

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. I.
No. 14.

Saturday, April 16th, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
Editor and Proprietor.

J. FRASER BRYCE,
Photographer,
107 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MACDOUGALL & BEAUMONT,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

EQUITY CHAMBERS, 20 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO,
ALFRED MACDOUGALL. R. B. BEAUMONT.

ROLPH & BROWN,
Barristers, &c.
T. T. ROLPH. EDWARD B. BROWN.

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS (next Post Office),
30 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO.

L. MCFARLANE, M.D.

No. 16 GERRARD ST. EAST,
TORONTO.

EDMUND E. KING, M.D.
L. R. C. P., London,

COR. QUEEN AND BOND STS., TORONTO.

DR. HELEN E. REYNOLDS,
72 GERRARD STREET EAST,

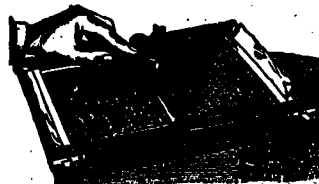
Diseases of Women and Children
A SPECIALTY.

DR. HENNING,
Sixteen years in general practice and an
extensive experience in the Hospitals of New
York, under Profs. MUNDE, SIMS, HUDSON,
WYLLIE, T. GAYLORD, THOMAS, HUNTER, PAGE.
Midwifery & Diseases of Women & Children.
252 WELLESLEY STREET.

ELLIOTT & SON,
Decorators and Dealers

IN
Wall Papers, Stained Glass,
Hand-Painted Tiles, Parquetry,
Flooring, etc.

ELLIOTT & SON,
24 BAY STREET, NEAR KING.



TRYPOGRAPH.

5,000 from one writing. Send for beautiful Samples
GEO. BENGOUGH, Agent Remington
26 King St. East, Toronto. Type-Writer.

GEO. H. JARVIS,
Barrister,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Office, 19 Building and Loan Chambers, 15 Toronto Street,
TORONTO, CANADA.
Ascend by Elevator.

SAMUEL L. BECKETT,
Florist,
322-4-6 Ontario Street.

Choice Plants for the Conservatory and Lawn.
ROSES AND CUT FLOWERS. FLORAL DESIGNS A
SPECIALTY.

J. BRUCE, Most Artistic.
ART Most Stylish.
PHOTOGRAPHER, Most Finished.
118. King Street West. MODERATE PRICES.

W. H. GARDINER,
Photographer,
322 Yonge Street, opposite Gould Street.
Call and Examine Samples before
going elsewhere.

A. MACDONALD,
Merchant Tailor.
PANTS A SPECIALTY.
355 Yonge Street, - - Toronto.

If going or sending for friends in any
part of Europe call and get Low Rates
by First-class Lines.

H. W. VAN EVERY,
Railway, Steamship and Excursion
TICKET AGENT,
14 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO.

A. ELVINS,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 9 ARCADE, - - TORONTO.

MURDOCH & WILSON,
LAND, LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENTS,
Valuators, etc.
Office—No. 8 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

FOR ALL THE NEWEST
ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, ETC.
—GO TO—
MATTHEWS BROS. & CO. { 93 Yonge St.
Picture Framing and Room Mouldings in the very
Latest Styles.



GUARANTEE CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT. — — — — — A HOME COMPANY.

President—HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND O.B., K.C.M.G.

Vice-Presidents—HON. WM. McMASTERS, WM. ELLIOT, Esq.,

HON. CHIEF JUSTICE MACDONALD,
W. H. BEATTY, Esq.,
EDWARD HOOPER, Esq.,
J. HERBERT MASON, Esq.,
HON. JAMES YOUNG,
M. P. RYAN, Esq.,

Directors.

S. NORDUMNER, Esq.,
W. H. GIBBS, Esq.,
A. MOLEAN HOWARD, Esq.,
J. D. EDGAR, Esq.,
WALTER S. LEE, Esq.,
A. L. GOODERHAM, Esq.,

Managing Director—J. K. MACDONALD.

The Association has been fifteen years in operation, during which time \$916,000 has been returned to the Policy Holders.

This year (1880) closes the third Quinquennial Period. It is expected there will be a surplus of over \$380,000. The surplus at December 31st, 1885, being \$282,199.

Guarantee Capital and Assets now over \$2,300,000. Policies in force over \$14,000,000.

Policies Non-Forsaleable after two years, and after three years Indefensible.

Sun Life Assurance Comp'y of Canada.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following statement:—

	Income.	Assets.	Life Assurances in Force.
1874	\$64,673 89	\$621,362 81	\$1,786,392 00
1870	102,822 14	716,944 04	2,214,093 00
1876	127,505 67	778,896 71	2,874,682 48
1880	141,402 81	911,132 93	3,581,479 14
1882	254,311 73	1,078,677 94	5,949,339 19
1884	278,370 05	1,274,357 24	8,344,404 04
1885	319,987 05	1,311,004 83	7,930,878 77

The only Company issuing absolutely Unconditional Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN,

President.

R. MACAULAY.

Managing Director.

A. H. GILBERT, Manager for Western Ontario, Toronto.

Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute, PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, TORONTO.

SPECIALTIES: Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Business Correspondence, Banking, Commercial Law, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., etc.

THOMAS BENGOUGH,

Official Reporter, York County Courts, President.

CHAS. H. BROOKS,

Secretary and Manager.

THE RESERVE FUND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

AGENTS WANTED TO REPRESENT.

HEAD OFFICE: 10 KING ST. EAST,
TORONTO, ONT.

HARRINGTON & SON, UNDERTAKERS

AND PROFESSIONAL EMBALMERS.

FIRST-CLASS HEARSE AND OUTFIT.
CLOTH WORK A SPECIALTY.

Can furnish all class of goods from the cheapest to first-class.

SPECIAL NOTICE—We wish it strictly understood that we are in no combination of prices in any goods of any kind whatever. Prices Moderate.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

356, YONGE ST.

Open all Night.

Telephone .1176.

CHARLES P LENNOX,

Dentist,

Yonge St. Arcade, Rooms A and B,
UP-STAIRS.

Special attention given to Artificial Crowns, Filling, etc. Artificial Sets from \$6.00 up. Hurd's System of Vitalized Air for extracting teeth.

REAL ESTATE and EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

I buy, sell or exchange Farms and City property. I also furnish Railroad Contractors, Saw-millers and others with men.

Situations of all kinds obtained for men, boys and girls in the City and Country.

JOS. TUER, 101 York St., Toronto.

ROSES. BEST QUALITY TREES.
BULBS.
H. SLIGHT
THE FLORIST
SEEDS.
WEDDING FLOWERS
407 YONGE ST.

The Nobbiest Yet!

IS THE VERDICT ON OUR

TWEED WALKING JACKETS

300 STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

ALL PERFECT FITTING AND SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR US.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY

FROM

\$2.50 TO \$20.00.

FRENCH AND GERMAN

PATTERN MANTLES

NOW ON EXHIBITION.

Dress and Mantle Making an art with us.



218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert Street,
Toronto.

159 and 161 Queen St. West.

QUEEN CITY LIVERY,

OPPOSITE QUEEN STREET AVENUE.

Telephone 353. First-class Rigs Always Ready.

TURNBULL SMITH.

MISS HOLLAND,

99 YONGE STREET.

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking.

MOURNING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

MRS. A. W. MILLER,

100 YONGE ST.

MILLINERY & AMERICAN DRESSMAKING

Fancy Laces a Specialty.



SECOND-HAND

and RARE BOOKS

FROM ENGLAND.

About 20,000 volumes of miscellaneous second-hand and rare books always on hand. Catalogue of new arrivals now ready

GRATIS and POST-FREE.

BRITNELL'S,

TORONTO,

And at London, Eng.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOL. 1. }
No. 14. }

Saturday, April 16th, 1887.

{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

CONTENTS OF NO. 14.

EDITORIAL NOTES.	PAGE	EDITORIAL.	
A "Scandalous Chronicle".....	211	Lord Lansdowne's Irish Policy.....	214
The Marquis and the Princess.....	211	Delightful Old Maids.....	214
The Great Mystery Unravell'd.....	211		
Press Comments of the Parisian- Journals.....	212	BOOK REVIEW.	
Meeting of the Dominion Parliament.....	212	The Service of Man.....	215
Lawyers in the Local Cabinet.....	212		
The Woman's Medical School.....	212	POETRY.	
Scott Act Riots.....	213	The Old Sugar Camp.....	217
The Fisheries Question.....	213		
The Chapeau Dinner.....	213	LOST IN A HENLOCK SWAMP.....	218
Notice of the <i>Musical Journal</i>	213	AN ARAB CAMP BY NIGHT.....	222

Editorial Notes.

A "SCANDALOUS CHRONICLE."

"SOME books are lies frae end to end," sang glorious Robert Burns. Such would certainly appear to be the character of a book which has recently been published in the German capital, and which is just now receiving a good deal of attention at the hands of the Parisian and London journals. Its title, translated into English, is *The Courts of Europe*. The author, who wisely prefers to remain anonymous, entertains but slight reverence for that divinity which doth hedge a king. He—or more probably she—professes to know a good many royal secrets, or rather, a good many stories—mostly of an unsavoury character—which, upon the assumption of their truth, the illustrious personages chiefly concerned might well be excused for wishing to keep secret for all time. The book affects to penetrate beneath the surface of much of the current scandal relating to crowned heads, and to tell the unvarnished truth about the domestic quarrels and conjugal infelicities of some of the great ones of the earth.

THE MARQUIS AND THE PRINCESS.

THE pages relating to the English Court are naturally those wherein Canadian readers are likely to take the keenest interest, and there is one chapter which we in this Dominion may be expected to read with a good deal of amused curiosity. It deals with the personal relations existing between our late Governor-General the Marquis of Lorne and his royal spouse, the clever and accomplished Princess Louise. All the world knows—or professes to know—that the marriage between the future head of the house of Argyll and the fairest of our Queen's daughters has not turned out happily. The most preposterous stories have from time to time been set afloat as to the cause, and the persons who have been most busy in circulating the stories are precisely those who know the least about the matter in hand. Gossip

from the back kitchen and from the lips of discharged tire-women is not generally entitled to much credit, nor does it receive much from sensible people. But gossip, whether true or false, about those who sit in high places has always possessed great attractions for a certain order of minds, and during the sojourn of Her Highness and His Excellency in Canada we were ever and anon regaled with stories, some of which at least possessed the merit of being highly ingenious. The Saga of Clan Campbell was sung to a wide variety of new tunes, and if there is sooth in by-words, the ears appertaining to Canon Duckworth and Lord Rosebery must have been in a state of chronic irritation. Of course nothing came of all this senseless slander. The Marquis preserved his stolid coldness of demeanour through it all. He did not win his way to our hearts as did his more brilliant predecessor in office; but he discharged his functions to the satisfaction of those best entitled to pass judgment upon his conduct, and when the time came for him to leave us we managed to reconcile ourselves to his departure. He has busied himself more or less about Canadian affairs ever since, and has apparently done his best to carry out his limited mission in life. Her Royal Highness, as was her wont before her appearance in the Canadian horizon, has occupied herself with art, literature and amateur philanthropy, seeing little of her liege-lord, and apparently giving herself very little concern about him. Out of sight, out of mind, and most of us in this country have ceased to think about her, except when Mr. Labouchere temporarily brings her to our recollections for a passing moment by one of his incisive little paragraphs in the columns of his much-misnamed newspaper.

