

The Capture of the Flag.

The lark line were browsing
On meadow and on lea,
Flower to flower carousing
Strayed the nectar-sipping bee;
Through azure sky were flying
Bright birds along the dais,
When a maiden, pensive sighted,
Came slowly through the vale.

Her form was fair and slender,
And golden-bred her hair;
The beauty's heaven sent her,
Were many sweet and rare,
Then maiden, why that sighing?
Why face so pale and sad?
Why happy bliss denying,
All else so blithe and glad?

Oh, let not looks deceive you,
For beauty, it is known,
Sooths not the pain that grieves you
When happiness has flown.
She has parted from her lover—
Do not wonder if she sighs;
He has gone, perchance sighing,
To fight 'neath distant skies.

Through grief her heart is swelling,
And address chokes her voice,
Love's fears and doubts quelling,
She glances in his choice;
Amidst the clang of battle
He eager takes his stand,
Mid cannons roar and rattle,
To fight for fatherland.

High flaunts the tyrant's banner
Exultant on the keep,
That emblem of dishonor,
Of degradation deep;
Long sufferings and oppression
Have nursed each breast and arm,
With courage and devotion
Each heart beats true and warm.

With spirits fiercely burning
Their hatred for to meet,
They vow that when comes morning
They'll die before defeat;
Let Freedom, Right and Justice
Be heard the while they cry,
Then God, in whom our trust is,
Look down with favoring eye.

Bright wine in goblet pouring
To freedom's cause they quaff,
Tho' war's dark clouds be lowering,
To-night song, toast and laugh,
And then that maiden's lover
For country leaves a sigh,
Thinks of sweetheart, home and mother
Till the tears well in his eye.

And by the moon's pale beaming
That odious banner flies,
Bald in the night winds streaming,
Against the summer skies,
With ardent fervor burning
That maiden's lover vowed,
All fears and dangers spurning,
He'd lower that banner proud.

While the stars above are peeping
He'll scale those ramparts high,
And, spite of sentries keeping,
That flag tear from the sky.
Fast ditches, fens, morasses,
Fast watches on the banks—
With cautious tread he passes
Safe through the tyrant's ranks.

Up, up the wall he clambers,
His bosom beating fast,
He grasps that ensign banner
As if it were the mast;
Like greyhound lightly springing,
He leaps from wall to ground,
When—bang!—a musket ringing
Awakes the echoes round.

All now was wild commotion,
Shrill trumpets blast and blare—
Both camps were soon in motion,
Loud voices filled the air;
The banner firmly grasping
He rushes through the ranks;
Like demon, swearing, gasping,
His foes press on him tight.

Swift as an arrow speeding,
By light of moon's pale beam,
Nor oaths nor shouts or heeding
He bounds through brush and stream
Close on his foes are tearing
Like bloodhounds in the chase,
Or devils, when despairing,
Some soul to snatch from grace.

Fast to him they are nearing,
They clutch and stretch and strain,
Mid shout and cheer and jeering,
Their banner to regain;
One awful ditch is standing
Twixt him and friendly ground—
In its waters deep, expanding,
Venomous snakes abound.

In vain he springs to cross it—
Tripped on the rugged ledge
He falls to ground exhausted,
Along the fearful edge;
His enemies go sprawling
Athwart him as he fell,
Then clutching, gasping, howling,
Plunge in the ditch pell-mell.

His comrades aid extending,
He a passage safely takes—
His foes are left contending
Among the deadly snakes;
By joyous friends attended,
In mirth they spend the night;
Wine song, and story blended,
Next day they win the fight.

Again the lark are browsing
Along the fragrant lea,
Again 'mid flowers carousing
Is seen the festive bee—
Once more the birds are flying
Over the gladsome dale,
When in joyous spirits hiding
Comes a maiden through the vale.

Soon will her absent lover
Again be at her side,
War's struggles past and over
He comes to claim his bride;
Now proudly freedom's token
Floats high on mast and tower,
Forever shattered, broken,
Is despoiled of its power.

J. B. NELLIGAN.

Life Insurance for Families.

