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FEBRUARY, 1896.

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FEBRUARY, 1896.

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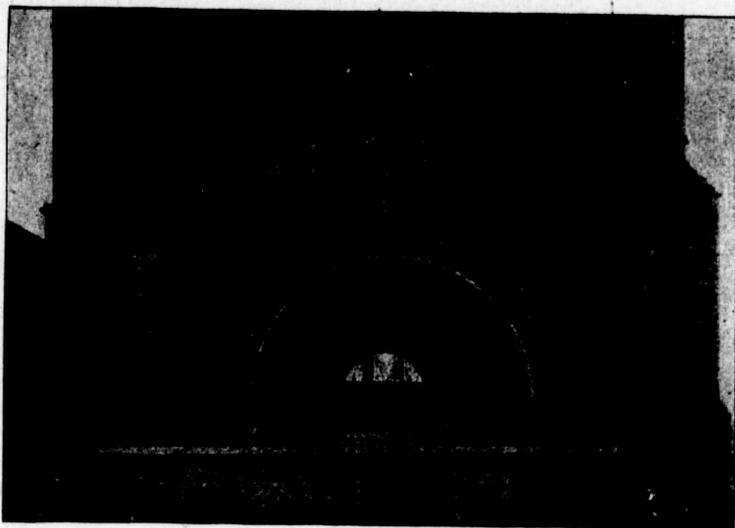
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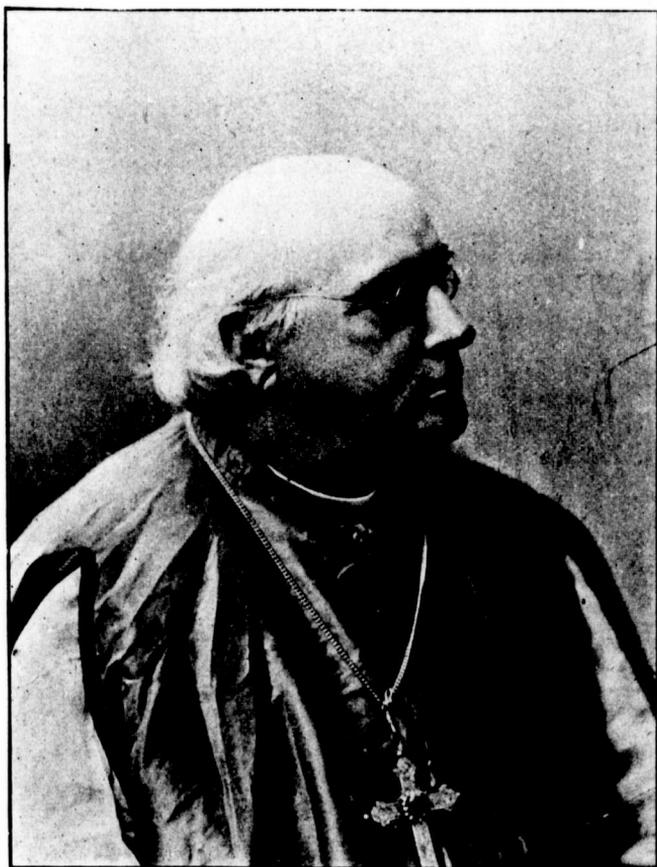


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**MOST REV. JOHN WALSH,**  
Archbishop of Toronto.

# WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 5.

## THE MUSICIAN.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

*By Frank Waters.*

### PREFACE.

MANY years ago, while still a child, I read a wild German legend which made an indelible impression on me. Name and author alike I have forgotten, and nearly all else of the tale, beyond the basic facts of the bridegroom-musician's compact with an evil power and a ruin consequent thereon.

In so far as these two basic ideas go, the following poem is founded on the tale. Otherwise, it is wholly my own. The grotesque horrors of the original I have changed, and elevated to a tragic sublimity and pathos. I have expanded my theme, until it touches on heaven at its zenith, and on hell at its nadir, depicting man and woman as living centres open to the direct influence of Godhead on the one hand, and of the Adversary on the other. In the bride, I have drawn faithfully the portraiture of a perfect womanhood; and, in the bridegroom, that of a most imperfect, but potentially a noble, manhood, wrecked by a perverted devotion to false ideals and aims, but finally retrieved by a noble repentance. In this poem, too, as in "Shadows of the Soul," I have especially striven to convey some realisation of that divine delicacy and purity of passion which should characterise the love between the sexes—that love which is, by choice, God's own favorite figure of expression for the love which should unite the creature with its Creator. In fine, I have illustrated the worse-than-uselessness of all art which is not directly derived from God, and so referred back to Him; and I have taught the omnipotence of prayer to raise even the most desperately fallen. But here, as elsewhere, I have inculcated the moral aim of my work *as an artist*, not as a preacher; merely shaping a perfect work of art informed with a soul of spiritual meaning self-expounding.

CORNWALL, ONT.,  
August 8th, 1894.

FRANK WATERS.

### PART FIRST.

The quiet German village—'mid the trees  
Dreaming it sate upon the aged knees  
Of the old mountains watching over it  
With sheltering tenderness, as grandames sit  
And gaze upon their children's children fair.  
But, for the human souls that habit there,  
The mountains cannot shield them, but may be,  
As those do choose, or haunts of Diety,  
Or of the dwellers in the deep, who build  
New hells on earth till time shall be fulfilled.

37200

(283)

Who has not read, erewhile, some wizard tale,  
 Such as in youthful hours doth paint all pale  
 The ruddy cheek with heart-delighting fear  
 Of terrors grown artistically dear—  
 Who has not read some legend, wild and weird  
 Of the Hartz mountains, in whose bosom seared,  
 'Mid sunless glens far sunk from noonday-shine,  
 Or on sheer steepes, whose shaggy fell of pine  
 Bristles a horror, demon dwellers haunt  
 In varied semblances of were-wolf gaunt,  
 Or mountain hunter, gloomed with stormy stain,  
 Or (deadlier thus) o'erfeathered with the grain  
 Of earth's fair angelhood, in form of her,  
 Man's complementary being, apt to stir  
 The pulse of evil as of good in him,  
 Since, erst in Eden, grown of glory dim,  
 She dwindled from her primal loveliness?

Yet, well I ween, the Maker—who did dress  
 With veiling love her beauty, when of shame  
 The breath inclement, breathing on the same,  
 Made shrink her blossomed sweetness, 'ware of flaw—  
 Did also add thereto a robing awe  
 Of virgin holiness, and left her still  
 So excellent a beauty as may thrill  
 With image of His own the heart of man.

So thought the bridegroom, as he turned to scan  
 His blushing bride, where on the village green  
 She sate beside him, with her virgin mien  
 All blown in roses, and her heart at strife,  
 Being all maiden yet, though wedded wife,  
 And wavering 'twixt a maiden's lovely shame,  
 (To which the open heart seems open blame),  
 And the new freedom of a love wherein  
 God re-creates an Eden free from sin.

Where the Hartz mountains from their heights descend,  
 Till, close below, their rugged billows blend  
 With woodlands flowing southward—in a nest  
 Rimmed by the circling steepes behind, whose crest  
 Of nodding pine shook voices down below,  
 Caught from the spirits of the wind, that blow  
 The organ forests to a music such  
 As elemental hands of demon touch  
 Draw from the stops of nature—sheltered well,  
 The quiet village lay. In front, down fell  
 The shelving mountain to the plains below,  
 Leaving a portal whence the eye might go  
 On quest through murmurous woodlands rolling far,  
 With bosky lawns between, unto the bar

Of the horizon, where they broke into  
The deeps unfathomed of the shoreless blue.

Around the village, in its rocky bay,  
A quiet reach of grassy sward outlay ;  
With here and there a tall grove islanded,  
Which took the challenge of the pines o'erhead,  
And gave an answer to the woods beneath.  
And when the airs of summer made to breathe  
Their millioned stops of finer voice through all  
The instrumental forests, till the ball  
Of the orb'd planet, through its thrilling round,  
Seemed spiritualising into sound ;  
So full a soul of music drenched the air  
As though the heart of God, made vocal there,  
Grew audible in harmony divine.

Other it was when winter from the pine  
Tore hearts of howling discord, slaying sense  
Of music through their groaning fibres, whence,  
With jarring shriek and roar, a thousand hells  
Seemed loosened, as the deep's abysmal wells,  
O'erflooding, had surged upward from below,  
With voices of apocalyptic woe—  
A woe that thundered all to one dread note  
Of horror grown concordant, in the throat  
Of heaven's compelling justice forced to be  
A unison of wrath's tremendous key.

So was the mountain village suited well  
To cradle a musician ; heaven and hell  
Sent voices from beneath, around, above,  
Wherein all chords divine, from wrath to love,  
Gave utterance, in the mighty Master's art,  
To every modulation of His heart.

And in the bridegroom of this summer day  
A sentient spirit quickened through the clay—  
A soul of swiftest aptitude to take  
Large echoes to it of all notes that make  
The music of creation's giant scale.  
When still a child, the moaning of the gale,  
Heard, high o'erhead, along the shaggy steeps,  
Or shaking, down below, the forest deeps,  
Tuned all his being to its pitch of power.  
Nor less, when summer, like an opening flower  
Of many-petalled music, rendered out  
Full fragrances of sound his nest about,  
This fledgling of unfeathered harmony  
Did feel the breathing of a deity  
Make sway the ocean-pulses of his life

To most sublime accordance. Long at strife  
 His growing genius labored in the boy,  
 A-toil to find some voice of woe or joy  
 Such as might echo back each mighty note  
 Shaking his being's deeps the most remote,  
 Like winds a-tremble on a shoreless sea.  
 Until befell, by chance or destiny—  
 Permitted growth of natural event,  
 Or fruit direct of God's sublime intent—  
 A string-compelling nomad, dying in  
 The boy's rude birthplace, left his violin,  
 A legacy of gratitude, to him,  
 For tendance kindly rendered. Seraphim,  
 And Cherubim, and Powers, and Thrones above!  
 Ye minstrel ones, upon the heart of Love  
 Sweeping its chords to music ever new,  
 Thrilling to it as it doth thrill to you—  
 Ye can conceive what felt the boy, when first,  
 With rapture kin to yours, from silence burst  
 His liberated spirit, pouring out  
 Along the echoing strings, as with a shout  
 Of new-made Dominations to their King.  
 O, how his heart broke out in thundering,  
 As of a voiceful tempest rolling far  
 Along the roaring mountains plumed for war,  
 Their fell of forests threatening at the gale!  
 And then anon the dying numbers fail,  
 Swooning into a music, airy—fine  
 As liquid murmurs dripping from the pine,  
 When summer in their blood bids dream of love.  
 He played by mandate from the Height above,  
 And inspiration of a chosen seer:  
 To him, the scale of harmony was clear  
 By intuition of a mind that scanned  
 Its octaves, ruling through a master-hand.

So, as he grew, the fastnesses of pine,  
 And the strong places of the mountain-line,  
 Where solitude was fortified, knew in him  
 A boon companion. From their shadows dim,  
 Vast adumbrations as of love, and awe,  
 And wrath, and stormy raptures such as draw  
 A life from stormy passions of a soul  
 Buildd to power in all save self-control,  
 Were shaken o'er his spirit, nursing it  
 As at the breast of Tempest, foster fit  
 To build a master, but a fearful one!

Yet none the less made echo hours of sun  
 A softer music through his heart at times;  
 Wherein were voices of the silver chimes



Planted upon some mossy plinth of stone  
From upper heights by burly winds o'erthrown.

Of softly-falling waters ; breathings low,  
 As of a woodland when the south, at blow  
 In tenderest zephyrs, kisses it to heart,  
 That all its notes, new-sexed by God's own art,  
 Sleek from their rugged bass to sweetness fine  
 Of woman's softness, as the dryad line  
 Of Greece were not the fable of a dream.

But more his soul was pitched to power supreme  
 Than to a key of sweetness ; and, to him,  
 The hauntings of the Hartz, its dwellers dim,  
 Possessed no terrors : one with them he stood,  
 An elemental spirit of the flood,  
 The forest, and the mountain, and the storm,  
 A shouter with the thunder, and a form  
 That revelled in the lightning, and a heart  
 Moulded to these, and moulding them to art.  
 What of the midnight darkness reckoned he,  
 Or of its demon striders ? Ecstasy  
 Uplifted him the touch of fear above,  
 And shot him headlong to a heaven of love !

A heaven of love, but builded o'er with storms !  
 A heaven of love, but tenanted by forms  
 Of cloudy angelhood, which yet might raise  
 A war with heaven, till, shaken from the ways  
 Of light, his toppling spirit so might fall,  
 Down-ruining from a height celestial.

Through all his stormy boyhood he had trod  
 Apart from men, yet, walking not with God,  
 Had held, for sole companions of his heart,  
 His violin, all nature, and his art.  
 At thickest midnight of the mountainside,  
 When ghostly horrors rode the air astride,  
 When from the horrent crags and caves out-stole,  
 Vague breathings of the demon and the ghoul,  
 And from the giant pines black terrors fell  
 In bodied glooms o'er every rugged dell  
 Of shaggy solitudes no human foot  
 Save his alone, would wake to ominous bruit  
 Of any earthly wanderer through the night—  
 Oft, in the very heart of dim affright,  
 Planted upon some mossy plinth of stone,  
 From upper heights by burly winds o'erthrown,  
 Deep in the bosom of some savage glen,  
 Where scarcely noon, to common mould of men,  
 Might lend them nerve to enter, for some tale  
 Of demon horror turning manhood pale—  
 There, where the soaring steeples shot heads on high  
 That shook a plumed menace at the sky,

And gloomed against the starlight trembling down,  
 With heart all shaken by their brows a-frown ;  
 Or, haply, seated on some fallen pine,  
 Some monarch of the mountains, hurled supine  
 By the tall hurricane in grapple strong,  
 And bleaching, now, a skeleton among  
 His sombre brethren groaning at the sky—  
 In haunts so weird, while midnight held the sky,  
 And demonhood the mountains, there he drew  
 Such kindred births of music to the view  
 Of spirit-apprehensions, from a womb  
 Of thought so dreadly like, in power and gloom,  
 Their own perverted essence, that, I wot,  
 They made the wild musician, on the spot,  
 Free of their dark domains—a brother, he,  
 Who yet might swell their ghostly company.

In vain his father—for, alas ! he stood  
 To lack a mother's love—the stubborn mood  
 Of headstrong genius strove to shape and bend  
 After more homely fashion. How the trend  
 Of a young torrent may a shepherd's crook  
 Train to the courses of a placid brook,  
 When, (swelled in secret at some fountain-head  
 By spout of driving tempests where they shed  
 A heart of deluge on the stabbing steep),  
 In growing strength the youthful giant leaps  
 At gambol with the pebble boulders thrown  
 As feather to his play, till, mighty grown,  
 He shakes the mountains in his thunderous glee,  
 A Ruin full-grown to wanton liberty ?

As well the simple mountain sire might sway  
 That torrent genius, once it broke to play,  
 Growing and swelling to a rush of power  
 That fed on thoughts let loose in thunder shower.  
 The rugged father, (sprouted at the knees  
 Of frugal happiness and thrifty ease ;  
 With something in him of the mountain air—  
 Strong though untutored ; simple, stern, and bare  
 Of any touch of genius), stood aghast  
 To see his single issue hurtling past  
 All fence of healthful custom of his kind—  
 Not idle, but as errant as the wind,  
 As hard to chain a meted end unto.  
 And, finding admonition only drew  
 A sequent inattention in its train—  
 Not for the boy, though strong, was cross of grain,  
 But that his soul would soar at unawares  
 From common element to loftier airs—  
 Anon with force the father strove to tame ;

Whereat, the spirit of the son became  
As tameless as a torrent in the spring.

And then, before their souls, at bickering,  
Could pass to larger strife, the father slept.  
No tear, above, his wayward offspring wept,  
But inly mourned, and sternly in his heart  
Entombed a sorrow, and in breathing art  
Piled over it a large crescendo woe.  
For his not of that softer earth a-flow  
With spring of kindly tears to any touch  
Of sorrow laid upon it : rather, such  
As needs the buffet of a Diety  
To set its granite-prisoned waters free,  
In bursting floods that threaten, as they start,  
To pluck from rooted hold a mountain-heart.

Little the wealth inherited by him,  
And now, perforce, in sweat of brow and limb,  
He dewed rough labor to a recompense,  
So as his mountain brotherhood. And hence  
Forced to a contact with his kind, he grew  
A marvel to his fellows, thrilling through  
Their rugged spirits, many an evening hour,  
With mighty storms of music, loosed in power  
Of a portentous genius, master-born,  
Holding all technic knowledge 'neath its scorn,  
And soaring past the same with strength of wing,  
As heaven or hell broke feathered from the string.

