

## 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.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:                      Continuous pagination.

# THE LAKE

## MAGAZINE

April, 1893.

DEVOTED TO  
POLITICS,  
SCIENCE  
AND GENERAL  
LITERATURE

### CONTENTS

- Crime and Criminals.** Cecil Logsdall.  
**A Bird Ido!** L. H. Smith.  
**Poem—Song of the Dial.** Matthew R. Knight.  
**One Out of Many.** E. Rayner.  
**Pauline; or, La Pauvre Petite.** J. L. Stewart  
**Opening of the Ontario Legislature.** Joe Clark.  
**In Our Opinion.** Helen A. Hicks.  
**Hic Et Ubique.** F. R. Holt.  
**"Berenice's Hair."** Isabel A. Steacy, Ottawa.  
**Home.** R. Cuthbert.  
**Poem—By the St. Lawrence.** Katharine B. Coutts.  
**Annexation.** Komus.  
**Poem—The Lonely Sands.** By Hilliard Gray.  
**A Backwood' Sketch.** K. C. V.

[Copyright].

Published by the LAKE PUBLISHING Co. Toronto

# THE LAKE MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

April, 1893.

No. 9.

## CONTENTS.



FRONTISPIECE—	501
CRIME AND CRIMINALS	503
By CECIL LOGSDAIL.	
A BIRD IDOL	517
By L. H. SMITH.	
POEM—SONG OF THE DIAL	519
By MATTHEW R. KNIGHT.	
ONE OUT OF MANY	520
By E. RAYNER.	
PAULINE; OR, LA PAUVRE PETITE	524
By J. L. STEWART.	
OPENING OF THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE	531
By JOE CLARK.	
IN OUR OPINION	536
By HELEN A. HICKS.	
HIC ET UBIQUE	539
By F. R. HOLT.	
“BERENICE'S HAIR”	543
By ISABEL A. STEACY, OTTAWA.	
HOME	546
By R. CUTHBERT.	
POEM—BY THE ST. LAWRENCE	548
By KATHARINE B. COUTTS.	
ANNEXATION	549
By KOMUS.	
POEM—THE LONELY SANDS	552
By HILLIARD GRAY.	
A BACKWOODS' SKETCH	554
By K. C. V.	



Price, 15 Cents a Number; \$1.50 Per Annum.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

No notice can be taken to anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for publication must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our correspondents.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscript, if not accepted, should send a stamp and directed envelope. We cannot, however, in that case hold ourselves responsible for its return. Authors should preserve a copy.

Subscribers should give their full name and correct P.O. Address.

Subscription price for Canada and the United States, **One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.**

Communications should be addressed, **THE LAKE PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 49 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.** D. K. MASON, Business Manager.

Good Agents wanted in every unrepresented district. Liberal terms.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS,



# The Lake Magazine.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1893.

No. 9.

## CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

BY CECIL LOGSDAIL.

### I.—HISTORICAL.

In taking a careful, but necessarily incomplete, retrospect of the origin and development of Prison Reform, it is to be noted that the slow and continual transformation in ideas which has changed penal laws from time to time and suppressed old systems, has been in exact keeping with a spreading and increasingly nobler advance in philosophical thought, a more practical application of Christian doctrine to human needs and aims made manifest by the never-ending social transformation. A synthetical and rapid glance at this gradual change of ideas will give the key to the present prison system, define what crime really is, not in the legal or popular sense merely, but, it is hoped, in so far as it fixes responsibility for the injury done to the individual and to society at large, and show how far the remedies applied have proved adequate to meet the requirements of successive and progressive ages.

Punishment, regarded from a broad point of view, is not confined to prisons, but, in one sense, the entire world is a great penal establishment in which every human being has to pay a penalty "whether he will or no." All suffering, which is only punishment, is an evidence of human weakness and an imperfect social condition,—the consequence of errors or faults committed by ourselves or by preceding generations even from primeval times. In view of this, the holiest among mankind aim at perfecting themselves, not in the interest of self but for the general good, and regard the human body as a sacred temple in which every thought and emotion is offered up on the altar of Universal Love, while the modern devil is to be seen everywhere in that Self-love which

consists in the sacrifice of the intellect to the gratification of the senses, regardless of all others.

But though each man suffers his own secret punishment, great or small, self-imposed or hereditary, it happens only too often that serious misdemeanors are committed that directly injure others, impede the general progress, and imperil the safety of society. Then the social power in subjecting the transgressor to a treatment more or less severe, only makes itself the organ, so far as necessary for the public safety and to prevent disintegration, of this general inherent law in the constitution of human nature which, for each deviation from the right way, provides a punishment as a sanction of the true path and as a call for reform. How best society can discharge its duties in its relations to the general conditions of progressive activity, and to its members who are undeveloped or degenerate, is a question fraught with issues so momentous as to comprehend the whole range of applied ethics. As all rational life is a product of social conditions, increase in crime, vagabondage, and lunacy, is the surest evidence of degeneracy in any race, community, or nation, that cannot shew a greater increase in all products which multiply for good, arising either from a too rapid rate of transformation or a drag on the wheels which prevents or disestablishes certain relations of integration, differentiation, or segregation, necessary to complete organization. And failure in the reformation of criminals is a sure criterion that a minute and precise knowledge of those slow but certain processes of biological and sociological change by which the transformation of brutality into humanity is effected, is, as

yet but imperfectly acquired. Happily no longer is found in any civilised country the administration of justice allied to any idea or scheme of vengeance on the offender, no matter how heinous or bestial his crime; rather is he regarded as weaker than the rest, and like a man stricken with an infectious and dangerous disease, is laid aside from the rest for a season and remedies applied with the hope that he may come out cured. And as the physician administers intrinsic curative powers according to the nature and gravity of the disease and the latest discoveries in medical science, so the treatment of criminals varies according to the guilt of each, the difference of circumstances, and the idea with which each epoch and each government establishes its penalties and executes them. Every modification in the general idea exerts its influence on the conception of the punishment which should be inflicted on criminals, and consequently on the mode of application; every experiment, even partially successful, is an advance in the right direction.

In the earliest ages, the predominant social co-operations took the form of constant fighting with adjacent tribes or peoples. Pride in aggression, warlike achievements, military prowess and even robbery, was a distinguishing feature of antique history. Revenge was held to be a paramount duty, and cruelty by the conquerors on the vanquished was universally practised. Mendacious cunning was an element of true greatness, obedience to despotic rulers a cardinal virtue. All suffering and pain was supposed by men to proceed from the vengeance of the gods as a fixed destiny from which there was no escape. Even Aristotle regarded it as an inevitable necessity that some men should be free and some should be slaves. According to the ancient Greeks, Fate was superior to the gods. There was no margin for the free judgment of man. Fatalism was the essential character of Paganism. The belief of the Mussulman and the people of Asia in general even to this day follows the same irresponsible train of thought, and whenever and wherever this has existed, there is always to be found contempt for industry; and those called upon to administer justice natural-

ly have considered themselves as appointed to take revenge on all offenders, and evinced the most complete indifference as to their condition. The sentiment of justice, at first confined to the narrow limits of self-preservation, awakened further by ancient philosophers, and, later, the influence of religion, modified this cruel indifference, though the law of retaliation—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,"—was practiced for a long time after the Christian era had commenced.

The dawn of Christianity, however, brought a new philosophy, namely, the faith that by suffering alone crime can be expiated. Through this belief a new impulse was given to the mental activity of man, though co-operations against external enemies continued. The criminal was no longer to be regarded as an object of divine wrath. Revenge was no more to be justified in the punishment of wrongdoers, but men were commanded to do good to their persecutors and to those who spitefully used them. The sword that was brought into the world had fallen into the hand of Peace; the power of love had come to counteract the evil effects of Cruelty and Persecution by enduring both innocently. The woman taken in adultery was not put to shame, but her accusers. The self-righteous were constantly rebuked for oppression and tyranny, while the last and most forcible of all the Saviour's utterances was the brotherly assurance to the thief on the cross in the very last hour that "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Here was a lesson for all ages, that, whosoever by suffering would look within his heart and detest his errors, no matter how enormous, he should in no wise be cast aside—the grand philosophy that all men no matter what their calling, are brothers, working out the great and mysterious will of the Divine Master. Under this new teaching, the poor in spirit were alone favored, and those who were penitent—not only the down-trodden criminal, but the lawgiver as well—were held up as objects of Divine mercy. Every human being was regarded as a transgressor, and those who considered themselves to be without fault were the most severely censured. In the midst of his time-worn grief, the persecuted sinner

felt his chains suddenly become loosened; the poor exile on the earth looked up at this celestial ray and felt reviving hope; the heavy eyes of the sorrowful and oppressed glanced heavenwards and were wet with tears. The hearts of the widow and the fatherless sang for joy. In the chaos of their despair, the comforting message imbued the souls of the sorrowful with fresh courage; the promise of reunion in a happier sphere gladdened the bereaved heart torn away from all that had made life dear; the purpose of the offender's existence had not been forever frustrated by his crime. A perfect system of ethics was promulgated by "A Man of Sorrows" humbly born, oppressed, persecuted, condemned. Religion took a more practical form, and belief in immortality, hitherto shadowy and undefined, was assured. And the foundation of all had been made in defiance of the powers of the world, and without the powerful aid of the sword.

Henceforth the true progress of a nation—of all nations—was to begin with the moral advancement of the individual. From that time punishment began to be more and more regarded as a means of repentance, producing corresponding changes in many manifestations of social life, especially among those who took strong hold of the principle for the exclusive object of the moral perfection of themselves and their fellowmen. Certain men made themselves voluntary prisoners for the purpose of overcoming sinful longings and to prevent the hereditary transmission of evil tendencies, fighting against the temptations of the flesh by self-imposed fastings, mortifications, and religious penances. A change, however, of so sweeping a character, naturally produced at times bigotry and fanaticism, and mistaken zeal engendered religious persecution and tyranny. Dissensions in the church were of frequent occurrence, the spiritual and temporal powers were constantly warring for supremacy.

But it was not till the Protestant Reformation that ethical systems were almost entirely constructed on the basis of individual progress, and attempted to work from the individual to society. Just as centuries of suppression of individuality

by Church and State had obscured moral truth, so, on the other hand, new ethical systems that assumed the individual to be the starting-point of social and moral phenomena, proved equally erroneous, though not necessarily so injurious to social progress. Misguided zealots were bitterly opposed to the mission of science, which in its patient conversion of insight into sight, of dialectic into knowledge, had already formulated the grand theory that, whatever happens, the individual, on the principle of self-preservation, must keep in touch with his fellow-men, and that society created personality as the highest synthetic product of mental evolution in perfect accord with the working out of the laws of that cumulative happiness which is the reward and offshoot of true progress.

The recognition of this principle, but until quite recently universally accepted, forces the conclusion that a society in which the highest type of mind can appear is one that has become plastic, by having acquired internal mobility without losing cohesion. It will create a mental temper in time both catholic and critical, and weed out all disposition to wrongdoing. It will give the widest scope for the expansion of truth, and the most quickly arrest what is erroneous and pernicious. It will take care of all who are unable to take care of themselves in such a way that they shall affect as little as possible the development of the whole. It will encourage the individual to spontaneous initiative in finding scope for the development of his latent powers as superior to force and authority, but not so far as to permit disintegration. The cardinal feature of its religion becomes faith in progress,—the practical answer to the question how best to secure the greatest happiness for the greatest number in perfect keeping with the doctrine of evolution; and science stands in relation to its religion as 'a lamp to its feet, and a light to its path.'

But there can be no social progress,—no evolution of ethical personality,—except at the price of an absolute, but not necessarily a relative, increase of suffering. Nor has the cost of progress been saddled on the shoulders of those

most able to bear the burden, the suffering being borne for the most part vicariously.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries when the bonds that held the serf to the manor were loosened and a comparative freedom of enterprise in England stimulated activity and made that country richer and stronger, it left the less competent members of society a wage-earning class, the Statue of Laborers, closely connected with the first appointment of Justices of the Peace, confining the laboring population to stated places of abode and requiring them to work at specified rates of wages. Wandering or vagrancy thus became a crime, though a large number of the offenders had done nothing "criminal," the anomaly being due to the fact that a man was not allowed even to go about in search of work. Legislation was everywhere passed in the interests of the employer, until, in the reign of Richard II., the recognition of the distinction between the impotent and the able-bodied poor became absolute. Two centuries later, a great impulse was given to human enterprise and human imagination by the results of geographical discovery, which completely transformed society; but it was more than ever "the iron age of the peasantry and wage-earning classes." The misery of people displaced by this gigantic enterprise—this sweeping change—was intense; but the world was becoming a larger, better, and on the whole more prosperous place. An Act passed in the reign of Henry VIII., provided that the impotent poor were to be licensed by the magistrates to beg within certain limits. Civil strife was less common, and barons had no longer need for their bands of retainers. Religion, adapting itself to the idea of social progress, strangely enough became more tolerant under a dissolute and profligate king. Men were slowly becoming less dependent; and everywhere it became apparent that freedom was a necessity towards progress just in proportion as the increase of activity demanded an exact reorganization of social relationships to the new impetus. At the commencement of the seventeenth century it became obvious that the laws which condemned criminals

and even vagrants to slavery, branding, and death, on the one hand, and mere voluntary charity on the other, would not meet the evil caused by social and economic changes of various kinds, and hence an elaborate system of poor law relief was founded by the famous act of 1601. In the middle of the eighteenth century all Europe was desolated by the scourge of innumerable tramps, and the whole system of poor law relief was elaborated and the law of vagrancy recast so as to punish only those persons who really preferred idleness to parish relief. The industrial revolution at the close of the century produced fresh displacement and entailed additional misery. The handicraftsmen were rendered *hors de combat* by the introduction of power machinery and the steam engine, yet an unprecedented increase of population was proof that the masses of the people had never before been so prosperous.

Thus it is seen that each succeeding epoch in taking care of itself requires greater expansion of thought and wider scope for action, increased mental activity to quicken the rate of industrial transformation in the interests of self-preservation. In this way the ties between master and slave became less hard, and little by little slavery fell in all Christian countries just in proportion to the progress made by the inferior class, and as the conditions of each country demanded. The abolition of slavery accomplished at great sacrifice and in the midst of enormous obstacles, is the crowning glory of the nineteenth century. Inequality between man and man is in the nature of things and can never be prevented where temperaments differ, but now each has the right, if not always the opportunity, to raise or lower himself according to his work, his skill, and his merit. Under the action of time, of prudence, and of sacrifice, master and servant, employer and employee, are slowly being placed on the same footing. Where formerly absolute power rested in the hands of a favored few, the democracy is now all-powerful. Emperors and kings no longer acquire their power "by divine right," which, in bygone times, formed an excuse for debauchery, extravagance, and persecution, but retain it subject to

the will of the people. Submission to a despot is held contemptible, while, in older countries, the whole character of the aristocracy has changed, until to-day titles and distinctions are everywhere becoming the reward of superior intelligence rightly used, or otherwise despised. Co-operations against external foes have almost disappeared, unprovoked aggression is everywhere condemned. Industry, instead of being thought despicable and degrading, is considered as, in some form or other, imperative on every one; and indeed, labor, next to Christianity, is held to be the only safeguard of public morals. Population increases at a rapid rate, and, on the whole general prosperity everywhere denotes progress, more especially in those countries which are the most democratic and cosmopolitan in character.

But in this intense struggle for success, in this fierce competition to keep ahead, as it were, the community has to face a frightful wreckage of physical and moral degeneration; and what seems most strange is the fact that suicide, insanity, crime, and vagabondage, increase with wealth, education, expansion, and refinement, as if they are "phenomena of civilization," or the impediments thrown off by the "Busy Loom of Time." Statistics, in so far as they are any good, point clearly to the fact that serious crimes are even more frequent in wealthy than in poor countries, in summer than in winter, and, instead of being a monopoly of the poor, are committed in very nearly exact proportion by all classes of the community. And, frightful as it may seem to all who have in sight the future of the race, the crimes of women, hitherto small in proportion to those of men, have enormously increased as fresh industrial opportunities and employments have been open to them. "In all countries where social habits and customs," says Morrison, "constrain women to lead retiring and secluded lives, the number of female criminals descends to a minimum," and by elaborate statistics he clearly proves his case. The fact would seem to be that all efforts towards fundamental changes in the training and education of women, with a view to enlarging woman's sphere of usefulness and her purpose in life, have been made

in a wrong direction; that women to-day are largely doing the work which more properly belongs to men, often at a lower rate of wages, in direct antagonism to their own and dual interests; that the ideal culture of women, which should be universal in its best and noblest form, has given way under the stress of competitive forces and dragged her out of her own sphere into a struggle which has seriously affected the moral elevation of the race, and will become increasingly serious as fresh social problems present themselves for solution. This demoralizing "drone-life" comes home to the male portion of the community, though the full import of it may be felt vicariously, when it is considered how to woman the higher avenues of knowledge have from time immemorial been closed against her, and through centuries of repression and servitude, and sometimes absolute cruelty, she has been denied the right to determine for herself the limitations and aims of her nature. The sting of the ancient philosopher's characterization of women as "necessary evils" has most assuredly produced its effect on modern civilization in a far different sense from what it was intended. The old conditions of life, which confined the entire activity of woman to the affairs of the household, have almost disappeared, and even the nursing of children, among the well-to-do classes is relegated to strangers, while the poor at an early age have their feminine instincts corrupted by the turmoil of factories where, through competition with the sterner sex, they prevent their fathers and their husbands from supporting them, and are barely able to eke out a livelihood for themselves. Increase in prostitution and drunkenness among women, the most fruitful sources of crime, is the result.

## II. REFORMATORY.

As it has required centuries to establish the doctrine of social freedom, so also has it taken centuries to develop the idea of the application of reformation in prison management as a means of removing the disease, or of purifying and quickening and utilising whatever is possible of the impediment to social progress, in the interests of the community. In this slow

and continual transformation of the social machinery, the desire to place political prisoners and those made to suffer for their religious tenets has been so paramount from time to time, that the idea of punishment, the conception of guilt, and the treatment of criminals, have depended very largely in times past on the pleasure, in some cases the safety, of the crowned head. Gradually, however, as ages become more progressive and men more free, places of punishment began to be called penitentiaries, and a system, combining different methods to meet the requirements of different criminals, was adopted by which an attempt was made to apply the idea of expiation to punishment.

