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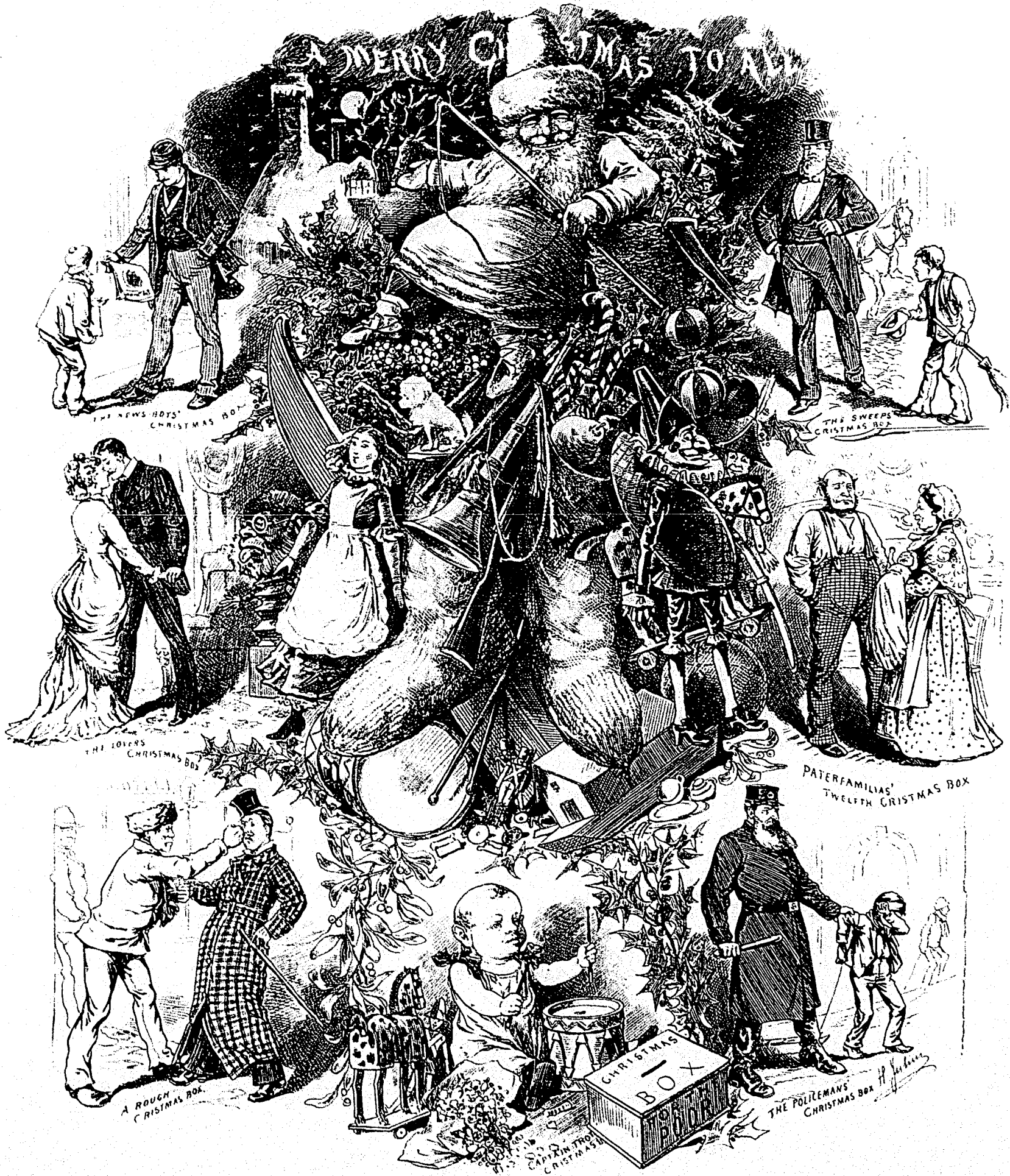
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FRIDAY Wholesale News

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A SERIES OF CHRISTMAS BOXES.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESKARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 22nd, 1877.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

We take occasion of the present issue to wish all the friends and patrons of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS a most Happy Christmas. We trust also that we shall long continue in intercourse together, and that the pleasant relations which have hitherto existed among us may be enhanced. After this salutation, we shall not detain them further, but introduce them at once, with our compliments, to the literary and artistic feast which we have spread out before them.

1877.

ON the eve of a new year, and the opening of the seventeenth volume of our journal, we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think that we have fulfilled the promises which we made twelve months ago. But we feel that there still remains much to be done, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. It is also the only purely literary weekly. In this double capacity it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect, PICTORIAL AND EDITORIAL, the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

Its principal features are:

- I. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.
- II. A complete gallery of all Canadian celebrities, with biographies attached. This gallery has now reached beyond three hundred, and is the only one of the kind ever published in the country.
- III. The reproduction of the finest works of art.
- IV. A great variety of original and selected literary matter.
- V. Stories, sketches, poems, and other contributions by leading Canadian writers.
- VI. Special attractions for the home circle.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how much it can still be improved, and we warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support, and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage.

We have made the present almost exclusively a Christmas number, holding over for that purpose a mass of otherwise interesting material. We are pleased to find, among other gratifying signs of public appreciation, that our column of Notes and Queries is attracting wide attention. Several gentlemen have already contributed to it whose articles will be published next year. We invite all students of antiquity and all who are fond of research either to send us their notes, propound their queries, or write replies to questions asked, having no doubt that we shall thus be enabled to accumulate a great deal of most valuable matter.

SURSUM CORDA.

(A Christmas Hymn.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. P. R.

Watch! the day is breaking, one tardy star
Glimmers through the crown of vapours from afar:
Give to the earth her part,
To Jesus give thy heart.

Watch! it is the morning,—skies all bright,
But on the horizon, one speck, black as night—
Rises, widens, wild with storm,
Hope, and dread no harm.

Watch! the moon is on, the sun is high and burning,
Rest from worldly toil, while yet there is a turning:
Hands drop folded, spirit soar,
Knees incline, and soul adore.

Watch! the night is coming, the chill airs creep on high,
To where the sunlight lingers, soon to fade and die,
Get thee closer, God has smiled,
His two arms are round his child.

L. Original. Oct.

R. L.

OLD CHRISTMAS-DAYS.

This is Christmas-eve. I am an old man now, living my quiet days not unhappily; surrounded, thank Heaven, with every kind of comfort, having come to a quiet port after stormful seas, with very much of what Shakespeare tells us should accompany old age, "as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." But I know that mine is the twilight of life, corresponding with this brief wintry twilight of Christmas-tide, and am content that the tender gracious darkness should in due season wrap me round. I find that I forget many things. I fail to remember all that law business which I had to attend to yesterday. I am not uneasy about it. My son John is a good man and a clever; and I have laid most worldly things on the shelf now. I do not care for politics, and new books, and fresh inventions, as I once did. It is very right that these things should be vigorously carried on in the busy roving life around me, the murmur of which, afar off, sounds not unmusically to me. These things interested me once most deeply. But I have had my day. I am content now to yield all things to younger men. I have had my place at the fair banquet, and as a satisfied guest, I am ready to yield my place to those who are coming afterwards. But while I forget so much, I remember the old Christmas-days. I may forget even the recent Christmas-days, but I am true to the old ones, as I somehow think that in a sort of way they are true to me. In fact, I count by them. They are my kalends. I bind fact to fact and date to date by their recurrence. I close my eyes, and, as in the shifting of a kaleidoscope, scene after scene passes by me in rapid transition, and with one beloved form gliding through most of them. I see the roaring fires, the circling wassail-cup, the merry party; but most my memory seems to cling to the garlanded columns and pictured perspective of the one or two old churches which I know best. In reverie I hear the merry bells of Yule, I listen to the solemn music of my favourite anthems.

Yes, I love my old Christmases. In my life, in a remarkable degree, each Christmas has been a centre and a pivot. Each seemed the unveiling of a new scene in a drama, a point of departure for a fresh epoch in life.

I was one of a large family, and we held Christmas-day in high esteem. For many years there was the glad succession of beautiful Christmas feasts. We were at our house great admirers of the cheerful Christmas philosophy of Charles Dickens. Beef and plum-pudding, turkey and champagne, crackers, bonbons, dances, kisses. It was all very nice, so far as it went, as long as it lasted. I did not understand then, as I came to understand afterwards, the struggles of my father, a slender-beneficed clergyman, from one bounteous Christmas to another. We were a house of many kinsmen, and towards Christmas hamper upon hamper flowed in, so that we not only had the pleasure of receiving, but the more exquisite pleasure of also being givers in our turn. We were motherless children, and the father did his best to be motherlike as well; and my sisters, while still little creatures struggling with French verbs and the musical scale, were wondrous wise and solemn, planning all sorts of housewifely things with preternatural ability, especially at Christmas-tide, in a superior manner, which might make any one believe that they had gone through life beforehand, and heaped up experiences in a previous state of existence.

Once I remember having a very thorough and curious acquaintance with Christmas-tide in various aspects and with various people. Old Lady Toddington, who lived at the pretty villa out-

side the town, had put a ten-pound note into my father's hand, with the words on the envelope, "For the deserving poor." Lady Toddington, when she gave the money, might as well have included him under the definition. There was never a time when he would not be the better for ten pounds. The living looked large enough in the nominal returns, but there were so many outgoings that the net returns were surprisingly different. There was no School Board in those days, and the responsibility rested almost entirely on the Vicar, which is now equally distributed among the ratepayers. I know our school cost my father three times what it cost the Squire or any landowner in the place. I think my father would have been entitled to half that note, and I am sure that Lady Toddington, if she had taken the trouble to think at all about the matter, would have offered no objection. The people who most want our help, are not the very poor, but those of the class impinging upon ourselves, who have, as the saying goes, a hard struggle to keep their heads above water. My father had no thought for himself. But he was very busy that week with the extra Christmas sermons, and he left the distribution to my sister and myself. He was wise and just, and gave us a list of his poor friends, and told us generally what we were to do. There was one case, however, about which he gave very special directions. This was that of an old clerk who lived in a neat little row of houses, a clerk in our country bank, as punctual and punctilious as the bank itself. He had a long family, and one or two sick ones among them. Father told us to send him a decent Christmas hamper, and not to forget some wine and brandy. It was impossible to offer the old clerk money; for him to accept it would be to acknowledge himself defeated in that life-long struggle against poverty which he had so nobly sustained. But that hamper would come in very sweet, not only in the contents, useful enough to a large family at Christmas, but as suggesting thoughts, sincerely enough entertained, of sympathy and regard toward him.

And let me not record it, to the honour of Grimes, our grocer, that in packing our hamper, and probably divining its import, although he assured us that sugar gave him a little loss, and tea very little profit, he added some currants and crackers, and a whole bottle of wine, which undeniably must have been something out of Mr. Grimes's pocket.

So we worked away with a will that Christmas-eve, and being unable to get through our gracious labour that day, we reserved a few hours for it on Christmas-day itself. The old dowager's money enabled us to deal with various cases after a substantial fashion. When there was some dull, heavy, worthless, but old fellow, who would be sure to drink away the money in gin and beer, we laid out the money in purchases to the best of our judgments. But when there was some careful housewife, who doubtless would lay out the money better than we could, and perhaps had her own various calls for Christmas-tide, we handed her the cash. Upstairs and down-stairs we went, climbing the stairs and penetrating to the parlours of our town. Wherever we went, we saw evidence of the Christmas season. There was always the Christmas pudding, or something that did duty for the Christmas pudding. There was an old woman, who lived very contentedly on bread and water, occasionally varied with something a little better. But she was hale and hearty, and bore the weight of her well-nigh ninety years cheerfully. I know very rich people who would give up their riches if they could only have her years and health. There was another old woman with her, whom I found out to be her daughter, who had once been house-keeper in a gentleman's family, and who had been bequeathed a small pension for faithful services. For the first time for years, she had come to her mother's this Christmas, and had been able to bring her a lot of good things. Their feeble hands had stuck bits of holly about the house, and their quavering voices were giving out some old Christmas tune. In one or two places I found servant-girls who had come home to spend Christmas with their parents, or, at least, had sent them a present of some of their wages. Relations and old friends, who had not written for years, were writing to one another now. In the streets the children were singing their carols, and high up in the steeples the bells were sounding their glad carillons. There is something in the very aspect of the streets, in the ladies' furs and sables, in the worn frail attire of even the poorest, that is cheerful. I know that there is beef and plum-pudding in the workhouse, and I would trust—though I am by no means so certain—in the prison. In all the cottages around there are mighty hams, worthy of Chicago, for the pig has been killed which is to do something towards the Christmas rent and much towards the Christmas festivities. I early learned to be thankful that Christmas comes, when it does, in the dreariest part of the year, enabling men practically to exhibit peace and good-will, rather than at a time of fruits and flowers, which might almost encourage men to take a selfish epicurean view of life.

