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THE LAKE MAGAZINE

JAN., 1893.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, SCIENCE AND GENERAL LITERATURE

CONTENTS

A Mexican Fiesta. Linda Bell Coulson.
Woman Suffrage. Katharine McLagan McKenzie.
Poem—Night on the River. E. J. Toker.
A North-West Sketch. Marguerite Evans.
The Great Imprudence. Helen A. Hicks.
The Little Rebel. Fidele H. Holland.
Poems—"A Voice Divine"—"A Lament." John A. Copland and C. A. Seage.
Le Taureans' Victim. Harry A. Brown.
Liberty's Charms. E. Rayner.
A Trip to Mars. Lorie.
Poem—Lines from Heine. A, A. Macdonald.
Cecil. Frances Josephine Moore.
Chicago University as it is. Madge Robertson.
Poem—The Fraser River. Archie Mack.
An Election Episode.
The Girl in Canada. Stuart Livingston.
At the Crossing of the Bar. Israel E. Stacy.
Canada and Imperial Federation. Chas. E. Knapp.
How Toby Lost his Leg. Maxwell Gregg.
Poem—The Mist of Minas. W. G. Macfarlane.
A Modern Belle. Miss L. O'Loane.
Poem—In January. Charles Gordon Rogers.

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THE LAKE MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. January, 1893. No. 6.

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE—UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

A MEXICAN FIESTA .. 321
By Linda Bell Coulson.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE .. 327
By Katharine McLagan M'Kenzie.

POEM—NIGHT ON THE RIVER .. 331
By E. J. Toker.

A NORTH-WEST SKETCH .. 332
By Marguerite Evans, Toronto.

THE GREAT IMPRUDENCE .. 335
By Helen A. Hicks.

THE LITTLE REBEL .. 337
By Fidele H. Holland.

POEMS—"A VOICE DIVINE" and "A LAMENT" .. 340, 341
By John A. Copland and C. A. Seage.

LE TAUREANS' VICTIM .. 342
By Harry A. Brown.

LIBERTY'S CHARMS .. 345
By E. Rayner.

A TRIP TO MARS .. 349
By Lorif.

POEM—LINES FROM HEINE .. 352
By A. A. Macdonald.

CECIL .. 353
By Frances Josephine Moore.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY AS IT IS .. 356
By Madge Robertson.

POEM—THE FRASER RIVER .. 359
By Archie Mack.

AN ELECTION EPISODE .. 361

THE GIRL IN CANADA .. 362
By Stuart Livingston.

"AT THE CROSSING OF THE BAR" .. 372
By Israel E. Stacy.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION .. 374
By Chas. E. Knapp.

HOW TOBY LOST HIS LEG .. 378
By Maxwell Gregg.

POEM—THE MISTS OF MINAS. By W. G. Macfarlane .. 380

A MODERN BELLE. By Miss L. O'Loane .. 381

POEM—IN JANUARY. By Charles Gordon Rogers .. 384

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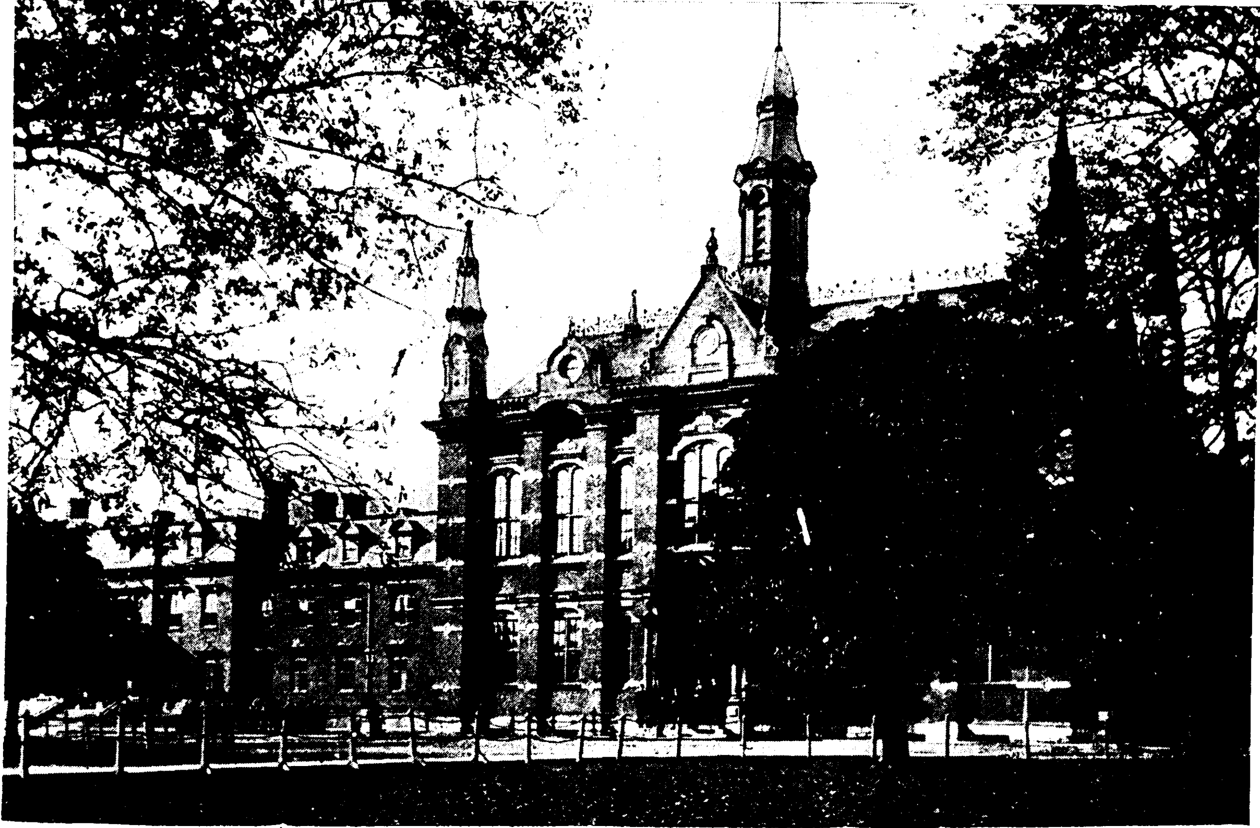

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

The Lake Magazine.

Vol. I. JANUARY, 1893. No. 6.

A MEXICAN FIESTA.

BY LINDA FELL COLSON.

A cloudless sky, an old adobe church dazzling white in the glare of a December sunshine, near by la Plaza de Taros (the bull ring), and some short streets of gambling tents and booths reached by dusty chocolate colored roads, these were the main features of the scene where the principal doings of the *Fiesta* were to be enacted.

The church is an old one, having been built nearly three hundred years ago by those zealous Spanish *Padres*, who, in the sixteenth century, founded missions along the banks of the Rio Grande. I entered it across the flat tomb-stones covering the dust of some of the long since forgotten attendants of its early days, whose very names even have passed into oblivion, for the inscriptions on the stones are blurred and worn away by the tread of centuries of worshippers. It is an odd-shaped rambling building, with an open belfry on one side, surmounted by a cross The belfry, in which an ancient iron bell swings, is the home of dozens of black birds, which go whirling in and out casting great dark shadows on the sun-baked chocolate earth below.

Inside the church devoid of chairs or benches, has a somewhat bare look. There is some rather fine carving, and the ceiling is constructed of trunks of cotton-wood trees carved, the space between the beams being filled in with strips of wood that looked to me like bamboo. On one side of the altar gaudy, but picturesque, there is a sad looking Madonna in a black dress and veil, and on the other, a representation of the Holy Sepulchre, with the figure of our Saviour inside, all draped in blue gauze and white lace. There are many pictures on the walls, but one of them I shall never forget. It is called, I think, "The vision of the Madonna," and is certainly realistic. It represents a Mexican interior with the usual raftered roof, the Madonna herself is kneeling on a square bit of carpet in a stream of thick light, while the infant Christ lies in a Mexican cradle, with a red-covered table convenient to it, on which is carefully arranged a nursing bottle and some medicine!

The confessional on one side of the church, looks very much like a sentry box, and has a tiny round window on either side, covered with perforated tin, something in the style of a colander, and lined inside with pink tissue paper, an uncovered hole allows the voice of the penitent to reach the ear of the priest.

A woman in a black skirt, and a black *rebosa* around her head and shoulders was relieving her conscience of its burden, and the soft murmur of her voice as she glibly rattled off her sins, reached me as I passed her. The old priest leaned with his ear glued to the hole in a most uncomfortable looking attitude, but his broad fat back had a sleepy repose about it, as if he had grown so accustomed to the position that he could indulge in a quiet forty winks in between the sins, so to speak.

As I watched, the woman arose from her knees with a satisfied air, as if *that* were off her mind, and her place was instantly taken by a young girl, who had been devoutly telling her beads near. She looked about seventeen, though judging from the rapidity with which the Mexicans mature, I suppose she was really younger. I think I have never seen a more beautiful face and form. Her slim, lithe figure, with something of the grace of a forest animal about it, was clad in a faded pink cotton gown, and the pale blue *rebosa* twisted around her head and shoulders, made a pretty frame for the

warm brown coloring of her face. Her features were perfect, and as delicately chiselled as if she were "the daughter of a hundred earls." As she took her place she raised her eyes for a moment, eyes large, soft and dark as night, and I was struck by the look of sadness in them.

Other kneeling forms of *rebosa* clad women were scattered over the floor, busily telling their beads or awaiting their chance to free their conscience at the confessional; and there were a few men kneeling on their folded blankets, their tall *sombreros* on the floor beside them, praying with outstretched arms. A verger with a long broom made of twigs tied together, was diligently sweeping in and out among the kneeling forms, and raising clouds of dust, of which they were apparently unconscious, but which excited the wrath of a flock of little blue birds, with reddish breasts, whose nests were hidden in the rafters of the ceiling, and which darted about or circled angrily around the verger's head, twittering fiercely, and evidently objecting as strenuously to this house-cleaning business as does the average male of the human family.

Out in the little Plaza before the church, with its toy garden appearance, its rustic palings and rustic kiosk, its absurdly small bust, to the memory of Bernito Pablo Juarez, in whose honor the name of the small city was changed from Paso del Norte to Juarez. The grass was still green, though it was one of the first days of December, and in the sunken beds a few late flowers still bloomed.

Two blanketed peons were busy tidying up here also, in preparation for the opening of the *Fiesta* on the morrow. They were watering the beds and paths, as I came up to them, from a pump near, one man pumped while the other, an older man, threw the water in a neat round patch, in so dextrous a fashion that not two drops fell on the same spot. As I stood watching him the young girl, whom I had seen kneeling at the confessional box, passed down the other side of the plaza with a light springing movement, her head well back, and a happy look on her face.

"What is the name of that lovely girl?" I asked the older gardener, with whom I had a speaking acquaintance, having on one or two occasions surreptitiously inveigled him into giving me flowers.

"Jesusa Valenzuela, *senaritu*, she is my daughter," he answered proudly.

On one side of the church was situated the Plaza de Taras, the bull ring, and the space in front of the prison at the back and other side were filled with the booths and tents for the various games of chance. The bull fights and the gambling are the important features of a *Fiesta*, and Sunday is of course the principal day, for though the gambling goes on day and night throughout the *Fiesta*, the bull fights are usually held only on Sundays or a feast day such as Christmas. Gambling is not allowed in Mexico except during a *Fiesta*, however, as most cities have *Fiestas* of their own, generally about the time of the anniversary of the patron saint, and as a *fiesta* lasts for several weeks, it must be quite possible for an enthusiastic gambler to enjoy his sport all the year around, especially as after the lawful time for the *fiesta* has expired, permission is frequently obtained from the governor of the state to continue the gambling a week or two longer, obtained I suppose generally by those anxious to retrieve their lost fortunes.

The following day being, I think, the festival of Nuestra Senora de la Guadalupe, (our lady of Guadalupe), in whose honor this *fiesta* is held, the festivities began shortly after mass in the church was over, by a procession of the bull fighters in their gorgeous costumes through Juarez and the American City of El Pasha, across the river to the strains of a Mexican band, while flaring placards announcing that "four magnificent bulls would be fought, one to death," were scattered broadcast through the streets.

Long before half-past three, the hour advertised for the opening of the bull fight, the people were swarming up the long flight of steps leading to the seats. Senors, senoras, and senoritas, by the hundred, blanketed peons, and *rebosa* clad women; and a goodly sprinkling of Americans and other foreigners.

The bull ring is, of course, circular in form and open to the air. Encircling the area below the seats is a high fence or barrier, and at intervals against this are placed wooden screens as a refuge for

TAYLOR
92

the bull fighters. It is the rule in large cities to kill four or six bulls during one entertainment, and if an animal is sensible enough not to fight, cries of "*Atro toro! atro toro!*" (another bull) from the audience soon cause his exit, and another and more fiery one to take his place. Juarez is only a small city, however, and as the flesh of the slaughtered animals is sold to the prisons it would be impossible to dispose of more than one or two carcases at a time, so though at least half-a-dozen bulls make an appearance not more than one is sacrificed to the popular taste at one entertertainment.

The performance began by the entrance of the *matador* and the three *banderilleros*

into the empty bull ring, amid a loud burst of music from the band. Grouping themselves gracefully before the President or Judge, sitting in the place of honor, which was gaily decorated with a wind-mill looking affair of flags and tissue paper, they saluted him with great deference. The *matador*, (literally translated "killer,") was a favorite, and his appearance was greeted with wild yells of welcome from the audience. He was a handsome. muscular, well-built fellow, carrying himself with an air of conscious pride, and was gorgeously attired in short velvet knee breeches, much trimmed down the sides with gold and silver, long pink stockings, a magnificently embroidered short jacket, slashed with gold, opening over an embroidered white blouse, and with a queer wintry-looking cap on his head. Of course he wore the little braid or pigtail of hair on the back of his head, which is the badge of the professional bullfighter, and which if he ever fails in any of his peculiar duties, is publicly cut off, and he is forever disgraced.

The three *banderilleros* whose duty it is to torment the bull and show their skill and bravery by thrusting the *banderellas* into the animal's skin, were dressed much in the same style, only a little less richly.

A *banderilla* is a stick about two feet and a half long, trimmed with gay paper ribbons, and having a sharp barbed steel point.

After the salutation was over, the two *picadores* or horsemen, also in bright attire, on their steeds meandered into the ring. I say meandered advisedly. Of course if I were writing a story, I would have them gallop wildly in; but this is a plain, every day sketch, and demands the truth, and these steeds had long passed the galloping stage of their existence, if indeed they ever possessed it.

As it is a foregone conclusion that the horses will be killed in the ring, or at any rate be so badly wounded that they will have to be shot, a valuable horse is never put in, and these two sorry looking nags, who now crawled in were certainly not valuable, nor did they even look pretty with their ears tied forward so that they would not be frightened by the noise; their eyes blindfolded and protected in front by a great leather shield. The *picadores* on their backs were armed with long steel pointed pikes or poles.

There was another blast from the bugles, the large doors beneath the band stand were thrown open, and from a darkened pen the bull bounded into the ring, a long rosette of colored paper streaming from his shoulder. The band played, the people shouted, the bull stopped suddenly and looked around. He was a fine big fellow, and everybody was thrilling with excitement, waiting for his next move. After a moment's pause, he gave a comprehensive glance around, which seemed to take in the *matador*, the *banderilleros*, the judge, the excited spectators, and the whole entourage, then, he lay quietly down under the very noses of his tormentors and resolutely refused to budge or exhibit any signs of anger. In a moment he was forcibly removed from the ring to the derisive tune of "Otro toro! Otro toro!" from the indignant public. He was a wise animal!

The next bull was much smaller, but he came prancing into the ring with an air which meant business from the start. For the space of a second with rigid limbs and dilated eyes he stood gazing at the flaunting red cloaks of his tormentors, then he pawed the ground, snorted loudly, and with lowered head dashed at the nearest cloak. The man disappeared in a flash behind a screen, and with a fierce bellow of balked rage, the bull instantly rushed at the horses. Almost before the spectators had time to grasp the meaning of his move, and in spite of the pikes of the picadores, both horses were instantly mangled and gored in a horrible fashion. I shall never forget the agonizing spectacle of the poor quivering animals with wide frightened eyes, and blood streaming sides. A hasty call from the bugle ordered their exit, to end the death struggle outside, while shouts of "Bravo el Toro!" "Bravo el Toro!" excited the bull to further anger. With another snort, he made a dash across the ring, but a *banderillero* stopped his way. Standing directly in his front, a *banderilla* in each hand, and without cloak or anything for self-protection, the bullfighter as the bull sprang at him, jumped to one side, skilfully thrusting the *banderillas* into the animal's shoulder as he flew past. Furious the bull turned, bellowing, only to be met by another *banderillero* with two more *banderillas*. Then into his eyes there came a wild, hunted look, which haunted me for days, his nostrils quivered; he foamed at the mouth; the blood spurted from half a dozen wounds; he tossed at the *banderillas* sticking in his shoulders; he beat himself angrily against the wooden screens; he flung himself in impotent rage against the imprisoning walls; he tore up the ground, and with a last loud roar, he made a frenzied spring across the ring, the *matador* rushed to meet him, with one dart plunged the sword into his heart and the animal dropped dead, amid frantic yells from the spectators, and a triumphant burst from the band.

The gates were opened, three gaudily decorated mules were driven in, a rope was thrown over the bull and he was dragged out.

It was all over in quarter the time I have taken to tell it, but I never want to go through it again.

With a sickening pain at my heart I arose to leave just as the next bull was brought in. As I passed out I saw the little Jesusa of the confessional the day before. She was gaily dressed, and her beautiful face was glowing with excitement as she sat full in the brilliant sunlight. While I watched her, she turned her head from the ring, and with a quick movement of her fingers and a flirt of her blue rebosa, conveyed some message to a young American, in cow boy dress, a few seats behind whose eyes were fastened on her, not on the ring. He had an open, good-natured rather Irish type of countenance, and the message, whatever it was, seemed to give him great satisfaction, for his face lighted up wonderfully.

Outside the bull ring, in the yellow sunshine, a different kind of merriment was going on and the clinking of silver or the grosser noise of the humbler *tlacos* (coppers) of the poorer gamblers could be heard on all sides There were small streets of tents or booths, besides many tables in the open air where every conceivable kind of gambling was carried on vigorously. In the dim dirty tents, knots of interested people were gathered around the huge wheels of fortune, and black-eyed mothers, cigarette in mouth, held up their small brown babies to "take in" the fun. Little children had their own separate tables for gambling and seemed to enter into it with as much keenness and enjoyment as their elders.

When the bull fight was over, there was a rush made for all the gambling tables, and the men presiding over them, shrieked out their invitations to all, senors and senoritas to "come and try their luck." Added to their cries was the steady buzz of conversation, the clatter of many musical instruments and the ear-breaking yells of the vendors of sweets and cakes, as with their trays gracefully poised on their heads and gay striped blankets, draped over their shoulders, they passed in and out among the crowd calling out "*Dulce's frescos*," (fresh candy) "*Cagitas calientes*" (a kind of hot cake.) Other vendors of sweets, nuts and fruit were scattered about, many of them squatting on the ground with

their wares spread around in neat, little geometrical piles, so much a pile. While here and there were tables laden with pottery, beautiful water jars, quaint jugs, and hideous, aztec gods.

In a tent near, *tequila* and other Mexican drinks, which unfortunately inebriate as well as cheer, were being dispensed. The Mexicans, as a rule, when they have imbibed too freely, do not become vicious, but simply affectionate, especially if putque (beer) has been the means of their undoing, and go about with their arms lovingly intwined; for those, however, who are quarrelsomely inclined, there is the prison convenient. It forms one side of the square, and this Sunday afternoon I could see men with haggard eyes crouching close to the iron railing of the gates closing the opening to the prison court yard, to catch hungry glimpses of the pleasures from which they were debarred.

On the lee side of the church, sheltered from the wind, there were a row of small crackling fires of mosquite wood, over which dark-eyed women were cooking *las empanadas* (a species of turnover) in little pots of boiling fat, and other delicacies to tempt the passers by. Kept warm by the fires were large cans full of *tamales*, a preparation of corn meal, meat and chile, principally the latter, baked in corn husks, and a favorite Mexican dish.

The daylight was fading fast, and it had grown suddenly cold, as it always does at this altitude when the sun disappears behind the mountains, and I paused in the red light of one of the tiny fires, and within sound of the appetizing fizzle of the *empanadas*.

The white walls of the old church, the chocolate colored earth, the women in their picturesque dress kneeling around the fires, so that the fitful light threw a warm glow across their swarthy faces; the little brown babies and yellow dogs tumbling promiscuously about, the groups of blanketed men squatting near, devouring with great gusto their fiery *tamales*, all made a pretty picture and I was enjoying it, when once again I caught a glimpse of the little *Jesusa*. She was standing near me, silhouetted against the whiteness of the church wall, in earnest conversation with the cow-boy I had noticed in the bull ring. Her head was bent, her slim brown fingers were playing with the fringe of her blue *rebosa*. As I moved nearer to them, she said something which I did not catch, but the young man's answer in its slow, halting Spanish, fell distinctly on my ears, "We will be married by the priest, little one. Your father will not still say no," and then the moving crowd hid them from my view, and I saw them no more.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A Reply.

BY KATHARINE M'LAGAN M'KENZIE.

On reading the paper on "Woman Suffrage," by the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, in the November number of this Magazine, one is reminded of the old adage, "Every question has two sides." The author asks, "Would woman's position in the world be improved by this concession, and would the general interest of society be promoted by such a step?"

We have heard a man's answer, would it not be just to hear a woman's?

It is being constantly said in this nineteenth century, that the position of women is better than it has ever been, that we have nothing to grumble about. This has been reiterated in so many different forms, and is so generally believed by men, that it is almost a herculean task to convince them that there yet remain wrongs to be righted.

We all know that we women of Canada suffer less from unjust laws than do almost any other class of women in the world. The spirit of justice, inherent in Canadian men, has given us many privileges which, so far, our American and English sisters have pleaded for in vain.

It is because of this that we do not wish to consider this question from a Canadian standpoint, but from a catholic one, and while all the statements made are entirely reliable and well authenticated, they are not intended to apply to each and every province or state.

Mr. Longley asserts "that men are not put on a better footing in the world than women." Yet a man has the privilege of using his brains in whatever way his common sense tells him will afford him the best living; has a woman? He may become a lawyer, a minister, a druggist, a physician, an architect; the woman uses her brains, as the man directs. She may be a teacher, a stenographer, a typewriter, a shop girl, a milliner or a dressmaker. The man averages at least a thousand a year; the woman at the most, three hundred. Now, what keeps women from entering these professions? Is it not the laws of the land? Who makes these laws, written or unwritten? If women helped make them, think ye not that her position would be improved?

Even in the few cases where men and women do the same work, or occupy similar positions, how often is the woman paid the same salary as the man? In the profession of teaching, women are constantly paid less than half, what their more fortunate fellow teachers, who are men, receive.

Will any one be bold enough to say that this does not put men on a better footing in the world than women?

Mr. Longley's remarks are indeed touching when he moralizes over the sin committed by any mother, who would leave her babe to deliberate in the Legislature or to mount the hustings—but, he forgets to point out the iniquity of the law, which takes the child from the mother when she can no longer bear to live with her husband. He may be a drunken brute, but, in nine cases out of ten, he is given the custody of the child.