The most glaring feature of ancient prisons was the massing of prisoners in common; the first reformation suggested was their isolation. William Penn in the middle of the seventeenth century, with profound philosophical thought, proposed prison labor with enforced silence, but the principle was deemed impracticable and not applied. The ethical consciousness of society was, however, aroused by the suggestion, and in some measure unified by many evidences that civilization and progress are not an unmixed good; and the demand became more and more imperative for a public and private philanthropy that should be governed by the results of scientific enquiry. It was not until 1703 that a policy was adopted to ameliorate those deplorable conditions that it was felt could not wholly be removed but which could very easily be made worse. In that year Pope Clement XI., laid, what proved to be the foundation of the present prison system by constructing in Rome the prison of St. Michael, the principle of which enunciated over its doorway has not yet even been fully recognized,—*Parum est improbos coercere pœna, nisi probos efficias disciplina*. Here was sought by separation, education, good discipline moral and religious instruction, the complete reformation of all criminals brought therein. Philanthropists watched the experiment closely. Royal potentates, statesmen, and the priesthood, began alike to discuss possibilities. A few economic and moral writers imagined that society had admit-

ted industrial reform too soon, and were for going back to a system akin to the feudal system of old. Others foresaw an even more brilliant era of prosperity, and vainly imagined that a necessary reduction in the percentage of crime and vagabondage would result therefrom. Few as yet seemed to grasp the idea that these were due to the rapid transformation, and many even viewed the plan of reform advocated by Pope Clement XI., with misgiving. His example was followed by Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, who built prisons in Milan and in Ghent in the second half of the eighteenth century. The construction of these edifices, erected according to carefully-prepared plans, presents the first type of all buildings which have been built for this purpose.

The protestant English-speaking race in England and America, moved by the powerful writings of Howard, the prison philanthropist, were not slow to grasp the full import of the new experiment. The construction of a cellular prison in Gloucester England, was ordered in 1785, after which sprang up among the Quakers in Philadelphia that celebrated Prisoners' Aid Society, known as the Society for the Relief of the Unfortunate in Public Prisons. Through the able advocacy of this religious body, considerable mitigation in corporal punishments and the substitution of imprisonment for execution in some cases were effected, besides the classification of prisoners according to the crime committed and the confinement of the worst criminals in separate cells. The famous Cherry Hill Prison was built in Philadelphia on this approved plan in 1821, containing nearly 600 cells constructed so as to render communication between prisoners almost impossible. Continual isolation, by which every prisoner "is placed beyond the possibility of being made more corrupt by his imprisonment, since the least association of convicts with each other must inevitably yield pernicious consequences in a greater or lesser degree" is only modified here by the visits of persons desirous of aiding the guilty in their moral reformation. Then came the Auburn system, in which isolation is enforced during the night, and, in order

not to imperil the mental and physical health of the prisoners, work in common with enforced silence insisted on during the day. These two systems were generally adopted for a time, the Philadelphia system for the beginning of the punishment, and the Auburn for the succeeding period, each being warmly advocated by special reformers and philanthropists divided in opinions as to their relative completeness to gain the reform of the prisoner. The introduction of these two methods was attempted in Millbank Prison in England at the beginning of the present century, and later at Peltonville, which, however, gave way to cellular isolation, with some alleviation, it being deemed more or less impossible to enforce silence during the daily labors of the convicts. France, Belgium, the different States of Germany, Holland, Sweden Norway, Switzerland, Russia, Italy, Spain and Greece, have all followed this reform movement as its gradual developments manifested themselves.

It is worthy of note that these two systems, having been generally accepted as a step in the right direction, were eagerly taken up by reformers in England, which had previously transported her convicts to distant colonies, as a basis for further improvements, and a more generous view of the cause of, and the most effectual humanitarian methods of suppressing, crime. Just as the penitentiary system began to manifest itself when 'the rights of man' was becoming a powerful cry all over the civilized world, so was it left to those countries more free from statecraft and court intrigue, and more advanced in habits of philosophical thought, to carry on the reform movement, though the American ideas were not adopted further by England to any great extent. In the British prisons the convicts to increase the severity of their punishment are for some months employed in work almost or entirely unproductive, such as that of the treadmill or the moving of heavy shot. The managers of all the penal institutions of the United States agree that while labor is absolutely necessary as a means of reformation, unproductive labor has a most injurious moral effect on prisoners, and it is never resorted to un-

less for purposes of instruction. Productive labor, however, would only appear to be justifiable to the extent of making a penitentiary as far as possible self-sustaining and in so far as it does not materially affect free labor and cause displacement of industrial wage-earners outside; while labor of some kind, as severe as it can possibly be made with due regard to the physical capacity of the prisoner is absolutely indispensable to his reformation and as a deterrent on others inclined to wrong-doing. Considering the difficulties of the older and more densely populated country on the one hand, and the infinite possibilities of the other, the divergence of opinion on this point is not without some reason. The American penal establishments are also more liberal than the British in the matter of dietary in which penologists seem everywhere to differ, it being contended by some that a bare sufficiency of coarse food is all that the interests of society and of the prisoner demand, while others aver that by being careful as to quality of the diet and as to the manner in which it is served, whatever self-respect and human feeling the prisoner retains are thereby strengthened, and his ability to work made alone possible. Some of the penitentiaries in the United States even allow the friends of prisoners to give them delicacies, and furniture and ornaments for their cells, while in most cases they receive a liberal supply of tobacco—privileges which, perhaps, in the future, as population increases, new discoveries cause fresh displacements, and the competition becomes as keen and exciting as in England to-day, will have a terrible effect on society and enormously increase the volume of crime among those driven to try dangerous experiments in order to preserve their social status.

Many powerful writers in America and England condemned the cellular system as being calculated to brood despondency rather than hope in the minds of criminals; others foresaw no certain prospect of the guilty regaining their lost reputation when the term of their imprisonment had expired; while the governments of the two countries, especially England, agreed that neither the Philadelphia nor the

Auburn system was exempt from inconveniences. Hence sprang up the idea of the conditional discharge of the prisoner toward the close of his confinement, a discharge always revocable in case of bad conduct. This new feature recognized three degrees in temporary punishment—cellular isolation, work in common, and conditional discharge. In American prisons generally, solitary confinement was used only as a punishment for insubordination or violation of the prison rules, while the parole system now carried much further in some of the prisons of the United States than it has yet been carried in England, is a development of the ticket-of-leave system first tried in the Australian settlements.

The prison system was still deemed imperfect, and less than forty years ago, owing to the prevailing disorder caused by this last innovation, the necessity of an intermediate period of transition between that of work in common and of conditional discharge was sorely felt. The English government tried the experiment in Ireland, and it proved in every way so satisfactory that it is now generally adopted throughout the British empire. It provides a period of isolation, where by exclusive contact with reformatory influences the attempt is made to arouse the conscience of the criminal, after which he passes to a second period of life and labor in common with other criminals separated into different classes according to their conduct, and lastly come the intermediate establishments where the convict puts off the prison garb, follows the calling to which he is most suited, and begins to have contact with persons outside in order that he may more readily find work when his sentence has expired. Then follows his conditional discharge. In this system everything is made to depend on the good conduct of the prisoner. It is made to individualize as far as possible the application of the punishment adapted to each convict, and to prepare every one, little by little, for a free, industrious, and honest life. For this purpose, literary instruction is carefully attended to in several of the American prisons, which continues during the whole period of imprisonment, or until

the prisoner has acquired a fair common school education, though in England it is given only during the nine months of solitary confinement. In this way, if perhaps overdone in some particulars, the system admirably responds to human nature and to the purpose of punishment, *i. e.*, the safeguard of public security, returning to freedom men only capable of, and disposed to labor, and of good conduct.

Nay, this principle has been extended even further. In some states of the Union the condemned only undergoes punishment for his offence after a second conviction; while the judges both in America and in England invariably make a distinction between a first and second offence. In order to prevent contamination of the less hardened convicts by old and habitual offenders, a separate class formed of convicts against whom no previous conviction of any kind is known to have been recorded, is recognised by both countries, and is called "the star class" in England, a scarlet star being worn by the convict on his prison clothing. The States of New York and Massachusetts, and afterwards other states, established separate prisons for first offenders, with the reformation of the criminals almost solely in view. The reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., is the best known and in many respects the most remarkable of American institutions of this class, its most important feature being the classification of prisoners according to their crimes, *viz*: Males to the exclusion of females; felons to the exclusion of misdemeanants and men supposed to be first offenders in felony, although they may have been in a house of refuge, or guilty of a misdemeanor. After careful enquiry is made into the natural adaptation of each man for some particular place in the world's work, the prisoner proceeds upon a formulated outline, each trade having several subdivisions and a number of lessons assigned to each. A complete system of scientific renovation is pursued with all physically defective prisoners as a vehicle for instinctive moral impulse, while an intellectual task is assigned to every inmate intended to carry forward his intellectual development to the utmost. But the standard of reforma-

tion here is not very high, and religious instruction is, strangely enough, not a cardinal feature of the system.

Concerning these complementary institutions of prison reform generally, the last but not the least advance in the penitentiary system, suggested to many thoughtful minds by the possibility that a large percentage of youthful delinquents were made so by their early surroundings and were thus almost irresponsible, and formed with the desire of preventing crime by cutting off its sources and hindering the relapse of the criminal at the expiration of his sentence, many grave difficulties present themselves, every one of which is calculated to defeat the object in view. There is the danger of throwing back on society a criminal who has been so well cared for that the approach of liberty will fill his mind with doubt and misgiving, and liberty itself, better defined as personal responsibility, become irksome and less preferable. Within the prison walls, a wise discrimination is necessary between the most promising and the most vicious inmates to prevent the former from becoming the dupes and victims of the latter by undesirable communication. Harsh treatment in some cases produces callousness while it becomes necessary in the general discipline to work out certain ones for special severity; kindness and sympathy towards others is easily misconstrued and thrown away and is liable to arouse a malignant form of jealousy in those less favored; the naturally unfortunate easily become the prey of the naturally vicious; and even in reformatories, a youth is found just as liable to become hardened under the most humane treatment as to lean towards honesty of purpose and purity of conduct, unless those engaged in aiding the guilty one in his moral reformation are thoroughly able to diagnose his mental failing.

Even the cottage plan in vogue in Lansing, Michigan, and one or two other places in the United States, is far from being adequate to meet the requirements of a perfect system of reformatory for boys addicted to secret vice, mendacious cunning, though perhaps it is superior to all others. This provides for a proper classification of the boys a thorough sy-

stem of industrial training, and the substitution of moral, for material restraints, which latter admittedly make the atmosphere of the reformatory too much like that of a penitentiary. Employment in practical farming and garden work is beyond question a step in the right direction, but in providing the means for giving a thorough technological training, the boy should be made to do as much work as is expected of any boy of his age on any farm or in any factory elsewhere. He should also be made to feel the acuteness of his position, and earn his discharge only by good conduct, his sentence being indeterminate.

### III.—DIRECT CAUSES.

It is a healthy sign of progress that the Reformer, after devoting his time, energy and thought to those rapidly-decaying and rapidly-spreading branches of the human tree, blighted by Crime and Despair, with the hope that a few might be grafted on the tree of Virtue, only to find his labors poorly recompensed, has seen the advisability of paying greater heed to the young saplings. It is probable that the root of nearly all his difficulty will be found in the competitive character of the public school system, and the lack of moral teaching therein. As the rate of industrial, professional, political and intellectual activity has become proportionate to the swiftness of electricity and steam, and an enormous production of wealth leads everywhere to a phenomenal increase of population, the desire to train the young mind in the most effective accomplishments in order that the youth may as quickly as possible throw himself into the great enterprises of modern life, to acquire wealth with the zest of an ambition that will never be satisfied, is terribly apparent. The massing of children in all large cities where the prizes of worldly success are striven for, instead of encouraging country life, may also be a factor in this degeneracy; and it might be added, if this is true, as many penologists believe, those States of America which have adopted the cottage plan for the reformation of young delinquents, are actually giving the preference to offenders over the innocent waifs and strays, and applying a remedy where-

the disease might have been prevented. The nurse of evil knowledge has certainly a strong and secret abiding-place in the large cities—in the class room as well as the playground and the public streets. She is to be seen exulting in the facilities which modern society affords for the sowing broadcast of obscene literature, immoral pictures sold under cover of "high art," wicked inventions and devices purposely made to arouse the curiosity of the naturally weak and easily sin-ensnared, depraved methods of advertising which everywhere meet the eye, loose plays which ought to be hissed off the stage and all who took part therein publicly whipped, and of sensational organs of the public press which increase their circulation by making every crime a fascinating study, and by the glaring exposure of the modern Judas Iscariot, as if the one traitor were the most important figure at the Holy Supper, and called forth the cynical rejoinder, "See what all your pious people are!" thus shaking the confidence of the poor and uncultivated in their superiors and destroying the force of example in the young.

And when the youth, thus nursed in the knowledge of evil and so early inclined to be cynical, takes his place in society as a responsible being, his first impulse is to call in question the character of the lawgivers themselves, and to observe that they are not always appointed for their irreproachable reputation, but often for mere party purposes in which the crafty and unscrupulous are only too often the most serviceable. The conviction constantly increases in the minds of those ready for an excuse that there are to-day numberless criminals occupying high positions, whom the law allows to remain at large, and wealthy ones increasing their fortunes under systems which are nothing more than those of disguised robbery: that there are two laws after all, the one for the rich and the other for the poor; and that the possession of money covers a multitude of sins. Among the educated criminal class who are brought to justice, in nine cases out of ten their downfall arises from the fascinations of their early and false training, which creates an allurements for vicious, costly and

ignoble pleasures, and in the competition for wealth, fosters a constant dissatisfaction with their lot, until in their attempt to keep pace with the wealthier class they are driven to commit one or many of all the crimes in the calendar.

Be that as it may, it can no longer be believed that crime is an effect of poverty; but that it arises, whether in male or female, from the fierce competition for supremacy which creates in society a general unrest, and in the individual a never-satisfied hankering after the legitimately unattainable through wrong views of life engendered by education and environment is beyond question. Arising out of this fundamental principle, among the more direct causes are: (1) the want of proper parental control over children, owing to the culpable neglect and indifference of parents, (2) intemperance, oftentimes the most immediate cause, and weakening the moral stamina by procreation "to the third and fourth generation of the family tree, its effects may be wholly evil, (3) impure marriages, which throw upon the world morally and physically diseased children, and, as in the case previously cited, are responsible for the hereditary transmission of evil tendencies, (4) idleness, being the synonym of a dislike for work, (5) ignorance, or false training, (6) the unsatisfactory relationship existing between Capital and Labor, which makes the wage-earning class dependent on the laws of Supply and Demand and sometimes places them in a position scarcely superior to the feudal system of old, (7) the unsatisfactory position of women as bread-winners and the deplorable condition of the Marriage Laws in many States of America and other countries, (8) the rottenness of governmental systems, especially in countries most advanced in civilization, which make men the slaves of party, foster corruption and dishonest official action, legislate in the interests of party or special classes, and destroy much wise and independent thought in the determined effort for party supremacy, (9) false views of religion, and lack of proper interest in the very class to which all religion worth upholding especially appeals, (10) the

neglect of its duties by society in all its other forms of organization.

Among the more indirect causes of crime, for which the state or government is more than ever responsible, it is possible that this noble work of reformation has gone too far. In ridding themselves of all semblance of ancient cruelty, anti-hygiene and immorality, and in according to criminals gradual liberty, more wholesome diet, and more comfortable quarters, modern governments and reformers may possibly have fallen to the opposite extreme. As the poor laborer hoping against hope, sits brooding in his dreary attic on the cruelty of fate, and calls to mind the lot of a fallen brother comfortably cared for, there is most assuredly a strong temptation to follow his example, or society would not have to face the sad spectacle so frequently presented of a prisoner, hitherto regarded as respectable, standing in the dock to receive sentence, and facing the justice with that air of nonchalance which indicates only too plainly that he is utterly insensible of the gravity of his offence and even rejoices in the punishment allotted him. Nay, it is no new thing for the guilty wretch, after being lightly dealt with, to plead for a longer term. If this be true, even in part, it is clear that society sometimes makes its own criminals by rendering it impossible for them to live decently and respectably outside the prison walls, or what is worse, the government brings about the same state of things in making prison life so comfortable as to be preferable at times to a dreary, monotonous, and uncertain existence as free citizens. Again, in paying too much attention to the best methods of ventilation, heating, pavements, locks, supervision, and a thousand other details, the conversion of the guilty may pass to a secondary place, or he may become indifferent as to his freedom.

Pushing to the extreme the principle of moral reform, it is held that so long as the prisoner remains unchanged, he should and must remain in confinement. That punishment is considered by all penologists to have been ineffective, even for public safety, which returns to society, a criminal who would commit new offences. But when the criminal either

will not reform because he does not desire his liberty, or when he can no longer be retained by reason of the expiration of his full term of imprisonment and goes out with the full determination of either living a luxurious and romantic existence through the perpetration of fresh crimes, or else commits them with the alternative of returning to prison, the weakness and inefficiency of the reformatory system becomes at once apparent, and the responsibility of society enormous. When this is the case the life of the criminal in the *descensus Averni* becomes strangely interesting to himself, and, as he gradually loses all self-respect, the word "Crime" has no harsh sound, and the idea of future retribution no terrors. Religious worship is regarded as a nuisance and is quickly turned into mockery. "Deep calleth unto deep and gulf into gulf," until even the approach of death finds him like the reckless gamester, who, having thrown his last die, blames Fate for his downfall, over which he avers he had no control. In view of this fact, many short-sighted persons have condemned the reformatory system *in toto*, and urge more rigorous measures in the treatment of criminals.

In estimating the enormity of a prisoner's guilt and the punishment to be inflicted on each crime, much unfortunately depends on the character of the judge whose duty it is to try the case; so that no matter how perfect a system may otherwise be, it is not difficult to see that the real ends of justice may be made uneven through the diversities of opinion existing between the justices themselves. Again, many striking instances of wrong and injustice are frequently perpetrated in the detention of accused beings, perfectly innocent of the crime with which they are charged, having to await their trial along with real criminals on mere circumstantial evidence, and sometimes on the word of one or two over-zealous officers anxious to trump up a case. Naturally in the interests of public justice, of public safety, and of morality, it is considered proper that no communication between the untried and the already convicted should be rendered possible. At the same time, it seems not a

little hard that the detention of any innocent being—the sacrifice of the individual for the good of the public—should be at all necessary. These are but evidences of the weakness of human nature, and will always be liable to occur where so much is left to the discretion of the judges, and where it is next to impossible to determine the degree of moral guilt in every offender's wrong-doing.

There is a vast difference existing between the legal and the popular or moral conception of crime. Criminal law must from the nature of the case be far narrower than morality, since it never entered into the head of any legislator to enact that a man could be indicted or punished "for ingratitude, for hardheartedness, for the absence of natural affection, for habitual idleness, for avarice, sensuality, pride, or, in a word, for any vice whatever as such," though these so-called vices are sometimes the roots or germs of the greater offences. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his work, "The Criminal," divides criminals into classes which he characterizes as (1) political criminals, the victims of an attempt by a more or less despotic government to preserve its own stability; (2) criminals by passion, men of wholesome birth and honest life who under stress of some great unmerited wrong have wrought justice for themselves, and who never become recidivists; (3) insane criminals, who being in a condition of recognizable mental alienation perform some flagrantly anti-social acts; (4) instinctive criminals, who in their fully developed form are moral monsters in whom the absence of guiding or inhibiting social instincts is accompanied by unusual development of the sensual and self-seeking impulses, (5) occasional criminals, who succumb easily to temptation, and in whom the sensual instincts need not be stronger than usual and the social elements though weaker than usual need not be absent.

