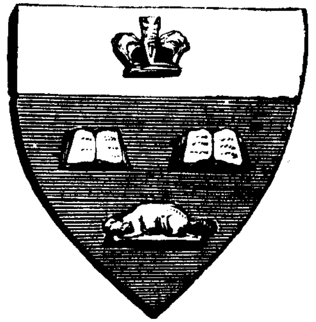
THE VARSITY



AMICA ANTE OMNES PHILOSOPHIA

CONTENTS.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 25, 1883.

XXV.

I think the merry Christmas bells must have rung the Christmas day by this time from church time unto blessing time unto blessing time (for does not the Christian world give the Christmas afternoon to their work amongst the poor?)—it was on this account, I think, that Gladys, seeing that we were getting sentimental (for hadn't Curly thrown himself upon the rug, and betaken himself to meditation?) called upon Billy for something in his own calm and thoughtful style.

Then Billy arose: 'I have a simple thing, but mine own,' said he. 'It is entitled, "A very quiet village,"'

XXVI.

The quiet little village of St. Agnes on the north shore of the St. Lawrence (and situated between Quebec and Labrador, not to be too particular), is not often visited by strangers; and as, at sunset, we made the tiny bay which forms its harbor, and cast anchor under the shelter of the granite promontory which protects it from the north-east gales, there was some little stir and show of interest visible on shore.

As to our reason for disturbing the uncivilized quiet of the village, and attracting the curiosity—dignified and polite as ever among the French Canadians—of its inhabitants, I may say, that our old pilot, warned by the threatening sky, and the ground swell momently increasing and booming along the rocky shore, preferred lying safe at anchor to knocking-about, on a very dirty night, off a granite coast, with a half decked ten tonner under him.

So here we are, and, sails being furled and everything made snug, the ever important subject of tea naturally and spontaneously suggests itself to all the crew. Pork, flour and maple sugar, notwithstanding the infinite number of happy combinations of which they are capable, have grown monotonous. Is there not haply a chicken on shore? Might we hope for the luxury of bread? A party of discovery crosses the bay, and speedily returns with the news that these and other delicacies, the very enumeration of which causes the mouth to water, are to be had on shore. Did you say partridge? Eggs? Milk? And who has proferred us this delightful hospitality?

The last question is answered in person by a fine-looking old man, whose sixty or sixty-five years do not seem to have dimmed his sight or unnerved his arm. He ranges alongside in his birch bark canoe, and courteously saluting, tells us in his *patois* that he will be pleased to do whatever he can for us, and that his house is at our service. Without permitting us to thank him, he takes two of the crew on board his craft, and the other three embarking in the dingy—for is not the complement of our ship five—we are soon on shore and under our newly-made friend's hospitable roof-tree.

What avails it to detail to civilized ears the minutiae of that sumtuous repast? It will be sufficient to say, that, even at a distance of time, it stands a spot of unsullied delight on a grateful recollection—its lustre brighter and more enduring than the memory of any lobster-patty-and *extra-sec* luncheon, or other ingenious machinery for producing headache, qualms of conscience, and views tinged with pessimism. Our friend betrays, outwardly at least, no uneasiness at the prospect which must rise before him of imminent famine, and actually has the hardihood, our meal being finished, to produce a square, dubious-looking flask, which, on investigation, is found to contain most excellent Hollands. Pipes being lighted—the strangers' tobacco is evidently appreciated by our host and his stalwart sons—we make what small return for his kindness we can, by telling him the latest news (a fortnight old) of the great world. This curiosity being satisfied, the conversation turns at length on our host's manner of life and varied adventures in the woods and on the river. From hints dropped in his talk, we learn that the old *coureur de bois* has a story to tell. And, after some little pressing—his evident desire to narrate combating with bashfulness in the presence of so many strangers, in the peculiar archaic dialect of that part of the country he tells the following tale:

'Our village here has not changed much since the time when I was a young man of twenty, some forty years ago, but then, to be sure, we had no road to Quebec, and it took a fortnight to get there in canoes. A few more houses lie along the river bank, and the clearings stretch further away into the forest, schooners, too, sometimes lie in our bay, but bless me! I can look out in the morning on the river and the mountains, and imagine that all those years have not passed, and that I am a young man still.

'Ah! the young men were different in those days! Why, I could walk twenty leagues every day for a week, on my snow-shoes, and dance at a wedding on the evening of the seventh!

'But my story.—Francois and I were boys together, and day or night we never were separated. As we grew up we learnt to fish and shoot together, and many a long hunting and trapping expedition we made in company. As boys we loved to protect our "little sister" Marie —for thus we used to call her; and it was our delight to find the first ferns in the woods to twine in her beautiful dark hair, and to bring her the very earliest June-berries and Indian pears. Marie was a few years younger than either of us, but great friends we all were, and the three of us used to ramble together in the woods, and boat on the river, and sing in the still summer evenings till the rocks across the bay echoed back our songs. One day,—we were young men then, Francois and I discovered, I know not how, that we both loved Marie; and from that time our friendship began to grow less warm, and we fell away more and more from one another. The child never thought of love,—bless me! she was as innocent as the ferns in the forest, but at length some village gossip told her, and then, all at once her manner changed, she who had always laughed and sung with her brothers Joseph and Francois, grew cold and reserved, and called us 'Monsieur!'

We were celebrating a fete oneday in midsummer—a beautiful day, with a golden haze over all the mountains, and the river, just streaked here and there with current lines, lying blue and calm outside the bay—not as you hear it now, with the ebb-tide foaming its way against the north easter, and the waves dashing high over the rocks outside. All the village lads and lasses were dancing in the meadow by the river, and we had been trying feats of strength, and shooting at a mark, and wrestling —I think I could give one of my boys a stiff bout even now.

As evening came on we noticed that the rose of the village—thus they called Marie—was not amongst us; she had wandered off, someone said, towards the woods, which then lay close to the village, and stretched away unbroken for hundreds of miles to the North and West.

They had not thought this strange at first, for she had been fond of late of being alone, and of rambling off into the woods. But now night was falling, and when the sun set and no Marie appeared, we all began to fear for her safety. Darker and darker it grew, and soon the whole village was in a state of excitement, for all, from the youngest to the oldest, loved Marie.

Everyone had some idea of their own as to what had become of her. Some thought she was lost, or had sprained her ankle and could not walk, others even spoke of the river, and one old man, who had just come in from the mountains, said he had seen a large band of Indians not far from the village and hinted that they might have carried her off. We all laughed at him for thinking of such a thing, but truly it was hard to explain the reason she had not returned, for she was strong and sure-footed, and knew the country near the village as well as any of us

'As soon as the moon rose all the men set off from the village, Francois and I leading the search. For hours we explored the woods as well as we could by the dim light, but one by one the party came back and brought no tidings of Marie. When the last straggler appeared with no news, fear took possession of us and we were ready to believe the very worst. The old trapper still persisted that the Indians must have had something to do with her disappearance—the band he had seen were not fitted out for hunting, there were no women among them, they were fully armed, and had no baggage with them so that they could travel fast. Besides this, the Indians were not friendly to us, for years they had stolen from us, and disturbed our traps when they could; we, too, had often passed over their hunting-grounds and spoiled their chances of game, and there was a bad story of one of our men having killed an Indian in a dispute about a moose which one of them had shot.

'A miserable night we passed, and at day-break all were off into the woods to try and find some trace of Marie. Sure enough, a mile behind the village we found the trail of a large body of Indians, and the blood rushed to my heart as I saw near by on a bush, the handkerchief that Marie had worn around her neck the day before. Those who could hear our call quickly came to the spot, and we hastily consulted as to what had better be done. All were ready to start out to Marie's rescue at once, but then the village could not be left unprotected, the Indians far outnumbered us, they were as well armed as we. I told them that every moment the Indians were getting further away; I implored them to start at once, but still they talked and hesitated; I called them cowards and left them, and said I would go alone.

'Running back to the village for my gun and some food I met Francois, ready also to seek Marie; mad as I was with fear and anger I spoke, "Go your way, I will go mine, let he who finds her have her." He did not answer me, and alive I never saw him again.

'I went straight back along the left side of the river, and followed the trail until nightfall. They had travelled fast, yet I must be gaining on their steps,—but still there was no sign of them. Next day I pushed on, and in the afternoon came to a place where the trail crossed the river. The footprints in the mud were quite fresh, and I knew the Indians were not far off and could not travel much further, so I thought the safest plan was to keep on the same bank of the river and wait till evening. What plan I had of rescuing Marie, God knows; my life I

did not think of beside her safety, and I was ready for anything desperate, ay, to fight the whole band single-handed.

'I climbed the bluff which follows the river high above it, and saw through the trees, some miles away and by the side of the river, smoke arising. Through swamp and brush I pushed, over moss-grown rocks, and across streams, going ever slower and more cautiously as I neared the camp, and at nightfall I was directly opposite the wigwams, well-hidden in the wych-hazel bushes which lined both sides of the stream, and not a hundred paces from my Marie.