On a Christmas-eve it was that I first saw my Aglaia. She came bounding into the drawing-room that evening, having come to spend the Christmas holiday with us. She came to me and clasped my hands and kissed my forehead, for we were not second cousins, once or twice removed or so, which made no difference; and we agreed that we had been, and would be, friends and relations all our lives. Her name was not really Aglaia—indeed, it was very dif-

ferent, being simply Sara; but in those days I was painfully hammering away at the *Odyssey*, with a dim perception, amid the drudgery of the grammar and lexicon, of the divine depths of poetry revealed by old Homer, and the name of one of the nymphs was Aglaia, the said name signifying brightness and joy; and so I gave Sara (observe, not Sarah) the pet name, the *plume de plume* of Aglaia. It was a comfort to rave about Aglaia, or talk sensibly about Aglaia, or write verses to Aglaia, and no one actually to know who Aglaia might be, except, indeed, Aglaia herself, to whom some of the verses were at first starting painful—indeed exceedingly painful; but just as I hammered some sense out of the *Odyssey*, so I hammered some sense into my verses. It was the next Christmas-eve that I proposed to Aglaia—I remember it so well—and not the next Christmas-eve, but the one after that, I proposed once more, and was accepted. You see I was only seventeen when I perpetrated the first offer, and she lay back on the drawing-room settee, and went into a peaking fit of delicious delicious laughter. She was nineteen—two whole years ahead of me—and gave herself the air of being my grandmother. That Christmas-day, during dessert, I made a collection of all the most sentimental notices in the crackers and bonbons, which I read with I don't know how much feeling and emphasis, while she laughed immoderately at the very great nonsense exhibited by myself and by my mottoes. But this I will say for myself, that for the intervening years, and indeed all my lifetime, she was my ownest Aglaia, and I never had an Aglaia beside. I believe she knew and felt this, and this ultimately caused her to reward my devotion. For, lingering one Christmas-eve in the drawing-room, where we sometimes found ourselves alone, while the others were going on with the decorations at the church, hard by—when I was pressing what I had begun to consider a sad and hopeless suit, I found Aglaia's bright eyes dim with tears, and she could hardly answer me. And later, meeting her on the dark staircase, without a word we found that our arms were around each other and our lips sealed; and then, of course, matters were settled. I cannot say that we were married on Christmas-eve; but there came a Christmas-eve when it was arranged that we should commence a new life with the new year. But before then I had waited Christmas after Christmas for my wife—seven years in all—and I could have waited another seven before I would have my Aglaia.

It was so odd bringing my Sara, *alias* Aglaia home, to spend the very next Christmas-day we had. How the old servants grinned to see Master Johnny and his wife! How it was a matter for which my old nurse, still extant, opined that I ought to be slapped and sent to bed! Our one grand sleeping-apartment at the vicarage—best room, or guest-room, or sleeping-room as it was severally called—was set apart for us with all the wealth of ornament and comfort which the dear dad could give. It was the grand room where the Bishop had slept when he came to confirm, and where Uncle Robert, an irascible gentleman from whom we had expectations never realized, figuratively speaking pitched his tent.

How charmingly pretty and becoming the bride looked at church! and indeed most of the congregation had some knowledge of her. My old schoolmaster—the Rev. Othello Gumbler, of King Edward's Grammar School—who had always entertained the meanest opinion of my power of translating the *Odyssey*, expressed an opinion, which came round to us, as such opinions generally do, that my wife was a great deal too good for me—which was so far complimentary to my wife; and he wondered how in the world I persuaded her to have me, which was by no means complimentary to myself. He remarked sarcastically that your Queen Titania was always partial to a certain description of animal, which, upon investigation, I found to be a donkey. It was not very civil, but I never could bear that man. He was always my Doctor Fell. I little thought at the time that this was to be my last Christmas-tide at the old home. The dear old father passed to his rest, and we never all met again, as in former years. He passed away, leaving blessed words of comfort and hope to those around him, and seeing blessed visions with his fading eyes, which we earthly ones could not see.

There was a large family of us, and his last anxiety was what would become of those of us who were not placed in life. And indeed, in a clergyman's family, the death of the clergyman is a most serious matter in a business point of view. The branch falls, and the warm nest upon it falls at the same time. When an incumbent dies, his income dies with him that very day; all accruing proceeds are scroved up for the next incumbent, after paying the necessary expenses of carrying on the services. Unluckily it is hard on families, but then my father had entered upon this arrangement, and in the first instance had reaped the benefit of it. It so happened that none of his earthly cares were realized. We have done as well, under a kindly Providence, as if he had been spared to help us. Next Christmas we were all assembled under a roof of my own, where I had heaped up the Christmas fires on my own hearth, and gathered my own Lares and Penates, where Aglaia welcomed all my brothers and sisters, who had been so kind to her. And close to Aglaia lay an infant—John the Third, we call him—who seemed given as some compensation for the life we had lost, who gazed fixedly at the mountain of light in the chandelier, and who seemed to

seize and devour with avidity the red berries of the holly.

Looking back on my long life, of course I remember many Christmases. There have been different kinds of Christmases. It seems to me that the old Christmas-days were colder and more snowy than our late Christmases, except, perhaps, on the east coast. Once, and only once, do I remember being really snowed up. We were living then on the skirts of a vast moorland region; we told ourselves, with bated breath, that the snow lay so many feet deep in the courses and gullies. The butcher's and the grocer's carts missed us on one occasion, but it was not really important; our very liberal orders of the week before, given in good time, had been duly delivered. Add to this, my brother-in-law, a very good shot, had managed to knock off an extraordinary number of woodcocks who were haunting the marshy ground about our place; so that, with old ale and wine, we were able, despite all things, to spend our Christmas cheerfully and royally. I had been a salesman, and was now a traveller in an old-established firm where I am now a senior partner, and where my son John is a junior partner. That old Rev. Olinthus Grindler had not been so far wrong when he declared that it was quite impossible that I should ever do much good with Greek and Latin. I thought that the streets of London would be paved with gold, which is so far true that gold laid on many a London site would not suffice to buy it; and also that I should soon make my fortune, in which idea I was egregiously mistaken, as have been many other good fellows. I found a small business connection with my firm already existing, and I worked it into something much larger. I had taken a house tolerably central for this district, but at other times I had to make long journeys—journeys to Wales, to Scotland, and to Ireland, and on one occasion to one of the colonies. I always attempted to get back to home and to Aglaia, but on several occasions, both before and after my marriage, I had to spend Christmas away from home. I am thankful to say that those Christmases have left a very cheerful impress on my memory. I was only one degree less happy than if I had been at home. The first time I was away from home was during the single year which I spent at Cambridge. I had during the last term of that year been working very hard. O, how I wish that in the days of my boyhood the Reverend Olinthus had tied me up now and then, and had given me a few dozen, in order that I might learn things which I ought to have known before I went up to the University! My father had told me, and he was a man who always put the truth fairly before me, that unless I obtained this scholarship he would be unable to keep me at college. I did not obtain this scholarship, and I did not continue at Cambridge; but at the same time I have found that it has always been of use to me in business that I passed a year in an English university. I and some other fellows had been "swotting," as the term used to go, during the Christmas vacation—a sort of thing which is encouraged at Cambridge, though I believe not at Oxford—and we dined in hall that day—an extremely good dinner; and the dean of our college, now a right reverend prelate, sent us down with his compliments a couple of peculiarly tawny bottles of port, in which we drank his very good health and all prosperity to him, an inspiration which has been fully gratified.

Again, I remember passing a Christmas, in pursuance of a kind invitation, in one of the pretty islands immediately off the west coast of Scotland. Two things greatly astonished me. The first was, that this island, which I thought would be very cold, was extremely mild, with pure western breezes and out-door plants, and that even consumptive patients had been sent there for their health. The next thing that astonished me was the exceedingly rudimentary and imperfect idea which the natives entertained respecting the observance of Christmas. It seems that they postponed their festivities till New-Year's-day. It struck me as something simply barbarous. Nevertheless, as at that other island of Melita, the barbarous people showed us no little kindness, and we did our best in return to eat and drink for them as well as for ourselves. On another occasion, being obliged to spend Christmas at an hotel in the north of England, the landlord very kindly invited me to his own family Christmas dinner, and refused to score anything against me on Christmas-day in the way of eating and drinking. I have had the pleasure of entertaining that man's son in my house for several weeks at a time since. At another time I was stranded in a country village. As I lingered in the churchyard after the service, the rector approached me, saying that he knew all his little congregation, and perceiving that I was a stranger, and in the kindest way took me back to dinner with him. I have rarely seen such an assembly of beautiful happy faces in my life as were crowded together in his drawing room. It was a perfect blaze of loveliness—daughters, nieces, friends. It seems that a wedding was to come off in a day or two, and this was the reason, he said, their house being crowded, that he could not offer me a bed. I am one of those who love that beauty should go beautifully. I have rarely seen such a galaxy of fair creatures, with so much courtesy and graciousness among them. Manners maketh man? Manners are the fruit of noble mind,—true sayings both. I have never had the opportunity of returning precisely the same kind of Christmas courtesy. But it so happened that one Christmas morning, taking a stroll as far as the London road, a few fields from my house, I

saw a young man leaning over a stile in a dejected sort of way. He told me that he was the mate of a ship, and was coming up from Portsmouth, having lost all his money there, and that he thought he could walk so as to arrive home late on Christmas night; but that, as a matter of fact, he had not had any breakfast, and did not see his way to any breakfast. The little difficulty was soon got over, and he reached home long before nightfall, to cheer the hearts of an old father and mother. And in that old *escrioire*, stowed away in one of the drawers where I kept my precious treasures, is a tear-blotted letter of thanks from that man, saying that he was trying to start again on a better course, and be no longer wild and foolish.

But the most extraordinary incident which ever befell me on a Christmas was in this wise: I had been down in the middle of Wales to examine into some speculations which our firm had taken up. Now in Wales there were and are a whole lot of little railways belonging to little companies. These little railways are vanity and vexation of spirit; at least they are fertile enough in producing the latter result. When you travel on the great arterial lines you can do so with rapidity and comfort. But it is dreadful work getting along those little lines in order to join the great lines. And these little lines, instead of being glad and proud to join the great lines, give themselves all sorts of airs, and seem to take a pride and pleasure in not keeping their time. I had made every arrangement for getting back in good time for Christmas day. Aglaia would be waiting for me, and my son John and two or three little Aglaias. And I was conceited enough to think that my being absent would go some way towards spoiling the Christmas of those who were at home. But I lost the train. The local train did not arrive at the junction till twenty minutes after the London train had departed; which was simply excusable on the part of the local train. I was almost mad with the annoyance at the moment. But it was a crisp, frosty, cheerful morning, and I resolved to walk and walk till I had walked off most of my chagrin. And a lovely walk I had through some of the most romantic and best-known scenery of the Principality. The evening was gathering in as I entered a neat little country town, and made my way to what I took to be the principal hotel. I entered the coffee-room, where a cheerful fire was in a fireplace at each end of the room (the system of double fireplaces flanking each other is a good one), and there, idly lounging on an easy chair, supported by one or two other chairs to assist the recumbent position, was my own brother Horace, whom I supposed away in foreign parts, and had not seen for a dozen years. It was one of the most extraordinary things that ever happened to me. He too had been stranded high and dry by one of these little railway lines. Having landed at Liverpool, he thought he would spend a few days in Wales before going on to our sister's in the Midlands. A train had broken down altogether a few miles off and he had walked along the embankment into the town. It was a comfort to me that, as he could not spend his Christmas with me, I should be spending mine with him. We contrived to have two clear days together, although there was as much talk to be talked as might occupy us for a fortnight. And we had a glorious find that Christmas. The Landlord of this inn had a quantity of wonderful old Madeira, stowed in his cellar long before the vines were first spoiled, which as the natives refused to drink at the extremely moderate price which he asked for it, he put aside and had well-nigh forgotten. I told him to his great astonishment, that he would probably get five times the price in London. He told us he would perhaps send it, but that in the mean time he would be glad if we drank as much of it as we could at six shillings a bottle. That unbelieving landlord has never sent that scarce and almost priceless wine into the London market. With that wonderful old Sabine did we two welcome one another. And when one considers that in the case of large families scattered brethren do not spend many days of their lives together, I was not sorry to have missed this Christmas from home to spend it with a long-absent brother.

The most prosperous circumstance of my life also happened to me on a Christmas. I have no doubt it was so designed by the kindly persons—now gone over to the majority—who sent me a certain most pleasing letter, which came to hand on the morning of Christmas-day, and which proved to be the most welcome Christmas present I had ever received. For many years it had been a hard struggle with me. I could not take the fortresses of trade by storm. My position was a precarious and anxious one. Still I had great helps and alleviations. My gentle training at home, school, and college had given me literary and artistic tastes which proved a relief and adornment to a business life. I think they really helped me in my business, and conciliated the good graces of the members of the firm. But every night I was able to lay aside my burden of care and business, and once in a year, for the Christmas season—from the blessed eve to the New Year's-night—there was a quiet harbour of rest, beyond which the waves of trouble might roll, but where they could not enter. But while my expenses were increasing my income did not increase, and I only held my position as hireling from year to year. I was wondering whether I could not obtain a partnership, or even set up in a business on my own account with all its risks and liabilities. I had, however, succeeded in putting aside all cares for a time, although I knew that they would come

upon me in battalions presently. But on that Christmas morning I received a most kind letter from "my people," offering me junior partnership in the firm. It was an improvement in income and position, with a moral certitude of permanence and of independence. The elder partner was retiring from an active share in the house, and as neither he nor the other partner had any near relation to advance, there was an opening for one whom they were pleased to think "an old, able, and faithful servant." If I was their true good servant near to heaven, it was Aglaia's serene heavenly influence that had made and kept me such. From that time my path in life has been very easy. Other troubles I have had—and let no man born of woman ever think that he will be without his troubles—but they have never been of a heavy kind. I am now the senior partner—a sleeping, a very sleeping partner, indeed—and my son John is the junior partner. And as for Christmas, I gather my children and my children's children around me; my Christmas table is expanded, and yearly groans more heavily beneath the greater preparations for the greater number of guests.

And so I think of the old Christmas-days with a soft regret, and also with an awful joy. In all, I think of her, "now the most blessed memory of my age, that dear Aglaia—think of her, not as I have often seen her, with traces of care, sorrow, and anxiety eye, lip, and brow, but with a saint like aureole about her soft golden hair, a very light of immortality in her dark loving eyes. I think of that oldest and best Christmas-day of all, when shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night, and the vision of the angels appeared to them, and the music of the angels floating over them; and I cling to the thought that my darkening eyes will yet see something of that glory, my dull ears catch something of that melody, and that Aglaia will be with me there.

HUMOROUS.

THEY have done savings banks in Chicago—banks that save for depositors a dime out of every dollar.

"At once, will clean silver." Yes, alcohol will stick to will clean out all the silver you have got.

IN the dreary days of autumn, when all are in the mopes, we are cheered by the festive abnances with their potent medicine jokes.

It makes a paragrapher feel depressed to be called from the penning of an article descriptive of the golden beauties of autumn to write a dolger for a negro minstrel troupe.