Mr. Mowat has introduced a Bill in the Ontario Legislature "to amend the law for securing to families the benefit of life insurance," which provides that, in the case of a policy effected before marriage a declaration under the 5th section of the Act to secure to wives and children the benefit of life insurance shall be deemed to have been valid and effectual as if such policy had been effected after marriage; but the provision is not to affect any action or proceeding at present pending in the courts. The second section of the Bill provides that any person may insure his life for the benefit of his mother as well as for the benefit of his wife and children, and may apportion the amount as he deems proper; and all the provisions of the Act are to be read as if the mother of the insured was mentioned therein as well as the wife and children.

She Was Extravagant.

Coroner—What made you attempt suicide?
Wife—My husband did not give me enough money to live on.
Husband (speaking up)—That isn't so. The trouble was because she was extravagant. Why, only an hour ago, she drank 15 cents' worth of Paris green when 10 cents' worth would have been enough.

Lady Dufferin, in her clever book relating her experiences of "Vice-Regal Life in India," says that the English are rapidly spoiling the exquisite taste of the East Indians by sending out dolls dressed in the height of fashion and English made clothing to distribute among the children in the schools.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

"Partly because I was not English; partly on account of my poverty; and, I fancy, in a great measure, because I was the obstacle which had hindered the connection with Sir Henry Worthington."

"And what happened?" asked Esperance, eagerly.

"Mr. Collinson refused to let the marriage take place from his house, which greatly distressed your mother. His wife, however, was more kind-hearted, and it was arranged that she should be married from the house of her mother, a Mrs. Passmore. Mr. Collinson would not be present at our marriage, and never saw your mother afterward. We returned to France immediately, and there has been scarcely any communication between the two families since. George Palgrave is the first to have visited us, his mother was your mother's eldest sister."

"And I have always wished to see them all!" exclaimed Esperance; "but now I know I should dislike them, since they treated you so badly, papa."

"No, no, dear, try for my sake not to continue the family feud; such quarrels should, if possible, be forgotten; and though I own that in my case the forgiveness has not been hearty, yet there is no reason for the next generation to feel so strongly."

"But they, that is to say, Mr. Collinson, insulted you, papa."

"Yes, that is true; I forgave that at once, but I never can forget his conduct to your mother, Esperance, it broke her heart—I know it—though she tried hard to hide it from me. But this is only grieving you, my child; and, besides, you must not think too harshly of your uncle—he is, I believe, a good man, only he was once cruelly mistaken. We will say no more about those times; come and walk with me a little; you lose your color shut up so much in this room."

Esperance went to put on her walking things, full of wonder at the strange revelation which had just been made. And yet it had been her greatest wish to visit England, and see these unknown relations; nay, even now she felt a strange curiosity with regard to the second generation, though the very name of her uncle, Dean Collinson roused her indignation.

CHAPTER III.

George Palgrave's visit was now a thing of the past. Occasionally Esperance would recall the conversation she had had with her father, and spend a few minutes in picturing to herself her distant relations; but the sad story had ceased to trouble her—she lived almost entirely in the present.

Already the clear horizon of her childhood was broken; a little cloud had arisen, and, as the time passed it grew blacker and more threatening, for week by week M. de Mabilion's money matters grew more and more involved, and Esperance could not but share in his anxiety. Gaspard, too, was depressed and unhappy, conscious that he was an additional expense to his father, and yet unwilling to give up his profession. Esperance, his usual confidante, was not quite so sympathizing as he could have wished; it was impossible she could appreciate the sacrifice. "How could you really care more for stupid, dull, law books than for helping papa," she argued day after day.

"You do not understand *cherie*, that it would be for one's whole life," said Gaspard, anxious that his difficulties should be fairly understood.

"*Bien!* What more could one wish than to help one's father; besides, you would like your work in time."

"What! the drudgery of a desk—a paltry clerkship—it is impossible! however, as you say, I suppose it is one's duty."

"And you will do it; I know you will, by your face," exclaimed Esperance. "Dear Gaspard! I love you more than ever; and how glad papa will be! You will be really earning money, as well as spending it; and then in time, who knows, perhaps we shall get the chateau back again, all through you."

"A Chateau en Espagne, indeed!" said Gaspard, laughing, as he twisted Esperance's glossy hair between his fingers. "You women have such notions about money matters; and yet you are full of advice as to work."