'The river was broad and still at this place, and the point opposite, covered with tall red pines was plainly a summer camp of the tribe, for the wigwams were carefully made, and the canoes were drawn up on a little sandy beach just above the camp. I waited till it got perfectly dark, and the evening was so quiet that I could hear the Indians talking and merry-making in their solemn fashion, on the other side. Then, as noiselessly as a seal, I swam across and hid, without being seen, in the bushes close under the wigwams. There was evidently liquor amongst them, but this alone was not the cause of the noise they were making; a dispute was going on, and my heart leapt when I heard that Marie was the subject of it—the chief's two sons were each claiming her for his bride, and I now heard, for I understand their tongue, that they had long planned carrying her off. I thought of speaking to the Indians, but what chance was there that they would give up their prize? It only meant my certain death. Slowly, and without noise, I crept up to the back of the nearest wigwam, and while lying there, scarcely daring to breathe, I heard from within a sob, and then a broken voice praying in French. I lifted a corner of the skins, and saw by the light of the fire streaming into the wigwam, my Marie, sitting alone, with her head between her hands and her beautiful hair falling around her shoulders. If I surprise her can she restrain herself? Will she not certainly betray me? Bnt there is no choice, and so I toss a twig towards her. She does not move. I break another. She hears the noise and looks around,—she sees my face in the firelight, and the poor child, taking me for a ghost, screams aloud. I raise my hand but it is too late, two or three Indian women run into the wigwam, and enquire of her in broken French, what ails her.

'And now indeed my fate is hanging on a thread. Can she conceal her agitation? Will I be seen? The brave girl stands in front of me, and tells the women in a trembling voice that she was asleep, that she dreamt she was drowning, that she is all right now, not to mind her. They endeavor to make her lie down, and arrange the skins in the wigwam for her. At last she makes them understand enough of her French to know that she wishes to be alone, and, angry at her obstinacy, one by one they go out. Marie now pulls the coverings near to the opening, sitting down on them so as to conceal me, and once more puts her hands, now trembling with excitement, to her face. She remains perfectly still, and though the Indians must be still at the door, yet I cannot help putting out my hand and taking hers. The pressure of her little fingers tells me the secret of her love, and now I care not for fate since now it will come to us both!

'At length she whispers "what shall I do," and I answer, "the canoes are our only chance, can you creep through here and reach the river bank without noise?" She has been brought up among hunters, and knows what a cracking twig or rustling leaf means, and answers "yes." I whisper in return, "Wait till you hear an owl hoot, and then come, if they discover me make a dash for the water, I will save you.' And now my skill in wood-craft is needed. The canoes lie a hundred yards up stream, on the sand, and I must skirt the edge of the whole camp to reach them. Had the Indians been in their ordinary quiet, it would have been impossible, but their disputing is getting louder than ever, and so, crawling along the ground, listening, waiting, I get to the sandy beach at last, but find that the light of the fire falls full on the yellow barks, and that the figures by it cannot fail to see me if I move within its range. At this moment to my dismay an owl hoots in the trees over me. No time now for thought. In a moment I am in a canoe and flying down along the shore, and in a moment the whole camp is up. They rush to the wigwam and find Marie gone, and the poor girl hearing them behind her, plunges desperately through the bushes and leaps into the canoe which just reaches her in time. A dozen shots strike the water about us aswe skim down and gain the rapid water below the pool, but in the darkness we are untouched, and even Indians *dare* not follow us through the rapids at night. But we are not yet safe; the river winds so much in its descent that they can reach a point below before us. I hurriedly tell Marie of this and bravely she answers, "at least they cannot separate us now."

'I bend forward in the canoe, and for a moment clasp her in my arms, and kiss her face upturned to mine; and now there is a new courage in my heart and a new strength in my arms. The rising moon serves to guide us through the rocks, and amongst the eddies and currents. 'A divine Providence,' says the old man, crossing himself, 'takes us safely through rapids which I have feared to descend in the daytime. But the same moon which assists us now, will serve to show us to our pursuers below. Silently and swiftly we near the point, and, through the rushing of the river surely those are voices I hear on the bank. Crouching low in the canoe, not daring to lift the paddle out of the water, we drift along under the shadow of the trees. In vain! A shot whizzes over us, and the flame gives light for a dozen more. A pang shoots through my left arm, and the paddle drops clattering on the thwarts before me. I feel at the same time the blood pouring over my hand, and the water rising above my knees. A shot has passed through the canoe. Marie tears off her shawl, finds the leak, and stops it. On we drift, and the bullets drop wider and wider of the mark and now, if the canoe will float they cannot reach us. And so, weak from loss of blood, with our birch bark half full of water, we venture to land half a league down the stream.

'Well, Messieurs, I weary you; the rest is soon told. My arm was *not* broken, and we managed to patch up both it and the canoe, and here are Marie and I to prove it!'

And Marie, no less interested in the narrative than himself, but modestly protesting against any mention of *her* courage and presence of mind, had been sitting beside him all the time; and as the fire flashed from her eye, and her wrinkled cheek flushed, there was not one of us but thought that for such a prize he would gladly have gone through the adventure as the young Joseph did for the young Marie.

'But what of Francois?' The old man's look saddened, and his voice trembled as he answered, 'A year afterwardsIfound near the Indian camp a skeleton, and near it lay a broken knife with "F" cut on the handle.'

XXVII.

The Professor, gravely anxious, then arose. 'Did you say that the canoe grounded on the Indian's bullets?'

The author's head sank on his breast.

'But how dreadful if the canoe was full of blood!' said Gladys.

A demoniac smile lights the Critic's face, as, feet apart and hands in pockets, he took his stand by the fire-place.

'Answer, Billy,' he said.

'Gladys,' said Billy, 'the canoe was not full of blood.'

The Critic still smiled.

'Did that man paddle fifteen miles with a bullet in his arm?' asked the Professor.

'Billy,' said Carolus, 'I was fishing there last year, and I noticed that the natives weighted their lines with bullets, I suppose——'

XXVIII.

'Oh, Willie, we have missed you,
How I freeze and shiver:
Never did I think to
Find you in the river.'

XXIX.

Brethren, I have led you through a difficult and a thorny path. And we are now nearing the end of the Symposium. As I look round upon the breakfast table, and see there the faces of my friends, as I see Gladys there, creator and dispenser of our feast, it is with some feelings of regret that I call upon the final member to tell how he aspires.

He lieth on the hearth-rug, and he gazeth in the fire.

It is Curly.

What dreams before his mental vision rise?

'What dreams?' said Gladys.

'What dreams?' said the Professor.

And then the cuss stood up.

'Curly, old man,' he said, 'there was a greater than I once who said that he does not attain to immortality

'Who fears to follow,
Where airy voices lead.

XXX.

I think that the Christmas morning was nearly over when we called upon Curly for the last breakfast offering.

The Parson may not have thought the service as sincere as he had hoped.

The guests may not have thought they had been as witty as they might.

And I think perhaps that the Critic was too kind.

But you will remember my friends of the 'VARSITY, that this was at Gladys' call, and Gladys would take no denial.

And this I know, that Gladys thanked us.

XXXI.

It was Christmas Eve, and midnight. College term was over; and the inhabitants of Residence had departed for the Christmas festivities of home. All but one. And that one now lay stretched before his brightly-burning grate, gazing abstractedly at the burning coals. A book was in his hands, but its contents formed not the subject of his thoughts and reveries. But with his eyes fixed intently upon the coals before him, he traced in them, as all are apt to do at such a time, a varied history of himself and his thoughts.

His was a peculiar nature. Early cast adrift upon the sea of life, he had never known the influence of home and home associations. Family love—natural affection in any form—was to him a thing unknown. He was thrown in upon himself; and he was trained in a good school, the school of adversity. Suddenly a brighter day had dawned for him, and now he was about to close a successful college career. Even at College, where men are generally known, he was sadly misunderstood. The light-minded he contemned and shunned; and those who might have been his friends were estranged by habits they were unaccustomed to, and characteristics they could not understand. So his was a solitary life. He had read widely and deeply, and had thought much. The Classics he read and re-read, and delighted in, and with many languages he was intimately acquainted. But those problems of philosophy which involve all that is of prime importance in man's life; which deal with the facts of man's existence, his development and his destiny were the almost continual subject of his thoughts. And his peculiar nature, added to his strange life and surroundings, so influenced his thoughts as to make him solitary, hypochondriacal, almost pissimistic. As his own life was gloomy, so became his view of all that concerns the life of men at large. A few bright spots there had been in his own dull career; but, amid the surrounding gloom, they remained in his mind but as dreams without foundation.