It is lying awake nights trying to determine whether to leave your fortune to an orphan asylum or home for old men that makes the newspaper business so wearing.

"A LOVER" writes us: "Suppose I see a young lady home from church, and the night is dark and rainy, and upon arriving at her house she darts through the door without saying as much as 'good night,' leaving me standing outside, what would you advise me to do in such a case?" You had better start for home immediately, if you have an umbrella. Under no circumstances should you stand on the steps of the lady's house all night. It would be preferable to crawl into the nearest friendly store box, and wait for daylight to appear or the rain to disappear.

LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO has still in his possession the manuscripts of two unpublished tragedies in verse. One entitled "Les Jumeaux," is founded on the story of the Iron Mask, and the other has for its subject Torquemada. The poet intends these plays to remain unshown till after his death, but his friends are endeavouring to induce him to change his determination.

A STORY, entitled "The Return of the Native," by Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," will be begun in the January number of *Balgarny*. The scenes will chiefly be laid in the open air, on the hills of a large heath to the west of the New Forest; and the leading characters will be sounded by a chorus of rustics, as in some of the writer's previous novels.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MONTREAL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Much obliged. Also, solution of Problem No. 132. Correct. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 151 received. Correct. Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 149. Correct. E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 149 received. Correct. W. W.—The King cannot be played to the adjacent square to that on which the rival King is stationed.

In the Westminster Papers for November we find the usual amount of Chess news from all parts of the world, besides problems and games enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of the gentle game.

This periodical ought to be in the hands of every Chess-player in Canada, for independent of the Chess news, which has a freshness about it that all must like, the matter in each number, when gathered into a volume, will afford means not only for study, but for reference, which few players would be inclined to treat with indifference.

From information which we have received, we are glad to find that Mr. Bird's new work on Chess will be issued to subscribers in a few days.

(From the Detroit Free Press, Dec. 1st, 1877.)

AN EXPLANATION.

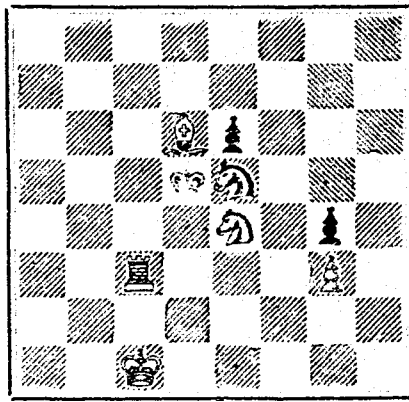
Several months ago the Chess Editor was requested by a correspondent to test a set of Problems which were intended for competition in a Tourney.

The Problems were examined, found correct, and so reported to the author, whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot at present be given. Mr. Carpenter, of Tarrytown, N.Y. sent to this column an excellent two-move problem (see *Free Press* Problem No. 381). The Editor recognized the similitude of Mr. Carpenter's Problem to a position that he had previously met with, but as the place or date could not be located, the problem received publication, and this brings us to the question at issue.

The *Huddersfield College Magazine*, in its September issue, gives the above-mentioned set of problems, the two-move of which is identically the same as Mr. Carpenter's with the exception of the intruding Pawn at K 2. Mr. Carpenter has proved to the satisfaction of the Editor that his problem is original with him, having been composed over a year ago; the author of the Tourney problem in question just as conclusively demonstrates that the problem is his own original conception, thereby establishing beyond question the fact that precisely the same idea has been carried out by parties widely separated, and in this case the very process of thinking alike is evident, even to the occupation of certain squares, the forces used, and the conditions of both problems.

PROBLEM No. 153.

By P. J. DUFFY. (From English Chess Problems.) BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

The following hard-fought consultation game was played in London, Eng., some time ago, between Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort on one side, and Messrs. Blackburne and Potter on the other.

GAME 229TH.

(Evans' Gambit declined.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
Messrs. Blackburne and Potter.	(Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. B to B 4	B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	B to K 3
5. P to Q R 4	P to Q R 3
6. P to B 3	Kt to K B 3
7. Q to K 2	P to Q 3
8. P to Q 3	B to K 3
9. Kt to R 3	Kt to K 2
10. Castles	P to B 3
11. K to R sq	P to R 3
12. Kt to K Kt sq	P to K Kt 4
13. B to K 3	B to B 2
14. P to B 3	Kt to K 3
15. P to Kt 3	P to Q 4
16. B to R 2	Castles
17. K R to Q sq	P to Q R 4
18. P to Kt 5	Q to K 2
19. Kt to B 2	P to Q B 4
20. B to B sq	P to Q 5
21. B takes B	Q takes B
22. P to Q B 4	P to Kt 3
23. R to K B sq	K to Kt 2
24. Q to Kt 2	Kt to R 2
25. B to Q 2	P to B 4
26. Q R to K sq	Q R to K sq
27. Kt to K R 3	P to B 5
28. Kt to Kt sq	Kt to K B 3
29. R to K 2	R to K R sq
30. Kt to K R 3	K to B 2
31. R to K Kt sq	Q R to K Kt sq
32. Q to B sq	K to K sq
33. P to Kt 4	Kt to B sq
34. K R to Kt 2	P to R 4
35. Kt to B 2	Kt to Kt 3
36. P takes P	Kt to R 5
37. Kt to K Kt 4	Kt takes R
38. Q takes Kt	Kt tak's P
39. K to Kt sq	B to Q sq
40. B to K sq	Kt to R 3
41. P to R 3 (e)	K to B 2
42. Q to B 3	R to R 4
43. R to R 2	R from Kt sq to R sq
44. Q to Kt 2	R from R sq to R 2
45. Kt to R sq (d)	B to B 2
46. Kt to Kt 3	Q to B sq
47. Kt to B sq	Q to K R sq
48. Kt to B 2	R to R 5
49. Kt to K 2	K to K 2
50. K to R sq	R to Kt 2
51. Kt to Kt sq	Abandoned as drawn.

NOTES.

(a) This move is considered to have saved the game for White.

(b) In order to get the Kt to K Kt sq., which White accomplishes at the right moment.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 151.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to B 3 becoming a Bishop	1. Kt to Q R 3
2. K takes Kt	2. B moves
3. B mates.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 149.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt 6	1. Any move
2. Q mates.	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 150.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q 3	K at Q 4
Q at Q R sq	R at K R 4
B at K Kt 2	B at Q B 4
Kt at K 4	Pawn at Q B 3
Kt at K Kt 7	

White to play and mate in two moves.

Strength for the Debilitated!

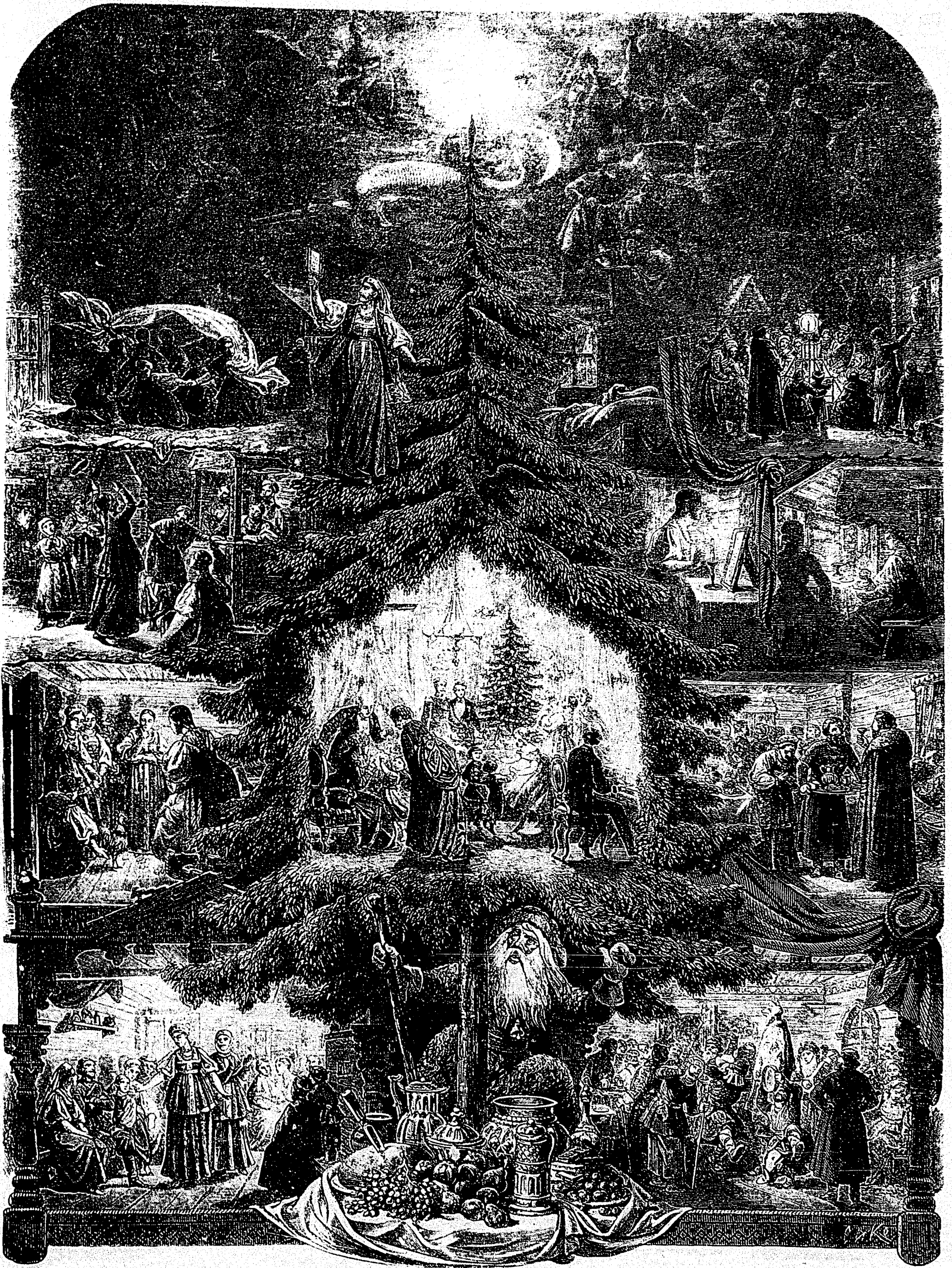
PHOSFOZONE.

The Great Remedy for INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS OF THE LIMBS, TORPOR OF THE LIVER.

The history of this preparation is simply a record of uninterrupted success, and probably no proprietary article was ever recommended to the public of any country by such a large number of Physicians who have endorsed, in the most unreserved and unqualified manner, this celebrated medicine. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.



CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.



CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY AND NORTHERN EUROPE.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"How fresh it is! And how jolly to be back in the old place!" Leonard cried, as we walked out into the silent streets.

Half-past five. The best part of the summer day. There was no one stirring yet, save here and there an early housemaid brushing away the morning dew upon the doorstep. Our feet echoed on the pavement with a clatter from wall to wall as of many hundred feet, and when we spoke it was as if our voices were too loud as they reverberated along the houses. All just as it had been of old so many times when we two boys had run along the streets at six for a swim in the sea before school. Nothing changed save that the boy who used to run and jump, shouting in the overflow of strength and spirits, rejoicing in the breath of life, was become the splendid fellow who strode at my side. Of course I was just the same. A sleeping city and two boys going out to bathe. Nothing changed. The town asleep, and my brain filled with all sorts of weird fancies. I have read of deserted, and ruined cities in the far east Syrian plains, on the edge of the great and terrible wilderness where the lion of prophecy roams round the heaps of Kouyoujik. Some of these cities still stand, with their rooms and their staircases perfect as when the terrible inhabitants fled before some conquering Shalmaneser who came from the mysterious east destroying as he went. Now there is not a single soul left to mourn over the greatness of the past. You may hear the cry of the lizard, the shrill voice of the *cigale*; your feet echo as you stride along the silent footway, and you speak in a whisper, for this is an image of Death, the conqueror. As I go along with Leonard I somehow think of these old ruins. There is no connection between a ruined Syrian city and a sleeping modern town, except the stillness which smites the soul as you pass along deserted pavements between houses closed and barred, which might be houses bereft of their inhabitants, soulless, empty, haunted. Within, the children lying asleep; the little faces flushed with sleep, and the little limbs tossed carelessly upon the sheets, the wondering eyes just about to waken for the glories and fresh joys of another day. Within, the young men and the maidens, the old men and the ancient dames, each wrapped in the solemn loneliness of sleep, when spirits even of lovers dwell apart while the busy fingers of the restless Fates are weaving the many-coloured web and weft of life's short story. What stories behind those shutters! What dreams in those white-blinded rooms! What babble of infant voices to welcome the new-born day!

"What are you thinking of, Laddy? Dreamer, your eyes are always far away. This is just what we used to do years ago. Up at six and out across the common for a bath! And you always dreaming! Look! there is the early bird. Good morning, Molly. Fine morning for door-steps—good for the complexion."

"Get along o' your nonsense," said Molly, not displeased.

"She's quite right; you are an officer now, and it can't be allowed any more."

"Where is your mop, Molly?" he went on, with his light, boyish laugh.

"Mops have gone out," I replied; "so have patten."

"Have they, really? Not the dear old mop that they used to trundle up and down their arms? I'm sorry for it, Laddy. The domestic mop used to be as good a weapon for the defence of housemaidhood as any. And in a seaport town, too. Many is the time I have seen a too-demonstrative Jack discomfited by a timely dab in the face from a dripping mop. Slaps and scratches are poor things compared with a dollop of wet mop. Even a Billingsgate broadside is not so effective. Something might be done, I dare say, with a garden hose, but, after all, nothing like a mop and a bucket. And even patten gone, too,—the tinkling patten. I wonder no lovesick poet ever celebrated the musical clatter on the stones of the housemaid's patten. These are the losses of civilization, Laddy."