Then, as she looked a little indignant, "No, no, you need not be offended, for after all I have taken your advice, and consented to that abominable clerkship?"

"It is true; and you are a real hero, *mon ami*," replied Esperance, with a fervent embrace. "How I wish papa would come home, to hear the good news; let us watch for him," and opening the *jalousie*, she looked eagerly down the sunny street.

Presently M. de Mabilion came into sight, walking very quickly, in spite of the heat of the July day.

"Papa must be bringing us some news!" exclaimed Esperance; "he walks like the wind. Look, Gaspard."

"Ah! no doubt there is something fresh about this Prussian business," said Gaspard, coming forward quickly; "I thought everything was quieted down again, though papa did say there was thunder in the air."

"What about Prussia?" asked Esperance, knowing nothing of politics.

"Some fuss about Prince Leopold trying to get the Spanish throne; but they said a day or two ago he had resigned. Of course France would never have allowed it."

Here the door was opened by M. de Mabilion, and there was an eager inquiry from both occupants of the room:

"What news, papa?"

"There is tremendous excitement," replied M. de Mabilion, with more vehemence than Esperance had ever seen in him before. "The whole city is in a tumult; they say that Monsieur Benedetti has been insulted by the King of Prussia, and war has been declared."

"War! with Prussia!" exclaimed Gaspard, delighted excitement; while Esperance, startled and bewildered, echoed the words in a very different tone.

She listened to the eager talk between her father and brother, still scarcely taking in this strangely sudden intelligence.

both nations were anxious to provoke a quarrel, and fight it out."

"How can people ever wish for war!" sighed Esperance, in such a sad tone that her father drew her toward him, caressing her in the way she liked best.

"I hope this war, at least, will not harm you, my child! As to the innate love of war, it is such a mixture of patriotism, policy, and personal vanity, that neither you nor I will trouble about it."

"Women never can understand," said Gaspard, a little scornfully. "Esperance does not seem to care for the honor of the country. Father, you will let me enlist as a volunteer, will you not?"

Esperance turned pale, and clung more closely to her father, waiting in anxiety for his answer. This seemed to bring the war much nearer home.

M. de Mabilion had been fully expecting such a proposal, yet he hesitated for a moment before replying.

"Of course, you naturally wish to go, Gaspard," he said, at length; "but there are many reasons against it, our present circumstances for instance, and many other things, besides, if the war be of long duration, there will be all the more need for volunteers to come forward later on."

This was evidently a grievous disappointment; and Esperance, in her relief, was sympathetic.

"Poor Gaspard? He has given up two professions in one day. Never mind; perhaps after all you will be wanted later on. *Dame!* how curious it would be to see you in uniform!"

"Not much chance, I fear, of that," said Gaspard, a little sullenly. "We shall be sure to beat the Germans in no time; perhaps in a month we shall have taken Berlin; who knows?"

He spoke with such confidence that Esperance looked up in surprise.

"Is it so, indeed, papa?"

"My dear little girl, I don't think it is possible to tell yet. Every one seems very confident of success; but it is perfectly well known that the German army is very well organized."

"But we have the soldiers of Jena?" said Gaspard, triumphantly. "I shall go and see what is being done."

He went out, promising to bring back the latest tidings; but M. de Mabilion did not put much faith in this, thinking it far more probable that he would only join the crowd on the boulevards to shout "*Vive la guerre!*" and give vent to his enthusiasm.

Esperance, still much excited, hovered about unable to settle to anything, until, seeing that her father, was engrossed in his newspaper, she ran down-stairs to discuss the great topic with Mme. Lemercier.

The Lemercier were the occupants of the *troisième étage*, and had already proved themselves pleasant neighbors to the De Mabilions. Monsieur was connected with the press, and was seldom at home; but madame, who suffered from ennui, in his absence, was delighted to have visitors at any hour of the day, and always made Esperance specially welcome.

This evening madame seemed even more brisk and cheery than usual. Esperance found her reading one of her husband's articles in a Republican paper, and brimming over with excitement.

"Ah, *mon enfant*," she exclaimed, with eagerness, "what news we have! You have heard?"

"Yes, a minute ago, papa came in to tell us, and Gaspard is almost frantic with delight."