This is an example of woman's boasted equality before the law!! Think ye that women would go on living—nay, enduring an existence, the horror of which words cannot paint, if it were not for their children's sake. Is this right, is this just? If women helped make the laws would this law of monstrous cruelty remain?

Some of the laws that most oppress women still defile the statute books of various countries. As late as 1890 only *six* of the states of the Union allow the married mother to be an equal legal owner and guardian of her minor children, with her husband. In all other states the father has their legal control and guardianship.

The laws everywhere declare that the

wife's services belong to the husband, and accord to them no money value, only stipulating that she shall receive at his hands such board and clothing, as he choses to furnish, thus making her a pauperized dependant upon him.

If she has leisure and ability to earn money, in fully half the States of the Union the law gives the husband her earnings also. They are his because he *owns* his wife and her services. And yet Mr. Longley tells us that women receive even-handed justice in the laws upon the statute books of every civilized country!!!

Again, the law prevents children from having any control over their own property, until they are of age; it appoints guardians to look after their interests and calls them infants—mark you *infants*, but these infants, if they are girls, can give away their own honor which is more precious than all the wealth of a thousand Jay Goulds, when they are of the mature ages of ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen years.

Think of this ye fathers and mothers—think of the many thousands of children, who are turned out into the world, often before ten, to work for their own living, who are away from home, from early morning till night, who are ill fed and over-worked, think of the temptations that beset them, the natural longings for pleasure, and pretty clothes, and a little taste of the happiness that is always just out of reach.

How can they *consent* to their own ruin? They do not, cannot know. What does a girl of fourteen, even, know of life—and yet the man, secure through the law, brazenly asserts, "She consented" !!

He goes on his way free to enjoy all this world's pleasures. What becomes of her?

We are told, that in fixing the age of consent so low, that men are thinking only of the highest good to society. This is a peculiar statement. Does the highest good to society demand the ruin of thousands of children every year, in order to make vice *safe* for the creatures that degrade the name of man? Mr. Longley excuses the existence of these laws on the ground that there are few little girls, under fourteen, who are exposed to danger. Have the great European and American cities been recently swept off the face of the earth? There, many thousands of little girls used to begin work at ten and eleven.

Mothers of the country! Would these infamous laws defile our statute books if you had a voice in making the laws?

Now for the second question. Mr. Longley asks, "Would the general interests of society be promoted by such a step? the granting of woman suffrage. What is the giant evil which to-day menaces the world? Is it not the drink curse? Is it not, directly or indirectly, the cause of nearly all the misery, the destitution, the broken hearts, the ruined lives, that we see around us? Does it not destroy all the God-like in man? Does it not create and nourish all that is low and bestial? Does an hour ever pass, that multitudes do not cry out in agony under the pressure of this relentless viper? Nay, 'for the whole round world is its prey.'"

And yet—yet we are told "not to be impatient about legislation" !! He tells us we need not be impatient for legislation, because even with it "we could not stop the consumption of liquor by those who wanted it," and that "to make any law effective it must be written upon the conscience of mankind before it is written upon the statute book." Let us consider these two statements.

Do the majority of our laws to-day owe their efficacy to being written upon the conscience of mankind? Is it not fear of the consequence of violating the law that deters men from evil doing? If men had waited until laws were written upon the conscience of mankind before writing them upon the statute books, this world, even now, would be a very unsafe place to live in. Is this not so? Then why should we wait in this particular case?

We all know that the desire for strong drink would remain, the desire to steal remains too; we all acknowledge that the law restrains in the one case, then why would it not in the other?

The government has legislated against illicit distilling, smuggling, lotteries, etc., it did not wait for them to be written upon the conscience of mankind. Has it been successful in suppressing them?

Yes, in so far as it chooses to protect its own interests by enforcing its laws. The success or non-success of prohibitory liquor laws depends upon the same principle.

Of course, men would go on drinking, so they go on evading the revenue laws, but no one claims that these laws are ineffective because some men break them. Men go on stealing and murdering each other, but no one thinks of abolishing these laws, because they are continually being broken. But you say, laws to punish stealing are necessary for the protection of property—the general welfare of the country demands them, and prohibitory liquor laws are they not necessary for the protection of millions of women and helpless little children?

So far, Legislatures and Congresses have answered, "No! no!" "How absurd to imagine that you are as valuable as property;" and, in an aside, "Really there is no end to the demands of women now-a-days" ! ! !

Now, we are so foolish as to believe, that our market value would go up, and in time, perhaps, even reach the heights in value that property has attained, if we had the opportunity of sending some men to Congress or Legislature who believe with the Attorney General of Nova Scotia, that we are epitomes of virtue—" nurses of childhood, guides of youth, sweet companions of manhood, solaces of age, queens of the home," who believe with Mr. Longley, that "woman's influence softens the asperities of life, mollifies the coarser tendencies of man, purifies the social circle, and sheds moral grandeur upon the advancing stages of human civilization," (loud applause from the gallery) and yet, unlike the legislators of to-day, (who no doubt have often raved in just the same way), these men would give us the protection we crave.

When we get this, we will begin to believe all the pretty things men say of us, especially that most flattering one of all—the wonderful influence we exert over them. There is a French saying that " Women make the morals of the nation." This is not true. How can it be true when men alone make the *laws*, for " Law is the mighty teacher of morality or immorality, justice or injustice " !

" The spirit of society cannot be just nor its laws equitable so long as half the population is politically paralyzed."

After many weary years of seeking for the enactment of better laws for the protection of home and children, failure to secure them has compelled thoughtful women to believe, that this much talked of "influence" is a figment of men's imagination, this has awakened in them a longing for the more potent and tangible influence possessed by men—that of the ballot box.

But Mr. Longley says that this new, real influence will take woman out of her natural sphere, that is the sphere made for her by man. Well, we will be glad of it, for then we women will have a chance to make our own sphere, and we rather think it will be a better one than the old one, because you see we will know a little more of the wants and necessities of the people we are making it for—ourselves. What do you think?

Mr. Longley grows very pathetic over the attendant possibilities connected with the granting of woman suffrage. We are told that when woman is found, "elbowing her way to the polling booth and contending on the highways with professional politicians, she will grow out of her lovely self into a new and less loveable creature who has nothing to demand of the chivalry of men." Yes! Yes! these are very affecting sentiments—if only they were a little more truthful we might consider them seriously; there would be little, if any, elbowing necessary, and if there were, it would not hurt us much—we bear it smilingly on bargain days, and we do not find that our brothers or husbands or men friends notice any shocking change in us.

And as for "contending on the highway with professional politicians" surely Mr. Longley forgets, when he commends the work done by the Primrose League, that, the ladies in this organization "mount the hustings" in gallant style " and stand ready in the public forum to give blow for blow"—yet, now mark this startling change of front, the Attorney General of Nova Scotia says ' that the influence 'these gentle women' thus exert" is "quite wholesome and proper." He says "this is the

true channel for the exercise of woman's influence in the affairs of the state."

Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel—but thy name is not Longley.

According to the maunderings of the wise imbeciles who predict such an avalanche of evils, woman's character, the growth of years, would, chameleon-like, change in an hour. Now, the facts prove that this is not only arrant nonsense, but actually untrue.

The women of Wyoming have long enjoyed the right of suffrage—yet so highly did the men of that Territory value the work accomplished through the exercise of this privilege, that when the Union refused to admit their women as citizens, then said they, "We will stay out;" but the Union yielded, and side by side men and women entered.

Now, one fact of this kind will, with thoughtful people, outweigh tons of theory.

Consider, too, that the women of Ontario have enjoyed for some time, municipal suffrage without any noticeable deterioration of character; we have heard no complaints from men, in general, nor has the press, that great reflector of public opinion, shewn any less deference in speaking of this section of Canadian women. How is this? According to Mr. Longley, these women must necessarily, by this time, belong to the race, whom he says "are incapable of suggesting dependence or inspiring deference."

In his deductions regarding the effect of politics upon women, Mr. Longley, unconsciously no doubt, reflects in a very grave manner, upon the character of our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria. It is an acknowledged fact that she has no equal in knowledge of European politics, for since early girlhood she has breathed the air of political life; will any one dare say that she has not been a model wife and a devoted mother, that she is not to-day a most womanly woman? It may also be noticed as a significant fact, that though so closely associated with a woman whose business in life is politics, the two last prime ministers of Great Britain have favored the extension of suffrage to women, and the House of Commons defeated by only a few votes, a bill to the same effect.

He tells us that it is not desirable to inaugurate a system "which will tend to withdraw women from the paths of domestic life and encourage them to seek out new lines."

Surely there is something in theosophy; does it not look as if some spirit of the 13th century were reincarnated in the person of the Attorney General of Nova Scotia? Is not Mr. Longley's estimate of men's attractiveness a very low one. when he thinks it advisable to close all avenues, for the exercise of women's activities, in order to force her into marriage as a dernier resort.

He tells us, too, that it is the function of woman "to please, to evoke the respect and regard of man." "That the most charming of women are seldom concerned about ballot boxes," "nor are the warmest advocates of woman's suffrage those whose power is acknowledged in the social circle."

We are amazed at the audacity that limits woman's sphere to the narrow confines of that first statement, which prepares us for the second. Certainly the women, who devote themselves to please men, are rarely interested enough in the uplifting of humanity to consider seriously such a momentous question as woman suffrage. Such women may shine in the social circle—in the limited sense in which Mr. Longley employs the term, but as true leaders they are as glow-worms in the firmament, where Lady Henry Somerset and Frances Willard shine as stars.

Throughout the whole article the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia ignores the principle which lies at the very basis of this question, Woman Suffrage.

George W. Curtis, whose whole life was devoted to the service of humanity, a politician so high-minded that his worst enemies could not impute to him an impure motive, or a selfish act, wrote "There is no audacity so insolent, no tyranny so wanton, no inhumanity so revolting, as the spirit which says to any human being, or class of human beings, you shall be developed just as far as we choose, and as fast as we choose, and your mental and moral life shall be subject to our pleasure," and this is what men have always said to women.

Years ago, so keen a logician as John

Stuart Mill recognized the justice of this claim made by many of the foremost women of the day.

Under God, woman should decide her own destiny, define her own sphere, and limit her own functions.

NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

BY E. J. TOKER.

Silently falls the paddle, stealthily glides the canoe,
The stars beam brightly above,
And I am alone, with you, my love,—
I am alone with you.

Why should the daylight come? Why should the sun ever rise?
I want no light, but the stars,
The moon and the ruddy planet Mars,
And the gleam of your radiant eyes.

Gently along we float, noiselessly steal along;
No ripple stirs the river,
Scarce does the lightest leaflet quiver,—
Sing me my favourite song.

Sing me that sweet love-song, tender as tenderest coo
Of the gentle hearted dove,
And I will listen to you, my love,
Alone, as I am, with you.

A NORTH-WEST SKETCH.

BY MARGUERITE EVANS, TORONTO.

"Well what are we going to do now?" asks Jack, for in the language of the darkey song, "We came to a ribber an' we couldn't get across!"

"Go along the bank until we come to a bridge I suppose," I answer, cheerfully, "that is if you keep anything so civilized as a bridge in this country."

"Well, as a rule we don't bother much with bridges; you see these little rivers are very apt to dry up and then there would be no use for such things."

"I'm afraid if we wait for this one to dry up we shall be rather late getting to that pic-nic to-day, we're late as it is," is my somewhat doleful answer. Jack does not retort as he might do, that if we are late it is my fault, and further, that if we have lost the trail it is my fault also, for in spite of all he could say, I insisted on driving anywhere and everywhere. Now here for a cluster of lovely prairie roses, now there for some odd looking yellow flowers, making poor Jack get out of the buggy about every five minutes, to pluck something which I fancied. He was foolish enough to tell me when we started that "my wish was his pleasure," and I have been wickedly trying to make him prove it ever since, by giving him as much trouble as I possibly can, and have capped the climax by driving the ponies down into a wide ravine, from which "No road, no path, can I descry."

"It must be after twelve o'clock, see where the sun is," I say, looking up at it, shading my eyes with my hand.

"You may well say, look where the sun is," says Jack, just the least little bit crossly, "it has made a mistake or else we have, we are on the east of it and we should be on the west; we are completely turned around and there is no use thinking that we can get to that pic-nic to-day."

I mentally review our devious route over the prairie along the old Indian trail which led us through fields of waving grain, past little squatty log houses belonging to the early settlers, past still more squatty little stables or dug-outs, with their sod roofs on which tall prairie grass was growing, amongst which numerous hens were scratching and scraping with true hen-like perseverance. I think of the miles and miles of unbroken prairie which we have crossed unheeding, and then glancing at the quantities of flowers and wild grasses on my lap, on the seat beside me, and at our feet, am conscience stricken as I remember dimly the number of times the ponies' heads were turned to get them, and conclude that we couldn't very well be anything else but turned around.

"If we had only brought some lunch with us, it wouldn't matter much, for know where we are, and we can go back easily in three hours," says Jack, somewhat dolefully.

"We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving;
We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving;
We may live without love—what is passion but pining;
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

is my reply as I sit nonchalantly chewing some rose leaves. I am desperately hungry, but nothing would tempt me to confess it.

"Don't you know better than quote poetry to a hungry man?" demands Jack, sternly, venting his wrath on the unoffending ponies by jerking the lines and ordering them to stand still.

Suddenly I am seized with an inspiration! "Why can't we catch some fish for our dinner? There are lots of them in the water, peeping saucily at us from the surface, as much as to say, 'catch us if you can.'"

"Tally one for you!" cries Jack, when I make my thoughts known, and he jumps out of the buggy, lifts me out carefully, but very quickly, then unhitches the ponies and tethering them, leaves them

to graze at liberty within certain bounds, and is back at my side in about a minute and a half. A fishing-pole is soon procured from a scrubby willow near by, a fishing-hook comes quickly from one of Jack's pockets, and then we look at one another. The line, the connecting link, without which the others are useless, is missing.

"We're done for now all right enough," says Jack, with a sickly attempt at a smile.

"You are a complete fraud," is my surprising rejoinder, and then in response to his look of astonishment I go on: "You told me not an hour ago that I was more to you than all the world, and now you've got me you don't care anything about me, but are as cross as a bear because you can't get your dinner."

"Have I really got you? Do you mean it?" he exclaims, coming close to me with a hungry look in his eyes which is not caused by the want of his dinner as I very well know.

"Not for life, I don't mean: at least I don't think I do," I answer, hastily hiding my face in my hands to prevent him from taking the kiss which he has so often asked for in vain, pleading that it is a cousin's privilege anyway.

"You're a wretched little flirt, and I'm a great fool to bother myself about you as I do," he says angrily.

"I'm not a flirt, I never flirted in my life: I can't help it if you like me, I never asked you to; besides, you are my full cousin, and I don't believe its right for cousins to get married, and I wish I had stayed at home, then you would never have seen me," I answered, somewhat incoherently, trying in vain to bring a few tears to my eyes.

"Do you really wish you had stayed at home? am I making you regret your visit?" he asks so gravely that I am frightened and looking up into his usually laughing face now so stern and sad, feel for the first time in my life thoroughly ashamed of myself, and stand unable to utter a word.

He takes my silence for consent, although I do not mean it so, and raising both my ungloved hands to his lips kisses them gently saying, "don't be afraid that I shall ever offend in this way again," and then dropping them says in a very matter of fact tone, "it's provoking to see so many fish in there, isn't it?"

I think wrathfully that something else is provoking too, why couldn't the big goose know that I was only fooling, and that I wanted him to take me in his arms and kiss me in spite of myself, but men are so stupid.

"I wish we could contrive a line out of something," I say fingering my neck-ribbon nervously, for it has just occurred to me that the same ribbon might be utilized as a fishing line, but then it is vastly becoming to me, and it is the last one I have in the world. I look at Jack's shoes wondering if it has occurred to him that he might make use of his laces. Evidently it hasn't. I look at the fish in the clear water. A desperate pang of hunger seizes me and my resolve is taken. With practised hands I untie my ribbon and hold it out to Jack saying, "Here take this I think it will make a line if you tear it lengthwise."

"You're the stuff," is the answer I get, with an emphasis on 'stuff' which speaks volumes, and in a very few minutes our fishing apparatus is in order. Fortune favors the brave always, so the fish bite beautifully, and in less than half-an-hour there are six large ones lying on the grass. To catch more would be wicked since we couldn't possibly eat them, so our next move is to find some means of getting them cleaned and cooked, of course we hadn't thought of that before.

To our dismay Jack discovers that he has no matches, and openly laments that he is not a smoker. I lament it inwardly but do not say so. Further investigation proves too that his knife has been lost or mislaid, and filled with a spirit of mischief I produce a large sized pen-knife from my pocket and give it to him. As he takes it hopefully I remark quite carelessly that it is a very good one only both the blades are broken. He gives me a look as much as to say, "you're a hopeless case," and then puts the offending article into his pocket.

"Suppose we go around to the other side of these trees, there may possibly be a house there," I suggest and Jack comes obediently. To our delight we soon spy a little house which looks as if it might

belong to the Prince of Bullfrogs. It is round all around and made of sods piled scientifically one on top of another. The roof is of sods too with a piece of stove-pipe protruding through the centre, and long prairie grass growing over all. Jack laughs at my surprise saying there are lots of such houses through the country, and opening the door we go in. The interior is not nearly so picturesque as the exterior. Mud floor, mud walls, and mud ceiling; a tiny window minus a curtain, a sad looking stove, which however we are not sad to see, a large packing box which has evidently done service as a table, a smaller packing box which has served as a chair, and a trunk which appears to have been roughly handled by many baggage masters completes the "bachelor's shack," as Jack calls it, and I feel quite certain that no woman ever lived in it. However Jack discovers a few matches on the window sill, and we are happy in the prospect of getting a fire. Further investigation reveals a frying pan minus a handle, and a small pot, and a tea-drawer in the oven of the stove.

"Now for the trunk!" says Jack bustling around, "they always keep their crockery and groceries in that." Sure enough there are two cups, one plate, a knife and fork, a spoon and a carving knife, also some pepper and salt in little tin cans which had at one time held baking powder, but that is all. No bread, no butter, no tea or sugar or biscuits. Our bachelor wasn't "a mite forehanded."

"Small favors thankfully received, take what you get and hope for more," I say laughing, and Jack agrees with me.

"I'll go out and get something to make a fire," he says, then doubtfully, "do you think you could get the fish ready ?"

"I think I can try," I answer, brandishing the carving knife.

Jack soon gets a good fire started, then seizing the pot, rushes off to the river for water to give the fish a farewell swim, and before long we have them sizzing in the pan. By the time we have our table set, the fish are "done," and a feast fit for the gods begins. The lack of sufficient utensils only makes more fun. Jack gallantly insists on my taking the knife and fork, and improvises a pair of chop-sticks for himself, by breaking a piece of stick in two, and these not proving satisfactory, he seizes the carving knife and the spoon, with which he does noble work.

We are so occupied with our feast that we do not notice our banqueting-hall grow suddenly dark, and are very much surprised to hear raindrops beating furiously against the window. Soon they force themselves through the sod roof, and a great dirty splash falls on the remainder of our fish. True to my woman's instincts I jump up and put my feet in the oven, resolved to keep them dry at any rate. Jack rushes frantically around in search of an umbrella, but of course he doesn't find one. He then takes off his coat, and, in spite of my vigorous protestations, insists in putting it over my head and around my shoulders.

Still the rain came down in torrents, and in a very few minutes there are great puddles of dirty water on the floor. We laugh at and pity ourselves by turns, and Jack is just preparing to get up on our late dining table in order to preserve the polish on his shoes from destruction, when a startled scream from me causes him to come plump down into the water and ruins the polish forever.

I am staring with a horrible fascination at the walls and ceiling, which are perfectly crawling with great slimy green lizards. "Take me out! Take me out!" I scream in terror. In vain Jack attempts to explain that they have been there all the time, and that it is the rain which is causing them to come out of their holes. I won't listen to him, but throw my arms frantically around his neck, and cling to him shudderingly as he carries me out, for I am too paralyzed with fear to walk.

Then I don't know how it happens, but I forget about the lizards, and the rain which is taking the curl out of my bang, forget, too, that Jack is my cousin, while I remember only that I am wildly, deliriously happy, for the one man in all the world for me is holding me in his strong arms, and mingling passionate kisses with the rain drops on my lips.

THE GREAT IMPRUDENCE.

HELEN A. HICKS.

In the Essays of Elia, Charles Lamb speaks in this disconsolate strain of authorship:

"I have known many authors want for bread—some repining—others enjoying the blest security of a counting-house—all agreeing that they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a work-house. O, you know not, may you never know! the miseries of subsisting by authorship!"

This is the same mournful sound that goes up from the ranks of every occupation—the professions are overcrowded, the land refuses to yield her fruits, labor, skilled and unskilled, is crushed by capital. The weavers and tailors, whose fate the delightful Elia envied, might have joined him in the song of lamentation.

In the face of such discouragement, it seems wonderful that men should go on doing anything, above all that they should still be mad enough to hope to create that hidden and mysterious thing, a literature, when only posterity, and not themselves can decide whether it really is literature they have been making, or not; and when the pecuniary rewards adjust themselves to the fleeting whims of the public. That they do continue in the attempt is doubtless in many cases, because they are like the clown in *Measure for Measure*, poor fellows who would live, and because heart's-blood is less precious than dollars. These are the bread-artists. And there have been, too, in all times, those who preferred to live poor and labor long, if haply they might make a cherished opinion prevail, or leave a faint imprint of their personality on the common life, rather than win a less worthy success attended by every circumstance of prosperity, and then "glut the devouring grave."

But high ideals do not remove disadvantages. Carlyle, who held the most exalted opinion of the men of letters, finding among them the

"Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,"

still declared that with the exception of the Newgate Calendar the biography of authors was "the most sickening chapter in the history of mankind." Mary Russel Mitford thought a washer-woman had a better trade than she. "I would rather scrub floors," she said, "if I could get as much by that healthier, more respectable, and more feminine employment." Coleridge in the *Biographia Literaria* preaches a sermon from the text: "Never pursue literature as a trade." Washington Irving earnestly exhorted his nephew to become a practical man of business and abstain from wandering into "the seductive but treacherous paths of literature." Southey called the profession of literature "the one great imprudence" of his life. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is of opinion that there is no hope for the author who has not an income outside of that realized by his writings. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the versatile and successful writer of novels, has an equally bad opinion of the literary profession. "One may truly venture to say," he says, "that of an equal number of opium-eaters and professional writers, the opium-eaters have the best of it in the matter of long life, health, and peace of mind. We all hear of the miserable end of the poor wretch who has subsisted for years upon stimulants and narcotics and whose death, often at an advanced age, is held up as a warning to youth; but who ever knows or speaks of the countless deaths due solely to the overuse of pen, ink and paper? Who catalogues the names of those many whose brains give away before their bodies are worn out? Who counts the suicides brought about by failure, the cases of men starving because they would rather write bad English than do good work of any other sort?