We passed through the gate, our heels clanking across the iron drawbridge. Beyond the bridge, and between the walls and the advanced works, was the guard-house, where stood a sentry, who saluted us with as much astonishment as discipline would allow, expressed upon a not remarkably mobile set of features. Why should an officer, who was not obliged to stand at a sentry box during the small hours, be up and out so early? What good, in such a case, of being an officer at all?

And then we passed the awkward squad on their way to goose-step drill. They saluted, too, as we passed. The salute of those days was a thing of ceremony—extension of right arm, doubling right elbow, hand square to the forehead, return double, drop of right arm. The Marines did it best, regulating the motions from a slovenly and irregular movement of the arm for a middy or a mate to a precise and clearly directed six-fold ceremonial, ending with a resonant slap of the right leg, for superior rank. They knew, the Marines, how to signify respect to rank. A popular officer, who was also an

Admiral, was saluted as he went down the street with a regular Kentish fire of open-handed slaps of right legs. That also is a thing of the past.

"I was like those honest fellows once," said the young Captain, gravely. "One of the awkward squad; sentry in the barracks; one of the rank and file; standing up to be drilled and ordered. Well, it's not a bad thing for a man."

"And the officers of the regiment, Leonard;—did that make any difference?"

"I became at once one of themselves—a brother officer. What else could their treatment be? I asked the Colonel, as a personal favour, to tell them who I was. Every regiment has its 'rankers'—every ranker has his story. I should be a snob if I were ashamed of having risen."

We crossed the broad common, where all the old fuzze had been cut down and cleared away to make room for military evolutions; and we came to the castle standing upon the edge of the sea. There was not a soul upon the beach, not even our old friend the cursing coastguard; we sat down under the slope of stone, for it was now low tide, and made ready for a dip.

"There go the last fumes of last night's long talk. Sitting up all night, even with Celia, *does* fog the brain a bit." Thus said Leonard, coming out of the water all glorious like Apollo. I suppose it is because I am so unshapely that I think so much of his beauty of form. Then we dressed, and Leonard took out a cigar-case, to my astonishment, for somehow I had never thought of him in connection with tobacco—heroes of imagination neither smoke nor drink wine, as we all know—and then lying back on the shingle, he began to talk lazily.

"I am rather tired of telling about myself, Laddy; it is your turn now."

Of course I knew it was coming, sooner or later.

"You do not expect to hear much about me," I said. "I am organist at St. Faith's; that is my official position, and it brings me in six-and-twenty pounds a year. For ten shillings a week I hear three services on Sunday and two in the week."

"Poor old boy!" said Leonard. "Can't something better be got?"

"I rather like the church work. Then I give lessons in music and singing, and out of them I make about two hundred a year more."

"I see. But the house does not seem much improved by this enormous accession of wealth."

"No. The fact is, Leonard, that the Captain takes all the money, and I never ask what he does with it. If I made a thousand a year I am certain that extravagant old man would absorb it all."

"Ah! The crafty old Captain! Do you think he invests it in Russian stock or Turkish bonds?"

"No. I think he gives it away. Where does he go when every morning he disappears for three hours? Answer me that, Capt. Leonard."

"He always did it and he always will. He is an incorrigible old mystery."

"In the afternoon he stays at home, unless it is half-holiday, when he goes out on the common to see the boys play, and talk to them with his hands behind his back. To be sure he knows every boy in the town."

Leonard laughed.

"I remember an incident or two—years ago—when we were children in the house. There was a woman—she had black hair, I know—and she used to come in the evening and ask for money. I suppose, from my personal experience, that she was drunk one night when she came, and went on—I forgot what about—like another Jezebel. She wanted money, and the Captain was so upset by her inconsiderate conduct that he—behaved as the Captain always does."

"What was that?"

"Went to the Sailing Directions. Remembered that every woman had to be forgiven at least seventy times seven, and so added one more to her score, which I should say must have already reached a pretty high total. He gives all of his money away, Laddy, and if I were you I would not work too hard, because he will only give yours away too. The kind old man! What else have you to tell us about yourself?"

"I've been taking care of Cis," I said, evading the difficulty.

"So I saw last night. Good care, Laddy. There never was a better brother than you."

But he did not know all; and I could not tell him how near I had been, once, to betraying his trust.

"Cis—Celia—Oh! Laddy!" He threw away the cigar and started to his feet, gazing out to sea.

"Did Heaven ever make a sweeter girl? Did you watch her face last night? And her eyes, how they softened and brightened!"

"Am I blind, Leonard?"

"Did you see how she lit up with pity and sympathy? Laddy, I must win that girl or I shall not care what happens."

"I have never ceased thinking of her," he went on; never since I left you five years ago. To be sure, when I was a private soldier, or even a non-commissioned officer, it seemed too absurd to think of her, but when my promotion came,

then the old thoughts revived. All through the war I thought of her. In those dreadful nights when we sat and slept in the trenches, knee-deep in trampled mud and melting snow, I used to let my thoughts wander back to this old place. Always in Celia's Arbour, lying beneath the elms; play-acting beside the gun—running up and down the slopes with little Cis, wondering what she was like. You with her too, of course, with your great dreamy eyes and trusty face—Laddy and Cis. I suppose it was sentimental, all of it; but I am different from most men. There is no family life for you and me to look back on except that. In those days—I am not boasting—I had no fear, because it seemed as if every day brought me nearer to her, and higher up the ladder. In case of death, I had a letter written to the Captain, enclosing one for you and one for Celia, telling you all about it. But I did not die. Then I had to come home and be near you, within a hundred miles, and yet not go to see you; that was very hard. When India came I lost my old fearlessness, and began to be anxious. It was want of faith, I suppose. At all events I escaped, and came out of the whole racket unwounded. Laddy, I should be worse than an infidel," he added, solemnly, "if I did not see in my five years of fortune the protection of the Lord."

"We pray—we who stay at home—for the safety of those who go abroad; and perhaps our prayers are sometimes granted. Is that sentiment, too?" I asked.

He was silent for a little space; then he shook himself as one who would change the current of his thoughts.

"Let us get back, old boy; the Captain will be up by this time. And now tell me more about yourself; there must be more to tell than that you have become a musician. Haven't you fallen in love, Laddy?"

"Fallen in love! Who is there to fall in love with a man like me? Look at my shadow, Leonard."

It was a gruesome-looking shadow, with high back and head thrust forward. I think that if Peter Schlemihl had been hump-backed he would have made an easier bargain for the rolling up and putting away of his shadow. A small annuity, paid quarterly, would have been ample on the part of the purchaser. And as for awkward questions—well—there are secrets in every family, and it would soon be understood that the absence of shadow must not be remarked upon. I only know that my own was a constant shame and humiliation to me. Unless I walked with my face to the sun, there was no getting out of the deformity.

"Bah! You and your shadow, Laddy, look in the glass. You have eyes that would steal away the heart of Penelope, and a musical voice, and you are a genius."

"Nonsense. I am a plain musician, and as for falling in love, have I not been every day with Celia? How could I fall in love with any other girl when I had known her?"

"That is true," he said reflectively. "That is quite true. Who could? She is altogether sweet and lovely. After dreaming of her every day for five years I am afraid of her. And you have been with her, actually with her, for five years."

I think he guessed my secret, for he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder.

"Cis and I are brother and sister," I said; "that you know very well. But you are right to be afraid of her. Men ought to be afraid of such a girl. Only the priest, you know," I added, following up a little train of allegory that arose in my mind, "can touch the Ark of the Lord."

"You mean—"

"I mean that a man ought to be holy before he ventured upon holy ground."

"Yes; you are a Puritan, Laddy, but you are quite right. I have been saying to myself ever since she left us, 'She is only a woman after all.' And yet that does not seem to bring her any closer to me. It would bring all other women closer—but not Celia."

"She is only a woman to two men, Leonard, and to those two a woman of flesh and blood, with all sorts of hopes and fancies. One of these is myself, her brother, and the other—will be the man she loves. But there is a great trouble, and you ought to learn what it is."

I told him, in as few words as I could manage, part of the story. It seemed a breach of trust to tell him what I knew—though Celia only feared it—that this German had a hold upon Mr. Tyrrell which he threatened to use; but I was obliged to let him understand that Mr. Tyrrell wished her to accept the man, and I told how Celia suffered from the assiduity with which he followed her about, went to church with her, was everywhere seen with her, and how he hoped gradually to overcome, by quiet perseverance, the dislike which she, as well as her friends, would at first show to the marriage.

"He has not yet pressed for a reply," I concluded. "But he will very soon now."

"Why now?" I omit the remarks (which were un-Christian) made by Leonard during my narrative.

"Because you have come home. Because he will find out that Celia sat up all night with us talking. Because he will see her looking happier and brighter, and will suspect the cause."

"The cause, Laddy? Do you mean—"

"I mean nothing but that Celia is glad to see you back again, and if you expected anything less you must be very forgetful of little Cis Tyrrell. If you expected anything more, Leonard—why—perhaps you had better speak to her yourself."

"I remember Herr Bäumer," Leonard went

on. "He was always hanging about the streets with his blue spectacles and his big white moustache. I remember him almost as early as I remember anything. They used to say he was an exile from Germany for Republican opinions. During that year I spent learning French and Russian in the Polish Barracks he took an opportunity of speaking to me, was very friendly once or twice, and took a great interest in the Poles. I remember he wanted to know what they talked about. I wonder if he is a Russian spy?"

"Nonsense, Leonard. He dislikes the Russians."

"Does he? My dear Laddy, you know nothing about the country whose people are so pleasured, and whose government is so detestable. Russian spies are everywhere. The Russian Secret Service is like a great net spread over the whole world; they are the Jesuits of politics. Herr Bäumer may not be one of the black gang, but he may be; and if he isn't, I should like to find out what keeps a German in this place, where we have got a great dockyard, and where improvements and new inventions are always being tried and talked of, where there are several regiments, half our fleet, and a lot of Poles. Do you think it is love of the town?"

"I suppose he is used to it," I said.

"What kind of man is he?"

"He is a cynic. He professes to live for his own enjoyment, and nothing else. Says the rest is humbug. I have never heard him say a generous thing, or acknowledge a generous motive. Yet he talks well, and one likes to be with him."

"I shall call upon him," said Leonard. "As for his own enjoyment and the selfish theory of his philosophy, a good many Germans affect that kind of thing. They think it is philosophical and intellectual, and above their fellow creatures, to be wrapped in a cloak of pure selfishness. Well, Laddy, unless Celia wishes it—"

"She does not wish it."

"She shall not throw herself away upon this man. Great Heavens! my beautiful Celia," he said, "my beautiful Celia, to be thrown to an old—!" He checked himself. "No use getting angry. But if there is no other way of stopping it, we'll carry her off, Laddy, you and I together, and stand the racket afterwards. I can't very well call him out and shoot him. I don't mean that I see at present how it is to be prevented, but we will find out."

"Perseus," I said, "had to borrow of other people two or three little things to help him when he went on that expedition of his. You had better take the Captain, as well as myself, into your confidence. Here we are at home, and there is the jolly old Captain at the door, beaming on us like the morning sun."

"Come in, boys, he shouted, "come in to breakfast. Celia is ready, and so am I. Ho! Ho! I am so glad, Leonard. I am so glad."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

These were the days of a grand triumphal procession, in which we lead our hero about to be congratulated by his friends. There were not many of these, it is true. That made it all the better, because the chances of the hateful passion of envy being aroused were lessened. To be sure, there were none who could be envious. Leonard's road to honour is a Royal road, open to all. But it is beset with difficulties. Stout is the heart and strong the will of him who dares to tread that pipe-clayed and uncertain way. None of the boys with whom we had been at school knew Leonard as a friend, or even as an old acquaintance. The reserved school boy who fought his way to freedom from molestation was not likely now to search out the lads who had once stung his proud soul by references to the price of soap. They were now chiefly engaged in promoting the commercial interests of the town, and would have saluted the young officer had they known who he was, hat in hand.

We went round, therefore, among our little circle of friends.

Mr. Broughton promptly invited us to dinner.

There were present at the banquet—to furnish it forth all the resources of the reverend gentleman's cellar were put under contribution—the Captain, Mr. Pontifex Leonard, and myself. The dinner was simple, consisting of salmon, lamb, and chicken, cutlets, with early peas and asparagus. A little light Sauterne, which his reverence recommended in preference to sherry, as leaving the palate clean for the port, accompanied the meal. There was also champagne, which he said, was a wine as Catholic as the Athanasian Creed, inasmuch as it goes equally well with a simple luncheon of cold chicken, and with the most elaborate Gaudy. After dinner, slowly in deference to the uncorrupted digestion of youth, he ordered a dish of strawberries.

"It is not the right time to eat them," he said, in a voice almost as solemn for the occasion as that of Mr. Pontifex. "Their proper place is after breakfast. A good dinner port would be better. But young men expect these things. When you and I were undergraduates, Pontifex, we liked them." And then, while we absorbed the strawberries, he arose and brought from a sideboard, with great care and with his own hands, four decanters of port.