And so befell that, mixing thus with man,  
He needs must touch with woman, in the plan  
Of the Creator made to soften down  
Male strength with sweetness, and its power to crown  
With gentleness of beauty feminine.  
Oft had the wayward haunter of the pine—  
As to young manhood's bourne of winged dreams  
He drew—seen far askance, through rosy gleams  
Of some enhaloing glory, visions pass  
As 'twere of angels wedding mountain-grass  
To kisses of their music-moving feet,  
Till, grown prolific, in its issue sweet  
Of blossom did it testify the love  
It bore that angel pressure from above.  
Oft had the sheen of maiden faces passed,  
And from them quickening glories keen and fast,  
That stabbed his heart with beauty, making bright  
Its shadow with a shadow of delight,  
Bodied in human fashion to a flower  
Of love' consummate splendor, breathing power  
To shape all pulses of his being more



A string compelling nomad, dying in  
The boy's rude birthplace, left his violin  
A legacy of gratitude to him,  
For tendance kindly rendered.

Than thundery tempests, or the forest-roar.  
 Oft had the sound of maiden voices made—  
 When, brooding, near the village-green he strayed—  
 So clear a music, harmony so fine,  
 A soul of sound so like a thing divine,  
 That, for the spanning of a summer day,  
 On witch'd strings his softening mood might lay  
 No harsher tribute to a master-hand  
 Than silvern-rippling sounds of laughters planned  
 To echo music of the woman-tone.

And now, at earliest flush of manhood, thrown—  
 With all the dews of youth upon his heart  
 To feed the founts of passion, and of art  
 A strong possession shaking all his soul,  
 That all its nether fountains burst control,  
 And set his heart a bubble on the spin  
 Of their great deeps of most melodious din—  
 Thrown so to sudden touch with womanhood,  
 Ere well aware did fire his throbbing blood  
 Through all its courses to a sudden flame,  
 Kindling gigantic raptures through his frame,  
 Fanned by the breathings of the destined maid  
 His heart who singled, and its pulses sway'd.

And, sooth, though but a mountain maid was she,  
 Bred in a lowly cottage, at the knee  
 Of rustic parents springing, reared to ways  
 Of homely labor through industrious days,  
 No fairer flower of virgin womanhood  
 E'er moved the earth to rapture, from a bud  
 Of sweetness blowing to a perfect prime.  
 One such she was as God, at random time,  
 Alike in lowly station as in high,  
 From flowers of Eden culled ere sin could dry  
 All primal freshness and all pristine hue  
 From petals with a Godhead in the dew,  
 Doth seem of blossom all compact to build,  
 Still with a soul of Eden-fragrance filled.

Gentle she was as maidens still should be ;  
 And of a whiteness of virginity  
 To blot the shamed lily in compare ;  
 Native to love as is to lips the air,  
 Or mother-milk to infant newly born ;  
 As blithely fresh as is the dewy Morn  
 When breathing summer kisses her awake  
 With breath of flowery softness. God did make  
 A special sunlight for her crowning hair,  
 Where many loves were tangled unaware ;  
 And for her cheeks in bedded lilies set

As blushing velvet roses, Eden-wet,  
 And downy as an Eden-angel's wing ;  
 And, for her lips, twin roses, with a spring  
 Of Eden-music parted, which for bliss  
 Sang sweet hosannahs to their balmy kiss,  
 So praising Him the quickener of her breath.  
 And on her form it seemed as sin and death  
 Had left no impress, but a temple there  
 Was planned for Love's indwelling. Motion fair,  
 Blended to harmonies of art divine,  
 Was bodied in her limbs ; and from the shine  
 Of her twinned lights a loveliness of love,  
 Indwelling through her Eden, ruled above  
 Her beauteous garden with a splendor chaste.  
 Simple her mind, untutored and ungraced  
 By any art, but graced by nature so  
 That finest culture well might fall below  
 Her virgin intuitions of the fine,  
 Which bred in her a culture all divine.  
 Not gifted with a genius, but imbued  
 With the full genius of a lovely mood,  
 Such as the man in woman seeketh most,  
 And such as makes the woman's proper boast—  
 Truly, a moral genius, making her,  
 In spiritual wise, interpreter  
 More skilled than man, to Godhead's holy heart,  
 Reversing lovelily her Eden-part,  
 And drawing back the tempted one, who fell  
 To her temptation, from the snatch of hell.

Other, we know, in moral mould was he,  
 The bridegroom of the tale. And, outwardly,  
 Did difference challenge with as loud a tongue.  
 For though, like hers, his frame to grace was strung.  
 His was the grace as of some panther fair—  
 A beauty with a menace latent there !  
 And dark he was of aspect ; and his locks  
 Were as the shadow of the pine which shocks  
 The midnight of the Hartz with terrors dim.  
 And in his eyes not azure seraphim  
 Built heavens to shrine a Godhead sphered in calms,  
 And softening through a dew of prayerful balms ;  
 But spirits of the lightning, girt around  
 With sable welkins shadowy and profound,  
 Glowing through inner deeps, shot bolted powers  
 Of passion in their tempest-wakened hours.

“ Like draws to like ” is true within the line  
 Of meet restriction ; but the order fine  
 Of the Eternal Wisdom shapeth, too,  
 That contrast love its contrast, to a hue

### THE MUSICIAN.

Of new-born beauty blending, twain in one,  
Distinctive souls when these together run.  
So may the weaker from the stronger draw  
A power ; and this, by compensating law,  
A tenderness from the other not its own,  
Till both be shaded to a kindred tone,  
More fair in both than either singly seen.

Who asks how love, two youthful hearts between.  
Hath issue and a being? Whether chance,  
The random wind of native circumstance,  
Blowing around them, causeth so to press  
The one to other, from a flower-caress  
Drawing a spirit-birth of breathing love?  
Or if, direct in plan from heaven above,  
Twin hearts be moulded, each of entity  
Distinct, but truly one essentially,  
With winged love between, a hovering grace,  
The holy spirit of the human race?

Howe'er it chance, betwixt the mountain maid  
And him, the wild musician, soon was laid  
An airy span of rainbow sympathies,—  
Based deep in either heart,—along whose dyes  
Of soaring splendor midway met in heaven  
Their climbing souls, by youthful passion driven  
To reach the topmost of that loveliness,  
Wherein the Love Supreme did smiling bless  
For these a world of promise God renewed,  
And cleansed of evil with no worser flood  
Than of the rosy fountains of the heart,  
To which of beauteous hope such teemings start,  
Dressing dull earth in Eden hues again.  
She, maiden-modest, from the ways of men  
Walking in sweet reserve, and he, who made  
By choice a dwelling in his genius' shade—  
She, fine by nature past her sisterhood,  
He, soaring o'er his fellows' lowly mood  
Into tremendous heavens of ecstasy—  
So fell that each did in the other see  
A solitude which liked a solitude.  
And either had a beauty : she, in mood  
As of the holy angels true to Love ;  
But he, like those who toppled from above,  
Ere fallen quite, though darkening to a fall.  
And beauty draws to beauty : yea, of all  
The Central Beauty, God the Holy One,  
Through Beauty swayeth souls to unison,  
Wining by charm what still eludeth fear.  
Then, in their mountain village forced so near  
To labor, and in recreation thrown

So needfully together, so alone  
 From any other natures fit to be  
 Co-rivals in their fineness of degree,  
 Methinks full easy in the mountain air,  
 Where blood is pregnant with the vigor there,  
 It was for these, so differing yet so like,  
 Through pulses tuned, the chord of love to strike.

Strike it they did, and each in proper tone,  
 For over her his spell of power was thrown,  
 Waking her virgin heart to dim alarms  
 As of some mighty presence girt with charms  
 Of terror for a garmenting, and fair  
 As mighty angels of the upper air,  
 Yet all as awful with a majesty.  
 The wherefore did her soul, on bended knee,  
 In maiden-wise with timid worship send  
 Faint looks of upward stealth, to see him bend,  
 This wondrous stranger from another sphere,  
 O'er her, who only prayed, with maiden fear  
 Of self-unworthiness, that he might see  
 No blemish mar her sweet virginity.

And he—as when a tempest from the height,  
 Spying a flowering meadow, plumes with might  
 His sounding pinions, and with heart of fire  
 Stoops to the bosom of his fair desire,  
 And, rushing from his airy throne on high,  
 Softens his course of thunder, drawing nigh,  
 Yet, carried headlong with impetuous sweep,  
 Drops like the bolted levin from the deep,  
 And with his strenuous wings embraces round  
 His flowery lode-star, that it shakes astound,  
 Yet yields its hearted fragrance to his stress,  
 Sighing sweet terror to his fierce caress ;  
 So brake the wild musician's soul on her,  
 Shaking her flowery maidhood to a stir  
 Of terror, but a terror passing sweet.

And so the days did pass with winged feet,  
 As every day a holy angel were,  
 With every beat of wing a pulse of prayer—  
 For holy is young passion ; till was told  
 The oft repeated tale of varied mould,  
 Which man to woman loveth still to tell,  
 And which she trembles at, yet loveth well,  
 And, pleasure-quicken'd at the heart below,  
 Blossoms to roses through her virgin snow.

So were they wedded on this summer day,  
 At dewy blush of morn ; and, wedding gay,



FATHER FORBES,

In the Dress of the White Fathers of the Desert.

The mountain dwellers, on the village-green,  
Had laughed, and danced, and sung, and happy been,  
And feasted royally on simple fare  
Served to a gusting of the mountain air.\*

(To be Continued.)

## THE WHITE FATHERS OF THE AFRICAN MISSIONS.

By *D'Arcy Scott.*

IN 1867 a pestilence visited the French colonies in the northern part of Africa and carried away many of the inhabitants, leaving great want and desolation in its wake. The zealous Cardinal Lavignerie, who at that time had recently been appointed Cardinal Archbishop of Algiers, being much moved by the misfortunes of his people, and particularly by the sufferings of the children who had been left orphans by the plague, determined to establish asylums for their shelter. He consequently called for volunteers to help in this good work. Five young men at once responded to his call and undertook the care of the Mussulman orphans, and soon afterwards many others followed their example. So great indeed were the numbers of those who came to his aid that the Cardinal conceived the idea of enlarging the field of his operations. Consequently in 1868 he founded the order of the White Fathers of the African Missions, with the object of evangelizing the Mussulmans and Arabs of Northern Africa, the barbarous nations of the Atlas Mountains and the Sahara and the Negro kingdoms of the central regions, and of bearing to

them with the light of faith the blessing of Christian civilization. To-day the order, including lay brothers and novices, numbers five hundred members, drawn from twelve different nationalities, and has under its care a territory as great as all Europe. Their dress is precisely that of the Arabs with one slight difference, to be hereafter referred to. The sandoura, or dress, is entirely white, as is likewise the burnous or mantle. Hence the name White Fathers. On the head is worn a red fez. The one point of difference is that around their neck, and over the sandoura the White Fathers wear a rosary and cross, while the Arabs wear a string of ninety-nine beads, on which they recite the ninety-nine attributes of the Deity.

When their holy work was first undertaken the White Fathers were told on all sides that it would be impossible to convert the Mussulmans, they being forbidden by their laws to converse with strangers upon religion, and being allowed great freedom in matters of morality. For instance they are allowed as many wives as they wish, and treat them as servants or slaves. Nothing daunted, however, the

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White Fathers, fortified by the grace of God, endeavored to gain the confidence of the Arabs, and in order to do so adopted the three following means: First, as has been said, they assumed the dress of the Arabs; secondly, they adopted their language; and thirdly, they showed their charity by constant acts of kindness to the sick and needy. In order to assure a thorough knowledge of the Arabic language it is compulsory for the novices to pass a strict examination in it before they can be admitted to the order. The Arabic is at the same time one of the richest and most difficult in the world. There are no less than seven words for "yes," and other words are in proportion. Reading and writing is done from right to left. In order to enable them the better to ingratiate themselves in the affections of the people by acts of charity and kindness, the White Fathers devote a portion of the time of their novitiate to the study of medicine, and are thus enabled to attend to the ailments of the people. Sore eyes and rheumatism are the chief diseases of the natives and are brought on by the intense heat and changeable climate in which they live. The Fathers study even dentistry and pull teeth, although they do not go so far as to supply false ones. In this way the zealous missionaries are enabled to win the confidence and attention of the Arabs, and they are now making many converts to the faith. But the greatest success is being met with among the tribes of Mussulmans who inhabit the Atlas Mountains. Ages ago their ancestors were Christians, but their faith was torn from them after centuries of persecution. Unlike the Arabs, their laws allow them but one wife, she being recognized as free, and

possessing the same social standing as her husband. These people are known as Kabels or Habels, and occupy small huts, which are shared not only by a small family, but also by whatever hens or goats the owner is fortunate enough to possess. Their diet consists chiefly of mutton and vegetables. So successful has the White Fathers' work been among the Kabels that there are now six of them missionaries themselves. In Tunis as in Algeria, the children and orphans are taught and cared for by the Fathers in asylums, and when they are old enough they are intermarried and Christian villages are thus founded. A seminary has been built at Carthage, and the Fathers have charge of this sanctuary, raised amid the ruins of that ancient city, on the very spot where tradition tells us St. Louis, King of France, died. In the great Sahara several mission stations have been established, but extreme difficulty is experienced in carrying on the good work on account of the great heat, which often reaches fifty degrees Centigrade (122F.) Another obstacle to the progress of the missionary work is the wandering life of the Twaregs, the natives, who constantly move about from one place to another, and are thus difficult to instruct systematically.

The lives of travellers in the Great Desert are very insecure. Twice, in 1875 and 1881 respectively, missionaries attempted to cross the desert with a view to working in Timbuctoo in the northern part of the Soudan, but on both occasions they were massacred on the way. Six of the White Fathers have in this way won the martyr's crown. Happily, however, in 1894, a party of missionaries set out for Timbuctoo by way of Senegal, on the Atlantic coast, and arrived

safely at their destination on May 21, 1895. This makes the second missionary station successfully established in the Soudan.

Progress has however been greatest amongst the negroes of the Equatorial regions, where vast fields are open to the labors of the pious missionaries; and to their great consolation five Vicariates Apostolic have been established in those regions. In 1879 ten of the White Fathers arrived at Nyangave and Tanganyika in the eastern portion of the Congo State, having spent thirteen months in the journey, which cost \$40,000. But the trip can now be made in four or five months and at half the former expense. Animals cannot be used on the journey as they are killed by a fly known as the Tsetsi, consequently everything must be carried by porters, who are usually hired at Zanzibar, the place of starting. A large number of these men are employed, as the journey must be made on foot, and many of them die on the way. Each man carries about sixty pounds and walks from five to seven hours per day. If a missionary becomes ill he is carried in a Kitanda or hammock. A very severe fever called Kuhich often attacks the travellers and causes many deaths. So far no specific has been found to counteract the effect of this fever, the strongest doses of quinine having been found powerless. When once reached, these central Congo regions abound in tablelands where the climate is more pleasant. The negro inhabitants become very much attached to their new faith and frequently travel several days in order to reach a church for Sunday, where they may attend the holy sacrifice of the Mass, hear the word of God and receive the Sacraments. Many of

these pious converts suffer martyrdom rather than relinquish the faith. On one occasion it is related that a Pagan king, becoming annoyed at some of his followers for saying their prayers, called out: "All those who wish to pray to the new God will pass to the right." Thirty-two of these poor negroes immediately did so, and were burned to death, some, who were still only catechumens, having been first baptized by the priest. One of the number, a little fellow of but ten years, whom his executioners wished to overlook, asked to be included with the others, remarking: "Am I not also a Christian?"

Besides attending to their missionary work, the White Fathers use every effort to suppress the slave trade which is still the curse of central Africa. When children have been made slaves the Fathers frequently buy them from their captors, for about twenty dollars apiece, teach them the word of God, and when they are grown up, intermarry them and found with them Christian villages, in the same manner as with the Mussulman orphans. In this way these poor children are saved from nameless cruelties, of which Livingstone, the explorer, said: "the subject does not permit of exaggeration." Another work which the White Fathers have undertaken, and one which is especially dear to our Holy Father, as evidenced by his recent encyclical on the Union of the Churches, is the establishment and maintenance of seminaries for the education of priests of the Greek rite. One of these is at Jerusalem and has already been in existence for fifteen years. It is intended exclusively for Catholics of the Greek rite who intend to become missionaries among the Schismatics of the same rite, ninety millions of

whom are without the pale of the Church. There are now one hundred and twenty young men taking a twelve years course there, and living meanwhile, entirely at the expense of the order which has this good work in hand. In July last, His Beatitude the Patriarch of the Greek Catholics, Monseigneur Gregory Yuesef, ordained eighteen of these young men, and great results are expected from their work. The Sanctuaries of St. Ann and the Immaculate Conception at Jerusalem are also under the care of the White Fathers.