For one man who succeeds in literature, a thousand fail and a hundred who have looked upon the ink when it is black and cannot be warned from it, and whose nostrils have smelled the printer's sacrifice, are ruined for all usefulness and go drifting and struggling down the stream of failure till death or madness puts an

end to their sufferings. And yet no one ventures to call writing a destroying vice nor to condemn poor scribblers as ink-drunkards,"

The unhappy lives of so many men of letters sustain their own verdict of the fatality attending them. Otway, the most gifted dramatist of Dryden's time, achieved his greatest material success when he was appointed a cornet of dragoons, and he died neglected and in want. Cowper lived seventy years with the black cloud of insanity hanging over him. Chatterton, in despair, committed the dark deed that "Cato did and Addison approved," and then by the grim irony of fate was elected to the immortals. Savage died in Bristol Jail, a prisoner for debt. And in our own times, when the poor author of Grub Street is unknown and when journalism offers bread, if not caviare, to the modest quill-driver who may not draw the stupendous prize of fame, what startling miseries of these people by chance occasionally reach the public notice! Insatiable ambition, reckless prodigality of health and talents, drunkenness, insanity—every weakness that the sensitive artistic temperament goaded beyond its powers of endurance can exhibit seems to be theirs by right of inheritance from generation to generation. Their petty jealousies that make life miserable, their greed for admiration, the halo about the head that so often vanishes when the hero-worshipper sees his idol at close range are things that shock us in the men whose whole lives, to judge from their books, should be heroic poems.

That there are causes for all this unsuccess and misery beyond the cause of the susceptibilities of the æsthetic temperament seems probable. There must be a reason why the proportion of failures is so much greater (if indeed it is) in the literary than in any other profession. Perhaps the afflictions of the literati are magnified, because they so often become public property, and their exponents are better able to present them in an imposing form than are others. Thackeray was of opinion that the men of letters were as adequately rewarded as members of other professions and in no need of repining, because they were unable to flame up in their own proper persons like the sun. Dickens, declared time and again, that there were no lions in the way of the literary aspirant. George William Curtis, in one of his Easy Chair essays, protests loudly against the vain glory of a mediocre talent which foolishly demands fame (in capital letters) and ambitiously attempts too much, instead of being satisfied with the good results of the persuasive speech or the timely article, which, though it be ephemeral, moulds public opinion and directs thought.

Perhaps the commonest of all deterrents in the pathway of literature is the expectation of great reward without preparatory training and study directed to the end in view. It is the one craft in which the laborers hope to win the rewards and emoluments without an apprenticeship, and an apprenticeship often a long and discouraging one, is apparently the first necessity. What successful author is there who does not count his public recognition after many unavailing attempts? Even originality, that pearl of great price, must know its master and submit to discipline. The power of accurate description alone seems not to be an endowment like the gift of music, but the result of a process of development, sometimes rapid, often laborious. How can one who has not himself felt deeply the common sorrows and common joys, has not been imbued with the desire to penetrate the social and religious mysteries, that are a part of the great mystery of living, and has not had the audacity to examine them in every possible light, hope to write anything robust or inspiring, with enough virile force in it to prevent its dying before its author! Guy de Maupassant thought seven years not too long a time to devote to literature before he published. "With my obstinacy and my method of working," he said, "I could have become a painter just as well as a literary man; in fact, I could have become almost anything except a mathematician." True merit seems not often to go forever a-begging. Sooner or later somebody finds it out, and for the rest, one has only to take Dr. Holmes's advice, not to despair because the world refuses to accept him at his own fancy valuation, but to turn up the faces of his picture cards, do his prettiest and bide his time.

THE LITTLE REBEL.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

Outside Vicksburg the forces of Grant and Sherman awaited the surrender of the stronghold, exit from and egress to the doomed city being completely cut off. Hourly arrests of suspects took place, the besiegers being on the alert for the slightest movement on the part of the besieged.

It was a pitch dark night. More than once the sentinel stationed at the point most distant from the watchful outpost, much to his chagrin, challenged a stray mule; the soft thud of the animal's unshod feet, arousing the picket's over-sharpened suspicions. Already several sons of Africa had fallen into his clutches and been promptly relegated to the impromptu guard-room, to be catechised in spite of protestations by the officers in charge.

Hark! Again the sentinel bent his head and his hand stole softly along the barrel of his rifle—he was ready.

"Halt! Who goes there?" No answer; yet the sentinel felt sure that he heard a step on the trampled grass—something brushing gently against a shrub to his right.

"Who goes there?" Again the challenge—again no answer. There was a sharp click, the sentinel was ready to fire.

A child's sob broke the stillness; then a muttered exclamation, and from behind the shrubs close to the sentinel appeared the intruders. A sorry-looking inoffensive party they appeared to be, but the soldier led them off in triumph to the guard-house, into the presence of the powers that were.

It was a party of three, an old white-haired negro leading a venerable gray pony, on which was mounted boy fashion, a sallow, black-eyed girl of fourteen. Ragged, bare-foot, and travel-worn the child sat on the pony with the air of a princess, regarding her captors with scornful eyes, and a contemptuous curl on her lips, that quite staggered the brave colonel in command, accustomed though he was to the hauteur of the typical "Secesh" under arrest. Quantities of long black crinkly hair hanging over her shoulders, framed the girl's oval face, into which an angry flush came, as she faced the scrutiny of the court martial, as the guard led the pony into the rude frame building, the old darkey still holding the bridle in his trembling fingers.

"What have you to say for yourselves"? asked the Colonel gruffly. "Who are you? What are you doing in our lines"?

It was the girl who answered.

"What have we to say indeed? It is you who ought to account to us. Murderers! Robbers! I wish you *would* shoot me for a spy. Only for uncle Dib I'de kill myself—as you've killed granpa—and papa—and—and little Frank—," a storm of tears followed this passionate outburst. The child's memories were too bitter for her.

The old darkey threw himself at the Colonel's feet, "O kind Massa"! he cried piteously. "Doan shoot pore Massa Roland's chile. Fore de Lor' Massa Capting, I'se onny gwine ter fetch Missie Lo's ter Yoke State; fur old Massa 'fore he dones die tole me fur ter fetch her ter Massie Sabine, old Massa's own blood 'lation. Fore de Lor' its de truse, I'se tellin' Massa Capting; de truse 'fore de Lor'"!

"Where are you from, uncle," asked one of the officers kindly. The old man raised himself up from his grovelling attitude, and peered with his dim eyes in the handsome kind face of the speaker who was Lieutenant Hall, nicknamed by his comrade's "Softy." A pair of sympathetic eyes returned his glance.

"From ole Massa Dark's (Dawell's,) up inde 'Fyzo State. All de place am burned, and de hans turned way. Ole Massa, he dead (the darkey lowered his voice, and glanced at the girl on the pony, but she sat apparently unconscious

of the surrounding conversation.) Massa Roland—he Missie Lil's pa, and Massa Frank; he de onny brudder ob de pore chile; am bofe killed. Missie Lil hab no one now, but uncle Dib. Ole Massa, he say take Missie Lil ter Yoke 'State doan let de Yankees lay eyes on de chile. I'se done gone broke my word ter ole Massa, de Lor' hab mercy on us bofe"! Uncle Dib wept, and wailed with true negro zest.

"'Pon my word Colonel," said Lieut. Hall in an undertone to his superior, "I think the old darkey is telling the truth, it is a dreadful thing to see that poor child alone, and unprotected—cannot we get her off to some place of safety?" "Lieut. 'Softy' Hall," replied the colonel crossly, "your heart always runs away with your head, hence your name. For all we know, man alive, she is a spy."

"A girl like that? A mere child? most likely as the old fellow says she is another poor homeless wanderer. We have a big pile to account for Colonel, when this cursed war is over; I wish that I could quiet *my* conscience."

"Dash everything, Hall!" exclaimed the colonel fiercely. "I am tired of you, and your conscience. What can *I* do with the girl? I don't keep a private asylum for forlorn females! If she is not a spy, all we can do is to let her go, we might keep the nigger—Hastings wants a servant; the girl must go, that is flat!"

"Send me away from uncle Dib?" cried the girl, "away from old Dib?" leaping off the pony she threw herself into the darkey's arms—all her hauteur was gone, a wild terror had siezed her. "No! No!" she sobbed, "They shall not part us Dib—dear old Dib! I won't go. I'de rather be shot like my own papa, and Frank were! Curse you! curse you all!" she screamed turning away from uncle Dib, and facing her judges with flashing eyes, and clenched hands, "Mean, contemptible hounds of Yankees! Why? Oh why does not God strike you all dead?" Lieut. Hall turned his back, his eyes had a mist over them. This little ragged, travel-worn, friendless waif of war appealed to his heart strongly. There was something in the great black eyes with their varying expressions of pathos, and passion that interested him. Cast this child out at the mercy of not over scrupulous volunteers, and unprincipled camp followers, the result was obvious. It was cruelty to think of such a thing.

"Put the prisoners outside the lines, in the rear, Matthews," ordered the Colonel to the guard in waiting. "We will retain the old man, if he wishes to stay." "For God's sake Colonel!" exclaimed Hall turning suddenly around, taking a couple of steps that placed him at the little rebel's side. "Don't do that, I'll take her North to-morrow when I go with the dispatches. I cannot see the child turned out at the mercy of those wolves. I know what you will say. I am a fool—but I had a mother once;" the Lieut.'s voice became a trifle husky; "and for her sake I cannot see one of her sex cast out like that!"

"Well I never! 'Softy' Hall you'll be the death of me! Take the little reb, and joy be with you!"

Uncle Dib knelt down, and thanked God audibly for his mercy. Hall held out his hand to Missie Lil, to lead her from the shed, but the little reb refused to touch it.

"No!" she shook her head, "I can't! I can't! You've killed them all, papa, Frank, and dear old granpa! I'll never like you, never, because you're a Yankee!"

"A nice bargain poor 'Softy' has got;" remarked the Colonel to his companions as Hall disappeared with Missie Lil, "she *is* a tartar!"

Vicksburg fell long before Lieut. Hall reached Washington with the dispatches, and his self-assumed burden—the little reb. The Colonel's prediction as to her disposition proved true. More than once poor 'Softy' repented of his undertaking. Coaxing, petting, and kindness alike failed to win a single, grateful response. The awful scenes of arson and bloodshed witnessed at her grandfather's plantation had made a terrible impression on Lily Darrell's mind. She would not even wish her escort good bye when he left her at the northern boarding school, pending the result of the inquiries instituted to discover her relatives.

Lieut. Hall was a Yankee, therefore a murderer, and a robber in Missie Lils' obstinate mind. Being a Yankee, Missie

Lil—so she assured herself—could never like him. Never! When the war was over Lieut. Hall returned home a scarred, and bronzed veteran, minus an arm, to find that Lily Darrell had been claimed by an aunt, and taken to the continent to complete the education she had so generously provided for her.

Sometimes as he sat on the sands under the shadows of the great black rocks on the beach at the pretty quiet little village of Mamaroneck, where he had gone with his faithful black servant Duke, to try and woo back some of the health and strength he had lost in the long trying Southern Campaign, his thoughts would revert to the poor little ragged Rebel at Vicksburg, whom he had tried to befriend. "How she hated me;" he would say to himself. "It is a blessing that her aunt claimed her, for I could never have made her even like me."

These idle summer days bringing with them rest, retrospection and strength to Lieutenant—now Captain Hall—brought something else—a vision of girlish beauty that seemed to haunt the quiet nooks where Duke ensconced his master with book and lounging chair.

Duke felt very important those days, had not a very charming young lady sought him out and enquired very particularly about his employer's past, during the war, had she not insisted on his acceptance of a bright gold piece, and his silence as to her curiosity about "Cunnel Hall," as Duke called the gallant officer? The faithful darkey doffed his hat to the mysterious lady, on every possible occasion to be rewarded by a beaming smile, kept her inquiries secret, and rejoiced greatly when he heard the object of his admiration being formerly introduced as Miss Havens, of New York, to his master. Then something happened which has so often happened when people of opposite sexes are daily thrown together. Colonel Hall fell hopelessly in love with Miss Havens, of New York, and Miss Havens—well—she did like the gallant soldier's company better than that of anyone else. The beach loungers wove a romance about the devoted pair, as they sat quite engrossed in each other, in the shadows of the friendly rocks, and predicted an autumn wedding.

"Tell me something about the war, Colonel Hall," Miss Havens said one day; "I am—you perhaps do not know it—a southerner. I used to be very bitter in my feelings long ago, but I had a good, noble friend in the Federal army. The memory of his kindness when I grew old enough to appreciate it, soothed my bitter feelings immensely."

The Colonel told many stories of camp life, and episode; then he said "Miss Havens, I must tell you about my little reb, but stay I have tired you out. Your cheeks are so flushed, it is too warm here for you."

Not for a fortune would Miss Havens have missed this story, but she fixed her eyes far out on the offing where a school of porpoises were lolling, and never once looked at the narrator.

"Poor little reb, I will never forget her—little victim of war," said the Colonel as he concluded the story. "She said she could never like me, I was a detested Yankee that was enough. Sometimes I think Miss Havens that if the little reb had not been claimed by her relatives—I might have won her over to like me a little, I am a very lonely man, quite alone in the world in fact."

"But she might have been a great trouble to you, had she been left on your hands. You may marry some day Colonel Hall—your wife might object to such a fierce, unloving charge."

"I shall never marry," said the Colonel sadly, "who would take a maimed, crippled old fellow like me? No Miss Havens, that would be selfishness."

Two black eyes glanced up into the speaker's—Miss Havens sat on the sand beside the Colonel's chair. Something in their expression—pathetic and tearful reminded him of the little reb.

"Your eyes remind me to-day of poor little Missa Lils. Miss Havens, pardon me for comparing anything about you to so fierce, and unloving a being."

"My name is Lil also."

"Indeed? I never knew."

"The little reb did feel sorry Colonel Hall—really sorry after—when she was old enough to realize how ungrateful she had been—and how good you were."

"Sorry? My little Reb? The little

Reb from Vicksburg?—Did *you* know her"?

"Yes—I—I—did. She is awfully sorry *now*—Colonel Hall." The great black eyes were full of tears. There was a sudden movement on the part of the Colonel; the next instant he had his reward for his kind treatment of a little Rebel long ago. Miss Lily Darrell, alias Havens as she hid her blushing face on his breast told him she liked him now, even if he was a Yankee. "Indeed—indeed, I really think I love you;" the little Rebel shamelessly declared.

A VOICE DIVINE.

BY JOHN A. COPLAND.

My brain grows weary and my spirits flag, I tire;
This ceaseless struggling for fame benumbs my energy.
Against my pen rebel my nerveless fingers;
Dark is the world. Hark! Through the open casement
Flows sweet song that halts my thoughts of gloom.
Enraptured do I pause to drink the melody.
Memories flood back to me—"In Old Madrid"!
'Tis joy-born of a soulful maiden-voice,
Whose pathos thrills each vibrant cord;
Through poplars, from a slatted window,
Drift love-fraught vocal waves to me.
She warbles! Queen Siffleuse art thou;
Such nector-shedding lips be ripe to kiss!
"Oh, my Love, I wait—I wait for thee!"

TORONTO, Canada.

A LAMENT.

BY C. A. SEAGE.

The golden autumn's past, bleak winter's near.
The flaming hues of Indian summer wane.
Sad Notus, wandering in the woodland sear,
Seeks her dead loves, the tender flowers, in vain.

Profuse, glad summer in this woodland dale,
Late flung her gifts, a thousand wilding flowers,
Breathed on the trembling shade a fragrance frail;
And lit, with varied tints, the leafy bowers.

Then wandered merry children through the glades;
The brooklet to the lonely fisher sang;
And bird-calls filled the lofty forest shades,
Whose checkered naves the echoing music rang.

But now the sky broods low, and chill, and grey,
The withered leaves wind slowly to the ground.
Through the still gloom a cold and straggling ray
Breaks brief—the winter slowly gathers round.

In the black night awakes a fateful sound—
A distant moan. It grows a gathering blast
That whistling whirls our lonely turrets 'round.
December's wintry blast has fallen at last.

Fling, fling thy groaning branches to the wild night sky
Ye naked woods! Wail, wail thou dying wind?
Then swell to wildest woe, for death glides by;
Pale ghoul, and leaves his icy wake behind!

Lower, ye skies, your icy tears to pour!
Ye dismal wastes of moorland, moan for grief!
Howl, hollow caves! Ye watery deserts, roar!
To mourn a flitted life, so bright, so brief!

Out of the dreary moor, with gloom o'ercast,
A chilly wail of darkness now doth swell,
Now fail; and lingering on the sorrowing blast,
A wild note, dying, moans "Farewell!" "Farewell!"

Farewell! farewell! ye gladsome hills and dales!
All summer, clad with trees, and grass, and flowers!
Farewell! ye murmuring rills in dusky vales!
Farewell! ye hallowed haunts in shady bowers!

O'er every spot, dear friend, which thou hast trod,
O'er every flower which thou hast loved so well,
O'er every haunt that rang thy cheery word,
A howling spirit sighs "Farewell!" "Farewell!"

LE TAUREANS' VICTIM.

BY HARRY A. BROWN.

NOTE.—Looking up at the Montmorenci Falls from below, the volume of water which falls over the cliff seems much smaller than that of the river before it has taken its plunge. The superstitious habitants believe that part of the water passes underground and designate a bit of angry water in the St. Lawrence, below the Isle of Orleans, known as "Le Taurean," to be the Montmorenci escaping from its subterranean prison. Round about this old superstition the writer has woven a fanciful story.

The room was entirely dark, save where a wood fire burned in a vault-like fire-place opposite a low couch upon which reclined a man, who, though old in appearance, still possessed that spark of vitality which makes this life seem worth living.

The fire crackled and glowed, causing flickering shadows and flaky bits of gold to chase each other over the small expanse of wall which served as a background to his pale features. It was not an ordinary face. The high forehead betokened more than ordinary intellectuality, but this was not what distinguished it. People said that he must have undergone some terrible disappointment, and that the memory still preyed upon his mind, for his handsome features bore a look of sadness, sometimes bordering on melancholy.

He was supposed to be a widower, and had lived in this old house on a side street in the upper town of Quebec for many years, and had, during this time, been engrossed by two things: his books, and in educating his daughter Marie.

His neighbors, who had watched his pale sweet child grow up until she was now ripening into womanhood, had wondered who her mother had been, and upon this the eve of her seventeenth birthday as she sat in her small sitting-room, which adjoined her father's library, her thoughts ran in the same direction. She knew not who her mother had been, nor whether she were alive or dead. Her father had ignored every question she had ever asked him, but now she decided to ask him again.

Rising, she drew aside the heavy curtains which divided their apartments, and looked in upon him. He heard her, and raised himself upon his elbow to greet her, then she went to him and leaning over, kissed him, and nestling down upon a stool by his side, plied him with the direct question, "Father! tell me something of mother?"

Her directness astonished him. He rose, and, without looking at her, walked to the mantel and buried his face in his hands; then turning, he came back and sat beside her.

"Marie," he said, "I will tell you the story!" and without any interruption began: "Twenty years ago I was a young man. I was twenty-five. Being detained in the lower town one day at noon, I went into Pierre Lamont's restaurant to have a lunch. By some mischance the waiting-girl did not bring me a napkin. I asked for one, and she immediately brought it for me. I put out my hand to receive it, and as I did so, noticed that she glanced hastily at the palm of my hand, and that her brow contracted in a frown. I was rather piqued, as I was exceedingly proud of my white hands, and asked her what she saw so disagreeable about them. Shrugging her shoulders as she left me to serve another customer she said, "Monsieur had better ask Zebah, the witch."

Upon inquiry, I soon found that Zebah was known to many of my friends, and that she lived in a small habitant house across the Montmorenci, within a short distance of the falls, and there I decided to visit her should I be in the vicinity.

This was in midsummer. One fine afternoon in the following fall I was riding over the Beauport meadows and drinking in the clear air, not yet robbed of its saline aroma, when chancing to look at my hands I remembered the waiting-girl's words, and also my determination to see Zebah.

I gathered up my bridle-reins and my horse cantered eagerly forward. In about half an hour we crossed the bridge and soon after I found myself before her cottage. I threw my reins over a post, and knocked with my riding crop upon the door A quick, highly pitched voice bid me enter, and I raised the latch and stepped into the room.

By the side of a blazing fire, over which a large pot was suspended, sat Zebah, the far-famed habitant witch, who held the people for miles around in dread and fear of her spells, and from whose superstition she eked out a good living.

She looked up from her knitting as I entered, and I went forward and holding my hand in front of her, asked her what fate she saw written in its lines. Dropping her knitting she grasped my wrist in one hand, and bending close over it, seemed to be tracing over the lines with the long nail of the forefinger of her other gaunt hand The whole process now seemed so revolting, and as I was not superstitious, I became angry with myself at what I considered my weakness of mind, in for a moment believing that she could tell me anything, and drew my hand roughly away from her.

'Well,' I said, 'What do you see?' Quick and sharp upon my question came the answer, for she was offended.

'*Monsieur will have a great love, he will win and lose his beloved, but she will leave a blessing to sustain him.*'

Clear and distinct she pronounced my *doom*, but I knew not then that it *was* my doom, and her words seemed but the empty rantings of a charlatan.

'Is that all?' I said lightly, scarce concealing a sneer. 'What is love?' I asked, for I knew not then its power.

She rose up, and taking me by the arm led me through a side door out upon a patch of clear ground where a fine view could be had of the surging river. Here she turned and hissed at me her answer. 'Love is very strong,' she said. 'Has not Monsieur heard that love can move mountains' "See! One time I loved." Here she raised her long bony arm, and looking in the direction she pointed, I saw the two ruined towers of the old Suspension Bridge, which had been swept away by a storm while I was yet a boy. 'You see them!' she hissed: '*They* are monuments of my love, curse them,' and her eyes glowed with the look of hate and despair one imagines in the eyes of a she-tiger as she turns to defend her young, while her nails cut deep into her palms as she shook her clenched hands at the towers which stood out against the clear azure of the southern sky.

Presently she began to laugh. It was a low, harsh, spit-ful laugh. Then she turned to me. 'You too will love. Yes: love as passionately as I did years ago. Yes, it *was* a long time ago since I loved, but it seems as yesterday. I was young then, Monsieur, and lived here with my mother. I was courted by Pierre Blachere. He was young, so large. so broad, so fair to look upon, but still how vile within. *Mon Dieu!* how I loved him, and we were soon to be married.

The trees were just beginning to tinge as now, when Pierre came to me and said that he had to go away on business, but that he would return as soon as possible, and made me swear to remain true to him while he was away. Weeks later he returned, but he was not the same Pierre as of old. He came to see me very seldom, and when he came was morose and gloomy. He went away again, and when he returned he brought a woman with him. She was small, petite and blonde. She had coveted my handsome Pierre and had won him by her wiles, and then proved a curse to him

How I hated her! I would have killed her had not the Holy Father counselled and forbade me, but many times I prayed that God would strike her dead. Nearly a year passed. I was weeding in the garden one day, a thunder storm was approaching, and already a few large drops of rain had fallen. I was about to go into the house when I saw them upon the road leading to the bridge. I remained upon my knees and watched them as their cart rumbled slowly out upon the bridge My hatred seemed fire within my veins, I flung my arms above my head, I turned my eyes towards heaven and prayed. '*Mon Dieu*,' I said, 'Give this viper to the mercies of *La Taurean*,' and then flung myself prone upon the earth As I did so, a grinding of timbers and snapping of iron bars was mingled with the swirl of

the elements which warred overhead, and when I rose to my feet the bridge had disappeared. No, not all! All save those towers which stand there to remind me of what I have lost. Curse them!'

Again she shook her bony hands at the towers, and again laughed her harsh, cruel laugh, after which she went on. 'They found Pierre's body, but her's was never found. I did not tell them to look below *Le Taurean*, else her bones would now rest on dry land.' Here her voice dropped very low, and I had to bend forward to hear her. 'Better,' she said 'as they *are*, under the ocean,' and again she subsided into her harsh, blood curdling laugh.