"Monsieur himself came in with the news," said madame. "He was panting, he was breathless, he had hurried from a distance, for a moment I was afraid he was ill; 'Victor!' I exclaimed, but he interrupted me, and told me with triumph that war was declared. Then, before I had breath to speak or exclaim, he was telling me the causes, the insults, a thousand things which I could not understand, and in a minute he was away again, leaving me bewildered—astonished—excited."

"And yet, madame, it is very terrible," said Esperance, with a shudder.

"It is true, my child; you think of the suffering, the death, the destruction. Ah, yes, that indeed is terrible."

Through the open window there floated the sound of a broken chorus—"Mourir pour la Patrie."

Esperance was silent till it died away in the distance; hoarse and unmusical as were the voices, there was nevertheless a strange pathos in the song, and there were tears in her eyes as she said, "Our men are brave, they do not think of themselves; but, dear madame, I can not love '*la patrie*' so well as papa and Gaspard."

"Do not cry, my child! of course you can not—they do not intend to volunteer, I trust?"

"No; Gaspard wished to do so, but papa will not let him at present; by and by, perhaps, he may be more wanted; but oh! I do hope not. Monsieur Lemercier does not go?"

"No, no; he will serve his country by contributing accounts of its success to the journals. Monsieur is a true patriot, he would gladly handle the sword, but without a doubt the pen is his best weapon."

Esperance had heard her father speak of M. Lemercier as a hot-headed enthusiast, full of Republican ideas, and rather questioned his "true patriotism." She kept her thoughts to herself, however, and asked if monsieur was so confident of success as Gaspard was.

"He says there is not the smallest doubt of our success," said Mme. Lemercier with emphasis. "Figure to yourself our brave soldiers encountering the sausage-eating Germans. Ah! the victory will be ours."

"Papa says the Germans are very brave, and that their army is well organized," said Esperance, doubtfully.

"*Ma chere*," said Mme. Lemercier, excitedly, "Monsieur de Mabilion is wise without doubt, he is brave, he is a man of honor, but he is not sanguine. Witness your very name—feeling that he lacked the virtue he named you 'Esperance.'"

"Ah! poor papa," said Esperance, "he christened me when he was full of trouble. For this once, then, I hope he may be wrong; it would be terrible, indeed, if we did not conquer."

"Do not mention it, my child—except, indeed, upon your knees; the very idea makes me tremble. But it is impossible—quite impossible!"

Mme. Lemercier was expressing a confidence which was very generally felt. M. de Mabilion was among the very few who thought failure a possibility; and even he was a little surprised when the news of the first defeat reached Paris. Gaspard made as much of the victory at Saarbruck as was

possible, and believed that the subsequent defeats were exaggerated; but as time went on it became useless to disguise the truth, that the Germans were slowly but surely advancing.

CHAPTER IV.

To Esperance each day's events seemed to make it more and more probable that Gaspard would be obliged to enlist. The evil seemed to be creeping almost imperceptibly nearer and nearer home; yet when in August preparations were made in Paris for an extended siege, she was beyond measure shocked and surprised.

M. de Mabilion was sorely perplexed, unable to make up his mind to leave Paris himself, and yet anxious that Esperance should be in safety. Esperance was not long in discovering the cause of his anxiety, it was impossible for her father to hide anything from her; but she was indignant at the very idea of being sent away.

"If it is your duty to stay, papa, it must be mine, too; and indeed! indeed! I could not live without you. To be far away from you without even the chance of letters! No, no, it is impossible!"

"But I am afraid even if you stay here, we shall see little of each other," said M. de Mabilion, "for I must join the National Guards, now that there is really a call for service."

"And Gaspard also?" faltered Esperance. "Oh, papa!"

Her tears fell fast; and M. de Mabilion, caressing her, again urged her going away.

"You and Javotte could return to Mabilion; I am sure the cure, would take care of you; and you would like to see the old place again. Is it not so, dear?"

"Papa, indeed I cannot go. Let me stay, and I will not be any trouble; Javotte and I can make charpie, and tear bandages all day long, and that will be serving the country. Promise me, dear papa, that I shall be with you."

She asked so beseechingly that M. de Mabilion could not find it in his heart to refuse.

"Very well, my child," he answered, "it shall be as you wish; you shall stay here and show your patriotism; after all, it may be best to keep together, and for aught we know, Mabilion may not be safer from the enemy than Paris."