A newspaper of good standing and general reliability, in an issue a short time ago, was authority for the statement that—"Early in this century an immoral woman came to New York from Europe. She raised a large family of children, nearly every one of whom landed in a prison in

early life. The criminal records of the country show that three hundred of the progeny of that woman have been notorious felons and inmates of penitentiaries and other prisons in various parts of the country."—*Detroit Free Press*, Jan 6, 1893. Facts like this almost shake belief in personal responsibility. An important result of the recent congress at Brussels on criminal anthropology, however, has been the discrediting of the so-called "criminal type," or habitual criminal. The person who was born a criminal, and must be one *nolens volens*, was supposed to have a smaller capacity of skull than the average, a more retreating forehead, the back of the head large, the lower jaw very strong and pronounced, the ears often deformed, the hair coarse and thick, the beard scanty, and so forth. Though many anthropologists favored the idea that the criminal belonged, as it were, to a lower and older state than that in which he actually lived and the earlier the treatment was instituted the better would be the prognosis. Dr. Tarnoski of St. Petersburg, and Dr. Naecke, from a very large collection of data, maintained that there was no special peculiarity in the physique of criminals, male or female, and the general tendency of the papers read and discussions on the subject was to regard crime as the result of social and psychical rather than physical peculiarities. It is true that physical departures from the normal type are commoner among the criminal class than the rest of mankind, but no constant relationship between these and crime can be detected. Many criminals, it would seem, inherit a tendency to some form of mental irregularity, but many "go to the bad" simply from deleterious and personal influences.

Believers in fatalism agree that crime is the result of a want of thought or a want of heart; that the impulse to action depends upon the conditions of a man's organization, innate or hereditary, upon the social surroundings, the locality of his birth and education, and other impelling causes. With them, the criminal is placed in the unhappy position of an incurable leper to be sacrificed on the altar of public expediency and public safety, or else as an idiot more fit for the hospital than

the prison. The report of the Brussels' Congress is a direct answer to this view of the question. Were the fatalist or positivist school to create a reaction in the public mind, it could not fail to be dangerous in its results, and destroy that demand for public and private philanthropy which is one of the healthiest signs of social progress. Even though it should be admitted that a potent influence is exercised on the moral tendencies of man by the condition of his organization, surroundings, and education, for which he may not be morally responsible, it does not follow that all attempts to improve those surroundings will necessarily prove ineffectual in ameliorating his condition, though he may be entitled to small credit for his advance in life. If this were so, Christianity must be instantly stamped with the mark of failure; the world has only advanced as its ever-increasing necessities have demanded fresh effort and opened out fresh opportunities; there can be no heroes, no martyrs, no reformers, no criminals.

That the organization of the human body the instrument of his activity and moral actions, prevents the possibility of a just estimate being placed on the degree of praise or blame to be attached to any human action, would certainly be a reasonable statement of the case; but, allowing for the differences of temperament, of climate, of education, and of opportunities, between man and man, it does not follow that the idea of a favored few must necessarily destroy the entire liberty of those less favored, or that it is impossible at the plastic age to develop the latent good and neutralize the asserting bad by the establishment of a correct habitude of mind and body. If wild animals in the progress of time, become tame and domesticated through cellular isolation and kind treatment, it should certainly not be impossible to tame vicious men.

#### IV.—COMMENTARY.

It has been wisely said that the pivot of prison reform is a good personal direction. The warden, the physician, and the minister, are all necessary in the great work. Each should be a man of keen in-

sight, capable of analysing character; a humanitarian, ready and willing to enter with a devoted spirit the place of each convict, and to possess his confidence; and, at the same time, a rigid disciplinarian to insist upon the full execution of the prisoner's sentence as the law commands, without bias, prejudice, or partiality in any form. The latter more particularly, of course, concerns the governor or warden, but the work of all three is more or less identical, though from different stand-points. Though there is always the danger of making prison life too easy and comfortable, it is equally dangerous to the moral welfare of the individual sufferer that the criminal should be allowed to stagnate in filth and idleness, or receive insufficient nourishment to sustain manhood, or be placed too arbitrarily under the power of guards and directors. Hygienic treatment is therefore absolutely necessary, and the physician does an injury to every fresh prisoner whom he places in a hotbed of inspection, and to society at large at the expiration of his sentence, in returning to freedom a miserable invalid, incapable of earning his daily bread through the nauseating influences of a prolonged unhealthy habitation, besides giving him a plausible excuse for the perpetration of fresh crimes, by making his ability to obtain work more impossible. At the same time the criminal should be compelled to perform his part in the scheme of reformation, and as every penalty entails suffering, without which no man will ever apply himself to the practice of virtue (the prisoner beyond others weakened in the struggle by his downfall being necessarily the least inclined), he should be made to endure in the most approved fashion a punishment that will not degenerate his vitality but awaken the perception that in his own interests a sober, honest, industrious and godly life is necessary for the punishment to cease. And in order that he may come out ennobled by suffering, and strengthened in purpose, the minister is particularly responsible after the other two have performed their part in the scheme of reformation. The reformation of the guilty, however, should never be the direct end of punishment, but a secondary con-

sideration dependent on the reparation of injury done to society. or the position of the criminal will be invested with too much importance, and the law become an agent for morals and education only.

As for the tramp who voluntarily betakes himself to a life of vagabondage, he should be put at severe enforced labor, until the shiftless "philosopher" is made to dread prison work more than that to be obtained outside, and self-help is thus rendered preferable as well as compulsory. Even for the peculiarly difficult class of habitual drunken misdemeanants, the course of a very gradual but sure increase of detention has been found very beneficial. If after undergoing several of the first stages of a moderate but certain cumulation of penalties, the vagabond or the inebriate continues in his courses, longer imprisonment and a subsequent training in a penal factory or the cultivation of land is considered to be absolutely indispensable.

Whether on the most approved doctrine of punishment it is possible to reach the reform of the criminal is a grave and tremendous question. The resistance to reformatory influences is so combined and stubborn in its character that all efforts fall as upon flint, and to create even a spark of better promise is no light task. Moral improvement is invariably slow and not to be depended upon where it is promising, but the true aim of all progress consists in a steady and gradual advance towards one fixed end. It is no easy task to convince the degraded that the grand purpose of being is the moral redemption of man and of humanity, superior to, because comprehending within its scope, all ethnical or national obligations, and reaching far beyond the possible development of the specie during the pilgrimage of any living man,—beyond the creation of many epochs, though each a distinct advance in social progress from the preceding one. But this moral redemption, this grand ascendancy towards perfection, began in the world from on

high, and faith in Divine knowledge and power should awaken fresh hope in the minds of the disappointed and sometimes disheartened agents of Infinite Wisdom. that the work was not begun in vain. And sometimes when confronted with the heartrending conviction that the progress made in the reform of the criminal class is slow and doubtful, and the dangers to society appear to increase rather than diminish in spite of all efforts to carry out faithfully every recommendation and to apply every known remedy, more urgent becomes the need for thorough and impartial investigation, for public and private philanthropy, for more determined effort in new directions, for a more careful analysis of the social system, for the suppression of competition as far as possible in industrial occupations, and for better methods of caring for those displaced by social progress

If every man is honest within himself, he will find the germs of the same crimes within himself which are punished in prison, and knows that these are only kept in check by education, religious influences, sought after, constant watchfulness, and that struggle against Self which is the spirit's yearning after goodness. Therefore every student and reformer should approach this grave and comprehensive subject in a spirit of deep earnestness, humility, and faith. And as the existence of crime calls forth much public and private philanthropy, much noble suffering for humanity's sake, and nutritious food for earnest thought and action which, it is to be hoped, will never wane or grow tired,—the good which cometh of evil,—may the prayer of every sober, God-fearing friend of humanity be that society will be saved from that harm which the virtuous are constantly doing, by kindly, well-meant sentimentalism on the one hand, and, on the other, by a too narrow judgment of human weakness which their more perfect organizations, and their austere and spotless lives, unfit them to comprehend!

## “A BIRD-IDOL.”

BY L. H. SMITH.

Of all the birds I love, and they are many, there is one which occupies a place in my affections which is reached by no other. He is the bird of my boyhoods day and childish memory, the perennial companion of my juvenile bird-studies; the one which brings back to my mind, more sweet and tender childish recollections than any other bird. He is the sweet little “English Robin-redbreast.”

He is an unpretentious little fellow, not very gay in plumage. His upper parts are olive brown, not quite so bright as the back of our tawny thrush; throat and breast orange or pale brick red; lower breast and belly dull white; other parts, palish brown.

He is a native of the country and is a permanent resident; as much English as the green hedgerows, in the bank of which he so often builds his nest. He is more like a member of the family, than any other British bird. He makes his home on the premises. In spring he may leave the garden and seek a retired nook in the crooked green lane to make his nest and raise his young ones, but he returns again and cheers the family with his presence for the rest of the year. He belongs to the great thrush family, which, with the royal nightingale at its head, leads the bird choir in Britain.

During a visit to England in the summer of 1891, I passed many hours listening to the robin. He generally seeks a prominent position, often in the topmost twigs of a tall tree in the neighborhood of his home, where he sometimes sits for hours pouring out his shrill sweet song. It is pitched in a high key, each note clear and distinct. Sometimes his notes bubble out as if he had lost control and they were hurrying out of their own accord, trying to get one before the other; but they are never harsh or discordant.

Our purple finch's song is somewhat of a similar character, but not of such a high order. It was one of the sweetest songs I have ever heard, and the affection I have for the bird for his other qualities, caused me to pass many pleasant hours listening to him. He is not at all sparing of his song. At early morning, he was among the first I heard when raising my bedroom window. During the day he was frequently on his usual singing perch, and in the peaceful, quiet evening twilight, he took his place among the other feathered choristers and sang till dark.

Perhaps no bird in England sings more days in the year than he. During the short dull days of the English winter (many of which are so cheerless), he sits on his accustomed perch, with wings and tail drooped, and cheers all with his pathetic notes. There is a peculiar sweet sadness in his winter song. No bird voice is to me so peculiarly plaintive and sympathetic as it. In pure serene melody that of our hermit thrush excels it; but for pathetic plaintiveness, “The home sweet home” of bird music, no song, to my ears, equals that of this sweet little winter singer. Its tinge of sadness may be too melancholy for some listeners, but it is peculiarly in keeping with the short, dull and cheerless days of the English winter. His song in spring is a little more sparkling and cheerful than it is in fall and winter, and more in keeping with the season. •

Why the poets and naturalists have not sung the praises of this sweet bird, more than they have is something I cannot understand.

Burroughs says, “The English robin is a better songster than I expected to find him. The poets and writers have not done him justice.”

Was it left to an American naturalist,

and lover of bird-song to cross the Atlantic and discover the robin's merits as a songster?

Nothing like Keat's, "Ode to the Nightingale," or Shelley's "To the Skylark," has been sung of him. No naturalist or bird lover, so far as I have read has given him his due. Is it because he is so unpretentious and so common, that the English writers have over looked him?

Have they failed to catch his sweet song and place it as high in the bird choir as I do? Or am I mistaken in attributing so much praise to him?

For years I have read all I could find on him, and at writing I cannot call to mind a line which shows the bird to me as I see him. Volumes of childish legends and nursery rhymes have been penned, but anything of a high ornithological order or bird-song critique, setting him forth as the great singer and rural English household pet he is, has not come under my notice.

Seeing an advertisement of an English book, "About Robins" by Lady Lindsay, I thought, in it, I might find something new. Between the covers the fair authoress has collected a great quantity of "Robin lore," poems, nursery-rhymes and legends, ancient and modern. Whilst a lover of the bird, she seems to see him more as a legendary feathered pet, and not the fine singer, occupying such a prominent position among British song-birds that I see him.

During snow and inclement weather he draws nearer the house—is almost an inmate. He is sure of protection and food. No one, young or old, would hurt the dear little robin, he is the favorite of all. A superstition prevails among the boys that a dreadful calamity, such as a broken limb or other terrible accident will befall those who hurt the robin, or rob its nest. I remember well when a boy, how grieved I would be at finding a robin killed in one of my traps, which I had set for other birds. In this case however, as the killing was unintentional I did not fear the the fulfilment of the prophecy.

We have no bird in the western world, which fills the place exactly which the robin does in England. The bird which most nearly resembles him in size and

style, is our little blue-bird; delicacy being in favor of the robin. In habits and as a member of the household our robin comes nearer to him, but in no other way does our big, bold, confiding bird remind us of him. Both our blue-bird and robin are migratory, spending their winters in the sunny south; the little English pet stays the year round, and seeks no change of scene or clime. They sometimes seek curious places for their nests. Holes and crannies in walls and sheds, or some cast away domestic utensil, if conveniently situated, they will utilize, but the green hedgebank is their favorite spot, and sharp eyes are required to discover it. A hollow is scooped out and a pretty nest of root-lets, moss, and hair is built in the cavity. The small opening, covered as it sometimes is with bunches of the delicate pale yellow primroses, (the sweetest of all English wild flowers) makes up a bird-nesting picture most pleasing to think of.

A pair built their nest about three feet from the ground in the ivy-covered porch of my sister's house. When six eggs were laid the birds commenced sitting. How carefully and jealously my three dear little nieces watched and guarded the nest and its precious contents; but a grief which they dreamed not of was in store for them. One morning they discovered that a dreadful tragedy had happened. The nest was torn out, the eggs destroyed, and one of the poor birds lay dead on the ground. Much grief was caused in the household by this sad event. The dead bird was tenderly coffined and buried in the flower garden, under some fine elms in front of the house. For several days while I stayed there, the male bird (I believe it was he) often sat in the topmost branches of the tree immediately over his mate's grave and sang his sweet song. What a pleasant, yet sorrowful page, in the diary of those dear children to look back on in days to come! When they become wives and mothers, they will tell to their children, "the tragedy of their robins' nest." It is thus the tales and legends of the little robin-redbreast have been handed down from generation to generation, and no doubt will continue to be so, long as this sweet little bird pays a visit to the

nursery window, or hops on the kitchen doorstep.

To the English people, the robin red-breast is something more than a bird. He is the subject of their superstitious love. They ascribe a place to him which

is sacred. A sort of childish mythology fastens him to their affections. He is their feathered angel and "Bird-Idol," yet for all, I think their naturalists have failed to fully appreciate his song.

FOREST, ONT.

---

### SONG OF THE DIAL.

BY MATTHEW R. KNIGHT.

*"Horas non numero nisi serenas."*—*Legend on ancient dial-plate.*

Only the sunny hours  
I tell, for only they,  
Bright with the birds and flowers,  
Make up the real day.

The nights, ye give them to slumber ;  
The hours of cloud and rain,—  
Ye spend them all in waiting  
For the sun to shine again.

Your griefs are not worth recording ;  
Forget them when they are gone !  
The wise and I are hoarding  
The rays of the summer sun.

Only the sunny hours ;  
Only the blue and gold ;  
The singing birds and the flowers ;  
The sunlit wood and wold !

HAMPTON, N B.

## ONE OUT OF MANY.

*A Story founded on a single Episode of the War.*

BY E. RAYNER.

There was not a health-browned cheek among them, nor a hand that did not tremble. The majority of the faces looked old and pinched, and yet hardly half of their number could have counted their years above the score. They were not sad. Some were wildly gay. But more than once the laugh died on the lip, and a wistful silence took the place of the light, careless word.

They were too near the old life to be able to throw off its shadow. Vicksburg was behind them; not conquered Vicksburg, but desperate, defiant, well-nigh defeated Vicksburg, dangerous in her desperation, as she had been aforetime in her strength.

The boat's head was turned northward, the direction in which lay home, and rest, and friends. The broad waters of the Mississippi were beneath them. Northward were freedom from danger, the steady rush of every-day life and business, the blessedness and peace of unthreatened homesteads. But that freedom was only rendered possible by the conflict that raged behind, a conflict in which their companions of yesterday were even now engaged, and back to which some of them meant to come, as soon as their hands had regained the strength to wield the musket.

Some, but not all. It was another warfare that lay before many. The struggle for daily bread looks formidable at times, even to the stalwart worker. It was not likely to be less so to the soldier going back to his home and his dear ones with a frame weakened by disease, and the memory that his country had declared him no longer able to render her service. Two arms are not too many, to grapple with the difficulties of life.

They owed their immunity from the dangers and toils behind them, to the fact that they had already tasted of the horrors of war more fully than their fellows. Incapacitated for doing the work of the country, they were going back to the ordinary work of life, only with less than the ordinary strength to meet it.

The booming of cannon and the sharp crack of musketry, still sounded around them. They had grown so accustomed to them that they would miss them, and unconsciously stop to listen for them out yonder in the green fields where their homes lay.

It was not all that were able to take a last look back at the army around Vicksburg, as the steamer got under way and slowly advanced up the river. There were those who lay in their berths below, too weak even to join in the cheer that went up as a parting salute to old friends, too weak to keep back the tear that rolled unhindered down the wasted cheek, at the thought of the father or brother left behind, buried in the soft soil of the river bank, or upon the battle fields below the fort.

They had been brought from their cots in the hospital to these berths on the transport boat, and before this, in all probability, their vacant places had been filled by others more in need of help than themselves. Half healed wounds, and bodies drained of their strength through disease engendered by the hardships they had endured, were retaliating now upon spirits that had been undaunted as long as they felt themselves the upholders of the country's honour.

But the victory was almost won, though other hands than those of the wounded heroes would plant the old flag again on

the fort. It was only a question of time; but their eyes would not see the standard waving there. The country was rejoicing in the victories they had won, but perhaps the country hardly realized the price they had paid.

As the immediate vicinity of Vicksburg was left behind, the men gathered in groups upon the deck, and talked of the past and the future.

"This feels better than the day when we turned our faces down stream, and stood the fire of the old fort's guns," remarked one who had been among the soldiers in the transports that safely ran the gauntlet of the cannons of Vicksburg. "Didn't she thunder at us though?"

"She's heard some thunder from our side since then, and I guess she'll hear more before the boys have done with her," said a veteran, who had joined the army at the first call, and had been in more than one fierce fight before he came to the assault upon Vicksburg, and lent a hand in drawing one of the gun-carriages up a precipitous hill where horses were discarded as useless, and the boys sprang to rescue and dragged it slowly forward, firing as they went.

He never reached the top of that ascent, but the gun did, and the sound of its roaring above his head more than once carried him out of himself as he lay below, and made him for the moment forget the burning, raging pain in the leg that later was tossed upon a heap of other shattered limbs in the amputating room of the hospital.

Ready hands had helped him on deck to-day to take a last look around. The stump—all that was left of his right leg—was not sufficiently healed to leave him quite out of danger, but his eye lighted up as he went over the battle again with those who had fought by his side.

