reason that you should fear to speak. You are married; you are happy, and in your joy I have a share. Bring your husband to me that I may see him."

"Oh father! I am afraid!"

"Afraid! Nonsense, Agnes! Is it because of your flight—of your marriage without my consent? Let that pass, my dear. I forgive you both freely. Come! tell me the name of your husband. Anyone you love will be welcomed by me."

"All excepting one, father."

"All excepting one, child! You speak in riddles!"

Agnes said nothing in reply, but stood silently twisting her hands. Her task was even more difficult than she had supposed. She did not know how to begin confession. Bourne saw her dread, and drew her silently towards him.

"Child," he said tenderly, "there is no need to be afraid of your old father. See! I expected you to-night, and the table is set forth for your home-coming meal. If I did this when I thought you were lost, what would I not do now that I know that you are safe and happy? Who is your husband? Do I know him?"

"You know of him," fell reluctantly from her lips.

"Aha! you said he was of this neighborhood. Is he a gentleman?—rich? Yes; he must be rich to buy you diamonds, and clothe you in silk. His name, my dear—tell me his name."

"George Garrat!" said Agnes with a gasp, and her heart knocked at her ribs.

"George Garrat!" Bourne dropped his daughter's hands, and thrust her violently from him. "That young

fox!" he muttered, "your husband, my enemy!"

"No, no; he is not your enemy. He wishes you to pardon him, as you have pardoned me."

"Pardon him for what?" cried Bourne, violently rising—"for the sin of his father in taking my estate; or for his own sin in robbing me of my child? How dare he mention my name!"

"He is my husband, father."

"Then go to him, girl! If you have gained a husband, you have lost a father! I hate him and his; you are his, and I hate you!"

And indeed it seemed as though her revelation had turned his love to hatred. This was what she had feared; for this reason she had remained absent for two years. But it was all of no use; she saw that clearly. Bourne loathed his enemy as much as ever; he detested and despised him. And that enemy was—her husband! With the courage of despair, she strove to pacify him by telling her story; but it did little to calm the angry man before her.

"Father, do not be so cruel! I met George over two years ago; he fell in love with me, and I with him; and when he asked me to be his wife I—I consented."

"You consented—when you knew how I hated the man!"

"But I loved him!" cried Agnes, passionately. I loved him dearly. For a long time I withstood his entreaties; but in the end I yielded. He married me, father, and I love him more dearly every day."

"Why did you not tell me of this?"

"Because I was afraid. I knew that you would never consent to the marriage, and, as I loved him so deeply, I was afraid of losing him."

"You were not afraid of offending me!" said her father, bitterly.

"Yes, I was; but with me it was happiness or misery. You would not have had me ruin my life because of your causeless hatred?"

"Causeless hatred! You dare to call it that?"

"Yes!" cried Agnes, boldly. "If the father was guilty, the son is innocent. But you do not look at the matter in that

light, and for that very reason I consented to a secret marriage."

"And for that reason you kept silent for two years," sneered Bourne.

"What else could I do, father? If I had confessed the truth you would have been angry—as you are now. I wrote and told you I was happy; more I did not dare to say. But I could stay away no longer, father. I knew that I had disobeyed you, and my sin weighed heavily upon me. But now I have come back for your forgiveness. You will forgive me, father?"

"Never! I could have forgiven anything but this. Your future life is with my enemy, not with me!"

"But, father, if you knew—"

"I do know! I know that you are an undutiful and wicked daughter. Leave me to my loneliness and go. Never let me set eyes upon you again!"

"Oh, do not say that! I have not come back alone to ask for your forgiveness. I have brought—"

"Your husband?"

"No. My—"

But Bourne did not permit her to finish. "Not another word!" said he, pointing to the door. "Go! I had rather have seen you an outcast than the wife of this man. I shall never forgive you—never!"

Agnes shivered at the venom of the words, and, turning faint, clutched instinctively at the table for support. Her hand touched the glass she had filled for her father; and feeling the necessity of wine to revive her, she raised it to her lips. With an ejaculation of rage, Bourne sprang forward, and dashed the glass from her hand. It crashed on the floor, and splintered into a thousand fragments, while over the ruins, father and daughter stared at one another. It was the old man who first spoke.