THE GREAT MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

BUT there has always been a limit to Mr. Labouchere's revelations. Even he is not omniscient, and he has never professed to unravel the whole mystery surrounding the relations of the Princess and her frigid spouse. It has been reserved for the foreign author of *The Courts of Europe* to make clear the whole sensational story. He—or she—has gone to the bottom of the deep well, and if he—or she—has failed to find truth there, it has not been for want of indefatigable searching. It does not appear that he—or she—has, like the late George Count Johannes, been taken into confidence by both parties; but there is more than one pretty plain intimation that the writer is, to use an expressive Americanism, "solid" with the whole family connection, and could reveal still more tremendous secrets if so minded. We are gravely informed by this veracious chronicler that Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is tortured by a ceaseless jealousy of her lord, and that her

life is rendered miserable by her suspicions of him. Whether this jealousy is morbid and groundless on her part, or whether the Marquis really indulges, as Byron sings, in the recreation of "plucking various fruit without her leave," is a matter as to which even this sagacious personage is compelled to leave us in doubt. Her Highness is represented as saying one day to the Duchess of Albany: "Oh! if I only knew of some place where I could conceal my husband, so as to be sure of him. I am so unfortunate." Miserable, and much-to-be-pitied woman! She cannot emulate the rôle of Mrs. General Gilflory, and lock up her husband's wooden leg in the closet while she goes out to amuse herself. That exquisite satisfaction is denied her, because the Marquis has no wooden leg, and because there is no amusement for her where he is not present to share it.

PRESS COMMENTS OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

SUCH is the marvellous story which some prurient-minded penny-a-liner seeks to impose upon the sated scandal-mongers of the continent. That it should obtain credence among those who have any knowledge of certain ascertained facts relating to the persons immediately concerned is of course out of the question, but some of the Parisian paragraphers either pin their faith to the canard or at least affect to do so. The comments of some of the *feuilletonistes* are supremely amusing. One of them hints at the probability of Her Highness's finding an early refuge from her manifold sorrows within the walls of a religious house. Another suggests that the Prince of Wales ought to interfere. A third maunders over the possibility of judicial interference by the House of Lords!! It is difficult to comment seriously upon such a tissue of absurdities, but one may surely be pardoned for enquiring: Why this sudden access of moral indignation on the part of the most licentious press the world has ever seen? As matter of fact, the pretended revelation is so singularly the reverse of truth that one is constrained to marvel at the unblushing mendacity of the person responsible for it. It is fairly to be inferred that the marriage of the Marquis and his Princess was a mistake; in which respect it does not greatly differ from many other marriages. With regard to the cause, it concerns the pair themselves, and to a less extent their respective families. So far as the rest of the world are concerned, it is simply none of their business, and the writer who panders to a vitiated curiosity on the subject by disseminating impudent falsehoods deserves to be rigidly suppressed.

MEETING OF THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

MOST of the members have by this time found their way to Ottawa, and ere these lines meet the public eye the Parliamentary session will have fairly begun. If the Government feel much anxiety as to the future they have hitherto been able to suppress all outward manifestations thereof. Ministers, one and all, are taking things as they come, and are apparently under no solicitude as to their places. Nor, so far as can be judged, is there any ground for such solicitude. All doubts as to the stability of the Government have been pretty effectually dispelled, and Sir John is safe in

power, at any rate for the present session. Of course nobody can say what the future may have in store, but there is nothing in the political horizon to foreshadow any reaction of public opinion in favour of the Opposition. The tendency, indeed, is rather the other way.

LAWYERS IN THE LOCAL CABINET.

A CORRESPONDENT in a city contemporary takes exception to the preponderance of lawyers in the Local Cabinet. He argues with much plausibility that in an agricultural province like Ontario there ought to be at least three ministers devoted to the service of agriculture. "Common sense," he remarks, "would dictate for the farm three, to commerce one, to the professions one and to labour one." This sounds reasonable enough, but appeals to common sense in matters political are seldom of much avail. If there are too many lawyers and too few farmers in the Government, surely the electors have the remedy in their own hands. It cannot be that the correspondent means to advocate the apportioning by law of the occupations of members of the ministry. Lawyers have always had a large numerical representation in public bodies; and the reason is obvious. Their education and professional occupation are supposed to have especially fitted them for the public service, and they come prominently before the electors in connection with forensic affairs. There are probably quite as many of them in the legislature as the public welfare requires, but nobody, so far as we are aware, has ever mooted their exclusion by law. If you don't want them there, don't vote for them.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL SCHOOL.

TRINITY COLLEGE has thrown down the barriers erected against the admission of women to the medical profession, and at Convocation on Tuesday two Toronto ladies, Mrs. Pickering and Miss Alice McLaughlin, received the double degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery. These ladies are the first graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Toronto, an institution which for the last four years has been doing its work in a quiet but effective way, in spite of some opposition and not a few disadvantages. It has been uphill work for the little college, the scarcity of funds being the chief obstacle to its success; but the Faculty have laboriously and conscientiously toiled, without fee or reward, and thus far have no cause to complain of the results of their teachings. Six students in all have been sent up to the examinations—primary or final—of the Medical Council and the University of Trinity College, and not one of these has failed. This looks like efficient teaching, and a glance at the school examination papers, appended to the Annual Announcement, goes further to show that the Faculty insist upon thoroughness in their students' work. In addition to the routine instruction required by the Medical Council and the Universities it has been decided to establish next session a special course of lectures on Physical Diagnosis, and another on the Diseases of Children, the latter to be undertaken by a member of the medical staff of the Children's Hospital. In no other medical school in the Province are special courses on these subjects delivered, so

that the lady students will be placed in possession of exceptional advantages which will tell heavily in their favour in their professional work. During the first session three students attended the College; during that just closed—the fourth—fifteen. As the College is greatly in need of scholarships, apparatus, etc., an opportunity offers for advocates of the professional education of women to give practical proof of their interest in the work. It may be added that of the three Universities to which application was made by the Woman's Medical College for affiliation, Trinity—generally regarded as the incarnation of conservatism—was the only one to respond, and it responded liberally, cordially, and at once.

SCOTT ACT RIOTS.

It is not creditable to our land that magistrates in counties where the Scott Act is in force should be unable or unwilling to enforce the law. A few weeks ago there was an ineffectual attempt to uphold the dignity of the law in Woodstock. Certain whisky informers were mobbed and the whole town was in an uproar. There was a consequent disturbance of ordinary business, and of the friendly personal relations which ought to be maintained between persons dwelling side by side in the same community. On Monday last there was an equally unseemly display of lawlessness at Strathroy. Now, the business of a whisky informer is not a high or ennobling one, but it is recognized by the law of the land, and it must be borne in mind that none but transgressors of that law have any reason to fear him, or indeed to in any manner concern themselves about him. There are wide differences of opinion as to the merits of the Scott Act, but so long as it remains upon the statute-book it should be obeyed in those constituencies where it has been adopted by the popular voice, and any member of the community lending his countenance to violations of it, or to attacks upon those who seek to enforce it, should be regarded in the same light as any other law-breaker.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's letter on the fisheries question is not only an evidence of right feeling and a due sense of responsibility on his part, but it is indicative of no slight degree of moral courage. Assuming him to be really looking forward to a second term, he must know that by this letter he has alienated not a few prospective votes, and buried them deeper than Pharaoh's hosts were buried in the Red Sea. He however also recognizes the fact that England's indorsement of Canada's claim is no mere bubble of foam to be brushed away at a touch, and that the time has now arrived for discussing this whole question in a grave and statesmanlike spirit. For the present, the business of the tail-twister is not likely to meet with much encouragement in the States from sensible men.

THE CHAPLEAU DINNER.

THE banquet given at Montreal on Monday night in honour of Mr. Chapleau appears to have been all that its promoters could reasonably have hoped for. The attendance was large, and included most of the leading Liberal

Conservatives of the Dominion. The oratorical features were of an altogether exceptional character, Mr. Chapleau's own effort, though couched in a language not native to him, being especially notable for its eloquence and vigour. The presence at the banquet of Sir Hector Langevin would seem to confirm the current belief that he and Mr. Chapleau have adjusted their differences, and are now prepared to enact the part of "twin stars in one sphere" with perfect propriety and decorum, and with due regard to ministerial exigencies. Sir Charles Tupper was present in great force, and, in a speech which had evidently been more carefully prepared beforehand than most of that gentleman's public utterances are, drew a remarkably bright and alluring word-picture of Canada's future. We should be glad to believe in all the roseate images thus eloquently conjured up, but in view of the large public expenditure and the unsatisfactory state of the public revenue, we find it hard to persuade ourselves that there is much beyond words in the perfervid oratory of the ex-Lord High Commissioner. It is however gratifying to know that he has taken hold of the national finances with an evident determination to bring about a more propitious state of affairs, and that he has already lopped off a formidable list of unnecessary expenses. Sir Charles can doubtless find profitable employment in this line in his department for some time to come.

THE MUSICAL JOURNAL, a monthly periodical published in Toronto by Messrs. Timms, Moor & Co., has been regularly laid on our table for some time past, and we must apologize to the directors for not sooner calling attention to its merits. It is a sixteen page quarto, about half of which is devoted to letterpress, while the other half is taken up by music, the greater part of which appears to be original. The literary portion of it is exceptionally well done, being written in good and readable English, and embodying critical comments on matters pertaining to "the art of sweet sounds." Concerning the music proper we speak with diffidence, but so far as a non-professional musical critic may venture to express an opinion, the *Journal* is in all respects a highly meritorious publication, well deserving the hearty support of all who take an interest in musical matters—a large and increasing class in this country, and more especially in this city. The April number contains a sprightly little ballad entitled "I Kissed Her in the Rain," the music and words of which are by Mr. Frederick Sims, who is already favourably known as the composer of an *Ave Maria* published in Toronto during last year. The "swing" of this little ballad is remarkably bright and cheerful, and the refrain comes in with happy effect. The music is in strict keeping with the sentiment, being sweet, pleasant and exhilarating. A word of praise is certainly due to the printers, who have here turned out one of the clearest and cleanest sheets in the whole round of Canadian periodicals. We shall henceforth look forward to its appearance with interest and expectation.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto. To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S IRISH POLICY.