I stole away from her side and reached my horse before she noticed that I had left her, then she turned, and as I swung myself into the saddle she called after me, 'Monsieur, you will believe some day. *You* too will have a great love. You will win and lose your love, but she will leave a blessing to sustain you.' I felt the supplicating intonation of her voice, and knew that she wished me to believe her. I knew that the words were not those of a charlatan, but that they foretold my *doom*, and I dug the rowels of my spurs into my horse's flanks and dashed away, hoping to shake off the gloomy thoughts which possessed me, but as I dashed on towards the city, every clank of my horse's hoofs upon the hard ground reiterated a word of the last sentence she had spoken."

Marie had been very quiet while her father was telling his story, but when he finished and leaned forward, pillowing his face upon his hands, as though hoping she would divine the rest of his story and thus save him more pain, she wreathed her arms about his neck and came back with the pertinacity of some natures to the thought of her first question.

"But now, father," she said, "tell me about mother."

Slowly he unwreathed her arms from his neck. Angry fires blazed in his eyes, no longer was he the calm story teller, his anger transformed him again to the passionate lover. He held his daughter at arms-length. "Yes," he said passionately, "you are like her! like your mother as I first saw her. I saw her and I loved her. I thought she was as pure as snow, yet she was false; yes! as false as perdition" The fire died out in his eyes, and his voice seemed to falter over the words, they had overwhelmed him, and he again buried his face in his hands.

Upon his daughter, however, his words did not have the same effect. Her face became perhaps a shade paler, but she put her arms around his neck and asked him another question.

"But father; where is she now?" Her influence seemed to calm him, and he replied—

"I do not know, Marie. It was not meet that I should see her again. She disappeared into that absorbing 'Le Taurean, the world and I have never searched for her."

Not till he had finished did she break down, then with a wild cry she threw herself sobbing upon his breast, and he stroking her fair hair, and holding her tenderly to him, tried to soothe her, murmuring "Marie, my blessing; Marie, my sustenance."

LIBERTY'S CHARMS.

BY E. RAYNER.

He was so certain he should never repent of his decision that he spent a good part of his time in going over the arguments that had turned the scale in its favour. When he was neither eating nor sleeping, nor beguiling the tedious hours by lounging on deck with a pipe in his mouth, occasionally making his voice heard in the masculine conclave which was in session there morning, noon, and even, he was pacing the deck on his own account, or crouching in an out-of-the-way corner with his eyes wandering across the sea towards the western land, and in either case he was sure to be arguing the matter over again, with a frown on his face, and a gloomy discomfort manifesting itself from top to bottom of the powerful frame that could have shouldered a hundred weight with more ease than the memory that the man could not get away from.

He told himself every day, with a great deal of unnecessary vehemence, that he had never troubled his head about the thing from the moment when he first took action until now, and never meant to. A man had got to put his foot down somewhere, and he had done it, and if nobody ever regretted it more than he did, they would not have much to bother about. He was as firm now as he had been at first, or ever would be. Elizabeth Ann had made a mistake when she thought she could drive him. He had had enough of it. There were women that did not know when they were well off—nagging and driving, and making a man's life a misery if he so much as put his foot inside the public, or was not at work day and night for their benefit.

"Ain't a man got no rights?" he would ask.

"Ain't he a right to take a bit o' comfort sometimes without bein' jawed for a week after? Where'd the women be if the men wasn't always a slavin' to keep the pot boilin'? And then when a feller's worked hard all the week, there's no end of a row if he steps into the Fox and Goose on Saturday night. What's a man's life worth if he can't set down with his friends once a week, and hev a glass o' something to hearten him up?"

There was such a thing as drawin' the rein too tight, he asserted. A fellow was sure to break loose in the end, and he'd done it, and he was glad. He wasn't regrettin' it, and wasn't goin' to. Elizabeth Ann might do that. She'd got good cause. She'd find what it meant to hev to look out for herself and the children. She'd never had to do it, like a good many women had. And she hadn't known when she was well off.

He gave the women and children on board a wide berth as a rule. Presumably he had had enough of women, for he was doing his best to put the Atlantic between himself and one of them, who seemed, notwithstanding, to take up a good share of his thoughts.

There was a small boy on board whom he especially avoided, even taking the trouble at times to cross over to the opposite side of the deck when the youngster approached. But as the little man was of a friendly disposition, and not easily affronted, the precaution did not always answer the desired end.

It did not on the present occasion. The man had already made two moves to shake off the small traveller's unwelcome attentions, and now, on looking round, he found the toddler again at his side.

"What do you want, young fellow?"

There was an attempt at gruffness in the tone, but it ended in a failure.

"Want to sit on 'oor knee and 'ook at the water."

And without more ado the child laid hold of the nearest means of support, and tried to draw himself up to the coveted position.

The man reached down, and the small specimen of humanity was lifted with hands that were gentle as strong.

"What's 'oor name?" was the next demand. "Mine's Tommy."

Which piece of information was evidently no news to the listener. A darker frown for a moment crossed his face.

"What's 'oor name?" repeated the n-truder, with youthful pertinacity.

"Will Chandler."

The child prattled on, but the man was not listening. Later, the short rings of silky hair on the baby's head rested lightly upon the man's broad breast, while the arm encircling the boy, held him as if accustomed to the task.

Will Chandler was more than ever sure of the wisdom of his course, when one Saturday evening, two weeks after his arrival, he walked through the streets of Toronto with his first earnings in his pocket, and realized that the land to which he had come was a prosperous land, "wide enough to make room for a feller;" but none the less did he go again over the old story, and assure himself that Elizabeth Ann had only herself to blame for all that had befallen her. None the less did his eye follow a little longingly the groups that passed him, in which the Elizabeth Anns had evidently not forfeited their right to a share of the prosperity, and the youngsters were members of the party.

It could not have been the fear of Elizabeth Ann's tongue that kept him from crossing the threshold of any of the Toronto representatives of the Fox and Goose. He was happily free from all coercion, and had nobody but himself to please.

It is to be inferred that he succeeded in the latter, for he went far in the line of congratulating himself upon his own sagacity, and assuring himself of his perfect content.

Not so Elizabeth Ann. That much tried woman had aroused herself one night from a reverie upon the utter worthlessness of men in general and of one man in particular, to the consciousness that it was growing late even for the especial object of her indignation to be abroad. The reverie had been preceded by a less passive mood, and was followed by one of equal liveliness.

Elizabeth Ann had never believed in being imposed upon. She was a firm believer in women's wrongs, if not in their rights, and up to the present moment had not been slow in giving utterance to her sentiments.

She went to the door and looked out into the night. The lights were out at the Fox and Goose else she would have seen them glimmering through the trees. She took a few steps along the road, and then came back.

"Let him take care of himself. I ain't goin' out in the dark to look arter him. He never did get so much that he couldn't walk home, and if he has now he can take the consequences."

She went in and shut the door; sat down, and got up again.

"I've the greatest mind in the world to lock up and go to bed. If he can't come in at a decent hour, let him stop out."

But she did not lock up. Instead, she grew more and more wrathful as the minutes passed. It would not have been a moderate storm that would have descended upon the head of the miscreant had he been luckless enough to make his appearance then. Elizabeth Ann had always found ready words in which to give vent to her feelings. But there was no use in venting them without a listener, and so she locked up the ever increasing grievance in her heart, waiting for a convenient season to unburden herself.

It was when the Fox and Goose opened in the morning that the season presented itself, and it was the landlord of that well-known house of refreshment who was destined to meet the first torrent of her indignation.

"Now look 'ere, my good woman;" interrupted that worthy, taking advantage of a momentary lull in the storm, and secure in the fact that he was occupying the middle of his own doorway, and that the rotundity of his figure precluded any possibility of entrance by a second party —"your man ain't 'ere, and ain't been 'ere; so it's no good your comin' and makin' a row."

Perhaps he was right; but questions of utility were not then uppermost in Elizabeth Ann's mind She said her say, and went back to her home, and with her eloquence still ringing in his ears the landlord of the Fox and Goose retired to an inner sanctum, there to discuss with

his wife the probable meaning of Will Chandler's absence.

Elizabeth Ann had plenty of sympathizers before the day was over, but it was noticeable that her indignation, so far as it found expression in words, was in an inverse ratio to their condemnatory utterances. The much aggrieved woman of the morning, railing at the vices and cruelty of men, and finding no invective strong enough to hurl at the sex, and more especially one offending member of it, passed through the stage of righteous indignation, unable to restrain the word of condemnation, but no longer seeking the strongest terms in which to clothe it, and that of half apologetic acknowledgement of wrong which after all might not have been entirely without excuse, to tender regret for the husband and father who had, in the main, been better than his fellows, and whose love for his children had been strong enough to outweigh, as a rule, the attractions of the Fox and Goose, and keep him, a willing slave, at the beck and call of little Tommy, whose pouting lips could always bring him back to spend his evenings under the shadow of his own roof.

From that time, whatever may have been the feelings of her heart, Elizabeth Ann was never beguiled into a disloyal word toward the absent Will.

"He'd gone away to better himself, and betterin' himself was betterin' her too. She wasn't excusin' him settin' off that way; but men was always fools, and thought themselves doin' a sharp thing when most foolish. As like as not he was even then plannin' a better place for her and the children. Nothin' was never good enough for his children."

And so she put aside the sympathy of friends, and set herself to look after Will's children, and see that they lacked none of the comforts he had been wont to provide. She was not altogether discouraged. She had her own theories as to Will's whereabouts; founded partly upon a knowledge of his character, and partly upon the memory of certain hankerings after a broader field of labour. And she had her own plans for the future. Elizabeth Ann had always been an energetic woman, in deed as well as in word.

It was in pursuance of these plans that in the later summer months a characteristic letter found its way across the Atlantic, and in process of time was dropped into the hand of one who had formerly lived less than a hundred miles from Will Chandler's English home. And it was over the answer to that letter that Elizabeth Ann nodded her head sagaciously, though its arrival had the effect of ruffling a temper that was at no time cast in a passive mould.

In less than three weeks after the arrival of the Canadian missive, the goods and chattels of the Chandler family, being carefully packed in bundle and box, were gathered in a promiscuous heap upon the Liverpool dock, and the Chandler family itself was standing guard over the same, waiting until such time as all should be transferred to the outward bound vessel.

Elizabeth Ann's natural energy of character found in the emergencies of the moment abundant opportunity for asserting itself. More than one of the ship's employees learned to his cost that in the woman presiding over bundles and babies he had met with no ordinary specimen of humanity.

Elizabeth Ann had fully appreciated the trials of her unprotected position, and had come prepared to meet them. She had no strong man's arm to help her through the difficulties, little and big, that beset her journey from the old land to the new, but it is not to be inferred that at any moment during that time she was in the smallest danger of being imposed upon. Elizabeth Ann was her own strongest safeguard. She set foot on Canadian soil with an undaunted heart, and the consciousness of having come off victorious in every encounter, including the last, in which she rescued her treasures from the too inquisitive inspection of the custom house officers Goods and babies were in a fair state of preservation when she began the final stage of her journey.

The summer had brought prosperity to Will Chandler. He had every reason for satisfaction. And he was satisfied. He was quite sure on that point. Yet his face had never recovered its expression of content, and he did not sing at his work as he used to do away in the Old Country.

He did not tell himself so often now

that Elizabeth Ann had only herself to blame, and the memory of the "nagging" and "jawing" was not as much to the fore. Instead, he had taken to recounting her housewifely feats and half unconsciously contrasting the management of the household of which he formed an unimportant unit, with that of the cottage far away. Elizabeth Ann had had less to do on, but Will, at least, was very sure that the results compared more than favourably with these.

There was quite a considerable sum put away in the saving's bank in Will Chandler's name, and it was a noticeable fact that the part of the daily papers that he scrutinized most perseveringly was that devoted to the advertisements of the steamship companies. He took to walking in the neighbourhood of the emigrant sheds those summer evenings, looking half longingly at the groups of new arrivals.

"Oh ! Look out there !"

The warning came too late. The horse had started forward at an inopportune moment. The driver of the express wagon was in the act of lifting a heavy box into the vehicle, and had not heeded the child so nearly under the animal's feet. A shrill cry escaped the baby lips, but almost before it was uttered the little one was raised in one strong arm, while the other held back the impatient brute. The fact that the shaft had come into violent contact with his shoulder did not in the least diminish the force with which Will restrained the horse's movements.

It was all the work of a moment, but its consequences had bidden fair to be serious.

"Dadda !"

The baby forgot to cry as he looked into the face of his rescuer.

"Father's little man !"

"What—why Will !"

It was Elizabeth Ann's voice. The injured arm was round her before she had done speaking, and a face that was a curious mixture of joy and shame was very near her's.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

But her kiss was a hearty one.

"Yes, and so I ought to be. But Lizzie, my girl, I m glad we're here, if I did make a fool of myself in coming. I never was so satisfied in my life."

And though his shoulder was raw and bruised, Will Chandler, for the first time since he came, was telling himself the exact truth.

A TRIP TO MARS

BY LORIE.

CHAPTER I.

It was Friday evening, and I was sitting reading in the east library of the north college wing, when the door opened, and the usher announced that " 'e 'ad been 'unting hall over the place" for me. This was the prelude to a piece of news, which caused me to bring my poor battered frame to a vertical position in less than no time. For you must know I had just come through a most dreadfully excruciating week. There were three days of examinations which completely used up all my mental energy; there was the lacrosse match which put all the fingers on one hand. and the thumb on the other, out of joint; and there was that horrid foot-ball rumpus, which, although we did get the best of it, gave me an aching head and two extra Latin exercises.

So the news that "a gentleman as gave a queer sort of name," was waiting to see me, overjoyed me. For who could have a queerer name than Uncle Karl Kaisermanliche. I sprang past the usher, down the stairs three steps at a time, and confronted a large, stout, dark man who immediately jumped up, and grasped my hand.

"Mein lieber Knabe, I am so glad to see you."

"Not any more than I am to see you." A few inquiries after friends on either side followed, and then came a sentence which raised my hopes and curiosity to the highest pitch: "Will you come for a trip, my boy?" Now what boy of nineteen who has not travelled beyond the limits of his native soil, would not jump at such a chance. The question. immediately was: "Where," and the answer came: "To Mars."

Of course that was just like Uncle Karl —always away on some new scheme. And then it came out all about his new flying baloon, inflated with hydroærated gas, and several other inventions which he was anxious to try.

"And when shall we start, Uncle Karl?" "Monday morning as soon after one a.m. as possible." "All right, I'll be ready."

Then we separated, he going to his hotel, I to my room to hurry a few things into a portmanteau and dream dreams of Mars.

CHAPTER .II.

Monday morning, as soon as the clock struck one, I noiselessly made my way down to a side entrance, from there out on the campus, and by the aid of a wild cucumber vine scaled the stone wall, and landed in a quagmire outside. In four minutes I was following the porter to No. 23 Second Floor.

Uncle Karl was busy strapping up several bundles, and a huge black pile of something was lying in a far corner. In about half an hour with, "Now mein Knabe, I'm ready," we ascended the three remaining flights of stairs, and landed on the hotel balcony. Uncle Karl then took a small spirit lamp from his pocket, lit it, set it in a corner, and placed over it a tin cylinder. Then we adjusted our baloon, fastening it to the balcony railing, and in a few minutes it began to rise. We then seated ourselves and arranged our bundles, Uncle Karl cut the ropes and we were off.

In nine minutes, I could see glintings of sunshine across Uncle Karl's face, and six seconds after, the sun came out in full force. Indeed, at first, we seemed to be steering right towards it, but presently our course changed slightly. If it had not been for my face protector and air condenser, my breath would have been quite gone. So we went on, gliding past masses of clouds, until we reached High Park, Peaksdale, in the Moon. Here Uncle Karl pulled up, and announced that we would take breakfast with Sir Marmalade Piccadilly. We got out and stretched our cramped limbs, feeling quite good after our journey.

Uncle Karl was quite at home here, and having gathered up our various bundles,

we left the Park, and made our way to a large, castle-like residence in the distance. Having asked for the master, we were ushered into a superb little reception room, with the assurance that he was at home. We were obliged to stoop very low, in order to get in at the doors, and we had to sit very still on the small chairs (Uncle Karl on two), for a sudden twitch might send them in pieces.

Presently a little, fat fellow about three feet in height, came dancing into the room, and catching Uncle Karl's nose gave it three or four gentle pulls, Uncle returning the compliment, both of them laughing and talking away like perfect machines. For some minutes I was quite forgotten, then Uncle introduced me, and the little man came running over. I immediately rose, advancing my hand in the orthodox English fashion, but having forgotten the height of the room, I had quite a vision of stars, and was brought to by a feeling of having my nose tremendously pulled. So I got my first lesson on the style of reception in the moon, but not until I had seen it several times, did it dawn upon me, that that was the cause of the noses of the moon-people being so long and hooked.

Sir Marmalade now gave us to understand that this was a feast-day with him, and that he had a large company of the moon's celebrities at the breakfast table, to which we repaired.

My recollection of that reception is yet very vivid, and my nose bore the hurt feeling for many days. The breakfast was superb, and the little moon-folk ate away, as if their life depended on their finishing the viands, while every one tried to say as much in the given time as possible. After about an hour, the table grew quieter, and presently several were nodding. Just opposite me, sat a very portly little fellow, who had had a most tremendous appetite. On the table in front of him was a large pudding, which he had not succeeded in finishing. He was very quietly nodding, but I noticed that at each nod, his face came lower until at last, his long nose plunged right into the pudding. That was enough for me. I immediately burst into a loud laugh, when, to my astonishment, everybody jumped up and scurried out of the room, leaving Uncle Karl and myself sole proprietors. I looked at him and caught a twinkle in his eye, but my astonishment actually kept me mute, and presently our host returned still smiling as usual. Uncle and he talked away for a few minutes, then he came to me, and, patting me on the head, pulled my nose, waving his little hand and talking fast all the time. I only understood that I was forgiven for something. Uncle then said we had better "be moving,' and accordingly we said good-bye In our walk back to the park, I found out that our moon-friends had thought that my explosion of laughter was a moonquake, and had immediately set out to see that their property was all right.

We then ascended a high mountain rising out of the park, and reached the top about nine o'clock Uncle Karl went over to what turned out to be a cave, and placed in it his baloon, then took out a small two-wheeled apparatus something like a bicycle, telling me I should find mine in there too. While I was bringing mine, he was arranging a small electric battery, and charging his bicycle. He then did the same for mine, and placed them on the ledge of rock, bidding me to jump the minute he said "go." The command came, immediately I gave a leap and off I went. At the same second that the command came, I had heard a sound resembling a pistol shot; the next instant I heard another, and became conscious that Uncle Karl was at my side. We rode on for some time before I was sure enough of myself to ask how we were being propelled. When I did, Uncle Karl explained to me, that he had sent an electric spark up to Mars, and our charged bicycles were closely following on its trail. We fairly flew along past dazzling little lights, which we knew to be stars, just grazing the tail of a frisky little comet, and sometimes dodging among the hailstorms of meteors. And so we rode on, giving a little variety to our journey, by partaking of a light refreshment at twenty minutes after one, and landed in good condition about eight o'clock, half way down a snow-capped mountain in Mars.

Chapter III.

From the base of the mountain, a

large city lay stretching far over the plain. Towards it we wended our way, and presently our bicycles glided over the smooth pavement. The structure of the city quite exceeded our happiest imagination. The streets were very wide and most beautifully clean. When we reached the city, myriads of lights were twinkling from every conceivable place. The streets were roofed with glass, and looking up, we could see the stars blinking, just about the same as when we last saw them. In the middle of the street stretched four lines of rails, and the beautiful little palace electric coaches were really works of art, made of aluminium, and upholstered with light fleecy material, they were very easily managed. Each family had its own conveyance, and when placed on the rails and attached to the wire overhead, the coach was ready for its journey. Being of aluminium, they were easily lifted on and off, by means of a little electric contrivance.

The scene before us as we entered was beautifully gay. Ladies in the graceful style of dress, which we call Grecian, promenaded with gentlemen in soft, shiny, toga-like costumes. Children in white, with bright touches of color, danced hither and thither. Whole families were out enjoying the evening together, and in very few cases, had the head of the household seemingly forgotten to put in an appearance.

As we stood leaning on our bicycles, intently gazing on the novel scene, a gentleman broke the spell, by politely inquiring if we were strangers; he then introduced himself, and when we became better acquainted with affairs, we found he occupied a position corresponding to a mayor. He immediately took us "under his wing," and from that time forward we wanted for no information. He offered us a home at his residence as long as we wished to stay, and as we wended our way there, he gave elaborate explanations on the various things which drew our attention.

The open doors and windows displayed apartments lacking in neither convenience nor adornment. Story rose above story, each brilliantly lighted. We finally came to an immense cafe, and here our appetites became so clamorous, that we yielded and at our friend's invitation, entered, taking seats at one of the numerous tables. Presently three waiters approached, carrying servers heaped with appetizing viands, from which we bountifully helped ourselves.

Questions were meanwhile being rapidly asked and answered. Mr. Barnoldi had many inquiries to make about the distant brother-planet, while each turn of the eye brought a new question to our lips. We learned that this typical city Pustodin, had eight cafes kept up by the city government, toward the expense of which each citizen paid his share. Here at the regular meal hours, we saw Pustodin's citizen in all his different characters, but we missed the different classes to which we were so accustomed.

Having satisfied our hunger we returned to the street, and presently were attracted by the most melodious strains of music I had ever heard. Involuntarily we stopped and Mr. Barnoldi enquired if we should like to listen. Being answered by an eager affirmative, he smiled, and told us to hasten and we should hear what was going on. In a few minutes we entered a large palatial building. Upon entering the vestibule, Mr. Barnoldi motioned us to seat ourselves in the easy chairs with which the hall abounded, and in the twinkling of an eye we were on the second floor. After we had been introduced to his wife and second daughter, we were comfortably seated in the drawing-room, when the air seemed to grow thick with melody. We listened entranced, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of breaking the spell. After about half-an-hour had been spent in straining our ears to catch every note, our attention was withdrawn, by the appearance at the door of a dark, beautiful and perfectly featured girl, whom we met as Miss Barnoldi. I need not say that from that time I was no longer free. Mr. Barnoldi explained to us the mystery connected with the music, and by that time our day's labors and excitement was beginning to tell on us, so we retired for the night, my dreams seeming to cluster around a certain dark, graceful young lady.

To tell of all that week's wonders and excitements would be impossible. Every minute was full of interest. How could

I describe the trips in the little electric coupe, especially when Miss Barnoldi formed one of the party. What words would express the beauty and pleasantness of the streets, carefully secured from the inroads of snow and rain, and kept ventilated by the huge fans suspended at regular intervals; the elegance and comfort of the houses; the refinement and cordiality of the people; the picturesqueness of their costumes; and the prosperity displayed in everything. Then when we boarded the motor railway and visited Pustodin's sister-cities, we found the same signs of success.

And so the week passed—it came time to say farewell. But there was one to whom I could not say farewell. Either she must come or I must stay, and to my delight she consented to come. So we made preparations to leave. My bicycle had first to be arranged to accommodate two instead of one. On Thursday evening all was ready, and when we left on Friday morning, on our homeward trip the school-boy remained in Mars and the man undertook the sterner realities of life.

LINES FROM HEINE.

BY A. A. MACDONALD.

The ancient rock juts o'er the sea,
  I sit, my fancies roam;
The wind blows shrill, the sea-gulls cry,
  The billows fly with foam.

Many a lovely child I've loved,
  And many a comrade true—
Where are they gone? The wind blew shrill,
  With foam the billows flew.

CECIL.

A Canadian Story.