In spite of all the troubles which she knew must be in store, Esperance felt as happy and light-hearted after this promise had been given as in her most cloudless country days. Moreover, there was a certain excitement in the atmosphere which could not fail to please the little French girl.

From the windows might be seen much that was novel and amusing. Gay uniforms—awkward-looking volunteers—and, above all, a perpetual stream of peasantry flocking into Paris, for protection, all their worldly goods piled up on carts in wild array; beds, clocks, useless old *armoires*, sacks of potatoes, strings of onions, and not unfrequently aged parents or tired children were all mingled promiscuously.

Esperance chose to see the laughable side of the picture; her father, with more insight, saw the ruin of which this motley procession was the witness; while Gaspard, with the selfishness of a citizen, inveighed against the extra "mouths."

"By degrees, however, such little excitements ceased to please Esperance. She spent the long monotonous days chiefly in working with Mme. Lemercier, for the sick and wounded; Javotte had already begun to find her marketing a lengthy process, and was out almost all day; while M. de Mabilion and Gaspard were constantly at drill.

And so the time wore slowly on; and although there was still the eager inquiry for news each day, almost every one was learning that the official notices could not be trusted, and that all disastrous tidings were kept back as long as possible. Gaspard, who was always hopeful, maintained that the death of all important news was a good sign; but M. de Mabilion was of very different opinion, and when September began, felt more certain than ever that the lull betokened a crisis.

And at length it came. Late on the evening of the 3rd of September, the terrible news of the defeat at Sedan became generally known. The surrender of MacMahon's army and of the emperor raised a storm of indignation at Paris; and the Republican spirit, latent for so long, seemed to burst forth like wild-fire.

The De Mabilions were Imperialists, but although, of course, they took no active part in the next day's proceedings, they were absent all day, and Esperance and Mme. Lemercier were obliged to console each other as best they could, both being very eager to know what was going on.

It was a long, weary Sunday; Esperance would like to go out, but madame was afraid of the crowd, and had a wholesome terror of "*les rouges*," although they were her husband's party. Not till night did they hear all that had happened on that memorable day.

Esperance was already in bed when she heard her father come back. Her eager call brought him at once to her side, and she asked him what had kept him so long.

"I should have returned before had I not known that Madame Lemercier would be with you, dear child. 'What has been done?' you ask. There has been another Revolution, though, thank God, a bloodless one; the emperor has fled, and the republic is already proclaimed."

"The republic! Ah! how delighted Monsieur Lemercier will be. But, papa, did you expect this?"

"Anything may be expected after such news as that of yesterday," said M. de Mabilion, sadly. "The capitulation of eighty thousand men is an unheard of thing; the Parisians would not have borne it so quietly had there not been the excitement of setting up this Republic to content them. But there, my little patriot, I must not keep you awake any longer—sleep, and forget these national disasters."

But the national disasters began to thicken so soon that Esperance had not much chance of forgetting them.

In less than a fortnight two of the German armies had taken up their positions before Paris, and the actual siege had begun.

Now was the time when courage was really needed, and Esperance found herself sorely taxed at each parting with her two National Guards. Yet, after a few weeks had gone by, she grew almost accustomed to it, and did her part well, by her brave and unflinching cheerfulness really refreshing the tired men.

Only once did she break down. It was

early in October; a sudden change of weather was affecting every one, and the bitter cold seemed almost unbearable, particularly as fuel was becoming very scarce. The privation and suffering were beginning to tell on Esperance; and when one day M. de Mabilion told her of an unexpected sortie, in which his battalion would probably take part, her courage gave way, and in spite of Gaspard's indignation, she expressed the most ardent desire for a capitulation.

However, when both her father and brother returned in safety, begrimed with smoke and dust, and telling triumphantly of the hundred and fifty Prussians taken prisoners, her patriotism revived again, and her courage too. The Revolution of the 31st of October, consequent on the fall of Metz, was an almost pleasurable excitement, since she knew her father and brother to be in safety, and not even the sounding of the "*general*" in the dead of the night had power to alarm her.