SO much unfavourable criticism has been cabled across the Atlantic regarding the evictions which occurred on the Luggacourren estate of our Governor-General, and such utterly ridiculous comments have been made in certain American papers concerning them, that a fair statement of the facts and events is desirable. We propose to give a brief summary of the case, which has excited such sensational interest in many Irish American and Canadian quarters. The estate contains about 9,000 acres, and is parcelled out among about 100 tenants. The yearly rental is a little over £7,334. In 1862 the rental was about £7,000, and it is shown that since then no less than £10,000 have been spent on farm lands and houses, and another £10,000 on labourers' houses, roads, drainage and other improvements. So that for an outlay of capital amounting roughly to £20,000, an increase of only £300 rental has been made. Against this, however, it must be remembered that about forty rentals were reduced by the Land Court during the last three years, amounting in all to £200 annually. Furthermore, Lord Lansdowne has offered all tenants whose rents were not judiciously abated reductions varying from 10 to 25 per cent. These offers have been refused. The tenants ask for reductions of 20 per cent. on judicial rent, and 35 per cent. on other rents. This is the basis of the fight which Mr. William O'Brien proposes to finish in Canada against the Queen's representative, instead of settling it in Ireland with the landlord. In order to show more clearly the exact state of affairs, let us look at the case of the evicted tenant Kilbride, who is a vigorous supporter of the Plan of Campaign, and a prominent Nationalist. He holds two contiguous farms of 768 acres, the rental of which is £760. During the last twenty-five years Lord Lansdowne has spent about £130 yearly on improvements, for which the tenant is charged 4 per cent. Mr. Kilbride, in a speech after his eviction, ridiculed the idea of accepting 20 per cent. reduction on judicial rents, and spoke of 40, 50 and 60 per cent. as a more fair scale. Lord Lansdowne did not think the Plan of Campaign would be to his interest, and evicted Kilbride. In the face of these facts we find Mr. W. O'Brien asking whether it was consistent that a man whose hands were red with the guilt of unjust evictions should occupy the post of Governor-General of Canada! To his question Canada will probably give for answer a smile, as the management of Lord Lansdowne's Irish estates is really no Canadian's business, and Canadian landlords, it may be safely assumed, are not yet educated up to the Hibernian standard of *reductio ad absurdum* rent. Nor do we imagine it likely that Canadian enthusiasm would reach the necessary temperature should the following threats be carried out:—"We will meet him at his palace gates, and we will make the air ring with his fame as an evictor and an exterminator. We will track him

night and day the wide world over, and from one end of the Dominion of Canada to another. I promise him, on the part of the Irish in Canada, that wherever he goes he will find Irish hearts and Irish throats that will hoot him and boycott him and hunt him with execrations out of that great and free land." In the heat of his proletarian eloquence, the orator failed to reflect that, owing to the very fact of this Dominion being a "great and free land," the hooting, hunting and boycotting of one's fellow creatures would not be tolerated. Canadians are sorry that Lord Lansdowne and his Irish tenants are not on amicable terms; but with the exception of a trifling minority of hot-headed and misguided men, the inhabitants of this "great and free land" are not anxious to express any opinion in a matter of private business which does not in the least concern them. In sending Mr. W. O'Brien to Canada as a stump speaker on behalf of the Plan of Campaign, the National League would be simply squandering money that would be far better spent in really assisting the poor and needy in Ireland.

Toronto.

F. L. W.

DELIGHTFUL OLD MAIDS.

THE ladies named in the heading of this article are, like their undelightful sisters, of many types. Who has not seen the varieties of each sort? But I shall only speak at present of those who are dear to their fellow-mortals.

One admirable specimen of lonely women—for, let outward circumstances be what they may, loneliness is their essential characteristic—is she who consciously accepts that fate, with its pains and penalties as real as its compensations. She makes no struggle to avert her manifest destiny. Too proud and brave to complain, even to herself, of the natural pangs which are undeniable, and far too wise to patch up old sorrows or tamper with the peace and dignity of a life not unreconciled to its conditions, although the hazardous consolations of new and strange regard may sometimes tempt and assail her.

This sort of woman may have her fond recollections, but she will not carry them in her eyes, nor let them filter through her speech. She is not over-sensitive, nor profoundly tender; but she is loving to her own, and never disappoints those who look to her for strength and comfort. If needful, she can put down her own heart when it is troublesome with an unflinching will. She is intensely conservative, and thinks, for example, in these last days of the nineteenth century, that Cromwell was an uncouth monster merely, and Robert Burns "well enough for a plough-boy." She is herself sunny and gracious to all, though at the same time quite sure that the world has reason to be much obliged to her for inhabiting it. In short she is a "Grande Dame" who acknowledges her mistakes and defeats to none, who will accept no pity when she most needs it, and who meets death himself with the serene courage which has never forsaken her.

Some of us can remember one or two such stately figures in their rich silk gowns and charming lace caps, and admit that they were emphatically what the old ballad calls "most gallant ladies."

Among the confirmed maidens there is another true and dear one who has left youth behind. Intelligent and keenly appreciative of larger intellects than her own, she is undazzled by brilliant gifts and accomplishments if the possessor is wanting in simple worth. Shy and reticent, she is never showy, is easily thrust into a corner by more pretentious people, yet has a way of emerging when a little self-assertion is necessary, which compels the respect

of even the vulgar and frivolous mind. She is one of the peculiar women who look back through the vanished years without actual or distinct regrets; one of those who believe that they have missed that which would have made them happy, and who still cherish the illusions, not delusions, which veil the hardness of life as the golden haze of Indian Summer throws a glamour over the rugged landscape.

A woman of this type is neither impulsive nor passionate in feeling. She is slow to make intimacies, but faithful through time and absence to the friends who satisfy her scrupulous mind, and kind and tolerant to those of whom she cannot always approve. Strict and unswerving in principle, devout in faith, she is blown about by no contrary and uncertain winds of doctrine, and finds in the sustaining hopes of religion a balm for the smarts and wounds of her earthly battle. Gentle, cheerful and a little sad-hearted withal, she walks steadily on in the straight and narrow road, sharing and sympathizing in innocent mirth and benevolent endeavour; always welcome, trusted and beloved, yet never losing a secret sense of pain at the lot which has left her, to whom the protection and companionship of love would have been dear, standing alone.

Then, there is the active, useful, practical woman, with sound heart, sagacious head, and skilful fingers. In that fortunate household which possesses her, she is the capable manager, the judicious counsellor, the kindly authoritative nurse. It is she who is strong-minded in the best sense of that misused term, who neither expects slights nor receives any, whom nobody presumes to snub or make light of, whose unimpaired physique saves her from the irritability of weariness, who is ready to travel with her friends, or willing to stay at home and administer their affairs while they roam abroad. Energetic and unromantic, generally prosperous and well-dressed, this woman is good-natured and compassionate to all palpable misery, but incredulous of what she has not experienced in sentiment or feeling, and perhaps a trifle hard and unsympathetic towards what she considers fanciful griefs and delusions. She is unimaginative, but not the less a thoroughly pleasant woman, who never utters a foolish or superfluous word, who is respected by all men and liked by most women, because in her they never contemplate a possible rival. Yet she lives and dies an Old Maid.

But there is a variety rarer than any of these. As we go on our own pilgrimage we meet now and then a woman who seems to be the consummate flower of human purity and grace, though youth be gone. Sometimes she is a wife, happy or unhappy as the case may be, but usually her state is that of maidenhood. This is the woman who retains the lovely eyes of youth when time has paled the rose upon her cheek and turned her shining locks to silver. Her heart has been satisfied. She has known the delight of tender and faithful affection, and has been bereaved of that priceless solace by one of the many chances or fatalities of our existence. Too fastidious and high-minded to marry for a less reason than the fulfilment of that ideal love which she knows to be possible and real, she will shun and resist the honest admiration and homage of good men in a sweet fidelity to the past. With her it is "Cæsar or nobody." Her gentleness is not weakness, and she is able to adhere to that resolve. The sparkle of the spirit once so soft and gay may be chastened by a tinge of pensiveness, but these women never grow dull nor tame. Men of the best sort are charmed with their society, and little children put confiding hands into their soft palms upon short acquaintance.

Their beauty is of that highest kind which is not dependent upon the glow and vivacity of youth, and what was said of one so different is true of these solitary doves: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

It may be said that I have magnified the attractiveness of such women, but I am not writing of imaginary beings. They are as real as roses or diamonds, or any other rare and lovely creation—pearls among women. And I think many will agree with me and be able to recall some—I know they are few—tender, graceful, spiritual, whose wings are already growing while they dwell among us.

Montreal.

MILETA.

Book Review.

THE SERVICE OF MAN. An Essay towards the Religion of the Future. By James Cotter Morison. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Toronto: R. W. Douglas & Co.

"Some books," says Bacon, in an oft-quoted essay, "are to be tasted; others to be swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested." The number of those entitled to come under the last named classification is comparatively small. Out of every hundred books poured forth from the press year by year in an incessant stream, probably ninety-five deserve no better fate than to be tasted and thrown aside. Of the remaining five, it is well if four will bear swallowing, and better still if a solitary one of them will bear to be chewed and digested.

This volume on *The Service of Man*, however, is of an altogether exceptional kind. It is no slight sketch carelessly dashed off in the intervals between more important labours, merely to fill up time, and to afford a reasonable pretext for literary dawdling. It is entitled to a place among those works which are to be carefully chewed and "inwardly digested." The author, it seems to us, has realized Godwin's ideal, and has produced a book which nobody can read through and still remain precisely the same man that he was before. It is full of thoughtful, earnest matter, and nothing is more certain than that much travail has gone to the making of it. It must have caused the author not a few "days of labour and nights devoid of ease." Though the volume is by no means a large one, and though it may be read through by a diligent reader in the course of a single day, it presents the results of a lifetime's reading and a lifetime's reflection and thought. It presents them, too, in a shape far from dry or uninteresting, and with a vigour of language which makes the sentences tell for all they contain. No one who is accustomed to read speculative books at all, and who once makes a fair start into these pages, will put down the volume without reluctance until he has followed the argument to the end.

The author belongs to that rather numerous—and we fear steadily increasing—class which folk of a past generation were wont to stigmatize by the somewhat vague and nondescript term of infidels. He has no faith in the doctrines which we have all learned at our mothers' knees, and which many of us—alas!—have since been constrained either to modify for ourselves or to relinquish altogether. His book is pronounced by the leading organ of literary opinion in Great Britain to be "the most powerful attack on Christianity that has been produced in England during this generation." When it is remembered that the works of Charles Darwin, Thomas Henry Huxley, John Tyndall, Leslie Stephen, and the still anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion*

have been ushered into the world during the present generation, it will be admitted that this is a sweeping characterization. Yet few persons who read *The Service of Man* in a judicial spirit will be disposed to question the doctrine of the reviewer. It certainly seems to us that no book in the English language calls more imperatively for an effective answer from those who believe that the welfare of humanity depends upon the maintenance of existing creeds.

The author's lines of argument are thus laid down by himself in his eighth chapter:—1. That a widespread tendency exists in this, and still more in other countries, to give up a belief in Christianity; and that the scepticism of the present day is very far more serious and scientific than was the deism of the last century. 2. That the supposed consolations of Christianity have been much exaggerated; and that it may be questioned whether that religion does not often produce as much anxiety and mental distress as it does of joy, gladness and content. 3. That by the great doctrine of forgiveness of sins consequent on repentance, even in the last moment of life, Christianity often favours spirituality and salvation at the expense of morals. 4. That the morality of the Ages of Faith was very low; and that the further we go back into times when belief was strongest, the worse it is found to be. 5. That Christianity has a very limited influence on the world at large; but a most powerful effect on certain high-toned natures, who, by becoming true saints, produce an immense impression on public opinion, and give that religion much of the honour which it enjoys. 6. That although the self-devotion of saints is not only beyond question, but supremely beautiful and attractive; yet, as a means of relieving human suffering and serving man in the widest sense, it is not to be compared for efficiency with science.