What wonder, then, that now, as he lay before his fire on this glorious Christmas eve, oblivious of the howling of the wind outside and of the snow drifting ghost like against his window, his thoughts were not snch as the thoughts of most would be in such a situation. He thought not of home, of joy and laughter, of Christmas festivities. The festival indeed for him had lost its meaning. He thought not of friends; for he had none near enough to much occupy his mind. No, his was an intellectual, not an emotional, reverie. He dwelt upon the great epochs in the development of the World's thought, of the era-making men and the martyrs in the cause of intellectual and moral freedom. He thought of Jesus, who arose to teach man a truer philosophy than they had ever known, suffering an ignominious death at Calvary. He thought of Socrates—divine, if ever man partook of the nature of divinity—offered up a sacrifice to the ignorance of his own fellow-countrymen. He thought of philosophers and poets and priests in all ages, offered their due homage only by a distant posterity. And then he came down to the present, and dwelt upon the conflicting tendencies of to-day—upon philosophies and religions and creeds. And then he thought of his own position in the world—his past life, his future prospects. And by the uninteresting story of his past, and the indefiniteness of his plans for the future, the subject of his thoughts became less and less defined, and he drifted away into an indefinite, dreamy reverie.

* * * * * *

XXXII.

It was a lovely July afternoon among the hills of one of our northern counties. Here, in one place, was a true trout-fisher's elysium. A clear, sparkling stream, beginning far up the mountain, ran for miles down a deep and woody ravine to the level below. Here one who is an admirer of nature in its wildest or its boldest forms, could wander from the world of men; and strolling, rod in hand, within hearing only of the singing of the birds and the purling of the brook, could hold sweet, uninterrupted commune with nature and with his own inmost soul. Nor was this valley uninhabited on this glorious afternoon. But, walking slowly and thoughtfully up the stream, rod in hand, was a young man of sad and retired, yet interesting appearance. His aspect was that of one whose soul is troubled, whose mind is occupied with conflicting thoughts. A thoughtful observer of him could not but see that he was one whose way was not among men in the busy struggling world. It was, indeed, the melancholy philosopher we left dreaming on Christmas Eve before his fire. And at this time a strange conflict raged in his mind. Emotions strove with emotions. Feelings came back to him from his early childhood—feelings whose manifestations he had seen around him every hour, but which in himself he could not analyze or understand. He wondered if he were meant to live and die alone—a hermit among men,—if the emotions which sway men's minds were not meant for him as for all. He asked himself if he could ever be the object of that tender affection which seems to be the foundation of society itself, and could ever feel that affection in return. An answer came sooner than he could have dreamed of. While even in this very vein of thought, he turned an angle of the stream, and came in view of a picture which no one, though entirely void of all tender feeling, could ever forget. Upon a mossy stone which overhung the bubbling stream there sat, or rather reclined, a young girl, still in her teens. Being fonder of art than of sport, she had been left behind by a fishing party, with pencil and portfolio. And here she yet remained; but now her pencil was forgotten, and she gazed musingly into the babbling current at her feet. It was a charming picture. Not that the moulding of her face was such as would have crazed the sculptors of Italy or put their art to shame; though the dark loose hair, falling carelessly over a delicately chiselled forehead, brown expressive eyes, not dreamy, healthy cheeks and beautifully moulded mouth and chin, made up a face not easily forgotten. But when are added to these things the charm of a figure with grace and elasticity in every curve, and the surroundings so romantic, can it be wondered at that even in him who now gazed in silent worship upon this scene there were awakened feelings which can never return with equal intensity. And as he gazed, the struggle in his mind ceased not, but waxed fiercer, as more definite. Had he been sent here by irresistible fate, as to the turning point in his strange life? And was this the embodiment in human form of the object of those tender emotions he had of late felt rising and reviving in his mind? He did not know. But he worshipped here, as at the feet of a goddess,—a worship vague and involuntary. Love at first sight had seemed to him an absurdity, a ridiculous fiction; but he himself was to prove its possibility. For not otherwise could be described his adoration. At last her dream was over and she started up, wondering how long she had been thus pleasantly employed. A movement of his drew her attention, and their eyes met. She was, at least, interested. But she must not stay here. It was late, and her party must be found. Hastening, portfolio in hand, to cross the stream, she slipped and would have fallen; but (why and how he did not know) he was at her side, and helped her safely over. She was not displeased,and at his apologies for intrusion, the look of thanks that darted from her eyes told more than words could utter. His offer to assist her in her search was not refused, and strolling on they thought more of the present than the lost; and long before the searched for ones were joined, they knew more of one another than they had ever known of themselves. For her there was a new experience, by no means an unpleasant one. For him there seemed to have opened a new existence—brighter, purer, happier than ever he had dreamed of. Could this be but intoxication, from which both must awake, sadder, more dreary than before. Two souls were expanded and purified. Two lives seemed indeed to have been born again.

XXXIII.

He awoke. 'Twas but a dream. Absently he gazed into the coals, now dead. Vaguely, yet strongly, he realised anew the darkness and dreariness of the present. Fallen from a very heaven of ecstacy back to his dull solitude, everything seemed darker, gloomier than before. The howling of the wind was to him the moaning of evil spirits abroad, and the drifting snows pelting against his window-panes were indeed the ghosts of his uninteresting past. And as he still gazed upon the fireless hearth, he thought that so his life had lost even all its interest and joy.

Sedit æternumque sedebit,
Infelix.

Christmas brought to him but one source of happiness—the content of a dream.

XXXIV.

When Curly had done we all rose up and began to make preparations for departure, well satisfied with our Xmas breakfast, when a cry from Gladys made us pause.

She was holding up a paper in her hands.

'Then you do not want to hear mine?' she asked.

Then she handed it to the professor.

'A simple little thing, but mine own,' she said, looking mockingly at Billy.

Then the Professor read:

'At the corner of the street,
Where the wind strikes rough and rude,
I'm afraid she's had to meet
Fates she scarce hath understood.
For her infant eyes from under
Steals a mute surprise and wonder,

As if in her gentle mind
She was busy reasoning why
Mankind should be thus unkind,
And so rudely thrust her by.
Has she then done wrong ? Why, let her
Know ; she would do so much better.

Then she lifts a timid eye ;
Then she raised her baby face,
—So timidly, so falt'ringly—
Yet with such a gentle grace.
Is it this way you would have ?
" Sir, my papers will you buy ?
But they roughly said her, nay ;
And they rudely held their way.

For they knew not, little maid,
As they heeded not your prayer,
Nor the bitter tears you shed,
That the woe of Christ was there.
Christ with you, they utterly
Forgot, that day they thrust youby.

XXXIII.

As we wound our way back again after the breakfast across the campus we talked over the pleasant gathering we had had, and why, we asked each other, should it not be that every Xmas morning we should have a breakfast like this ? Surely we will never separate, and Gladys, surely she will not older grow ! To young hearts time has no power to age. Thus once a year to return to the College walls and make them re-echo to happy songs and speech.

People who are older than we will say that such things are impossible.

But Gladys does not seem to think so, and I would believe Gladys against the world.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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THE SYMPOSIUM.

I.

She had begged for a Christmas that should be unlike anyone else's. Perhaps the Residence in its own silent heart had begged, too, for a Christmas that should be unlike its past; and, perhaps, if the prayer was silent, it was not less effectual. The church bells which rang over the snow that Christmas morning rung us then to a different service than the service at St. James's.—A service where, 'God rest you, merry gentlemen,' should be the anthem, instead of 'Herald Angels.'

The Parson led the way; then came the Professor, the rest of us following in a bunch, with Gladys in the midst. Our footsteps sounded crisply over the snow, as we crossed the campus to the college front. Could one sing, 'Let nothing you dismay,' if there were no snow at Christmas?

The church bells still were ringing, but I think that the church-goers must have all been seated, when at last we got into J. D.'s old room. Here the Professor led, and, going up to the mantel-piece, he turned round and faced us as we entered.

'Gladys,' he said, 'are you pleased?' Of all the rooms in Residence, those two, in the first house, are the most famous. Here the walls breathe the very Academic Spirit. It is here we hold our breakfast, having for the first time in our midst, one who does not wear the academic gown. If I were to tell you, Gladys, whose these rooms have been, and if you could know what a place in the annals of the University the names of those who have dwelt here fill, something, I think, of the college love, which those who live here bear to those who live here would visit you?

Here the Professor made a stately bow (the Professor always was stately) to the little girl, Gladys.

'Then, I have my wish,' she cried, clasping her hands. 'It is a real college breakfast. Yes?' And she looked round smiling.

'A service, you mean,' said the Parson gravely.

'We commend the valour of the clerical conscience,' said Carolus, smiling.

'If I could not assure my conscience that this was to be a service, though perhaps a little Pagan, which is doubtless due to our classic proclivities,' and here the Parson inclined his head towards the Professor, 'I do not think I would have yielded, even to Gladys.'

Gladys clapped her hands. 'Then Gladys has her wish,' she said. 'Is it not?'

Shall I describe her? She sat at the end of the table, facing the Professor. Something of the gravity reflected from those classic walls upon her face. Her smile was softer than its wont, and her eyes perchance had a brighter light. I see her still. With what a stately grace she bore her seventeen summers, as if she said, 'I am very old I know; but never mind, I have still a young heart.' She sat at the head of the table, while the Professor sat at the foot, and the rest of us in order sat around.

II.

There was Tabby. His tall and promiscuously angulated form sat centrewise with his back to the fire. Neilson hung on the wall behind him, over the mantel-piece. Do you suppose that Tabby noticed that? Do you suppose the hypochondriacal Tabby noticed that? No, his thoughts were nearer given, 'Seventeen is the golden age' he murmured, looking at Gladys.