"You shall neither eat nor drink at my table," said he, distinctly and slowly. "By your own act you have lost that right. Go to your husband, Mrs. Garrat, and do not dare to see or speak to me again!"

Mechanically drawing her cloak over her bare shoulders, Agnes moved towards the door. She could hardly believe that this hard and bitter

speaker was her father. And yet he had great excuse for his anger. She had sinned against him, and he punished her; but the punishment was greater than she could bear. With a faint hope of mercy, she turned on the threshold and looked imploringly at his pitiless face.

"Father!"

"Go!" cried Bourne between his teeth; and letting her head fall on her breast, she passed out. Margaret was waiting in the passage, and caught her cloak as she hurried past. The old servant was in the secret of the home-coming.

"What does the master say?" she asked, anxiously.

"He will not forgive me, Margaret."

"O Miss Agnes! do not go away like this, my dear. 'Tis hard, I know, but try again."

"I intend to—but not alone. Wait, Margaret. I shall return with one who will plead for me. If my father refuses to listen to him, there can be no hope of reconciliation."

As Agnes went out hurriedly into the moonlight, Margaret considered this last speech, in which she fancied there was an allusion to George Garrat. The thought that he might enter the house filled her with dismay, and she shook her head as she closed the door. In her eyes, there was small hope of a reconciliation being effected by such means.

In the meantime, Francis Bourne had returned to his seat by the window, worn out by the strong emotions of that interview. It had cost him a struggle to so sharply dismiss his daughter; but his pride and hatred forbade his acting otherwise. Her acknowledgement that she was the wedded wife of George Garrat had wounded Bourne in his tenderest part. That she had regained the position to which her birth entitled her was nothing in his eyes compared with the fact that the son of his betrayer was her husband. Had she returned ruined and fallen, footsore and hungry, lost in body and soul, he would have found pity for her in his heart, and would have uttered no reproach. But as it was, his whole being revolted at the injury done to his pride. He was pitiless in his condemnation and unforgiveness.



Filled with these angry thoughts, he fell into an uneasy slumber. The cold of the room, the chilly glitter of the snow, and the exhaustion induced by the late conversation, all combined to make him drowsy, and finally to seal up his senses in sleep. But the senses, closed to things of earth, were open to receive the influences of heaven; and to the lonely man in the lonely room there came a vision. And in such vision, sent thither by an All-Merciful God, there appeared the form of his long dead wife.

"Elizabeth!" sighed the dreamer; and it seemed to him that he stretched out his hands to the phantom. "You have come back to comfort me?"

But the dead wife made no reply. In dark and trailing garments, with bent head and folded hands, she stood looking at him with sorrowful eyes; and on all sides of her spread impenetrable gloom. No joy of heaven shone on her face; no lilies blossomed in her hands; and no white robe or golden crown gave hint that she was a dweller in Paradise. Sad and weary she looked; no angel, no saved soul, but a sorrowful, dead woman wandering unseen amid the living.

"Elizabeth!" said the dreamer, once more. "You have come to comfort me?"

"Nay," was the sad reply. "I have come to warn you against the sin of pride, against your lack of charity. I have come to implore you to soften your heart, to forgive our daughter."

"And for this you have left your heaven?"

"Alas! alas! I may not win heaven while you harden your heart. It is you Francis, who have chained me to this cold earth."

"No, no!" groaned Bourne. "I would not hold you here!"

"Yes," replied the dead wife. "But for you I should have mounted long, long ago to the Throne of Grace; but my love for you keeps me by your side. I cannot leave you to your doom."

"To my doom?"

"Yes, Francis. If you are thus proud and cruel and unforgiving, you will never meet me again. By your own acts you are barring the gates of Paradise against us both. I could enter, but heaven would not be heaven to me if you

were not by my side. My love for you, my longing to save you from evil, keeps me on this dark earth to be near you. Until you renounce Self, until you forgive and forget, I cannot seek the light of God."

The dreamer wept bitterly. "I have been cruelly wronged," said he; "it is hard to forgive."

"Who forgives not, cannot himself be forgiven," was the solemn response. "Hark!"

A wave of music seemed to roll through the air, and the dreamer heard the chanting of many voices, sweet and silvery, yet penetrating as the notes of a trumpet:

*"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us."*

"You hear?" said the dead wife.

"That is the command of our Lord."

"But the father wronged me."