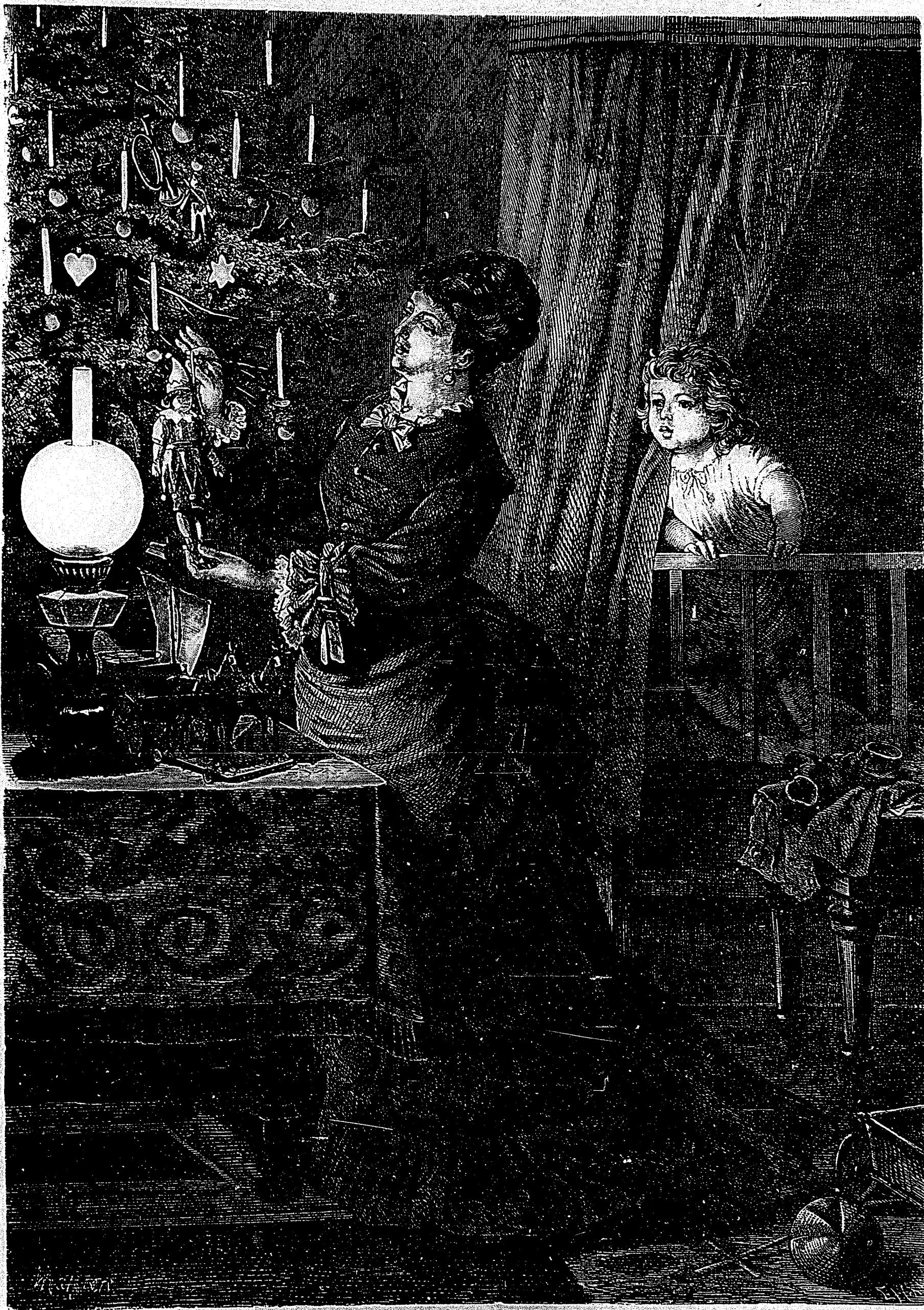
They stood all in a row before him, a label hanging from each. He put his hands out over them like a priest pronouncing a blessing.

"We ought, brother Pontifex," he said, "to have a form of thanksgiving for port."

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Pontifex, with a sigh, "I was called by some of my



CHRISTMAS EVE.



DECORATING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

WE MEET ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

The amber sky is glowing,
The leafless branches sway;
The dying breezes whisper,
"A year has past away."
Farewell to sapphire splendour
Of summer-tinted skies,
And scented winds' low whisper,
And bending flowers' repiles.

I hear the joy-bells ringing—
So near, so far away—
This happy message bringing,
"We meet on Christmas Day."
And though the world be cheerless,
And though the skies be gray,
For me the air is golden
As any summer's day.

Beneath the hroning branches
(Our last farewell was said,
With golden sunlight glancing
Through leaves of golden red;
Around us all the wonders
Of Nature's slow decay;
But loud as crashing thunders
Our welcome rings to-day.

Although the year is dying,
To me its death is life,
And end of weary sighing,
And peace to weary strife.
While every pulse is thrilling,
And bounding to the sway
Of passion, madly ringing,
"We meet on Christmas Day."

I know sweet eyes will brighten,
And sweetest blushes burn,
And dark-lashes darken
Over looks for which I yearn,
Of all glad hearts the gladdest
Will be my own—to say,
"My love and I who love her
Will meet on Christmas Day."

RITA.

Christmas-Eve Chit Chat.

"How delightfully the wind is whistling and howling out of doors! This beating of sheet against the window-panes gives a true local coloring to the hour, a suitable prelude to Christmas-day. Draw the curtains, Mrs. Fitzplantagenet, if you please; stir the fire, but don't light either lamp or candle. There is no need to remove the dessert quite yet. And now, Doctor, I have a great desire to know what is your real opinion about Ghosts."

Here cousin Eliza, as merry as she is pretty, whose husband could not arrive till Christmas morning, and our old household friend Mademoiselle Honorine, drew closer to the fire and to each other.

"I am not sure," the Doctor answered, "whether I have an opinion respecting apparitions or not. Medical men are mostly regarded as sceptics; they are not so if by that is meant that they are universal unbelievers. But they will not believe without sufficient proof, or at least reasonable ground for their belief. Their training leads them to inquire: they are in the habit of investigating cause and purpose, which saves them from weak credulity. But they are the last to deny the difficulty of explaining certain phenomena. There are not a few cases of apparitions which can be accounted for no better than by the merest guess. One occurs to me which made a great impression at the time, although it happened long ago.

"In 1792 Sir Charles Lee's daughter (whose mother had died in giving her birth, and who had been admirably brought up by her maternal aunt Lady Everard) was engaged to Sir William Perkins; but the realization of the marriage was prevented thus: One night, perceiving a light in her chamber, she called her maid to ask why she had left a light burning. The servant replied that there was no other light in the room except that which she had just brought into it, that the fire had quite gone out, and that her young mistress had probably been dreaming. Fully convinced that such was the case, Miss Lee went to sleep again. Awakening at about two in the morning, she beheld a little lady, who said she was her mother, that her destined fate was a happy one, and that she would come to her again at noon the same day."

"A dream, dear Doctor?"
"Which perhaps might not be all a dream. Miss Lee once more summoned her maid, dressed herself, and then went into her cabinet, where she remained till nine in the morning. She then told her aunt Lady Everard what had happened, and gave her a sealed letter, to be delivered to her father immediately after her decease. The aunt, believing her niece to be smitten with sudden insanity, sent to Chelmsford for a doctor and a surgeon, who came at once. They could discover no symptom of mental derangement; but Lady Everard insisted that she should be tried, which was done."

"And which had better have been let alone," Undoubtedly; but it was the fashion of the day, and the young lady allowed them to do as they pleased. She begged that the chaplain might come to pray with her; after which she took her guitar and her psalm-book, and, seated in a chair, played and sang to such perfection that her music-master, who was present, was charmed and astonished. A little before noon she arose, went and reclined in a large arm-chair, and, after one or two sighs, suddenly expired. The doctor and the surgeon were surprised at the rapidity with which her body grew cold and stiff. She died at Waltham, in the county of Essex, three miles from Chelmsford. The letter was sent to Sir Charles in Warwickshire. He was so overcome by the sad event

that he did not arrive until after the funeral. In compliance with his daughter's wish expressed in her letter, her body was exhumed and buried beside her mother at Edmonton. The authenticity of the story is vouched for by the then Bishop of Gloucester, who had it from the lips of the young lady's father. I can only suggest, as a natural explanation, that with an impressionable girl the imagination would be wonderfully over-excited as the supposed fatal hour approached, that the strain on the nervous system, in a probably delicate frame, would be more than the vital force could sustain. The revelation or vision might have been only a chance coincidence; for without it the history would never have been recorded. It is certain that a great many apparitions have been seen without being followed by any important event; consequently they have fallen into oblivion, while those connected with any apparent sequel have been religiously retained in people's memories."

"My dear old grandmother," said Mademoiselle Honorine, "was a case in point. She enjoyed a strong bodily constitution, was a sheep-walker—not often; but two or three times a year she would get out of bed and wander about. She often heard, if she did not see, ghosts. She had presentiments and dreams, some of which came true and caused a sensation, and some of which, not coming true, were thought no more of. For one thing, however, she believed that she should reach a good old age, which, indeed, she did."

"That belief and the wish helped her to do so. People may die of despondency and of the fear of death. The vulgar advice to "Never say die" is most excellent counsel."

"Gran'mère held on to existence in this world hard and fast, and was sometimes curious to know how long she was likely to last. One night she dreamed, or had a vision, I forget which, of a priest who visited her clad in the vestments worn at masses for the dead, and holding a black tablet, which he showed her, on which were inscribed in white two figures of eight separated by a band, thus: 8—8. As soon as she had had a good look at the inscription he vanished without speaking a word. Naturally she interpreted this to mean that she would live to be eighty-eight, and no longer. Still, what could the line between the figures mean? But the intervening bar was soon forgotten, while the figures remained impressed upon her memory—so much so that when her eighty-eighth year drew near its close we had great difficulty in calming her apprehensions and keeping her alive. The last day she resolved to sit up till midnight, firmly expecting to take her departure before that critical moment arrived. We put all the clocks back three-quarters of an hour, and when they struck twelve, convinced her, by our watches, that it was then a quarter to one in the morning, congratulating her on having at last got over the ominous eighty-eight without accident. She lived to be ninety, and yet the vision was verified: she was born in 1758 and died in 1848. The spectral formula, "8—8," truly symbolized her term of life. Happily for the repose of her declining years, she was unable to read the hieroglyphic aright. There, Doctor, you have my evidence. I may now retire from the witness-box?"

"You may, mademoiselle, and with the unanimous thanks and compliments of the court. Mrs. Fitzplantagenet looks as if she wished to catch the Speaker's eye."

"Yes; if you will kindly listen to the little which I have to tell you. When I was young, I was—ahem!—a very pretty girl. No people said; whether truly or not, you can guess from what remains. We lived in a large airy (I won't say dilapidated) country house, our ancestral mansion; which partly accounted for my good looks. The red still on my cheek is natural. My mother—ahem!—was handsome before me. Our fortune was not large, though our family was; and as the one increased, the other seemed to diminish. We had been Catholics for generations, so I was sent to complete my education in France; that is, I was apprenticed to a dress-maker, not a fashionable Parisian personage—my parents thought such a place too perilous, and the premium asked might be too heavy—but a provincial artist, one Madame Dubois, a middle-aged person, many years a widow, who practised her profession in a secluded hamlet, which, however, was a central point between several large *bourgs* or market-towns. All the ladies of all the official personages, all the mayoresses, deputy-mayoresses, notaries and judges-de-peace's wives, flocked to her one after the other, as soon as there were rumours of a new fashion coming out. In short, she had more orders than she could execute. My business was sometimes to go and take them, and very often to carry them home when executed; so that I knew all the by-roads and short-cuts of the neighbourhood well. My mistress's attention was thus fully occupied; for she sedulously superintended the business herself. She was fond of money, and she earned heaps of it. With her there lived a brother, much younger than herself, a handsome unmarried man of five or six-and-twenty, who had much less to employ his time with. I will call him Monsieur Leclercq, because he was *clerc* to the parish—a position more looked up to and more important there than that of a rural parish clerk in England. He was as learned as the curé, perhaps a little more so; for he was constantly poring over books about magic, to the great annoyance of his sister, a strict devotee and zealous church-goer, who often threatened to burn them all. What most provoked her was that, being in Latin, she could form no

opinion of their contents. It was not curiosity, O dear, no! His favourite book was Albertus Magnus, with whose help he said he could do anything, even call spirits to come to his aid; at which I laughed incredulously. But one evening, about dusk, he said, "Just come and see." I followed him a few steps into the orchard behind the house. The thickly-planted trees, with their heavy-laden branches bowed down with fruit, increased the darkness. Heavy clouds were drifting low, and a young moon was on the point of setting. He drew close to me, reading ever so much out of his book. "Look! here they come," he said. "Don't utter a syllable, or they may do us serious injury." Instantly there were hovering over and around us multitudes of coal-black birds and bats, some no bigger than bluebottle flies, others of enormous spread of wing, of different form, long-legged, long-necked, hook-beaked, big-headed, fiery-eyed; screaming, hooting, hissing, buzzing, flapping; whirling round us so close that I shrank to him for protection. He never ceased reading in Latin aloud, until, hearing voices in the house, he suddenly closed the big book with a slap, and bade the summoned spirits to be gone. When I looked up, our evil-omened visitors had disappeared, the clouds had cleared away, and the stars were peeping out. He re-entered the house first. On following a few minutes afterwards, I heard Madame say, "An experiment indeed with Albertus Magnus, is it? I don't like such experiments."

"Did he not whisper a few words to you in French?"

"No, not a syllable. It was all in Latin."

"Conjugating the verb *esse*, *amare*, perhaps?"

"Possibly it might be, for aught I know. By and by, when the days grew shorter, I had to carry home a dress which had been promised for that very evening. In the course of the day, Monsieur Leclercq told me that, through his magical arts, I should be met on the way by a fine gentleman, quite a stranger, and indeed not of this world, who would offer me a diamond ring, which I was at liberty to accept or not. I pooch-pooched the thing as ridiculous, nay, impossible. That dress was complicated, with an immense quantity of trimming, and daylight had disappeared before the last touch was given to it. I started with my burden, not heavy, in a band-box. The road lay first over a bleak barren heath. Certainly I thought of the threatened meeting, and provided myself with a large smelling-bottle filled with holy water. My pulse throbbed quick. To keep up my courage, I sang aloud a ditty Leclercq had taught me. But, nothing appearing, I felt more at ease, until the road sank into a hollow, with high steep banks on either side, overtopped by pollard willow-trees. Just before emerging from this, there suddenly stood in the middle of the path a tallish man holding in his hand something that shone as if with a light of its own. Where he came from, whether he sprang up from the ground, I could not tell."

"Was there a strong smell of sulphur perceptible?"

"No; it was more like camellia cologne."

"Who was he like?"

"Well, he was something like M. Leclercq, only taller; and instead of being close-shaved, like him, he had a beautiful black moustache and beard."

"How was he dressed?"