Here we have a broad, and certainly an essentially destructive platform. Assuming the author to have proved his thesis, it will at once be seen that the religion of the future, if it is to keep pace with the progressive spirit of the age, must erelong assume a form widely at variance with the religion of the past. To speak with perfect candour, we are bound to express an opinion that he has not made good all the counts of his sweeping and most formidable indictment. In spite of all the learning and all the critical acumen that he has brought to bear, it cannot be said that he has enunciated his argument with such overwhelming force of conviction as to have put an end to all controversy. Such an achievement was not to be expected. The faith of eighteen centuries is not likely to crumble into dust at the touch of any man. There is an element deep down in the spiritual nature of almost every human being which still remains unsatisfied, and which is impervious to the historical method of argument, no matter how skilfully it may be presented, and no matter how convincing it may be when viewed in the light of pure reason. Of this element the author takes small account. To him, man's intellect is everything, while his spiritual nature goes for little or nothing. This is the weak spot in his armour, and it of course goes to the root of the whole question. It is of little avail to attempt to convince a hungry man that he is not hungry, merely because he has just partaken of a bounteous repast. We recall a striking case in point. A debtor who had been unjustly placed in durance sent for a lawyer, and stated his case. "Why," vociferated the man of law, "you cannot be imprisoned on such flimsy pretexts as these!" "But," replied the prisoner, "you can see for yourself that here I am in limbo." This was the *argumentum ad hominem*,

in which it was simply puerile to seek for purely technical flaws. A man's deepest convictions, says George Eliot, are often dependent on subtle impressions for which words are quite too coarse a medium.

But one thing—a thing of no slight importance—Mr. Morison may fairly claim to have established. Either Christianity, as originally propounded, must have been something very different from the Christianity which has come down to us in these latter days, or else there has been a woful failure of the divine mission. If we accept the former alternative, it is clear that we have a right to demand who is responsible for the change. And if the latter hypothesis be accepted as the true one, what becomes of the alleged supernatural origin of the Christian faith? The author has made it abundantly clear that in all ages man's religious belief has had very little effect upon his human conduct. In other words: "Salvation is of the psychologists," and "we must know the facts of human nature before we attempt to save men, if indeed men need to be saved." This reasoning may be sound or unsound, but it at least presents a very plausible face, and if it be false, its falsity ought to be susceptible of demonstration. It is the imperative duty of those whose special province it is to guard our spiritual welfare to furnish us with the means of detecting the fallacy, if fallacy there be, which lies hidden under these tremendous assumptions. Orthodox numbers among its upholders many able, high-minded and conscientious men, and it is reasonable to assume that something of the kind will be done for us. A book like this, thrown broadcast upon the world for everybody to read, cannot be ignored or thrust into a corner. Many tried souls, seeking for light, will anxiously await the further elucidation of these knotty problems, and if no such elucidation is forthcoming, they will have a right to conclude that they have been beguiled with a counterfeit. That they may not have such a conclusion forced upon them is the earnest prayer of at least one searcher at whose heart Pilate's query has long knocked without receiving any adequate response.

Of the author's perfect sincerity of purpose in writing as he has done, there can, we think, be no difference of opinion. His depth of conviction is ground into every phase of his argument, and appeals for sympathy to every reader who honestly desires to get at the truth. If his reasoning has the effect of teaching our spiritual pastors and masters some much-needed lessons: if, for instance, it impels them to attach more importance to the spirit, and less to the letter; if it teaches them that a change of man's belief is not necessarily accompanied by any change of man's moral nature, and that in any case a man's outward conduct is of more account than his inner belief; that a man may entertain doubts as to the doctrines of eternal punishment and plenary inspiration—nay, that he may even feel some misgivings as to the very existence of God himself—yet be as acceptable in his Maker's eyes as though he devoutly accepted every clause of the Westminster Confession or the Thirty-Nine Articles; if it disposes them to accept the universal brotherhood of man rather than a narrow restricted fraternity of common belief—if it does any or all of these things, it will not have been written in vain. And if it fails to teach them any of these great truths it must be because they are unwilling to learn lessons which, as it seems to us, are here made very plain.

The least satisfactory part of the book is unquestionably that which relates to "the Service of Man"—the part which is supposed to be constructive rather than destructive, and which seeks

to set up the service of man for the service of God. It must be confessed that the treatment of this important branch of the author's text is fragmentary and defective. The "service" which the author proposes to substitute for Christianity is of the most cloudy and indefinite character—so indefinite that it presents very little of a tangible kind for the imagination to fix its grasp upon. This is doubtless due in some measure to the nature of the theme itself, which does not, perhaps, admit of clear and pellucid treatment; but it is also in no slight degree attributable to the state of the author's health. Mr. Morison is understood to be ill of a mortal disease which may terminate his life at any moment, and which, even under the most favourable conditions, will prevent him from ever again doing any work requiring serious effort. His malady appears to have come upon him when the negative and destructive portion of his book had been fully worked out, but before anything beyond a hazy outline of the concluding argument had been attempted. It is perhaps to be regretted that the book should under such circumstances have been given to the world at all. But there is so much in it with which every candid mind must perforce sympathize—so much that could only have been written by a conscientious and elevated thinker—that few of the laity will be disposed to give loud expression to such a regret. The state of the author's health, too, is the obvious explanation of his pessimistic and most disheartening preface, which contains some of the saddest and dreariest paragraphs that ever pen let fall. Cheerful writing is hardly to be expected from one who knows himself to be on the verge of dissolution, but some of those pages are almost too sad for human perusal. Of a surety, however, they express the writer's mature convictions; in which case he is doubtless fully reconciled to the idea of bidding farewell to a world which is rapidly moving onward to disorganization and chaos.

Poetry.

THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

The old sugar camp.

There is but little in the name;
It almost harshly falls upon the ear,
And yields so much the hopeless note of toil—
The strife and struggle of the weary years—
That wealth and plenty from their vantage-ground
Of brighter days, and calm luxurious ease,
May gaze in wonder at the simple shrine,
Where poor devotion pays the vows of age.
And yet, around it cling such memories,
As in their acting mould the lives of men,
And give a colour to their after-thoughts,
Tinged with the hazy radiance of that past
To which each dusty wayworn pilgrim turns,
When he is sated chasing life's mirage,
And, disenchanted, turns him to the east,
To trace the threads in memory's tangled skein,
Along the strangely checker'd path which time
Has led his footsteps towards—life's western goal.

Here, facing round again, upon youth's morn,
He counts the stages where the nights were spent;—
Where Hope sat pining, waiting for the dawn;
But learned, through cycles of the changing years,
That youth had dipped his pictures in the sun,
Where time retains the drab,—but dims the gold.
Yet seeks he here some centre for his thoughts,
That wander backward, held at every stage
By some poor fragment in life's broken glass,
Which lifting sadly up to memory's gaze,
He finds a lense that fixes to one spot
More of the past in stereoscopic guise
Than all the others in that broken whole.

Thus gathers round a few decaying logs
That once sustained a rudely-fitting roof,

The same sad longing o'er the vanished past
That lifts the hands up to the yews and elms;
Where age sits thinking, but where childhood play'd.

For man still, ever shrinking from the gloom,
And clouds, and darkness, round the setting sun,
Turns to the latest golden glimmer thrown,
Back from the turrets of his air-built fane,
Which in the happy years of long ago,
In that fair Eden whence we all have come,
Rose 'neath the magic wand of youth and hope.
Alas! Time's noiseless finger, changing all,
Weaves round those shrines the drapery of decay,
Till wheresoe'er an altar we have raised,
We turn in silence from the crumbling stones,
And learn where'er a human foot has trod,
We never find the place again the same.

In that old camp, 'tis many many years,
And checker'd years, since the last embers died
Of the last fire that ever shall be lit
By hands now mould'ring in the dust of death.
Back o'er the intervening gulf of time,
I stand once more where, forty years ago,
Dry rustling leaves conceal'd the virgin soil,
And artless wild flowers raised their modest heads
To taste the sweetness of approaching spring.
These are no more; a verdant web of grass
Extends thick-matted where the flowers had been.
The underwood is gone, and forest trees
Encumbering the soil are long since burned.
All but a few 'twere sacrilege to touch:
They were the shelter from the rude North Wind
Of those who, safe from all earth's bitter blasts,
Rest in the silent city of the dead.

Around this lonely pile of wasting logs,
In the strange stillness of the Autumn night,
A few old maples here and there keep watch,
Like silent sentinels that guard a tomb;
Their fellows, fallen many years ago,
Sank from the wounds that ended in decay,
And left them helpless in the northern blast
Of those now left, kind nature's healing hand
Has cover'd o'er the scars the axe had made;
But still, as from the poison'd taint of sin,
Their hearts are rotten, and some ruthless gust
Must shortly lay them with their brothers low.
A single butternut, where many stood,
Still stands unnotic'd by the passer-by.
It had its day of interest and pride,
For children watch'd it through the summer months,
As older children watch for autumn stores
In fields and orchards, which that day were not.

'Mid these surroundings other forms arise,
Cold in the moonlight, flitting to and fro—
A shadowy hand, no longer all of earth—
Pass and repass among the spectral trees,
As in the busy scenes of long ago,
The waking Spring returns with sunny morn;
The sap goes coursing through the maple trees,
And ready even with her willing hands
To swell the scanty revenue of toil.
A careful mother, with her happy band,
Goes forth to gather up the liquid stores.
Year after year the old camp-fires are lit;
Year after year the same unbroken band
Prepare the liquid treasure to secure.
And when, upon the first exciting morn,
The axe awoke the echoes of the wood,
The red deer, startled, stood a while to gaze
On the intruder and the curling smoke;
Then hasten'd to a covert more secure.

And now began a round of busy weeks.
The nightly frosts, south winds, and vernal sun
Brought forth the forest nectar from the trees,
To lighten labour with a promised gain.
But oft there came a day of sleety snow,
When frost, succeeding, sealed the dripping founts,
And the bleak grimness of a raw March day
Gave to the toilers a much-needed rest.
Soon follow'd clearing out of icy pails
And frozen troughs, to wait a brighter time
That only served the labours to renew.

Rockwood, Ont.

D. McCaig.

(Concluded next week.)

LOST IN A HEMLOCK SWAMP.

I.