Then came Carolus—much given to merriment, but with a soft place here and there.

Next to him sat Curly, whom we all know,—his dreamy youth passed in fitful meditation. Had one always a fire and a rug, one would always have had Curly.

Then came the Parson, much doubting what his bishop would say at his Christmas, thus Pagan-spent.

Facing the Parson, and at the right hand of the Professor, was him whom the Gods alphabetically designate, but whom we on earth call Caius. Gladys called him 'Jumbo,' but Gladys always had a merry soul.

I shudder to tell of him who sat next. We called him 'Cuss' for short, 'Literary Cuss' being his rightful designation. He had been to New York, and I am afraid always remembered it.

Billy, was it thou satest next, thy pug-dog at thy feet? Too careless to eat the viands set before thee. Too careful to watch the soft eyes of Gladys modestly uplifted. Billy, I know thee. It was thou.

III.

'God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.'

It was Gladys led the chorus, we all standing.

Then Gladys made a speech: 'My friends,' she said, looking round, 'and are you not all my friends? This is the season of confidences. Will you not?'

'We will not' answered a voice from the lower end of the table, as the Parson slowly rose to his feet.

Gladys sunk into her chair with a little groan, while we all smiled. Then the Parson drew forth a manuscript from his pocket. Then we groaned and Gladys smiled.

'I have prepared, my friends,' he said, 'a little didactico-religio-historico-contemplative-autobiographical discourse, which for the improvement of this occasion I will now rehearse.

IV.

Then he rehearsed.

I have been in the habit for some years now of spending an occasional summer at the little village of Idylvale on the Atlantic coast. I have found the quiet and seclusion of the place very soothing after the ceaseless whirl of city life, and the few weeks spent there have been very restful. The village consists of only a few houses, most of them ranging at irregular intervals at the bottom of the rocks that form the coast. The people are very poor, and make a scanty living, some of them by tilling the unwilling soil, and some of them by fishing. I have observed a charming characteristic among them all—their almost childish innocence. They are far removed from the busy hum of nineteenth century life, and one can almost imagine, as he lives among them, that the mysteries of the railway and telegraph are still unsolved. I have seen much of the poor of our large cities, and the simple guilelessness of these people has formed a pleasing contrast to the low cunning so often found there. Most of the villagers have spent their lives at Idylvale, and have never been more than a few miles from their homes, and the person who has been as far as the nearest city is looked upon as a marvel of worldly experience. The place is as yet unfrequented by any one but myself from the outside world, and is for this reason, if for no other, a most delightful change. Property is not very valuable in a secluded spot like this, and even with my slender income I have been able to build a small house which I can call my own.

For the sake of the view and the more bracing air to be found higher up, I have built my cottage on the top of the cliff instead of at its foot, and to reach the lower plane on which the cottages of the villagers stand, I must descend by a long and winding road, which takes me some distance from the spot that is directly beneath my own house.

I am the only one of my kind at Idylvale, and am therefore the subject of no little curiosity and respect among the villagers. There is something in my entire surroundings so unique that the novelty has not yet worn away, and I look forward with pleasure to the few weeks I hope to spend there each summer.

A clergyman should, and must, if he realizes his position, be a philosopher. He is concerned with the greatest of all problems—the problem of life, and thinks he has so satisfactory solved it that he wishes to teach his solution to others, and one who does this ought to lay claim to the name of philosopher. I have no intention of giving you an account of the solution I have found for the great problem, but each new phase of existence has for me a special interest, for I am anxious to see whether all instances of the phenomena of human life are included in it. At Idylvale one of the chief pleasures is going in and out of the houses of the simple villagers, and entering into sympathy with their homely life. My time is all my own there, and I feel quite at liberty to spend two or three hours at any one house, if there is anything to interest me, and I have the little troubles of their simple life repeated to me again and again.

From the door of my own cottage there is on the one hand a magnificent view of the open sea to the right, and to the left one can survey hill rising beyond hill as far as the eye can reach, until the mountain tops are lost in the deep blue of space. In the distance I can just see rising among the tree tops the glittering spire of the church of the village.

I have never found elsewhere such perfect quiet as that which there reigns. The rocky coast offers but few attractions to bird and animal life, and in calm weather a deep, solemn silence reigns that would be oppressive, if it were less delightful, after the hum of the city. I have often wondered if the silence of nature around them is the cause of the quiet reverence of the people. They do not seem to call to each other as loudly as I have heard those in other places. Unconsciosly they seem to be impressed with the idea that it would be sacrilege to violate the hush of nature.

I have found myself wending my way to one of the cottages more frequently than to any of the others. It is my custom daily to go for a plunge in the sea, and to reach a secluded spot on the beach I am obliged to pass along the whole length of the village. The last one of the cottages stands out some little distance from the others on a slight promontory, so that its situation is more exposed than theirs, and at the end of the promontory there is a long bar of sand that when the tide is out is high and dry. Almost the first day I was at Idylvale I was exploring for a good place for bathing, and had passed this bar on my way to look beyond it for deeper water. The day was warm and sultry, and, delighted with my new surroundings and having found a suitable spot, I lay down on the rocks to wait a little for the tide to come in that the water might be deeper for my intended plunge. Lying half dozing, I observed a child playing with a large dog at the extreme edge of the sand bar. Weary with the heat I fell asleep; shortly after I was awakened by a loud barking, and springing to my feet I saw that the tide was coming in rapidly. The child and the dog were still on the sand bar, but the dog was now barking loudly and puiling the child by the skirts at the same time. I saw that the lower land between the shore and the child was already covered with water, and that the dog was trying to lead it to the shore and at the same time attract attention. Before I could make half a dozen steps, a young and handsome woman, with long black hair, followed shortly by an old man tall, but slightly bent, ran out of the cottage on the promontory, and having hastily thrown off her shoes waded across the flowing water, which was only a few inches deep, and caught the child in her arms and ran with it to the shore, the dog following, barking still, but with none of what I ought to call the *anxiety* that was noticeable before. I had walked quickly towards the cottage and reached there just as the woman, with the child in her arms, arrived, followed by the old man. I hastened to apologize for my slowness in coming to the rescue, but she smiled and in English, spoken with a slightly foreign accent, assured me it was not the first time the event had occurred. 'We trust Pedro,' she said, 'to watch the tide and warn us when it is coming in.' The tide was now well in, and, after a few kindly words, having returned to the place I had chosen, I took my bath and walked home.

V.

The acquaintance thus begun was renewed the next day as I passed the house, by a friendly 'good-day' from the old man who was sitting on the doorstep smoking, and by a smile from the woman, who was watching the child and dog playing together on the beach. Before many days I had become quite friendly with the family. I found that the woman was the old man's daughter, and that the foreign accent I had noticed in her speech was much more marked in her father's, and I discovered it was owing to the fact that they were Spaniards by birth. They spoke almost without reserve to me of their previous history. The father had been born and brought up in Spain, but fortune not favoring him there, had, shortly after the birth of his only child, removed to one of the Spanish West India islands, where the population was half English and half Spanish, and where he had learned the English tongue. Here he had been only moderately successful as a planter, but had managed to lay aside a small sum of money. His wife, always delicate, found the sultry climate very trying, and her ill health increased. His daughter grew up and was married at an early age to the son of a neighboring planter. Her husband died without means shortly after the birth of the child whom I have mentioned, and the daughter returned to her father's roof saddened by the loss of her husband, whom she had loved with all the ardor of her Spanish nature. Her mother's ill health increased alarmingly, and the physicians at last advised removal from the unhealthy climate as the only hope of saving her life. Gathering together what little property he possessed the Spaniard, too poor to think of going in the large steamers that sailed regularly for Lisbon, embarked in a small sailing vessel manned only by eight or ten hands. Every effort was made to render the sick woman comfortable on the voyage, but before they had been many days out stormy weather overtook them. Poorly supplied with nautical apparatus, they lost their course, and driven about by storms, were unable to find their whereabouts for several days. At last they sighted land, and it was the coast near Idylvale. The poor wife was alarmingly ill, and the only hope of her life was in getting to shore and providing her with the best treatment possible. To go on in the small, uncomfortable boat in stormy weather was certain death. The vessel was accordingly anchored, and the Spaniard, with his family and all his worldly goods, was rowed to shore, for Idylvale does not boast a quay. The vessel went its way, and the family was alone in a strange land. The cottage they now lived in was then vacant and they procured it; medical assistance was sent for to the nearest town, but it was all in vain. The old man had spoken freely of his history up to this point, but grew more silent now—and delicacy forbade me to urge him to speak of the great sorrow of his life. I learned elsewhere that his wife died and was buried in the little graveyard at Idylvale, and I knew now whither the walks I had seen him take alone two or three times a week had been directed. The people of the village were very kind to them in their homely way and did their best to make the strangers feel less lonely.