For the facts on which I have based this short and imperfect sketch of a noble order of pious and zealous men, who are devoting their lives to the carrying of the Word of God, and Christian Civilization into the darkest parts of the Dark Continent, I am for the most part indebted to the Rev. John Forbes, the only Canadian member of the

order. Father Forbes, who is a courteous and scholarly gentleman, both learned and able, lately returned to his native country with the two-fold object of recruiting his own shattered health and obtaining financial aid for the work which is so dear to his heart. That both are most necessary will be obvious, from what has been said. I may add that, owing to the extremely unhealthy climate in which he is obliged to work, the life of an African missionary averages on y eight years. Father Forbes, in the charm of his earnest and engaging manner, is possessed of a talisman which never fails to enlist the sympathy of those with whom he comes in contact for the cause which he has made his lifework. Let us hope that when he returns to his order he may bring with him both health and wealth, with which to continue his labors in the vineyard of the Lord.

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## O'CONNELL'S ENTRY INTO PUBLIC LIFE

*By Eugene Davis.*

### II.

THE college of Douai was founded in 1569 by Cardinal Allen—firstly, for the education of English Catholic ecclesiastics, and later on of the English Catholic laity as well. Douai was chosen as the site, because it was hidden away in a quiet nook of the land, and was within easy reach of British soil, and moreover because it was the seat of a university which flourished up to 1793, when like many other ecclesiastical institutions in France, it languished for some years till

happier days came, and saw it revived and restored in Lille.

Among the students of Douai college who suffered martyrdom for their championship of the Catholic faith in England, I find in the annals of the college those of Fathers Parsons, Campion and Mayne. There were in the college, in or about O'Connell's time, several young men who made lasting reputations for themselves in after life. Here it was that John Philip Kemble, one of England's

leading tragedians, learned the elements of rhetoric. Kemble at a very early age played various roles of children in his father's theatre. The father ambitioned a more respectable career for his son, and with this view sent him to the English college of Staffordshire, and from thence to the college of Douai. He loved stage life. He accordingly threw up his class books at Douai at the age of nineteen, and returned to England, where he almost immediately afterwards became a favorite in Drury Lane theatre, gaining the reputation of being of consummate skill. His playing of the parts of Coriolanus, Cato and Macbeth, crowned a fame that had been already solidly established. Kemble retired from the stage in 1817, and took up a residence at Lausanne, on the banks of Lake Lemman, Switzerland, where he lived the life of a recluse, and where he peacefully passed away in 1823. His brother, Charles Kemble, was also educated at Douai. He became famous in the sphere of light fantastic comedy. Of quite different tastes and inclinations, were two students of that epoch; one who became subsequently an eminent Catholic divine and antiquary, and who attained the rank of Vicar Apostolic of the midland district in England, Dr. Milner; and the Rev. John Lingard, who penned the famous "History of England." Rich are the names of a few of O'Connell's illustrious contemporaries in Douai.

O'Connell left Douai on January 17, 1793. A curious anecdote is told in connection with his departure from the shores of France. Proceeding to Calais from Douai, he took shipping for Dover; when the bark on which he was a passenger sailed outside the circle of French waters, the youth nonchalantly flung the tricolor cockade

(which all residents in France were compelled to wear at that time) overboard, and looked as proud of the feat, as if he had with a wave of his right hand restored the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors. Was he not a typical nephew of Count General O'Connell in his devotion to the Lilies of France? It was on the occasion of the same voyage that he exchanged hot words with John Sheares, the United Irishman from Cork, who had just returned from Paris, after having in the Place de la Revolution soaked his handkerchief in the blood of Louis XVI.

Daniel O'Connell returned three weeks after his departure from Douai to the Abbey of Darrynane, situated among the mountains of the County of Kerry. His wealthy uncle sent him to Dublin, and he studied for the bar in that city. The secret letters of Higgins to Cook constantly pointed to James Tandy. On March 7, 1798, he urges Cook to watch Napper Tandy's intercourse with his son. "His son waited on a Mr. Connell with a letter this day." The allusion is to the subsequently celebrated Daniel O'Connell. Higgins tells Cook, the under-secretary in Dublin castle, "that O'Connell holds a commission from France as colonel. He was to be called to the Bar here to please a very rich old uncle, but he (Connell) is one of the most abominable, bloodthirsty republicans I ever heard of. The place of rendezvous is the Public Library in Eustace Street, where a private room is devoted to the leaders of the United Irish Society." "The words," writes Mr. Fitzpatrick, "are given as a curiosity, and not as accurately describing O'Connell's real sentiments, and the statement that the ardent youth fresh from the mint of the French college of Douai,

held a commission from France, is one of the sensational myths with which Higgins loved to garnish his reports. In 1798 Daniel was called to the Bar."

At a meeting held in Dublin in 1800, Daniel O'Connell, a young barrister of twenty-six years, made his first public speech; and from that time forward his place as a leader may be said to have been fixed. A Catholic Association had for seven years earlier been formed; of this he became the chief figure, and his efforts were continually directed to the relief of his co-religionists. At the close of the year 1807, O'Connell, while inculcating moral force in his struggle for civil and religious liberties, was fond of enlisting in his bodyguard men who in more troubled times had staked their lives and fortunes for Ireland. General Clony presided as chairman of the Catholic Association. Rowan, Teeling, and MacLoughlin sat at the council board.

In 1815 a proposal had been made by the British government that Catholic Emancipation would be coupled with the power of a veto on the election of Catholic Bishops. The Catholic party, headed by Richard Lalor Sheil, an eloquent orator, had no objections to the veto; even Pope Pius VII. declared that he felt "no hesitation in conceding it." O'Connell opposed the proposed bill vehemently, and so changed the opinions of the Catholic party that in the end he carried his point with the majority of the bishops and priests, that no proposal should be accepted which permitted external influence, or interference with the Catholic Church in Ireland. This was his first decisive triumph.

O'Connell's buoyancy and indomitable energy, to a party more

dead than alive, proved that other triumphs could be expected. In 1823 a new Catholic Association was set on foot, of which he was the visible soul. It is curious to note that little enthusiasm existed at first among the people and the priests. At a meeting on Feb. 4, 1824, the necessary quorum of ten members running short, it was only supplied by O'Connell, who rushed down-stairs to the book shop, and induced two priests to accompany him to the meeting.

No sooner was the Catholic rent fund established than it was largely subscribed for; and in a short time the priesthood of Ireland were active in his service. The sums collected were to be spent in parliamentary expenses, in the defense of Catholics, and the cost of meetings. In 1825 the association was suppressed by act of parliament. O'Connell founded another; and the defeat of Beresford at the election for Waterford in 1826 was one of the first symptoms which showed where the rising tide was mounting. It was followed two years later by a much more important victory. Although Catholics were excluded from the sitting in parliament, the law which forbade their doing so did not preclude their being returned as members. An opportunity soon occurred. Mr. Fitzgerald, the member for Clare, accepted office as President of the Board of Trade. He was obliged to appeal to his constituents for re-election, and O'Connell caught at the idea of contesting the seat. The Catholic Association at once granted O'Connell £5,000 towards the expenses, and £9,000 was easily raised in the parish in Clare.

O'Connell polled one hundred votes over his opponent.



*Feder Remane 1876*

### FEBRUARY.

Snow lying on the roofs,  
Snow on the straight trees,  
Snow in the dampening air,  
Snow everywhere ;  
But through it all the breath of spring  
Cometh with far-heard, certain whispering.

SONNETS  
TO  
STELLA



O Stella! "fairest of all flesh on earth!"  
 Thou who outshin'st in beauty every maid  
 That ever o'er this sphere in measure strayed  
 E'en as Diana ever doth in worth  
 The vesper Venus thine at fullest growth -  
 I love thee Stella - with more love than words  
 The poet-slave of Laura while he stay'd  
 Enraptur'd near her on Italia's turf!

But cruel beauty all my love is vain,  
 For thou dost with unbending will disdain  
 The sighs and groans I ever make for thee;  
 O why dost thou do so! for I would give  
 Beside thee only for a day to live,  
 My life and hopes for all eternity!





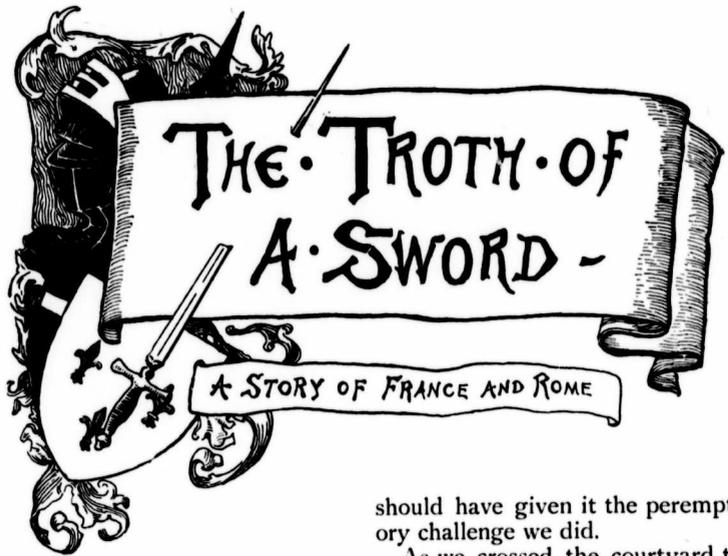
More welcome is thy sight O Stella mine!  
When I behold thee moving on thy way  
Than in a stranger land was ever day  
Unto a pilgrim lost, when it did shine  
First n'er the eastern hills en-girt with pine  
Revealing unto him the paths that lay  
Around him from which he unlearned did stray  
What time that darkness fell from heaven divine!

Fair art thou Stella fairest of thy race  
Created on this earth since primal time  
And e'en for one to look upon thy face  
O ever would I be in any clime  
Content alone in endless night to pace  
Depriv'd of e'en the light of day sublime.



Charles Carvey





#### IV.

WHOEVER takes it upon himself to account for the mind of a woman must needs be of a small mind himself, or he must be of great hardihood and withstand easily the discredit of others. I know now it was by reason of his sister's complaint that Henri showed discourtesy so marked towards the Lord of Rimini. It crossed my mind even then that something of the kind must be the truth, else how, after an absence of years could he leave his new met guest smarting under the sting of a servant's defiance, and now fretting and fuming anew over so marked an evidence of his host's disregard? It may be that the manner of the times has changed with me, and it may be that the stiffening of the bones and too great ease of body have left me out of knowledge of the motives of younger men, and men more in the way of adventure. But when I think of the power de Rimini was conceded to exercise for good or ill wherever he was, I marvel that even a pair of fresh young soldiers

should have given it the peremptory challenge we did.

As we crossed the courtyard to pursue the inspection of the castle, I more in particular to learn the common disposition of affairs, and Henri to arrange for the approaching obsequies, the bell in the chapel turret tolled out its message to the peasants on the adjoining domain.

It was well upon an hour before we were returned to the main hall, and when we arrived there it was to find de Rimini with his esquires, their horses furnished and equipped, all standing in silence awaiting the coming of the Lord of Aulnac. I could see that this was not unexpected, for after a moment's parley between the leaders we all alike moved to the outer wall, the drawbridge was let down, and the dozen men rode forth gloomily into the night.

There was a sharpness about it as the bridge swung back to its place that stirred anew the pulses of war, so keen for moving sounds. It think it must have been this that caused a seeming return of spirits to my companion, for he was appreciably better pleased with himself when at last we made ready to

bestow our weary bodies for the night.

"It will go hard, Martin," he said, "but we shall hear more of this. He may lord it how he can in his own city and among the merchants who make him powerful. They of the house of Aulnac fight only with the sword, having slight skill with the tongue. 'Tis a pity he should have forgotten so far. And yet," and he mused as though speaking to himself, "it might have been wiser to have lighted his path by the glint of steel than to have parted thus in peace. But the dead must be respected, whatever come of it;" and with that he raised his cap in reverence of the benignant memory and was gone, leaving me more at a loss than ever and happily too tired to pursue the subject.

When I thought it over in the morning I saw everything clearly enough; but a little later, coming upon Henri and his sister talking together, and hearing her upbraid him for the affront put upon the Italian by himself and by me, and above all for having suffered him to part in such manner, the clouds settled down again. It was like facing the savagest martinet in the army, to stand silently receiving the weight of these reproaches, for silent we were, he for reasons he knew of, and I because I knew nothing and thought it wise to follow his manner. But I carried a sick heart with me for many a month, thinking over the bitterness of what she had said.

For a matter of six months or so after these events there was a quiet time at Aulnac. And yet we were busy enough repairing the place where it had fallen into neglect, and bringing to bear upon the defences such skill as we had learned around the camp fires. And beyond this there were dis-

putes of long standing among the tenants on the domain. There was one band of Burgundian riders whose glory lay in their reputation for striking suddenly and hard in unexpected places. They rode night and day and so hard that they were always ahead of the news of their coming. Thus once they had descended upon the domain of Aulnac just as the harvest was ready for the barns. Driving the peasants in a mad rush to the safety of the castle, they pillaged and laid waste the estate, carrying off all that was readily portable, burning many of the poor people's houses and destroying from sheer fiendish mischief all landmarks wherever they could be discovered. The peasants went back to their farms and to what was left of their houses, but the disputes as to properties were unceasing. Thus one good man, having watched his house burning to the ground, came next day to look upon the ruins and found the work of his life and the hope of his old age gone forever. So he took shelter with his neighbor and it was nigh two years before he could again undertake the erection of a cottage. Meantime his host, a right cunning fellow, had been utilising much of the little plot of ground, with the result that when affairs came to be straightened the fortunate one claimed more than his due and the other poor wight would not speak against the man who, after all, had preserved him and his in the time of need.

Now this hardship was never made known to Henri directly, mainly because of the motives I have mentioned. But the Lady Margaret, his sister, who accompanied us frequently on our rounds of visitation, had a way with her

that men never learn and consequently can never comprehend, of discovering all the little heart troubles of the people, who never kept their counsel from her, knowing from the past her sympathy with them, and her readiness to do them the good she might. So this time, saying nothing to us, she went to the shrewd fellow who got

day, noticing the two stakes, for they were well in sight, he got down from his horse, looked at the markings, and as if satisfied that his sister had done justly, he mounted and moved off with only a quiet little laugh.

Now there had long been a jealousy between the House of Aulnac and the House of Mornas whose



"FOR SILENT WE WERE."

the better of his bargain, as most do who make a barter of their charity, and taking some gold from her purse she handed it to him, and then going to the ends of the line that of old divided the holdings she drove in two stakes, and each of them were marked with an M. Neither of the men said anything to Henri, but next

castle lay but a small space to the south. There had been a time when the master of Mornas could command ten foot soldiers for every one of Aulnac's, and when his horsemen were the envy of all Southern France. But time is a fickle paymaster, and now and these ten years past, there was a rivalry as to whether Aulnac or

Mornas were to be held higher in general esteem, and there were many occasions when this could be put to the test.

It happened that the Burgundian raid which had been the means of laying waste the estate of Aulnac had likewise been carried vigorously into Mornas, so that when the readjustments came to be made there was a disagreement between one of our peasants and one of theirs which looked fair to bring on a struggle between the masters of the estates. These two young fellows were both high-minded and high-spirited, and while neither would wrongfully take an inch of land that belonged to another, neither would yet yield an inch of what seemed his right. And one day as they two were making their claims, and perhaps both overstating the right as the way is in such matters, I, standing aside in momentary dread of a quarrel, suddenly remembered me of the Lady Margaret's decision in the other case; so when opportunity arose I managed to have the question postponed for that day on pretense of other business. And going as soon as might be to the Lady Margaret I laid the case before her, telling how her brother and his friend were nigh to becoming enemies for the sake of doing right.

"And you do well to come to me," quoth she, with a smile, "for a woman will find out where the truth lies while two men are fighting above the spot."

Then the next day when we were come to the place there were the two stakes driven into the ground and a band of riband upon each and thereon the same magical letter M. When they saw this thing and Henri had explained to his neighbor what he had learned

of the earlier case, Mornas could not but grant the likelihood of her having done right in this one, so there they each pledged friendship to other. Then, as if she had been waiting for this, out from the gate rode the Lady Margaret herself, whereat we all dismounted and Mornas plucking the riband from one of the stakes made protest of wearing it always in honor of so fair a judge; and she made her brother fetch the riband from the one that was farther off and taking it from him she fastened it on my sword knot, "for I think," she said laughing at them both the while, "good Martin hath more sense than the pair of you," at which sally the merriment was renewed and the Lords of Aulnac and Mornas parted better friends than any of their houses had been for these forty years.

It was that very night that word came to the castles, from the abbey hard by, of the announcement by the Holy Father Pope Nicholas the Fifth of a season of extraordinary jubilee in Rome, whither all who could come were invited.

I am sure there was an uneasiness in the mind of Henri about it, but from the first the Lady Margaret proclaimed her wish to make the journey and in the end she had her way.

#### V.

Within a month of the bringing of the news, there was a great gathering at Aulnac of those lords and their people who had determined upon setting out for the Holy City. The road by Aulnac and Mornas was the highway along which all must pass, and it had been agreed upon, by the aid of fast riding couriers, that there should be a day or two of entertainment at Aulnac and in the game forests

of Mornas as well, to the end that all might be the better known to each other who were to be companions in travel henceforth.