GREAT expanses of tamarack and hemlock swamp no longer exist in Canada. The settler and the woodman have swept them out of existence, leaving little to mark where they once stood but isolated clumps of ragged and stunted trees in marshy hollows, in place of the vast and primeval swamps which once stretched with scarcely a break over a great part of the western peninsula. A few years—merely a generation or two—have sufficed to effect this remarkable transformation, altering Western Canada from a dark and desolate wilderness, haunted by wild beasts and savages, to a rich farming country, dotted with comfortable homesteads and thriving villages, all manifesting signs of their recent origin, but furnishing substantial evidence of the mysterious workings of the great law of change which affects all things terrestrial. I suppose it would now be next to impossible to convince a stranger to the country that the present green meadows, smiling cornfields, and vigorous fruit orchards have so very recently replaced the interminable and gloomy forests. Looking at the thrifty aspect now presented, it would almost be too much to ask him to believe that thirty years ago there were whole tracts of country still covered by the primeval forests, into whose almost inaccessible recesses the pioneer had never even set foot; whole tracts where there were no regular roads, not even the peculiar species designated "corduroy"—nothing to point out the way through the swamps but blazed marks upon the trees, or devious Indian trails winding hither and thither through the sombre and desolate wilds. Yet, however inadequately such a fact can now be realized, its truth would be attested by hundreds of Canadian pioneers still living, whose strength and endurance have wrought the wondrous change.

Those early pioneers, in hewing their way through the grim wilderness, must indeed have passed lives of cruel suffering and hardship for years before they achieved victory and gathered around them the comforts of life. Many of them, however, naturally enough, love to relate the thrilling experiences of the earlier time to their grandchildren, and thus, by cosy firesides, during long winter evenings, live anew the early, rugged, dangerous life of former times.

I have selected for this story one of the events of the earlier days which has obtained already some currency as a fireside narrative, by reason of one or two unusual circumstances connected with it, but which has taken no more permanent shape than mere tradition. It seems to me to merit being crystallized into more exact and enduring form, and may prove interesting to a wider circle than if it had been allowed to exist only in the memories of the persons who took part in the little domestic drama.

On the morning of the fifth of February, 1845, Roddy Bartlett, a youth of twenty-two years or thereabouts, set off to ride fifty miles across country to his home in the little village of New Durham, which is situated near the dividing line between the counties of Brant and Oxford. He had been engaged in teaching a small backwoods school on the northern borders of that immense tract of forest then known as the "Hemlock Swamp." For twelve weary months he had been immured in one of the dreariest and loneliest localities in all Canada. He had performed his duties faithfully and well, although they had been at times irksome and unpleasant; so the young teacher was not displeased when an offer came to him from the trustees of the New Durham School, asking him to consider an addition of fifty dollars per annum to his salary—a large sum in those days—if he would fill the vacancy existing there since the New Year. He at once joyfully accepted the offered position. There were several reasons why the change would be desirable to him. His father was dead, and his mother and only sister lived, when he was absent, an isolated and lonely life. Then, he was under an engagement of marriage to pretty Bessie Martin, whose family were neighbours of his mother's, and the wedding was arranged to take place on the first of March, only three weeks distant. The additional salary would, on account of the extra expenses entailed upon him by this event, prove exceedingly welcome to him. And lastly where

now he was among strangers, and pretty rough ones at that, he would after the change be at home and among friends he had known nearly all his life. All these considerations had weight with Roddy, so, as soon as his present position could be filled, he was ready and eager to return.

The winter prior to the date of his departure had been unusually cold and stormy, and the forests were piled deep with snow, but the Indian trails were constantly used by the settlers, and he apprehended no tremendous difficulty in getting through. The morning fixed upon for his departure, however, again threatened storm, and as no one in the settlement could accompany him just then, it would have been prudent if he had deferred his journey until the weather cleared. But Roddy was impatient, as nearly all young men are, particularly if they desire to see their sweethearts; so he gazed awhile at the rolling and turbulent clouds, listening the while to the earnest expostulation of old Ben Nixon, the hunter, who told him he must be crazy if he started on such a morning as that. But crazy or not, Roddy thought of the expected friends he had not seen for so long, and determined to take his chances in the forest rather than endure longer the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick." So bidding the settlers, who sought to detain him, a firm good-by, he rode fearlessly off into the jaws of the wilderness, for weal or woe.

II.

AN early winter's evening had darkened over widow Bartlett's unpretentious dwelling in the little village of wooden dwellings yeclpet New Durham. All day long there had been cheerful faces, bustling forms and willing hands within, scrubbing, scouring, baking, tidying, and making with scrupulous and loving care the final preparations for an expected guest. And now everything was done, and Mrs. Bartlett, as she seated herself to await her son's arrival, gave a little sigh of contentment as she glanced over the orderly apartment. She was a woman with an expressive gentle face which was now lighted up with pleasant expectation; and which bore on every lineament the record of a blameless life. In education she was undoubtedly the superior of every other woman in the village, and her refined manners had won her much good will, and the title from the rough villagers of "the English lady." She had two companions now with her. One was her daughter, a girl of eighteen, and Bessie Martin, who had run over from her own home, partly to assist the widow, and partly to welcome Roddy when he should arrive. It is scarcely necessary to remark that all three of the ladies regarded Roddy as the paragon of young manhood, and if he could have heard all the kind things that had been uttered about him during the day he would have become too conceited for a young fellow who had his spurs still to win. The hour of his expected arrival at last drew near. The whole house had an air of expectation about it very unusual and noticeable. The dining-room, the apartment into which they had decided he was to be first ushered, presented a very pleasing and fanciful appearance. It was decked with evergreens, trailing moss and clusters of bright red berries. There were lighted candles placed here and there, including a prodigious one in the window to beckon the traveller to his haven of safety. The table was already laid, and its snowy linen, cut glass dishes and old china, brought by the family from their former English home—an outfit, strange to say, very often to be met with in Canada—looked indescribably inviting. A great fire burning in an immense open fire-place sent forth volumes of glowing heat which reached into every nook of the cosy room. On a cold and stormy winter's night a homeless wanderer might be pardoned for seeking to exchange his birthright, like Esau, for leave to thaw his benumbed limbs and frosty fingers within the precincts of Widow Bartlett's dining-room. Mrs. Bartlett possessed the knack of making her little home attractive, and while she lived there was no other house in New Durham which could compete with hers in this respect. Humble though it was, Roddy had sense enough to be proud of it, and proud too of the love which inspired the careful solicitude without which any home is desolate indeed. That unpurchasable commodity was Roddy's in full measure,

as he well knew, and the harsh, unrelenting wilderness through which he was riding that night no doubt presented a contrast which made him all the more wistful and eager to get beyond its influence.

Of the three persons waiting for the young teacher's advent, his mother was more anxious, if anything, than either his sister or his affianced, to greet him home. Washington Irving is right in saying, "There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart." But all three could do little else than listen for the expected footsteps. Ever and again they would glance at the expansive face of the old-fashioned clock standing in one corner of the room. Surely never before had clock ticked so solemnly and slow. For the twentieth time Mrs. Bartlett referred to her son's letter which she had received some weeks before.

"I'm sure," she began, as she adjusted her spectacles, "he said seven o'clock. Yes. Seven it is, as plain as plain can be. Roddy was always so punctual too," she murmured, as she folded the letter up and replaced it in her pocket, taking time as she did so to once again glance towards the imperturbable clock.

"Oh, he'll be home presently, mamma, never fear," answered Roddy's sister, affecting cheerfulness. "It's only a quarter past the hour yet, and you must remember the distance."

"Besides, the snow must be very deep in the swamps," chimed in Bessie Martin; "he can't come as quickly now, you know, as in summer."

"Yes, yes, I suppose that is true," assented Mrs. Bartlett, with a half sigh. Though she wouldn't confess it even to herself, the state of the weather was a cause of considerable anxiety to her. It had been snowing more or less during the afternoon, though only fitfully; but towards evening a violent storm had set in, which continued to grow worse and worse as the darkness settled down. Half-past seven, three-quarters past, then eight o'clock. Still the women sat waiting, gradually becoming more and more impatient as the moments crawled along. The storm meanwhile had increased until it had become a howling blizzard of the wildest description. The wind shrieked through the trees, and rattled and banged among the houses of the little settlement as if it sought to uproot them and scatter the fragments into the fastnesses of the forest. The snow, in small particles like flour, eddied and swirled hither and thither in a blinding storm that darkened the atmosphere, obscured the paths, and made even the shortest journey a dangerous enterprise. Mrs. Bartlett, not slow to observe the gradual change for the worse in the storm, was soon racked by an awful dread on Roddy's account. After a prolonged and tremendous blast from without, which shook the house to its foundations, she suddenly lost her self-control, and startled the two girls by bursting into convulsive sobs which she vainly endeavoured for their sakes to stifle. But it was of no use. "I'm sure trouble is near. Some accident must have happened. Oh, hear the storm. What shall I do?" she wailed, her mother's heart rebelling against its bitter disappointment.

"Don't let us think of trouble yet, dear Mrs. Bartlett," Bessie answered soothingly, but with a paler cheek than she was wont to wear. "Roddy is of course delayed by the storm, and he has taken shelter somewhere until the worst of it is over." This indeed was plausible enough, but the awful doubt remained to overshadow all consolatory words, and almost make mockery of them. Hour after hour, during the dark and lonely watches of the night, did the three forlorn women sit waiting, hoping against hope for the beloved footsteps which never came; the two young girls bravely but vainly striving to assuage the poor mother's grief. Never before had they seen Mrs. Bartlett give way thus, and awful as it all seemed, they fought against despair with admirable persistency. Hope indeed had sunk low in the valley of the shadows with them, but they nevertheless did not permit the elder lady to suspect that. No words of theirs should add, if they could help it, to her intense distress, which was already more than she could well bear.

Sometime before the cold, pale gleams of morning dawned, the candles burned themselves out, and the glowing fire died down to a few smouldering embers. The apartment, erstwhile so bright and smiling, put on a gloomy and pathetic look, as if in sympathy

with the trouble of its human occupants. Mrs. Bartlett could not be induced even to think of going to bed, and of course the two girls would not leave her alone with her trouble, so the three, huddled closely together, sat out the weary and trying night. None of them could gather heart enough even to attend to the fire, which gradually went out, and the cold crept about them with its benumbing influence. Once Bessie crossed the room, and, opening the outer door, peered out into the storm for a moment to see if she could detect any signs of its cessation. But the wind shrieked as wildly as before, and the snow fell ceaselessly. Far away in the wilds she heard for an instant the blood-curdling howls of a pack of wolves, and with a shrinking heart she at once closed the door and resumed her place with her companions.

Just before daylight a remarkable and impressive thing happened. Mrs. Bartlett, either startled by some momentary but fearful dream, or becoming overwrought by the poignancy of her emotions, suddenly started up and almost shrieked: "I see Roddy! I see him out yonder. There! he's fallen in the snow. Help—help! My poor boy! He's freezing. Didn't I tell you trouble would come? Oh poor Roddy!" With this last despairing cry Mrs. Bartlett threw up her hands, and then sank to the floor insensible.

Inexpressibly shocked by what they regarded as merely a manifestation of hysteria, the two girls immediately set to work to revive her, which they, after a considerable time, happily succeeded in doing. But she would listen to no more words of hope regarding Roddy, and refused all offers of comfort, insisting with pitiful iteration: "My poor boy is gone—gone—ah, he's gone!"

III.