Worn out with watching at his dying wife's side, and stricken with sorrow, he was taken ill shortly after her death, and for many days his own life hung in the balance. A vigorous constitution, however, helped on his recovery, and after nearly two months' illness he was able to walk as far as the grave-yard, but was still very weak. The kindness of the people, the unwillingness to leave his beloved wife's grave behind in a strange country, and, more than all, his poverty, his many years absence from his native land, and the uncertainty of finding friends there, made him resolve to spend the remainder of his days in Idylvale. Both father and daughter were stricken with a great sorrow, and cared little for the outside world, and were quite content to remain. They had brought with them a large Newfoundland dog, which had become almost one of the family, and the dog and the child were inseperable companions—the dog apparently considering himself the properly-constituted legal guardian of the child. It was always most amusing to see the two play together. The dog would make a savage bound at the child that one would think would be sure to throw her over, did he not notice how tender and gentle the touch of Pedro was notwithstanding his savage make-believe. I have rarely seen a more tender affection than that exhibited by the Spaniard and his daughter for each other and for the child. Often have I observed the dark eyes of the woman follow the dog and the child as they played together, and then she would go and sit by her father's side, and take his hand and rest her head upon his shoulder, and talk to him quietly and tenderly in Spanish. I do not know the language, but I used always to think that she was speaking to him of the one whose grave was in the village churchyard.

All through the summer a day rarely passed without my spending a few minutes at least at the Spaniard's cottage. Though not a highly-educated man, he possessed more intelligence than any other of the villagers, and I could make more of a companion of him; for even when one goes away to get free of the bustle of the world a pleasant companion is at times a very welcome relief from solitude.

He was in religion a Roman Catholic, having in his exile still adhered to the faith of his fathers. We often used to talk upon religious subjects, and in a friendly way discuss our differences, and I found him a fervently pious man. I never heard him utter a harsh or unkind

word, and when any of the villagers were in sickness or trouble he would be the first one to offer his sympathy and help. The fiery light in his eye when he was provoked betrayed the blood of his nation, but beyond this he was perfectly calm, and his quiet manner showed no agitation. He seemed a man whose spirit was thoroughly subdued and chastened by his sorrow.

My few weeks of rest now came to an end, and reluctantly enough I left Idylvale to return to city work. My new friends seemed to show genuine regret at my departure, and we separated with mutual hopes for meeting again the following summer.

VI.

Affliction in my family, which I need not speak of here, prevented my visit at Idylvale in the following year, and it was two years before I returned.

I had meantime heard nothing of the Spaniard, as we had made no arrangement to write to each other, having hardly reached the stage of intimacy that would warrant this. On the morning after my arrival I walked down past the row of cottages towards his house. I was delayed by the friendly greetings of the villagers on all sides, and before I reached his house, saw him coming towards me probably taking one of his walks. His figure seemed a trifle more bent than before, and his face was a litttle more wrinkled, and he looked older, I thought. He was, however, as carefully neat about his person as ever, and as I stepped forward to meet him, greeted me heartily.

Unwilling to interfere with his walk, I turned to accompany him that I might make the enquiries I desired. He asked me so many questions about myself that we were at the outskirts of the village before I could enquire about his family.

'And how are Madam, and Isabel, and Pedro, too?' I said. 'I trust all are well.' We had reached the gate of the little churchyard. The old man bent his head but did not answer, and turned and opened the wicket. I was not quite sure whether he had heard me, but I followed him quickly and anxiously, for I feared now that a new sorrow was on his heart. He said nothing, but his averted glance told me that he dared not trust himself to speak. A few steps brought us to the place we sought, and the uncertainty as to whether he mourned a new loss was dispelled, for another grave of equal length was made side by side with the grave of his wife. We said not a word, but we stood by the grave for many minutes with our heads bent, and then, as if by instinct, we turned together and walked slowly away. I left him at the turn to my own house, not wishing to intrude upon the sorrow that my remark had served to revive.

The next day, by enquiry among the villagers, I learned that a sudden illness had carried off his daughter four or five months before. The old man had been very quiet, and, beyond an apparent desire to be alone; had showed no external signs of his grief. The widow of one of the fishermen, herself childless, was now stationed at the cottage to care for his and the child's wants, and, to an unobservant eye, things were very little changed. Our old intimacy was resumed, but I noticed now that there were long pauses in our conversations, and we talked oftener than before on religious matters, for the subject seemed to come up spontaneously. The child, who was now grown to be Pedro's mistress, was a bright-eyed girl, six years of age. Pedro must have found her most tyrannical, but he seemed to submit to her imperious ways with the utmost good-nature. Her grandfather would call her to him oftener now than he used to, and would take her on his knee and kiss her with a fervor that told how his heart clung to her. He never spoke to me of her dead mother. I often thought he was about to do so, but his courage seemed to fail him before the words passed his lips, and he was silent. I never again mentioned her name to him, but once, as I told him my own recent sorrow, he started slightly and took my hand in his, and said in a low voice, with his peculiar accent, 'You and I ought to be friends.'

VII.

The following year, when I went to Idylvale, a fever was raging among the children of the place which carried many of them off. The isolated position of the Spaniard's cottage saved Isabel from taking it at first, but at last she too was stricken with it. Her grandfather and Pedro watched over her day and night, the latter as well as the former seeming to understand what the danger was. The dog never left the house except when forced to do so, for with his large size he could not but be in the way in the small rooms of the cottage. As often as the Spaniard would allow me I watched with them too,—but he seemed to prefer to be with the child alone, and would even banish the woman who took care of the house, from the room as much as possible. Isabel was very patient in her illness, and would often sit up in the bed and throw her arms around her grandfather's neck, and kiss him again and again, but soon she became too weak to do even this. The anxious look in his face deepened, and I felt in my own heart a strange fear that his would be wrung with a new agony. One morning, as I went to inquire how she was, he met me at the door and, without speaking, led me into the sick chamber. Isabel lay on the bed quiet and cold, and Pedro sat on the floor by the bedside and looked up into our faces as we came in, and whined piteously. We buried her, too, in the little graveyard, and a few days afterward I left Idylvale for the season.

I have only been there twice since, the first time but a few days, and saw the Spaniard but twice. He seemed failing rapidly. Last summer I was there several weeks. He was unable now to take his walks, and his eyesight had so failed that he could not read. I offered to read aloud to him and my offer was accepted, and I accordingly went every day. He did not care to have me read to him more than half an hour at a time, and we would often sit together for an hour without speaking. Pedro was his sole companion, and he too, seemed to have lost altogether the playfulnes of his earlier years. He would lie at his master's feet all day, and rarely went further than the little gate that formed the entrance to the cottage yard.

One afternoon the woman who cared for the Spaniard's wants, came to my house and told me that he had been taken suddenly ill since I had been with him in the morning. I hastened to his house and found him lying on the bed unable to move his limbs from a severe stroke of paralysis. We sent to the neighboring village for the doctor, and he came, but there was little that he could do. Having given a few simple instructions to the woman he went away, saying it would be useless to send for him again.

As I was sitting watching by the old man's side one day, he seemed to wander a little. He was very weak and I could scarcely understand what he said, for he spoke often now in Spanish. I bent my head to catch the words he was muttering, and I thought he said, 'I—am—very—tired—and—I—long—to—be—asleep.' The next day he was so weak he could not speak and I saw the end was near. A glorious sunset filled the air with its brightness that evening. The whole western sky was radiant with golden light that touched the house-tops of the little village and made them seem on fire. Through the open door and window of the Spaniard's cottage the light shone in and filled the room with its golden hue. The old man's face seemed less pale and wan beneath it. His white, thin hand was on the outside of the coverlid and dropped gradually until it hung down at the side of the bed. Pedro was sitting there looking by turns at the bed and into my face, and he gently licked the hand as it hung down.

Once the old man opened his eyes slowly and seemed to call. I bent to catch his words, but he said nothing. Gradually the light faded away and darkness filled the room. At length I stopped and listened if he were breathing still, but I heard no sound. The room was quite dark now. The old man was asleep at last.

VIII.

It was late that night when I left the Spaniard's cottage to walk to my solitary home. I was deeply affected by his death, and was so wrapped in thought that I do not remember passing any of the cottages on my way. I paused for a moment on the balcony of my own cottage. The night had been dark and cloudy hitherto, but now the moon was breaking through the clouds, and as I stood with folded arms looking upon the scene she shone out brightly, throwing a long line of light across the water, and making it glisten and sparkle where it fell. The air was still and quiet, and not a sound could be heard but the low sobbing of the restless waves as they beat upon the shore. Out upon the promontary the Spaniard's cottage stood alone, dreary and dark in the uncertain light. My head fell upon my breast as I thought of the lonely life that had just ended, and it came before me in review, from its bright and hopeful childhood to the termination I had just witnessed. I turned hastily and entered the house, and with moistened eyes I prayed more fervently that night than for many days before.