BY FRANCES JOSEPHINE MOORE.

The sounds of a dreamy waltz came faintly through to the conservatory where Cecil Avenel and Jack Dare were sitting, and the rich fragrance of sweet scented flowers seemed to undulate with the slow movement of Cecil's fan. Why were they not dancing? Cecil, the only and idolized child of the house, whose brown eyes, sunny hair and sparkling wit had caused many a heart-ache. Cecil, the very spirit of dancing, idle to-night, the night of a small birthday dance given in her honor! But listen!

"Cecil! I cannot endure this much longer! I am not the man to my hang happiness upon a woman's smile or frown,"

She looked up into the stern grey eyes bent upon her. What she saw in those eyes might have warned her, but to-night she seemed reckless. Dropping her white lids she said, "You need endure nothing from *me*, Mr. Dare."

"*Mr. Dare!* Cecil, has it come to that?"

"Well, I suppose it *must* come to that"

A stern expression came over his face. "Cecil, listen, this is the last time. I love you—God knows how deeply—I thought you returned my love. Had I not cause to think so?"

She was silent. The music too was silent, and the hum of voices always heard after a dance commenced. Dare knew that someone would soon come to claim Cecil for the next dance. He bent his head nearer to her, and his eyes took a tenderer expression.

"Tell me! oh, Cecil, my little love! tell me, will you be my wife?"

Another waltz struck up.

"Tell me?" pleaded Jack.

Where was her good angel?

"No!"

"No! why?"

"You—you are—too poor. You know how I've been brought up, Jack,--Mr. Dare. I know I could not live differently. I am not fit for a poor man's wife."

"*Too poor!*"

Jack Dare stood up, his tall figure looked still taller in the dim light of the conservatory. His face was white and set. Cecil was trembling now, frightened at the effect of her words. After a minute's dead silence, he mastered himself, and taking her little hand gently in his, he said, "Cecil, there is no need for many words now. God forgive you. Do not treat another man like this, and remember that Jack Dare will be your friend whenever you want one." He looked down upon her for an instant, with a wild longing to clasp her to him, then turned quickly, and was gone.

Cecil sat motionless for a few minutes. How strangely the music sounded: or was it she who was out of tune? Then Fred. Travers' voice exclaimed, "Oh, here you are, Miss Avenel, I've been looking for you everywhere. Do dance this waltz with me, it is your favorite. You look tired, though. Shall I get you anything?"

"Oh, no, thanks, Mr. Travers, I was a a little tired, but I am quite rested now. Yes, that *is* my favorite."

They passed through the heavy glass doors and joined the dancers.

Two hours later and the house was still, a few lights just dimly shining in the spacious halls It seemed as though all must be wrapped in sleep. But no. Cecil sat in her arm chair before the flickering fire. She could not rest, and took no note of the time, but sat there thinking—thinking of all that had passed between herself and true-hearted Jack Dare. All their long companionship rose in review before her. How they had played together as children. Then Jack's college years, with only an occasional home-coming, ah, how she used to miss him then! Since his return, after a brilliant college career, they had been thrown constantly together, but their childish affection was, of necessity, changed. Cecil's nature was sunny

and sweet, but she was only nineteen, and a spirit of coquetry was perhaps, too strong an element in her just now, still she did not seriously mean to trifle with Jack Dare. Yes, she sat now and thought of it all. What cruel words she had said! Why had she said them? "*Too poor!*" Oh, shame! She looked around her at the luxury and comfort of the room, at her own rich dress. What was it all in comparison with the love of a man like Jack Dare? Now, in the hush of the early morning, all seemed clear to her, and the words she had spoken, rang with a harsh ring in her ears: "Too poor, too poor!" Oh for the hours to speed on, that she might atone. She would write to Jack and ask his forgiveness. Why should pride come between them? Yes, she would write—she would tell him. Hark! What was that? A faint sound in the far distance—Cecil listened intently—again the sound, nearer, nearer. She started up wildly—*A bugle call!* Then it flashed upon her—the volunteers were called out and Jack—Jack—the poor child flung herself weeping, across her bed, in utter abandonment of grief. Ah, Cecil, do you doubt now whether you love him?

* * * * * *

Jack Dare was with his regiment in the far North-West, determined to do his duty like the rest. The heart stab he had received was intensely bitter to a proud man, and pride was ever a characteristic of the Dares' of good old English descent.

"Too poor." Well he was poor compared with the wealthy Mr. Avenel. Poor little girl, he would not blame her too much; perhaps she was right—but once he did believe she did love him. Even now—

Then Dare got himself together. This was a time of war, not love. Whatever happened, he forgave her—his little playmate Cecil, and he knew he would always love her.

Soon the time arrived for action. No time now for sad reflections. All was intense excitement. The orders rang out and the gallant charge of Batoche began. The men were at white-heat. "Do or die," their motto. "At them, boys,"—"Charge!"—a rush, a sweep, a volley!

"Just look at Dare," cried a brave fellow to his companion, as they dashed on. "He'll be killed if he doesn't look out! Oh, by jove, he's hit;" as Jack Dare fell forward on his face.

"Come on, Morton; we'll look after him in a few minutes and ——." Those were the last words the poor young fellow ever spoke, and one more mother was childless. A little later and the charge of Batoche was over and victory won. General Middleton's cordial words of praise were being repeated with pardonable pride by the officers and men, and poor Jack Dare still lay, face downwards. When his comrades came up to him, they raised him gently and carried him into a tent, not ashamed that their eyes were dimmed with the tears brave men may shed for a brave comrade.

* * * * * *

In the city where we last saw Cecil, society—in the sense of gaiety—was almost at a standstill, since the memorable day of the volunteers departure. No one seemed to have heart for revelry, when so many precious lives were being risked. People said that Cecil Avenel looked thinner and paler lately—"quite gone off," some good-naturedly remarked.

Fred Travers was with her a good deal. Was it an engagement? We shall see. Now Fred Travers was a shrewd man—young, yet much older than Cecil. He thoroughly liked her and knew her perhaps better than most people did. It did not take long for him to discover that her heart was given to his old and dear friend, Jack Dare. Many a time he shielded her from awkward questions and remarks, which he felt would wound her, for he guessed there was some misunderstanding between them.

One afternoon there were several visitors in his mother's drawing-room, Cecil amongst them.

"Oh, Mrs. Travers," said Kate Raner, "have you heard the latest telegram, poor Jack Dare is killed."

Fred turned suddenly to her, "Dare: oh no, there's a mistake in the list; I know those stupid papers." He glanced quickly round and there was Cecil standing where she could not fail to hear every word. He came close up to her, managing to stand between her and the rest

"Miss Cecil, I want to show you that picture I was speaking about the other day. Do come with me to the library. He hurried her away into the library, shut the door upon her for a few minutes, then returned with a glass of wine.

"My poor child," he said, "you must drink this. Don't say anything, I understand all." She drank the wine obediently, then faltered, "God bless you, Fred Travers and God help me—Jack—Jack—and I was cruel to you." Her head sank and she sobbed bitterly. Travers was scarcely less agitated than she, but he managed to steady his voice. "Now" he said—"you *must* be calm. You don't want everybody to know how it is with you and —and Jack Dare. The report my be premature—the papers are often wrong and—

"You are goodness itself" interrupted poor Cecil, "but I know he is dead. Oh, let me go home, you will make some excuse, you will." "Hush" said Travers: "I will see to it all. The other visitors are gone—and my mother is alone now. I shall just say you had a headache and went home."

He took the poor stricken girl home and the next day left the city, not exactly saying when he would return.

* * * * * *

Oh! What a day! The day of the volunteers return!

"The boys are coming to-day!" "God bless our brave lads—they'll be home to-day!" These were the cries all over the city. The streets were thronged—bells ringing, guns firing. All was wild excitement. Shops were neglected, who wanted to buy and sell on this day of days! Children caught the spirit of their elders and screeched their shrill welcome —"The soldiers are coming! Hurrah! hurrah!" Women's eyes were bright with shed and unshed tears of joy. Some old business men went about with faces grown young again, and then, alas! there were others to whom this day brought heavy sorrow—whose homes were broken—whose dear ones were laid low.

Poor Cecil—she never knew how she lived through that time. The keen intensity of the remorse she suffered was wearing away her young life. She had long ago confided all to her beloved mother and father, and they had at her urgent appeal left her to bear this ordeal of the home coming in sacred solitude. Theirs too was a hard trial—to see their darling child, fading daily, hourly before their eyes.

Boom — boom — from the cannon! Crash went the bands in joyful outburst! The volunteer train was in! Cheer after cheer rent the air. Louder! Louder!! In agony beyond control, she fell on her knees and prayed—"Oh, Father of Mercy, help me to bear my widowhood—for I am his widow. My Jack—my only love." Great sobs shook her: she saw and heard nothing now: absorbed in this terrible grief. "Jack's widow---Jack's widow" she moaned.

"*Jack's wife*! My Cecil! my own—*not* his widow!" Great heaven what was this! Was she awake? Was she mad? Jack Dare's arms were round her---her hand on his broad breast! It was too much—her brain reeled and she fainted.

"Here, Fred, quick—some water." He dashed some in her still pale face and she opened her eyes. Then Fred Travers came forward and took her cold hand in his, saying:

"Cecil, you know I told you the papers might be wrong. I went out and found Jack. He was badly hurt, but, as you see —*not* dead, and so I brought him here, and now I am going to talk to your father for a minute."

Fred did not trust his voice any longer, but hurried off, leaving Cecil and Jack together.

"Oh, Jack, can you ever forgive me?"

"Darling, look straight into my eyes and see for yourself."

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY AS IT IS.

BY MADGE ROBERTSON.

A lucky combination of circumstances and railway connections brought me to Chicago the day the renowned University of Chicago was formally opened. On the journey thitherward I had read glowing accounts of its extent, plan, and proposed influence. "Its formal opening will inaugurate one of the most remarkable educational enterprises in history * * * What Oxford and Cambridge have been and are to England, Leipsic and Berlin to German thought and culture, it is proposed that the University of Chicago shall become to intellectual America. It is especially fitting that Chicago, the peculiarly typical American city, should be selected as the seat of a great university, whose mission it is to develop a distinctively American school of thought, one that shall express in its life and influence the power of a free government in the moulding and development of a people to the loftiest heights of intellectual attainments, and which will through original research and investigation in the realm of philosophy, be enabled to contribute to the world of science and art, knowledge of inestimable worth * * * * And it is proposed that here shall develop an institution that shall combine all that is best in the methods and facilities of the old universities with many additions which the creative genius of America has suggested and supplied."

The modesty of these remarks was, as I learned later, eminently typical of Chicago. At the time, however, I was naturally filled with the gentle benevolent enthusiasm which the contemplation of distant and philanthropic greatness invariably gives. This El Dorado of intellectual achievement had, moreover, attained material and vast dimensions. I read further :—

"The massive simplicity of its buildings, uniform as to material and color, modified in form, sufficiently to relieve the monotony of outline, is most impressive and reflects something of the character of the institution itself. The land owned by the University covers nearly twenty-five acres in area * * * * * As will be seen by the bird s eye view given herewith, the four blocks will be surrounded with buildings, all of which front on quadrangles, except the great structure with the massive tower, at Ellis Avenue which will be the chief architectural feature of the group. This noble building faces on the central quadrangle and excels in the substantial nature of its construction, and in simple beauty of design any thing in the form of a collegiate building in Europe or America * * * * * The imposing effect of its massive walls opening upon great courts, is one which in very magnitude is unequalled, and with the artist's touch, softening the grim outlines and varying the vast facades, the University of Chicago promises to become one of the world's most noted architectural creations.

No one will marvel that we postponed the other characteristic attractions of Chicago, the World s Fair buildings and the stock-yards, to the indefinite future, and hastened to view this architectural splendor and take a few sips at the fountains of wisdom. The air must be full of knowledge I argued, and only to draw one's breath must be productive of good results. Full of enthusiasm we started out. In our case, as in several others since the world began, there was no royal road to learning and we had to take the cable-cars. As a precautionary measure we had asked the conductor to put us off at the University. He left us at or near the Midway Pleasance and told us to go straight ahead. As the cars sped on we looked around and saw no signs of any extensive buildings. On a sign-post was written "This Way to the Donkey Stables" and a huge hand pointed out a large red-brick building a block or so away. The intervening blocks were vacant lots. Where could be the University?

The ugly-looking structure ahead was

rather too-many-storied for a stable. Possibly it was a hospital attached to the University for the sake of the foot-ball clubs? Whatever might be its *raison d'être*, certainly behind it must lie the goal of our ambition. We walked thither. Suddenly we caught a glimpse through the trees of shining roots and noble white buildings, of beautiful domes and lofty minarets. Ah this is where the concentrated wisdom of ages is confined! Where the muses forsaking Parnassus, shall abide for all time! We hasten our footsteps. Presently a youth in cap and gown is seen approaching As he draws near I ask him if the great buildings beyond are the University of Chicago. To have even spoken to one of the favored mortals who dwell within the abode of the prophets, must add to our educational value forever.

"Oh no," he answered cheerfully. He spoke English !. I suppose he thought we could not understand Greek. "That's the Columbian Exposition."

"But where is the University?"

"There!" pointing to the aforesaid red-brick structure, the hospital, the donkey-stables!

"But where is the rest of it?"

"That's all there is yet. It's going to be the finest in the world, though." Then he launched into a dissertation on its future extent and greatness. It sounded painfully familiar. But I looked at the one building and shuddered. I felt as if I were assisting at the fall of Babylon. A long time intervened before we recovered from the permeating shock and went forward.

On arriving in front of the building—the University as it is—we found that one end contained the chapel, lecture-rooms &c., the centre, the divinity dormitory, the other end the graduates' quarters. We walked in the first door and the last vestige of enthusiasm vanished. I looked forlornly at the few small lecture-rooms, the few professors' rooms and the lost, strayed, and stolen students who wander in and out Then we go into the chapel. It is really very pretty and the appointments are both comfortable and in good taste. The dedication ceremonies are in progress and among the academic-gowned persons on the dais I recognize the President, the famous German Historian Edouard von Holst, and the well-known Mrs. Potter Palmer But we are too melancholy to stay and listen. We see a notice outside that to-morrow President Harper is to lecture on Job, and we think that the study of this interesting martyr will be sufficiently cheerful for us in our present state of mind.

Then we go into the 'divinity' section. A solemn looking youth took us up four pairs of stairs and shewed us a view of the World's Fair Buildings. I asked him if there was any other attraction in the divinity department, and he said that we ought to come out to-morrow and hear the President lecture on the Book of Job. We promised to do so. We found out also that there were no sitting-rooms attached to the bedrooms, so that even the festive five o'clock tea is denied to the theological student Our guide had heard of Toronto as the place where there was rather a good college—McMaster University. I remarked that the University of Toronto was rather more widely known, but he attached no importance to the observation. He had never heard of it, he said carelessly, and dismissed the subject.

I then seized a calendar and, by way of repressing my emotions, started to read it. I found therein the names of several Toronto graduates among the members of the faculty:—Frank R. Lillie, B.A., lecturer in biology, and Robert K. Duncan, lecturer in chemistry. After half-an-hour's perusal of this Quarterly Calendar, the University of Chicago again assumed enormous and desirable proportions. I read of the galaxy of brilliant men who had come thither to swell the tide of intellectual life. Such men as William Ireland Knapp, Professor of Romance Languages, Henry Pratt Judson, of Constitutional History, Emil G. Hirsch, of Rabbinical Literature, George Stephen Goodspeed, of Ancient History, Frank Frost Abbot, of Latin, Richard Green Moulton, of English Literature, Thomas Crowder Chamberlain, of Geology, ex-president of Wisconsin University, Albion D. Small, of Social Science, ex-president of Colby University, are surely sufficient guarantee of the future greatness of

this university and its present entire respectability.

The most distinguished among the Professors, Hermann Edouard von Holst is reported to have expressed his astonishment that in America, the dormitory system prevailed. "The theory prevails," he said "in Germany and France, and is there carried into practical effect, that university men ought to take care of themselves * * * For younger students and young ladies, I am not prepared to speak, but I do not believe that university officials and instructors should be burdened with the care of students.'

I am not able to quote President Harper's remarks on this subject. I know what he thinks about Job, however, but of that later.

To return to the calendar. I discovered that the university is remarkably well organized and that the President besides being conversant with the early martyrs, has an eminently sound head with a very large and well-behaved bump of organization. The several courses of study are so arranged that the student may enter, with equal advantage, at the beginning of any one of the four quarters. Thirty-six weeks is considered a year's work. It is also made possible for the student who is strong, mentally and physically to take the course in three years while those less fortunate may be given, if necessary, more than four years to complete the course. The three months' vacation can be taken at any time during the year. Care is taken moreover that no student injures his health. I notice a section in the calendar which reads :—

"All students will be examined as to their physical condition upon entering the University and at intervals during their course. The University physician, who will make the examination will give each student thus examined a written statement in detail of his physical condition, indicating constitutional weaknesses and forms of exercise desirable and undesirable for the individual in question, etc. A student will not be permitted to study in the University four consecutive quarters without a physician's certificate that he may do the work of the fourth quarter without injury to his health."

Another advantage of this arrangement is that students who are obliged to earn their means of livelihood as they go along, can take their vacation in any quarter in which they can best find employment. This great boon needs no explanation. The poorer students are further assisted by the University authorities. Another section is headed :—

Opportunities for Self-help, and reads :—"The University Steward, under the direction of the University Council, will conduct an employment bureau for the aid of students who desire to earn money to assist in defraying expenses while attending the University. Application may be made to the University Steward."

The kindly considerateness of this removes it beyond the reach of comment and places it in the realms of good things to be imitated.

Still another great advantage of this scheme is "that it will make it possible for the university to use, besides its own corps of teachers, the best men of other institutions both of this country and Europe during the summer months. The instructors will be given one quarter out of the four for vacation. They may take their vacations at any period of the year they choose. By teaching throughout one year they may take six months' vacation the next, or by teaching continuously for three years they will get an entire year off." I fancy every teacher in our province will see the beauty of this, without artificial aid.

The work throughout, as far as I could gather from the calendar, is made elective as far as possible, but the tendency of the system is toward specialization and great freedom is given in this direction. No student is allowed to pursue more than two courses in his final two years. Further, *no honorary degrees are conferred by the University.*

There are dozens of other well-arranged regulations, especially in the University extension department, the University Press, the Women's residence and work but each of these would require an article to itself. Alice Freeman Palmer, the Dean of women in the Graduate School and Professor of History in the University is perhaps the foremost woman in America in matters educational. As to the work of the University Press I notice that

"Each Department of the Graduate School will issue, either a journal or a series of papers relating to subjects connected with the Department. Such publications will include only papers of a scientific character."

"The editorial work will be performed in each case by the head professor of the school, assisted by the other professors and instructors connected with the school." Of what permanent value such publications will be to the student, only those who struggle through a course trusting to scrappy notes hurriedly written during lectures, know.

We left the University in more enthusiastic mood than we entered it, and as we walked away received a last invitation to come back and hear about Job.

The unfortunate promise made in this direction had to be carried out, and the next day found us again in the chapel.

I am now in a position to state that President Harper's views on this subject are orthodox, and that under his administration the divinity department of the University of Chicago will, no doubt, turn out theologians who are, likewise, practical men.

THE FRASER RIVER.

BY ARCHIE MACK.

Oh, Fraser, noble Fraser, with thy proudly swelling tide,
We greet thee mighty river in thy grandeur and thy pride,
As down the mountain passes wild thy waters thou dost pour
In rushing torrents past the beds of sand and glittering ore.
The numerous little streamlets that down thy canyons run,
With pristine loveliness flash and sparkle in the sun ;
Those thousand little streamlets fair their waters all unite
To form the hurrying Fraser in its resistless might.

Down narrow mountain passes, between walls of living rock,
Round mighty bluffs like adamant which all thy fury mock,
Thus, thus thy waters onward rush to mingle with the sea,
Past quiet nooks and villages along thy banks that be.
The numerous peaceful islands which dot thy bosom o'er,
A pleasing contrast form to thy water's deafening roar
Whilst thy rugged, rocky banks, where the fire and spruce trees grow,
Seem like monuments of might raised by nations long ago.

And when the summer freshet swells thy turbid waters high,
And makes thee overflow thy banks, as thou goest sweeping by
In all thy pride of power and might, thy rushing waters foam
A harbinger of ruin is to many a settler's home.
And as thy foaming waters wild in their resistless might,
Rush onward to the ocean, they are a glorious sight,
Whilst upon thy heaving bosom gigantic trees are borne,
Which from their native mountain soil in fury thou hast torn.

Within a score of years or so what changes there have been !
Then naught but roving Indians upon thy banks were seen
To lazily launch their canoes, and slowly paddle by,
Or fishing for the salmon fine which did their wants supply.
Now puffing steamers carry freight upon thy troubled breast,
And on thy fertile prairie lands the hardy settlers rest,
For they an ample living make from off thy fertile soil,
Which generously rewards them for their laborious toil.

Oh, swift, impetuous Fraser, what stories thou couldst tell
Of bravery and hardship borne and cruelty as well !
Of how the hardy miners in search of glittering gold,
When pressing up thy canyons drear fought Indians and cold
How many awful tragedies couldst thou to us unfold,
How many guilty secrets dark thy waters safely hold,
What ghostly memories are entombed within thy silent tide,
What wild romantic scenes couldst thou unto the world confide?

Oh, never tiring river wild, what lessons thou dost teach
To poor weak wavering mortals, that not beyond our reach
Is peace and comfort, hope and joy, if we but persevere,
Nor daunted be by hardships front, which like thy canyons drear
Look down upon us frowningly, from every path in life,
But follow thy example and rush boldly to the strife :
Thus carrying all before us we reach the open sea,
The goal of our ambition great, but Freedom's gate to thee.

And as thy mournful, dirge-like voice falls on my listening ear
Like solemn requiems chanted slow, so sombre and austere,
In honor of the men who found upon the mountain side
A grave unmarked, unknown, and those beneath thy swelling tide
That sleep on for aye and ever, and never waken more,
But sleep a dreamless slumber sound, for all thy deaf'ning roar,
Whose last glance rested on thy breast, the miner and the brave
Alike beneath thy waters cold have found a silent grave.

AN ELECTION EPISODE.

It was in the good old days of open voting and the occasional raiding of the polling booth when everything wasn't going just as it should do. When there was no talk of third parties, or any other of the new "issues" of the present day, gospel of politics when every man was a "Grit" or a "Tory," and party feeling ran high. and party badges were proudly worn, and vigorously defended.