MEANWHILE, what befell Roddy, and prevented him from reaching his mother's habitation at the hour he had mentioned in his letter to her? For some miles after entering the swamp the young teacher pursued his course easily, and without any incident worthy of remark. The sky, which had been since early morning, unusually dark and lowering, still withheld the threatened storm. The forest path, though narrow, was plainly perceptible, notwithstanding the depth of snow on the ground. His way at first lay through a part of the forest where the trees, although tall, tapered to a point, allowing plenty of space for daylight to reach the earth, and here the wilderness was consequently not dark. It was through this part of the swamp that the solitary horseman made unusually rapid progress. He found his horse sure-footed and enduring, although it belonged to a breed not especially noteworthy for good looks. In fact there were few horses in Canada in those days except those owned by the English officers of the garrisons which were in any way remarkable.

Towards midday, Roddy came to a part of the swamp more gloomy and forbidding than any portion he had yet seen. Here, in all their pristine grandeur, were the primeval giants of the forest. Their vast trunks rose heavenward for nearly two hundred feet, and their tops, instead of tapering, branched out expansively, interlacing one with another, effectually shutting out the light from the world beneath. Here and there, however, some of these great monarchs had come to grief, and now lay prone upon the earth. The gaps caused by their downfall had never been filled up, and now these were so many windows to admit daylight to the sombre depths below. The whole locality was pervaded by a strange, oppressive death-like silence, if anything emphasized by the mournful cadence of the wind sighing in heavy monotonous through the thick branches far overhead. It presented a boundless immensity of gloom and mystery infinitely grand, but not inviting to our young traveller, whose thoughts were far in advance of his surroundings, revelling in visions of home. Otherwise, perhaps, the gloomy scene, the weird aspect of the desolate darkened aisles which opened their shadowy vistas on every hand, must have awakened in his mind the most dismaying feeling of awe and indefinite fear, very difficult to shake off. Onward into the depths of the gruesome darkness he rode, however, with all the speed compatible with the rough and uncertain nature of the path, which was now very difficult to follow, and which was broken by hills and hollows, fallen trees, uprearing roots, with tons of

black earth adhering in a compact mass to their network, snowdrifts and jagged thickets. Over these various hindrances his horse could make at best but slow progress, yet it never was brought to a standstill, or wandered from the faintly discerned path. Consequently, Roddy began to entertain strong hopes of leaving the dense swamp behind, and entering before dark the more open maple woods which fringed the clearings around New Durham.

In these desolate lonesome solitudes there was very little manifestation of life to distract the traveller's attention. The birds were nearly all gone south to a warmer clime. Deer were plentiful enough near the clearings, but were rarely to be found in the depths of these ancient and mouldering silent swamps. Roddy detected bear tracks here and there, but Bruin kept himself well out of sight. There were also savage and snarling packs of wolves, buried somewhere in the deep shadows, but he had as yet come upon no traces of any. He knew and appreciated the danger he incurred from these ferocious brutes in midwinter, as in that season they are brought to a state of semi-starvation, and are consequently more fearless and savage than at any other time. They will stop for weeks within a few miles of the verge of the clearings, and woe be to the traveller they can catch. Roddy had frequently heard terrible stories of settlers chased by packs of these formidable denizens of the wilds; and night after night during that winter the echoes of the forest had been awakened by their dismal and prolonged howlings. But that day, so far, there were no indications that he had approached the vicinity of any of the nomadic packs.

As he passed farther into the heart of the swamp, deeper and darker grew the shadows, and higher and higher the mighty trunks uplifted themselves into the sombre canopy of interlacing boughs. As he rode through the denser aisles, and came about the middle of the afternoon to a region of very broken ground where high acclivities were speedily succeeded by deep hollows, the forest upspringing equally over the hills and the dales, he came for the first time face to face with the unpleasant fact that he had deviated from the direct trail, which led to a public road, and which had been cut through the forest several years before to serve as a highway between the towns of Hamilton and London. And now he was on some unknown by-path, leading he had not the remotest idea whither. Then, for the first time, he experienced a feeling of dismay. He at once halted, and, after reflecting for a moment, resolved to retrace his steps, and regain, if possible, the lost path. After riding four or five miles on the backward track, still there was no sign where the deviation had begun, and he grew seriously alarmed. The aspect of the swamp along the whole route was new and strange to him. Ranks behind ranks of bulky trunks stretched away into the gloom on every hand; ravines dark and weird opened their yawning mouths, and singular twisted creepers, looking like snakes in the twilight, ran along the surface of the snow in many places. After a time he came to a queer sugar-loaf shaped hill, not very high, but thickly covered over its entire surface with tangled thickets and fallen trees. Gaunt blackened forms of half-burnt tree trunks studded the slopes. Roddy had never before seen, or even heard of this peculiar "hog's back," as such elevations are termed in backwoods phraseology. Therefore he had not the remotest idea where he had got to, or what route to pursue in order to regain the lost path. He alighted from his horse, and carefully examined the trail he had been following now for some hours. His surprise and horror were not slight when he discovered that the trail had evidently not been made by him, or by a horse at all, and that he had been following the tracks of some wild animal. When this became apparent it was already late in the afternoon, and unless he speedily regained the path he had lost, he knew he would be caught by night while still in the depths of the swamp, with the prospect of perishing under the combined influence of cold and fatigue, before another day should dawn. He cursed his folly and carelessness in not inspecting more closely the path he had followed hours before, and saved all that valuable time. There was nothing to do now but to walk back along the line of the horse's footsteps, and scan every inch of the way; and, no doubt, if daylight remained, he would strike the trail again. But on that

day, fate, so often unkind to us all, was not in Roddy's favour. He had only gone back about a mile when the long-threatening storm burst upon the forest, and the snow came down in blinding eddies. Roddy realized now the desperate position he was in. He knew that in fifteen minutes, unless the storm ceased as quickly as it had begun, of which there was little hope, every track would be completely obliterated, and he would be stranded without a compass, without a guiding star of any kind, in a trackless waste. Death stared him in the face, and its aspect appalled him.

The forest soon darkened, until Roddy could scarcely make out the ghostly tree-trunks ten paces in front of him. The atmosphere filled with fleecy particles, which settling down, soon hid the faintly-defined tracks completely from view. Soon the wind-rose to a fierce gale, and howled dismally through the canopies overhead, driving the snowflakes hither and thither with bewildering blasts. As the moments sped along the storm steadily increased its fury. The giant trees groaned and wailed in mighty travail as they swayed majestically to and fro; and ever and anon sharp cracks denoted where dead branches had snapped from parent stems, to fall headlong to the earth beneath. Presently, Roddy, in floundering over a prostrate tree, sunk deeply through the snow into a wet marsh. All around stretched a uniform carpet of white, and the marsh was in no way distinguishable from the firmer ground. Roddy knew now that he was simply wandering aimlessly about the swamp, getting more bewildered every moment. The cold perspiration stood on his brow, and an awful fear crept into his heart, as the hopeless nature of his position became more and more apparent to his mind. Turning back from the marsh, a desperate resolve shaped itself in his brain. He would try no more for the path, but would endeavour to reach again the "hog's back," and find some hollow tree, or other shelter, and await the morrow's light. Perhaps with the new day the storm would cease, the clouds roll away, and then the sun would indicate in what direction lay his home. With this determination came a new impulse which sent him rapidly backward through the forest. Faster and faster he hurried, leaping nimbly over obstructions which beset the way, dragging his unwilling horse after him. An hour passed, and it grew quite dark, and no sign of the "hog's back." As his hope of reaching his destination dwindled and grew faint, the agony of his mind caused him to set at naught all feeling of fatigue, and drove him forward faster and faster. But no opening could be discerned anywhere in the intense darkness. Every part of the dreary forest seemed the twin sister of every other part, and the horrible uniform labyrinth seemed endless. Finally he came to a dead halt. Reflection, however, brought no comfort, but the contrary. He began to picture the anxiety of his friends at home at his non-arrival. The tempest and darkness, coupled with his absence would also have their effect upon them. What agonies of mind his mother would suffer? She would, of course, surmise that some accident had befallen, and the thought would inflict its torture. He remembered now with a pang that in his letter, despatched by an Indian messenger a week or so before, he had jestingly used the words that he would be home either in the flesh or in the spirit by seven o'clock. Now the latter was the only possible manner of fulfilling his promise. And Bessie? What would she suffer? Thus his dear home beckoned to him across the dreary miles of wilderness, but he, with sad forboding, began to fear he would never more behold it with living eyes. He, of course, had not the faintest idea of the distance he was from his destination, and there was not the slightest indication that the storm was abating. Every step he had taken for hours might have been carrying him farther and farther away from the clearings, yet he knew enough to know that to sit down in despair was to invite the embrace of the grisly phantom. He half suspected that he was wandering around in a vast circle that would never bring him one inch nearer home, but he had sufficient perseverance not to give up, even when hope was dead. So while he had strength to keep upright he would continue moving, until his weary limbs would carry him no farther.

This resolution started him off again. Hour after hour the brave youth, followed by the faithful horse, with desperate en-

durance staggered blindly on. What did anything matter now? Onward and still onward. In the thick darkness crashing against trees, stumbling over stumps and logs, caught in thickets, buffeted hither and thither, the only marvel was that human endurance could last so long. It was perhaps sometime after midnight when Roddy scrambled slowly and painfully over an unusually large prostrate tree-trunk which impeded his way. Once on the farther side he attempted to induce the horse to leap the obstruction. After some persuasion it suddenly consented—too suddenly for Roddy. Before he could drag himself out of the way, the animal had cleared the log, striking the young teacher a heavy blow with its chest, hurling him violently some distance against a tree. When he strove to rise he found it was impossible, and although in a half-stunned condition, he realized that the blow had broken his leg. The effort to move put this beyond a doubt, for he felt the grinding together of the splintered bones, which caused him unspeakable agony. Now “unmerciful disaster” had indeed laid its heavy hand upon him. If a single gleam of hope had lingered in his mind until now, this fresh accident utterly extinguished it. Look which way he might the prospect was unrelieved; his sun had undoubtedly gone down. Every chance apparently was lost and swallowed up in despair. With the realization of his forlorn circumstances came an unnatural calmness, almost akin to resignation, which enabled him to gather strength to meet the inevitable. He had fought a good fight, and had done his best, but failed at last, like a great number of us. If a life’s happiness was to elude his grasp at the moment he fancied it lay nearest, the truest philosophy after all was to submit with fortitude. But the wild turmoil of the elements unnerved him, and chilled his heart. The storm had lost none of its ferocity. Far overhead the roaring of the wind sounded like the continued reverberations of a heavy surf breaking upon a rocky reef at sea. Down in the dark depths of the forest there was a deathly stillness amidst which the powdery impalpable snow eddied and whirled in fitful but noiseless gusts, heaping the deep drifts still deeper and deeper. Hark! heavens and earth, what’s that? Borne through the desolate aisles from some far-off fastness, came echoing faintly the melancholy and long-drawn howl of wolves. The moment the sound broke upon Roddy’s ear he awoke completely from the dull apathy, or stupor, into which he had fallen after the accident. To be torn in pieces by wolves was a manner of dying that stirred him through every fibre, and pervaded his entire being. Roddy’s sensations, when this possibility dawned upon him, were wholly beyond the power of words to adequately express. Lost, helpless, benumbed by cold, miles from human assistance and sympathy, in the midst of a desolate swamp, and now menaced by a death more terrifying than freezing, it was little wonder that he gave way at last, and burst into a passionate fit of sobbing. Was this weakness? Let any human being imagine himself in Roddy’s position, and all his bravery and fortitude will rapidly ooze out at his finger ends. Let us remember, too, that he was in the early dawn of manhood, with possibly a bright future before him; happy in his home relations, happy beyond measure in his love. All things seem to be putting on their richest colours, when at one bound the whole outlook is transformed. The expanded and roselate future is almost instantly shrivelled up and bounded by the horror of one awful night. His home, his love, his bright hopes gilded by many a happy day-dream—all are vanished; swallowed up by pitiless fate.