It was a pretty sight to see so gallant a lot of gentlemen, handsomely dressed as they were and their horses gaily caparisoned,

arms delight to exercise, and although the weapons were but staves, there was not one among the whole of them who did not desire the fame of holding his own against Henri because of his prowess with real weapons, and as for Mornas, while he was not so



"SHE WENT TO THE SHREWD FELLOW."

riding out in little groups to learn the manner of the country. Henri of Aulnac and my Lord of Mornas had scarce an hour to themselves in the day, for when the young men had done with riding for information, they set about those games of skill in which men of

strong a man as his neighbor, he was mightily dexterous in fencing, as became a man in his place, and made up in skill what he lacked in strength. He could never have taken the place of Henri on a field where work was a-doing all day long, but there was that about him

that made stronger and older men take care against offending him, for he held his honor stainless as a true knight should, and suffered none to impugn it.

But what caused us all to laugh not a little, was the way the knights would leave the company of their hosts so soon as the Lady Margaret was seen to emerge from the gates of the castle, mounted on her white horse all stripped of cumbersome trappings, and ready for the wild, glad fervor of fast and dangerous riding. Marmontel might be fretting to match his arm against Aulnac with the heavy sword, or Cahussac, who was a near relative of Rimini, might be craftily waiting to try against Mornas in fencing after the Italian fashion, which differs from the French in some aspects, but away they would all go, those who were not actually engaged in the play, to catch up if they could with the laughing Margaret, and Henri would turn to Mornas with a smile at the young fellows' animation and then they too would mount and away.

What there was between these two young men it is perhaps now bootless to enquire, but to one who looked so closely at such matters as I did, it did appear that an unspoken understanding existed. I could see that Mornas was a silent worshipper of the lady, whatever might be the animosities of generations to which he was heir; and I saw too, or thought I saw, for one could not easily comprehend the disposition of Henri, that he would have been glad of such an union, but chose to leave the event to the free choice of his sister and the true devotion of his friend.

How deep this devotion was, and how lightly he held his own safety where she was concerned, appeared

the next day when the hunt was in progress.

That day, the one before the party was to set out, was as fair as any that ever dawned. When the chill had once gone out of the air it was the ideal hunting day, not cold, for there are few women who enjoy the hunt as men do, with the frost still on the grass, and not hot, for the season was advanced. I had been over the ground early in the morning taking with me young Stephen, who had been a lad in waiting in the days of Henri's father, but being now well grown was given me as an assistant in the many duties that fell upon me. Being a youth of parts, his assistance was always of value, and many a time his quickness of eye was an advantage in the work under hand. So far as we knew, the plans for the day had been well prepared. The beaters assured me of having driven a splendid old boar into a copse of brush from which nothing but the dogs could induce him to come. So as we came back I remarked to Stephen that the sport was like to be good, and he made answer with a carelessness that I remembered afterwards that it would be so if the hunters were careful to avoid the cliff, meaning a declivity some couple of hundred yards from where we were, and always avoided in the hunt since the time, near a century before, when a former head of the house of Aulnac had been carried over the brink, and found dead and crushed below.

When the morning was well forward the riders came forth from the castles, Henri riding at the head, and behind him his sister who was the centre of an animated group of dames and courtiers. Mornas took the place of honor by her side, and I could see by the

## THE TRUTH OF A SWORD.

forced look on his face when they came up that he was prouder of his position than of any other dignity whatever that might be his.

The chase was one of those events of which the going out and the returning are a pageant wherein the actors love to see and be seen, and the real game about which so much ado is made is of short length. But the time did come at last when the dogs were let go and soon, too soon, I thought, they were close on the trail. The whole band put their horses to it and moved down the incline toward where I had taken my station. The Lady Margaret, both because the gentlemen allowed it where they conceived no danger to lie, and because of the swiftness of her horse, was well in front of them all, riding like the queen of huntresses herself. I did not fail to observe that Mornas, though he suffered her to lead the riders, yet drew well up to her, to be near in case of danger, for this was the way of the gallant gentleman, always willing to yield ap-

pearances but never to be behind where a friend might need his aid.

It did not then impress itself, but I called to mind when other events had passed that it was at the spot where Stephen the page and I had spoken, that something seemed to be wrong in the scent. There was a pause, a moment of indecision, and then all came steadily on. The Lady Margaret alone had not stopped in her course, and was now well ahead. A thrill shot through me at the thought of danger to her thus unattended. At the same moment I descried the long tusks and the ugly head of the boar as he broke from cover and planted himself fiercely in the path of the approaching rider. Something was wrong. The prey should not have been there at his leisure. What could be the cause of this? These were the thoughts that flooded upon me for an instant, but in the next I had only one concern and was racing madly away.

*(To be continued.)*



## DICK DURDLE'S PHANTOM.

*By Thomas Swift.*

(CONCLUDED).

BUT man's ways are not God's ways.

There was a sound of hurrying wheels and the thud of flying horses' feet, and round a bend in the road came a buggy tearing down the hill towards the river. In it were two persons, Miss Moorland and her visitor, who had lost all control over the horses. They were rushing on to certain destruction. For on the opposite side of the bridge the road turned at an angle to the right and the buggy would be sure to swerve or collapse. In either case its occupants would be hurled headlong down a steep escarpment cut off from the road by a flimsy railing, which, as often is the case, had been put up more as a sign of danger than as a preventive of accident.

Dick took in the situation in a moment, and nerved himself for the risky feat he had to attempt. He met the rushing horses about fifty yards from the bridge. With a well-timed spring, he managed to grasp the back harness of the nearest horse with his left hand and the straining rein with his right, and thus he was carried along, his feet now and again touching the ground. But his weight and voice told, and by the time they reached the bridge, their speed was greatly checked. It was further diminished, when the restrained animal stumbled over a loose plank, tottered and plunged on and then fell, crushing Dick with its weight against the unyielding rails of the

bridge. The occupants managed to hold on to their places in the vehicle, and in a moment the man was in the road-way at the heads of the struggling animals. The fallen horse rose quickly to its feet, but Dick Durdle lay pale and motionless. His waning eyes fixed themselves for a few brief moments on the horrified countenance of Miss Moorland and then closed.

All trembling she clambered out of the vehicle and knelt by the side of her unconscious pupil; whilst her companion drove on to Dick's home to bring assistance. Left to herself, Maimie's fortitude gave way utterly.

"My poor Dick!" she cried as she raised his lifeless head on her arm. "Look at me, I am here, and I love you, Dick. I have loved you all the time. Speak to me, my love."

The tones and words were enough to bring him back from the grave itself; but he heard her not. Five minutes before and Heaven's harmonies would not have been more sweet to Dick than these words that came too late.

She ran down to the river, saturated her handkerchief and bathed his brow and temples; but in vain.

They found her sitting in the dust with Dick's head upon her lap and her tearful face bent upon his.

They bore the poor fellow home. The doctor came and pronounced judgment. Several of the middle

vertebræ were dislocated and there were other internal injuries. Dick Durdle's hours were numbered.

That night a gentle knock came to the door of Farmer Durdle's house, and a pale, beautiful figure stepped into the lighted room. It was Maimie Moorland.

She had heard the sad intelligence and had come. She entered the room where Dick lay. At the sight of her, a wonderful light shone in his eyes, and a beauty, new and startling in its intensity, spread over his pallid yet unwasted features. Maimie stood motionless in the middle of the room.

"She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight:  
A lovely apparition sent  
To be a moment's ornament."

The dying man spoke the words softly and lingeringly, with a smile of greeting on his lips; and his bright eyes were fixed on the woman he loved so tenderly. With a low cry Maimie was at his bedside, her face bent on the sufferer's hand.

"Oh, Dick, I love you, I told you so, but you could not hear me—and you saved my life, my brave darling," she murmured brokenly.

Dick's mother withdrew and left them together.

Dick raised the bent head, looked incredulously into the tearful eyes and saw a great love shining there.

"Is this true, Miss Moorland?" he asked, "and you don't care for this other fellow?"

"Harry Laidlaw?" said Maimie. "Oh, yes; I like Harry; but I love you, Dick."

There was a world of sadness, tenderness, and unavailing regret in the low-spoken words; and Dick in his great, simple heart forgot his own dire sufferings in pity for his love. He drew the sad face towards him until the girl's lips rested on his own, and then said, "I shall die happy now, Miss Moorland. God in Heaven bless you for the sweet words you have said. The accident was His doing and it saved me from a great crime."

Maimie looked at him in doubtful inquiry, but he enlightened her not. He lingered until the afternoon of the next day, and Maimie and his mother were with him when the end came.

His mind in the last dark hours frequently wandered, and at times he spoke—spoke of Maimie, and, incident by incident, apart and disconnected, told the story of his great love and passionate worship of her. Then he drifted once again into Wordsworth's haunting lines:

"And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command,  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."

The dying voice ceased, the drooping eye-lids closed, and Dick Durdle's spirit was at rest.

The phantom was his, but he might not clasp it.



## MCGEE'S TRIUMPHS AND MISHAPS.

*By Rev. W. Flannery, D.D.*

THE fame of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's eloquence soon became wide-spread. His utterances in the House of Legislature were not merely glossed over by the dailies of Montreal or Toronto, nor were his speeches in Parliament presented to the public in synoptic form like the oratorical attempts of other members. They were reported verbatim—and copied into every village weekly of the province. Needless to remark, when it was bruited either in Toronto, Quebec, or later in Ottawa, that Mr. McGee was expected to address the House, tickets of admission were eagerly sought for by the people of those cities; all available seats were occupied; members crowded in from the library and smoking committee rooms, and before a packed house, seated in breathless silence, the orator arose. Every ear was strained, and the closest attention was paid to every well-placed and well-fitting word, even of his introductory remarks. His voice had nothing of the deep baritone character, it was a sweet silvery penetrating mezzo-soprano, that without seeming effort on his part reached every angle and every ear in the remotest corner of the house. Of loud declamation there was not a vestige, and scarcely a change of attitude. He merely placed the fingers of his right hand occasionally on the palm of his left, then let both hands fall by his side, or on occasion lifted the right hand in solemn warning; but as he wound up a magnificent period

with an appeal to the justice of his cause or the manhood of his country, his whole frame shook, light darted from his eyes, he was so to say, transfigured.

Again and again rang cheers from the whole house, friends and opponents, Grits and Tories, sharing in the general applause and enthusiasm of the moment. Mr. McGee would then settle down to a calm discussion of the motion before the House, and criticise not only its details but the motives of its originators. He always had some harmless joke or witticism of original character to dispense, and frequently even the victim was compelled to share in the merriment its utterance created. Each member of the cabinet came in for his share; and not one of the ministers escaped.

Hon. W. Cayley, Receiver-General, in his canvass of Huron and Grey was reported to have presented small editions of the Bible to his supporters; he was not elected however. Mr. McGee adverted to the widespread rumor, and said that while the people were willing to accept the gospel of peace, they rejected the apostle. The Hon. Sidney Smith, Postmaster-General, in reply to complaints about the scarcity of post-offices—and the long distance many people had to travel to get their mail—arose indignant, and stated that there was no ground whatever for such ridiculous complaints,—he maintained that in every village and small hamlet, in fact wherever a

doctor or physician could be found, there was also a post-office. Mr. McGee rose up to remark, "the Hon. Postmaster-General wants this House to understand that where there is a doctor, there is a delivery."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1859. All possible attention and honor, as in due course, was lavished on the heir apparent. In company with a noble Duke and a numerous retinue he visited the large cities, was presented with addresses, held levees, and after refusing to pass under orange arches in Kingston and Toronto, returned in triumph, and as a conqueror, to Ottawa. Here new honors and excitement of a novel kind awaited the young prince. He was waited on by Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Geo. Etienne Cartier, joint Prime Ministers of Upper and Lower Canada. They had made arrangements on a grand and expensive scale, for a pleasurable excursion up the Ottawa river—steamers magnificently decorated with flags and streamers of all colors, and luxuriously furnished, were found ready on Lake Duchesne, Lake Des Chats, Portage du Fort and Lake Allumette, as far as the Duex Joachims—or the Swishaw as now called. Members and senators, cabinet ministers and their wives and daughters, "with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," were in attendance on His Royal Highness. A fleet of French voyageurs in their light canoes were skimming the surface of the placid lakes—singing in chorus their Canadian boat songs attuned to the stroke of the paddle. The prince found himself in fairyland. He was particularly struck and charmed by the quaintness and harmony of the French ditties,

as sung in unison by the hardy occupants of the canoes.

The London Illustrated News had, some weeks later, most entrancing views and sketches of the romantic scenery enjoyed by the prince. It copied both words and music of the sweetest of the voyageurs boat songs.

A la claire fontaine,  
Je me suis promene  
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle,  
Que je m'y suis a baigne  
Oui, il y a longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouve l'eau si belle,  
Que je m'y suis baigne ;  
Chante, l'hirondelle chante,  
Toi qui a le cœur gai  
Oui, il y a longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

At the next session of Parliament there was not only a bill to pay, but the deuce to pay also. The opposition, as is usual on such occasions, opened a most violent onslaught upon the Government for its unheard of extravagance.

The items of expenditure were assailed, the champagnes, ices and apollinaris were exposed to public ridicule and banter. Alexander McKenzie expressed his indignation at such foolishness. George Brown battered away at the woeful waste of the people's money—for the bill was enormous. Mr. T. D. McGee gave a very graphic and poetic description, in Lalla Rookh style, of the Argonauts sailing up the Ottawa lakes in vessels hung with silk bunting and streamers on the outside, while Tom Moore's "feeding on smiles and wine" was indulged in between decks. While the Hon. Prime Minister, Sir John, in his characteristic gallantry, was entertaining the ladies with song and story, the Hon. Geo. E. Cartier was playing Primo Buffo to the Prince of Wales. This set the whole house in roars of laughter

and cheers, amid which the little Attorney-General jumped to his feet, gesticulating wildly, and vainly endeavoring to be heard. When the uproar ceased he was heard saying in the loudest pitch of his squeaky voice and French accent, that the Hon. member for Montreal West should not be listened to; he could not call him honorable gentlemen, he was von Mountebank. This created more confusion, at the end of which Mr. McGee, calmly, and in his usual quiet way, proceeded to say that he was now convinced the great naturalist, Linnæus, had made a mistake in stating that the monkey was not indigenous to Canadian soil. Amid the uproar which this remark caused, the little French minister, almost out of breath, shouted that when the hon. member made his toilet in the mornings, he could see the monkey in the mirror. Hereupon the Speaker called the members to order, and Sir John closed the debate without the slightest allusion to the passage of arms between Mr. McGee and his colleague. The item of expenditure was passed without a division.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was in religion a man of strong faith and deeply settled convictions. In the first lecture he delivered in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, before he became a resident of Canada, I heard him make profession of the most liberal citizenship, and enlarge on the necessity of coalescing the men of all religions into one great, strong nationality, for the building up of such a people as he found in Canada. "I ask not what church you prefer or what faith you profess, but I tell you I am a Papist to the back-bone." This manly profession in a Protestant city and before an audience scarcely twenty of whom

were Catholics, was received with thunders of a applause. All his poems proclaim aloud his love and reverence for everything sacred. The Shrine of God, the Priest of God, the Saints of God, the Pearl of God, his mother's grave, the Rosary, first communion, and other kindred topics of pious thought are everywhere cropping up in his odes and elegies. In moral principles and practice he was unblemished as an angel, yet it must be said of him that he was not a perfect man. Who is? He was ambitious not of praise, but of honors and advancement. He could ill bear opposition or contradiction on the part of friends. And occasionally, very rarely, perhaps once in five years, he was after some grand lecture or after some signal Parliamentary triumph, intoxicated by the applause of his too ardent admirers and induced, in spite of his own mental protest, to yield to the meretricious allurements of "brimming glasses."

On one occasion he was advertised to deliver a lecture in the St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, subject the "Power of the Middle Classes in England." The fame of his delightful and bewitching oratory had then reached the confines of all British possessions in North America. Scarcely a week passed but he had to fulfil an obligation, sometimes two or three in a week, in London or Kingston, in Streetsville or Barrie, in Hamilton or Oshawa, it made no difference where—he scarcely at any time refused an invitation or a request. If any remuneration was forced on him, he took it. He never asked, and never made a bargain. He came to lecture on the "Power of the Middle Classes in England," in Toronto. The evening previous he had lectured in

Port Hope, and could find no train for Toronto before four a.m. next morning.

When he reached Toronto he had a few hours of sleep. Friends and admirers soon invaded his rooms—(oh, who will save one from his friends?) They accompanied him to the County jail, to honor with a visit a fugitive slave then held in bondage. The slave owner had paid detectives and lawyers working for his extradition. Canadian sentiment arose up in protest against the extradition of the unfortunate. This was 1858, three years previous to the civil war which abolished slavery in the United States.