"As a perfect gentleman, but with singularly long trousers, so that I could not see his feet."

"To hide his cloven foot—or perhaps the patten that are worn by men in the north of France. But what did you do? Run away, I suppose?"

"I was so fluttered that I have not the slightest idea. It passed like a nightmare or a dream. After sprinkling him with holy water and making the sign of the cross, I believe I fainted. My handbox fell one way and I another. On recovering, I found it on the grassy bank without the slightest dirt or injury. The dark gentleman had vanished without leaving a trace, but on my finger was this diamond ring. Next day, Leclercq took an opportunity to ask me, smiling, whether I now believed in the power of magic, and whether I knew whom I had met last night. I told him I had not the least idea. "Well," he said, this time looking serious, "it was the devil himself, whom I invoked and sent by the help of Albertus Magnus." "Albertus Magnus gain?" said Madame, furious, for she just caught the last few words. "I'll soon put a stop to that for the future." And seizing the book, without his daring to resist, she stuck it into the very midst of the fire, and did not leave till it was completely consumed."

"What became of your friend, the clever magician?"

"His sister married him to one of her clients, a millionaire old maid. He resisted for a while; but she threatened to turn him out of her house, and that he never should have a centime of her money. As he had nothing but his small clerk's salary, that argument was irresistible. Soon after the banus were published (which in France is compulsory on high and low), I returned to England, and don't know how they got on together. Perhaps I was in too great a hurry. As to the ring, I kept it; but, you may be sure, out of madam's sight. Nor would I ever consent to part with it, not even when I may now confess I should have been exceedingly glad of what it would fetch."

"False stones, doubtless," I whispered to Emily. "They make admirable paste jewellery now a-days."

"I don't know," she answered; "I believe them real. Persons in her position have a na-

tural pride in preserving relics and proofs of their former prosperity."

"Besides," continued Mrs. Fitzplantagenet, "you know that a diamond brings good luck. You smile that, I, a Lady help, should say so. I do say so deliberately. Here I have every comfort, with employment enough to drive off melancholy thoughts. Here while willing to work for my bread, I am treated and spoken to like a fellow-creature. No, no; wherever it comes from, I will never part from my diamond ring, until I leave it on my deathbed to some one who has been kind to me."

After a pause, occasioned by the Lady Help's earnestness, cousin Emily, with a knowing twinkle in her eyes broke in.

"I believe in ghosts, for the best of all reasons, because I have been a ghost myself. It was my first introduction to our country member, Sir Simon Strickthorne, a nice gentlemanly man, though a little cold and precise until you know him well; but at that time he was expecting to enter the ministry of which he is now, as the papers say, a distinguished ornament. He was to sleep at our house in the course of an electioneering visit to his constituents, and my excellent husband John had driven over after dinner to fetch him from the town where he had been canvassing all day. Knowing how tired he could not help being, our party at home consisted only of a very few and intimate friends. While we were awaiting their arrival, one of our men came back with a note informing us that Sir Simon could not reach us until tomorrow next day, but that John would return immediately in the carriage alone. Some one, I forget who, said, "Let us give him a surprise. Suppose we all dress up, and assume the characters of an assemblage of ghosts." The idea was too bright not to be adopted at once. Within ten minutes everybody was robed in a sheet; gowns and head-dresses were improvised; mourning gloves were tried and approved. We were more ghostly, though less subjective, than Robert the Devil's resuscitated nurse. Some of us crawled low, to represent hideous misshapen dwarfs; others mounted on chairs and stools, acquiring thereby gigantic stature; others were contented with their natural height; and the sheets willingly lent themselves to every imaginable form and figure."

"Hark! What noise was that?" asked Mademoiselle Honorine. "Didn't I hear the sound of horse's feet?"

"Nobody would come here on horseback such a night as this, unless the Phantom Huntsman chose to pay us a visit. Where was I? Oh, in the middle of the room was placed on a table a large dish containing warm rum mixed with salt. The *tableau vivant* thus prepared, the rehearsal of our parts began. It was soon cut short by the sound of the carriage, which stopped at the door. "What capital fun to frighten John!" He little thinks his house is haunted. Put out all the lights. Set fire to the rum to give us 'pale faces.' He is walking across the entrance-hall. He is at the door. "Quick! Begin!" And we did begin slow guttural, idiotic sayings to and fro, unintelligible mutterings, plaintive wailings, on all which the central flame cast its flickering light."

"A noise again! I am sure I heard a stealthy footstep and the sound of some door opening and shutting."

"Nonsense! it was the wind amongst the branches outside the house. Our trick really was a well got-up spectacle, worthy of more complete success. The handle of the drawing-room door was turned; then the door opened, and we could hear John in the hall, saying, "Step in, Sir Simon, without ceremony. I will follow you in a moment. I am sure my wife will be delighted to find that, after all, you have come to-night." Sir Simon did step in; and I can see at this moment his look of bewilderment converted into horror by the glare of the pallid flickering flames. "What's all this?" said John half angrily, the instant he entered. "A masquerade! for my benefit exclusively, be assured, Sir Simon." It took a full minute to give explanations and obtain forgiveness, and another minute to stamp their sincerity by general indulgence in a hearty laugh. But John is such a good-hearted fellow! I do so love him, and I don't mind saying so. He will be here with us to-morrow, if all goes well, and right glad shall I be."

"His ghost is here to-night said a deep hollow voice, behind the curtains."

"There!" ejaculated Mrs. Fitzplantagenet hysterically. "Up there! A spectral head! Something, I am sure, is going to happen."

Everybody started in surprise and alarm, with looks directed to the spot whence the sound came. Soon the curtains slowly opened, and, at an elevation overtopping human stature, a face, obscured in shadow, was seen.

"A—h!" screamed Emily, with a pretty little shriek more indicative of satisfaction than of fright. "Ah! Why, 'tis John himself! Please to come down at once, sir, for nobody will ever be afraid of you."

"Something is going to happen!" repeated John, in the same sepulchral tones, before obeying the summons. "This happens, Mrs. Fitzplantagenet," he said, while presenting himself in solid and unghostly flesh and blood. "First, I give my wife a hearty kiss; secondly, as my journey has been cold and wet, I will thankfully accept a hot cup of tea supplemented with a slice of meat; and lastly, you can no more say that listeners never hear any good of themselves."

UNDER THE HAREM'S WALL.

How calm the moonlight played upon the sea?
Unlocked, the lattice wooed the breeze of night,
While the Sultana watched the waters free
Fringe the black islets with a wave of light.

Quick from her fingers drops the gay guitar—
Hark! a dull sound the drowsy echo wakes:
Some Turkish bark, perchance, from isles afar
O'er the Greek seas its sluggish voyage makes.

Is it the plunge of sea-birds, that delight
To dash the spray like pearl-drops from their wings,
Or some hoarse-murmuring spirit who by night
Huge toppling stones from yonder rampart flings?

What stirs the waves beneath the Harem's wall?
Not the black sea-bird, cradled on the deep—
Nor massive stones hurled downward—nor the fall
Of labouring oars with slowly-measured sweep.

No! Those are sneaks, whence another's sobs are heard,
And through the waters clear their mightiest have
seen
Something that like a writhing body stirs it,
Upon the waves the moonlight played serene!
From *Les Orientales* of V. Hugo.

Montreal G. G. MERRAY

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXX. (Continued.)

"He might live to me—just a little bit—so they say. That is what I shall do to him, under God, always."—Then tramp, tramp, came the words.

"The man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man," and if ever in her life Wych Hazel felt rebellious, she did so then. The old grievance of man's right of way, the fact that it was right, but with it a softer feeling, hurt and sore, that he could even wish for anybody else but her on such a journey; that her right should not have come in there.

The moon looks down on many brooks—
The brook can see no moon but one!

He might at least have consulted her. Suppose she had asked somebody—Wych Hazel drew half of a very long sigh, choked the rest back, then raised her grave brown eyes, and answered, "No."

Did he see what was beneath them? For a peculiar fire leapt into the grey eyes. He spoke in the same tone he had used before.

"Suppose, Hazel, we lose twenty-five per cent of our pleasure? And suppose Primrose gains a hundred?" He was holding her close and tenderly, looking down into her eyes with all the power of his.

"Well," said Hazel,—"I suppose she would."

"And I suppose we should. I ask nobody for my pleasure to be a third with us. I suppose it will be a trial to me when we go home, to have Henrietta at the dinner table and talking to me in the evening. And yet, Hazel, just because you are so much to me, I dare not but pour pleasure into every cup I see standing empty; even though I let a few drops of my own go."

She answered softly "Yes,"—yet was very near adding, "But you are spilling mine!"

It was rather hard. Would he be always doing such things, over the head of her pleasure? But in the new life and purpose awake in her, Wych Hazel had found a new set of answers to troublesome questions. If the answers were also sometimes difficult, they were at least conclusive. And now, as she stood there, these words came:

"For even Christ pleased not himself."

"Even,"—what was she, to set up her pleasure against anybody's good? A quiver crept round her lips for a minute—but then she looked up and laughed.

"I am just as perverse as I can be, to-night," she said. "Struck all the wrong way. That disposes of everything."

Rollo bent and pressed his lips to those soft trembling ones, and still holding her fast, caressed face and hair with the free hand; his face showing more delight in her than Hazel was in a condition to observe; though the tenderness of tone and touch spoke their own language.

"Hazel," he said softly.

She looked up, listening.

"I am curious about something."

"I cannot say I shall be happy to gratify your curiosity, until I know what it is about."

"It concerns the question, how you are going to ask my pardon for the thought that has been in your head?"

"I am not going to do it."

"You ought. And you know that what you ought, you always, sooner or later,—do."

CHAPTER XXXI.

NOVICE WORK.

Mrs. Coles did not improve her position next day. "What nights does Sacchi-sussi sing?" she asked, when Rollo had left the three ladies alone. Hazel answered that she had not noticed.

"They say she is wonderful; and beautiful, and everything. Do you suppose Dane will take us, if we ask him nicely?"

"I do not go."

"To the opera? My dear! Not at all?"

"Not at all."

"But why?"

Wych Hazel stood thinking. She was very shy of declaring herself—yet sometimes it must be done.

"A few years ago," she said slowly, "when the war was going on, two gentlemen came one night to see Mr. Falkirk. They told war stories; and I with my book of some study in my hand, sat still and listened. One story was this. A mutual friend of all the parties had laid the United States flag down in her drawing-room as a floor-cloth, to be trodden under foot. Then the other gentleman spoke out and said his wife should not enter that house again while the war lasted: Mrs. Coles—at the opera and the theatre my flag is under foot."

"Your flag!" said the lady in astonishment.

"Yes," Hazel answered with her colour stirring. "You know what service I have sworn into."

"I don't see where the flag comes in," said Mrs. Coles.

Hazel answered softly, gazing into the fire,—"Thou hast given a banner to thy chosen, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

"Then you mean to say," broke out Mrs. Coles with a rising colour of her own tinging the pale face, "that no Christians ever go to the theatre?"

"Do they carry their flag about there?" said Wych Hazel. "Are they marching to victory under its folds? I could not carry mine. It would be trailing, drooping, union-down!"

"True, true," said Primrose, "you know what papa always says."

"Papa does not know the world," said Mrs. Coles, waving that down. "And how about your favourite German?" she said, returning to the charge against Wych Hazel with equal ire and curiosity.

Wych Hazel answered again, still looking into the fire,—"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

The girl spoke so "at liberty,"—there was such freedom in the loyalty, the folds of the banner waved so gladly above her head,—Mrs. Coles looked and hesitated. Then, spying as she thought a joint in the armour, so to speak, she sent out an arrow.

"And you call that a good marching uniform, I suppose," she said derisively, with a comprehensive glance that went from head to foot.

Wych Hazel faced round upon her with eyes wide open at first in displeased astonishment. But in a moment another look came, startled, wondering, as when one finds a sudden unlooked-for clue. Was that it? Wych Hazel said to herself. Had it been left to Mrs. Coles to tell her "A good marching uniform"?

Wych Hazel thought she knew better now than before "what to do about dress."

The ladies were going out, and the subject dropped. The morning was filled with out-of-door business. At luncheon Mrs. Coles declared herself fatigued and disposed to rest at home. She fondly hoped the afternoon would be made lively by visitors; and to her wish, so it was.

Among others came Miss Annabella Powder. This young lady had not been wont to seem so fond of Hazel's society as the other members of her family; indeed she rarely made her appearance at Chickaree more frequently than civility demanded. To-day, however, she made a long visit. It was not that she seemed to be enjoying herself; she went languidly through a prolonged conversation with Mrs. Coles, who had an endless number of questions to ask about the winter, and especially about her pretty sister Mrs. Charteris; with a latent view to supplemental information also about Rollo and his wife, if such were to be had. Annabella answered at random, made Mrs. Coles desperate, was bored; and yet did not go away. At last she seized a chance and moved to a seat beside Hazel. It was at a time when several other people were present and just then engaged more or less with each other on a common subject. Annabella had never been intimate with Hazel. Therefore it was the more noticeable when with depressed voice and somewhat hurried emphasis she said,

"I want to speak to you—I want to say a word.—How can I?"

"In this window," said Wych Hazel lead-the-way. "They are miles deep in Miss Burr's engagement."

In the window was a most beautiful hyacinth. The two ladies stood, one on this side and one on the other side, and spoke,—not about floriculture.

"I have no time here," Annabella began breathlessly, bending down to put her nose to the beautiful buff bells, which were sweet enough at a greater distance. "I want to see you alone, Mrs. Rollo. You were always so kind.—When can I have a great deal to say. Could you go and drive with me by and by? I don't know what other way—"

"It must be to-morrow, then," said Hazel, straightening the stick which supported the heavy head of flowers. "To-day I am promised to Mrs. Coles."

"To-morrow, then? You are so kind, Mrs. Rollo!—and you are the only person—At three o'clock, then; and I will come in mamma's carriage. You won't speak of it?"

"I never give such promises," said Wych Hazel.

"But"—Annabella's eyes went anxiously to Mrs. Coles.