The weeks passed by slowly, each one bringing fresh privations—even horse-flesh was now a dearly purchased luxury, and the price of bread rose daily. Every one was beginning to feel that some fresh effort must be made, and Esperance was scarcely surprised, when, on the evening of the 28th of November, M. de Mabilion told her that a great sortie was to be attempted on the following day.

"I tell you of it, *cherie*, because I know you would be vexed if I did not," he said, "and because you have shown us that you can bear suspense well and bravely."

Her trouble had certainly taught her to be more self-controlled, for she only turned a shade paler as she asked, falteringly, "Do you march to-night, dear papa?"

"Yes, in an hour's time, my darling; but let us have a few words now, while we are alone. I have been talking to Monsieur Lemercier, and he has promised me that if anything should happen to us to-morrow he will take care of you, and when the siege is over take you and Javotte to England."

(To be Continued.)

Hog Breeders' Association.

The Hog Breeders' Association of the Dominion met at St. Catharines Hall, Toronto, yesterday. The President, Mr. J. Featherston, occupied the chair. The first business was the election of officers, which resulted in the re-election of all the officers who were elected last fall when the Association was formed. They are as follows: President, Jas. Featherston, Springfield-Credit; Vice-President, J. Y. Ormsby, Springfield-on-Credit; Treasurer, E. M. Jarvis, Clarkson; Secretary, F. W. Hodson, London. A director was re-elected to represent each breed—Berkshires, R. Snell, Edmonton; Suffolk, R. Dorsey, Barnhamthorpe; Essex, James Mann, Bayne; Yorkshires, F. Green, Innerkip; Chester Whites, E. D. George, Putnam; Poland Chinas, D. D'Coursey, Bomholme, and Prof. Robertson, Ottawa. The association received names for judges in the separate classes for the exhibitions. A resolution was unanimously carried requesting the Dominion Government to put corn on the free list, on the ground that it would be of advantage to the swine industry. The members expressed themselves in favor of the one judge system, and also recommended that two more classes be added to the present prize list, namely, improved large Yorkshire and the other for Chesters. The association decided to ask the principal exhibitions in Ontario to insist upon the production of registered certificates from the respective herd books for all pigs.

Agricultural & Arts Council.

The Council of the Agricultural & Arts Association opened its annual meeting at eight o'clock last evening in Toronto. Mr. Alvin Rollins presided, and the members present were Hon. Chas. Drury, Ira Morgan, Medcalf; P. R. Palmer, Belleville; Joshua Legg, Gananoque; J. C. Snell, Edmonton; Nicholas Awrey, M. P. C., Binbrook; Robt. Vance, Ida; W. Dawson, Victoria; James Rowand, Dumblane. The principal business was the consideration of the report submitted by the secretary, Henry Wade. It stated that the live stock registered during the year was as follows: 727 horses, 258 cattle and 926 swine. The cash received from registration and sale of the Herd Book amounted to \$2,229.36. There was an increase in the number of Berkshire pigs recorded, and also of the improved Yorkshire variety. The Association's prizes for the best managed farms will be awarded this year in the following Electoral Divisions: Peel, Cardwell, East York, North York, East Simcoe, South Simcoe, West Simcoe, Algoma County, Muskoka, Parry Sound, North Ontario, South Ontario, East Durham and West Durham. No grant was asked for the continuance of the Provincial Exhibition, but a grant had been asked for the spring or fall show in Toronto in connection with the Clydesdale Horse Show.

Said Nothing.

Sawdoff—Did you give that note to my wife?
Boy—Yes, sir.
Sawdoff—And what did she say?
Boy—She never said nothin'. There was two more women there, an' they all jes' kep' on talking.

Fertile in Expedients.

Agent—I'd make you my janitor, only I must have a married man.
Applicant—Keep the place open for an hour and I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job.

How It Happened.

A.—You are so modest I don't see how you ever came to propose to your wife.
B.—That was very simple. I said nothing, and she said nothing, and so one word brought on another.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is about to appoint women commissioners to take testimony in the harems. They must possess a knowledge of law and of the Urdu, Persian, Arabic and English languages. They will receive a handsome salary and a guarantee of employment for a term of years.

A prize of \$50 for the best essay on the relation of the temperance question to political economy, has been offered for the competition of college under-graduates, by the National W. C. T. U. department of organization and instruction in the higher institutions of learning.