After ministering comfort and encouragement to the colored fugitive, and promising him all assistance to procure his liberty, Mr. McGee and friends were entertained with a sumptuous lunch by a fellow-countryman, who was then warden of the County Prison. Puns, anecdotes, champagne and unrestrained hilarity, made the banquet hours pass swiftly by. Mr. McGee was summoned from the "table d' hote" to the rostrum in St. Lawrence Hall. Never was man in a worse predicament. He was not tipsy. He could walk steadily and converse most fluently and in all soberness of speech and argument. But he felt that there "was a bee in his bonnet," and he dreaded to appear before an audience such as might be expected to greet him in a public hall in Toronto. He feared that his normally extraordinary memory might fail him. And he was not far astray. He spoke very well and in his usual fascinating style of conciliatory exordium. Just one half hour, did memory do her functions happily and well; then she came and went, playing fantastic tricks, like Bottom in Mid-

summer Night's Dream. He wandered in his thoughts, and caught up again. This happened twice. "Mr. Chairman" said he, turning half round, "I must apologize for leading you over this wild goose chase to-night." Several in the audience began to have their own opinion about the wild goose chase.

The lecturer went on very well for another quarter of an hour, then he stopped suddenly and put his hand to his head, and said, "Mr. Chairman if you were up all night at Port Hope waiting to take the four o'clock train you would understand my position." He spoke beautifully for about twenty minutes longer, then came to another sudden stop. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "We have often heard that an Irishman is never at a loss for a word. But this evening, I am compelled to blush for my nationality." The cheers which greeted these words seemed to bring back the full tide of his memory and steady his nerves. He struck out into a most brilliant display of rhetorical argument and figures of speech, which he maintained unbroken and undiminished until his climatic peroration, which was followed by the genuine plaudits and hearty cheers of his entire audience.

Coming down from the platform he was first saluted by Mr. Oliver Mowat then M.P., who shook him warmly by the hand, and said he did very well indeed under the circumstances. About three weeks later Mr. McGee retrieved what he considered his disaster, by delivering in the Mechanic's Institute, one of the grandest, most eloquent and most successful lectures ever heard in Toronto, before the elite of Toronto's most highly educated and cultured citizens—subject, "John Milton, England's Greatest Poet."

## A QUESTION OF FOUL PLAY.

(A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS).

By *W. H. Higgins.*

### II.

(CONCLUDED.)

ON his way from the hotel bar to the stable, Ben, the hostler, was accosted by Lucy Connor, a domestic of the hotel, and a hurried whispered conversation was observed to take place between them. Lucy had been living at the Globe for more than a year, at this time. She was a very pretty girl, and more than ordinarily well educated and refined for her sphere in life. Her youthful form was exquisitely moulded, and the beauty of her oval features was enhanced by laughing dark eyes and a great abundance of long dark tresses. Hosts of admirers paid compliments to Lucy, and although she had kindly greetings and modest, kindly glances for all, one only, and that one Frenchy, the pedlar, held a warm place in the girl's heart. Frenchy, or to give him his proper name, Jean Baptiste Plamadon, was the son of a French Canadian of good family, who had while yet a youth, secretly married a beautiful Irish immigrant girl, just arrived at Quebec. The result of the clandestine marriage was disastrous to the future of the young couple. The Plamadon family disowned their son and refused to recognize his young wife. A few years of hard struggle ensued, in the course of the first of which Frenchy was born. The disowned father did not long survive the birth of his son. Hard

necessity compelled him to attend at the works where he was employed in all kinds of weather. A cold, aggravated by want of rest, and having to go out in an inclement season to attend to the business, brought on a galloping consumption to which the young husband and father early succumbed. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Plamadon made her way to the County of Prescott, where she had some relatives living; but, disappointed and heartbroken, she soon followed her husband to an early grave. Frenchy got some little experience of business in a country store, belonging to a relative of his mother, and from such small beginnings branched out "on his own hook" to carrying a pack, and subsequently, to becoming the owner of a pedlar's wagon and pair of horses. Lucy was a good-living Catholic girl, strict and pious in living up to the rules of the Church. She was never known to miss Mass of a Sunday since she had grown up, and often walked the distance from Brooklin to Oshawa or Whitby so as not to miss the ineffable blessing of being a participator in the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice. It was upon one of such occasions that she was overtaken on the road to Oshawa by Frenchy, who was driving his pedlar's wagon. She accepted

his invitation of a seat, and after he had put up his horses, he accompanied her to the church. The good-looking couple did not enter the sacred edifice unobserved. The good and lamented Father Proulx was the priest of the mission, and very little indeed took place inside the church doors that was not taken in at a glance by his keen and watchful eye. Lucy got a seat in a neighbor's wagon on her return home. And, if during the following week, her maiden meditations were not quite fancy free, perhaps the fact of the young pedlar being a very handsome young fellow, and the discovery that he must be a good Catholic, and that the priest knew him personally—for had she not seen him beckoned to come to the sacristy after Mass—and had not the young man "told his love," had something to do with the perturbed condition of her feelings. But she was also somewhat ill at ease in her mind because the good priest had passed her by with a nod, and without the usual kindly enquiries it was his habit to address to her, as he also took occasion to do personally to most members of his congregation, individually, as he did collectively, from the altar, on Sundays. Father Proulx was a devoted priest—beloved, appreciated, and still mourned—and the memory of whose many good deeds will long remain enshrined in the hearts of his old parishioners of Whitby and Oshawa, and their descendants. He was consulted by them, and took an interest in all their worldly, as well as spiritual affairs—nor did this communion of interest cease after his removal to the Archbishop's palace, Toronto. And when the news of the well deserved recognition of his good work, by his promotion to be one

of the household chaplains of the Holy Father, with the dignity of a Monsignor, was made known, none received it with greater satisfaction than his old parishioners.

But to resume the narrative of the mystery of the "murdered" horses:—The suspicion of "foul play" was universal, and that Frinchy and his horses and wagon had shared the fate of his predecessor, the pedlar spoken of by Josh Begosh, at the hands of the Markham gang and their accomplice the tavern-keepers, came to be accepted almost without question. Ben the hostler, had some lingering doubts on the subject, which he kept to himself, "for Lucy's sake." And Lucy! "He couldn't understand the gal's conduct nohow in this here predikamint." Then Ben would go on musing and soliloquizing: "Those hosses 'had the appearance of being there since the beginning of February'—had they?—I dessay they had, an' 'praps for sometime before that. I saw Frinchy leavin' the yard airy that Christmas eve with his cattle and wagon. But how came he to return here alone after midnight, the same night when I cotched Lucy an him together, an' she cryin' an all keart alike. 'Oh, no, dear Ben—dear Ben,' she said—when I axed if Frinchy had insulted her, an' I was preparin' to turn his jacket a bit; but he suddintly cut stick an disappeared. 'Oh, no, no,' sez she, sobbin' as if her heart would break, 'he's goin' away—he's gone now, an' will niver cum back agin.' An' 'twas then that I guv the promise that I'd niver tell mortal about seein' m together that night; and nuther have I. All the same, I think she told the priest about it herself, from the way that I've since seen her talkin' to 'm."

Spring, and the long days of summer, and the delightful season of the fall of the year passed over without anything certain coming to light as to the destruction of the horses or the fate of Frenchy. Rumors and surmises there were in abundance. As time wore on it was noticed that Mr. Dryden, the township reeve, and Father Proulx were more than cordial when they met, in fact very friendly, and that the reeve had ceased to bother himself over much about the suspicions of "foul play." Christmas-tide had come again. It had snowed incessantly for two or three days before Christmas eve, and the bitterly cold weather had somewhat moderated. Father Proulx, as is invariably the case with the hard-worked Catholic priest, when engaged in the performance of the duties which the celebration of the great Christian festival renders incumbent, was overwhelmed with work. It was past two o'clock in the morning before he was able to retire to his room, and then with the parting admonition to his factotum, Michael Gallagher, or as he was called by priest and people, "Mike," to remember that first mass had to be said at half-past five. As Mike was preparing to take the benefit of "forty winks," he was aroused by a knocking at the door. Not wishing that the tired priest should be disturbed he made all haste to open the door to the belated visitor, whom he ushered in as noiselessly as possible through the hallway to the kitchen. Shutting the door carefully, he found himself confronted by a stranger, a tall man, who had the appearance of a foreigner, and who made the priest's man a low bow. Having seated himself, the visitor talked in a low tone and with great volu-

bility, but in a language one word of which Mike could not understand. "Talk plain English, if yez plaize, an' tell me what yez want in dacint langwidge," demanded Mike, in low and emphatic tones. The stranger only seemed to take Mike's demand as a confirmation that he was understood, and he went on more confidently in another torrent of words and gesticulations. Mike was "non-plushed," as he said himself; but he had determined not to awake the worn-out priest, no matter what the consequences, and had made up his mind that it was a "sick call." His comical countenance was rendered still more so by his endeavors to assume a mournful aspect, and placing his hand in a feeble manner upon head and side with deeps groans as of suffering and distress, indicative of sickness. This but brought forth a further torrent of explanations, in the language Mike did not understand, and the latter calmly waited until the gust had blown over. He could see that the errand was not as he had surmised, a sick call. But he was gaining time, and the priest was having his much required sleep. How could he manage to understand what the stranger wanted! It was plain that one understood the English tongue just as little as the other did the language of the foreigner. All of a sudden the thought struck Mike that the stranger wanted to go to confession. With pantomimic motions of hands, and face contorted, he thought he had made his meaning as to this understood, and kneeling himself, tried to force the visitor to follow his example and repeat the confiteor. The visitor at this became exceedingly angry, and his flashing eye, without any need of words, told how exasperated he

was, for he thought that Mike was but jesting with him, for the last two hours which he had been then in the house. Fortunately for all parties, the ample form of Father Proulx appeared in the kitchen door at this state of things, and great was his astonishment at the scene before him. The priest and visitor conversed in French and everything was cleared up. Mike's dumb exposition of going to confession was however remembered for many a long day. Father Proulx had it—"What do you think of that villian wanting to hear the man's confession?"

Mike of course repudiated such a sacrilegious thought—saying he was "only gosterin' with the furriner so as to give his rivrence time to have the benefit of his short time for sleep."

After the fatigue of Christmas day, Father Proulx had a quiet half-hour towards evening; and Mike felt "as pleased as a punch" at this, and was congratulating himself upon the chance of having an evening's holiday enjoyment, free from sick calls and confessions, and the hundred other demands occupying the time of his reverence. The priest's housekeeper, Mrs. Murphy, was also uniting her prayers with those of the priest's man, in thanking "the saints above" that they would be allowed to have their "Christmas tay in pace"—when a sudden ring of the door bell put an end to their felicitations. Evidently the priest had been expecting some one, for he had gone to the door himself, and was holding it invitingly open for two visitors to enter, when Mike arrived to perform that office. One of the arrivals, there was no mista'king, was the midnight visitor. His companion was a gentlemanly dressed young man, also of foreign

appearance. They appeared to be cordially welcomed by the priest, who addressed them in French, the language in which they were both offering polite apologies for their intrusion at such a time.

Mike was satisfying Mrs. Murphy's curiosity with a story (made up by himself) as to "who in the world" they were—by telling her with great solemnity that they were "two jintlemin, sint express from Rome, as ambassadors, or sich like, to ax Father Proulx to become co-a-ju-tor bishop, an', begorries, wasn't he givin' 'em the forrin lingo in style"—when the door-bell again claimed his attention. And just as in the case of the other visitors, he found that the priest had forestalled him at the door, and was giving admission to a young lady and her escort—both proving, to the astonished eyes and perplexed wits of Mike, none other than Lucy Connor and Ben the hostler.

Mrs. Murphy's ejaculations and her entreaties of "Heaven keep an' save us," and "Did ye ever, ever hear the like!" were something wonderful, for Mike, who was gifted with a rich imagination, added no little embellishment to his description of the style in which Lucy appeared at the door.

While the priest's man was entertaining the priest's housekeeper in the kitchen, the priest himself was giving and getting explanations to and from the assembled company in his parlor, and which may be briefly given as follows:—

Mr. Plamadon, the proper name of the gentleman, which must now be substituted for the more familiar "Frenchy," told how he had always loved Lucy, from the day when he was first smitten by her fair face; how he used to arrange his routes

so as to be able to meet her at mass on Sundays, and what a happy man he was when he first found out that his affection was reciprocated. But Lucy, although too truthful to conceal her preference, required satisfactory explanations of certain rumors as to her lover's relations with the Markham Gang. She had heard it stated that he was one of their accomplices, and that the very horses which he drove in his wagon were stolen animals procured from them. He had never deceived her by a false statement, and admitted his knowledge of members of the Gang, and of his having bought the horses from one of them. She took this so terribly to heart that she refused to listen to the further explanation he had to give, but sobbed and cried, and declared that she could never have more to say or do with him. Christmas eve, just twelve months ago, he had renewed his entreaties. But Lucy spurned him from her presence, asking indignantly how he, a man with stolen horses still in his possession, dared to address her again. It was while smarting under this rebuke and driven to desperation by her rejection that he led the horses to the lonely swamp, and there in the dead of night put an end to the existence of the animals that had caused him the loss of his love, by shooting both through the head. He had previously disposed of the wagon and harness through the intervention of an old friend and former confederate. Later that night he had returned to the hotel and found means to gain another interview with Lucy, in the course of which he told her she need no longer be troubled about the horses, that he was rid of them for ever, and that however wrongfully they might

have been acquired by others he had paid honestly earned money for them. Lucy still refused to be conciliated and continued to upbraid him with her tears, and it was during this scene that Ben had come upon them.

"I niver sed nowt ta nobody—not even to Joby,"—put in Ben; "an' twas for Lucy's sake."

Father Proulx took up the further explanations, telling how Mr. Plamadon had disclosed to him what he had done with the horses, when driven to despair by Lucy's refusal and that some little time after the appearance of the advertisement, he had given Mr. Dryden a hint as to the real facts: that he (the priest), was quite cognizant of the courtship carried on between Lucy and her lover, and had shown his displeasure thereat when it first came to his knowledge, the Sunday both had attended mass together. But he had found out that Jean was not such a bad boy, and that through him the engagement of the lovers had been renewed, and a correspondence kept up between them. It was also explained how Plamadon had inherited some property, through his father's relatives; had been travelling, and had only just returned from France. The gentleman with him was his cousin, Mr. Le Maitre, who had accompanied Jean from Provence, and who was unacquainted with the English tongue. He had for certain reasons, been sent on as an "avant courier," to prepare Father Proulx for Jean's arrival. And now, what more remains to be told? Needless to tell, there was a marriage—and a happy one, and the earnest blessing of a good priest, and a happy Christmas, and a full explanation of the foul play suspected.

## CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

*By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph. D.*

I ONCE asked a friend of mine who had met Charles Warren Stoddard, Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Washington, "What manner of man, by the way, is Stoddard?" "Stoddard," said he, "is the most truly gifted as well as the most modest and unassuming man I have ever met."

The fine literary gifts of Charles Warren Stoddard have certainly not been much noised abroad among the rabble, whose opinions, after all, in things literary, count for very little. The Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Washington has written, not for the present—but for all time.

I remember well when I first got a glimpse into Stoddard's work. It was in a volume put forth at Notre Dame University, Indiana, bearing the title "A Household Library of Catholic Poets." That book, first published some fifteen years ago, did more to make Catholic poets known than any other work of its day. Our author was at that time, I think, engaged in journalism in San Francisco, for like his co-laborer Mr. Egan, Charles Warren Stoddard was for years connected with the press, and enjoyed all the advantages to be found in that best of schools for literary training—a daily metropolitan paper.

Father Hudson, the scholarly editor of that white-winged messenger of peace and prayer, the Ave Maria, early discovered the

worth of Mr. Stoddard's pen and enlisted it among his contributors. Stoddard is a very prince of descriptive writers. Any one who followed his pilgrimage through Europe, so charmingly described in his letters to the Ave Maria, could not fail to recognize in his work the touch and grace of a master. Bayard Taylor in the hey-day and glow of his youth, before bicycles threatened the peace of Europe, did the Old World on foot from the Hellespont to Hammersmith, and gave us that interesting volume "Views Afoot;" but what views afoot ever approached the scenes painted by Stoddard under Italian skies?

Charles Warren Stoddard is perhaps the most widely travelled literary man in America. He has visited most of the islands of the south seas, Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Pacific slope from Alaska to Mexico. Early in life he found himself in the South Sea Islands, as travelling correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. Here his fine poetic nature, nurtured by the caresses and smiles of heaven and the dreamful and bewitching glory of earth, blossomed and shed its fragrance abroad. It is to this visit we are indebted for his "South Sea Idyls," which W. D. Howells, the poet and novelist, says are "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." Stoddard's style and gift in writing can scarcely be defined. It is more or less elusive.

The word glowing, perhaps best expresses it. He has the rare faculty of clothing his descriptions of life and travel in such language that the most commonplace incident becomes a veritable poem.