"Discretion is stronger than bonds."

"And you are very discreet?" said the girl trying to laugh. "Well, I must trust you. But don't let any one know you are going out with me."

The next day Mrs. Coles was engaged to luncheon with a friend and took Primrose with her. They had not returned when Miss Powder came for Wych Hazel, and the two ladies drove off in security. It was not a day for a pleasure drive. Clouds hung low and grey; the rain had been keen and raw, with snow in its course somewhere. Now it had become suspiciously milder. But neither lady was thinking of pleasure.

"You are very good, Mrs. Rollo!" said Annabella, who evidently had some difficulty in commanding herself, and was very unlike her usual stately manner. For she was a handsome girl, of the Madama type, and either by temperament or for policy had long adopted a calm style to match. To-day it was broken up.

"I am very much obliged to you!" she went on. "I did not know whom to speak to, and I must get somebody to help me. And Josephine used to think so much of you; I thought she would mind you if anybody. I couldn't ask mamma—mamma don't know. O what shall I do?"—And with this most honest cry of despair, poor Annabella broke down.

Hazel asked what was the matter? under the wild idea for a moment that Miss Powder had found her heart and then rashly broken it.

"Nobody knows"—the girl began again, trying to get the better of her agitation; "it has not come out yet; nobody suspects; and I thought—if you could hinder it! If you cannot, there is no one that can. Mamma has no idea. And it would just kill her to know. She thinks it is all right. Poor mamma!"

"But what am I to hinder?" said Wych Hazel.

"Have you seen Josephine lately?"

"Yes."

"Didn't she seem like herself?"

"Extremely like herself."

"So she did when I saw her. And her house, did you see her house?—it was so nicely arranged and so pretty; and I thought she was so happy."

"I never thought that," said Wych Hazel.

"I did. I thought she had got what she wanted; we all thought so. Nobody married this year had a better establishment than Josephine; not one."

"She got what she married for," said Hazel; "but Josephine's 'wants' were larger than that."

"Were they?" said Annabella drearily. "I didn't know it. I don't see how they could be."

Ironical words rose to Wych Hazel's lips; but she sent them back. Somehow her own height of happiness made her strangely tender and humble even towards such fallacy as this.

"Then you are troubled about her?" she said enquiringly.

"Troubled?" Annabella echoed. "Why she left it all."

"Left it?"—Wych Hazel sat straight in her place, facing round.

"Nobody knows yet; but she has left it. Mamma don't know. If I can keep it from mamma?"

"Keep it from Mrs. Powder?" Hazel repeated. "Keep what? Where has she gone? What can you be talking of, Miss Powder?"

"She has not gone far yet, but she means never to come back. I know where she is; she is hiding. You see, Mr. Charteris is at Albany; he has some business about some bill he wants to get through the Legislature, and it will keep him there a while; and Josey took the opportunity. She ran away; and I should never have known where to, only that the person she went to came and told me. It is a woman who used to be housekeeper for mamma; a very respectable woman; and Josey went to her. Think of it! And she won't come back. Not for me. And then I thought, if anybody living could have any influence over her, it might be you. She always thought all the world of you. Is it very bold in me to ask you? But Mrs. Rollo, I was desperate!"

Poor Annabella's looks and tones did not belie her. Wych Hazel sat back again, thinking.

"Marry a man," she said slowly, "and you may be able to live long without an establishment. But if you marry an establishment, the small appendage that goes along with it— But she must come back, of course! at once," Hazel exclaimed, retaking her impetuous tones.

"Won't come?—she must."

"If you can only make her!" said Annabella.

Usually so calm and impassive, Miss Powder's manner to-day was in a sort of shattered condition. Hazel's mention of Stuart's name had startled her into an access of fear. And the difficulty of managing a volcano from the outside came strongly into Wych Hazel's mind. She answered slowly,

"I do not know. We will try."

"And may I take you to her now? There is no time to lose."

Hazel assented, thinking busily. "This is her resource," she said to herself. "The pocket pistol would have been mine."

The carriage rolled on now for a time without any more words passing between its inmates. Both ladies were meditating, ways and means and hindrances. The grey sky under which they had begun their drive, seemed to be letting itself down closer and closer upon the earth; and this low grey canopy was becoming suspiciously smooth and uniform. The air was quite still, and had, as I said, suddenly grown mild. But neither of the two busy thinkers noticed the signs abroad.

"Mrs. Rollo," Annabella began after a long pause,—"I am afraid you can do nothing with Phinny. She always has had her own way, and she is obstinate. Suppose you cannot make her listen to you; do you think you could have any power with Mr. Nightingale?"

Hazel hesitated to answer, and Annabella went on.—"I don't know whether you know—Mme. Lasalle has got one of her friends to give him an office; and he is going out next month as Consul to Lisbon. If only he could be got off without her, then, you see, we should be safe."

"She would follow."

"No, I don't think she would; she would not dare. Phinny is not bold, in that way. Could you do anything with him, do you think?" The accent of forlorn anxiety was touching from the usually so imperturbable sister. She watched Wych Hazel's face and words now.

It was a very mixed question. Could she?—truth to say, she felt uncertain. Yet perhaps.—But might she? Would the attempt be permitted, if Rollo knew? Was it breaking faith to try without his knowledge? Or were there cases when she might lawfully and secretly follow her own judgment against his? and was this one? Hazel folded her hands over her "yes."

"Don't talk to me please," she said. "I must think."

Again the carriage rolled on with stillness inside. The gray air outside grew almost tangible, it seemed so thick. Very fine snow crystals were beginning to flicker down, but I think neither of the ladies remarked it. Meanwhile the wheels of the carriage were no longer rattling over paving stones; the streets and houses of the city were left behind; a grey country, with houses scattered over it and trees here and there standing, desolate and drear enough, was to be seen from the carriage windows; but Wych Hazel hardly saw it. At last the houses began again to stand apparently in some regular order and took a more comfortable air; gardens and trees and shrubbery lay between the houses and around them; then suddenly the carriage turned round a corner and presently stopped. Wych Hazel saw a small dwelling house of very humble pretensions, but neat-looking, and with a small courtyard in front; and now perceived by the signs that she was in a village. "Where have you brought me?" she said.

"O. Fort Washington—didn't I tell you? Mrs. Rhodes lives here. She is quite respectable."

The snow was not yet falling, except in those fine isolated crystals. But the branches of the trees that overshadowed the house were beginning to sway hither and thither as if the wind were raising, and a warning moan of the breeze came through the tree-tops. The ladies went in at a little gate in the paling fence, and were admitted immediately into the house by a neat elderly woman. A little entry-way received them, having a door on each hand. Wych Hazel was ushered into the room on the right, while Annabella disappeared with the woman into the other opposite.

It looked dreary enough, for Josephine Charteris's hiding-place. Respectable it was, to be sure. There was a gay ingrain carpet, a little table set out with photographs of Mrs. Rhodes's friends and relations, living and dead; around the walls hung a great number of other pictures in cut walnut frames and resting on brackets of the same. A large one of Abraham Lincoln held the first place among these, and another engraving of a racehorse challenged attention, with a large map of North America and the portrait of Jenny Lind. Hazel felt as if she could not have borne the whole together for one half hour, if she had been there on her own account. In a few minutes Josephine came in. She was not different from what Hazel had been accustomed to see her; not excited, not disturbed. Her dress was rich, and a little careless; in both respects not unlike Josephine. She received her visitor cordially enough.

"You are the only person I would see," she said. "How did you know where I was? I have come here for rest. You know there is no rest as long as people know you are in town; it is nothing but go, go, night and day. And here one has really a breath of country air. I have brought a carriage load of books with me—all the new novels I could find; and I just lie abed and read all day. Dreadfully useless, isn't it?" she went on with a laugh; "but you know I never pretended to be anything else."



HUNTING A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

OSMAN PASHA.

Osman Pasha, distinguished for his skilful defence of Plevna against the combined efforts of the Russian and the Roumanian forces, is a native of Armassa, Asia Minor, and was born in 1832. He began his studies under the care of his brother, the late Hussein Effendi, in the preparatory school at Constantinople. At the proper age he entered the Turkish military school, from which, after a brilliant examination, he graduated with the rank of Lieutenant. In 1853 he entered the army, and took part in the Crimean war. His zeal and good conduct in the field, and as a staff officer, soon obtained for him the rank of Captain. At the end of the war he entered the Imperial Guards, where he soon rose to the rank of a commandant of a battalion.

On the breaking out of the insurrection in Crete he was sent to that island, and was present in almost every engagement that took place during that stubbornly contested war. At the close of the conflict he returned to Constantinople with the rank of Colonel, won by hard fighting. During his stay at the Turkish capital Osman Pasha was connected with various military duties, and intrusted with several important missions, which obtained for him the rank of Brigadier-General, and at length an appointment on the staff of the Fifth Army Corps as General of Division.

For gallant services in the recent war with Servia, Osman Pasha was promoted to the rank of Marshal. The story of his military career in the present war is too fa-



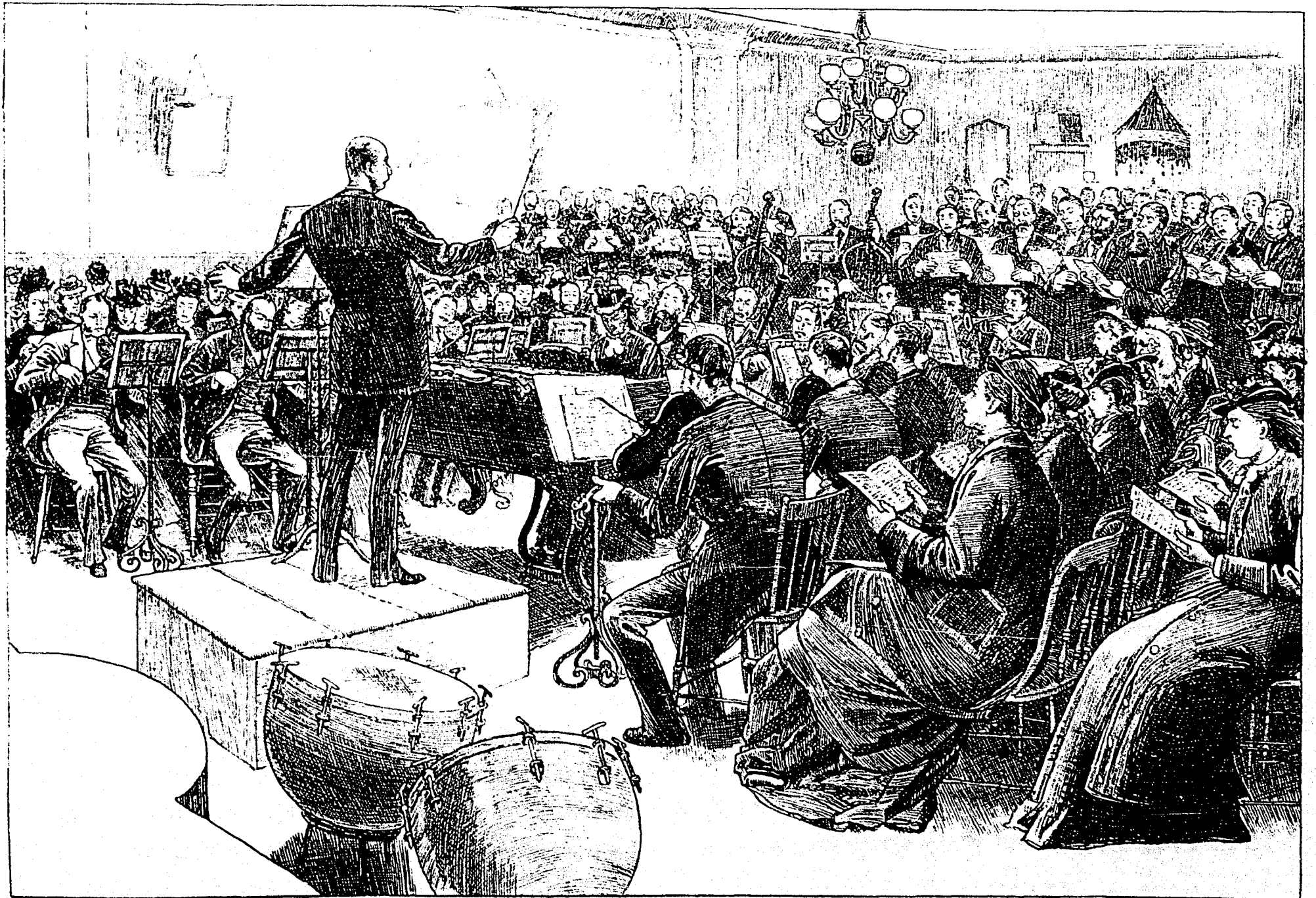
GHAZI OSMAN, THE HERO OF PLEVNA.

FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IN HIS TENT, SEPT., 21ST, 1877, BY VICTOR LOHRE.

miliar in the minds of our readers to need recapitulation here. Osman Pasha has never been in Western Europe. He is tall, of spare figure, somewhat delicate in health, active, intelligent, and attentive to his duties. He inquires personally into all the details of his army and its tactics, directing the mode in which they are to be executed. His manners are urbane and agreeable, and he is a favorite with his friends and intimate acquaintances.

The beginning of the present war found him still at Wildin, whence, in July last, he advanced, with his army, to Plevna, where by unusual skill he not only stemmed the tide of Russian invasion, but brought upon the invaders such defeat and disaster as to lead to the hope that he might succeed in driving them back across the Danube. For his brilliant successes the Sultan bestowed on him the title of Ghazi (Victorious). Our portrait was taken while Osman was resting in his tent. He always carries a pencil under his fez, as will be seen in our sketch, and has many peculiarities that are in marked contrast to the usually indolent nature of Turkish officials.

Ghazi Osman is the greatest military figure which the present war has as yet brought forward, on either side. His fall is as glorious as was his heroic resistance. He seems to have the real elements of a great man, and we are pleased to see that his Russian adversaries, from the Czar down, are loud in praise of his genius, his fortitude, and his devotion to his country.