We buried him beside his wife, and few among the villagers did not shed tears as his body was lowered into the grave. I felt a strange loss now that he was gone, and daily towards evening found my way instinctively to the graveyard. The sad and lonely years of his life since Isabel had died had drawn my heart to him more than ever, and his quiet manner had told me that his suffering was all the more acute. I found Pedro lying on the grave whenever I went there, and so I always carried with me something for him to eat, but he would scarcely touch it. At last, however, I succeeded in coaxing him to my own house, and by kindness made him understand I was his friend. I was obliged to leave Idylvale a fortnight afterwards, and as I seemed to be his only friend I brought him home with me. He is not yet quite at ease in the city, and he insists on following me wherever I go. Often as I sit in my study and turn to take a brief rest, I find him looking up wistfully into my face, and I have imagined that the liquid look in his large brown eyes was caused by tears. I have always believed that dogs could think, and I am quite sure if Pedro's thoughts could be read they would be found to be of the four unmarked graves that, quiet and lonely, are lying covered with snow in the little graveyard at Idylvale.

IX.

A silence followed the recital of the Parson's story. Then spake the Professor in low sepulchral tones: 'Is it finished, Parson?' asked the Professor.

'It is finished,' said the Parson. 'Cuss, arise!'

X.

The Literary Cuss from New York arose to his feet, and in terms addressed the Parson. 'Parson,' he said, 'you do not understand Spanish?'

'I do not,' said the Parson.'

'I do, said the Cuss.'

'Parson,' said the Cuss, again, 'Is that story of yours finished?'

'It is finished,' said the Parson.

'Gracios a Dios,' said the Cuss.

XI.

'Parson,' said Gladys, rising to her feet and clasping her little hands together. 'Parson,' she said, 'is that story finished?'

'It is,' said the Parson.

'And the dog, is *he* yet alive?'

'He is,' said the Parson.

XII.

Then Gladys wept, and an inextinguishable groan went around the breakfast table.

XIII.

Gladys, who has quicker sympathies than any girl I know of, seems to have observed, during the recital of the latter half of this tale, a certain restlessness on the part of one of the company at the breakfast table.

It may have been that life upon the plains does have a disturbing effect on one, when he finds himself again trammelled by the forms of civilization. It may be that close communion with nature, which had been his since he had left the Academic halls, had repelled to their proper distance those petty suppressions in which the more refined Eastern mind disguises itself. It may be that Nature herself had kindled ideas whose magnificence no human mind at will could long keep to itself.

At all events it semed timely and kind when Gladys, leaning over, said: 'And have you also aspired Carolus?'

XIV.

Carolus had aspired.

XV.

The Christmas bells that had rung through the stilly air, had long since ceased their chiming. The quiet breakfast party sitting in expectation, feel the peaceful influence which a silent world always sheds over pure and happy hearts. Was it fancy? that as Carolus rose to his feet, did the tinkle of a solitary cowbell come from the plains that lie west of Stephen's Church. At least Gladys thought so, and almost involuntarily she exclaimed 'Whoa! 'Cow-boss.'

XVI.

Then Carolus began. 'Once,' he said, 'whilst roaming, as has been frequently my wont, among the peaks and passes of the Rockies, in still communion with Nature, I was startled by a sound not frequently heard in those wilds. It was like the cry of a bird, though there was something so human in its utterance that I wondered.

'I listened, and again through the silent air I heard that bird-like cry.

XVII.

'There is a chasm in the centre of the Rockies which hunters know, and, with a divination little less than miraculous, I hurriedly made my way thither, and leaning over, peered into the abyss. Again the cry of the bird arose upon my ears.

'Then I shouted out "What is the matter? What is it?"

'"It's me," was the reply.

'Something in the tone of the voice struck me. Where had I heard that voice before? Was it in Broadway, or in Rotten Row? Can it be? I said to myself.

'"Tell me," I cried, "are you a—Dude?' But "Help!" was the only reply I received.

'"Where are your wings?" I asked.'

'Then the answer came back, "Nevah mind, old chappie, one of my blawsted wings is hurt, you know."

'"And you can no longer fly?" I asked.

'"I cawnt," was the reply, "a wock has fallen upon me."

'"Ta, ta, old chappie, then," I said; "If you have any papers or communication to make to your friends send them up now," and here I let down to him the lasso which I always carry about with me.

'Judge of my surprise, when, hauling up the lasso again, I found the following paper attached, entitled, 'The Sad History of a Dude.'

'Lying back then on the rock, with blue heaven above me, I read; and this is what I read:

XVIII.

There is great commotion to-day on the wharf at the little village of Trois Rangs. The weekly steamer from Quebec has appeared around the point, and the wharf is crowded with caleches and carts, young men and maidens, old men and matrons. For this is *par excellence* the event of the week.

Trois Rangs has only become known to the world as a seaside resort within the past few years. A quiet little place, some miles below Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, where a little patch of Silurian rocks has managed to maintain its footing on the granite and gneiss of the Laurentian epoch, affording for a few miles some little chance for agriculture, tho' surrounded on all sides by the barren rocks of the earlier period. It is somewhat difficult of access, and consequently as yet is free from the invasions of the ubiquitous tourist. No Sunday excursions from Quebec mar the dreamy quiet of its Sabbath mornings—no enterprising patent medicine dealers have disfigured its rocks with glaring advertisements. All is simple and true, fresh from the hand of nature, while the little French village and neighboring farms and the habits and customs of the peasants, speak eloquently of the simple days of an age that the rest of the world will know no more—the age when railways and telegraphs, reaping machines and steam plows were unknown—the age when the yellow crops were cut by the sickle, and the golden grain thrashed by the flail,—when the farmer's daughter carried out flagons of nut brown ale to the reapers at noontide—the age when mankind had time to enjoy nature, home, and quiet repose—in short, the age of France before the Revolution.

The village boasts one hotel, moderate alike in dimensions and prices, surrounded on all sides by broad, shady verandahs. A few families from Ontario and Quebec occupy, during the summer, some of the better cottages of the *habitants*. At the head of the bay, with glistening tin roof and steeple, stands the little Roman Catholic church, while, behind, the mountains, in successive ranges, close in the picture in a perfect harmony of dull greens and purples, blending into the delicate blue of the far distance.

The steamer, after a great deal of what seems unnecessary noise and fuss, finally succeeds in attaching itself to the wharf, and the passengers prepare to disembark. The excitement on the wharf is intense. Remember that this is the one day in seven on which those who sojourn at this happy spot catch even a glimpse of the outer and civilized nineteenth century world—the one day when the female portion of the community has a chance of seeing a new dress, a new bonnet, or *a new man*.

A row of anxious heads is craned over the stairs up which the unhappy passengers, if any, have to make their way. Two or three *habitants* with baskets of market stuff from Quebec are allowed to ascend without comment. Then there appeared a tall, broad shouldered man of about fifty, whose clear cut features and firm, decided lines of face spoke at once of one who had taken an active part in the battle of life. Sundry little details in his appearance, however, suggested the idea of a man possessed of a fair share of this world's goods. He was accompanied by two girls, dressed alike in dark green Newmarkets, with Derby hats and dark-green veils, and with that inexplicable air of neatness and self-composure that distinguishes at a glance the Upper Canadian from her Quebec cousin. Any doubt about their nationality was soon settled by the appearance of two or three large trunks marked 'G. Toronto.' Some more luggage followed, including a couple of leather portmanteaux decorated with all sorts of English and Continental railway labels, a hat-box, gun case, roll of rugs and bundle of fishing-rods, umbrellas and sticks These articles were eagerly scanned by about thirty pair of female eyes, but no one of the passengers who had already appeared seemed a likely owner. The steamer whistled and the deck-hands were about to draw in the gangway when a voice was heard exclaiming, 'Well, old chappie, since they have sent our luggage off we

may as well stay at the hole. Beastly nuisance, but can't be helped.' In another minute the apparent owner of the voice and author of this logical remark stepped quietly on to the gangway, and walked leisurely across, followed by 'old chappie.' Both were evidently young Englishmen—and excitement reached fever pitch on the wharf above them. The one who had spoken appeared to be a man of some six and twenty, tall and well-formed, with a dark, handsome face, small moustache very much waxed, and brown hair carefully arranged. Tho' certainly handsome the face was wanting in character, and the lines of a somewhat sensual mouth were particularly weak. His dress, neat and gentlemanly, was scrupulously fashionable. Every girl on the wharf remarked, 'How *nice* he looks.' One envious youth snarled in reply, '*Dude.*' His friend was somewhat a contrast:—a *rather* shabby tweed suit, and *decidedly* shabby cap of the same material, a short black pipe in his mouth and a jolly, good-tempered face suggested a man to whom the eccentrities of fashion were a matter neither of interest nor solicitude. However no one paid much attention to him—the dude monopolized it almost entirely.

Gradually the crowd on the wharf dispersed, pass engers and luggage to be whirled away by calèches at the imminent risk of the lives of the one and the safety of the other. Two or three spooney couples wandered slowly over the sands or climbed the rocks to the shade of the pine trees and birches. The Hon. Herbert Llewellyn and Walter Grant, for as such the young Englishmen registered their names at the hotel, were hugely delighted with the view that presented itself on reaching the top of the hill leading up from the wharf to the village, while the cheery welcome they received and the homelike appearance of the hotel made even the Honorable Herbert feel rather ashamed of his disparaging remarks.

After supper, for in this primitive spot everyone dines in the middle of the day, they strolled together up and down the verandahs—smoking—in perfect good humor with themselves and the world in general.