It is a singular fact that if one’s ears be kept at great tension for any considerable length of time they become filled with sounds of all kinds, and one has no power of discriminating a sound at a distance from one scarcely audible close by. Roddy, once awakened to his danger from the wolves, was tortured by this hallucination. Soon intense listening brought their wild howls and cries from all sides. He believed they were rapidly approaching nearer and nearer. He felt sure he was doomed to be torn limb from limb and devoured by these savage scavengers of the swamp. Nearer and nearer. With a last convulsive effort, he sought to escape their fangs by dragging his maimed body towards his horse, which he knew had stopped close by. He thought if he could only reach the animal he would clasp both arms about

its neck and strive to force it to carry him out of immediate danger. But the effort was too much, and he sank back on the snow with a hopeless groan. The intense pain, augmented by the effort to move, soon became too great to bear, and he sank gradually into insensibility, which mercifully relieved him from further suffering. A moment before consciousness faded into oblivion other sounds than the howls of wolves came stealing into his ears. Strange to say, they were the sweet voices of silvery wedding bells, pealing joyfully over the black swamp; and for a single instant a vision arose amid the whirling snows, of a bright sunshiny spring morning, a happy wedding party just issuing from the doorway of the little white frame church he knew so well, led by the bride and groom in whom he recognized sweet Bessie Martin and himself. But alas! it was only a momentary vision, and vanished into the night. Another succeeded. Now came the sounds of singing—sweet, clear, childish voices they were—and he was at once transported by some singular effort of the brain to early childhood days, to the peaceful English hamlet where he was born, and where he had once been a chorister among other village children. These, too, slowly faded away. Then the awful voice of the Storm King resumed sway, but even this gradually died in the distance, and the kindly mantle of oblivion, like the garment of cool night upon a sultry day, descended upon the poor stranded boy. Now the wolves may howl, the storm rave, the forest groan, but their noises affright him not. The snows may fall and cover out of sight the inanimate figure, but he stirs not. Mother Nature, not so cruel after all as we sometimes think, has held out her arms and taken him to herself, and wrapped him where pain and fear shall not pursue. Meantime the night drew towards its close.

IV.

THE morning of the sixth of February dawned clear and bright upon Widow Bartlett’s dwelling. The three inmates were astir with the first gleams of light, and were cheered by perceiving that the snow had ceased to fall, and that the storm-clouds were rapidly rolling away. The sun soon arose resplendant. White, sparkling and beautiful in the brilliant light, lay the great drifts in the hollows and valleys of the clearing, white, still, but dead, they slept in the sombre depths of the forest. Curves and mounds and beautiful rounded hillocks replaced the harsh outlines of rock and stump and fallen tree. All the country was transformed as by the wand of some powerful magician.

Widow Bartlett’s neighbours soon learned that Roddy had not reached home overnight, and much conjecture was wasted upon the reason of his absence. The majority seemed inclined to believe that the young teacher, in the face of the threatening storm, must have held back until it had passed. They scarcely believed he would brave the terrible danger of being caught by the blizzard in the swamp. Mrs. Bartlett, however, quietly put their opinions aside by saying that she knew Roddy had tried to get home and had failed, and she herself was going at once to search for him. “I believe I saw him sink into a snow-drift in the night,” she said. Strong men experienced in woodcraft heard the strange words, and marvelled thereat, but they noticed that the mother was evidently determined to be as good as her word. Of course they could not allow that, and they put an end to it by offering to go themselves and scour the swamp. Wild as they thought the quest, it was not long ere a dozen well-equipped men had started into the forest to commence the search for the lost youth. They had a well-nigh hopeless task before them, and they knew it. The swamp was so vast in extent that a man might easily wander for weeks without coming within miles of a settlement. However, such was the respect entertained for Mrs. Bartlett that they would gladly do far more than spend a day in the swamp to save her from distress.

From an early hour in the morning friends and neighbours congregated at Mrs. Bartlett’s dwelling, and tried in every way they possibly could to afford her comfort. The hours crawled slowly along until midday, and none of the searchers had returned to report tidings of the absent one, which indeed under the circumstances, could hardly be expected so soon. The afternoon passed

like the morning, the great old-fashioned clock in Mrs. Bartlett's little parlour loudly and monotonously ticking off the moments until the daylight was almost gone. It was close upon six o'clock, and still no sign from the forest. Surely the searchers would soon return now, as of course they could see nothing in the darkness. Shortly Mrs. Bartlett raised her grief-stricken face from her hands, in which attitude she had passed the greater part of the day, and appeared more sensible of what was going on around her than she had been for hours past. After a few moments she rose and walked to the window, out of which a view of the great forest could be obtained. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation, and without another word she pointed eagerly out of the window. Every one in the room hurried to her side, expecting to find some of the searchers returning, perhaps with Roddy. But to their surprise they could perceive nothing; no one was stirring to the very verge of the forest. What could she mean? Her excitement was very obvious. Her eyes seemed to be bulging out of her head, and every nerve in her body was quivering. Her countenance assumed a rapt expression. Every one was watching her with startled curiosity. They evidently thought the strain and distress had overbalanced her mind. What new phase would her mood take? A moment passed in dead silence; then deliberately the old clock broke upon their ears with a whirring sound of turning wheel-work, and then lazily began striking. One—two—three—four—five—six; and stopped. Before the sound of the last stroke died away, Mrs. Bartlett had turned, and clasping Bessie Martin closely in her arms, burst into a tempest of sobs. "They've found him," she brokenly murmured, "I saw them lifting him out of the snow, and placing him on a horse. But too late;" she sobbed. "Too late." The neighbours stood and stared at one another with bewildered faces. What did it all mean? Nothing had occurred within their sight that could justify her words. Had she better eyes than they? Or was her mind unhinged? It was now with strangely mingled feelings of awe and curiosity that most of the party awaited the return of the rescuers.

* * * * *

By whatever explanation the curious student may seek to account for the fact, at precisely six o'clock the rescuing party were raising Roddy's inanimate and half-frozen form from the snow where they had found it by accident on their way back to the settlement, after they had relinquished the search for the day. They first perceived the young teacher's riderless horse complacently cropping the tender shoots of some thickets, close by the trail. Judging that Roddy himself would be close by, they at once commenced a close search, which resulted in a few moments in disclosing a peculiar looking mound entirely covered with snow, not far from a large prostrate tree, under which, and protected from the extreme cold by the fleecy covering, they found the insensible figure of the widow's son. He was to all appearance dead; but of course every effort was made to resuscitate him. Restoratives were poured down his throat; a rude stretcher was hastily improvised upon which Roddy was placed, and between two horses he was quickly conveyed to the settlement which was only four or five miles distant. The hot spirits poured into his stomach, and the rapid jolting of the horses over the rough track, together, tended to restore the almost congealed blood in his veins into languid circulation, and so when they laid his body on a bed in his mother's house, to their joy and surprise, they discovered some signs of animation. It was only, however, after the most incessant and prolonged efforts on the part of the doctor, that he was coaxed back to life. He lay long on the brink of the dark abyss, given up indeed by everybody except his mother. Finally his strong constitution prevailed, and he revived.

The part Mrs. Bartlett had taken in the whole affair naturally excited much wonder and conjecture in the village. The story spread much farther than the village. She was known afterwards with, or without, reason, as "the woman of the second sight." She never tried to explain the occurrence, nor would she allow herself to be questioned on the subject; her mind evidently shrinking from any reflection upon the painful ordeal it had passed through.

Several months after Roddy's recovery, which was considerably

protracted, on a beautiful autumn morning a happy wedding party emerged from the little village church, just as Roddy imagined he saw it a few moments before he sank insensible on that wild night in the hemlock swamp. In these later years Roddy and his wife sometimes tell the story to their descendants. They regard the episode as the darkest hour of their lives—the hour which precedes the dawn of golden day.

R. W. DOUGLAS.

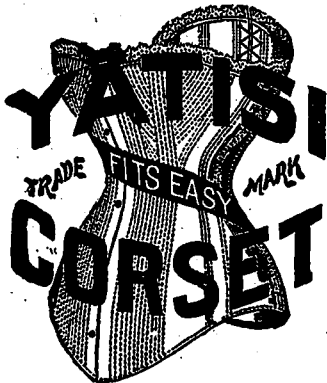
AN ARAB CAMP BY NIGHT.

THE outlines of the hills had vanished, the path had led us up from the bed of the torrent, so we no longer had that to guide us. To attempt to descend it would have been madness as we might have fallen over a precipice in the darkness; indeed, we were afraid to move except with extreme caution in any direction. We had a compass and watches and knew that by keeping due south we might if no accident befell us and the rocks permitted a passage, ultimately reach the plateau, but we also knew that the direction of our night quarters was due east, but here we ran the greater risk of tumbling into unknown traverse gorges with precipitous cliffs. We cautiously worked south but our progress soon became barred by thorny brushwood and we had to face the alternative of a night out of doors without water or anything to drink and a very limited supply of food.

We were just bracing ourselves to this unpleasant prospect when in a southwesterly direction we suddenly saw a gleam of light; it lasted for a moment then seemed to go out. But that one ray was one of hope and we steered cautiously for it. We had been scrambling by compass in the dark for about half an hour, and were just beginning to despair when the bark of a distant dog put new energy into us, and not long after around the shoulder of a hill we came upon an encampment and were greeted by the furious yells of a mob of noisy curs which infest the tents of the Bedouins. It was a startling apparition to burst upon these nomads in their remote retreat—horsemen of a type they had never seen before, and an armed soldier. Such children as were awake set up a dismal squalling, the women covered tremblingly over their camp-fires under the pent roof of black camel's hair. Meanwhile the men had gathered round us, half timidly, half threateningly. The presence of the soldier suggested fear and suspicion while the smallness of our party encouraged the bolder ones to look defiant. As far as I could make out in the darkness there were about a dozen tents here in all—apparently the fag end of an insignificant tribe whose name I forget. It was at first impossible to induce any one at that late hour to act as guide. Even abundant offers of backshish failed to shake their suspicion, which was to the effect that we wished to decoy one into durance to act as a hostage until some arrears of taxes which they owed the government should be paid up.