"I never expected to see the old woman any more," he remarked. "I gave myself up for lost that time when the rush came right over where I lay. I guess she won't be sorry to see me back—though there aint as much of me as there used to be."

And then they fell to talking about their homes, and more than one likeness came out from a safe hiding place, as

each man remembered that his eyes would soon look on the original of the picture.

"I haven't seen her for two years," said one. "I shouldn't have been here if it hadn't been for her. I've got two boys at home, and she aint over strong. I didn't dare to think of leaving her, but she made me. She says, you go and fight for the flag, and I'll take care of my end. Me and the children aint going to starve—and they didn't, though I guess she wouldn't have wanted me to know why. But I heard another way, and you bet, it didn't make me fight any the less in earnest to know how she kept her end going. I wasn't likely to give in because I had to lay on the wet ground with only one blanket, and that wanted a top to keep the rain off, when she came home one day after another from the houses where she'd gone washing, with her skirts froze together and no fire to dry 'em when she got back. If she could stand it, I could."

The one-legged veteran looked across the water to the river bank, and there was a suspicion of moisture in his eye.

"I'd have liked, just for once, to have seen my old woman get that hay crop in," he said. "She wouldn't hear of selling the place. Said she could keep it on and make it pay too. I'm going back to put my head under the old roof. And I guess I aint going to be hungry neither. She never drove a mower in her life, but she done it last year and the year before that."

There was one man who sat a little apart from the group, listening in silence. He had come out of the hospital some time before, with health shattered and strength gone, but had insisted on going back to his company and trying to hold out a little longer. A day or two ago, he had received his discharge, and had taken advantage of this opportunity to go north. He belonged to an Ohio regiment, of which there was not another member on board, and although he too had been in the army at Vicksburg, his duty had not brought him in contact with the other brave fellows who were gathered on the vessel's deck. A smile lit up his pale face as he heard the men's words, but he

made no other sign that a responsive chord had been struck.

Night closed in on the homeward-bound soldiers, and the boat moved slowly ahead. Very slowly and cautiously now, for the river was encumbered with floating logs and hidden snags, that in the darkness might prove formidable foes. The current was swift and impeded progress; not a star peeped out to light the travellers on their way. It was little wonder that the men, impatient to reach their homes, grumbled at finding themselves so little advanced upon their journey when day-break gave them the opportunity to examine their whereabouts.

They had left the sights of war behind them, but their own appearance was scarcely suggestive of peace. The vessel's pilot-house was closely barricaded with thick boards and cotton mattresses, for although they were beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the opposing forces, they might at any moment be fired upon from the shore. Attacks by guerrillas were of constant occurrence. They were enemies upon whose movements no calculation could be made. Sweeping down upon the river bank, they would attack a passing boat, riddle it with shot, and sometimes succeed in effecting a capture, in which case the passengers would be robbed, and sent adrift into the swamp, and the vessel burned, or turned to the use of the marauders as occasion might serve. Her stores were sure to be eagerly seized upon by the rebels. Departing as quickly as they came, they managed, as a rule, to elude pursuit, while they succeeded in making the Mississippi a dangerous place of passage. Even large government steamers were not free from molestation, and he who would pass up or down the river must do so at his peril.

The thought of danger did not, however, trouble much the passengers on board the transport. They had been face to face with the foe before, and their attention was taken up more with their sick comrades, and with dreams of their reception at the other end of the journey, than with watching for signs of the enemy.

It was late one afternoon when the boat steamed across stream, and brought up at a convenient place for the procuring of

wood. All was going well on board, and the spirits of the men were rising with each mile gained. The boat's crew worked with a will, while the vessel, as if eager to be off, tugged at the rope that held her, and was only prevented by the restraining cable from cutting short the operations and floating out into the stream. The men were in a hurry to be done, for the shadows of night were creeping up.

Suddenly, without previous sound or warning, there came the near rush of many feet, the tramp of soldiers on the run. Before those on board had time to realize the situation, the loud cry of "surrender" rang upon the air, and a shower of bullets lent force to the command. The bank became alive with the enemy—desperate men who knew neither fear nor mercy.

Aroused by the cry, those upon the vessel sprang forward to the defence, to be driven back by the fierce onslaught. Insufficiently armed, over-powered by numbers, and physically no match for the foe, they were swept inward and shouts of triumph rang in their ears as a dozen of the guerrillas leapt on board, striking down all who opposed their progress. More of the enemy swarmed forward, and the soldiers, who, a moment before, had been dreaming of home and safety, gave themselves up for lost.

Just then, through the midst of the throng, moving as coolly as if but now engaged upon the task of hewing wood for the vessel's supply, passed a man with an axe. Pressing to the shoreward side of the transport, where the bullets fell like hail, and scores of rebels were preparing to jump aboard, he lifted the weapon aloft, and with stroke firm and true, brought it down upon the vessel's edge.

There was a sudden jerk, a heavy lurch, and the boat swung round into the current, jumping like a thing of life, then settling herself for the race, went careering down the stream, leaving the discomfited surprisers themselves most fully surprised. The rope that held the vessel had been cut, and the current had done the rest.

Maddened at their failure, the enemy, in a body, opened fire on the vessel.

Wood-work cracked and splinters flew in all directions, as the bullets tore their way through the boat's side. None had time to think of the wounded men below, with a deadly fire pouring in upon them. A fierce hand to hand conflict was raging on deck; for the invaders, who in their haste to grasp the prize had made themselves prisoners, fought with the courage of despair. The encounter was as short as it was fierce, and when the boat drew out towards the centre of the river, and the balls became comparatively harmless, men stopped and looked around for him whose courage had turned the moment of danger into one of triumph. He was busy binding up the wounds of one who had fallen, and in the white calm face they recognized the stranger from the Ohio regiment. Grateful hands grasped his, for all understood what would have been their fate but for his deed of daring.

His comrades were not content with

words. Quickly passing through the throng, one gathered together a more substantial proof of gratitude, but when the purse was proffered to the victor, a flush for the first time suffused his face.

"Comrades," he cried, "I do not want your money. I have only done my duty. Take it, and give it to those who need it more." And he turned away, and went below to lend a hand among the sufferers there.

They took him at his word, for their own experience had taught them that the duty performed for others was itself the highest reward. The money went to help those whose need was greatest, but when those companions in danger and suffering parted, never perhaps to meet again in this world, there was not one voice that did not ring out in the final cheer that was given for the discharged soldier from Ohio.



## PAULINE ; or, LA PAUVRE PETITE.

BY J. L. STEWART.

### I.

"Oui, oui, la pauvre petite." These words still sound familiar to my ears, though it is now long since I heard them.

It was during our stay at Murray Bay, Quebec, that one afternoon a friend took us to call upon Jacques Marconque, who enjoyed the reputation of being very old and of having seen much of pioneer life. Moreover, our friend informed us that old Jacques was quite fond of story-telling, so I for one, was very anxious to see and hear him.

As we approached the door where the old man was occupied in patching a boat sail, he greeted us with a hearty "bon jour," and seated us upon a bench neath a great beech tree that grew by his doorway.

Our friend soon turned old Jacques' conversation to narratives of adventure, and though his rapidity of speech oft-times puzzled me, I managed to keep the thread of his tales. In particular do I remember the story of Jacques' grandmother, which so interested me, that I can still recall it distinctly, and although I cannot give his words, it ran somewhat as follows :

In the year 17— a number of families had come out from France and settled near Longueuil. Among the party which was composed mainly of artisans, was Dr. William De Molie, who at once established a thriving practice among his countrymen, who were for the most part farmers, fishermen, fur-traders and hunters.

A son and two daughters were born to him. His son Jean, he determined, should follow the profession of medicine. But the youth, fired by the deeds of his countrymen, who were ever ringing back wondrous tales from far inland, soon wearied of his studies and joining his brother-in-law, Beaujour, started in search

of furs. They traded chiefly with the Iroquois around what is now Kingston.

Here after a few years, Jean became enamored with the raven locks of an Iroquois maiden, whom he married and who bore him two children, a boy whom he called William and a girl whom he named Pauline, and this Pauline was Jacques' grandmother and the heroine of his tale.

Jean DeMolie and his dusky bride, travelled together from tribe to tribe, in search of furs for Beaujour, who had now established a trading-post at Montreal. Young William went with them, but Pauline remained with her grandfather DeMolie, who taught her to read and write, and raised her in comfort and plenty.

At length the old doctor's wife died. The elder of his two daughters had early returned to France, and now he with his son-in-law Beaujour and family followed. Jean was called to take charge of the trading-post, and Mena his wife, found herself reluctantly obliged to give up the roving life of her people ; but the reunion and association with her dark eyed Pauline whom she dearly loved, soothed for a time her restless spirit, and she lived happily in her new home.

But trouble was slowly brewing. Her husband had received numerous letters from his friends in France and seemed almost persuaded to follow them. Fearing that she, as was often the case, would lose her husband, or worse still, her Pauline, she used every means to thwart the end.

Her wild love of liberty now began to assert itself, and it sufficed only a few persuasive words from an Iroquois lover to allure her away. But not alone, Pauline must go with her.

At length her plans were formed. Taking advantage of a time when her husband and son were absent, she persuaded Pauline, now aged eight, to go with her on a journey to her native land. One September night they stole from their home, and joining the Iroquois Inac on the River St. Lawrence, paddled silently but happily away to the westward. Pauline was filled with wonder and delight as they passed by night along the shadowy shore, while the moon lit up the white-caps among the rapids.

Five days had passed and their canoe was threading the Thousand Islands, when one morning more than twenty canoes filled with men shot from the shore. Inac, thinking it to be a party of his fellows, greeted them with a shout and received in return a flight of arrows. Quickly seizing a bundle of skins, he ordered Mena and Pauline to lie down in the bottom while he covered them over. Then grasping his paddle, he plied it for life, but in vain. Every moment brought his pursuers nearer. The arrows hailed around him and his canoe was pierced and sinking. At length he was struck in the shoulder and rolled into the bottom of his canoe. His fall was greeted by a hideous yell, which at once told him his pursuers were the deadly enemies of his country, the Hurons. Raising himself again, he wrenched the arrow-head from his arm, and seizing his paddle anew, despair gave him strength and for a time he held aloof. In vain, his enemies' canoes were lined with paddles and they were fast closing upon him. His own paddle dropped from his benumbed and bloody fingers. With his other hand he seized a hatchet drove a hole in his canoe then hurled it at his nearest assailant.

But the pursuers were upon them. Two Indians drew the morose squaw and her shrieking little one from the water, while a third who was about to cleave the skull of poor Inac, suddenly paused and he too was hauled aboard, then bound.

The Hurons then directed their course to the opposite side of the river. Mena sat grim and silent in the bottom of a canoe, with Pauline in her arms. Her cautious and stern Iroquois nature had

now asserted itself, and she spoke only to give words of warning to her child.

Their captors were also silent and when they reached the opposite shore turned westward, and followed the coast until they reached the Trent river. Here they halted for the night and part of the following day, when another party which seemed to have followed the same course arrived and all started up the river at increased speed.

After another day's march they overtook a third party of Hurons, who held many Iroquois captives. From these they learned that the Hurons had suddenly attacked and burned an Iroquois village, while the people were busied with harvest and had carried off the inhabitants captives.

Several portages were now reached and Mena and Pauline saw poor Inac, who had become too weak for travel sullenly strapped to a tree, and left to be starved or devoured. He made no resistance, but with his head on his breast stood doggedly silent.

A few days more and the boats were abandoned. The men among the captives, with a strong guard, were started ahead. The women and children with the remaining Indians carrying the canoes followed. As they proceeded the paths had the appearance of being more travelled. On the next day having ascended an eminence, smoke could be seen in the distance, and the waters of Georgian Bay stretched away before them. Soon after the old men and women and children came howling out to meet the approaching party.

At the first village there was a short halt, long enough, alas, to paint the doomed Iroquois braves to meet the ferocious and revolting vengeance of their captors. The women of the party were left here, while the men were pushed stoically forward to glut the eyes of the more populous villages. All the inhabitants followed save the few who remained to guard the remaining prisoners.

Mena and Pauline were placed under the guardian-ship of two old crones with greasy bodies, tattered blankets and horrid smoke-swollen eyes. Having conducted their charges to a wigwam, these bleak

eyed old hags took their stand in the doorway, first leering at the retreating party, then at their unfortunate captives as they sat in a corner of their stifling prison.

Mena had partially learned the language of the Hurons, from their constant visits to the trading-post, but as her captors spoke only in whispers, she could not discover their purpose. At length the younger of the two muttered "safe now" and both stole into the hut.

Approaching the corner where the wretched Mena sat with her child, one of the squaws dealt the terrified little one a fierce blow, then seized the beads and rings which she wore. Poor Pauline fell senseless by her mother's side. Both hags then fell upon Mena, pulled the broach from her throat and the rings from her ears, savagely tearing and beating her in the hope of finding fresh plunder.

The two squaws then seated themselves at the door of the hut as before, and held a mumbled conversation on the merits of their plunder. They were aroused from their prospects by dismal howlings from some distant village, whither the Iroquois braves had been taken. After much motioning and pointing toward the scene of the tumult, and many nods toward the captives who lay in the corner, the younger squaw started off toward the village. The other still kept her place by the entrance.

The howlings and shrieks increased. Now and then forks of flame were seen ascending off to the westward. The old hag arose and walked to the top of a rising mound a few rods from her den, but immediately returned to resume her guard. Finding all quiet within, she shortly afterward made a second visit to the mound, this time remaining longer than before. The Indians at the village were now yelling like demons. The old hag returned, entered the hut, and bending over the prisoners, "Sleep" she muttered then turned and left the wigwam.

But Mena was far from sleep. From the moment of her capture, she had been watching her chance to escape, but knew, too well, the character of her captors to make a hazard. Now, from her corner she could watch distinctly the movements

of the old squaw whose figure was outlined by the fire in the distance. Mena saw her move toward the hill behind which she disappeared. Now was her time or never. Softly raising her child in her arms she stole from the hut, and avoiding the eastern path by which they had come, she sped on her way to the southward. A dog barked as she passed by a few straggling wigwams, but ordering him "down" in the Huron tongue she passed on unmolested.

Soon she entered the forest home and love of her childhood. The odor of pines and of hemlocks seemed to awaken anew the life which for a time had slept in her bosom, and she plunged deeper into the shadows. Late in the night the moon rose. The leaves and branches above her, waving in the breeze, cast chequered shadows upon her path and motioned her softly onward.

Quickly she hastened on, and when the morning broke she felt she was many miles from her foes. Nothing had happened to disturb her, save that a dog, doubtless the one which had bayed at her when starting, had come bounding toward her. She patted his long, lank sides and then he followed her footsteps. Fearing pursuit from the dogs, she had doubled and sprung like a fox.

She now seated herself on a rock, and ate some haws that grew above her. Pauline, now recovered from her terror which during the flight had held her speechless, patted and stroked her great, lank friend which licked her hand in token of kindness.

Four days they toiled to the southward. At last on the eve of the fifth day, weary with toiling over hills and through forests, and fainting through hunger and pain, they came to the edge of a lake just as the sun was setting. They bathed themselves in its waters, and then stretched themselves neath some maples that grew by the edge of the waters.

Children of nature were they. The soft rustling of leaves soon soothed their beating temples, while the balmy breeze from the lake, kissed them to peace and to sleep.

Pauline was awakened late in the night by the baying of the great dog. There

on the farther shore she saw huge wreaths of flame, which flickered and danced in the darkness, sending a lurid path far over the heaving waters. She softly awakened her mother and they gazed long on the fire, which at length died out and left all the earth in darkness. Mena marked the direction with sticks, then rested until the morrow.

When they awoke next day the sun was high in the heavens. They made a breakfast of beech nuts, then sought out their sticks and found they led to a point of land which ran far out from the opposite shore. It seemed to be an island with banks that were high and wooded. Trusting the light had come from some tribe friendly to the French, and sad, and faint, and weary, Mena resolved to seek its protection.

Accordingly she gathered some logs that lay stranded upon the shore, bound them with bark from the leather-tree, and covered her frail transport with bark of birch and tamarack. Pauline seated herself near the front of the raft, hugging the shaggy brute which whined and trembled all over. Mena guided her craft along the reedy western shore which led nearer her destination.

Midday had passed ere they left their place of rest and now the sun grew great in the west, as they reached a point on the shore opposite their destination. A narrow bay must be crossed, or a circuitous route of miles taken around the shore. Hoping to cross ere night came on, Mena pushed her frail craft out into the deeper waters. The waves which, placid and calm all day, lay basking in the sunshine, now leaped up to catch the setting rays. Wavelets turned to waves as they plashed and splashed against the rough craft of the wanderers. The bands of leather-wood, strained and stretched, no longer kept their hold, and the logs slipped and spread. Yet nearer they approached the further shore, nearer ever nearer. Not a quarter mile remained and Mena plied with vigor. Pauline still sat forward, her arms around the dog's neck, while the waves as they drenched her with spray, made her but cling more closely. The sun half paused to view the scene, then sank into the west. The

winds grew wilder, the waters washed whiter—but why delay the end? The frail support gave way. Pauline clung to her friend, who seizing her in his huge jaws, battled his way toward the shore. Mena rose from the water and swam at once in pursuit. Alas, a log swung round and struck her. She rose and sank, rose and sank, then rose and sank to rise no more.

## II.

Ten years have passed and gone. By the side of that same small lake and leaning against a great brown boulder, two forms may be seen in the darkness. Now and then a lurid flash from a great fire, kindled near, lights up their glowing faces. One seems an Indian maiden with thick, black raven hair, and deep, brown velvet eyes that fill and fade in the fire-light. The other, as he strokes her long, black tresses, is doubtless her Indian lover.

But look at that fire again. A figure is circling around it, tall, erect, and wild. His hair floats out from his shoulders, as he whirls and chants some mellow and mystic orison. In his left hand is a horn brought from the far-off west and filled with grains of the maize, which he shakes in dismal concert. In his right hand he holds a wand with which to enliven the embers. He is the medicine-man and sachem of the Messasaguas, they call him Wanatana. Long years alone had he dwelt on this lonely island, which lies in the midst of a lake that his tribe calls Scugog, muddy water. Long peace has he brought to his tribe, and blessed it with bountiful harvests. And when the night is dark and no lamps are lit in the heavens, he builds his flame on the shore to light the Great Spirit over the waters.

Six score moons and ten ago, he performed the same weird ceremony, but not without an answer. While in the midst of his dreary dance, a huge gray dog came near and bayed by his side. He knew it a messenger from the Manitou, and followed it on its way. Soon they came to the shore and there upon the sand, half hidden behind yon huge boulder, lay the form of a child; ah, yes, that child was Pauline. He raised her in his

arms, bore her to his fire and dried her drenched clothing.