The sun had not long set behind the mountains, and sky, sea, hills, and fields were bathed in the delicious warmth of the after-glow. The slight wind that had been blowing in the afternoon had fallen with the sun. Far beneath them the *habitant* children were playing on the beach, and some fishermen rowing in with their nets were chanting some of the old Breton ballads that still continue the favorite *chansons* of the peasantry in Lower Canada.

After a little while Llewellyn said, 'I say, Wattie, I wish we knew those pretty Yankee girls who came down on the boat. There they are at the corner of the verandah.'

'So do I,' replied Grant, 'but, I don't think they're *Yankees*, they're from Toronto, and I think that is in Canada somewhere—near Winnipeg.'

'Never mind, man, all the same thing. They're all deucedly free and easy. Let's go and speak to them on chance.'

They strolled up to the end of the verandah where the two girls were sitting half in a dream, half intoxicated with the beauty of the scene. Llewellyn raised his hat politely and said 'Ah Miss Gordon, good evening, I think we were fellow-travellers to-day.' The elder of the girls looked rather dangerous and drew herself up a little stiffly. However, if she did intend to snub the enterprising stranger she let the opportunity slip, for the younger, sister, Miss Connie, looked up immediately with a bright little laugh and said, 'Yes! but how did you know our names.' 'Oh,' said Grant, 'Llewellyen here hunted them up in the book before he had been in the house two minutes.' The ice was broken, and the four soon began chatting merrily—discussing Quebec and its quaint narrow streets, the beautiful scenery of the St. Lawrence, and the various methods of killing time in Trois Rangs that suggested themselves. Before they all said good-night they had arranged a small and select picnic of six persons for the next morning to drive to the Sault, a celebrated waterfall in the vicinity. Llewellyn wanted the party to consist of four only, but Miss Gordon insisted upon her father and a maiden aunt, who were staying at the hotel, accompanying them as chaperons.

The next day was bright and warm, and about an hour after breakfast the party started. Llewellyn managed to get Miss Connie seated in his calèche, Grant drove with Miss Gordon, while the third calèche was occupied by Mr. Gordon and his sister and a well-stocked hamper. For some three miles the road lay along the shore of the bay, until the little French church, surrounded by a group of *habitants* cottages, was reached on the bank of the river, which gives to the village its name of Trois Rangs. The village consists of a row of irregularly built cottages on either side of the river, connected by a stoutly built bridge with strong piers to resist the icy torrents of spring.

'Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white ca s and kirtles.'

The few inhabitants who were in the street watched the visitors with some curiosity. Little boys politely touched their caps, and the girls made awkward curtesies. The bridge crossed, they drove up the bank of the river for some few miles, past foaming rapids and dark, sullen pools, where the trout and salmon every now and then sprang sparkling into the sunshine, as some nice fat moth or bug floated down the stream. Past fields, green with barley and wheat, or yellow with mustard plant. Past the humble log cottages of the poorer peasants, where the *bonne femme* sat at her door with her spindle, and the more pretentious houses of the well-to-do farmer, with goodly barns and out-houses. Soon the road began to ascend the hills, opening unexpected views of the distant ranges of mountains, while far in the valley below the river plunged and foamed on its way to lose itself in the blue waters of the St. Lawrence.

After a drive of some two hours the Sault is reached—a lovely waterfall, almost hidden in the bush, composed of three streams foaming and plunging over huge masses of rock, overhung by silver birch and spruce, beneath which grow in luxuriance, ferns, lycopods, *et hoc genus omne.* The Gordon girls were mad with delight, even the old gentleman mildly approved of Nature's efforts, while Grant with a botanist's lens in one hand, and a small pair of scissors in the other, became so engrossed over his new specimens that he several times nearly succeeded in depositing himself in the dark pool beneath the fall. Miss Gordon had to warn him of the dampness of Canadian water before he could be persuaded to behave at all like a rational being. Llewellyn stretched himself under a tree, lighted a cigar, and prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible till lunch should be got ready—by—well, we suppose those Yankee girls. A very jolly little lunch it was when it was ready, even Llewellyn had to acknowledge, and after it was over his flagging energies seemed to be stimulated, for he suggested to Miss Connie to climb up above the fall, where he could smoke and she talk.

Miss Connie again laughed her merry little laugh, and they soon scrambled up and sat down in the shade. 'Miss Connie,' said Llewellyn, after a somewhat long pause in the conversation, 'supposing I were to slip off this bank into that abominable current, I would like to know what you would do under the circumstances?'

'Well, if I could get there in time,' laughed Connie, 'I should like to be at the bottom of the fall to see you come tobogganing down. You would get some glorious bumps over these rocks. Suppose you try it?'

'Thanks, Miss Connie, life is too sweet at present.'

'Why, I thought you said last night it wasn't worth living after twenty-one.'

'Oh, yes! but I have changed my mind. I would like to live like this till I were as old as Melchisedec.'

'I suppose you mean Methusaleh?'

'Yes! perhaps,' said Llewellyn lazily. 'I know I'm not much on that sort of thing, but it's tolerably cool of a girl of sixteen to correct me.'

'I'm not sixteen. I'm years older.'

'Ah! indeed. Twenty perhaps.'

'Well I'm not twenty yet.'

'How old then.'

'I'm seventeen and a-half, and I'm not going to stay up here and be laughed at by you any more. Papa and Emily are calling us now, and we must be going.'

Llewellyn reached out and caught her hand in his, and answered, 'Oh! please stay a little longer. It is so jolly talking to you,' but she laughed and, telling him not to be silly, picked up her sunshade and gloves, and ran down the path before him, leaving him to stroll down in his leisurely fashion—as she said, driving home, because she knew his shoes were too narrow for his toes.

In the evening there was a little dance at the hotel, and Llewellyn and Grant soon found out how many pretty girls there were in Trois Rangs, but Miss Connie, with her ruddy bronze hair, hazel eyes, clear complexion and cherry lips was the undoubted belle, as Grant said, '*sorore pulchre soror pulchrior.*'

Lelwellyn devoted himself to her, and, as she told him pretty plainly he had no more idea of dancing than a white elephant, they sat out for a great part of the evening on the verandah over-looking the moonlit river.

When the two sisters had retired for the evening, and Connie had gone into Emily's room to comb her hair and have a quiet chat, after the manner of females in all ages of which history preserves any records, Emily began a mild little lecture. She said that Connie was very imprudent to allow a perfect stranger like Mr. Llewellyn to be so attentive. They didn't know who he was, where he came from, or whether he was a gentleman or an imposter. Connie was a little indignant but had too much sense, and was too fond of her sister to be angry, but she said, 'Oh, Emily, I'm sure Mr. Llewellyn is a gentleman. His

voice is so nice and soft, he dresses in perfect taste, and you must confess yourself that there is nothing about him in the least snobbish.'

'Oh yes, I know, he *seems* gentlemanly, but some way or other I distrust him, and wish you would have as little to do with him as you can.'

Connie did'nt answer, but she thought to herself that she was old enough to know a gentleman from a cad, and quietly determined to sail her own boat.

After this she and Llewellyn became great friends. In the mornings he would carry her shawl and sketch-book and they would wander about the country together seeking the 'ruined mills and waterfalls that picture-lovers prize'; in the afternoons he would row her about the Bay, or hire a fisherman's boat and sail far out into the St. Lawrence, while nearly every evening they strolled down to the rocks on the shore and watched the sea-weed laden tide flow into the little bays—breaking upon the rocks with a weird phosphorescent light.

XIX.

The gossips of the village said they were engaged. It is true there was something fascinating to a young ingenuous girl about Llewellyn—a certain charm of manner and ease of conversation, that she had not met with among the boys who had been her admirers when she was a school-girl. It can hardly be wondered that she listened with pleasure to his soft speeches—that her little hand should return the pressure of his, and that she should forget occasionally to remove his arm from her waist until it had been there for some little time. In fact she was in love with this handsome, gentle, winning Englishman, before she ever thought of analyzing his character or sounding his motives.

One evening, when Grant and Llewellyn were smoking the calumet of peace and goodwill before turning in, Grant said abruptly: "Herbert! It is a beastly shame of you to flirt the way you are doing with that little Gordon girl. I've a great mind to tell her about Amy.'

'Oh! nonsense, old softy,' replied Llewellyn, 'Can't a fellow be a little friendly with a girl, even if he is married? Amy would'nt care, anyway.'

'I dont know, Herbert; it may be all right, and of course I don't want to preach to you on behalf of my sister. But, hang it all, it's a little rough on the girl. All the people in the village say you must be engaged. I hope you don't spoon?'

'No, of course I don't—but come, old man, let up! I never could stand a lecture, and I'm going to bed. Good night.'

A few nights after this conversation the Gordons, Llewellyn and Grant were on the steamer, *en ronte* for Quebec. Their fortnight at Trois Rangs had passed very pleasantly, and as Llewellyn and Connie sat at the stern of the vessel, both watched with regret the lights of the village fading away in the distance.