Look at this bit from his "South Sea Idyls." Did pen ever before endue language with such color, atmosphere, tone-spirit and mood of nature? It is indeed an idyl. "Once a green oasis blossomed before us—a garden in perfect bloom, girdled about with creamy waves; within its coral cincture pendulous boughs trailed in the glassy waters; from its hidden bowers spiced airs stole down upon us; above all the triumphant palm trees clashed their melodious branches like a chorus with cymbals; yet from the very gates of this paradise a changeful current swept us onward and the happy isle was buried in night and distance." No wonder that the most acute of American critics has pronounced the life of that summer sea "once done" by Stoddard "and that for all time."

Walter Lecky, that sane and well poised critic, says in "Down At Caxton's," which, by the way, he dedicates to the laureate of the South Seas, "The full development of Stoddard's genius is not found in character-drawing, great as the gift undoubtedly is, but in his wonderful reproduction of the ever-changing hues of land and sea under the tropical sun."

Charles Warren Stoddard has never published for the mere purpose of tacking his name to a book. Everything he has given to the public has genius in it. Among other books which bear his name as author are "Poems"; "Mashallah; a Flight into Egypt," "A Troubled Heart," which tells of his conversion to Catholicity, and "The Lepers of Molokai." Some

of his sketches in the isle of the heroic and saintly Father Damien among the leper-stricken children of Molokai are truly pathetic. Hear him tell of his stealing away in the darkness from the dying boy Joe: "I shall never see little Joe again, with his pitiful face growing gradually as dreadful as a cobra's and almost as fascinating in its hideousness. I waited a little way off in the darkness, waited and listened, till the last song was ended, and I knew he would be looking for me to say good-night. But he did not find me, and he will never again find me in this life, for I left him sitting in the dark door of his sepulchre—sitting and singing in the mouth of his grave—clothed all in death."

Charles Warren Stoddard was born in Rochester, N.Y., August 7, 1843, and received his education in New York City and California, to which state he removed with his father when but twelve years of age. He was for years one of the most important literary factors on the Pacific coast. His days in California marked the triumph in literary achievement of Bret Harte, Charles Henry Webb and Joaquin Miller—when the Overland Monthly and Californian poured out their riches in the laps of literary devotees, and the wealth of intellectual quartz vied with the rich lodes that veined the western slopes of the snow-crowned Sierra Nevadas.

In 1885-86 Charles Warren Stoddard was professor of English Literature in Notre Dame University, Indiana, and is as I have already stated, at present connected with the Catholic University of Washington.

Anyone desirous of knowing something about his literary gifts should read "South Sea Idyls,"

for these beautiful prose-poems have become a classic, and will remain for all time as the best thing ever written about these far away islands dreaming between tropical sun and sea.

As I write I have not the advantage of having a complete edition of his poems at my side. Surely the genius of a writer is refined, artistic, and possessed of rare delicacy, that can build up in verse such a jewel as the following :

IN CLOVER.

O Sun ! be very slow to set ;  
Sweet blossoms kiss me on the mouth ;  
O birds ! you seem a chain of jet  
Blown over from the South.

O Cloud ! press onward to the hill ;  
He needs you for his falling streams ;  
The Sun shall be my solace still  
And feed me with his beams.

And you round-shouldered bumble-bee,  
You smuggler ! breaking my repose,  
I'll slyly watch you now and see  
Where all the honey grows.

O there is room enough for two ;  
I'd sooner be your friend than not  
Forgetful of the world, as true,  
I would it were forgot.

Readers of that weird and strongly imaginative poem, Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner," will remember the part played in it by that king of sea birds the albatross. Coleridge and Wordsworth had then joined hands in battering down the last remnant of the walls of English conventional verse, and "The Ancient Mariner" was Coleridge's contribution to the new school of poetry, which these two great poets helped to found. The albatross is the largest sea-bird known, measuring sometimes from tip to tip of its wings seventeen and a half feet. As it is met with at immense distances from land its appearance in the southern seas, far from any throne or haunt of civilization, a mailed courier of the sea and sky, it must have im-

pressed the mind and imagination of the roving commissioner of the San Francisco Chronicle. Here is his poem bearing that title :

THE ALBATROSS.

Time cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale  
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,  
Lone sentry of the deep !  
Among the crashing caverns of the storm  
With wing unfettered, lo ! thy frigid form  
Is whirled in dreamless sleep !

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its  
might ?  
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the  
night,  
Grow blank in utter death ?  
When shall thy thousand years have stripped  
thee bare,  
Invulnerable spirit of the air,  
And sealed thy giant-breath ?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave,  
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in the grave,  
Caught by the shrieking blast  
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings  
locked,  
On an eternity of waters rocked,  
Defiant to the last !

Nearly all Stoddard's poetry shows the influence of his life amid these tropic islands of the southern seas with their languishing and mellow skies and dreamy pulse beat.

Here is a little poem with a flavor and spirit all its own, native to the isles of warm breath and luxuriant leisure :

THE COCOA TREE.

Cast on the water by a careless hand,  
Day after day the winds persuaded me ;  
Onward I drifted till a coral tree  
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand  
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,  
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant  
dew.

The sea-birds build their nest against my root ;  
And eye my slender body's horny case ;  
Widowed within this solitary place,  
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit ;  
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake  
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his  
sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn ;  
The harsh winds rob me of the life they  
gave ;  
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave  
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,  
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb,  
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that  
never come.

I cannot trace the influence of any single poet in the verse of Stoddard. It appears to me to be the flowering of a soul fed by the breath and dew of heaven, not by the tendance of any master spirit of the earth. No doubt the genial and gifted Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Washington delights in the pages of our dear Tom Moore, especially his "Lalla Rookh;" the glowing pictures and soft liquid numbers to be found in Tennyson's "Princess" and "Enoch Arden;" the rim of melody and beauty that circles the pages of Keat's "Endymion;" and the sweet tenderness, grace and simplicity that crown that classic idyl, Longfellow's sad story of "Evangeline."

Here is a poem of Stoddard's which has the breath of humor and conviviality in it:

#### THE TOAST.

Fill me this glass—it is antique Venetian,  
Fair as a bubble from the Adrian sea;  
Pour me a draught of nectar—Cyprian, Grecian,  
None of the ordinaire this night for me.

I drink my boys to that entrancing vision,  
A dream o' the summer's night I'll ne'er forget;

I drink to her, green o' the land olysian,  
The dear, delicious girl I never met.

Here's to the heart she gave me as I slumbered,  
The arms that drew me to a haven of bliss;  
The waiting moments, rapturous, unnumbered,  
World without end, the chrism of the kiss!

Here's to the dreamland home, our Eden  
dwelling,

Unchanged forever and forever more;  
And to our mutual love, immortal swelling  
Melodiously upon the shadowy shore.

Here's to that perfect one, mine own, mine  
only,

And to that dreamful life she shapes for me;  
And to those other joys, O earth how lonely!  
The babes I've never dandled on my knee!

These lines read in the light of Mr. Stoddard's long bachelordom have a mirth-provoking quality all their own. There are many writers in this country whose pens have been busier than that of Charles Warren Stoddard but few whose productions are marked by such excellence throughout. His work from the very beginning of his literary career has been artistic. He will therefore never have to blush for the crude labor of his mornings. I close this brief study of his literary work with a little gem from his pen entitled "Meridian." Every line of it betrays a master's hand.

The sea is blazing all around;  
An idle bark is inward bound;  
The ripples lap upon the reef;  
The gull's dull flight is low and brief;  
The long beach-grass begins to fade;  
The sea-crabs sidle to a shade;  
The cocoa hangs its nutted head,  
And nothing stirs; the wind is dead.

The peopled plain is still as death;  
No cricket chirps for lack of breath;  
A scorching dust is in the air;  
The glitter blinds me everywhere;  
The hills are limned in colors fleet  
And quiver in the noon-day heat;  
The lizards sleep upon the wall;  
An empty sky is over all.



## DOROTHY FROM DIXIE'S LAND.

*By Maud Regan.*

IN the days so long gone that they have passed into the realms of tradition where their memory shall be green for evermore ; when Virginia was the home of opulence and ease, and as many lackeys and outriders attended the outgoings and incomings of her great landed proprietors, as follow the progress of some modern European sovereigns ; when her great estates were measured by the mile, and her palatial homesteads numbered by the score, not one was more widely famed as the abode of luxury and open-hearted hospitality than the old Vernon mansion, "Gray Gables."

It was the fairest place in all the country-side, with, on one hand, the green meadow lands stretching far away to the cluster of woods, a relic of the forest primeval, which formed the western boundary of the estate ; on the other the broad fields of cotton and tobacco, where the dusky figures of the negroes flitted to and fro, and beyond the gray roofs of the cabins in the "quarters" nestling against the side of the hill. Surrounding the house were the long sloping lawns, a wide stretch of velvety green, broken from gate to entrance door by the white line of the avenue, shadowed by oaks of a century's growth, down which there rolled, amid a cloud of dust, many a gorgeous equipage in the days when Virginia's aristocracy loved to foregather at "Gray Gables."

The house itself was a quaint old place ; imposing by reason of

its massive solidity, and yet redeemed by a certain quaint irregularity of outline from the severity, bordering on barrenness, characteristic of many of the old colonial mansions. Successive generations had added to it from time to time ; a room here, a wing there, in the prevailing fashion of their day, and about the older portions the ivy trailed and climbed and flaunted its swaying tendrils from the overhanging gables which gave the house its name.

There was no ivy on the side where the state drawing-room lay. It was sacred to the climbing pink roses, the "Fairfax Roses" planted by the fair hands of "Gray Gable's" first mistress whose memory was inseparably connected with their sweet old-fashioned fragrance.

High over the entrance door were carved the grim stone dragons upholding the Vernon arms, and beneath them the proud motto "I Conquer Fate." For they were proud men, those early Vernons, loyal friends, relentless foes, generous to extravagance, brave to recklessness, never staying to count the cost when friend or country was in peril, ever ready to brave danger or privation in the cause of either.

With the latter half of this century began the decline of the family fortunes. The war and the emancipation of the slaves completed the ruin which extravagance had begun, until at the period of which we write, shortly after the close of the war, little was left to

the surviving Vernons save an estate shorn of all its glories, the fine old homestead, and the traditions of departed grandeur. Fortunately there were few of the name left to lament their fallen fortunes, the entire family being comprised of the widowed mistress of Gray Gables, an invalid of five year's standing, stern and cold by nature, and still more embittered by suffering and constant chafing against the cruelty of her lot, and her daughter Dorothy, a fair-haired, blue-eyed tot of six or seven with whom she had little in sympathy. She had passionately loved her handsome dark eyed boy, of whom fever had robbed her two years before and with whom had been buried her last interest in life. With his death had begun an indefinable feeling of estrangement between Mrs. Vernon and her surviving child. There was always in her mind the half-defined question whose existence, had she been taxed with it, she would have indignantly denied, that if the fate which had successively taken from her, husband and fortune, claimed yet another victim, why should it have been Ralph, Ralph?

So little Dorothy was left almost entirely to the care of the few servants in whom affection for the family in whose service they and their fathers before them had been born and bred, had been stronger than the restless desire for change and a glimpse of the world lying beyond the boundaries of the estate, which, when the war was over, drove the majority of their fellows northward. Those who remained possessed in an eminent degree the southern servant's exaggerated idea of the family importance and jealous care for all that affected its well being. They rather disapproved of "Mis' Dorothy." Per-

haps Mrs. Vernon's view of her bereavement had suggested itself to them also, for "Not a bit like Mars' Ralph, more's the pity," was the general verdict, one which in Dorothy's serious moments weighed heavily upon her mind. The children adored her, and not one little woolly-pated darkey on the estate but would have braved fire and water in her service. Truth to tell, their devotion was often put to severe test, for she was an autocratic little mistress, with the hot Vernon temper, but when her anger was expended her bursts of penitence and eager strivings to make amends to those upon whom the vials of her wrath had been expended, were delightful to witness. Many were the wild escapades of the dusky children, instigated by "Mis' Dorothy," and one of them was always at hand to saddle her pony Gipsy for one of those mad stolen rides, expiated by hours of penitential confinement in the shadowy attic. But what, on the whole, occasioned Mrs. Vernon the greatest uneasiness was what she was pleased to style "the child's plebeian tastes," her habit of fraternizing with the "butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and her utter unconsciousness of the gulf which separated a demoiselle Vernon from the rest of the work-a-day world. Yet there must have been some of the blood of the early Vernons coursing through the veins of their far-away descendant. She never wearied of hearing tales of the heroes of the race, of their prowess in war, their courtly ways in time of peace, of the great days at the house when the state drawing-room had been always open, and the halls had echoed to the tread of many of the belles and beaux whose names had since passed into

history. Her hero of them all was her great-grandfather Ralph Vernon, a gallant young officer of revolutionary fame, who after fighting for the republic with might and main, capitulated, as well became him, when the strife was ended, to the charms of the loveliest of rebels, Dorothy Fairfax.

Dorothy would often wander off to the little grass grown church-yard, where two marble slabs set forth in quaint gothic lettering for the benefit of all whom the knowledge might concern, that there lay one "Ralph Vernon of Gray Gables, Virginia, and Dorothy his wife."

She and little Ralph had been named after those quiet sleepers so long done with the world's "wearisome turmoyle," and folk said she was very like "Dorothy his wife," whose picture framed in time-tarnished gilt hung over the fire-place in the state drawing-room. Dorothy remembered a beautiful game Ralph and she had had one day, when the drawing-room had been open and they had stolen in and sat mighty prim and grand playing at being the Ralph and Dorothy of the olden time, till Dinah had recalled them to the living present by ignominiously expelling them from those hallowed precincts. That was her most vivid recollection of the brother her total lack of resemblance to whom was a matter of such general regret. Her next memory of him was of the day when he lay sleeping in the state drawing-room, sleeping so soundly with the Fairfax roses strewn all about his bed, that he never wakened, although people from half the countryside bent over him, and his mother called his name in a voice so strange that it rang in Dorothy's ears for many days. He was still sleeping,

no one had showed Dorothy just where, but out in the church-yard he always had a place in her dreams beside the Ralph and Dorothy of the long ago. Out there one day the oft reiterated sentence "Not a bit like Mars Ralph, more's the pity," kept singing itself drowsily in her head till she fell asleep and there were no more Vernons, and no Gray Gables, and no church-yard, but only herself and Ralph chasing butterflies across the sun-lit meadows.

Dorothy lived more in the past than in the present. A visit to the invalid's room night and morning constituted the whole of her intercourse with her mother, and "plebeian" associates were strictly interdicted. Thrown upon her own resources, she selected her playmates from among the personages of the family history, whose portraits scattered throughout the house made them living things to imaginative little Dorothy. After the portrait of Dorothy Fairfax, she best loved the large painting which hung just at the foot of the stair, a little boy in antiquated garb, holding stiffly between his hands the ruddiest of apples. It was because of this that she had christened him the Apple Child, knowing no other name by which to designate him. She used to have great games of hide and seek with him, or rather with his eyes, they being the only part of him endowed with motion—keen dark eyes always fixed earnestly upon her when she emerged ever so little from the dusky corners of the hall, and shadowy nooks on the stair, no matter how secure the hiding place she had never once eluded them. Dorothy often thought what a delightful playmate he would have

made if he could only have stepped down from the frame; indeed his eyes were so bright that she sometimes almost forgot about his not being real, and spoke to him about her pony Gipsy, lamenting the impossibility of their ever becoming acquainted owing to an existing prejudice against the presence of even dogs in the hall.

Fortunately Gray Gables was a veritable paradise for a child of such a temperament, for shorn of half its glories, it was still rich in its historic associations, and precious relics of a bye-gone day. It had been a rendezvous for all the Virginian celebrities of a century ago, and their spirits still seemed to haunt the halls, their faces to peer from the shadowy places. Often when it was growing dusk, Dorothy would steal softly into the dining-room and picture to herself an assemblage of "fair women and brave men," such as of yore was wont to gather round the mahogany table. She could almost hear the swish and rustle of the ladies' silken gowns as, with obeisance half stately, half playful, they swept out through the open door. She could see the eager faces of the men, as turning from the gallantries to life's sterner issues, they eagerly discussed the Indian depredations, or perchance the latest exaction of the mother country. There had been grand doings at Gray Gables a few years later, when the Vernons, as became patriotic Virginians, celebrated the birth of the new republic. In honor of its first president, their gallant neighbor George Washington, there had been a great ball to which had been bidden all the youth and beauty of the countryside. And if tradition said true, not one in all

that gay assemblage was so lovely as the sweet little rebel, Dorothy Fairfax Vernon, with eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow, with powdered hair and a bewitching patch placed in dangerous proximity to the reddest lips in all Virginia. Not one so graceful, despite the stiff brocade gown, as "gliding slowly forward, then slowly curtsying back again," she treaded the stately measures of the minuet with the guest of the evening.