"Foolish man! the son is innocent. Would you punish him for the sin of his father?"

"But our daughter, Elizabeth—she has been cruel."

"Nay. She acted for the best. You would have destroyed her life by forbidding her love. Francis, I may stay no longer. Make Agnes happy, and release me from this bondage of earth."

"How can I?" groaned the dreamer.

"By forgiving the son of your enemy and the daughter of your dead wife."

Then it seemed to the dreamer that a struggle took place in his heart. He strove to speak, but the darkness closed in upon him, and crushed him to silence. Only through the gloom he could see the sad face of the dead Elizabeth. Wrenched with agony, he tried again to speak, but the powers of evil tied his tongue, and he felt that he could utter no word. Sorrowfully, despairingly, the face of Elizabeth receded in the gloom. In dread lest he should lose that heavenly vision, he made a violent effort, and cried aloud:

"I forgive, as I hope to be forgiven."

Away rolled the clouds of darkness; the evil ones—as the dreamer thought—fled to the nether pit; and back came the dead wife. But no longer garbed in black, no longer sad. She was now in white garments, with the light of God shining on face and form; lustrous

waves of light rolled from under her feet, and wings of iridescent sheen unfurled from her shoulders. Rosy lights broke overhead, shot with shafts of dazzling gold; and bursts of angelic melody rang through the palpitating air. With slow steps the dead Elizabeth came lightly forward and kissed the brow of her husband. A thrill of joy shot through every fibre of his being; the weight of the darkness rolled from his spirit; and he felt happier and more peaceful than he had done for many a year. This was his reward for his renunciation of evil thoughts, for his humbling of a stubborn spirit.

“The peace of our Lord Christ be with you, my husband!”

And then the dead Elizabeth ascended into the rosy mist which floated overhead. Louder and louder rang the music; and with a start the dreamer woke to an understanding of the words:

He was born in lowly manger,  
Of the Virgin pure and mild;  
To the earth He came, a stranger,  
Humbly as a little child.  
Sing Noël, Noël, Noël!  
He came to save, not to condemn!  
Sing Noël, Noël, Noël!  
For Christ is born in Bethlehem!

It was no heavenly choir, after all, but the carol-singers outside on the road. Still confused by the memory of his vision, Bourne pushed open the window, and a breath of chill air sweeping into the room revived him greatly. He was amazed to find how light-hearted and happy he was; and he breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for that vision, as the singers again burst into full-throated melody:

Filled with trembling awe, before Him  
Kneet the star-led wise men old;  
Prof'ring treasures to adore Him,  
Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold.  
Sing Noël, Noël, Noël!  
He came to save, not to condemn!  
Sing Noël, Noël, Noël!  
For Christ is born in Bethlehem!

A fleecy cloud drove swiftly across the moon; and Bourne could almost believe that it was the spirit of the dead Elizabeth ascending into her newly-won heaven. His abnegation had opened the long-closed gates; and Bourne, with his grey head bowed on his hands, swore to fulfil the promise he had given in that wondrous vision.

“I shall forgive and forget,” said Bourne; and his heart swelled with peace and joy.

A merry cry made him turn from the window and step back hastily into the room. In the depths of a great armchair, under the mellow rays of the lamp, he saw a smiling, crowing babe almost a year old. It thrust a fat fist into its mouth, kicked a pair of fat legs, and surveyed him gravely. Apparently the scrutiny satisfied it, for, with a pleased gurgle, it stretched out a pair of tiny arms to be taken up. As it lay there, rosy and plump, amid a tangle of white and fleecy clothes, Bourne thought of that other Babe who had been born at Bethlehem some eighteen hundred years before. Almost it seemed to his amazed eyes as though the Christ Child had returned again to earth. The miracle of the manger was repeated; and in his bewilderment Bourne stood looking and looking, with a wild belief that this was but a renewal of his vision. But in the eyes of the child there was a look of his dead wife, of his daughter Agnes; and when he bent forward to lift up the crowing babe, it was flesh and blood which he held in his trembling hands. The truth came home to him in a moment, as the waxen fingers of the child entangled themselves in his hoary beard.

“It is the child of Agnes!” said Bourne to himself; “the child of my child!”

“And of your enemy!” whispered the Evil One in his ear.

“No, no! I have no enemy now,” said Bourne to himself. “I have forgiven and forgotten.”