A general election was on, on which as usual depended the fate of the country. The excitement and interest in the contest was particularly deep in one of the ridings of Lumberville, where the strongest men of the contending parties were in the field, and every nerve was being strained to head the poll. On polling day it began to look as if it were going to be a neck and neck race as Silvertongue, the Grit candidate, had developed unexpected strength in one or two of the back townships, and that especially in Brushton several notable defections had taken place in the Tory ranks. Word had gone out from the head-quarters of the one party that every possible artifice was to be used to prevent these votes from being polled, and from the other, that every possible effort was to be made to have the votes polled early in the day. The consequent excitement and commotion at the little log schoolhouse, which served as polling place for Brushton was intense. By three o'clock in the afternoon the Grits had succeeded in polling nearly all their votes, the Tories had polled their doubtful sheep and were beginning to turn their attention to putting in the remainder of their votes, when the bustle of a new arrival attracted the attention of the crowd, and a loud shout from his supporters welcomed Silvertongue himself, who had driven out to see how the fight was going in this part of the field. A brief conversation with his chief supporter, placed him in possession of the facts, and ten minutes after his arrival saw him mounted on the broad stump of a pine tree, with the whole crowd gathered round, and as the stump was within a short distance of the school house the officials and scrutineers were clustered round the door and window, prepared to take part in the fun. Even in a day when brilliant stump speakers and orators were numerous, few could equal Silvertongue, in readiness of resource in taking advantage of a situation, in quickness and aptness of retort, in rapidity of judgment in noting and turning to his own advantage the varying humours of a crowd, he was unsurpassed, and now with an object he laid himself out to entertain and keep the attention of those assembled round that stump for two hours. His wit and humour flashed out, story and jest lit up his argument, which ever and again was pitched in a key to draw a vigorous outspoken protest from his hearers. This only gave him room for retort, which kept the interest and attention unflagging, and so the time sped on, unwittingly, by all but the wary speaker and one or two of his principal henchmen. At twenty minutes to five, a buggy from town brought the whipper-in of the Tory party, to get the record of the majority which was expected from Brushton; his surprise may be imagined when he saw what was going on, and who the speaker was. A hurried enquiry as to the state of the poll, showed that between fifteen and twenty votes had yet to be polled on the Tory side, and that nearly all the Grit votes were in. When he could get hold of the leaders and pointed out the facts to them, and also that the closing of the poll was rapidly approaching, and that it was now simply impossible to put in their votes, to say that his language was strong is not a circumstance to the actual fact, and as it began to dawn on the minds of outwitted politicians what the object of the clever stump speaker had been, their rage knew no bounds, and with a swift rush they made for the stump. That, however, was now vacant, and its late occupant was seen just getting into his buggy. Chase was now the order of the day, and several horsemen started after

the buggy, whilst others who had become enlightened as to the condition of affairs started across lots, if possible to intercept it, and it would have fared ill with its occupants had they been caught, but by dint of hard driving they succeeded in distancing their pursuers. Over fifteen votes were left unpolled at Brushton, and Silvertongue's majority was twelve. The "coup" was so magnificent, so daringly conceived and successfully carried out, and yet withal, so barefacedly impudent, that after their first outburst of rage had cooled down, even his opponents had to acknowledge the genius of the man who carried it out, and joined in the laugh against themselves.

THE GIRL IN CANADA.

BY STUART LIVINGSTON.

"The night is so very warm papa," said Veronica as she arose from the table, "that I think if you and cousin Harry will excuse me, I will retire to the verandah, and await you there"

"Very well, my dear," said the old gentleman, "but hadn't you better let Maria bring a light wrap of some kind to throw over your shoulders. Harry," turning to the young man, "will you oblige me by touching that bell for Maria?"

"No," said his daughter imperiously, "Cousin Harry will not touch the bell, and Maria shall not be called. Why the very idea papa of smothering one's self in a wrap a night like this But then you always are so perfectly absurd, with your anxieties about me and my health. Do I look like a girl that has neuralgia from every passing breeze"?

She certainly looked anything but that as she stood with her superb figure gracefully poised and drawn to its full height. Then the momentary annoyance became a sparkle of mirth in the dark luminous eyes, and as she turned and stepped through the doorway unto the verandah a low ripple of laughter came back into the room.

The young man's eyes followed her admiringly, but he said nothing. The old gentleman was the first to break the silence which followed.

"She's a great girl, Harry, a great girl," he said, with a chuckle, "but sometimes I'm almost afraid I've humored her too much. It's a bad thing for a girl, an execrably bad thing for a girl, but then who could help it with Veronica? No, what Veronica says is law around here; it always has been, and I suppose it always will be. It's what you lawyers call I imagine the *lex non scripta*, though it isn't printed out, it goes just the same, but come Harry, light up man, we mustn't keep Veronica waiting too long, and there's something I want to talk to you about."

The young man selected a cigar, cut the tip, and lighted it. He shoved his chair back a little from the table, and assuming an easy attitude crossed his legs, and prepared to listen.

The old gentleman also lighted a cigar, and the atmosphere began to be slowly pervaded with the fragrant aroma, and soft cloudy haze of the tobacco smoke

"Harry," said the old gentleman after some moments of silence, "do you know that you are the only person in the shape of a relation, with the exception of my daughter, that I have on the earth to-day. Yes sir!' he continued reflectively as he watched a thin column of smoke curl slowly upward toward the brilliantly lighted chandelier over head, "You are my only living relative except Veronica. Your mother you know always lived with me until she saw your father, and then nothing would do but she must marry him. He was a poor preacher, with nothing to support him but a backwoods Canadian circuit; preaching three times a Sunday, and riding twenty odd miles to do it. By jove! Harry, I really believe that when your mother married that preacher he hadn't a cent in the world to bless himself with."

"She never told me she was sorry about it," said the young man slowly.

"Say she was sorry! the deuce no! she wasn't the sort of girl to say that, not she! If a girl ever does take anything from her aunt, Veronica gets her spirit from your mother. Now she might in all reason have lived on with me, and been well content and happy. She always had all that she could wish for. She was my only sister, and I was comparatively speaking a rich man even then. Yes," he continued, as he sank further back in his chair, ran his eyes slowly over the walls with their delicate carvings and exquisite gems of art, "I am a rich man now Harry, a very rich man as the word goes, but I haven't made it all since then. No sir! the more I think of it, the more I feel that it was an awful mistake. Your mother should never, never have married your father."

"But how about me, uncle"? said the young man as he carelessly removed the cigar from his lips, "what have I ever done"?

"You"! said the old gentleman jerking himself erect and staring across the table, "you! the deuce! I never thought of that. Well never mind; it reminds me however it's about you, you and Veronica that I want to talk." The young man gave a perceptible start, but it passed unnoticed by the other.

"Do you see that engraving yonder? Well the picture it's from was painted by a great artist. The catalogue says so and the catalogue's right, because that picture shows what a dickens of a mess these dead soft love matches are. It's called, 'When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window,' and the name itself is worth the forty odd dollars the engraving cost me."

His nephew turned a quick glance at the picture, and then his head sank back again and a little cloud of smoke crept slowly around it.

"Well," said the old gentleman after a pause, watching his nephew as if to note the effect his words produced, "it wasn't about that picture exactly that I want to talk to you either, although a work like that should preach a whole sermon right from the same text. What I wanted to say is, that when I wrote over to Canada a month ago, and asked you to spend your vacation here with us, I had several reasons for doing so. Of course I wanted to see my dead sister's son, but there were other reasons too; yes other important reasons. I had made myself acquainted with your entire career; I knew of all your successes at college, and of your achievements at the bar since you began practice, and I may say that you have in every way sustained the credit of the family, and shown yourself to be a young man of great promise and brilliancy, with a strong ambition to succeed, which in my opinion is better than either."

The young man looked up depreecatingly as though prepared to speak, but his uncle continued:

"No! No! Harry; I won't be interrupted. I am virtually talking business now, and when I talk business I never allow myself to be interrupted. Besides I haven't said anything that isn't fair, yes very fair within the limits of the truth. Your career up to the present has certainly been remarkably brilliant, and you have shown yourself in every case to be an exceptional young man; in fact," he continued slowly as he moved somewhat uneasily in his chair, "just such a young man as I would like my daughter Veronica to marry."

As the old gentleman said this he watched his nephew's face with a keen, eager scrutiny, as if he would read his thoughts, but the young man remained with his eyes cast upon the floor, apparently absorbed in reflection. So it was of him and Veronica that his uncle wanted to talk. Of him and Veronica, he repeated to himself musingly. Well what of that? He had known for days it was coming to this, and he had done nothing to prevent it. And why should he prevent it? Should he not rather congratulate himself that fortune had at last turned his side of the wheel uppermost, and now it only rested with himself to say that it should remain so. Wealth, advancement, power, position all for the first time within his ambitious grasp, and all that was needed to hold them there was that he should marry Veronica. And why should he not marry Veronica? She was certainly handsome and accomplished, with all that most men desire in a woman

and he said to himself in time he might even come to love her. Would he then really ever come to love her? No! His very lips refused to frame the lie. He had loved once, and his was not a nature to play at tennis with so great a reality of life as love, beating it from side to side across the net. But then came the thought that Veronica did not require it of him. Was his only duty toward Veronica? With Veronica content would all be well? Would the world be at its best for him, even with his ambition satisfied, when he would always know that he had trodden down his better nature to grasp it, and Carrie—Carrie whom he had thought he loved better than his life was blotted out of it forever? As this thought forced itself upon him he moved restlessly on his chair, and the ashes fell unnoticed from his cigar. If she hadn't written that letter it would be easier, he said to himself. Yes if only she hadn't written that letter. That poor blurred little letter, in which she had said as he well knew only Carrie could have said it, that she had heard all about the wealth and position his cousin had, and how much his uncle liked him, and none, it continued, knew better than she did how hard he had worked for the success he had had, and how easy and bright all his future would be, if he only had the wealth and influence his cousin would bring him, and perhaps it hadn't been wise that he should love her just only because they did love each other; and he needn't have a thought about her; hadn't she always been happy when he was, and she was sure it would be so always, and so if he was quite certain he would be happy with this other girl, quite sure about it and so it ran on. Just like Carrie he mused to himself. Well perhaps she was right, and it hadn't been wise for him to love her. Did he think she really meant that when she said it? Did he not rather know that every word of that letter was a tear? A tear! Yes he fancied he could see those deep blue eyes looking into his even now, and there seemed to be tears in them. Violets with the dew still on them he had many times called them; and her hair that sunlit shower of gold how softly it clung about the pretty forehead. He turned again uneasily in his chair as if to put the picture away from him. If she hadn't meant what she said in the letter why did she say it? It was her fault not his if it were not true, and then a voice strangely like Veronica's seemed to whisper in his ear, "See the cup is full, wealth, power, and gratified ambition, drink! drink!"

He was aroused from his reverie by the sound of his uncle's voice.

"Harry," said the old gentleman, "I ve been thinking this thing over for the last few minutes, and I want—but here, you've let your cigar go out; light up another, and you can finish it when we join Veronica on the verandah."

"I was going to say that I want you to tell me fairly and honestly what you think about this thing. You know my wishes in the matter; everything I have is Veronica's and all I want is to know that if I should drop off—and I'm getting pretty old now, there'd be some one to look after her. You've been here now for a month, and I've talked to Veronica about it, and while she wouldn t admit that she liked you, of course she wouldn't, girls never will do that you know, still she wouldn t say she didn t, and I tell you that's a great deal for Veronica, yes, sir a great deal. Why, my dear boy, there are young fellows in the city yonder, who, if they had one half your chance would have even the little sense the Lord has given them knocked clean out of their heads Harry, I wouldn t talk to any other young man on earth like this, but you are my dead sister's only son, and I want to see this thing take place. Now then what is it, yes or no?"

As the old gentleman put this direct question his nephew gave a slight nervous start, and raised his eyes to meet his uncle's. As he did so from the look on his face showed, that whatever his decision might be it had not been reached without a struggle.

There was silence for a moment between them, then the young man said slowly:

"I think, uncle, you may feel sure that if Veronica is willing it will be as you wish."

A smile of satisfaction spread over the old gentleman's face, and as he arose and

warmly grasped his nephew's hand across the table he said with vigor:

"I tell you you're getting a prize Harry, a great prize, my boy, and you'll be head of the New York bar yet. Well, I must amble off to bed. We old men have to you know, it's only you young cubs that can sit up all night, and not feel it next day. So good-night my boy! good night."

As he reached the door he turned, and shaking his finger at the young man said with a chuckle:

"Harry, my boy, don't you sit up all night on that verandah; it'll give you rheumatism if you do. Yes, sir, it'll give you rheumatism. Ha! ha! ha! that's the way I got it myself." And the young man could hear him through the half open door still chuckling to himself, as he ascended the stairway

Well it was all over and done now, he said to himself, as he arose from his chair. Yes over and done, signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of—the devil, he added with an attempt at a laugh that sounded very forced and hollow, even to himself. He threw away the stub of his cigar, and reaching over selected another from the box on the table. And his past life! What if Veronica should ever ask him about that? Yes if she should ask him what could he tell her? Tell her! Why talk a string of nonsense as he had many a time to the girls at the dances. Tell her about the little wax angels and the silver gods! Why should he care what he told her? His past was his own, and if he wished to blot it out she had no claim on it. His future was hers, and she could ask for that, and he would give it to her. That was the contract.

He tried to whistle a snatch from the last opera, but the air seemed to have escaped him. He stopped and laughed; but again the attempt seemed to be somewhat of a failure. Then he lit his cigar, and strolled out upon the verandah.

As he approached Veronica he found her half reclining in a large rocking chair, swaying slowly to and fro in the moonlight.

She glanced up "So you've actually managed to come at last have you? but where's papa? Gone to bed I suppose; where I ought to be this long time. Indeed Cousin Harry! I've made up my mind to go a good half dozen times since I've been here, and each time the moonlight was so inviting that my good resolutions just crumbled to pieces. It is perfection to-night, isn't it? Moonlight you know is one of the things I never tire of, I can assure you I'm tired of almost everything else. What a wearisome round of ennui we do have in this life anyway, no matter how hard we try to avoid it. Come, don't stand there like that, sit down right here near me, and be interesting."

He drew up a chair near where she was sitting, but placed it so that when he sat down he was in the shadow.

"Now I have discovered since you have been here Cousin Harry," she continued vivaciously, "that you can be interesting when you want to. Once get you safely started about your poets and artists and all that sort of thing, and it's as good as a book to hear you, or better I should say because one can't talk back to a book, and," with a laugh, "my sex is said to always appreciate that privilege. Yes all that is very good but it won't do to-night. Now I want you to be at your best to-night, and they say a man is never at his best unless he is talking about himself. Now I want you to talk about yourself. Come now cousin Harry," confidentially, "were you ever in love?"

He hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment, and when he replied it was with a quite nonchalance that any of his clients, aware of what was passing through his mind at the time would have considered worthy of the strongest admiration.

"Yes" he said carelessly, "I was in love once, deeply in love Veronica."

"Indeed," with just a slight touch of asperity.

"Yes," he continued, "head over ears. She was a little saint Veronica. Heine, you know, says somewhere that a beautiful woman without religion is like a flower without perfume; well she had religion and purity written all over her face. And what a perfect face it was with the eyes turned upward just a little in prayer. It made me feel religious every time I looked at her. It was as good as going to church, but it cost more. You see like most pretty women she was painted. A slur on your sex you say. No it isn't for unlike most pretty women she was only painted because she happened to be in a

picture. Another slur. Entirely unintentional then I assure you, but I'll take them both back if you wish.

"Well my poor little saint was to be martyred. She was painted kneeling in the sand of the arena holding a tiny silver crucifix against her timid breast waiting for the lions to come and devour her. Just think of it Veronica, her tender white flesh crushed and mangled by those horrible jaws. Wasn't it awful? And there she kneeled and waited calm and trusting with her beautiful eyes turned beseechingly up to the sky. It wasn't strange that I fell in love was it? Yes and I fell so deeply in love that I waited too, because you see I was afraid if I left her the lions might come while I was gone.

"What nonsense I'm talking? That's always the way with you women. Ask a man for his confidence and then laugh at it. But how I did love that poor little saint. Why the first night I saw her I dreamed about her till midnight, and then got up and counted my quarters over in the moonlight, to know how many times I could see her, you see it costs a quarter each time. But the moonlight wasn't as bright as it is to-night; perhaps that was why I found so few quarters. It is wonderfully bright to-night, isn't it? See how it seems to float over the grass. How still everything is! Those tall sombre pines over yonder! I could fancy they were human, and would challenge one if he happened to approach them roughly. Look over there at the conservatory; how the moonlight shimmers with the flash of diamonds on the glass. Do you hear the murmur of the fountain? Listen a moment; you'll hear it. Even the ripple of the water seems hushed to-night and not a breath of air stirring across the grass What a weird contrast of light and shade among those trees yonder and how oppressively silent they are as they stand there with their plumed heads erect and motionless. Do you know it almost seems to me as if they had asked a question and were holding their breath in suspense to await the answer?

"Why, yes, Veronica, there are many things they might want to know; for instance, they may have asked what happiness a young man will find in life when he has trampled the sunlight out of it to gratify his ambition. You think I'm becoming very tragic. Well it's hard to say; I should prefer to call it comedy. Balsac you know calls it comedy, and yet Pere Goriot and Cousin Pons are in it.

"I remember seeing a delightful little piece of comedy once; it was at a levee held by the Governor General. Is the Governor like your President you want to know? Well no not exactly, but you'll spoil the story if you interrupt. What does he do then? Well I think, Veronica, you will have to read Mr. Todds Manual to find that out Every one knows what he does after reading that. Why haven't I read Mr. Todd? Well to tell the truth I have, Veronica, but then I always was most exceptionally stupid. O yes we have a great many other good features in our form of Government. Haven't you ever heard of our Senate? Everything is on a magnificent scale there. Why the very seats are carved out of solid gold, and cost ever so much more than a whole box at the opera. What's that you say? I'm laughing at you. No I'm not, Veronica, I assure you, and you wouldn't even think so if you were a Canadian. You think I'm not interesting now, and why don't I talk some more about myself? Well I don't suppose I thought it worth while, but just as you say. What shall it be then?"

She was silent for a moment, as though engaged in thought, and then turning toward him abruptly said with decision:

"Cousin Harry, who was that letter from that you received this morning"?

"That letter," he repeated mechanically, "that letter, why it was from—let me see; you mean the letter that came this morning"?

"Yes, that's exactly the letter I mean," she replied, "and I may as well warn you," this with a laugh, "that it won't do to say it's from your partner, or your tailor, or make any other such subterfuge, because it's in a girl's hand, and very pretty writing it is too. Now Cousin Harry," with an entire change of tone, as she assumed a pleading expression, "I think you're real mean; you promised to be confidential, and you

haven't told me a single thing yet, besides I think any way you might just tell me that."

For a moment the young man made no reply; he was busy with his thoughts. Had he not better ask her now to marry him, and have done with it? It was all settled anyway he said to himself. He knew what she would say; his uncle had told him that already, and if he delayed, matters might only get worse. He certainly could not tell her what was in that letter. If he did and then asked her to marry him she would despise him as much as—as much as; yes, why not be honest at least in this, and admit it; she would despise him as much as he did himself. But would Veronica despise him for doing a thing like that? As he turned the question over in his mind he felt himself growing more and more certain that his first conclusion was incorrect. No, he said to himself at length, he didn't think she would. Ah said a voice within him, there is the difference between Veronica and Carrie; but he silenced this voice on the instant. Had he not argued the whole matter out, and settled it once for all, and was he then to be forever going over it again, and again. No! he said to himself the question had been decided, definitely decided, and the best thing he could do now was to ask her and have done with it.

"Veronica," he said quietly, "I don't think we had better talk about that letter. It wouldn't be good for either of us to do so, and besides there is some thing very important that I want to ask you. You see, Veronica," he was continuing, but she interrupted him:

"I tell you Cousin Harry I want to know who wrote that letter. I didn't care so much at first, but now I've made up my mind to know, and I won't listen to anything else till you tell me. Why really you're worse than papa! a great deal worse too! for papa always gives in with the second time of asking, and here I've asked you nearly a dozen times, and you won't tell me at all. But I'm going to know though, so you might as well begin at once. Now who wrote it?"

He had sunk back in his chair with his eyes half closed and seemed lost in reflection. Presently he roused himself.

"Veronica," he said, "if I tell, you, remember it was you who made me talk about it, not I who wanted to. The letter was from a girl that I know in Canada."

"I knew it! I knew it was when I first saw it!" she exclaimed vivaciously, "now tell me all about her. When did you first meet her? Tell me all—everything!"

"Do you really want to know" he said as though still trying to evade it.

'Yes, of course, I do. I not only want to know but," imperiously, "I insist upon it. Now begin; don't wait; begin."

He did wait, nevertheless, and there was a considerable interval of silence before he at length said with evident hesitation.

"I doubt very much if you will find it interesting, Veronica. It is a very common place sort of a story with not even a shadow of romance or excitement about it. In fact, to tell the truth there is'nt very much of a story at all, but if you are sure you would like to hear what there is I will tell it to you, and you can stop me whenever you have had enough."

"You know then, Veronica, it is now nearly five years since my mother died. We had been living in the city where I was studying law, and knew nothing but happiness together until her health began to fail, and she was advised by her physician to go into the country for a change of air. She had a very dear friend, the wife of an English Church clergyman, living in a beautiful little village near the shore of Lake Ontario, and when this friend heard of her ill health, she came into the city and insisted on taking mother back with her to stay at the rectory. She was sure it would do mother good, and I was sure too: in this life, Veronica, we live by grasping at bubbles that only burst as we touch them."

He sank back in his chair and was silent for some moments then he said slowly:—

"There isn't any use of going over that part of it, though I know it as if it were yesterday; but there is'nt any use. You would'nt want me to anyway, and I could'nt if you did."

He paused for a long time as if lost in reflection, but at length aroused himself and continued:

"It was down there that afternoon that I first really knew Carrie. I detest being sympathised with; I have an utter dread

of it, and yet no one craves sympathy or needs it worse than I do when I feel as I felt then. But I can't stand being talked to about it, and perhaps it was to escape from that or perhaps it was because I wanted to be alone—at all events I remember after it was all over, I stepped away as I thought unnoticed, and wandered off I knew not where, and certainly didn't care. When I became conscious of my surroundings, I was on a side road leading down to the side of the marsh. I walked on until I came to the beach, and when I reached it, I threw myself down upon the sand, and tried not to think. Schopenhauer says in some place that consciousness is the malady of existence, and if I had been told so then I would have believed it easily. How bleak and forsaken the whole landscape appeared, and yet it was a beautiful scene that lay before me, but all beauty is dead when the heart is heavy, Veronica."

"Yes," he continued as his head sank down upon the back of his chair, and his half closed eyes lent a dreamy expression to his face, "it is a very beautiful spot. How easily I can see it all now. The wide cool stretches of the marsh, with its still water creeping sinuously in and out among the rushes, like silver in the sunlight, and here and there a gleam of white to mark a sleeping lily. Then beyond, the low bluff rising from the edge of the water, and further up where the shore widens old Fisherman Logan's cottage nestling snugly in the shelter of the bluff, with a thin column of smoke curling lazily upward from its single chimney, and the nets drying on the racks before the door. It was very quiet there. Even the water lapped the sand almost noiselessly as it was ruffled now and again by a light breeze. Yes, it was very quiet, and the stillness became more intense when looking away to the north, where a neck of yellow sand hems in the marsh, one could tell by the white gleams in the sunlight that the waters of the lake were rushing furiously against the beach.

"Well, after I had been there some time I became aware that someone was coming down the road. I hoped from my position to be unnoticed but as I watched her she came directly towards where I was lying. I recognized her as the rector's daughter, and wondered where she could be going. I looked the other way expecting her to pass on down the road to the lake, but instead she came over near where I was, and sat down upon the sand. I knew she was there, but I still kept on looking out towards the lake in the hope that perhaps if I did'nt speak to her she would go away. She didn't go however, but remained seated near me though she said nothing. After a while the thought came to me how kind they had all been, and that I had no right to treat her in that way even if I did want to be alone, so I turned towards her. She was crying. I hadn't expected that, and didn't know what to say. I watched her in silence for some moments, and then as she was still crying I asked her what was the matter. She tried to answer me once or twice, but her voice was choked with sobs. When at length she did speak she only said:

"It isn't anything only I loved her too."