When Dorothy wearied of these memories, there was always the attic, that treasure house of the past, where the shadows took wierd, ghostly shapes, and the dust lay thick on many a quaint relic of the long ago. It was the spot where she always paid the penalty of her misdeeds, but it is probable that had those charged with the correction of the little madcap guessed how delightfully were spent the hours supposed to be employed in meditating upon her manifold delinquencies, they would have chosen some less pleasant scene of solitary confinement. She unearthed all manner of things curious and lovely, now a costly fan with carved ivory sticks brought from the far east to some fair ancestress, again, only "a little tin soldier red with rust," mounting guard over the battered toys of one of the little Vernons sleeping out in the sunshine. One day it was a veritable treasure-trove, a great box, inscribed in faded characters with her great-grandmother's name. She scarcely breathed as gathering all her little strength she raised the lid and with eager hands removed the light coverings which for more than half a century had guarded the treasures from the sifting dust and the ravages of time. There were

filmy laces yellow with age, still wafting abroad a subtle perfume as the shrivelled rose leaves scattered among their folds fluttered to the floor. There were queer, long-necked vinaigrettes in filagree cases, and little satin slippers with buckles of tarnished silver, and under all a gown of stiff brocade, wonderfully made with the shortest of waists and the longest of trains, probably the identical dress wherein great-grandmother had been resplendent on the night of the state ball. \* \* \* When, some half hour later, Dinah came to release her charge, she stood for a moment trembling in every limb, believing that some supernatural agency had been at work in the attic. Far off in one of the shadowy corners was the ghost of "ole Mis' Dorothy," mincing to and fro, now pausing to sink low in a sweeping curtsy, now turning towards a dilapidated mirror as though surveying her phantom charms. As one of these turns brought the face within range of Dinah's frightened eyes her fears gave place to righteous indignation, for above the stiff silken folds looked out the sweet baby face of the little prisoner, and a quaint little figure holding high in one dimpled hand the end of the heavy train, ran towards her in most undignified fashion, crying in a voice trembling with excitement, "oh, Dinah, isn't it beautiful!"

Long after Dinah remembered the picture, and thought that she had never seen a daintier; but at the time her stern sense of duty and regard for discipline overbore all softer feeling, and with a stern reproof she bore Dorothy off to divest her of her antiquated finery.

It was long before Dorothy

visited the attic again. That last afternoon seemed to have had a salutary effect, and for almost a week she was quite as stately and gracious in her small way as any Vernon of them all. She was giving for her own especial delectation, a little impersonation of "Dorothy, his wife." The memory of the stiff old gown was ever present to her, and her progress up and down the stair, formerly accomplished in leaps and bounds, was so subdued and slow as to be almost processional; accompanied by many a backward glance at the expansive breadth of her imaginary train.

Wrapped up in her little dream-world she was as unconscious of her sudden accession of dignity as of the commendations it elicited. Only Dinah was sceptical. She was sage with a wisdom born of long experience; he knew human nature, and she knew Dorothy, and on general principles she distrusted extremes. Either it was a lull before the storm, a truce before some fresh outbreak, beside which all her former escapades would pale to insignificance, or else it was measles in an incipient stage. Having in this wise evolved from her inner consciousness two theories, one of which was certain of verification, Dinah philosophically awaited the progress of events.

Then something happened which had not entered into Dinah's calculations. It was on one bright June morning, when, in consideration of Dorothy's exemplary conduct, she was graciously permitted to exercise Gipsy, upon whom prolonged inactivity had had a very demoralizing effect. Once in the saddle all her newly acquired dignity was thrown to the winds, and it was decidedly the old madcap that urged Gipsy

at topmost speed down the long avenue through the gate and out into the sunshine.

She was going to visit a friend of hers, a little cripple who had found the way to her easily won affections by the short road of her ready sympathies. Little Chloe lived in a queer tumbledown cottage by the side of one of the prettiest roads in all Virginia, called, because of some tradition handed down from revolutionary days, "Frenchman's Alley." It was a long, leafy, unfrequented lane skirting the wood, where the grass made a soft yielding carpet underfoot, and the great ox-eyed daisies grew all along the way. In the over-arching trees the birds were twittering gaily; the sunlight filtering through the leaves checkered the road with ever shifting patches of light and shade; from the wood was wafted the perfume of the jasmine and wild honeysuckle—Dorothy thought that the world had never looked so lovely.

She was thinking of poor little Chloe, as she rode along, and wondering what sort of a thing life must be for a little girl who was only nine and whose whole world was bounded by the green vista of Frenchman's Alley. \* \* \*

They never knew how it happened, although Sambo and Tom and all the darkies tried to explain it afterwards. They thought that perhaps a rabbit darting across the path had startled the pony, and Gipsy the sure-footed, true to her in many a reckless ride, had this once failed her. All that was certain was that an hour later he galloped madly home with empty saddle, and that soon after the searching party, led by the frightened Dinah, found Dorothy half way down the road very pale and still but yet faintly breathing.

Dinah's strong arms lifted her, and tenderly bore her home to Gray Gables, through the hall that still seemed to echo with her clear childish laugh, past the blandly smiling Apple Child, and up the broad stair to her mother's room. There, when the great blue eyes opened for a moment on the unfamiliar surroundings, then closed wearily as the little face was shadowed with pain, a great wave of tenderness welled up in the mother-heart long closed to all save the memory of its own griefs, and Mrs. Vernon realized with a keen pang how precious to her was the little life trembling in the balance. Then ensued long anxious days when the mother, to whom a short time before the slightest exertion had been impossible, vied with Dinah in untiring care of the patient sufferer. For a long time the issue seemed doubtful, and then the life principle strong within her conquered, and Dorothy awakened to a renewed interest in her old life.

It was a beautiful time that last summer at Gray Gables, when the children came to see her every day, bringing bunches of wild flowers that came like a breath from the woods, and romping noisily in the halls without let or hindrance. It would have been perfect, only that sometimes when the glee was highest there came a queer catch in Dorothy's throat, as she remembered that she was always to be lame, like Chloe, and that everything was ended, her rides on Gipsy, and even her quieter plays with the Apple Child. But as the weeks passed, and Dorothy grew stronger, the doctors gave hope of her cure. There was a great physician in New York who had made a study of such cases, and Mrs. Vernon, eagerly grasping at

the faintest chance, resolved to bring Dorothy north for treatment. When the child grew quite strong she was to be placed at the convent where her mother's childhood had been passed until her education should be completed; so the old untrammelled life in Dixie's land was forever ended.

It was a very sober little pony that drove the carriage to the station on that August evening when Dorothy bade farewell to Gray Gables. All the children, white and black, had turned out to see the last of her, and Dinah succeeding very ill in her unselfish endeavor to look cheerful, was furtively wiping her eyes with the bright bandana she had bought to wave in gay good bye.

Dorothy was very miserable when they carried her into the train which was waiting to whirl her away from the old life, with its countless tender associations, and she began to wonder, in a dim childish sort of way, whether it would not be better to stay at home and be lame, than to leave behind her all that made life worth the living. All her soul was in her eyes as she gazed long and earnestly at the familiar scenes, at the old house whose distant gables glowed rosy-red in the dying light, till everything was blotted out by a mist of homesick tears and when she looked again Gray Gables was only a dark blot against the glory of the sunset.

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## A BURIAL IN TIPPERARY.

*By Charles Dalton.*

A DECEMBER evening. No sunset, but the canopy of electric clouds resting on the western hills was flushed with crimson facings. Elsewhere the sky was so clear that it reminded one of a limpid sunlit lake. Our road lay through an undulating country. Across the low hedgerows we could see a wide sweep of pasture bordered by a line of hills—standing round as in a class, the children said—from the Devil's Bit to Keeper. A man was ploughing on the upland, and the damp air seemed doubly heavy with the odor of fresh-turned clay. A hearse drawn by two old nags jogged down the hill. The driver had taken up two of his companions and the three smoked and chatted unconcernedly. One after another

the cars returning from the funeral passed us at a cheerful trot, and when we reached the church-yard gate only a cover-car, one of those lumbering, overgrown hooded vehicles on two wheels, and a common cart remained. The gate stood open. A little group on the side of the incline marked where a grave was being filled in. It was a cemetery, lonely, neglected, such as you could not meet with outside of Ireland. Bounded by high walls, it was still more shut in by a line of tall trees. Here and there forgotten graves were dotted with sombre yews. The long, coarse grass lay dank and tangled across shapeless mounds. The railings surrounding family burial places had grown rusty, and weeping

## A BURIAL IN TIPPERARY.

willows degenerated into dishevelled bundles of naked boughs. Of the old abbey which sanctified this acre of earth only a crumbling outline remained. The whole scene was redolent of decay—an object lesson in how truly death is the end of all things mortal in the Christian community.

With the Irish, devotion to the souls in purgatory is such a living, breathing Faith, that it consumes all regard for the poor handful of earth that once held a soul. No other race, even within the Roman Church, has such a vivid conception of Eternity. Once we lay the body to rest in consecrated ground, we surrender "earth to earth, dust to dust," as utterly as if we had never yearned for the clasp of those cold hands, never thrilled at the touch of those colorless lips. It was not this thing we loved. It was the spirit that has gone before us, and across the abyss of time soul cries to soul, "Love is too Godlike for the grave to be its goal."

"Let the dead slumber softly," old women say, "and pray for them. No one has any business to be meddling with church-yards. As sure as you put a spade in a grave and dig up fresh earth you'll fill it before the year is out." And so even with the wealthy, whether the sod above them be sweet with green grass or rank with weeds it is never disturbed from one burial to another.

In this country only the rich can afford the burial service. There are no professional grave-diggers attached to remote country church-yards. From the summit of the incline, I looked down on the men shovelling in the wet earth on the new coffin. Their faces seemed familiar to me, but in each county there is such a distinctive racial resemblance that if you are not a

constant resident it is not always safe to claim acquaintance. When the last shovelful was piled up, there was no effort made to cover the loose heap of clay with sods; it was left to nature. In time it will be as green as its neighbors. The shovels were laid aside, and the whole group knelt around in the mud. With bare heads the men joined in an Ave for the departed soul, and then a few cheap immortelles were scattered like snow flakes on the newly made grave. Suddenly one of the women threw herself again on the ground in loud lamentations. Her cries jarred on the stillness. Two little children stood looking in open-eyed wonder at her grief, while the men reasoned gently with her until she suffered herself to be led down the walk and put into the cover-car. Once more peace inexpressible settled over God's Acre.

At the gate I asked a girl, who had been buried. "Mrs. Phelan," was the reply. I knew hundreds of Phelans, which of them was it? "Surely you knew Kitty Maloney?" Yes! I had known "Kitty" as long as I could remember anything, but never before had I heard her called "Mrs. Phelan." That dignity was accorded her only after death. Like many another of her class her maiden name had clung to her through forty years of married life. Her husband was a smith, and even now the thought of her brings with it the picture of a forge, the click of a hammer on horse's hoofs, and moving figures of smoke-grimed men deep of chest and brawny of arm. Poor Kitty! They were a pair of ne'er-do-weels always more or less in disgrace, drinking together and fighting after. As she was a powerful woman, and he not much of a man, she managed to keep her superior

half fairly in subjection. At her worst she was comely. Clear cut features, chainey-blue eyes, a profusion of fair hair—with just a little crispness in it as became a woman of character—and an expression which combined strength and sweetness, made up a face that an artist would have delight in as a model for Erin.

Many years ago, one night in a drunken tantrum she beat her best benefactor until his life trembled in the balance. Next morning when she awoke to consciousness of her act, she walked straight to the church, took the pledge for life and kept it. The man recovered, and to his credit the fracas made no difference in their friendship.

For her followed years of useless remorse, of bitter poverty. Her friends had got tired of helping her. They were slow to believe in her reformation. We always are slow to believe the best of one another. Long ago they had taken her children and provided for them, so that the little ones had grown to men and women, knowing her only as "Kitty." The motherhood of her nature awoke only to find itself rejected. Her children had passed hopelessly beyond her influence, or the need of her affection.

Her husband was slow to mend his ways. Times were hard. Often there was scarcely a crust to divide between them. She never grumbled about her trials. If you stopped to speak to her, she would inquire cordially after all your relations, until you would wonder how you ever came to have so many.

When the outlook was darkest, a friend died and left her a few hundred pounds. After that her

children and grandchildren were not lacking in sympathy, but of her newly acquired wealth she enjoyed little more than her funeral expenses. When she became a woman of some importance, she had reached her allotted span.

Surely St. Peter must have a special welcome for such humble plodders on the road to perfection. He has been married himself, and he knows from experience that at its best, thorny is the path, and narrow exceedingly the door that leads from matrimony to Paradise. Doubly valiant the woman who at one blow conquered the drink fiend, and year after year besieged by the flesh and the devil, carried herself unspotted from the world.

As I stood at the gate watching her sons stow away the shovels in the cart, so many recollections were surging through my brain that the whole scene felt like a dream. At such moments the full truth of "man's life passeth suddenly, like a shadow" comes home to one.

Like a slowly kindling fire, the crimson flushings broadened into a ruddy glow in the western heavens, the skeletons of trees stood out black against the clear sky, schools of crows fluttered after the plough, and beyond the Black Valley old Keeper lifted a snowy head, crowned as with an aureola by the farewell caress of the dying sun. The rattle of a chain, the scraping of a key in a padlock, announced the closing of the church-yard gate. A moment more and the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rumbling of carts had died away at the foot of the hill. One more ripple of the ocean of life had spent itself on the sands of time.

## JUST BOYS.

*By Margaret E. Kennedy.*

TWO boys were racing madly from prow to stern of the Chippewa, running an excursion from Toronto to the Falls.

The July sunshine and the amiable south wind were quickening the life in all young things. The lake was exquisite in white and green. The crowd was smiling; the band was playing. The boys had the run of the boat.

The Ragged boy poked his head out of some hole below, and looked across to the sun.

"Say, ain't that water nice?" Ragged had an expressive delivery.

"But hadn't the man that made that engine a great head on him?" queried the other, peering in at the quiet, powerful wonder.

"Yew betcher," assented Happy Jack. "Let's play tag 'round et."

Tired, at last, they went above, and squatted beside the band, in the steamer's nose.

"Jimmie-boy," ain't this scrumptious?" asked Jack, basking in sun-light and ozone.

Jimmie-boy laughed. It was not new to him. "And just think," he answered, "Nan nearly kept me home—'fraid you'd lose me. She don't know you, does she, Jack?"

"Could take yer 'round 'n eighty days, 'thout losin' yer—tell yer folks," Jack made shift to answer between bites of banana.

"That's what I did tell her. But she was coming until," penitently, "I said we'd have better fun alone; then she didn't."

"Sum gurls hev a littl sense," allowed Jack, leniently. "Most

uv 'em 'd a bin moseyin' along, keepin' yer w'ere yer 'd orter be."

"Nan lets me go, pretty much; she wants to know who I go with, that's all."

"Mebbe she'd ruther you'd not go 'ith me?" contemptuously.

"Oh, no, she thinks you're all right," Jimmie assured him with simple earnestness, paying no attention to the tone.

"But she never seen me—er these clo'es."

"She believes I know a decent fellow in any clothes," Jimmie answered.

"Dere's mighty few what does," enunciated Happy Jack reflectively, shying peanuts down the bandsmen's necks.

There was silence between them; both seemed to be thinking of something neither wished to speak of.

"Nannie wants to see you for herself, though, Jack," ventured Jimmie-boy presently.

"Well," very carelessly, "why don't yer interdoose us?"

"There isn't time, just now. We're going to Quebec, to-morrow." Jimmie seemed to be sorry.

"Take yer gun 'n bike 'n fishin'-rod, 'n stay gone fer all summer, eh?" inquired Jack. "My, Jimmie-boy, but et's well ter be yew." The undertone of elusive mockery was lost on straight-forward Jimmie.

"Likely, we'll be gone all summer," he replied, gloomily, "And," shame-facely, "I'll be awful lonesome for you, Jack."

"Never mind; we're all right—this spring," was the unconsciously philosophical rejoinder.

They listened to "Paddy O'Rafferty" for two minutes—it was a Hibernian excursion; when it seemed to strike Happy Jack that his last argument needed padding.

"Dis thing's tew funny, anyhow yer looks at it." 'S gotter be dropped sometime, 'n et might's well be one time's 'nuther. 'F any uther swell kid 'ed a picked up 'ith a Johnnie like me, his daddy 'd be enter him bigger 'n a barn. But yew haven't got no daddy, 'n yer sister don't know how ter look arter yew proper, 'n so yew do's ye like. But we can't keep this thing up, yer know—'twouldn't do, nohow."

A hot reply was on Jimmie's lips; his chum stopped his mouth.

"Don't git mad," he drawled, "I'm fer yer good." The gamin's tone of elderly interest is indescribable. "Yer see, Jimmie," he continued gravely, "we're different. You're a-growin' both ways—I'm stunted; dat's one ting. By 'n by, yew'll be goin' ter College, up dere; I can't go nowher: 'n twont look well fer yer hevin' a chum what can't."

"Why can't you?"

"'Cos I'll never hev no show, Jimmie, 'n—."