'Connie,' said Llewellyn, 'these two weeks at Trois Rangs have been the happiest of my life.'

Connie didn't answer. Her eyes filled with tears, and she turned her head away. Llewellyn took her hand, and she allowed it to remain in his. He put his arm quietly round her waist, and she quite forgot to remove it. Neither talked much. Connie's heart was too full, and Llewellyn had too much tact to interrupt her reverie

By-and-by Connie said, 'I'm afraid it is late. I must go in.' Llewellyn said, 'Oh, my darling not yet—don't go yet. Tell me first that you care for me as I do for you; say just once "I love you!"' Silence! 'Tell me, darling, do you love me?' He drew her towards him, and as she turned her head he saw that her eyes were full of tears. He kissed her tenderly, and as she moved away to the door asked again—'What answer?' 'Oh, Herbert,' she replied, do you think I would have let you kiss me, like my poor mother used to do, if I didn't love you. Good-night, dearest,"

For a moment Llewellyn felt ashamed, then he went down to the bar and ordered a cocktail, and in ten minutes was completely at his ease again—gentlemanly, cool and collected—satisfied with himself and rather pleased to have effected so complete a conquest.

In the morning the steamer arrived at Quebec. Llewellyn and Grant helped the Gordons across the gangway, and as they stepped on the wharf a man in a tall hat and frock coat tapped Llewellyn on the shoulder, and the two stepping aside carried on a low conversation for a few minutes. When Llewellyn returned he was very pale, but he took off his hat politely and asked to be excused as he had important business with the gentleman who had spoken to him. He promised to call on the Gordons at their hotel in the evening. He never appeared, however. At breakfast the next morning, old Mr. Gordon, who had been blind to the flirtation between Llewellyn and his daughter, suddenly turned to his daughter and said quite cheerfully, 'well, Connie, our friend Llewellyn seems to have been a nice scamp. Look here!' and he handed her a paper, pointing out the following paragraph:

'On the arrival of the steamer from Trois Rangs yesterday morning, the Hon. Herbert Llewellyn was arrested by a London detective, on a charge of bigamy. It appears Llewellyn, having previously betrayed a Miss Barker, a governess in his father's family, was secretly married to her at a remote country village. Some three months later his marriage with his cousin, Miss Grant to whom he had been engaged for some time, was celebrated in Paris. Miss Barker's friends have only lately become acquainted with her wrongs, and are, it is said, determined to punish the villainy of her betrayer.'

XX.

If a silence followed the Parson's story, it may be said that death followed Carolus' recital. I remember, for one, dropping my head upon my bosom, and looking up quietly, I saw that Gladys' head was buried in her hands. Thus in silence we sat. Then the low, sepulchral tones of the Professor disturbed us. 'Is it finished, Carolus?' he said.

'It is finished,' said Carolus.

'Cuss arise.'

XXI.

The distant sound of the cow-bell beyond St. Stephen's Church again was faintly heard.

Then the Critic arose.

'I believe,' he said, addressing Carolus, 'that the Dude was imprisoned some several feet below you?'

'He was,' said Carolus.

'That he was in your power?'

'He was,' said Carolus.

'Carolus,' said the Critic, 'when you read that thing he sent up to you, what did you do?'

'There was a rock near by,' said Carolus. 'Gently thrusting out my foot, I propelled the rock into the chasm, burying the Dude forever. He is there now.

It was an interesting and gracious sight, to see how Gladys, on hearing this, went gently round to Carolus's side, and gratefully pressed his hand.

Then, following her stately example, we all pressed his hand in silence and lifted up most thankful eyes for this,—that the Dude had perished.

XXII.

I, who sat at that Christmas breakfast table in the College Residence, remember many things that it is pleasant for a man to remember.

Did the silent corridors re-echo our merry laughter? Did the old walls, that knew term time, know Christmas time? O the faith of man!

We sitting round the table then heard, obedient to the laughing bidding of Gladys, this:

LES CONVIVES.

'Twas night, and four and twenty youths,
Classmates of '39,
Were gathered at the village inn
To chat and drink and dine.

Gladly and heartily they laughed,
At every merry joke,
And Bacchus clinked the glasses,
'Till sleeping Morn awoke.

And as the parting cup was passed,
Filled full with mellow wine,
They smiled across the brims and drank
'To 1849.'

For ten years from that very night,
And every ten years so,
They pledged themselves to meet again
Should Fate permit them to.

And in that self-same room, where now
A sad farewell they say,
To dine and drink and merrily
Watch for the breaking day.

So joyful were those young hearts then,
Warm, hopeful, full of life,
Affectionate, unsullied by
The world's corrosive strife.

Ambition fired each youthful breast
With high, unselfish aims,
And each had wished his fellow's first
Amongst his country's names.

* * * * * * * *

At length the appointed time hath come,
And with unwonted din,
The air is filled with greetings
About the Village Inn.

Loud, hearty words of welcome
As some old face appears,
Recalling fading memories
Of bygone happy years.

More manly were the voices grown,
And sterner was the mien,
The cheek had since grown bearded,
The eye perhaps more keen.

For Time must still his tribute have,
And though we scarce perceive
Ourselves grow older—Lachesis
The hour of life doth weave.

They gather in expectantly,
And soon all is aglee,
The night wears on to morning, while
The hours pass merrily.

The stout old landlord bustles round,
The wine cups are his care,
In either hand a flagon filled
With juices rich and rare.

And with each one he drinks a draught,
To health—prosperity,
Then gaily mellow passes on
In mirth and jollity.

But suddenly the good man stops
And with a fixed stare,
Gazes on one unoccupied—
The only vacant chair.

'Why, why,' he asks, 'is he not here,
The fair-haired cheery lad,
Whose merry songs and silver voice
Made all who heard feel glad?'

Then forthwith ceased the murmur
And one in bated breath
Muttered 'Requiescat,
Our brother's cold in Death.'

Gloomily, sadly the toast is drunk,
Silence o'er all is spread,
As each one sips a drop of wine
'To the memory of the dead.'

And many a man at the table then,
Gazing upon that chair,
Thinks of a future uncertain,
And wonders 'will I be there?'

* * * * * * * * * * *

Again they meet, again they part
To thread life's thorny way,
But ever thinner were the ranks
At each returning day.

Time, too, hath ploughed his furrows deep
In many an anxious brow,
And what had been a chestnut curl
Is sown with silver now.

The stout old landlord jovial,
Hearty, and hale, and grey,
Beside his dead forefathers
Was quietly laid away.

But the rosy landlord's daughter
Still keeps the Village Inn,
While her poor old mother limps about
So wrinkled, weary, and thin.

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Forty years are past and gone,
And now again the day
Hath come, when to the village inn
The remnant take their way.

Four old and grizzly men appear,
True still to their youthful vow,
Of four and a score of merry youths,
These only are left of them now.

Sadly they nibbled and solemnly spoke
Of their own and the nation's affairs;
For a gloom was spread o'er like the pall of the dead,
As they gazed on the tenantless chairs.

Soon, soon, they arose from that cheerless feas,
Soon, soon, they passed through the door,
But ere they yet parted they promised to meet, might it
Be, in that chamber once more.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Another decade is now roll'd away,
The room is arranged as of yore,
One seat alone has an occupant now,
The others are used no more.

A wizened old man, childless, alone,
Friendless in all the wide world,
Not even a dog to cherish or care,
On the world's cold charity hurled.

Slowly and sadly he seats himself down,
At the table now looking so bare,
Of all the glad comrades who feasted erstwhile,
He's the only remaining one there.

Gloomy and thoughtful he sips the rich wine
Thinking of times long ago,
Pictures the scene of genial mirth,
The present affliction and woe.

Then kneels, and in quavering voice he outpours
His bursting soul unto God,
That he might be ta'en from this changed world
And laid with his friends 'neath the sod.

Arising, he raises the cup to his lips
In a nerveless, tremulous hand,
'To the memory of my comrades dear,
Who dwell in that happy land.'

He quaffed off the liquor, then fixed grew his eye—
Now feebler and feebler his breath,
Then he slowly sank in the arms of the chair,
While his features grew rigid in death.

A smile flits over his faded cheek,
Sweet sounds in his ear there ring;
The angel-songs of welcome which
His happy comrades sing.

And as the cold, sad moon arose
From out the wat'ry East,
She stole into that room, and saw
A dead man at a feast.

XXIII.

Then the critic arose. 'Caius,' he said, 'do I recognize you in this?'

Caius bowed his head.

'Caius,' he said again' 'did the old man die?' 'He did,' said Caius. 'Next,' said the Critic, sinking wearily into his chair.

XXIV.

When the heart of a man is oppressed with care, he requires to be lifted out of himself.

'Gladys,' said the Professor.

'Professor,' said Gladys.

'These walls,' said the Professor, 'remind me of many things; for the sake of these memories in the midst of which we now sit, let me propose a toast,—Here's to those that have been here before us.'

'Three score and ten, a wise man
Said, were our years to be.
Three score and six I give him back,
Four are enough for me.
Four in these corridors,
Four in these walls of ours,
These give me, Heavenly Powers,
'Tis Life for me!'