She slept far into the night, the old dog sleeping beside her. At length she awoke with a gentle sob, and called softly for her mother. The old man bent by her side, offering her bunches of grapes, which grew near by in abundance. She told him of the raft and pointed towards the waters, but he only smiled and spoke in words to her unintelligible. For days she softly mourned and oft she stood by the shore and gazed out over the waters. But like all nature in youth, which though pierced, soon recovers, even so the heart-breaks of childhood are healed.

Anon, the winter fell with its cold and ice and snow. The Messasaguas came with their offerings to the great sachem, who brought such peace and prosperity to his people. The little maid received her share of the year's rich blessings. They gave her bows and arrows, trinkets of bone and feathers, shoes to walk o'er the snow, and moccasins trimmed with dyed porcupine quills, dressed her in furs of the fox, and bear, and reindeer, and called her Manito's child that had come to them from the waters. She could not understand their words, but she comprehended their motives and smiled to them her thanks, for her childish heart was full of gladness.

Yet through the long winter nights as she lay on her bed of boughs in the wigwam, with her old dog watching near her, sad thoughts crept in upon her and filled her heart with sorrow. A great oak stood by the doorway which, when the wind blew low, seemed to moan out complaints to the night for disturbing its ancient dreams, then tossed by the storm into fury shook its great arms aloft and cursed and groaned its defiance. Then her thoughts wandered back to her mother. Was she sleeping neath the chill water and ice and snow, that heaped themselves above her? For weeks she had trusted not, but now that trust had fled, and tears welled up in her dark brown eyes.

But that was years ago and now as she stands by yonder rock her eyes are filled with other tears, tears of love and pain and joy, for Nipi has said, "To-morrow I start for the eastward."

Who was Nipi then? Ah, there was another story. It was deep in the second winter of Pauline's sojourn on the island that, one day as she wandered through the forest, hunting mark for her arrows, the old dog, her constant companion, stopped by the edge of a hollow, and uttered a dismal howl. Pauline darted toward him but paused as she drew near, for there in the snow in the vale lay an Indian lad, but sparsely clad and protected. Having forgotten her fear she bent over the motionless boy and aroused him from the sleep he was sleeping. He gazed up into her eyes, a gaze as if from afar off. "What is your name?" she asked in childish simplicity. "Nipi," he answered faintly and closed his eyes once more. Then she ran for Wanatana who carried the boy to his wigwam, rubbed him well with snow and covered him over with furs. He slowly recovered his strength, for death had almost received him.

At length he told his story, but it was months ere Pauline knew it, not yet well understanding the language of the Indians. Then she knew how the boy had lived away to the North among the tribes of the Hurons. How the Iroquois came in the depth of the winter, burned the Huron towns, and murdered and burned the people, seeking a terrible revenge for similar acts of the Hurons. That the boy had escaped from the flames and fled away to the southward. How after wandering for days and freezing and dying with hunger he had seen the light on the shore, had crossed the lake in the moonlight, and soon after entered the forest. Then he fell into a vale and lay there softly dreaming. Here he had been awakened by a dark-eyed spirit-maiden, who spoke to him and, he feeling very thirsty, had asked her for "Nipi," "water."

Thus the years drifted on. Pauline still called the youth "Nipi," and he in turn laughingly called her his spirit-maiden. At first his manner was timid, and Pauline guided him round through the forest. Through the summer they played by the waters, scattering pebbles o'er its surface, chased the squirrels and birds through the trees, or roved about the forest gathering flowers and roots and

plants for Wanatana's magical lotions. Then on the dark nights of the autumn and through the long evenings of winter, they sat around the watch-fire, for which Pauline and Nipi now gathered the branches, since it had wafted them thither. Old Wanatana told tales of the Great Manitou, of the deluge of all the earth, and of how the earth was re-built by a turtle diving and bringing clay to the surface. Pauline, too, told her story with many fancied adventures, and Nipi's was oft repeated.

But now their lives have changed. Pauline is no longer a free and frolicking child, but a maiden gentle and blushing. Nipi no longer peacefully follows her guidance, but wishes now to lead. Still he calls her his spirit-maiden, but has ceased to laugh at the words, and at their utterance, smiles with tender emotion. Now, he woos her with all an Indian's ardor, but she restrains his emotions, saying she must first return to the home of her childhood.

Long he has wished for her. Ah, yes, there's a use in wishing. Wishing grows to hopes, hopes to determinations, and determinations to actions. Now, Nipi has determined to seek out the home of the Frenchman, lead his maiden thither, and wed her too, so strong is youth's ambition. There, at the beach to-night, he has told her his resolution, and that he starts to-morrow. He will show his maiden that love is strong in his bosom. She has received his boast with gladness and sadness, and strange apprehensions of evil, begging him not to depart, but tarry, and God will direct them. He has chided her fears, and on the morrow departed.

Scarce two weeks have passed since Nipi was seen departing. But why this throng on the island? Hush! Up in yonder wigwam old Wanatana, too, is departing, but not to return in the autumn, as Nipi has promised. The Great Spirit has called him to fill a higher trust, in those happy hunting grounds. He has given his magic horn to his adopted daughter, Pauline, bidding her not depart, but keep the great fire burning, and his spirit will come to protect her. Then,

softly closing his eyes, his spirit began its journey.

That night as Pauline strayed by the edge of the lake in the moonlight, watching the mirrored stars below as they rose and fell in the waters, while her thoughts were fixed on the future, a hand was laid on her shoulder. Looking around she saw the young chief, Wasa, standing beside her. He smiled on her as he spoke. "What was the old man babbling about?" he asked, "when he bade you stay on this lonely island. No, no, there's a brighter future for you. You shall grace the young chief's wigwam." "Never," she cried, "I shall not, never, never." Then she tried to flee, but he grasped her in his arms.

Fortunate 'twas for her that still one friend remained when others had departed. The huge wolf-dog, though now grown old, still followed her in her wanderings. Scarce did she utter the cry when he sprang and seized her assailant. Wasa released his grasp, and Pauline ran lightly away. But not back to the others. Who would be there to pity? No, no, they would think her blessed.

So she stole silently into the forest, seized her bow and her arrows, then back through the trees to the shore, where lay the canoe of the brave Wanatana. A sudden resolution had seized her. She must follow her lover or fall the young chief's prey, and that she would do, no never.

She had heard that the waters of Scugog flowed on till they reached the Great Waters which lay away to the southward, and their course she determined to follow. So clasping the mystic horn to her bosom, she pushed out into the waters. A splash and a whine by the shore recalled to her her dog. She pushed back to the shore. The poor brute had saved her life, yes, her honor once and ought she thus to desert him? Then placing her friend in the bottom, her canoe shot along the shore with the speed of an arrow. Oft had she paddled for pleasure, and well, but now she strove for her honor.

Six suns have gone down and to-night, Pauline has seen it sink behind a horizon of waters. Long she has gazed on the scene in silent and secret wonder. For

as that glowing orb half sunk beneath the waters appeared to pause for a moment, forming a huge arch of fire, and sending out golden rays over the waters, it seemed to her that the golden rays must be trialways leading up to the glowing entrance of the wigwam of the Great Spirit, to the happy hunting grounds and home of the brave forever. There she felt Wanatana was near her, and kissed the horn in her bosom.

She has passed the small chain of lakes with their many rocks and rapids, and likewise the river through which they pour their waters. She knew or thought she knew, spots along the shores, where ten years before, she and the unhappy Mena had travelled. Then she had come to the spot, and her heart grew faint as she neared it, where the helpless Inac had stood, with his head cast down on his bosom. Sadly she stole away, wondering at the strange fate of her friends, and what the morrow might bring her.

But now her troubles were ended. Three days later she entered the home of her childhood, the streets of which now thronged with people. She spoke her brother's name. Yes he was the great trader and everyone loved and blessed him. Soon she found his home, but had not to tell her story. Nipi had been there before her, and just two days ago, had departed with a band of Frenchmen, to seek her out in the forest.

Now, her brother told her, how after his father and he had returned and found the women missing, diligent search had been made, but every theory was fruitless. Then after years of grief and weary and worn with sorrow, his father returned to France and he had continued the business. The father still was living and she must go to see him.

Poor Pauline demurred at the thought, fearing to lose Nipi forever, for since

their separation, she had grown to love him more, and long for him without ceasing. But her brother was persistent, so away o'er the ocean she went, still taking her old dog with her. Alas! he died on the voyage and found a grave 'neath the waters.

Months after, the searchers returned. Their labor had been in vain. When they reached that lonely isle, they found it had been deserted. Nipi was wild with grief. They sought out the Messasaguas, but could solicit no information, save that old Wanatana had died and Pauline had disappeared on the same day. The belief had spread among them, that she was indeed the daughter of the Great Spirit and when old Wanatana had died, she had returned o'er the waters whither she had come. Then after much unproductive inquiry among the neighboring tribes and many weary marches, the searchers had returned bringing Nipi with them, for they feared he had proved a deceiver.

When the brave youth was told that his maiden was yet alive his joy knew no bounds. His courage rose to its highest, and crossing over the ocean he sought and wooed and wed his dark-eyed spirit-maiden, for she too had been unhappy.

Then they returned to their native land, the land of their youthful adventures. They found a home near the ocean with fish and game in abundance. The Great Spirit blessed their union with five dusky children and one was old Jacques' mother. Long years they lived by the ocean within the sound of its surges, but never returned to revisit the land of the Messasaguas.

Thus ended old Jacques' tale. He chanted it ere he had finished and as he closed he drew a long sigh, murmuring half aloud, "Oui, oui, la pauvre petite, elle etait grandmere."

## OPENING OF THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

BY JOE. CLARK.

The Ontario Legislative Assembly is announced to open in the New Parliament Buildings on April 4th, and it would be pardonable if some of the pomp and ceremony done away with during the past half dozen years, were revived for such a special occasion. When a person considers the facts of the case, he finds them unique in many respects. Magnificent new buildings have been erected and the historical pile on Front Street has been vacated forever.

The new buildings have been put up at a great cost, and, despite the noisy accusations of unfriendly newspapers from time to time, the Government has practically completed this considerable enterprise without scandal and without delay. In view of the many opportunities such a work offered, for the indulgence of crooked pre-dilections and the enrichment of the faithful, this is a remarkable performance. Moreover, this has been accomplished by a Government which has held office uninterruptedly for over twenty years, whereas a much shorter period usually suffices to see the virtues of a government grow lethargic and corruption predominant.

Sir Oliver Mowat will enter the new pile, after almost twenty-one years of power—a record perhaps, unparalleled in the history of representative government. I believe the 4th of April will witness one

of the particular triumphs which he has long promised his declining years, but for him the event has been suddenly robbed of its charm, through the lamented death of Lady Mowat. There are those who believe, that on one of Sir Oliver's temperaments, the rude and utter severance of the ties of a life-long companionship, will have more than an ordinary effect. The sympathy extended to the Premier in his bereavement, emanates not from a

party, but from a whole people. This is not the cant of a professional writer of obituaries, but the plain statement of one who has seen men of every shade of politics startled into a display of their real regard for the forceful man who has so long been at the head of affairs in this Province.

It seems fitting that some respectable record should be made of the facts and the *personnel* of the Government, at this important epoch in the legislative history of Ontario.

Such is the object of this illustrated paper; to furnish something succinct and *fac ful*, that can be handily preserved.

Sir Oliver Mowat, like every member of his Cabinet, with the one exception of Mr. Bronson, was born in Canada; he is in his 71st year. In 1857, he was first elected to represent South Ontario, but retired in 1864, to become Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada. On the defeat of the Sandfield-Macdonald Government



HON. OLIVER MOWAT.



FRASER.

in 1872, he was called upon to form a ministry, which he, resigning the Vice-Chancellorship, immediately did and with such success, that he has been Premier and Attorney-General ever since.

Hon Christopher Finlay Fraser, Q.C., has had charge of the Public Works Department since 1875 and during much of that time has been the right hand man of the Premier. At the head of a great spending department, he has never been even responsibly accused of countenancing either crookedness or extravagance. He is a man of solid parts, the hardest hitting member of the Cabinet, and one who speaks seldom but always with telling effect. In the House he is usually seen sitting with a soft felt hat upon his head pulled well forward to screen his face. His health has not been good, and his retirement has been thought imminent for some time, but he, too, has probably anticipated with some pride the opening of the coming session in the New Parliament buildings, erected under his direction. He is the Roman Catholic of the Cabinet, but his ability and not his religion has made him the man he has been and yet is. In the 54th year of his age,

he, under ordinary circumstances, should see another quarter century of public life.

Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy, commissioner of Crown Lands, is referred to as Mr. Mowat's wicked partner. This doubtful distinction does not in the least disturb the equable disposition of the man from South Brant. There is more of the every day politician about him than any of his colleagues; he is the stump speaker and campaigner of the Government, neither asking nor giving quarter. He possessed no feelings that a platform antagonist can injure, and woe to the opponent who is more delicately constituted. On the resignation of Hon Mr. Pardee, he became Commissioner of Crown Lands (Jan., 1889) he having, from 1877 until that time, been Provincial Secretary and Registrar. Mr. Hardy is descended on both sides from the old United Empire Loyalist stock which may account for the eagerness of annexationists to enroll him on the list of secret sympathisers with their cause despite his most vigorous and oft repeated protests.

Lieut.-Col. Hon. John Morison Gibson, Provincial Secretary, became such on the promotion of Mr. Hardy to the Commissionership of Crown Lands in January



HARDY.



GIBSON.

1889. Col. Gibson is one of the most prominent militiamen and riflemen in Canada. He was a Lieutenant in the 13th Battalion at Ridgeway, and has several times been a member of the Canadian team at Wimbledon, in 1879 winning the Prince of Wales prize consisting of a badge and £100. He is Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Canada, and is prominent in all military and educational movements. He was first elected to the Legislative Assembly in 1879, and proved from the start to be a ready debater and a useful member of the House. Aged 51 he, too, is comparatively a youth with the ripeness of life before him.

Hon. George William Ross, L.L.B., Minister of Education, is one of the most interesting figures in the Government. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1872 until 1883, when he was unseated for bribery by agents, whereupon the Premier of Ontario offered him a place in his Cabinet with the portfolio of Education. It was a happy choice, for Mr. Ross has thrown into the work an untiring industry, and a considerable amount of talent. He has made many important departures since his accession to the office—amounting almost to a

thorough reconstruction of the manner of educational control. The department was created in 1876, and during the seven years of Hon. Adam Crook's administration of it, that gentleman was largely engaged in overcoming the difficulties consequent upon the taking over of educational matters by the Government. It was warmly contended by scholars of the highest standing that education would suffer from the contamination of politics, but it is now generally agreed that the school system of Ontario compares with any in the world. The contamination so greatly feared has not resulted, and much of the credit for this is due to the carefully judicial mind of the present Minister of Education. There is not, perhaps, in the country, a more capable lecturer on Canadian history than Mr. Ross. In his younger days he edited different rural newspapers; was born in the county of Middlesex and is 52 years of age.

Hon. Richard Harcourt, M.A., Provincial Treasurer, received his appointment on the 16th November, 1890, on the resignation of Hon. A. M. Ross. He is third son of that Richard Harcourt who was twice elected member for Haldimand in the old parliament of Canada. He is



ROSS.



HARCOURT.

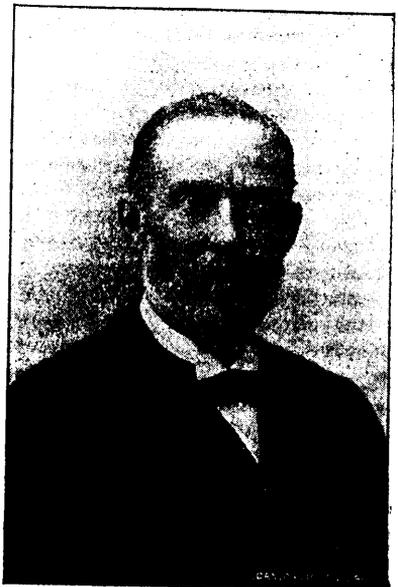
a graduate and medallist of Toronto University; was Public School Inspector of Haldimand County for five years, and has represented Monck in the Legislature since 1878. Mr. Harcourt is a man of the most exact speech and no predecessor ever furnished so thorough and comprehensive a budget speech as he—there is nothing flowery or brilliant about his composition or his delivery, but there is all possible exactitude. His fault is that he speaks in a level key, and his weakness is for Latin phrases, and his every possible question has been met and answered. He is the youngest member of the Cabinet.

Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, was appointed on the 16th September, 1890, to succeed Hon. Charles Drury, first head of the Department created in 1888. He has represented South Ontario since 1879, in which riding he was born in 1840. Mr. Dryden is an extensive farmer, and prominent in the live stock associations of Canada and the United States. He is peculiarly well suited for his position at the head of Agriculture, and since taking charge of the Department has turned his practical knowledge to account organizing a

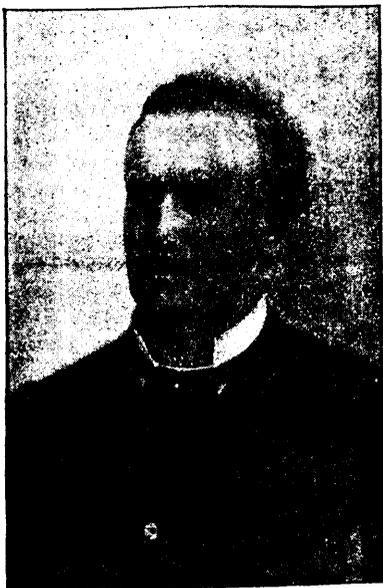
travelling dairy, disseminating such literature as he knew from experience would be useful to farmers, and by speaking from platforms all over the Province. As a speaker he is improving every year, and I doubt if at the present moment, there is a more effective campaigner in the Cabinet than John Dryden. His dry humor is inexhaustible and prone to turn at any moment into the most pitiless sarcasm.

Hon. Erskine Henry Bronson, minister without portfolio, was called into the Cabinet as a supernumerary because of his sound business sense and perhaps, incidentally, to take the point off the contention that the East was not fairly represented in the Government. He was born in New York State in 1844 and came to Canada with his parents in 1853. He is a considerable figure in the Ottawa lumber trade; was defeated in attempting to represent Carleton in the Commons in 1882, and elected to the Legislature from Ottawa in 1886.

Although the leader of the Opposition has no official standing, yet in the law-making for Ontario no man has played a more useful part in the past twenty years than William Ralph Meredith, L L B, Q. C. In 1872 he was first elected to the



A DRYDEN



BALLANTYNE.

Legislature, entering that body on the day that Mr. Mowat entered it as Premier. In one sense it has been a profitless crusade which he has so long led against the entrenched Reformers of Ontario, but those who attend the House when in session will have discovered that no member of the Government, with the exception of the Premier himself, contributes so much to the furtherance of useful legislation. I understand the Premier has given gracious testimony to this fact on more than one

occasion. Mr. Meredith has never succeeded in overthrowing the Government — has never in fact, had a sufficient following to seriously threaten it, but he could have incalculably hampered its movements had he so chosen. Instead, he has chosen to be a shrewd critic of every piece of legislation before its passage, and there is scarcely one measure on the statute books of the Province that does not owe something to his foresight, his sound sense and his knowledge of law.