As he stood hugging the child to his breast, the bells of the church clashed out the joyful tidings to the listening earth. Peal after peal rang out on the frosty air; and the child chuckled and crowed and kicked as the old face bent tenderly over him. Bourne would have been hard-hearted indeed if he had failed to be softened by the influence of the Holy Night and of the laughing child.

While this trance of ecstasy was still on him, the door opened again, and Agnes appeared, with a flush upon her face and her eyes shining like two stars. She glided forward swiftly and laid a gentle hand on his arm. Not a word did she

speak, but looked mutely from the child to the old man. Bourne felt all the eloquence of that silent appeal, and then and there poured out the fulness of his heart.

"Agnes, my child! Forgive me! I have been wrong!"

"O, father! It is you who must forgive me—for the sake of my child!"

"And for the sake of your dead mother, my dear. She came to me, Agnes, and told me my duty. Ah, my child, I have been hard and cruel; but now—" He bent forward and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

Agnes took the child from him, and glanced towards the door with marked hesitation. "My husband—" said she, in a low voice.

"Bring him to me, my dear. If I forgive you, shall I not forgive him also? On this night I would be at peace with all men."

A moment afterwards, and George Garrat was in the room. On his handsome face there was rather a shamefaced expression as he approached the old man. Not a word did Bourne say, but held out a conciliating hand in friendly silence. Garrat grasped it heartily; a look passed between them; and so the situation adjusted itself without the need of words.

"And you will come back to the Grange, sir?" said Garrat, timidly.

"Do, father!" urged Agnes, with great contentment shining on her face. "After all that has passed we must never part again."

"Bourne of the Grange!" muttered the old man to himself. "Yes, Agnes; I shall go home to live for the rest of my life with you and—George."

"Thank you, sir," said Garrat, touched by the friendship implied in the use of the Christian name. "And if my father wronged you, I—"

"Say no more, George. I have forgiven and forgotten."

Whereat the distant bells broke out again into musical jubilation; and, infected with the spirit of the night, the carol-singers re-commenced their ditties. Standing with his children and his grandchild, Bourne listened with heartfelt gratitude to the announcement of the Nativity.

All the world was white with snow,  
All the heavens broke to flame;  
When, to save mankind from woe,  
Christ the Great Redeemer came.

Sing Noël! sing Noël! For it is the Holy Morn!  
Sing Noël! Sing Noël! Christ in Bethlehem is  
[born!

*Fergus Hume.*

[THE END.]

---



---

## CURRENT COMMENT.

### EDITORIAL.

---



---

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS. WHAT most people crave at Christmas time more than anything else is simply happiness. Of course, the same thing is desired at other seasons of the year, but when Christmas comes the craving takes hold of us more completely than ever.

People always of a cheerful disposition make an effort to surpass themselves at Christmas time; and even those who really do not know what it is to be joyful show a pathetic willingness to learn, and assume a counterfeit gayety which they endeavor to persuade themselves they feel.

Perhaps one of the few sad things about this festive season is the contemplation of the painful efforts which the latter make to be glad. The mistake occurs in imagining that happiness is a result of self-indulgence and a supreme indifference of the condition of others. People of this kind will often make Herculean efforts to enjoy themselves, and go to all sorts of trouble and expense; they will buy themselves all manner of things and "swap" presents with other people with an unconcern as to whether the value of the gift they have received equals that given, that would astonish

themselves at any other time. They assume a pleasant look and imagine they will be happy, and the next day are inclined to be impatient with Father Christmas for disappointing them. The trouble exists with themselves; for they have missed the spirit of Christmas.

The fundamental elements of the Christmas spirit, as everybody knows, are peace and goodwill. It is essential to our Christmas comfort that we should have a free measure of peace of mind. But as peace of mind is to be had only through the possession of an unselfish goodwill, hence it follows that to fully appreciate the spirit of Christmas and enjoy the happiness which it entails, it is first of all necessary to cultivate a feeling of goodwill to those around us apart altogether from our own condition.

Astronomers say there are certain stars which cannot be seen if you gaze straight at them, but which become visible when your eye is directed to one side. So it is with the pursuit of happiness. If we strive selfishly to obtain it for ourselves irrespective of the condition of others, the chances are it will elude us; but if we follow a more rational course we shall presently be startled by having it fall into our laps.