The other alternative was that we should take up our quarters in the sheik's tent, whether he liked it or not, which with a piercing wind blowing, accompanied by sleet was not a very pleasant prospect. He seemed to relish it as little as we did and finally consented to be our guide as we made some silver gleam in the firelight. As he seized his eighteen-foot lance and mounted his ragged steed he looked like some Arab Don Quixote, and as the camp-fire threw its ruddy glow upon a group of wild-looking women, with dishevelled hair and tattooed chins crooning over a pot like the witches in "Macbeth," and upon barelegged men as they fitted to and fro between the black tents I thought I had seldom gazed upon a more weird and unreal-looking scene.

How our guide could find his way up the rocky hillside and across the prairie remained a mystery during the long two hours that we followed him. Of this I feel sure, that we scrambled up places in the dark that we never should have thought of facing by daylight. The very horses seemed to have become desperate and to have abandoned themselves to their fate. At last we dismounted and scaled the rocks like goats, everyone, man or beast, doing the best he could for himself on his own account, and so at last, wearied and half starved, for we had fasted for about ten hours, we reached the goal of our endeavour, too tired to see what an utterly miserable hole it was.—*Lawrence Oliphant, in Haifa.*



THE YATISI CORSET is modelled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian Makers. It gives the wearer that Ease and Grace so much admired in French Ladies.

THE YATISI CORSET owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style or form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensable.

THE YATISI CORSET does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer it will outlast any of the old style rigid corsets.

THE YATISI CORSET is made of the best materials, and being elastic, (without rubber or springs) is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

MANUFACTURED BY

The CROMPTON CORSET CO.

J. YOUNG,
The Leading Undertaker.
347 YONGE STREET.
TELEPHONE 679.

H. STONE,
THE OLDEST
Undertaker and Embalmer,
239 Yonge St., Toronto.

BATES & DODDS,
Non-Combination
Undertakers,
775 Queen Street West, Toronto.

CHARLES A. WALTON,
Architect and Constructive Engineer,
19 UNION BLOCK, TORONTO ST.
Architect of the Toronto Arcade.

LADIES, OUR "NEW TAILOR SYSTEM
of
"Dress and Mantle Cutting"

(By Prof. Moody) is WITHOUT A RIVAL. It requires no book of instructions; is easy to learn; drafts direct on your material; covers an extensive range of work. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. AGENTS WANTED. **J. & A. CARTER, 372 YONGE ST. TORONTO.**

High Class Dressmaking and Millinery.
ESTABLISHED 1860.

Troy Laundry,
26 & 28 MELINDA STREET.
WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.
Give Us a Trial.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.
GENTS' WASHING A SPECIALTY.
54 and 56 WELLINGTON STREET WEST.
GEORGE P. SHARPE.



The Intelligent Readers

Of this paper are cordially invited to investigate the merits of **THE ORIENTAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES** now so generally used throughout Canada. They are the Best, the Cheapest, and the Most Convenient, and are guaranteed to relieve all Blood and Nervous Diseases, such as Sciatica, Female Complaints, Lumbago, Weak Back, General Debility, Loss of Manhood, and many other ailments for which Electricity is specially adapted.

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN IN ATTENDANCE.
BEST OF REFERENCES FURNISHED.
3 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

JAMES REGAN
Has removed to 682 Yonge Street, where he intends to keep the finest class of
BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS
to be found in Toronto. HAND-MADE work a specialty.

T. E. MILLER,
DEALER IN
Fine Groceries & Provisions.
FRESH BUTTER AND EGGS A SPECIALTY.
FRUIT IN SEASON.
720 YONGE STREET.

MISS BRENT,
Fashionable Milliner,
716 Yonge St. (St. Paul's Ward), Toronto.



ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTION,
197 JARVIS STREET,
TORONTO.

This new Battery invention, with opened or closed cell, for medical use, is more convenient and easier to manage than any other in the market. The price of this Standard Family Battery, as improved, is \$25, and good for a life-time. A valuable book is supplied teaching how to treat diseases generally. Every family should have one. We can produce Batteries for any price, from \$5 up to \$100. Do not fail to see them before you purchase.

See testimonials and references from Dr. John H. Oastle, President McMaster Hall; John R. Barber, Esq., Georgetown; Barber & Ellis, Dr. Potts, Toronto.

The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
July 26th, 1883.

PROF. S. VERNON, TORONTO,
Dear Sir,—I have not slept for years so soundly as I have done since taking the treatment, and never have I done my work with such comfort and energy as during the past year. The tonic effects of the Electrical applications have been of great benefit to me. I believe every person, whatever his health may be, would find himself benefitted by a greater or less use of Electricity. Very gratefully yours,
GEO. M. MILLIGAN.

S. VERNON, Esq., Sept. 10th, 1886.
Dear Sir,—I consider it my duty to the public to give the following statement:—I suffered neuralgia of the most excruciating character, in both temples, the pain shooting down into the shoulders occasionally, accompanied by morbid sensations in my extremities. After other means had failed I thought I would try electricity, and, having ascertained that you were the most successful electro-therapeutist in Ontario, I obtained your services. Through your instructions as to the use of the battery, and from several treatments received at your office, I am now in very good health.

I remain, thankfully yours,
Malvern, P.O. L. D. CLOSSER, M.D.

ST. MARYS, Oct. 13th, 1884.
PROF. VERNON,
Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that after six weeks' treatment with your improved Family Battery, my wife's health is much improved, the neuralgia and pain in her head having entirely subsided. I would not be without it for three times the price. Will recommend it to others.
JOHN HUDSON, Lumber Merchant.

Mr. G. R. Howard, Barrister, Winnipeg, says:—
"The Battery has been of great service to us this winter. I would not be without it for \$1,000 if I could not get another."

The following are a few of the references we are permitted to give:—William Elliott, Esq., Wholesale Druggist; T. G. Foster, Esq., Sam Osborne, Esq., Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., Pastor St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto; W. B. McMurrich, Esq., M.A., Barrister, Hon. T. B. Pades, Toronto; D. E. Day, Esq., M.P., Lisowel, Thos. Ballantyne, Esq., M.P., Stratford; Rev. John Curry, Middleville; Robt. H. Henry, Esq., Winnipeg; J. J. Hoyt, M.D., Ingersoll; H. Covert, Esq., Port Hope; W. H. Storey, Esq., Acton; Wm. Horsey, Esq., Princeton; J. Lister, Esq., Hamilton; Thos. Simpson, Esq., Barrie; F. W. Eastbrooke, Esq., P.M., Nagsongwaya, William Peers, Esq., Woodstock, C.U.; Job, M.D., Peterboro'; Dr. E. Wilson, Clergy House, 308 E. 17th St., New York City (late of Kingston); Wm. Hall, Esq., Morrisburg; W. S. Clark, M.D., Toronto; Thos. Benough, Esq., D. A. McMichael, Esq., Toronto.

The cures by Electricity are not limited to any particular class of diseases, acute or chronic. Call or send for circular, and learn what can be done through science and art. Address

PROF. VERNON,
197 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO.

**"MAMMOTH
BOOK EMPORIUM."**

R. W. DOUGLAS & CO.

(Successors to A. PIDDINGTON),

New and Old

Booksellers

Carry the Largest and Best Assortment of
Standard, Miscellaneous and Holiday
Books in Canada.

Standard Books in Fine Binding a Specialty.

They have also thousands of volumes of Rare
and Curious Books at reasonable prices,
many of them not for sale elsewhere.

Special attention given to
books relating to

Canadian History and Americana.

Directors of Mechanics' Institutes and Li-
brarians of Public Libraries could not
find in Canada a better selection
of Books for their purposes in
good strong bindings.

Prompt attention given to the execution of all
orders. Catalogues and quotations
furnished on application.

R. W. DOUGLAS & CO.

250 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. RINGER,
General Grocer,
Crosse & Blackwell's Goods a Specialty.
201 WELLESLEY STREET, TORONTO.

Electricity

And life are identical; Drugs are
not, nor can they renew the
life's forces.

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS

AND OTHER TREATMENT

Charge the blood and nerves with that
life force that sustains all nature.
Therefore, the blood so charged takes
to all parts of the body its revivifying
influence, and rebuilds it with sound
material, and carries off all worn out
and effete substances, and renews the
nerve fluid to such an extent that the
whole body is renewed in vigour.

Consultation and Catalogue Free.

A. NORMAN, M.E.

4 Queen Street East, - - Toronto.

JAFFRAY & RYAN

244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

TRY OUR

NEW FOOD—GLUTENA,

Wholesome, Nutritious and Palatable.

It supplies food for the brain and nerves to those
who, from the use of food lacking these qualities,
have become nervous and dyspeptic.

OUR PURE IMPORTED WHITE PORT WINE.

This wine is very old and recommended by the
medical faculty for invalids.

Our Eureka Club Old Rye,

(7 years old), is the Finest Whiskey in Canada.

We have a full and well-assorted stock of
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEAS,

Also the very finest **Moyune Young Hysons**
and **Gunpowders.**

We have something new in **JAPAN TEA**, put
up in very handsome 2 lb. caddies.

Orders from the country receive prompt atten-
tion, and delivered free at Station or Express
Office here. Send for price list.

Telephone No. 556.

JAFFRAY & RYAN,

244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

NEW GOODS FOR 1887.

**WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, FRENCH CAMBRIC
SHIRTS, FANCY OXFORD SHIRTS,
FANCY FLANNEL SHIRTS.**

*Cricket, Lacrosse, Boating,
Camping and Tennis* **SHIRTS**

**BEAUTIFUL SCARFS, TIES, ETC.
FINE SUMMER UNDERWEAR.
NEW COLLARS, CUFFS AND GLOVES.
SPECIAL GOODS MADE TO ORDER.**

I. J. COOPER, 109 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.



Be sure you get **DR. J. A. MCGILL'S "Orange Blossom"** Trade Mark on every box. This celebrated specific is the only sure and safe remedy for all Female Weaknesses and Troubles. It has caused a complete revolution in the treatment of Female Diseases. Sold by all responsible chemists. \$2 for one month's treatment. Physicians, Druggists and others are requested to give it trial. Sample furnished free. Sold Wholesale and Retail by **MRS. M. A. HILLOE**, General Manager of Dominion Agencies, 390 Church St., Toronto, Ont. Plain talk to ladies free. Send for it. Intelligent lady agents wanted.

INDEPENDENCE HALL,

JAMES STEWART'S

FURNITURE

WAREROOMS,

**341 YONGE STREET,
CORNER GOULD ST.**

Always replete with a well-assorted stock in Parlour Sets,
Bed Sets, Dining-Room Sets, Carpets, Sideboards,
Bureaus, Bookcases.

22 Parlour Sets from \$35 to \$50; Bed Sets from \$9 upwards.

THE FINEST

TOILET SOAPS

EVER PRODUCED IN CANADA.

MORSE'S

Cashmere Bouquet, Heliotrope, Carnation,
Sweet Briar, Royal Standard, Pure Bath,
and Princess Louise.

HEALING TO THE SKIN

AND HIGHLY PERFUMED.