MEREDITH.

## IN OUR OPINION.

HELEN A. HICKS.

"I've done everything I can to push the book, and now we must trust to luck. You have to trust to luck in the book business—in every business. Business is buying on the chance of selling at a profit. The political economists talk about the laws of business; but there are no laws of business. There is nothing but chances, and no amount of wisdom can forecast them or control them. You had better be prudent, but if you are always prudent you will die poor. 'Be bold; be bold; be not too bold.' That's about all there is of it."

So says a publisher in Mr. W. D. Howells's new novel, *The World of Chance*, lately issued by Harper & Brothers New York. To those who persist in finding Mr. Howells wilfully perverse in his treatment of any subject, *The World of Chance* will only serve as a further confirmation of their opinion. Its theme is the blind, uncertain revolution of fortune's wheel, the possibility that many improbable things will happen, the absence of any real ending in human affairs, the fallibility of the assumption that like causes invariably produce like effects.

Ray, the hero of the tale, is a young journalist whose only sword for opening the oyster is the manuscript of his first novel. When, through a change of management in the *Midland Echo*, he finds himself thrown out of his place on that paper, and resolves to go to New York and try his hand at literature proper, the choice spirits of the town give a dinner in his honor. Old Mr. Richings, the speaker of the evening, says something like the following: "The business world, the world where material success or failure is achieved, is not a world governed by law and order, rule and precedent, but it is a world of chance. Conditions that bring to one man success reward another

with failure. No law is discernible but that of uncertainty. Above all, then, is it desirable that a man should bring from the conflict of this world of chance a clear conscience and an unblemished reputation, rather than the prosperity and renown which even a knave may win." Ray flings himself into the maelstrom of New York. *A Modern Romeo*, his precious novel, goes the rounds of the publishers, and he hopes and labors and despairs, and goes into the gay world by turns. He depends on the newspapers and magazines for support, and his work brings him into contact with other adventurers of his class each of whom has "his secret for surprising the favor of the managing editor, as infallible as the gambler's plan for breaking the bank at Monaco." A publisher is a last found, reckless enough to take the risk of *A Modern Romeo*. How the book hung fire for a few weeks, how the thing at last went off with a bang at the touch of an unknown critic and startled the public; how the author was interviewed by all the society reporters and found a black smudge passing itself off for his portrait in the newspapers; how he asked the woman of his choice to marry him and felt relieved when she refused—all this, and more is told in detail. Ray leaves New York for a holiday, and as he lies in his berth in the sleeping car he wonders whether the fellows at Midland will give a dinner in honor of his return, and fancies himself on his legs replying to Mr. Richings's speech of long ago. "Somehow we feel, we know, that justice rules the universe. Nothing that seems chance is really chance. It is the operation of a law so large that we catch a glimpse of its vast orbit once or twice in a lifetime, and it touches us like the hand of God. It is Providence!"

*The World of Chance* is not calculated to satisfy that class of readers who feel cheated when they are not allowed to stay after the funeral to hear the will read, and see the property divided. The author has been content to show people and things as he has seen them, not as he might wish them to be; there has been no attempt to smooth the ragged edges of reality. More, Mr. Howells never constitutes himself a special providence to dispense happiness to the good and misery to the vicious, but there is a genuine pleasure to be found in reading one who, like kind Walter Scott, is always ready to deprecate amiably the faults of others, and to give full measure of praise to their virtues.

\* \* \*

*Apropos* of the tempest concerning woman suffrage which has been raging in the columns of THE LAKE MAGAZINE, there seem to be grounds for anxiety lest, in the evolution of the human race, we may not have reached that deplorable state of affairs referred to by Mr. Howells as likely to occur in the feathered world, where "the father bird leaves the baby birds entirely to the mother bird, and the mother bird as soon as she begins to have mind and money hires in some poor bird to look after them." The difficulties of the situation would be rendered tenfold more complex were the bird with mind and money to assume the additional duties of the franchise, but who can forecast the future in store for the baby birds when the poor hired in bird demands a vote on the strength of her income?

There is no longer any necessity to break a lance in the defence of what women are doing. The strongest proof of its merit is that it should be judged as mere work, not as mere woman's work. Neither are we concerned to defend or assail "the grey pre-eminence of men." It doubtless has had its reason for being; and, if the old order be changing, yielding place to new, it behooves the conquerors to deal in a spirit of Christian charity with the superseded—to let them down gently, in fine. The progress of the change should be gradual. Otherwise, as well as being fatal to the masculine *amour propre*, it might prove an un-

suspected petard to hoist the vanity of the hostile forces.

But what we would call attention to here is the well-ascertained fact that fate frequently disposes of us in ways we wot not of. *La femme propose, le sort dispose*. The best laid plans gang oft agley, and the woman who says to herself: "Go to now, I will be a celebrated individual," is quite as likely to bring up at the goal of matrimony as at the woollack or the pulpit. Our wills and fates do so contrarily run! We have known a maiden who had set before her the lofty purpose of being the first of her sex to produce a great emotional picture, who had resolved to blend the perfection of form of Andrea del Sarto, the coloring of Titian, the mysticism of Boticelli with all that was best among the moderns; and now she expends her artistic fervor in a judicious selection of her husband's neckties. We have known another who wore a glittering *solitaire* on the first finger of her left hand and had no hope that was not woven about it, who was learned only in gracious household ways; yet now she is a dress-reformer going about with the magic words of Delsarte and Jenness-Miller on her lips, and commanding unoffending people to elevate their chests, and stand upon the balls of their feet. No man knoweth what the end will be. Does fate make foot balls of us, or are we what we are from a necessity of our natures? In the hurly-burly new, strange sounds are rife. Ancient wrongs remain to be righted, fresh strength for stress and storm is required. In the meantime old duties remain about the same as ever. Froude's Blackbird told the Cat who wanted to "improve," that her chief business in life was to take care of her little ones, and sing to her mate. This advice could be, of course, in no way applicable to the spinsters and widows of the feline race.

\* \* \*

Mr. Earnest McGaffey, who has given us *Poems of Gun and Rod* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; William Briggs, Toronto) is apparently one of those robust "muscular Christians," of which the public school system in Tom Brown's time was so prolific—men who believed in God and walked a thousand miles in a

thousand hours. Swallow, plover, deer, trout and maskalunge are the subjects of his verse, and he has written with a quick perception of the varying moods of the seasons, as well as with considerable felicity of phrase. All these unpretending little poems have the freshness of outdoor life about them; there is not a morbid sentiment in the book, although the author does keep his best praise for a dog.

"The faithfulness you seek from friends  
In hollow phrase begins and ends;  
The love of woman that you crave,  
Breaks like the bubble on a wave;  
The world, that grim old pedagogue,  
Has taught me to respect a dog."

Each subject is handled with spirit and taste, and it is only occasionally that the exigencies of rhyme have made sense a secondary consideration. Where the same standard of excellence is maintained throughout, as it is here, there is some difficulty in fixing upon a few lines as representative of the whole, but these three stanzas on *A Swallow* may serve to show the quality of Mr. McGaffey's verse.

I sing you a song of a swallow  
With a purple breast and buoyant wings,  
Curving down where the south wind springs  
From out of a grassy hollow.

From out of a sylvan hollow—  
And the swift wings swerve where water sleeps,  
And up from the depths a ripple leaps  
At the dip of a darting swallow.

At the touch of a mad cap swallow—  
And the rhythmic sweep of motion brings  
The sudden sense of a soul on wings,  
That leads where I long to follow.

\* \* \*

Another book of verse published by the Scribners is Mr. H. C. Bunner's *Rowen*, or "Second Crop" Songs (William Briggs, Toronto), and one is inclined to estimate highly the full harvest of a field of which this very excellent little volume is the aftermath. There are poems of New York and poems suggested by the author's own craft; and although love and death, those favorite themes of the minor poets, do occupy a prominent place in the book, the quaintness and beauty of their treatment make no other justification necessary. The author has

a graceful and lively fancy and without any undue assumption of importance has succeeded in striking out many happy lines. Those introducing the different divisions of the book are especially suggestive. "At the Centennial Ball," and "Chakey Einstein, owff Broadway," shew Mr. Bunner to have been a diligent student of his native city, New York, while the lines on "My Shakespeare" discover the true lover of books to whom the contents are of more importance than the finest binding and best type that ever delighted the heart of a bibliophile.

Fresh from the shop! O Shakspeare mine,  
It wasn't the binding made you divine!  
I knew you first in a foxy brown,  
In the old, old home, where I laid me down,  
In the idle summer afternoons,  
With you alone in the odorous grass,  
And set your thoughts to the wind's low tunes,  
And saw your children rise up and pass—  
And dreamed and dreamed of the things to be,  
Known only, I think, to you and me.

I've hardly a heart for you dressed so fine;  
Fresh from the shop, O, Shakspeare mine!

And what is there about May-Bloom  
which suggests Austen Dobson?

Oh, for you that I never knew!  
Now that the spring is swelling,  
And over the way is a whitening may,  
In the yard of my neighbor's dwelling.

O may, oho! Do your sisters blow  
Out there in the country grasses,  
A-mocking the white of the cloudlet light,  
That up in the blue sky passes?

Here in the town the grass it is brown  
Right under your beautiful clusters;  
But your sisters thrive where the sward's alive  
With emerald lights and lusters.

Dream of my dreams! vision that seems  
Ever to scorn my praying,  
Love that I wait, face of my fate,  
Come with me now a maying.

Soul of my soul! all my life long,  
Looking for you I wander,  
Long have I sought—shall I find naught  
Under the May bushes yonder?

Oh, for you that I never knew,  
Only in dreams that bind you!—  
By Spring's own grace I shall know your face  
When under the May I find you!

There is, perhaps, more poetry in these six stanzas than in all the rest of a book which well deserves a place in the poet's corner of any library.

## HIC ET UBIQUE.

F. R. HOLT.

That Canada as a country has awakened the enthusiasm and proved herself capable of returning the affection of her rulers after their term of office has been brought to a close, is daily proved, and by none more so than by the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Dufferin. The latter, in a speech made many years ago at Belfast, foretells the glory of our favored land; and out of many sentences expressive of his appreciation of her capabilities and resource, we quote the following:—

“Like a virgin goddess in the primeval world Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and along the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty as mirrored on their surface; and scarcely dreams as yet of the glorious future awaiting her in the Olympus of Nations”

\* \* \*  
From various exchanges we see the Bachelor Tax question assuming large proportions, and handled from various platforms. A little sentiment, a little seriousness, a great deal of semi-seriousness, a little political economy, and the end is not yet. Some loyal young men whose devotion to their country is even stronger than their chivalric feeling to the other sex, warmly advocate the imposition of a tax in order to swell the public revenue; but it remains to be seen how they survive the jeers of their brothers in distress. When a government interferes with the subject of marriage, disastrous results, of one kind if not another, have been found to inevitably follow; and the economist who settles the subject to his own satisfaction, even if to no one's else, will have accomplished a task Herculean indeed. Some interested land-owners, whose chief stake is in our North-West,

advocate such a tax with an eye to forced marriages and the increased population which would result, under the impression that the families crowded out here would naturally gravitate west; but one of the most apparent results of the enforced marriage system, as demonstrated in communities where it is in practice, has been a tendency to disproportionately swell the criminal classes. In English-speaking countries there has hitherto been a sentiment attached to marriage, and love has been considered a precious and a holy thing. The serio-comic vein in which this new movement is treated is not likely to exercise an elevating influence, and the old-fashioned will strongly object to the bare idea of eliminating love from it, and reducing marriage to a purely economic basis.

\* \* \*

In the January number of this magazine we read an article entitled “The Great Imprudence,” so pessimistic in tone that it was with relief one found oneself at the closing sentences in which a faint odor of optimism could be detected. The ideas are cleverly put, but if acted on as a test for life we would find ourselves of such an indigo tint that even the waters of Lodi could not wash us white.

On the principle that every heart knoweth its own bitterness, or in commoner form that every man knows where his shoe pinches, we would find there is no profession without its seamy side if we could get its disciples to be equally candid. If, *par exemple*, such a thing as an honest briefless barrister existed, what a tale he could unfold! But let that pass. There is another profession, some of whose members have been anything but reticent; and to them we will turn to ascertain if all displayed before the foot-

lights is as gorgeous as it seems. Perhaps literary people and actors are more akin than those of any other two professions, as they both deal—one for the greater part, the other altogether—in unrealities: and it is this last quality which makes these people have occasional fits of the megrims.

To concoct imaginary scenes, to transcribe imaginary conversations, is at best but a trifling occupation, and in an author with much honesty of purpose must result in occasional discontent. To provoke laughter or draw forth tears, is not criminal; but to continue to do so for one hundred consecutive nights attired in a costume in which the said author would blush to be seen, must conduce to nausea in the actor. That those who have attained the highest eminence that the stage affords are thankful to know that their nearest and dearest are safely off it, can be proved by Mrs. Siddons and Macready; the first expressing in no measured terms her satisfaction at the marriage of her sister "to a respectable man of small fortune, who, thank God, took her off the stage," and the second, who was always regretting that he "was not something else," and would never allow his children to go and see him act.

Writers' and actors' lives are each the lives of artists. No one, however eminent, has more than one life, nor can he accomplish in it anything worth doing unless he is prepared to spend it royally in the service of his mistress, caring for none else. Is Art worth the price? Emphatically, yes. And he who puts his hand to the plough may never look back.

Mr. Gladstone's failure at the beginning of what was to have been the great speech of his life—he whose political aspect is but one of a many-sided character—was the saddest sight the world has seen for many years

D'Israeli dead, Bismark dethroned, and now the mind that grasped the tenets of any and every religion that fixed the place of Greece in the providential order of the world, that allotted to the laymen of England their place in their own church, that gave us criticisms on Marie Bashkirtseff and Robert Elsmere, that could meet

the alumni of Oxford on Homeric or any other classical ground—nerving itself for a final masterpiece which ended in pathos, "the voice sinking sometimes to a whisper which hardly reached across the table."

The name of Ferdinand de Lesseps is scarcely less interesting than those of the great trio of statesmen; and inasmuch as he is making his public exit, a dishonored and condemned man after many works, noble-spirited in spite of his errors, the general sympathy of the world turns to him with an irresistible impulse of kindness. The sternly intolerant, either from an honest sense of protecting the public from individual methods of swindling, or from an assumed attitude of purity, are quick, as human nature ever is, to thrust a fallen brother still lower; but, although one must agree with the high-minded general principle of forcing out, at any cost, from the business world all attempt at any departure from the straight path of integrity, those of us who live longest will live to hear the name of Lesseps spoken in accents of admiration, even if that admiration must be tinged with pity for his fall.

Writers in the financial world who base their assertions on statistics, claim that this is the era of dishonesty. But it is with pleasure that the British subject notes the fact that hitherto the statistics have been chiefly culled from the business records of the United States and France.

There is a strange legend connected with the bush called the Glastonbury thorn, which always blooms about Christmas time and again in May, the fruit following the second blossoming. Near the Abbey of Glastonbury is a rising ground called Weary-all-Hill, and the original of this Christmast Thorn is said to be the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which, when he weariedly climbed the hill with his companions, he stuck in the ground. All that now bloom are said to have been budded or grafted from the celebrated Glastonbury Thorn, and although we may not believe that Joseph of Arimathea was the first to evangelize England, we may be interested in this one of the best

of the stories connected with the Abbey of Glastonbury.

\* \*

With all the reading provided for us some of it, at any rate, fairly healthy in tone, it is a fact to be deplored that Schopenhauer should have a circle of ever-increasing readers, if not admirers. A misanthrope and pessimist, what influence can he bring to bear on the mind of his student productive of any good? A man with the blackest possible conception of human life, with a mind childish in its unreasoning jealousy of his more fortunate competitors, can be no proper instructor for the developing character of youth; and a writer who presents such a hopeless picture as that "life is a business whose profits are far behind the expenses: everything works for the future, which proves as bankrupt as the present," is surely no fit author of a text book of accepted philosophy. If "wickedness has the upper hand and folly the casting vote," surely no folly can be greater than to deliberately inculcate such sentiments as held by Schopenhauer, in the mind of the young—an ever-ready depot for things new and sceptical.

\* \*

We still talk of annexation, but much in the manner in which the weather is dragged into conversation: the ball must be kept rolling, and when the weather has been proved atrocious or exquisite beyond dispute, we do not mind giving a few words to the subject of national extinction as portrayed in the daily news. We turn from newspapers to the society about us, and, after feeling its pulse, compare one record with the other. What obtains in cities is no criterion for what may be found in country life. It must be acknowledged that, while joining in the public expression of opinion antagonistic to such a movement, the tone in drawing rooms of what constitutes the mass of country society leads the onlooker to a different conclusion.

However the principle may afterwards be departed from, the original motive of every mass of people got together must be improvement in some form or other; and the musical unions, and clubs—literary, or otherwise, to be found everywhere,

show that the aggregation called Society has not pleasure alone for its object. "Improvement," as discussed in English and American communities, has chiefly a moral significance; but, although country society may need improvement badly, it is not needed in the line of morality. It is eminently respectable, even if its one sin is allowed to be gossip.

After a varied experience in many country places, only one of which was a border town, the writer has been forced to the conclusion that the need of improvement is in the speaking of English, in quietness of manner, and a more definite standard by which to measure eligibility for membership to the magic circle.

In Toronto and Montreal, people are accused of being Anglo-maniacs. In the country, the malady is Anglo-phobia. In town, to be of English birth, to have good address and an accent that does not reek of the public schools, is *open sesame* to those who cultured themselves, appreciate the same in others. In the country, English people are generally accepted if they live down the prejudice existing against their manner of dress and speech, and general "queerness." On the other hand, the same set in the same small town accept with open arms as many fifth-class Americans, as may find it convenient to make their living for the meantime out of the Canadians whom they affect to despise. The general social tendency is towards an American air of inferior cast, with the natural result that the "nicest" people form a small coterie of their own.

\* \*

The improvement of society is a question agitating many communities, and we in Canada are thankful that as yet we are not too deeply tinged with the reflection from the social evil. True, some of the smart sets in our cities are not content with aping merely the mannerisms of the corresponding sets in the older countries, but absorb as thoroughly their follies; and the bridge between folly and vice is at best but a short one, and of rotten timber. From a society paper issued weekly in New York, and which has—unfortunately—a large circulation, we clip the following:—

Mrs. Dick Irvin's hen dinner went off with unusual jollity, and was a wonderful success . . . . Forty-three sat down on Monday evening at two large tables, one in the dining-room, the other in what is called "the annex." Great hilarity prevailed, and there were some witty jests and merry remarks indulged in; but I am happy to say there was no repetition of the conduct of the *convives* at a hen dinner recently given in Irving Place, where one woman's gown was completely ruined by the champagne sprinkled on it by some of her neighbors; and when the time came for making speeches or telling stories, bread balls, olives, and any small bon-bons were thrown about and at the speaker, in a manner more suited to the servant's-hall than to an assemblage of New York's smartest set of women. . . . Boston people will be interested and surprised to hear that the late radiant denizen of their town, Mr. Arthur Weld, is engaged to be married again. . . . The former Mrs. Weld and her children are still living abroad.