"Veronica those words went right into my heart, and I've always thought that some way she crept in with them. I had wanted to cry all along and had kept it back, but now I felt I couldn't do so any longer, so I turned my face away so she wouldn't see me, and the hot tears came like a flood. She seemed to divine my thoughts, for I heard her say:

"Never mind me; it will do you good to cry some; it always does me good, and I suppose it is the same with a man."

Do you know, Veronica, I remember yet how secretly glad I was that she called me a man. Some girls would have thought it unmanly to cry, but she didn't. She never was the same as other girls. I don't know how long I was that way, but I know I had some very hard thoughts in my heart, and I think I must have said them because I remember her answering me that life was not a lie but a privilege, and existence was not a cheat but an opportunity. It wasn't wrong to cry and be sorry she said, but it was wrong and unmanly to say things like that. Every one has trouble and must have trouble, but if they were men, real men, it only made their lives better and stronger and nobler."

"So you think Veronica, that it was rather presuming for a girl of her age to

talk in that way to me. Well perhaps it was, but I remember I didn't think so then, and some way I don't think I have since. In fact it seemed to do me good, and the next morning when I was leaving for the city I told her so, and asked her to write to me sometimes. She said she would if I thought it would help me any, but she didn't see how it could. We have corresponded at intervals ever since."

"You don't see how it could either you say Veronica Well perhaps it was odd, but there was always something in her letters that I never could find in books. They were so bright and cheery, and when she could get them I was sure to find a little cluster of violets or crocuses laid in and pressed between the leaves. It was so dry and dusty in the city she said that she just slipped them in to remind me there were flowers somewhere."

'You say you like her better now. I wish you knew her, Veronica. Why I fully believe I should have failed on my finals, if it hadn't been for one of those letters. I had been working very hard for some time before, both in the office and at my reading and then about three weeks before my examinations I went out of the office, and did almost nothing but read day and night. Well it began to tell on my health, and I seemed to lose all spirit and purpose. I sent Carrie a short letter a few days before going down, and I fancy it was about the bluest letter I ever wrote in my life. I was going to be plucked sure, I said ; nothing could possibly save me, and I didn't think I was a success at law anyway or ever would be for that matter. No it was all a mistake, and so the letter ran on, and a dreary and desolate epistle it must have been.

"Why her reply came like a breath of fresh air off the waters when the day is hot. I was reinvigorated. Plucked she said what a story to try and make her believe. Didn't she know me better than that. And then for me to call myself a failure to her—to her of all the people in the world. What an idea ! Didn't she know of all my successes, and wasn't she glad and proud of them. Just see all I had done in the past, and just think of all that was before me in the future.

"I must confess, Veronica, that although I tried hard to see it I couldn't exactly ; but she seemed to be so very sure of it all that after reading that letter over a couple of times I began to feel some way that perhaps it might be true, and I wasn't so much of a failure after all. It was always so with her letters. There seemed to be so much strength of purpose in them. There was never a shadow of doubt with Carrie. It was ever a matter of course that the good must assuredly be triumphant in the end, and she was always willing to wait. There was nothing left to chance in her creed. The good was never attained save by constant unswerving effort, and the effort was always worthy in her eyes though the good should never be reached. Her letters seemed to be drawn from some unfathomed well of faith and purity, and they were Veronica because she wrote them from her heart.

"Yes," he continued musingly, "and she herself was just the same as her letters. It was perhaps because I knew her every-day life that I sometimes found in them more than was apparently there.

"How well I remember the last time I saw her. It was the day before I came over here. I had taken the noon train down to the village just to see her, and say good bye before leaving. When I arrived at the Rectory I found her alone. She had a dainty little luncheon prepared for me—you see I had dropped her a line that I was coming, and as we sat there, and chatted across the table I thought I had never seen her look prettier.

"What did she have on you ask? Why she had on some sort of a—let me see, it was a—upon my word, Veronica, I don't know what it was, but she looked lovely in it, and that's about all I cared for anyway.

"Well after I had finished eating, she said if I promised never to tell, she would get me something. Would I promise? I said I'd promise her anything.

"And you'll really never tell a soul," she continued ; "never now mind you ! You know father thinks it wicked though I don't."

Then as she hesitated for an instant, her brow was drawn in serious reflection.

"Perhaps its encouraging you in something bad, and you know," she continued with a laugh, "you never need much

encouragement in anything of that kind. Still I don't believe it is bad, for all they say about it."

"I assured her I had the utmost faith, that if she had anything whatever to do with it, there couldn't be any extravagant degree of wickedness about it, that was certain. So after imposing on me a further injunction of secrecy, she ran upstairs leaving me wondering what in the world it could possibly be. When she returned she had a little box in her hand. She placed it on the table, and after resuming her seat, with a look half doubtful but very expectant told me to open it. I did so and what do you think I found? Well you'd never guess; it was half a dozen cigars. She watched me still somewhat doubtfully as I lit one, and then after I had told her how good she was she said:

"You know, Harry, the last time you came down you had forgotten to bring any, and I thought it would be nice for me to have some so I bought those, but my! I did feel mean when I went in to get them."

"Wasn't it good of her, Veronica? Really I don't believe I ever smoked a worse cigar in my life, and yet odd as it may seem I am quite sure I never enjoyed a smoke more. And then after I had finished the cigar and pronounced it far and away the best I'd ever had, with a gratified smile she suggested that we should go out for a walk, and she would take me down by the marsh where I could see what a good comfortable house Fisherman Logan had built. She told me to wait a minute while she ran upstairs and got a shawl to throw over her shoulders. I said it was warm enough without, but she was back again with it on before my protest had amounted to anything. It certainly was one of the oddest looking shawls I ever saw, though they say of Rachel that a table cloth thrown round her always looked better than the most elaborate stage costume of any other actress, and that shawl of Carrie's seemed to work the same miracle. Still she must have noticed a somewhat doubtful look on my face, for she said it wasn't meant to be examined too closely, and if it didn't exactly match with everything she had, still it meant a great deal, and there were some friends of hers in the village who would be pleased to see her wearing it. Afterwards I discovered from the Rector that the class of working girls she had been teaching had presented it to her the day before, and this was the first opportunity she had had of putting it on. As we passed on down through the quiet streets and lanes beneath the cool shade of the trees, she told me all about the misfortunes of the Logan family. She said the poor old man's cottage had been burned to the ground since I had been there last, and nothing was saved except his nets, and of course his boat which was lying on the shore. Then they had had a garden party at the Rectory to aid in rebuilding the cottage, and her girls, she continued with pride, the very girls that I had once said could never be made to know or feel anything—I must confess I felt guiltily conscious of having made some such remark—her girls had sold more than half of all the tickets, and done nearly all the work.

"So you see," she added, "it does pay to believe in people and try to find out the good that's in them, though," with a half sigh, "it is pretty trying at first." "I tell you though," she went on, "it just paid every body back when they caught a glimpse of the old fisherman's face that night. You see he'd been thinking all along that he'd lost nearly everything he had, and there he had such a good start towards getting it all back again, and all in one night too. "Doesn't it seem awful Harry," she said impulsively, "when you think how many people there are who only have what they own?"

"I confess, Veronica, I was somewhat startled at this question, but as I was accustomed to find her philosophy usually work itself out about right I only nodded my head, and she continued: "Yes it is awful. You see if we have trouble, we have all the great and the good of the past to go to for comfort. We can sit down, and steal away from it all in the infinite beauty of the poets or gather strength from the lives of the strong ones, and hope from the hope that they taught, but so few of the poor know anything of all this, and when they lose their little they lose their all."

"He was silent for some moments, and then said slowly:

"What a wonderful creation, Veronica, is a pure and womanly woman? It seems to me if I were inclined to be skeptical as to the existence of the Deity, the knowledge that there is in one such woman in the world would scatter every doubt, for the thought that made her possible could only have been conceived in the mind of a God"

When the silence was broken again it was Veronica who spoke:

"About the letter," she said, "you haven't told me what was in the letter yet, and I would like so much to know if it isn't anything that you wouldn't care to speak of."

"Oh no," he said, "I had forgotten the letter; do you want to see it? There isn't anything in it but what she would say; anyone would know she would say it."

He put his hand in his pocket and drawing out the letter handed it to her.

She took it, and holding it in the bright moonlight read it through without a word. When she had finished she handed it back and said:—

"I think, perhaps, we had better go in now."

He arose and followed her into the house. They were both silent as they ascended the stairs together, but when they reached the top where they would separate he held out his hand, and said:

"Good night, Veronica, I think perhaps we know each other better now than we have any time since I came."

"Yes I'm sure we do," she replied, "and I feel that I know more about myself too," and after a moment's hesitation she added with her eyes cast down upon the floor, "I think perhaps I've only just found out that there is something in life that I've never known very much about before, and," impulsively, "I want to know now all about it. I want to try and have it myself" She was silent a moment, and then said:

"Cousin Harry, will you promise me something?"

"Yes Veronica, what is it?"

"Well," she replied, "I want you to promise that when you come over again you will bring Carrie with you, because—because I think she can tell me all about it."

"AT THE CROSSING OF THE BAR."

ISABEL A. STEACY.

I am a physician. In the sanctity of my profession, many, at the crossing of the bar, have made known to me strange revelations, but none stranger than my own.

I was young, buoyant, happy. Life lay before me. I loved my chosen art—I would make a name for myself. With this end in view, I began my practice in a charming little town, from London not far distant. It was there I met Bernice Earle. Among my first patients was a little blind boy, upon whose eyes I was then operating, in the almost certain hope of leading him into the wondrous fairy land of vision. How sacred is that mystery of impenetrable darkness! As I sauntered out one evening I heard the strains of a sweet child voice. The little fellow was sitting in the helpless attitude of the blind, his tiny hands clasped tightly together. He was singing. It was thus he earned his livelihood. The pathos of his pure, sweet voice touched my heart and hovered there like some heaven-sent seraph. I determined to aid him if science could accomplish it. I applied to the good Rector for a competent nurse. He said he would advise with a lady physician who was then a guest at his house, before starting for India, where she hoped to labor.

And thus I met Bernice. I see her now as she tenderly watched that little one, her tall, graceful form, and sweet, beautiful face forming a strange contrast to the frail, helpless child. Yes, I loved her, as a man loves once only—fondly, faithfully, fervently. Little Harry, thanks to the diligent care of his kind nurse, was now able to have the bandages removed from his eyes. To our inexpressible delight we found that he gave evidence of complete restoration to sight. About this time I was called away to attend a medical convention. I was to be absent a couple of weeks. As I waved a farewell to Bernice my heart misgave me. I chided myself, but could not shake off the oppression which settled upon me. Had she not promised to be mine when the birds had homeward come, and the woods in blossom to their music woke?

The days sped on. O happy days that bring me to my love again! Who but sometimes knows the sorrow born of love. A telegram reached me which froze my very blood,—"Miss Earle died suddenly, come." Of the time which followed I have no consciousness. My brain reeled, my reason tottered. For a brief season all sensation was suspended. I reached home only in time to see her carried to her burial. I had her brought to London and laid beside her parents. She whom I loved so well was now no more. How could I endure the long remaining years of life which separated me from my beloved? I was so young, and the years so cruelly long.

Cholera had just broken out in all its dread power in Hamburg. The papers teemed with accounts of awful significance. I left that very night for Germany. What was death now to me? Love is ever stronger than death. I would henceforth live only that I might be worthy to meet her again. I worked—God knows how faithfully—night and day among the poor and forsaken ones who were left to struggle alone with this plague demon. Many at whose lonely bedside I had watched, many whose dying lips had blessed me, I now carried out myself and buried. Hundreds daily lay awaiting interment. The stillness of death pervaded the streets. Business was suspended. All who could fled from

the ill-fated city. After many weeks of unceasing toil I at last fell a victim. I was taken to a hospital in a van, the number of ambulances being unequal to the demand. Soon after reaching there I became delirious. I saw always before me the face of Bernice. It was so real to me at times that I called to her, and stretched out my hands in a frenzy of despair. One night in an interval of consciousness I saw the face of my beloved bending over me. I sprang up and vainly endeavoured to touch her, but she disappeared. Again I lapsed into delirium and again I saw her sweet face always before me. How long a time I passed in this state I cannot tell, for in delirium as in dream the mind roves at will, unfettered by time or place. One day as I opened my eyes I again saw my own Bernice. Yes, I could not doubt it this time. There was the same graceful bearing, the same pure, thoughtful brow. I scarcely breathed lest she should disappear once more. At last I could bear the suspense no longer, and with laboured breath I whispered hoarsely, "Bernice, my own, my beloved, for God's sake leave me not." What followed I scarce can tell, except that I felt her sweet lips touch my forehead. I was content. In my utter weakness I fell asleep, still clasping that dear hand in mine. It was indeed my own, my lost, my beautiful betrothed. So bewildered was I that me thought I must have died, and that we were now together again in Paradise. Mine was the joy of resurrection vouchsafed but seldom to mortal man. By degrees, as I could bear it, she told me her strange story. She had apparently died of heart failure, but in reality soul and body were still united, although bearing the semblance of death. The students of a certain hospital, hearing of this mysteriously sudden death, determined to investigate the case, salving their consciences with the plea that science demanded such action. Consequently a party of them proceeded to the grave that night, and instead of a corpse behold a living soul! In this dilemma they decided to take Miss Earle to the hospital as a patient, for to their surprise they discovered upon questioning her that with reference to the past memory was a complete void. This accomplished Bernice became an inmate of . . . . . Hospital. The doctors, always interested in a new case, found her's an extremely interesting one. In all respects she was perfectly intelligent, with the exception of this complete lapse of memory with regard to her past life. Having shown marked skill in nursing Bernice soon became installed as a regular nurse. So efficient had she proved that when cholera broke out in Germany, and there was a call from England for volunteer nurses she, always noble, always brave, responded promptly and left for Hamburg. It was her hand which so tenderly nursed me through this dread disease. When first she saw me memory struggled for the mastery, and was at last victorious. The flood gates once opened memory rushed in as a torrent, bearing away with it all the dimness of the past.

And now Bernice, my wife of many years, sits beside me as I write our strange history so strangely interwoven. As I look into her sweet face, ever fair to me, I thank God for "the crossing of the bar," for it brought joy to me.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

BY CHAS. E. KNAPP.

The August number of the LAKE had as its initial article a well written contribution on "Canada and Imperial Federation." Although I think the article irreproachable in style, it seems to me to be based on erroneous premises, and more commendable for its rhetoric than its logic. "Independence" the writer says is "a dangerous dream," and yet two of the ablest politicians in Canada have had such a dream. The Hon. J. A. Chapleau in his celebrated election speech at Terre Bonne said: "In remaining colonists we only retain the prestige and benefit of the powerful protectorate of England, that the great work of gradual emancipation was going on, that the natural march of events would bring about independence." Later Sir John Thompson said: "He could not agree with any terms that would compromise the future independence of Canada." Mr. Hopkins declares that "Annexation is a disgraceful impossibility," and that either "Independence" or "Annexation without due cause is dishonorable as well as difficult, and we may be assured that the mother country will never give us sufficient reason to take either step." While I agree with Mr. Hopkins that "Independence would be dangerous," I am not at one with him when he says, "annexation would be a disgraceful impossibility." I rather choose to agree with some of England's greatest statesmen and best writers, and in confirmation will quote from a few of the very many among them who have discussed the future of Canada in the British House of Lords, on the floor of the British Parliament and in British newspapers and reviews.

Robert Lowe said: "It is idle to conceal from ourselves, that this union of Britain with Canada is in its nature temporary and precarious, and may and probably will be put an end to without misconduct on either side." Lord Blatchford: "There is a period in the life of distant nations, however close their orginal connection, at which each must pursue her own course, whether in domestic or foreign affairs unembarrassed by the others leading. The arrival of that period depends upon growth. Every increase of colonial wealth or numbers or inteligence or organization is a step towards disintegration. The confederation of the Canadas was such a step" Mr. Huskinson, when Colonial Secretary: "He thought the time had come for separation of Canada from the mother country, and her assumption of an independent state." Lord Howick: "We ought to prepare for separation." Richard Cobden: "There will be no repetition of the policy of 1776, on our part to prevent the North American colonies from pursuing their interest in their own way." Ellenborough: "He hoped the government would communicate with the North American colonies with a view to their separation." Brougham: "He was one of those who desired the separation of Canada from the mother country. The idea was not new, it had been entertained by many eminent men. It was shared in by Lord St. Vincent and Lord Ashburton." Derby: "We know that the British North American colonies must before long become independent states.' The Hon. Joseph Howe said he heard a noble Marquis say: "Those British Americans may go and set up for themselves, they may annex themselves to the United States if they please, and no power will be used to prevent them." Lord Monk, the first Govenor General of Canada after his return home in his place

in the House of Lords: "It is in the interest of the mother country that Canada should be taught to look forward to independence, the policy of the government tended to indep ndence. The tie which binds Canada to Britain is a mere sentimental one, and the connection had ceased its uses, and that the colonial relations to Britain were severed when confederation was consummated, and the true mission of Canada was independence." The historian McCarthy wrote: "But one may look a little way into the future as regards Canada. I take it for granted that England will not long hold Canada I do not see how she could suffer in the least, by the severance of the connection. Canada would at present be simply the victim of any war between England and th United States, supposing such a war possible; and she would be to England the sure means of defeat; Canada would be the available battle ground which the United States would naturally choose. They could compel England to come and fight them there, and England could not hold her ground.' The late Sir Henry Taylor wrote: "I cannot but regard the North American provinces as a most dangerous possession to this country, whether as likely to breed war with the United States, or to make war otherwise generated more grievous and disastrous. I do not suppose the provinces to be useless to us at present, but I regard any present uses, not obtainable from an independent nation, to be no more than dust in the balance as compared with evil contingencies." These opinions thus expressed by British statesmen and authors, to which might be added others by the hundred, will relieve alike the advocates of "independence" and "annexation' from being charged with disloyalty, much less with treason. Imperial Federation, Independence and Annexation are fairly and legitimately before the people of Canada for arbitrament. Leaving Independence and Annexation, one or the other of which must come, I purpose just now to discuss "Imperial Federation.'

Mr Hopkins admits that Imperial Federation is "nothing more than the idea which it embodies." An idea he might have said as visionary as a "midsummer's night dream." His statistics shew in part what he proposes to confederate, 318,295,100 people scattered over an area of 11,261,750 square miles, made up of every shade and colour in which humanity has dressed the different races of men, speaking every known language and occupying parts of every continent and many of the islands of the seas, with interest as diverse as their complexions and languages; some educated and Christian and others heathen; some governed by laws perfected by the reforms of the centuries and others only kept in order by brute force. It unfortunately for the advocates of Imperial Federation happens that none of them have attempted to define what is embodied in their idea, and I will now lend them my assistance.

The federations to which Mr. Hopkins refers, the United States, Germany and Austria, are each confined within unbroken boundaries. If Great Britain and her clonies were all thus confined instead of being separated by seas and oceans, his references might be of some value to the advocates of "Imperial Federation." He speaks of Rome and Greece, but they did not fall to pieces because they did not federate with their colonies, but because they could not keep their colonies in subjection to home governments torn by internal dissensions when the interests of those colonies clashed with those of the parent states. Federation might have hastened but would not have prevented their dissolution. Imperial Federation would necessarily have what the United States, Germany and Austria each have, an overall Government. Mr. Hopkins says a name is nothing, and yet he would find it difficult to have a federation without a name, and I think it will puzzle him at the christening to find a name for his child. It is said the greatest difficulty the framers of the North America Act had to contend with was to find a name for the new confederation. "Imperial Federation' would have to be called by some name empire, kingdom, dominion or republic. Mr. Hopkins may start at the latter and exclaim: "Disgraceful imposibility." Our Sovereign Lady Victoria is now Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. When all parts of the immense whole were united under her in

one federation she would have to be something more and higher. Who would take the place now occupied by Victoria as the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland is a difficult problem to solve. They would become a state, perhaps states in the new federation, and I presume would be nothing more, nothing less than each of the other states. The states in the "Imperial Federation" would each have a head appointed by the overall executive or elected by the states. The latter would be rather too republican for Mr. Hopkins, and fifty republics more or less within an "Imperial Federation" would be rather anomalous. The prolific line of Guelph would scarcely afford the material out of which to make emperors, kings, viceregents or by whatever other name they might be called for the subordinate states. If all required were mere viceregents or governors, to use Lord Rosebury's words, England has a large number of nobles she could "send out like bread cast upon the waters, and not always with as much consideration for the adaptability of the person for the office, as the convenience of sending the individual to a colony." The colonies raised to the dignity of states in a federation covering one fifth of the globe might object to having their governors sent to them from a little island thousands of miles away, always provided they had as good if not better material at home. Even now complaints are made by the most conservative elements in Canada. Not long ago the Halifax *Herald*, the most conservative paper in the Dominion, when commenting on Sir Charles Tupper's speech on "Imperial Federation" declared: "Canada cannot much longer be held in leading strings as a mere colony. What does the presence of a British Governor General at Rideau Hall signify to us, except that the first official position in Canada is a mere piece of political patronage in the hands of the Imperial Government." The local or state governors could be appointed or elected, but the next difficulty that meets us is the House of Lords for the new federation. I pause to say that the House of Lords would as now constituted disappear with many thing peculiar to the constitution of Britain that have withstood the attacks of time and reform, but a first chamber, call it by what name you may, would be indispensible. England has if they would be acceptable, lords spiritual and temporal enough to make the required number, but would the states outside the two islands submit to be excluded from the chamber. "I trow not." The dusky Indian and African, the pale Australian and Canadian, with others of the various colours, tribes and races included in the federation would, and that too justly, claim places alongside the Anglo-Saxon aristocrats. The formation of the first chamber, be it House of Lords or Senate, would require the brains of not one, but one hundred Gladstones, to work out what it should be and of whom it should be composed I now with the greatest diffidence, approach the House of Commons, Parliament or Congress. In this Parliament, Commons or Congress, there would necessarily be representatives from each and every state of the federation. It would be composed of the representatives of 3,800,000 speaking each his own tongue How many representatives there would be I cannot say, but by their number and language, they would create another babel. In some matters they would have to legislate for all the states contained in the stupendous whole, such as the national debt, the raising and maintaining the army and navy, diplomatic intercourse with other nations, making war, raising the revenue, and maintaining revenue and other necessary officers and offices throughout its vast extent. This "Imperial Federation," if Mr. Hopkins is right, would require a revenue of 1,000,000,000 to meet an equal expenditure, and would at its birth have to assume a national debt of not less than $6,000,000,000. Truly did Gladstone say as quoted by Mr Hopkins: "The capacity of our legislative organ is limited. Its hands are full, the physical strength of its members is overtaxed" If that be the case now, how would it be with a parliament dealing with the diversified wants within its control of one fifth of the world?

The concluding part of Mr Hopkins article has more to do with the questions of free trade, fair trade and protection, than with that of "Imperial Federation." I shall not therefore, follow him through

that part of his production. I have carefully read and considered very nearly all that has been said and written about "Imperial Federation," and admit that Mr. Hopkins has done the subject more justice than others who have attempted to discuss it. He has kept on the surface while others have soared aloft into the regions of indefiniteness where it is impossible to follow them without a literary balloon. British statesmen have unhesitatingly admitted that Canada must some day become independent of the mother country, and some have even gone so far as to declare that England would not object to the federation of Canada with the United States, but not one of them as far as I know has admitted that "Imperial Federation" is feasible. The furthest the most sanguine have gone is to say: "That it might be urged by some that the connection between Great Britain and her colonies might be placed on a firmer and sounder footing by changing the present imperial relations into those of federal states, so that the general regulations of common interest and responsibilities might be undertaken by a single controlling council, which would have deliberative functions and arbitral authority, with or without eventual powers of legislation and execution." None of the colonies have, and probably none ever will, seriously discuss the question of "Imperial Federation" Without such discussion and the adoption by each colonial people, and in each colonial parliament its consummation is impossible.