It is a well-known axiom among marksmen that in gusty weather it is necessary to aim to windward of the target. And with ourselves it is hardly necessary to state that we shall be nearer the mark if we aim at making other people happy and take our chances in regard to securing a casual share for ourselves.

If we seek the Christmas spirit in this way it will not be hard to find. And may we all discover it.

\* \* \* \* \*

IRISH  
DYNAMITERS.

THE sensational nature of the evidence of informer Jones against Ivory *alias*

Bell, the alleged dynamiter in London, has directed the attention of the English-speaking world to the Irish Question again. From the evidence it would seem that the physical force party, far from being dead, is very much alive, and that violent agitators still continue to thwart the efforts that are being made by the Irish parliamentary party. If

Ireland expects to obtain any concession from England, the policy of intimidation is the wrong one to pursue. Mr. Parnell made this clear years ago, and most people thought that he had succeeded in persuading the friends of Ireland that measures of physical force were only calculated to injure the Irish cause. It appears, however, that there are still hot-heads enough to disregard the sage advice of pleading Ireland's cause through parliament, and to resort to treasonable practices. Such efforts can do the Irish cause no good, for every rational man, whether he be an Irishman or not, must be disgusted with such measures and turned involuntarily against even those belonging to the Irish party who deprecate such illegal proceedings, but are powerless to suppress them. The cause of Ireland will only be injured by the plottings of dynamite fiends.

\* \* \* \* \*

"CARIBOO HUNTING." THE subject reproduced in our frontispiece this month is one calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the hearts of most sportsmen at any time of the year, but which, during this festive season, must prove of interest not only to sportsmen generally, but to all whose feelings and sensations are, in any way, susceptible to animation through the contemplation of wild exploits.

To most Anglo-Saxons and their descendants, the very thought of the chase makes our blood to pulsate more freely, even though we may never have handled fire-arms or hunted quarry of any kind in our lives; nevertheless, it cannot be denied that only those votaries of the sport, who have stalked cariboo in the lower provinces of Canada, where that game is comparatively plentiful, can appreciate to the full degree the excitement of the thrilling sport which the artist has endeavored to depict in the picture that forms the opening page of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE for December.

Of all game hunting the stalking of cariboo is, in a way, the most breathlessly exciting. These animals are possessed of senses so acute that they can, if the wind be from the proper quarter, detect the hunter two miles

away, and it is sometimes a hopeless task to get within rifle-shot of them. At the least sound and without any apparent warning they are off at a bound and out of sight before the hunter can recover his senses; and then begins a weary tramp over miles of barren waste before he comes up with them again.

In the illustration shown, the artist has chosen for his subject, that moment when the enthusiastic sportsman, having tracked the shy and fleet animals for hours, has at length overtaken them again and after detaching his snowshoes and giving them, with those of his guide, into the care of the Indian boy, who usually accompanys the party as pack-bearer, is cautiously creeping forward, with bated breath and the softness of the flight of an owl, over a layer of newly fallen snow that has lightly buried the frozen crust, to within range of those wary animals he just permits himself a glimpse of some three hundred yards ahead. The moment is an exciting one. Will he succeed in obtaining a shot before the beasts take alarm? If not, there is another weary tramp of ten miles or so ahead of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE old sportsman depicted "IN LUCK." on page 418 is feeling in excellent spirits, as a result of his morning's sport. He is the type of man whom one could hardly imagine would ever be in any other humor than a good one; but to-day the world is a paradise and he asks for no improvements.

Rabbit hunting in Canada, where, in winter, as everyone knows, the hares

turn white, is a gentle, aristocratic sport. There is no heedless chase over uneven ground and through thick woods and heavy marshes that seem to never freeze; you simply keep to the road and send the dogs in on either side, and if there are any rabbits to be had they will be turned across your path.

Partridge shooting in winter time is usually pursued in among the saplings and the underbrush, where, in close proximity to the berry bushes, the birds are mostly found.

However, the old gentleman apparently requires no instruction in the craft, and the look of satisfaction on his countenance would indicate that he will also be able, without any outside assistance, to do full justice to a good Christmas dinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

"BEFORE THE FIRE." Drawings and studies of cats are usually popular with most people, while it is not an uncommon occurrence for women to rave over an illustration of which a group of kittens is the subject. The feline pet is a universal favorite, whether it exist in the flesh or is reproduced on paper.