We in Canada, who, with means or sometimes without, are fixed in a determination to "live" our life, might occasionally read such a record as the above, giving heed to the warning notes between

the lines. In spite of our political scandals resulting in the blackening of our public name at home and abroad, we plume ourselves upon our national respectability—our devotion to good works and staunch adherence to our church principles. How far are we aiding the efforts of church or social reform to stem the tide of worldliness which threatens to engulf us? Religion is doing little to relieve the present condition. With the spectacle of universal life spread out before us, we must acknowledge that pulpit harangues, philosophical utterances and utilitarian arguments are powerless to allay the pleasure-loving, money-getting fever now possessing the world, which makes enemies of brothers and thieves of well-born men. The moral disease is epidemic throughout the earth. Business habits of a questionable character are allowed until their label has been affixed by the court, and that morally the land is improving is negated by press reports of occurrences too scandalous for speech.

As yet we have no record of society doings equivalent to the paper quoted from above; and that we may continue to be without one, we pray



## “BERENICE'S HAIR.”

BY ISABEL A. STEACY, OTTAWA.

In ancient star-lore there is a beautiful legend of a noble woman whose husband had gone far away to fight for his country's weal. For his safe return she offered upon the altar of the gods her golden tresses. Her husband returned not, but her offering was translated to the skies where even now those gleaming tresses in the star diadem of "Berenice's Hair" tell us that true love is eternal.

Of woman's love and devotion is my story

"Arrête! Arrête!" This cry was repeated again and again by the terror-stricken spectators who watched with breathless anxiety the mad career of a span of horses attached to an open voiture. The only occupant was a young girl scarce eighteen—her sunny curls blown in clusters about the fair, sweet, child-like face.

Firmly she held the reins, but coming to an obstacle on the road the horses began to plunge and rear. Foreseeing the imminent peril Lieut. Montague sprang forward at the risk of being trampled, seized the bridle with a firm, strong hand, and effectually checked them in their mad course. Then stepping up to Berenice Kingsley he courteously requested her to honour him by permission to drive her safely home. Giving a quick, searching glance into those eyes from which looked forth a manhood as noble as true, she coyly placed the reins in his hands.

As soon as her shyness wore off she told him of her English home, and learned from her companion that he too, although belonging to an ancient Huguenot family in France, had spent his boyhood in England.

Tears of gratitude stood in Mr. Kingsley's eyes as he thanked the stranger for saving his daughter's life, adding softly,—

"She is very, very dear to me—my only child, my little Berenice."

The next day Lieut. Montague called to enquire for his little protégée, and thus by degrees he became a welcome guest at this home.

And soon it came to pass that his noble, generous heart went out with a great love and tenderness towards this gentle maiden. He loved her as only grand and lofty natures can love. She, in return, gave to him her costliest gift, the priceless treasure of a woman's devotion.

Alas for Henri Montmorenci! He too loved her—loved her as a child when they played together hand in hand. He now watched her with a jealous eye while she, all unconscious of the fierce struggle in the heart of the man, only shook her pretty curls and laughed a sweet ringing laugh.

How could she know it? They had been brought up almost as brother and sister. He had been away for years, and only now returned to find she loved another. How bewitching Berenice looked in her dainty habit as he met them one day returning on horseback from their daily ride. As he passed he hissed between his teeth, "You will never marry Montague" From that moment he determined to separate them. His love, once so strong, now centred in one thought, revenge.

It was in the dawn of nineteenth century. Napoleon was then in the zenith of his power, going forth conquering and to conquer. Leo Montague, true to his native country, had become a trusted officer of that monarch who, he dreamed, would bring glory to his beloved France. Montmorenci ever watchful of his opportunity, planned a scheme by which he might bring about the overthrow of his rival. Privately despatching a messenger

on horseback he directed him to bring word that Montague's mother, then living near Marseilles, was sick unto death, and ardently longed to see her son once more. Obtaining a ten days' furlough from his royal commander he set out immediately.

As he neared his journey's end, at nightfall, he heard the tramp of horses, and peering through the darkness, he saw three armed men whose features were concealed by visors. Instinctively he placed his hand upon his sword. Suddenly one of the men called out, "Qui vive," upon which signal the men sprang from their saddles. One caught the bridle while the other two fell upon Montague and overpowered him, at the same time slipping on his wrists a pair of manacles. The leader, whom he recognized as Montmorenci, whispered in his ear: "Keep quiet, and no harm will come to you, but try to escape and—" here Leo felt the cold steel touch his throat. Seeing that resistance was worse than useless he rode on silently, allowing his horse to be led. After a short time they came to a lonely hut on the border of a dense forest, evidently used as a hunting lodge on some former occasion. Here they dismounted and entered.

As day by day dragged on its weary length Montague began to realize the peril of his situation. It dawned upon him that Montmorenci intended keeping him a prisoner until after his furlough had expired, thus subjecting him to the awful penalty of such violation of command, even the forfeit of his life at the hands of his stern commander. In the meantime Henri had sent a despatch to Napoleon to the effect that Lieut. Montague had only made an excuse of his mother's illness, and had now deserted.

The seventh day was at its close and found him still a prisoner. He thought of Berenice—of his mother. O God, will no hand set him free? His maddened brain reeled as he thought of what this detention must bring. He was so young, and life so sweet, sweeter now than ever, for was there not one dearer to him than life itself? That night he was aroused by moans proceeding from Montmorenci's couch. He went to him

and found him in great agony. As the night wore on the symptoms of the much dreaded cholera appeared. The other men, alas, only too familiar with this fell disease, fled in terror from the fated house. Leo, realizing his utter helplessness, implored of Montmorenci to remove the manacles while he had strength left to accomplish it. Gathering up all his strength, his enemy gave blessed freedom to those hands that were now the only ones left to minister to his sufferings. "Leave me to perish, Montague," he murmured faintly, as he fell back exhausted by the effort. "It is I who have wrought your ruin. Flee for your life while there is yet time. Napoleon will never forgive disobedience to command. What, man! are you mad, that you still linger. Your life is the forfeit!"

"I cannot leave you to perish, Montmorenci. I will stay. God help us both."

The excitement of the occasion proved too much for the stricken man, and soon delirium held sway. All through that weary night, while Leo watched the sufferer rehearsed his accursed plan. Fortunately Montague had some experience in the treatment of cholera, and faithfully he laboured to save his enemy's life. Surely such forgiveness is noble—God-like!

Five weary days the struggle lasted. Just as the golden sunset hallowed the evening of the fifth day Henri opened his eyes slowly, and saw Leo bending over him, and the tears trickled one by one down his pale worn face. "Montague," he whispered, in broken tones, "leave me, I implore you. I am not worthy of such noble sacrifice."

"I will not leave you until you are stronger," Leo said, simply. For reply the sick man only buried his face in the pillow and sobbed aloud. Then, forgetting all else in his agony, he exclaimed, vehemently, "You will never lose your noble life for my sake. I will confess all to our Emperor; let him do with me what seemeth best."

But what of Berenice? When the day set for her lover's return came and went, but found him not, her grief knew no bounds. Her brain seemed to be on fire. What could she do? Yes, she would go herself to Napoleon and plead for her

betrothed. After a long night spent in lonely vigil she drove early next morning to the palace and begged an audience. Surely that monarch's heart must melt at the sight of her loveliness as she fell on her knees, her hands clasped in an agony of request, and her golden hair tossed back from her pure, fair brow. As Napoleon gazed upon this vision he murmured, "Surely this is love, true love, but I will test it."

"O, most noble monarch, have pity on us and spare my beloved!"

"Gentle lady, it cannot be. We cannot suffer our law to be thus violated. No, it cannot be." As he uttered these words her head was bowed upon her breast. Then, starting as a fawn stricken by a fatal dart, she sprang to her feet, and drawing herself up in proud dignity the noble girl replied—"No, your Highness, he shall not die. He is mine, I will die for him."

Napoleon hesitated, marvelling at the dauntless courage of one so young and fair; then steeling himself he responded, tersely—"Be it so, child; to-morrow at twelve you appear in the place of Leo Montague, condemned to death for desertion and disobedience to royal command."

How the remaining hours sped on none but God can tell. There was a tearful farewell to be left for her father, who had been called to England a short time before. And oh! must she nevermore see him whom she loved so well.

There are some scenes in the presence of which even angels veil their faces. Let us bow the head reverently as we listen to the words of her whose sweet young life must soon be blighted as orchard-

bloom before the blast. "O God, the love Thou gavest me I lay at Thy feet. Shall I let him die! The noblest, truest heart that beats must then be still forever. No, a thousand times no. Rather let me become the prey of wild beasts and be torn limb from limb."

The sun shone merrily. How could it on that May morning, as Berenice was led forth blind-folded. She walked erect. There was no wavering in her steps as she neared the spot which henceforth must be hallowed by the pure love of a noble heart soon to be stilled forever. In her hand she clasped a small miniature of her betrothed, while her lips repeated again and again, "For his dear sake."

The officer who was commanded to fire fell back as he beheld the dauntless maiden clad in white, with an aureole of golden hair falling about her shoulders. The rifle dropping from his nerveless fingers rang like a death-knell upon the stone pavement beneath "Coward! Give it to me!" and Napoleon, with the skill of a true marksman, took deadly aim.

Can no power on earth save her? Must that noble life perish?

O God help her; she is shot, she falls!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Your monarch himself gives her back to you. Take her, Montague. She is the noblest, truest, bravest maiden in all my realm. I have proved her love. I loaded the rifle with blank cartridge, that I might test her fidelity. As we lifted her swooning from the pavement a jewelled miniature of her lover fell from her robe, where at the last moment she had placed it near her heart"

Such is woman's love and devotion.



## HOME.

BY R. CUTHBERT.

There is no sweeter or more suggestive word in the English language than "home." It is the title of our first number and issue, and we cannot conceive of a subject that is more surrounded with ideas that our readers can better appreciate. Home is the nucleus and unit of good society, and of good government. Given a nation in which good and happy homes abound, and we will answer for the stability of society and the solidity of the nation. Home should be the centre of love, of parental and filial affection, from which the principle of authority should radiate as the light of love. The citizen who is a stranger to a loving and lovable home, cannot be a citizen in the true sense. He is devoid of the first elements of the education that constitutes true citizenship. Father, mother, brother and sister, these are the familiar terms that cluster round the region of home.

All are embodied by the soul-inspiring thought of home. To be true in all the relations incident to home life is to presuppose the highest happiness attainable in this world. The possibilities of mankind are in this world. Whatever the next world may be, no better preparation for it can be imagined than the persistent, and continuous effort to make of this world a Heaven.

Let Heaven be first realized and experienced here; then shall we be properly and legitimately suited, or fitted for happiness in a higher and nobler sphere—if there be such a sphere for the highest and noblest achievements of man.

Too much thought, attention and activity are bestowed on questions of the beyond, and on an existence of which no one has ever had knowable experience. No one has ever come back to tell us, or give us any information concerning his

experience beyond the grave. It seems a useless waste of time, and energy to be forever thus sawing the wind. Every century by, which the world's enlightenment is increased, but enlarges and deepens the mystery of existence, and of God. God is sometimes called Father, and surely no more appropriate name could be applied. Man is the sensitive plant of His infinitely varied and exuberant garden. To man alone, of all the animal kingdom, does the idea of God or Father occur. To the genius and skill of man has God committed the responsibility of His undeveloped work. Diligently search, make every effort to know My ways as they are involved in nature—the storehouse of My treasures—and your course in life in this world will be pleasurable and happy. The Earth and all its fulness is the home, which God has provided for man. Even those who preach another life, are so satisfied with the present, that they prefer it to taking any chances of the existence that they know not of. Their whole manner of appreciation of this world proves them to be of little faith, in that of which they preach and teach. They do not seem to be aware of their inconsistency, and false economy. They decry the world in which they flourish and luxuriate, and yet it is the home of God's sensible provision. It is the theatre of human love, it is the grand sphere of the conception of the love of the Father. "There is no place like home" such is the general consensus of those who know anything about it. It is not of supernatural origin, but its place is upon this earth.

The more firmly home is established upon this earth the more heavenly earth becomes. If the earth could only be converted into one vast home with love as the dominant element of power and

authority, who could hesitate to believe that Heaven would thereby become a reality? Man is uncivilized when he needs other power than that of love for his government. Home is not home where love does not prevail and hold supreme sway. If love is, as it ought to be, the guiding and governing force of home-life, then must it be the combining and sustaining force of national life. It is frequently affirmed that love is the central force of Christianity inasmuch as God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son as a sacrifice to Himself for the sins of the people. Injustice and cruelty measured out to an only begotten and innocent Son, to appease the wrath of God, on account of the deeds done by the very people whom God himself had created,—and all for what? Simply to propitiate His own anger, and to gratify His own vanity and self love. The more the scheme is analyzed the more plainly will it be seen that it is derogatory to the Infinite perfection, wisdom, goodness, and love of God. In the plan of salvation as presented to the popular mind, the love for His only begotten Son, and the love for His people are together exceeded by His love for Himself. The whole principle of the love assigned to the plan, is vitiated by tyranny and injustice. God is love by virtue of His perfect justice, and boundless provision in nature for the mutual love and happiness of the human—His—family.

The whole idea of the human family is suggestive of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the Earth as the home, in which peace, harmony, truth and love should dwell. Happy human relations can only exist where justice and morality form the foundation, or constitute the principle of human activity. We see that the possession of millions is no barrier to the destruction of good name in man and woman, the priceless jewel of their souls. The name of home is defamed, and the legacy to the little ones—the children—is a disgraceful heritage, that time cannot obliterate. Life in the form of man is the most important of trusts that Deity confers on sentient beings. Man's first duty to that

trust, must be performed in the sanctum sanctorum of home. If he is faithful there all his external relations, socially and politically, will be persistently and consistently maintained. In the home every form of tyranny and cruelty must be subdued and overcome by the power of love. Parents can only rule effectually and properly through and by love. The best kind of obedience is that which proceeds, not from fear—but from love. Fear is a sorry incentive to love. Fear is the parent of hell and torture, and these can only be preached in the clouded atmosphere of ignorance and superstition.

Just imagine, stop for a moment, and think of an all wise, infinitely good, merciful, just and perfect Father sending His children into this world, knowing full well beforehand that certain conduct or actions they were previously designed to commit, would ensure them an eternity of torture and punishment. Could there possibly be a more monstrous belief and a more scandalous libel on the character and goodness of God the Father of all? It is an insult to our human intelligence to hear such a gratuitous and infamous libel preached. Gradually it is being abolished from the religious literature of the best thinkers, the truest exponents of the wisdom and goodness of God.

No earthly home could be happy in which such a diabolical creed is taught. "An earthly power doth shew likest God's when mercy seasons justice" God does not constrain by fear, but by love—all His plans and methods which, as yet, have been discovered in Nature afford marvellous testimony of His profound and perfect Benevolence. By the influence of His truths, as embodied and unfolded through nature, provision is made for the amelioration of the harsh conditions of earthly homes. Millions of happy homes, now upon the earth, owe their existence to the discovery and revelations of the truths of science. The smallest type of government is the government of home. If, in the home, the relations are exact the same relations will obtain in the social and political sphere. The home being the unit and right it must follow as a logical consequence that the aggregate of

homes will be right and in harmony. Even the tree loves to grow upright and have all its branches and leaves surrounding in graceful economy and beauty. To the tree Nature dictates the line of its normal development. Its conformity to that law is not from fear, but from natural disposition to be true to the Designer. In nature all are but parts of one stupendous whole of which God is the dominating soul.

“ Nature is made better by no mean—  
But Nature makes that mean.  
Over that art which you say adds to Nature  
Is an art that Nature makes.”

“ And certes in fair virtue’s heavenly road  
The cottage leaves the palace leaves far behind,  
What is a lordling’s pomp? a cumbrous load—  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell; in wickedness refined.”

Happy homes do not need wealth, but they need justice, freedom, honesty, truth, and love, the vital elements of moral growth. Earthly homes vitalized by such elements cannot but receive the gracious smiles and sunshine of an approving Deity or Father. Every truth that Nature reveals enhances our conception of the boundless love of God. All human misery is to be ascribed to man’s cupidity and inhumanity. In the waste of energy over shadows we lose sight of the truth and fail to grasp the reality. In such a miserable struggle unhappy homes are the result. Let tomfoolery and humbug cease and let us have the veritable homes on this earth, and the terrors of the hereafter will be resolved into love.

---

## BY THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY KATHARINE B. COUTTS.

We stood together by the shore of that majestic river,  
Lake-born and dowered that leaves the west,  
Light’s seat and source its noble guest ;  
But in the infinite ocean’s breast,  
It’s questioning stills forever.

And there we let the burden go, of many a sad misgiving,  
Impetuous as the river’s sweep ;  
We bade our doubts have endless sleep,  
In Love’s broad bosom, ocean deep ;  
The joy, the end of living !

## ANNEXATION.

KOMUS.

I am an Annexationist because my wife was one before me. Our opinions have recently undergone a great change; for, last year my dear charmer concluded that in union there is strength, so we two became one for better or for worse. She has taken my name, and I have adopted her opinions. Her name has ceased to exist, and my identity has disappeared, by which I mean, that we two are one, and that one is my wife who bears my name.

This method has many advantages. The complete fusion and success which have resulted from our union, make me favor continental unity. Formerly, it was necessary for me to form my own opinions on all matters, but since our marriage my "better half" saves me the worry and exertion.

Now, this is my first argument in support of Annexation. Under the present form of government, Canadians have to frame their own laws; but, if Canada should become a part of the United States, this burden would be removed from the oppressed electors, for the Americans would legislate for the whole continent. Some of my friends object to this change, and foolishly prate about diminished freedom, lessened independence, and a thousand kindred subjects, as if these were of any importance to a people.

My wife asserts that all men should be made slaves to women, in order to become useful and contented; and, by analogy, I contend that every weak nation should be subject to a strong, in order to become prosperous and happy. This argument cannot be refuted, and no man, in my position, dares to deny the validity of the proposition upon which it is founded. The result, in both instances, would be annexation; all men would become hus-

bands, and one nation would rule the world. The same principle can be applied to individuals; and, in this way, every people and every nation would learn justice and wisdom from the rules of the Celestial Empire, guided by the Empress of that mighty nation. Hence, all women who nobly battle for "women's rights" should be annexationists, so that their wrongs may be redressed by the Empress of the world.