TORONTO.—CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRICKSHANK.

Don't you think that is the great point? not to pretend to be what you are not?"

OUR CHRISTMAS DIRECTORY.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & Co., JEWELLERS,
Nos. 226 and 228 St. James Street.

Have always been great favorites with the holiday trade. No other dealers ever brought to the city such lovely *bijouterie*, magnificent diamonds, beautiful watches, jewelry, clocks, &c. It is never a hard task to select a Christmas or New Year's present at Savage, Lyman & Co's. Their show cases are always glittering with the latest in rich and rare goods, and their windows ever tempt the passer-by to stop and admire the beautiful wares on exhibition. The fashionable crowds will again be there as for years past. Time but adds to the popularity and reputation of this long established house.

T. REEVES & Co., SKATES,
687 Craig Street.

The skating season is approaching and our boys are looking round to purchase the best of skates. The solution to this is, go to Reeves, 687 Craig street, and see his ample preparation for the ice season, in his Victoria Rink Skeleton Skate for ladies and gentlemen. He has also all the best kinds of known makers at prices to meet the times, and not higher than is asked for trashy frauds. His stock of shot-guns, revolvers, &c., is always complete, and being a practical gun-maker, parties may rely on being furnished with the best in all cases.

KENNEDY'S CLOTHING HOUSE,
31 and 33 St. Lawrence Main Street.

"Dress makes the man," a truism that cannot be denied in holiday times, especially when the desire is to appear to the best advantage in the eyes of the fair sex. Though times are hard, yet by the strong inducements offered by this firm, parties are enabled to economize and obtain the latest styles, and fashionable goods at living prices. For the ensuing ten days they have undertaken a hard task, that is, to surpass their former efforts. With cutters that know their business, polite salesmen, and determination to please, they count on a larger patronage than ever.

NESTLE'S MILK FOOD,
Thos. Leeming & Co., Agents, Montreal.

The baby "the well-spring of pleasure in many a happy home," the pride and joy of parents, in the past, present and future. How happy and grateful have been the feelings of many mothers, who by the use of "Nestle's Milk Food" have seen their darling, once puny and ailing, brought to enjoy robust and vigorous health, and waxing fat on its nourishing qualities. Wherever introduced its value is appreciated, and it is the daily essential, with thousands of mothers for their darlings, in all classes of society.

ROBERTSON, THE FURRIER,
232 McGill Street.

A valuable gift, useful as well as beautifying, is a set of furs—Sacque, Muff, or Boa. An excellent assortment in every line of fur goods is to be found at the above address for ladies, gentlemen, and children, desirable and very reasonable in price. One noticeable feature is that they are all fresh new goods; no stale, out-of-season stock. Orders will be filled at very short notice, and made up in the best style and finish by practical and experienced workmen.

J. C. THOMPSON & Co., FURS,
Corner of Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.
With the cold weather comes the holidays, and the preparations for our Canadian winter. Furs are in order, and in the windows of many of our stores are displayed seal skin sacques, muffs, boas, caps, gloves, and robes to bid defiance to Jack Frost. At No. 416 Notre Dame Street, corner of St. Peter, is a standing invitation to the public, to "Cross over and see our Nobby Styles." We do cross, and find a very full assortment, made up under the special supervision of Mr. Thompson himself, and from selected furs, domestic and foreign, marked at such prices as to come within the means of every purchaser. Give him a call.

JAS. W. TESTER & Co., CONFECTIONERY,
160 McGill Street.

There is nothing more tempting and enticing than the display of good things for the holidays on view at this establishment. It may be termed "Santa Claus' Headquarters." That renowned personage is the centre of attraction in the front window to admiring crowds, surrounded by all the accessories of horns of plenty, bon-bons and candies, suggestive of the good things in store for purchasers within, which are shown in endless variety. This firm is well known as being a standard for excellence in confectionery.

PALMER & SON,
No. 367 Notre Dame Street, are importers, manufacturers, and dealers in Hair Goods, Perfumery and Toilet Articles, ivory brushes, and other styles, odour boxes, toilet mirrors, &c., suitable to any and every demand in the line. Their store is most handsomely fitted up and conveniently located. There is nowhere in the city a more elegant gift, and at a more reasonable price can be purchased, than at this store. All in need of handsome and sterling goods are invited to call.

ANGUS' LADIES' PARLOR SHOE STORE,
375 Notre Dame Street.

To be "*bien ganté et bien chaussé*" have been authoritatively mentioned as the indispensable requisites of the toilet of a fashionable belle. In the fashion reports of the European capitals, the pattern, style, color and workmanship of the dress boot or shoe, is as definitely stated as the head-dress or costume. The identical article so used for the ball-room, promenade, or wedding, may be obtained in this city, at the above establishment, and the proprietor's enterprise is highly commendable in thus enabling the fair sex of Montreal to at once obtain the most elegant specimens on their adoption by the fashionable world.

WM. DRYSDALE & Co., BOOKSELLERS,
232 St. James Street.

With their usual business promptness, Messrs. Drysdale & Co. are amongst the first to offer their display of holiday supplies, and have a large and varied assortment carefully selected, and certainly no branch of business in the city can offer more appropriate gifts than this. Their selected list of handsomely bound and illustrated books, in all styles and subjects, both singly and in lots, comprise what would adorn any library. Other features in the stock are worthy of mention, comprising Fine Russia Leather and Morocco Bibles, Church Services, Pocket Books, &c., &c., with an abundance of useful articles too numerous to mention, all suitable for Holiday Presents, and at very reasonable prices. Wm. Drysdale is agent for Mark Twain's celebrated Scrap Albums,—quite a novelty. Catalogues on application.

BROWN & CLAGGETT, "RECOLETT HOUSE,"
cor Notre Dame and St. Helen Sts.

The ladies are already making their arrangements for the New Year, and the all-important question is, "What are you going to wear?" Balls, parties, and weddings are also being planned. This knotty conundrum can be settled by a visit to Brown and Claggett's elegant show-rooms. Reception costumes, wedding outfits, and evening toilets, if orders are sent in early, can be filled promptly. Their taste and knowledge of the different styles adapted to the fair sex have become thoroughly appreciated, and was stamped with the approval of the only medal given at the Philadelphia Exhibition of '76 for costumes, a well-deserved honour to themselves and a credit to Montreal enterprise and ability. Their stock of fancy goods for the Christmas Holidays is better assorted this season than ever before, and prices are nearly fifty per cent. below any previous year.

C. C. DEZOUCHÉ, MUSIC IMPORTER,
211 St. James Street.

The annual festive season is now close at hand, the time when dull care is softened and joy is predominant. Music takes in this a prominent part, and adds its fascinating and soul-inspiring influence. Many are the brains puzzling what to select for a Christmas or New Year's Gift. If the tastes of the recipient are musical, a visit to DeZouché's will satisfactorily settle the question. The assortment of classical and popular instrumental and vocal music books, in holiday bindings, is very complete, of sufficient variety to suit the most diverse tastes, and what is very important, their terms are marked at temptingly low prices.

H. A. NELSON & SONS, WHOLESALE FANCY GOODS,
Montreal and Toronto.

There is probably no wholesale firm in the Dominion more prominently connected in its special branches of goods with the holiday trade than the house of H. A. Nelson & Sons. From their large warehouses in Montreal and Toronto they distribute through the length and breadth of the Provinces, to gladden the hearts of young and old, not only at the Christmas season specially, but throughout the year, the innumerable articles that are embraced under European and American Fancy Goods, with also those of their own manufacture, to particularize which would fill a large volume. The view of the respective buildings occupied by this well-known firm, given on outside page, will prove of interest to many of our readers both east and west.

S. R. PARSONS, FURNITURE,
603 Craig Street.

We are now approaching the season for parties, receptions, and home entertainments, and when it is necessary with many to add to the furnishing and beautifying of their rooms. It should be remembered that it costs no more to buy elegant and durable furniture than that which is poorly designed and cheaply made. This especially applies to the choice assortment on view at Parsons' Furniture Warerooms, comprising single articles and in suits for the Parlor, Library, Dining-room, and Chamber, and at prices that will not fail to ensure sales. An inspection of the stock and prices is invited.

PARK'S ART STUDIO,
195 1/2 St. James Street.

The pictures produced at this gallery have the very highest reputation, second to none other

in the city. With an elegant suite of rooms, central location, and every facility for doing work to the best advantage. No other gallery can show better results in every thing pertaining to the art. All the most recent improvements being at once adopted on their introduction. Many of the most faithful and artistic pictures in the city have been taken at the above address.

RONAYNE BROS., BOOTS AND SHOES,
192 & 194 St. Joseph St., cor. Chaboillez Square.

This firm makes a special effort to give a boot or shoe that is handsome, comfortable, and good fitting, and at such a price as to come within the reach of all. They cordially invite all interested to give them a call this holiday time, when they will be happy to verify all they claim. The prices quoted by these gentlemen are very low, and it is certainly a strong inducement to the public to extend to them a most liberal patronage.

W. S. WALKER, WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
No. 321, Notre Dame Street.

This establishment presents a very handsome appearance, arranged as it is with special reference to the tastes of the many who are contemplating purchasing presents for friends during the coming holidays. It embraces a very large assortment in ladies' and gentlemen's gold and silver watches, gold chains, bracelets, lockets, charms, rings in diamonds and precious stones, &c., very temptingly displayed. With reference to the present hard times, prices are made very reasonable, and the proprietor cordially invites all in want of handsome goods to call and inspect for themselves.

SCOTT & FRASER,
363 Notre Dame Street.

A very superior collection of oil paintings, water colour drawings, engravings, &c., are always on view at the art repository of this firm. The selections have been made with excellent taste and judgment from the best sources in European and American art galleries and studios. In mantel and pier glasses, portrait and picture frames, they have one of the best and finest stocks in the Dominion, and worthy of special mention in connection with the business.

FIELD'S PORTRAIT,
Corner of Craig and Bleury Streets.

What is more suitable for a Christmas gift than a cabinet and photograph? Field has ever determined to maintain the highest possible excellence and fidelity to nature in all his pictures, offered at the lowest price possible for the superior work furnished. Many of the New York galleries charge for the same class of work more than double the price asked by him, and questionable if any thing superior either in expression or finish. With mothers' pets he is particularly fortunate and makes of this branch a speciality.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

Christmas Presents.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

W. S. WALKER,
IMPORTER OF
DIAMONDS,
FINE WATCHES and JEWELLERY.
ENGLISH and FRENCH CLOCKS,
Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Jet Goods, &c., &c.
No. 321 NOTRE DAME STREET
(Opposite the Binary Clock.)
MONTREAL.
Watches, locks, Musical Boxes and Jewellery Cleaned and Repaired.

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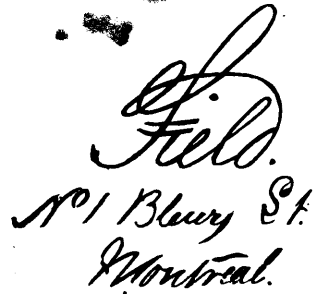
A BOTTLE OF PERFUMERY.
A TORTOISE SHELL BACK COMB.
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Or many other beautiful articles to select from the elegant stock at

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"The Original" will be on Exhibition till New Year's Day.

CONFECTIONERY & NOVELTIES IN SUGAR WORK,
Pure, wholesome, and full-flavored.
Cornucopias, Cosaques, Luggage, Fancy Boxes, &c., &c.
The proper place to get your supplies.
JAMES W. TESTER & CO.,
160 McGill Street, opposite Albion Hotel.



PORTRAITS.

MEDAL and DIPLOMA awarded at the late Provincial Exhibition; the only Medal awarded for Photography.

RONAYNE'S POPULAR SHOE STORE

192 & 194 St. Joseph Street,
CHABOILLEZ'S SQUARE.

PRICES AND GOODS.

- \$1.00 Men's Felt Overshoes.....\$1.00
- 75 Ladies' do.....75
- 90 Men's Wool Lined Rubbers.....75
- Men's neat Congress Boots to wear under overshoes, only \$1.50. Misses' and Children's of every description in proportion. The above goods are all Fresh Stock and Good Fitting. We have also on hand a Lot of Ladies' Fancy Rubbers. Imitation Buttoned, which we will sell at 40c. worth 55c.

WM. SCOTT,

MANUFACTURER OF

MANTEL and PIER MIRRORS,

Portrait and Picture Frames,
NEWEST STYLES, BEST OF WORKMANSHIP
AND MODERATE CHARGES.

363 Notre Dame Street.

SCOTT & FRASER,

Importers and Dealers in

Oil Paintings, Water Color Drawings,

FINE ENGLISH & FRENCH ENGRAVINGS.

Have now in stock Wedgwood Cameos, a few pieces of Japanese and other Pottery, and Casts from the Antique in Terra Cotta and imitation ditto, suitable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

PARKS'

Magnificent Gallery and Studio is the centre of attraction to those looking for exquisite things in PHOTOGRAPHIC ART for presents.

Nothing can be more durable or appropriate. Sittings by appointment.

195 1/2 St. James St.,
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SUITABLE FOR USEFUL.

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Easy Chairs,
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Rattan and Bentwood
Rockers,
Work Stands & Tables,
Tea Tables. &c., &c.

GENTLEMEN'S

Arm Chairs,
Foot Rests,
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CHILDREN'S

Bureaus,
Tables,
Couches,
Chairs of all kinds,

Bedsteads, Bedroom Sets, &c.

FANCY FURNITURE.

ABNILES, CARD RECEIVERS, OTTOMANS,
FOOT STOOLS, SLIPPER BACKS,
BRACKETS, BOOK SHELVES in great variety.

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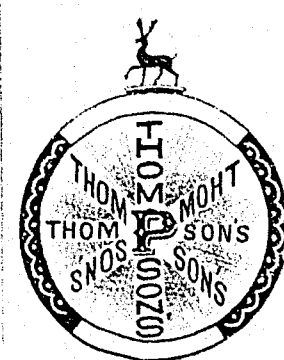
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