In the illustration shown on page 386, the artist has selected a cosy group of four soft, downy creatures for his subject, and has apparently succeeded in making them happy and comfortable. The moment chosen is Christmas Eve, after the children have gone to bed, three of the kittens having taken advantage of the opportunity to obtain a quiet nap before the fire.



---

---

# THE LITERARY KINGDOM

---

---

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

---

---

TO have no personal knowledge of the people who write the books we love is usually a matter of felicitation. Biography and tradition remind us of the bumpitiousness of Byron, the bearishness of Tennyson, the pedantry of Wadsworth, and the *ego* of Carlyle. Even "Middlemarch" is less enthralling when one has incontestable evidence that George Eliot was a tiresome old frump who kept everybody around her closing doors or opening windows, giving her a shawl or finding her a foot-stool, being certain that the thermometer was at such a point and equally certain that the water, of which she wanted to drink, was pure. And Ouida's books are less of a surprise to us when we learn that in Florence she might be seen any day mounted on a beautiful horse, wearing a crimson velvet riding habit, with her golden hair hanging loose below her waist and her steed followed by at least twenty dogs, various in their kind and all shrieking in different notes.

A friend of ours once abandoned all books for a period of six months, as she was that length of time recovering from her first visit to a literary house. This is what she said about it: "The lady who kept the salon was tall and gaunt, and was living on vegetables because she was a Buddhist. Her right-hand man (by-the-by, he was not her husband) was a poet, and he talked all the time about the feelings of the innermost heart; it was exactly as if hearts were in layers like cream caramels. Then there was a young woman who knew all about Shakespeare, another who did not believe that Shakespeare had ever existed, another who thought that Bacon wrote Shakespeare and was helped by a young actor named William Shakes-

peare to attend to the stage business. Then there was a lanky young woman who seemed to be a succession of hollows, and she talked about the days of real love, hinted about things that were wrong, and wanted to give me the impression that if she could tell her heart's story, I would be very much shocked. I don't believe she had any. Everybody asked you if you had read this or that; and if you said you had and liked it, they disagreed with you, and if you said you had not, then they thought you ought; and anyhow, no matter what you said, they decided at once that you were wrong. When religion was discussed all sects were found fault with, though one poet said that the Catholic Church was picturesque. He condescended so when he said this that I wondered if he were going to cable the Pope for his thanks! There were three men who had not read anything, and they looked frightened. When the others discovered that I had not written a book, or even a fashion article, that I did not paint, or sculpt or read in public, one young woman said to me, 'At least you sit at the feet of Carlyle.'? I told her 'No, I do not, and I find Carlyle tiresome.' After that they let me alone." One cannot but wonder what would have happened if in reality anybody had sat at the feet of Carlyle. The ill-tempered Scotchman would probably have kicked them, and the treatment would have been eminently proper.

\*.\* \*.\* \*.\*

CONCURRENT opinion pronounces Ian Maclaren (Rev. John Watson) a man whom one can afford to know. Those qualified to speak with authority assure us that his personal magnetism, rare intellectuality, broad humanity, delightful *comaraderie* and unique power as a

*raconteur* combine to create an individuality more charming, if possible, than the best to be found in his books. From an article written by one of his fellow-students at Edinburgh University, we gather the chief incidents of his career. Dr. Watson was born in 1850, in Essex, the only child of his parents. His father was employed in the Civil Service, reaching finally the highest post in the Inland Revenue Department of Scotland. His mother's maiden name, Maclaren, has been taken by her son for a pen-name, preceded by his own first name turned into Gaelic (Ian). At the age of sixteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, but, like Stevenson and Drummond, fellow-students, did not achieve the highest distinction as a student. In 1870 he entered the New College, the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, where, also, he was distinguished more as a brilliant and intellectual force than as a laborious student. He found his spiritual teachers in Robertson and Bushnell, Ruskin and Emerson, Tennyson and Browning, Matthew Arnold and Lowell, rather than in professional theologians. T. H. Gree and Edward Caird especially had much to do with giving him a bent toward the "New Theology" so easily discussed in his "Mind of the Master." He is remembered by his fellow-students chiefly for his social vivacity and mental liveness, his stories and sallies being an endless source of wonderment to graver students. He spent a semester, before his graduation, at Tübingen, and at the close of his student life acted for a few months as assistant in a large church in Edinburgh. Then, to the surprise of his friends, he accepted a call to a church of less than one hundred communicants in Logiealmond, in Perthshire, with a population of less than six hundred. Here he entered heartily into the humble life of his parishioners and was "abundantly content." To these quiet years we owe his inimitable sketches of life in Drumtochty. The Drumtochty portraits are none of them, however, photographs