Again, since the happy day when we pledged our vows at the marriage altar, my wife has taken full charge of all my estate and business. She makes or breaks every contract into which we enter, and this saves me a deal of anxiety about money matters. Now, I am certain that annexation to the United States would speedily accomplish the same thing for Canada. I observe that Canadians are, at present, greatly concerned about tariffs, and timber, and fisheries, and railways, and canals, and reforms, and commerce, and Liberals, and Conservatives, and many other innumerable grievances and nuisances, which this simple change would effectually remove. The Americans will accept them all; and corrupt Canadian politicians will be unable to rob their country, because there will be nothing left to steal. Everything will be done for us, and we will only have to pay our taxes and freely enjoy all the benefits. If times are hard, the United States will, in solemn form, enact and declare that fifty cents in silver shall, henceforth, be equivalent to one dollar in gold, and request the effete monarchies of the old world to approve of the change!

Then, again, we Canadians have always admired the negroes in the Southern States and continental unity, alone, will make them our respected fellow citizens. In this way, they will help to frame our

laws and to develop the resources of this magnificent country. Not only so, but, thus, our ever-recurring, troublesome, "race question" will be settled forever. The few French Canadians in America will be powerless to resist the ten millions of southern negroes who will help us to destroy this Upas tree which has taken such strong root in the Province of Quebec. The French Canadians may be a prolific race, but our negro friends and intended fellow citizens double their numbers every twenty years. This policy, in a short time, will make white and black, French and English, speak the same language, the English tongue, throughout the whole continent of North America. One of my friends affects to see some danger in the millions of negroes in the southern States, but I assure him that language is more important than excellence or color in any people. Although I have proved to his satisfaction that this is the only effectual way to permanently dispose of the "race question," he still continues skeptical and perverse; and, for aught I care, he can remain so.

My wife and I are only recent converts to the doctrine of one continent for one nation; but, soon, we expect to deliver a series of illustrated lectures throughout the leading towns and cities of Canada to foster the Annexation sentiment. And, I may as well state here, that there is a great intellectual treat in store for those who have the patience and sense to listen and learn. My wife is always prepared and willing to deliver a lecture, and she often assures me that I will yet be the Cicero of America. The other day, I addressed an appreciative audience of street Arabs in our cellar for over an hour; but I did not nearly complete my lecture, for they became so excited by my eloquent periods that it was dangerous for me to remain. The excitement was too intense for their youthful intellects. Lumps of coal were thrown in every direction, and my escape from instant death was miraculous. I am confident that my life was spared to continue this wonderful work to a successful issue. My wife says that it was a manifestation of divine approval, so I have determined to lecture upon this subject, even at the risk of my life.

It has ever been the fate of great reformers, not to be appreciated and understood in their own day and generation, and not infrequently to fill an unknown grave; but, this prospect will not deter me from advocating such a glorious cause as annexation. Neither the sneers of my enemies, nor the hostility of my former friends, can change my purpose. I hardly expect much to be accomplished in the space of one life, for the people are so prejudiced by circumstances and blinded by ignorance, that they will not soon recognize in Great Britain an enemy, and the United States a friend to Canada. Because Great Britain has granted to us the best form of self-government known to the world, and has protected our territories and rights by the strength of her might and the prestige of her name, Canadians are inclined to continue a connection which has almost made Canada a nation; but, in my opinion, when they realize that we may, some day, be tempted to assist the Mother Land in some struggle for supremacy, Canadians will raise the Stars and Stripes over every village, town and city from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Why should we be grateful for past favours? Sentiment is the curse of any people. Money, money, and money only, makes a nation cohesive and powerful; and the sooner we come to disregard all sentiments of honor and loyalty in national matters, the more readily will the people welcome annexation. My wife says, "To — with sentiment and give me money at any sacrifice," and I have come to repeat the saying, even in my dreams. Canada for Canadians first, last and always. Why should we consider the interests or regard the inclinations of Great Britain more than those of any other nation, if annexation will be to our monetary advantage? The foolishness of some people fills me with a feeling of unutterable disgust. It is as if a son should consider the interests of his father more than those of any other person, before closing a bargain by which he expects to make a large sum of money? Nonsense, what fools some people are. Self-preservation, and therefore, self-interest is the first and should be the only law of nature to determine our actions,

whether private or public. An old saw states, that "There is honor among thieves," and unless Canadians desire to be classed and denominated thieves, they had better, at once, abandon that foolish sentiment honour, together with many similar sentiments, to which, through some oversight, the proverb does not refer.

These are some of the views which my wife and I hold upon this momentous subject, and in a few months, we hope and expect to proclaim them from public platforms throughout the length and breadth of the land. Meanwhile, let every true man meditate upon the reasonableness of this annexation movement and await our appearance with patience.



## THE LONELY SANDS.

BY HILLIARD GRAY.

The moon is rising calmly o'er the sea ;  
The waters wild and rough wash o'er the sands,  
They break in curving lines ; and wet the feet  
Of one who, all unheeding, silent stands.

She stands upon the shore, nor seems to note  
The flight of time ; but to her wide-wild eyes ;  
Her hand she lifts to shade her pale, worn face,  
And gazes out in terrified surprise.

What sees she floating there upon the deep?  
One hand she presses to her beating heart—  
The waters lift the drifting thing, and lay  
It softly at her feet ; then off they dart.

For little reck the waves for woman's grief ;  
The gladsome waters gayly, blithely play ;  
As o'er the grave of human hope they dance,  
And frolic hither, thither, off, away.

The wild west winds have loosed her long-brown hair,  
They madly whirl around with mirthful glee,  
Oh ! why this awful dance of wind and waves ?  
Oh ! why the maddening sport of sky and sea ?

For lo ! what lies so deathlike at her feet ?  
One glance—"My God !" she cries "my watch is o'er,"  
She clasps the sea's dead burden in her arms—  
Oh ! loud the cruel sea's exulting roar.

That ghastly face she rests upon her knee ;  
She feels the frozen hands ; and will not hear,  
The words "Too late" that echo in her heart ;  
But presses closer to the form so dear.

What nights and days she'd wandered on the shore ;  
The hours had seemed like years of untold pain,  
" My love ! " she'd cried " Oh ! cruel, cruel fate,  
Ah ! when shall I behold thy face again ? "

And now, at last, the sea gives up its dead ;  
She gazes on the face, and cries aloud,  
E'en Nature seems affected with her grief,  
And hides the moon's pale face behind a cloud.

And One besides that awful cry had reached ;  
He looked down from Heaven, and beheld—  
He hushed the sound her prayer immediate heard ;  
And Death his victims to unite compelled.



## A BACKWOODS' SKETCH.

BY K. C. V.

It is early morning in January, and outside the earth is sleeping under her white counterpane. Inside, the room is warm and inviting, and Ruth thinks she has seldom seen a cosier guest chamber, than her cousin Helen's. A few choice pictures on the walls, a woody, golden-brown carpet strewn with ferns; a sleepy hollow chair near a crimson curtained bay-window, in which grows a huge bowl of mignonette, a quaint screen, and a solid comfort hammock. Low book-shelves line one end of the room, and a crazy Japanese table keeps them company. The white bed seen through the portieres is a poem in itself.

Ruth lights the gas and quickly dresses thinking with a pang of where she will be "this time to-morrow." Breakfast is over, good-byes are said, and Ruth drives away in the grey morning to her six months' hard work.

She has been accepted by a most learned body of trustees, to teach the school in section No. 9, Millersville. All the way to the station, how the girl wishes she were one of those fortunates whose fathers are prosperous, and who enjoy to the full their young lives.

How she hates to think of the coming months, but she is brave and never dreamed of turning back. She has been religiously sent to school by her aunt, and if she were to announce to that worthy soul, her intention of abandoning the path marked out for her she would be branded as ungrateful and as greatly undervaluing her privileges—so she goes to her work intending to give the school room a fair trial before seeking "pastures new."

She is the only woman on the early train and the men look wonderingly at her.

After a run of 40 miles through the woods of Northern Canada she comes to

her journey's end. A little ugly brown station receives her and the train tears away. A young Hercules with a very red face, a still more decided red woollen muffler, cap pulled over his ears and a huge overcoat asks her if she is the "new school ma'am." She assures him she is that person and he informs her that as all the teachers board at their house, he s'poses she will too.

Without more ado he picks up her trunk and tells her to "come on," which she does, and finds herself literally flying over the smooth hard road. With his hands grasping the reins and his attention centred on his horse, he is "on his native heath" and loses some of his uncouthness.

Ruth begins to be faintly interested and opens the conversation by asking him how far they have to go, "Its jest six miles from the station to the Knot Hole Church an 'then you turn to the right, an' on top of the hill is our place."

"The Knot Hole Church, why is it called that?"

"Don'no, unless on 'count of the holes in the lumber. G'long Beauty."

"What denomination is it?"

"Hey?"

"Is it a Methodist Church?"

"Yes ma'am." The subdued tone in which this last is said amuses Ruth and she laughs softly to herself.

Then the conversation turns on school matters and by dint of skilful questioning she elicits from her companion the information that the school is "pooty full in the winter, and that Jim Wilson is the worst feller in the section." He also imparts to her the cheerful fact of his having gotten the "upper hand" of the teacher they had last winter.

"Miss Bevans used to cry every day Jim come, till at last he left in disgust; he said

he didn't kalk'late to set all day with wet feet. He says he h'aint comin' agin till they get a man."

At this Ruth breathes easier, having no desire to combat with the renowned Jim.

And now the Knot Hole Church comes into view, and is passed. They go slowly up the hill and in the yard stands a long white farm-house with a verandah across the front. The big weather-beaten barn is first passed: Ruth found in that section of the country, that the barns were near the road and the houses some distance back. Why it was so, was to her an unsolved problem; that it *was* so—a settled fact.

A stout motherly woman opens the door and says kindly: "How d'ye do?"—"You're Miss Emerson, I'spose—Come right in! It's a cold mornin'. Abner, jest take Miss Emerson's trunk right up to the end room."

Abner shoulders the trunk and vanishes.

Such an odd room! A carpet of a wonderful mixture, which she afterwards learns is "hit or miss."

It is all "miss," she thinks, for, so far as harmony of colors is concerned there is no "hit." A box stove which holds any number of "knots" and "chunks," a lounge covered with bilious looking calico, old-fashioned little wooden chairs that stand primly against the wall, covered with an indescribable colored paper, bought with the laudable object of not showing the dirt, are prominent features of the apartments. But the window curtains are a revelation to her—they are of thick drab paper with a yellow and red border. In the centre a marvellous peacock with well-spread tail, poses. All the colors of the rainbow are here, and yet, it is not "a thing of beauty."

A high walnut bureau with a wreath of peacock feathers over the top, completes the dining-room, sewing-room, sitting-room and general living room of the Miller family. Not a very large family now. All the boys and girls are married and have similar æsthetic establishments to "mother's." Only Abner is left, and "he was 21 last June, and he's bin keepin' stiddy comp'ny ever sense with Alviry Hodges."

The only bit of harmony in the long

room is the girl herself in her dark crimson dress, which fits her like the paper on the wall, and the motherly woman looks admiringly at her.

Have I not yet described this girl, who has come among such barren surroundings to work her own way. Ruth Emerson *svelte* and *chic*, with brown, dusky hair worn like Clytie's, wistful pathetic brown eyes looking from under beautifully arched brows, and a dewy, cherry mouth.

"Mouth in whose closure,  
All Love's sweetness lies."

She is glowing with the cold air, despite her avowal to the contrary; she is patrician to her finger-tips. Colonel Emerson's graud-daughter is not the one generally seen in farm-houses, or country school rooms. But the wheel of fortune turns us into strange company sometimes.

Her own little room up-stairs has been duly visited, and made home-like by some well beloved photos. The obnoxious "hit or miss" is almost hidden by thick mats and a mountainous bed which proved a treacherous toboggan slide, till habit rendered her nightly ascent successful. A neat little spot on the whole. She has watched Mrs. Miller, skim milk and make butter, she has inspected the dairy, and watched a grey woollen sock grow under the skilful manipulation of the knitting needles, and so the day has worn on and at night she feels that one long year has elapsed since she kissed cousin Helen good bye.

"Please, Miss Emerson, will you come home with me to-night? Mother said to ask you!"

"Yes, Jack."

And the boy skips out delightedly to tell the others that the teacher is coming home with him to-night. A month has gone by and Ruth is working steadily away, and if at times she hates the monotony of it all, and inwardly voices Mantilini's opinion, she bravely works on and keeps her own counsel. Her children like her, but at times she feels utterly discouraged at the meagre results of her most patient efforts. Impish boys on whom kindness seems lost, sometimes appear to appreciate her untiring efforts

to make the work pleasant and profitable.

It has been a most neglected section and on Friday afternoons she has instituted an hour's singing and reading.

She has initiated them into the mysteries or the tonic sol-fa, and there she finds no lack of interest.

They one and all grow enthusiastic when she sings, which she does like a bird. Many a small insurrection, many a *mal quatre d'heure* has she sung down.

Ruth is a slim slip of a girl of 18, and some of her scholars are older than she.

Not a few of the girls are "keepin' siddy comp'ny"—a phrase she very often hears now—and in their inmost souls, regard her with wonder not unmixed with contempt, because Mr. and Mrs. Miller drive her to and from the Knot Hole Church.

Yet, they give her unblushingly, that sincerest of admiration—imitation. They copy faithfully her manner of dressing and "doing up" her hair. Before Ruth's advent, three rows of shiny ringlets—relics of a past decade—were the acme of fashion. Now, Psyche knots reign.

On the creek which runs behind the school she spends hours on her skates, and at night the boys and girls and bon-fires transform the place.

So at the close of one crisp February day, Ruth goes to visit Jack's mother.

She has never met her, but has heard her spoken of in the vernacular as a woman who would "use you clever." They go through the bush, a mile nearer than around by the road, and it is nearly dusk when they come to the long, log house where Jacob Smith, twenty-five years ago, took his red-cheeked country bride. Since then, sickness and bad crops, have combined to keep them rather badly off.

Jack opens the door, shouts, "Here she is mother."

Mother and sister Mary cordially welcome her, and she is relieved of her wrappings almost in silence on her part—she is almost dumb with astonishment.

She has become a trifle more accustomed during the last month to primeval simplicity, but this room is the oddest specimen she has yet seen. A long, low room with whitewashed walls and the carpet "conspicuous by its absence," three

little windows on the side, two at one end, one on each side of the door.

The scanty wood-work is painted the slightest shade of blue conceivable. In one end of the room is a cooking stove dazzlingly bright, by its side a high blue cupboard, a white pine table, perpendicular-backed little wooden chairs, invented solely for the purpose of pitching one forward; but the crowning bit of absurdity in Ruth's eyes, was two large feather beds in the other corner—immense mounds of red and yellow patchwork, that suggested step-ladders as a mode of mounting.

Mary Smith gets tea and all the preparations go on under her very nose. The blue cupboard disgorges old blue dishes, and a trap-door in the floor, through which Mary disappears every few minutes, evidently hides unlimited stores, for the long table is fairly crowded with home-made delicacies.

"Faither" and "the boys" file in, and each gives her a hearty hand-shake, and then Ruth finds she needs all her will-power to keep a decorous gravity, for in a brown crock on a bench behind the stove, the ablutions of the "men folks" are religiously gone through with. Each consults a cracked looking-glass hanging over a tin comb-case, each makes a few mysterious passes over his head, and then tilts himself back on the legs of his chair fully satisfied that his toilet is complete.

Such a meal! They have combined the three of a Canadian bill of fare, and it is a veritable "high tea."

All through the evening under a stream of pleasant talk runs the under current "Where *am* I to sleep?" The only door in the room is the outside one. To be sure there is the trap door, but that does not lead to beds. She has heard of outside stairs but she knows none exist here for she distinctly remembers there was no second storey. The barn stands near but they cannot intend her to sleep there. Then she finds herself mentally dividing the family. Father and the four grown up boys and Jack in one bed, Mother, Mary and herself in the other, and she laughs softly for she knows by daily experience that "9 into 2 won't go." The evening passes and she enjoys the odd stories of Canadian life in Mr. Smith's

boyhood, and her heart warms towards the old pioneers who struggled so bravely and endured so well.

But surging through all her interest in the old-time talk, came the question, "Where am I to sleep?" The old eight-day clock originally owned by Mr. Smith's father strikes 10 and Mary lights a candle in a candle-stick that would drive a bric-a-brac hunter wild with envy, and says, "If you're ready, Miss Emerson, we'll go to bed." Ruth is ready, and willing, but where? Mary walks to the outside door, and opens it—Ruth follows—Good-nights are said and the two girls stand outside in the snow.

They walk to the back of the house, open the barn door, go through it and out again at the farther end, and there in the moonlight facing the main-road, stands a new house, nearly finished.

A bed-room is furnished comfortably, and a fire is burning in a big bare room. While they get ready for rest, Mary gives Ruth the history of the new house.

The old one is to be moved and form a kitchen, "an' it would hev been all done, Miss Emerson, but father had a long spell of sickness, and then mother's cousin, Sary Myers from Hornellsville, New York State, that we hadn't seen for ten years, came on a visit, and mother said it didn't seem right to work all the time so we just set and visited."

The "spare bed" is duly admired. Mary has sewed every stitch on it and takes great pride in her handiwork.

One quilt contains 999 pieces, and no two alike, another took first prize at Backus Centre Fall Fair, a third is a bewildering pattern known as "Jacob's Ladder"—and the pattern of a fourth was given to her by "Cousin Phoebe Jane Tilters, now dead and gone, poor thing"

And Ruth tucks herself under this

pile of historical covering, sleeps the sleep of the young and healthy, and dreams that Jacob married Phoebe Jane, they had 999 children and no two alike.

"What is so rare as a day in June,

Then, if ever, come perfect days."

A long birch canoe and in it a girl and a man—The Creek dimples, and laughs in the sunlight and rests in the shade.

He is a young giant, and she is a trifle sun burned.

"And so, Miss Emerson, you leave to morrow."

"Yes, Abner, I have grown to like this place, and almost hate to leave. It is at its best these days."

He looks at her and thinks she could stay forever if she would, but he does not dream of telling her so. He knows she likes him in a friendly way, but he; well, he is a rough uneducated boy of 21, but how he suffers as he sits there and knows this is the last of their canoeing and fishing—no more races. He has made her a light canoe and she paddles grandly.

He does not dream of telling her he loves her; by intuition he feels how far from him she is—he keeps silent and suffers a hundred-fold more. The sun sinks lower and sends red streaks of light across Ruth's hair, and caresses its dusky beauty. It gradually grows dark, and they slowly, and at last, silently, paddle to shore. She springs lightly out, runs up the bank and into the house, utterly unconscious that down by the old boat-house, a boy's heart is heavy with love for her.

He locks up his boat and then sits down on the old wharf and thinks far into the night.

In the morning all is haste, and Abner drives her to the little station, and by mid-day, as she is lovingly greeted by her cousin Helen, Ruth feels it is good to be with her own again.



---

*HILL & WEIR,*

*Fine Art Printers*

*15-19 Temperance Street, - -*

*- - - TORONTO, ONT.*

*Telephone No. 529.*