All that Canadian "independence" requires to make it *un fait accomple* is the determination of 4 500,000 expressed in parliament by their representatives, and the consent of Great Britain, and all that is required to consummate "annexation" is the approval of 4,500,000 on this side of "the line" and of 65,000,000 on the other side expressed by the Canadian Parliament and the United States Congress, and the approval of the mother country.

Like Mr. Hopkins, I believe that a great change in the relations of Great Britain with her colonies must come in the near or more distant future, but I nevertheless believe that the relations of Canada and the mother country are different from those with any of the other of her colonies. No other colony is the next door neighbour to a powerful state of which it physically is a part, peopled with the same race and independent. Not less than 1,000,000 of the citizens of the United States were born, bred and educated in Canada. The people of the two divisions separated by mere accident when the mother country consented to the separation of one from the parent state have for one hundred years been flowing together. Citizens of Canada pass into the United States, take the oath of allegiance to its government, and become the best subjects of the Commonwealth, feeling that they have done no wrong. At the last Dominion election our politicians of Canada of one party saw in the movement for "unrestricted reciprocity" the spirit of "annexation" and raised their voices against the proposed reform. An election was sprung upon the people with scarce a moment's time for preparation in which all the patronage, all the money that could be spared from the treasury, all that could be procured from government contractors and monopolists postponed the determination of the question, and for a time laid the ghost which Tory politicians saw rising out of unrestricted trade relations between the two most important parts of "North America." Like Banquo's ghost "it will not down" Our politicians like the "nigger" in the play who did not believe in ghosts are casting furtive glances over their shoulders in the direction of the place from whence the ghost is to appear. The day will come.

This article was written before I had read Mr. Longley's excellent communication in the September number of "The Lake." Like him, I believe that those who stamp all inquiries about the future of Canada as traitors are the worst of political bigots. The three questions "Imperial Federation, Independence and Annexation" are now fairly before the people of Canada, and the time must come when they will decide, and no attempt will succeed that has for its object the stifling of the fair discussion of each.

HOW TOBY LOST HIS LEG.

BY MAXWELL GREGG.

So, chile, yo' waint ter know how dis ole niggah done gone lost' he lef' laig, eh? Pyhaps 't were my right laig, for dis wain I hes are de *lef'* wain sho nuf, chile. Haw, haw, haw!

Well yo' see 't were jest dis wise: 'Way back afoah—whoa now, Blin'y, yo' ole piebal' mule! Cain't yo' 'preciate er bit uv de greenes' grass w'en yo' git er chance ter masticate 't? Whoa now! 'n my life sar, I neber see sech er res'less bit uv hoss flesh 's Blin'y, neber. Whoa now! Well 's I were gwine ter twel yo' afoah Blin'y bre'k de confab, 'way back prev'us ter de wah dis niggah b'long ter Marse Gawge. Yo' un'stan' ole Marse Gawge, young Marse Gawge's father, done gone daid an' lef' 'm all he lan' an' all he niggah's, an' er bettah Marse den young Marse Gawge w'nt ter be foun' 'n de whole Souf. Jest 'low me ter 'press dat cle'r 'pon yo' mem'y, chile.

So.

W'en de wah 'tween de Norf an' de Souf bre'k out—reck'n dats afoah yo' eber see de light uv blessed day, chile—Marse Gawge were 'mong de ver' fust ter 'spond ter he kyntry's call ter arms, sar, an' dis ole niggah g'long ter do he body wuk an' ter be 'longside through thick 'an through thin.

So.

Course I were younger 'n dem days den I are now, an' my laigs were 's strong 's en'body's Now I'se on'y er bu'st-up niggah 'ith wain laig cle'r gone an' 'ith de udder jest 'bout worfless.

So.

'Membah 't were putty hawd wuk fur Marse Gawge ter part 'ith he mother, de ole missus, an' dar were er lump 's big 's er taty 'n moah chotes den dis ole niggah's w'en de ole lady fro she arms 'bout de young man's neck an' weep an' wail twel she hairt were putty neah bu'st fur feah she deah boy 'ud neber moah come back ter he ole home 'cept daid 's er doah-nail 'n he coffing.

So.

But duty ter he kyntry hed ter be did, chile, an' Marse Gawge—Whoa Blin'y, yo' eejit! Cain't yo' nibble er jiffy twal I hab er few frien'ly wuds 'ith de gem'un heah? Whoa now! Lemme see. sar, wh' were I? Yaas, yaas; me an' Marse Gawge we sot out ter de wah ter fight fur de ca'se uv de Souf, an' I twel yo' Marse Gawge he waint through 't 'ithout er mu'm'r, sar, an' neber tu'n er hair 'cept onct, an' den he kyrage did'nt fo'sake 'm ca'se he were were ready ter go 'foah de Lawd 'ith er cle'r hairt, sar, an' dat am er mighty good thing ter hab 'n do cons'tution, I reck'n. A'nt 't, sar?

So.

Well 't were jest w'en de wah were hottest—an' good Gord 't were hot. Marse Gawge, un, stan,' were no common sojah but er loot'n't—calc'late dats wh' dey call'm—an' he fight un'er Kunnel Robingson uv de "El'phants," 's brave er sojah, sar, an' 's brave er reg'ment sar, 's were 'n de whole Souf. Well wain day jest w'en de wah were hottest de kunnel he call Marse Gawge an' he twel'm dat mos' 'mpo'tant 'nfo'mation hed ter be 'spatched by wud uv mouf ter de Richum 'vision, an' he waint ter send er trus'y fellah 'ith 't, an' Marse Gawge he were de trus'iest 'n de whole reg'ment.

So.

Well we sot out early 'n de mawnin,' me 'n er hoss an' Marse Gawge he 'n er hoss. 'T were de hottest day I eber pass through, an' we rid de whole blessed mawnin' an' de whole blessed af'ernoon 'n de boilin' sun. Jest 's ebenin' were comin,' an' de air were gettin' cool lack,

Marse Gawge all uv er sudden come ter er fork 'n de road 's flabgast de young man fur he did'nt know 't were dar an' were mighty un'cided ter go ter de lef' er ter de right. 'T were p'plexin sho nuf, but Marse Gawge 'ith he keen eye spy er cabin up de road an' he 'clude ter p'esent he comp'ments ter de occ'pants an' 'quire de propah way.

So.

Er-comin' ter de shanty we see de doah 't were stan'in' wide open an' de house 's emp'y 's ef de ole bailiff hisse'f hed gone plum through 't. But jest 's we were tu'nin' ter go er-way-Whoa now, Blin'y. Cain't yo' stop yo' foolin' fur er few secon's?—sum'un done pop he haid out an' holler. 'T were er sojah uv de Confed lack Marse Gawge hisse'f an' w'en he beck us ter go back we tu'n right er-bout.

So.

'Foah de Lawd I'se neber gwine ter fergit de sight 's met dis niggah's gaze, an' w'en I look 'pon 't de ver' wool uv my haid come out'n curl an' my blood friz up. 'Membah I were 'customed ter see sech sights 'ca'se dar were heaps uv daid sojahs lyin' 'bout de kyntry 's hed been shot cle'r through de hairt, but dis wain lyin' dar 'pon de cabin floah kin' uv look g'as'ly. De libin sojah he twelx us de daid were he frien' 's hed gone toes up 'n de line uv march, an' dey hed lef' 'm behin' ter dig er grave fur de po' fellah an' 'sign he body ter de airf 'ith 'spec'bil'ty lack. De po' sojah were 'n sech grief, sar, ober he frien's deaf dat I sperience er chokey feelin' w'en he were twelin me an' Marse Gawge he sad tale.

So.

Fur de lan's sake I done cle'n fergit ter twel yo' dat arter we hed lef' de camp dat mawnin' Marse Gawge he done tack off'n he coat ter keep cool, an' hang 't 'pon de saddle. Arter we hed gone pyhaps twainty-five mile—'t mought er been moah er 't mought er been less—Marse Gawge he miss he coat. Sho nuf 't were gone, but dar were nuffin 'n 't an' Marse Gawge he 'clude bettah ter let 't go den tu'n back pyhaps de whole way 'foah we come 'cross 't.

So.

Well jest 's we were ridin' er-way f'om de cabin arter gettin'g 'structions how ter go sum'un done come holler arter us. 'T were de sojah 'ith he daid frien's coat 'n he han's.

"Tack 't," he say ter Marse Gawge, "po' Dick he waint need 't neber moah now. You' a'nt got wain, and 't looks lack rain."

Sho nuf 't did, an' Marse Gawge he tack de daid sojah's coat an' put 't 'pon himse'f.

Den arter er while we come ter de junney end.

So.

W'en Marse Gawge go ter de gen'al's quatahs 'ith he message f'om Kunnel Robingson dis niggah follah at he heels; an' w'en Marse Gawge ope he lips ter p'sent he comp'ments de gen'al he jump ter he feet an' pointin' ter er leetle cross wuk 'ith silk 'pon de daid sojah's coat he cry out,

"'Res' dat man, s'a'ch he clothes, an' bring wh' yo' fin' ter me."

Course Marse Gawge 'jected ter sech p'ceedings but he were hustled er-way 'n er jiffy an' lef' me stan'in' er-lone.

"Yo' wood-haid eejit," I say ter de gen'al, "Marse Gawge hes 'mpo'tant 'nfo'mation f'm Kunnel Robingson an' a'nt got ter be s'a'ched fur 't 'ca'se 't are 'n he haid an' not 'n he pockets."

"Silence!" de ole fool holler, an' 'n er jiffy I were hustled er-way too.

So.

'Foah Gord I'se neber gwine ter fergit dat mis'oble night. Dey 'ud'nt let dis ole niggah git sight uv po' Marse Gawge, an' I know nuffin about he twel de mawin' . . . .Whoa, Blin'y! Cain't yo' whisk de flies 'ith yo' tail 'ithout kickin' dem heels? Whoa now!

De tramp, tramp uv sojahs wuk me out'n er doze, an' w'en my eyes ope de sight I see 'most tu'n me white.

"Good Gord," I say springin' up an' runnin' fo'wa'd, fur sho 's I breafe dar were Marse Gawge stan'in' 'g'in er tree 'ith he arms tied an' afoah 'm er file uv sojahs 'ith dar guns ready ter pop he haid off'n.

"Fools an' eejits," I holler runnin' ter Marse Gawge an' stan'in' 'tween hims'f an' de sojahs . . . Whoa, Blin'y! Whoa now!

Well dats how Toby done los' he lef' laig, sar, Jest got er ball plum 'n de

thigh. 'T were calc'lated ter hit Marse Gawge 'n de hairt, but w'en dey see me run 'foah 'm dey pause an' de ball wh' hit me were de wuk uv er sojah's nuvusness, sar. Mighty good luck 't did'nt go cle'r through ole Toby's gizzard, sar.

So.

Course 't mought er been fix up only I sot plum off'n ter Kunnel Robingson ter twel 'm 'bout 'Marse Gawge. Dey calc'-late ter spare de young man twel he nig-gah got back an' give me twainty hours ter do 't. W'en I come back, sar de lef' laig hed ter come off'n quick 's grease light'in'.

But Marse Gawge he were sabed, sar, an' w'n de wood-haid gen'al were sat'sfied dat de coat Marse Gawge hed. W'n't his'n, an' de 'crimination papahs 'n de pockets w'n't his'n, he were flabgast sorry fur he conduct', sar, he were.

Yo' see de sojahs 'n de ole cabin hed done gone skip out'n de gen'al's camp, sar, an' somehow de ole fellah foun' dey were spies, an' w'en Marse Gawge p'esent himse'f afoah de gen'al 'ith de ver' coat ith er cross wuk 'n de bussom 's ef er sweet-hairt hed put 't dar he gen'al jump ter de 'clusion dat Marse Gawge were wain uv de run'way spies, sar. An' w'en dey fin' 'crimination' papahs 'n de pockets 's de sojah had lef' dat de gen'al doom po' Marse Gawge ter be shot, sar. Dat ill'strates de fac', chile, dat yo' 'orten ter jump 't er 'clusion case yo' butt yo' haid 'g'in er brick wall.

G'long Blin'y! De ole woman hes er cat fit 'foah dis, 'ca'se 't are 'way pas' ole Toby s suppah time. G'long now!

THE MISTS OF MINAS.

BY W. G. MACFARLANE.

Northward the ramparts blue of Minas vale,
  Extend dim-outlined in a sea of haze;
  That folds the fix-tipped hill-tops in a daze,
Of fleecy grey massed high above the dale.
The curling rolling wreaths of sea-fogs pale,
  Winding in wild confusion charm the gaze;
  And bathed in sunset glory's golden blaze,
Cast o'er the meads their ruddy radiant trail.

'Tis twilight hour, the sun is sinking low,
  The long bright shafts in myriad colors cast,
    The soft mists paint in fancies strange and apt.
Earth tired, rests bathed in the heaven's glow,
  In weird bewilderment the mount looms vast;
    Asleep in warm white arms the hills are wrapt.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

A MODERN BELLE.

BY MISS L. O'LOANE.

Dora Fenton was trying to get her tennis hat firmly fastened on. Not that the hat was a protection from the sun, nor that she wanted such protection, but that it was becoming. Though she had, that "glory of a woman," long hair, it was, in color, like hay that has been exposed to rain and sun Dame nature seemed to have favored that tint at her birth, for her complexion, with some warmer touches on the cheeks, repeated the coloring, in a lighter shade; the scarlet hat was artistic in this neutral setting, she thought. It was difficult to adjust the hat properly because of a golden dagger that she wore thrust through the coils of her hair—a handsomely chased dagger of rare workmanship—for a time it seemed as though one or the other must be sacrificed, but at last mind triumphed over matter, the poise of the hat, the position of the dagger left nothing to be desired, the glow of conquest was hers.

Dora Fenton had youth, but not beauty, strength, but not grace, muscle, but not the softly rounded limbs of Demeter's fair daughter. Neither witty nor clever, she despised wits and savants. Though considered a model of amiability, she despised this quality too, but having observed that it was very easy for most people to be disagreeable, she determined to be an exception.

As she took down her racket she felt that in three points, she need give place to none—she had money, perfect physical health, equally perfect self-control, and all at twenty. The refractory dagger had delayed her, but when she reached the court, only one person was there, a good-looking young fellow of about twenty-five; his tennis suit, shoes, curled mustache, pointed beard were correctly perfect, and perfectly correct. So too, his graceful lounging attitude, as well as his manner of raising his hat, which was in strong contrast to the indifferent abrupt nod with which Dora greeted him.

"The first, Mr. Van Dusen?" Dora said, "Yes." He answered, "but you are late." "The others, later," Dora said laconically. "Oh" Conrad Van Dusen replied, 'you know, Jack's friend from New York came last night, Jean is bringing him in place of Jack, and she will have to spend ages before the glass." "Why?" Dora sweetly asked, as if she had not been fully informed of the presence of "Jack's friend," and had not spent "ages" herself, before the glass,—such is femininity. Because the fellow has half a dozen millions or so, I suppose.

Mr. Van Dusen looked down at his shapely foot as he said this, and impatiently tapped the toe of his shoe with his racket. 'Tis hard to confess that there are others who have something stronger than anything we possess. Especially if we have been making love to two charming young ladies, and see if not "the course of true love," our plans destined not to run smoothly.

Now Dora had known without much observation these plans, and enjoyed his discomfiture, as she stood idly watching the light dappling, the tennis court with shining spots as the neighboring branches swayed to and fro. But his further remark was prevented by the arrival of the truants Jean Fraser and Harold Macintosh. There was little ceremony about beginning the game, Mr. Macintosh had come to play tennis, and played. "What are we waiting for?" He would certainly have queried, but the tender "smothered kiss, and stifled sigh," would not have suggested itself.

Dora and Conrad were both fine players. Dora was so good that the latter had always avoided playing alone against her. Had he been beaten by a woman, his self love would have turned and rent him, playing doubles he could always blame his partner. when beaten.

Harold played magnificently, Jean indifferently, she could not resist little graceful poses, which often interfered with her play; she was like a bright flitting bird, onlookers said, but her partners usually gnawed their mustaches, and laughed in an embarrassed way as they assured her that her failures were nothing.

Conrad and Dora won set after set, until Jean declared she could play no more. The color was coming and going in her troubled sweet face as she said, "Perhaps if I were not so stupid, and had helped to win a single game, I might not be so tired, but my constant bad playing has made me weak, I am so sorry for you Mr. Macintosh."

Mr. Macintosh, as cool and unruffled as if he had been lolling in an easy chair, said, "Don't think of me Miss Fraser, it really doesn't matter." Turning to Dora he said, "I believe you and I could beat the world."

"At least, I should like to try," she answered.

Chance words are like electricity, they have unknown powers of development, the contemplation of which appals. Both their minds were heated and illuminated, each suddenly felt the other desirable. There was a moment when there is an inexplicable "something in the air." Jean and Conrad felt restless and unhappy. Perhaps the flow of mind-waves brings these sudden enlightenments, but the ebb comes so soon, that we wonder greatly in the darkness why we were so sure of what we thought we saw and felt.

Dora did not let the momentary pause last.

"My new boat just came this morning, shall we try it?" she said.

It seemed that all, save Jean, wanted to row, she was put in the stern to steer, Conrad took the stroke seat, while Dora and Harold sat together with an oar each. Conrad gave vent to his feelings by starting off at racing speed; the others caught his stroke immediately. Nothing was said for a few minutes, when Harold remarked, "How well our strokes suit each other, Miss Fenton."

Conrad made a sudden spurt, spoiling their self-gratulation, his oars scraped theirs.

"What's up?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing, except that you changed your stroke," Harold answered. The boat went swiftly on for a little while longer, the occupants of the middle seat seemingly finding numerous subjects of conversation. Conrad asked suddenly, "Are we to land here?" He was justified, for the boat was getting perilously near the shore.

"Jean," Dora called, "isn't your steering rather wild?"

It must be confessed that their course had been peculiarly serpentine, but no one had noticed it till then. Poor Jean left quite out in the cold, had been thinking how very disagreeable the world was, at least that afternoon, coming back from her broodings she would pull the tiller rope, then forget her duty for some moments, until suddenly recalled. But she quietly answered, "I was going to ask you to let me out here, you see we are just by the gate of our kitchen-garden. I neglected to give cook a message from father." For Jean's mother was dead.

"Oh, must you go?" Dora asked.

Of course Mr. Macintosh was going to land too, equally of course Jean would not permit it.

There was a re-adjustment in the boat, Dora must "have a try at the oars with both hands." Harold sat in the stern, watching the steady rise and fall of her straight back, and the gleam of the Eastern dagger in her hair.

The dining-room at the Fraser's looked very beautiful that night, the table, the flowers, were exquisite, so was Jean. Her father and three brothers looking at her were sure she was the bonniest girl in the Dominion; Harold Macintosh thought, "By Jove, the little witch is lovely." Too much a woman to allow him to think she had felt neglected that afternoon, she was the charming hostess. Played Beethoven, Daorak, Paderewsky, so delightfully that he forgot utterly the afternoon's tennis and boating.

Later when he and Jack Fraser were

smoking their final cigar, Jack said, "You met Dora Fenton to-day." "Yes," he answered, "how splendidly she plays tennis and rows."

"She does everything well," Jack replied. Then someway neither cared to continue the conversation. Jack and Dora had emulated Jack and Jill of nursery fame, in their early days, when one fell down the other usually "came tumbling after." Jack's three years of seniority made him an object of much respect to Dora during childhood, but by one of those sleight of hand tricks of Time, the dignity and wisdom were Dora's now, and Jack gave her respect. Dora, a "finished" young lady and the sole heiress of a wealthy father, looked at the world with a sphinx-like gaze very unlike the anxious peering of Jack, who, though an honor graduate of his university, was still a law-student. His father had ample means, but four children, and was, moreover, a man who believed in boys making their own way in the world. Jack had too generous a nature to think of what might eventually be his, could he have done this, his father's iron constitution was one that would postpone the final adieus to life far beyond the scriptural three-score-and-ten.

But habit is very strong, Jack had loved Jean in pinafores, and could not cease to love her in evening-dress. Fearing to lose all by venturing too much he was restless and unhappy, jealous, just now, of Conrad Van Dusen, and unable to keep back suspicious thoughts of his friend Harold. The latter and he had met first when he had gone to New York on business for his firm, for Harold was studying law too, and had been sent in turn to Montreal. They had conceived a great liking for each other, Jean had gone to visit friends in New York, Harold had called, and had not concealed his admiration for his friend's sister. Now Harold had observed that the cyclones of fortune respect nothing in their course, and had resolved to be prepared for any such onslaught, and so had been very diligent in his profession notwithstanding his hampering millions; this added to his other qualities had made Jack hitherto regard him as an American Admiral Crichton. Now when all sorts of thoughts about him came crowding into his mind, like the old woman in the fairy tale, he felt surely "this is none of I." And when he found himself speculating upon the earliest date when Harold could be expected to leave, he hated himself bitterly.

Harold's dreams were strangely disturbed that night, Dora and Jean danced a minuette, then they merged into a kalidoscope, sometimes one face and then the other gleaming out from the changing colors. This was very annoying. Jean had never danced into his slumbers before, nor had any other of the many fair ones before whose shrine he had temporarily bowed. He looked at his tongue in the morning, took his temperature, thumped his chest, but finding nothing abnormal, he thought of the disturbers of his dreams till breakfast. Then he grew quite calm in the presence of one of them.

A few days later Mr. Fraser, Jean, Harold Macintosh, and Jack were at a dinner-party at the Fenton's. Jean's beauty, grace, and wit prevented a return of the kalidoscopic trouble until they were all in the drawing-room, when Dora sang. She sang the "Shadow Song," and Mr. Fraser forgot that he had been wishing for his after-dinner nap, she sang a cradle song and Jack felt his heart beating till he could hear it, at somebody's urging she sang, "Who'll be King but Charlie" and Harold Macintosh left his place by Jean to go to Dora to look into her eyes and say, "Thank you."

There was only one face standing out from the mingled colors now. Within a month their engagement was announced, before three had passed they had sailed for Egypt.

IN JANUARY.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS

I walk out from the city; and the noise
Of jangling sleigh-bells, laughing girls, and press
Of hurrying feet grow gradually less.
Here, further on, are groups of lusty boys
Careering, in strong health's full equipoise,
Over broad fields stretched out in their soft dress
Of snow, faint-colored with the light caress
Of waning, yellow sunshine. Now sound cloys
The hearing less with fresher sounds: a bark;
The creaking of a farm sleigh with its load
Moving to urban traffic down the mark
Suburban toil hath made—this country road;
The hum of roadside wires; and then—hark!
The city's calls and bells—toil's wordless ode!

So hath the year begun—so may it end;
So last year ended—and it so began.
December breathed its last sigh to the van
Of January hours. May God send
A reign of peace such as His grace did lend
To Rome, when under Numa, for a span
Of two-score years and three, the hand of man
Sought not to war, nor needed to defend.
May Janus' temple's gates for us be set!
May ruler's souls some sweet Egeria find
To counsel love and justice, such as met
Within the compass of Pompilius' mind!
And may each day's dear Hesperus ne'er forget
To shine as now—come storm, or calm, or wind!