from real life. George Howe, Jamie Soutar, and Weelum MacLure are creatures of imagination. In 1877 he went to Glasgow, and is now minister of one of the most influential churches in Liverpool, in Sefton Park.

\*\*

\*\*

DR. WATSON is having a brilliant reception in the United States, and a striking tribute to his popularity is shown in the announcement that he is in greater demand than any of the other distinguished lecturers who have heretofore visited the country. Countless readers will learn with regret that the Annals of Drumtochty are closed; the last story, "Kate Carnegie," completes them. These stories are meant to represent elemental human life under simple conditions, which could not exist in cities, and the dialect helps to convey the idea of character. They are immensely popular in America, as their vivid portrayal of the Scotch naturally appeals to another virile people. Dr. Watson is now at work on two tales that are altogether English, and has just begun another theological work, as his whole time is not devoted to fun and fiction. In fact, he warns all young persons to be ponderous and platitudinous if they desire places of distinction or trust, and humorously shows from experiences of his own life how dangerous it is for a clergyman to let his sense of the ridiculous have play. People will say of a brilliant man, "O, he's smart, but we don't know where to find him," and when wanting to fill a place of power will turn to the man who looks wise and never appreciated a joke in his life. The latter is called a solid man, while the witty man is too illusive. People don't trust him. A minister would best barter his wit for the power to clear his throat well and to be stolidly dignified. "But, after all," says the Doctor, "a man who has never appreciated comedy never knows the depths of tragedy. A nature without a sense of humor is also calloused to the finer touches of pathos that make life so sweet."



[Permission is granted to reprint anything from this Department providing credit is accorded MASSEY'S MAGAZINE.]

### BUSINESS vs. SOCIAL CONVENTIONALITY.

"Who is moving into the brown-stone over the way?" Mrs. Cuttafigure, a Chicago visitor, asked of Mrs. Highflyer, her New York hostess.

"Madame Dontfitue, I believe."

"French, I should say?"

"Yes."

"Wealthy?"

"Immensely."

"You'll call on her?"

"No. But I rather expect she will call on me pretty soon. Madame is my dressmaker."



### APPEARANCES.

MRS. QUIDNUNK:—Who is that funny-looking, bald-headed, insignificant, little fellow over yonder?

MRS. PENNE:—Funny-looking, insignificant, indeed! My dear, you surprise me! That gentleman is the managing editor of the great Continental Magazine.

"Ah, pardon me! And the distinguished-looking personage he is talking to?"

"Oh, that man—he is only the proprietor."



### BOUND TO DO ITS WORK.

MR. BLAND:—Suppose Adam had not eaten that apple when Eve offered it to him—he'd have lived, wouldn't he?

MR. SNARL:—No. He'd have gone off quicker. She'd have given it to him in her first pie!

### ONLY AN INCIPIENT BLAZE.

FIRST LADY — (*tall, angular and austere*):—And so you do not believe the modern literature of Woman Suffrage is calculated to create a conflagration in the world?

SECOND LADY — (*short, plump and jolly*):—As for the whole world, I can't really say. But I have ordered the girl to keep on lighting the kitchen fire with *The Emancipator* until my subscription runs out.







\* \* \* \*

### ASPIRATIONS.

MRS. HUNGERFORD.  
I do not like the term,  
Mrs. Dangerfield, but  
when the house-maid  
gets into a huff it does  
come so natural to refer  
to her as the "ired girl."