"You can have all the show you want, Jack," Jimmie interrupted hastily, reaching for the waif's grimy hand. "Nan says—."

"Go chase yourself," struck in Happy Jack. "That Nan uv yours 's a little too good. First, she lets yer chum it tree months 'ith a feller what yew met 'n a scrap on de Yonge street wharf. Den, 'cos yer asked hur, she's ready ter pick him up and carry him through on her back. Its no use, Jimmie-boy. I'll shake wid yer every time ye

stick out yer dooks, but you'll git sick uv et first."

These boys were old for fourteen, one through feeling, Jack through seeing and knowing. Happy Jack was a wharf rat; Jimmie was worth—nobody knows. They had met by chance; and, oddly enough, there had been formed between them a friendship, close and loyal,—and, queer feature in boy-love, cloudless, save for Happy Jack's careless, consistent, frequent assertion that "this thing would'n't do."

"Cheer up, Jimmie-boy, cheer up," said the newsboy, "trying to scare the sorry look off his chum's chubby face. "Yer needn't be sorry fer me, old feller. I'd like ter go ter school fust-rate—but I'm not de only one what wants things dey'll never git. I could'n't go on dem terms. I like ter make things square es I go."

Jimmie turned his back quickly on Jack and the band, and looked out over the lake, his eyes dim, his chin shaking. He was hurt really this time; and the big-hearted urchin beside him kicked himself mentally for being so blunt as to say such a thing.

"Can't yer keep yer chin still, Jimmie?" he demanded, quizzingly. "Den let's git some jim-jams off dat geeser fer et ter work on."

When they had eaten a dozen apples, and when Jack had cosily settled three cores just above the drummer's white tie, and had laughed at the drummer's remarks which are unfit for publication, he took a look at his chum.

"Chin steady now, Jimmie? Dat's right; didn't wanter stick in my jib 'bout t'odder bizness 'tel it wuz."

Jimmie was intently watching the shining streams that rippled off the wheel. Jack waited a minute;

then he slipped his dirty sleeve round the other boy's neck and turned his face towards him.

"Yer needn't fret about me, Jimmie," Happy Jack assured him, cheerily. "I'll come out on my feet. I know lots uv things yer won't learn in school; 'n I'll keep my hands clean 'nuff fer yer ter shake, even," he could not forbear adding, "ef yer do git tew high-toned tew do et."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Mackay was "by the card," twenty-four; but one's age is counted truly by the dints on one's heart. She had been a deeply disappointed woman—disappointed in her love, in her pride, in her ambition. Patient, plucky, tender-hearted, left-over women are worth gold to this world. Mrs. Mackay was a special blessing to the Sisters of St. Joseph.

She was talking to a "somebody's child" at St. Michael's Hospital. He had undergone an operation on his eyes. They were fine, blue-black eyes, shadowed by unusually long, thick lashes—evidently exported, perhaps in his grandfather's head, from Galway. They looked all right; but the boy said there was "something wrong inside."

Mrs. Mackay thought of adopting a "somebody's son," and his eyes had drawn her to this particular stray; but she soon decided that he would not do. He impressed her as an exceedingly clever and capable boy, whose up-bringing had left him, like his eyes, with "something wrong inside." He was a curious blend—innocent precociousness, conceited simplicity, exaggerating truthfulness. She would not take a "difficult" boy; but she enjoyed talking to this one.

"O, yes, I had some folks once.

We used ter live near the Don, 'n ma 'n the gurls worked; me 'n George went ter school."

"Could you learn?"

"Well, I guess. Miss Walker said I could go ahead uv anything in that school, if I had a chance," with characteristic boyish modesty.

"Why didn't you get a chance?"

"Ma died 'n the gurls left; then me 'n George had ter hustle. Dat wuz four years ago; 'n I sold de papers, 'til I cum here fer me eyes 'n October.

"Yew, betcher. De Nuns are 's good 's de bank." He went on with loquacity, "Yer see, de fust thing, when yer comes in here, yer gits a rub-down. A nurse gives yer er reg'lar scrub, puts yer in a night gown, 'n marches yer off ter bed. 'Where's my clo'es?' sez I, de fust mornin'. 'Your clo'es' ses she. 'Yer can't hev em; ye've gotter stay 'n bed.' Arter a while, they saw I wuz n't bad, 'n I made it so hot fer 'em, dat I got up."

"You can get up now, if you wish?" she queried.

"Git up? I kin go just wherever I like; dey send me out on errunds. I'm de only one in de hull four hundred what's eny good." Mrs. Mackay could not help smiling at his way of saying it. She sympathized with independent people, having come to the ground herself, through having too much of her own way.

"Fac'," he asserted. "Could buy 'n sell every uther feller here. Doc gives me money tew buy things, lots uv times. 'N den I kin go where I like inside here. Yer sees sum things here yer never saw before—tell yer folks."

"What do you see?" she inquired, listlessly.

"Dere's a boy here wid a pair uv dead legs—well, nearly dead," catching her eye, "paralyzed yer

know. He can't walk; he kin stand, ef yer gives him a boost up. How de yer s'pose dat feller goes down stairs."

She had an impression that "dat feller" would not be allowed go down; but—(don't ask children questions to see what they'll say)—she asked,

"How?"

"He t'rows dem old legs out over his head, 'n goes down, hand over hand, jus' like dat," clapping his hands to show her how fast. She looked at him.

"Fac' ;" solemnly. He seemed painfully hardened to disbelief. "N deres all ages 'n sizes, 'n all kinds uv diseases—bad ears 'n eyes, 'n twisted legs 'n feet, 'n babies wid heads no good, 'n all sorts. Dey tuk de top off a baby's head ter fix a bone what was sticken' out in der wrong place."

The lady shuddered. "Better leave them as God made them," she said.

"I wouldn't," positively. "Know how they fix club feet—cut de cords 'n straighten 'em 'n bandage 'em up. Dey grow all right. Yer never heard such howling ez sum people makes w'en dey come out uv de sleep 'n de pain strikes 'em; yew'd hev notion ter shake 'em."

"You wouldn't?"

"Maybe I wouldn't. D'ere wuz de crossest baby yer ever seen in dis ward; 'n w'en de nurses couldn't do nothing wid et, I'd yell, 'n yer otter see dat kid cuddle down."

"Do you have any fun?" she asked. "Are there many boys here?"

"Lots uv 'em," he answered, "but dey're mostly cripples 'n can't stir. Sometimes de poor fellers can't eat nothing only what dey gives 'em; 'n when dey get nearly well dey're crazy fer fruit; 'n when I go out, ef I have ere a cent et all, I bring

em grapes 'n so on, 'n ets fun ter watch dem kids git outside 'em."

"That's very good of you," the woman approved. "What else do you do?"

"I'm on de right side uv de pantry gurls," he said with a satisfied grin; "'n de nurses buys good things when dey go out, 'n divides the swag wid me."

Mrs. Mackay thought of a boy who would have considered these diverting occupations tame fun; but the stray, of course, had to make the best of his lot.

"When will you leave the hospital?" she inquired.

"When de eyes git well, 'course." The tone was not at all bumptious now.

"And what will you do?"

"I don' know—I never bother long ahead—sell papers, I s'pose."

"Aren't you fit for anything better?" He seemed live, clever, energetic. She had no intention of doing anything for him; but she liked to draw him out.

The boy gave the bed-clothes a pettish toss. "Yer talks jus' like Jimmie-boy—heaps uv guff," he replied, impatiently. "Et 'd be, 'climb up, ole feller,—I'm at yer back—yew'll git dere after a while.' He," with an irrepressible laugh at the recollection, "wanted ter 'dopt me 'n take me ter college wid him."

"Was he better off?" asked Mrs. Mackay, in a warning tone.

"Jimmie-boy! Great Scott! He could buy half dis town. Jimmie was no ten center."

"And you were his friend? John, you should tell the truth."

Angry light played in Jack's eyes. "I wuz his friend," steadily, defiantly.

The tone carried conviction. "Were you fond of him?" the lady asked, kindly.

Happy Jack must have perceived the kindness, for he answered quietly, if proudly,

"Yes, I wuz; Jimmie-boy wuz de squarest kid I ever noo, 'n he wouldn't go wid every geeser." It was truth; the poor boy had been fond of Jimmie and proud of his friendship, which had done him good in more way than one.

"Why wouldn't you let him adopt you?" she questioned.

Jack stared. "I'm nothing ter him; 'n I like ter pay cash down."

"You're right," she said, growing more and more interested. "But you'll be sorry to leave the hospital?"

"Naw; I couldn't expect ter stay." It was a weak, undecided tone.

"Where do you board when you're working?" she queried, standing up.

"Rossin House, 'course," was the quick, sarcastic answer, instantly repented of. "No, lady, I roosts wherever I kin."

"Poor boy," sighed Mrs. Mackay; and bent over him, as she promised, "I'll see you again before you go out. Good-bye."

He sat up for a few moments, after she went, looking around him; then, shivering involuntarily, he turned his weak gaze from the windows, and slipped down into the warm nest, that—worse luck—he must soon resign. Happy Jack had, by nature, as much back-bone as the average boy, and his experiences had abnormally developed the original germ in his composition. But he felt blue and broken-up this evening. Mrs. Mackay had disappointed him in some inexplicable way; for he was not so proud as he had been, having felt the pinch of pain and cold and hunger. The contrast was keen between the warm, pleasant ward

and gray, frozen, storm-swept Bond street. Small wonder that he hid his face, and was, presently, weeping—quietly, that none might hear, but bitterly. "Its awful," he sobbed, "ter hev nobody nor nothing, 'n ter hev ter stay outside."

Deluges of the saltiest tears in Time's cauldron have fallen from the eyes of people who were, in one way or another, Outside; and a few more or less, matter little. No; but abstract sympathy is useless, and cuts many deeper far than concrete scorn; so that people, boldly stamped with the trademark of the Interior, should be careful how they speak to "the other gang."

For fifteen minutes, the voiceless sobbing had gone on; then a nurse gently drew the covering from the boy's head.

"Are you tired, Jack? Here is Mrs. Mackay's little brother to see you."

The lad behind her whispered, "turn up the lights, please. I want to see him."

The lights were turned up; but Happy Jack was shamefacedly drying his eyes and clearing his throat, so that the visitor was beginning politely, "Nannie met me and sent me here —," before the other boy looked at him. Then he said, briefly and expressively, "Gewhilicker!" At the word, Jimmie-boy—for it was Jimmie-boy—dropped his oranges; and for an ecstatic minute the little cot was a veritable fairyland of strangling hugs and energetic ejaculations of delight and happiness unalloyed.

"And you didn't know Nannie," Jimmie jerked out; and we as like as two peas—and she didn't know you—after all she heard!"

Jack extricated himself and lay back, panting.

Jimmie beamed on him.

"Happy Jack, just think! And believed I'd never find you; for looked ever since I came home. You might have sent me word, Jack," reproachfully.

"Et wuz better not ter, I thought," apologetically.

"Where's your clothes?" demanded Jimmie, excitedly. "The carriage 'll be here, just now, and you're coming, I tell you, so get ready."

"Don't, Jimmie," said Jack, huskily. "I can't stand et, jus' now."

The low, shaking voice was unlike the lively, young tones that Jimmie loved; and, though he could scarcely believe that Jack was crying, he was almost certain that he saw tears in the lovely Irish

eyes with the pathetic "something wrong inside." So he said no more, but knelt down beside his chum's little bed and the boys wound their arms tightly round each others necks, the lights were lowered, and there was silence through the ward.

"Why are children's eyes so bright?

Tell me why.

'Tis because the infinite,

Which they've left is still in sight;

And they know no earthly blight.

Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright."

"Why do children love so true?

Tell me why.

'Tis because they cleave unto

A familiar, favorite few,

Without art or self in view.

Therefore 'tis they love so true."

Happy Jack has long ago "made it square."

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## NOTES.

A SHORT time ago a member of the MAGAZINE staff brought into the publishing office a curious looking little object which he had picked up on the street. It consisted of two pieces of tin, one of which fitted into the other by means of grooved edges. Between these two pieces was contained a tightly rolled strip of parchment printed in Hebrew characters. The strip was so rolled that the lettering of a single word came opposite an opening in the upper tin. The little object was nailed up on the wall according to its obvious intention, and to this hour no caller has been able to tell what may be its purpose. It so happened, however, that I had been reading some books for the purpose of review, and although Mr. Lang avers that the knowledge of having to review

robs a book of half its interest, I have not found it so, probably not being yet case-hardened. The particular book upon which I was engaged at that time was Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," to which title he adds, "A study of a peculiar people." It is fortunate for the "people" that they have found a chronicler in one of their own race, for although a Hebrew full of the pride of his ancestry may find much to resent in some of the characterisations, he will yet find everywhere a sympathy evoked by personal knowledge and a reverence for the deep religious life of the olden chosen people, such as would be impossible in an alien. Mr. Zangwill himself is one of those extravagantly brilliant personalities that ever and anon crop up from out this people apart. Work, and

work, and work, appears to have been the secret of his successful invasion of the domain where writers live in the ease and comfort of having work a-plenty and sure sale. There is a graceful, airy touch about everything he writes that makes his work, whether in essay or fiction, the most delightful and entertaining reading. His diction has not the airiness about it that one finds in D'Israeli, with whom, invariably, any Hebrew writer of English must be compared. He has much of the Beaconsfieldian audacity, but he gives one the impression of writing of the realities of life rather than of wasting himself in confusing a real people with its vain ideals.

The religious character runs all through the Hebrew life as our author saw it in the old days when the poor immigrants were newly arrived from the continent. We are given to understand that there is a class amongst whom sudden rise to wealth has caused not a little delinquency in the way of devotion to Jehovah, but on the whole he treats of the new generation pretty much as he does the old one.

"The Synagogue was all of luxury many of its sons could boast. It was their home as well as the Almighty's, and on occasions they were familiar and even a little vulgar with Him."

"Thus they lived and died, these sons of the covenant, half automata, sternly disciplined by voluntary and involuntary privation, hemmed and mewed in by iron walls of form and poverty, joyfully ground under the perpetual rotary wheel of ritualism, good humored withal and casuistic."

"And so the stuffy room, with its guttering candles, and its cha-

meleon-colored ark curtain, was the pivot of their narrow lives. Joy came to bear to it the offering of its thanksgiving, and to vow six-penny bits to the Lord, prosperity came in a high hat to chaffer for the holy privileges, and grief came with rent garments to lament the beloved dead and glorify the name of the Eternal. The poorest life is to itself the universe and all that therein is, and these humble products of a great and terrible past, strange fruits of a motley-flowering secular tree, whose roots are in Canaan and whose boughs overshadow the earth, were all the happier for not knowing that the fulness of life was not theirs."

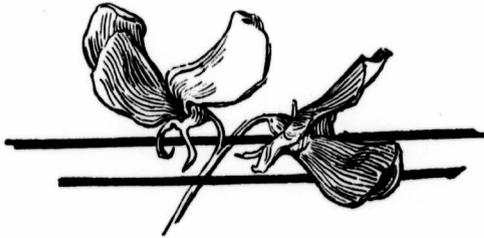
It would not do to quote so extensively from other parts of the work, and yet there is no way of obtaining the correct idea so well as by reading Mr. Zangwill's penetrating sentences. Here and there we find evidences of such contradictory tendencies that we may well consider whether the judgment to which we are accustomed should not be modified. Immense wealth is in many cases synonymous with immense charity. Avarice is the counterpart of prodigal hospitality. Reb Shemuel is at the mercy of his wife for having given away his money and his coat, and Sugarman, the match-maker, after opening thirteen bottles of lemonade on the occasion of his son's Bar-mitzvah, refuses to make good a borrowed corkscrew broken during the orgy. Undoubtedly the Ghetto, or the home of Israel, are farther away from our ken than Thrums or Drumquhat, those lands of loving kindness to which Barrie and Watson have introduced their brother Scots and all good men, but I question if either of them has shown us a more blessed romance

than that of the old Hyamses, who found after forty years' of married life that they had become lovers.

"Through the darkness the flash passed again. The past was a void; the forty years of joint housekeeping, since the first morning each had seen a strange face on the pillow, faded to a point. For fifteen years they had been drifting towards each other—drifting nearer, nearer in dual loveliness; driven together by common suffering and growing alienation from the children they had begotten in common; drifting nearer, nearer, in silence, almost in unconsciousness. And now they had met. The supreme moment of their lives had come. The silence of forty years was

broken. His withered lips sought hers, and love flooded their souls at last."

And it was here that I had learned that which made me recognize the two little pieces of tin and the roll of parchment for what they are. "Mezuzah, case containing a scroll, with Hebrew verses (Deut. vi., 4-9, 13-21), affixed to every door post." The little lid is raised and the sacred roll is kissed on entering the home. I dare say there are those who neglect this custom as well as there are some not particular about Kosher food, but anyone in the mood for speculation about Hebrew customs should read the "Children of the Ghetto."



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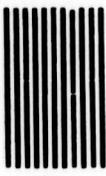
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