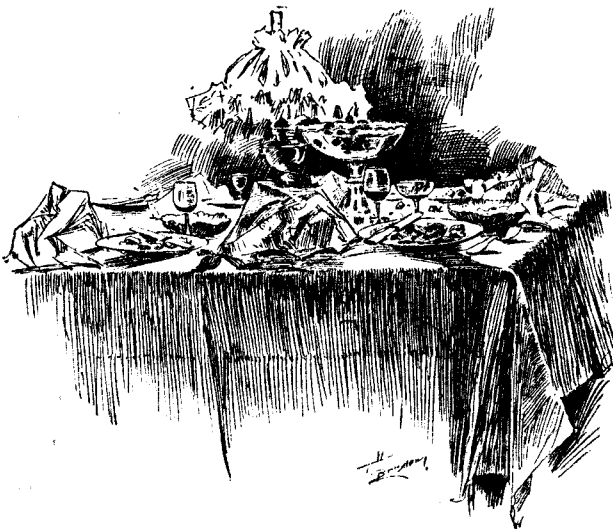
\* \* \* \*

### WHO'S FREE?

A DIMPLING, dancing poplar,  
Upon a hill-top's height,  
Grew close beside a moaning pine  
And fretted day and night—  
"Oh, could I be a human,  
And roam about at will,  
I'd flee the old pine's wailing,  
And scamper, scamper till  
A youthful, merry mate I found,  
Beside a singing rill."

The fretting, little poplar  
Thought humans roved at will,  
Yet a glance within the cottage,  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Would have shown a youthful prisoner,  
An aged mother's joy,  
Ambitions clamored in her heart,  
Which love could not destroy,  
And oft she sighed "Ah, me! Ah, me  
I wish I had been born a tree."

*Adelia Marlatt.*



---

---

## BOOK NOTICES.

---

---

*History of the 10th Royals and of the Royal Grenadiers.* By Thomas Edward Champion. Toronto: Hunter, Rose Co.

Those who have a patriotic love for Canada and are keenly watching the steady progress of this young country, cannot fail to be struck with the increasing activity in all branches of its literature. "The History of the 10th Royals and of the Royal Grenadiers" will attract much attention, both because of its subject and because of the clear and concise style in which it is written. There is evidence of much careful research, reaching back to the early days of the militia, and Simcoe's first Parliament which met at Niagara, Sept. 17, 1792. From 1861-62, when the 10th Royals was organized under Mr. F. W. Cumberland, the vicissitudes of the regiment are related with unflagging interest, accompanied by an official list of all the changes and appointments made from year to year, rendering the volume valuable as a book of reference. Not a little interest centres round the retold tale of the gallant behaviour of the "Grens" in the North West Rebellion, 1885—a tale which bears being oft repeated—and in the splendid efficiency the regiment has attained of late years under the able command of Lieutenant-Colonel Grasett. Numerous illustrations of the succeeding officers; a very complete appendix, and a gaily colored binding indicative of the Grenadier's uniform, goes to make a valuable addition to Canadian History compiled in a very readable and attractive form.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Poems and Stories.* By Lucy Webling and Peggy Webling. Toronto: R. G. McLean.

In turning the pages of this dainty volume in blue and gold, noting here an

exquisite bit in rhyme and rhythm, there a delicious witticism, or a picture in a word, one finds difficulty in realizing that the writers are very young girls—the older only in her middle teens, the younger yet in short frocks. The poems are by Lucy, the younger sister, and fill the first third of the book. It is rarely the reviewer finds happier task than in studying these self-revealing glimpses of a young life

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

There is the ringing mirth of childish laughter, the glad assurance of girlhood's charm, the soft, minor strains from the soul of the woman to be. Lucy Webling has visited many places, and merited the praise of many people. That her nature is both receptive and responsive, we find evidence in the harvest of beauty gathered from every passing scene. "A Canadian River Song," and "My Prairie Poem," breathe in each cadence their own perennial charm. But, while singing the songs of other lands, still the young heart turns to England, and exiles from that dear home will sound the depths of the following lines:

### AFTER AN ABSENCE.

"When I came back to England, April skies  
Were white with cloud,  
And violets opened, like the earth's glad eyes,  
And cuckoos called aloud.  
I saw the gentleness in your dear face again,  
And watched your eyes, grown grave and clear,  
And joy within my heart touched hands with pain,  
You looked to find a smile, and found—a tear.

Some thought, at seeing me, had made you white,  
And made me dumb;  
My brain was reeling in one mad delight,  
For, oh, my Fate had come.  
I noted tenderly your new-found tenderness,  
I saw not earth or sky above,  
But just your eyes, the while my eyes confess,  
I looked to find a friend, and found—a love,"

14  
35543