Song—"Ye Merry Men of Canada."

BY J. GLASGOW.

Ye merry men of Canada,
Whose soul flows forth in song,
Let Nature's swelling harp ring out
To cheer the jovial throng.
Our fields are full and fair to see,
And happily we own
The golden fruits of honest toil
That have been wisely sown.

CHORUS.

Here, let the joyful strain ring out
Beneath the maple tree,
While we sing of our Canada,
The fairest of the free.

We'll hail the good old-fashioned soul,
Whate'er may be his name,
Who oft had heard of freedom's torch,
Yet never felt its flame.
And should he make his home with us,
Right happy may he be,
In resting from his daily toil,
Beneath our maple tree.

No tyrant's harsh and hateful hand
Can rob him of his right,
He will be monarch o'er his own,
None dare his freedom slight.
And when he's tilled his own loved plot,
Whate'er its bounds may be,
His wife and he may sing their song
Beneath our maple tree.

His cabin may not have a style,
Like that where lordlings live,
And yet when he sits down to dine
He'll have all gold can give;
And when his famed repast is o'er
He'll warble o'er the lea,
And proudly ponder o'er his state
Beneath the maple tree.

No slave can find a resting place
On this our happy land;
Our social sons, themselves so free,
Will take him by the hand.
His galling chains will here dissolve,
The creature thus made free
Will join the chorus of our song
Beneath the maple tree.

We'll ask no favors of the rich
But help the poor who can,
And from the lap of wisdom teach
The brotherhood of man;
And when we will have aged a pace
May it be found that we
Shall have the right to sing our song
Beneath our maple tree.

Long may the landmarks of our home,
With honors in their breast
Cling to the land we love so well,
Like sires who are at rest;
And should some darkening cloud descend,
May we as one agree
To sing our song of Canada
Beneath our maple tree.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY SUGGESTIONS.

It is simply a picture of boyhood; unhappy, happy boyhood; appearing now and then in my perpetual night like an atom of illuminated dust, as it floats in a ray of memory that steals into my darkened room. It is forgotten again, however, as readily as one forgets the work of the timid neophyte, treading upon the threshold of genre, when he turns to the stronger, deeper lines, the sharper lights and shadows of the daring master. So, as I enter here, from day to day, and stand in this gallery all my own, hung by a careless, ignorant, blundering hand, I forget the first picture, dear as it is for its very monotony of neutrals, in the deeper, darker, more defiant touches that draw my thoughts away to cringe and shudder and regret.

Just beneath the still-life study there is a half finished drawing, very suggestive of what a master might have made of it had a master held the brush; but the boy was so dull and slow of comprehension that, even with the outline before him, he could not lay the color in. He was like a leaf on the surface of a stream and was carried by the current and borne by the breezes whithersoever they listed, without a single motion of opposition or independent action.

My father took me so entirely into himself and out of myself that, from the time that I put on the new name and the new clothes, I do not think I was once conscious of a single misgiving concerning the morrow. Sufficient unto the day was the pleasure of it, even as imperfectly as I comprehended that.

At first, we travelled, day after day, and life seemed like the songs which Mina sang, only, perhaps, not quite so real as they. We visited grand and beautiful cities and wonderful palaces. We crossed broad rivers by colossal bridges. We were borne on steamers over great lakes surrounded by high hills. We were among giant mountains, beside which the cliffs of the Rhine were hardly terraces, where the snow lay flashing on the lofty peaks, though it was long after midsummer, and onward, onward still, constantly moving through wonders beyond anything which the fairy tales and legends of the Rhine had ever imparted.

I said very little as time went on, for, even then, I seemed to feel distinctly that my father was better pleased when I was silently satisfied. Satisfied I surely was, and silence to me was natural. Thus, from the first, I grew to have few opinions of my own and never to prefer them. To wonder where we were going would have seemed to me a foolish sentiment; to have cared was equally absurd, and to ask my father would have appeared to me, not only daring, but most unreasonable. When he chose, he imparted such information as he wished without my questioning, and when he did not choose to impart the information I very soon discovered that, ask such questions as I would, I obtained only very kind and gentle responses utterly devoid of any satisfactory results. Thus, notwithstanding the peculiar position which might naturally have tended to continual outbursts of some sort, I got on without them, to the better satisfaction of both of us, I think, and after I had fathomed the mystery of the new clothes and learned how to set myself into them, it did not again seem to me that my father ever was or ever could have been a stranger, or that, so far as I knew anything of what that word might mean, the name of father was at all inappropriate to express the relations between us.

It was not that I was devoid of curiosity so much as that questions, without number, were constantly being answered by nature and art about me, giving me little time even to think of asking more. Nor was I at the first without very deep and genuine thoughts of gratitude to my father; but the few endeavors which I made to express them very plainly displeased him, and I soon grew into carefully avoiding any such expressions till, in time, I even forgot to be grateful; taking everything as he certainly seemed to wish that I should take it, as a simple, unquestionable matter of course.

At last, the train moved into a station where my father announced that we had reached our destination. I followed him from the compartment with no unusual sentiment and hardly so much as realizing that I had no name by which to call the place, except the indefinite distinction that it was where I was to study art till I could do better, and it was long afterward before I fully appreciated how, through that initial journey, when I had thought him so utterly indifferent, my father had been intently studying me, probing me through and through, to discover the wisest way by which he should lead me into life.

Life? What did I know about it, that I should appreciate it or discover his anxiety? Life was to me like one of the old legends. It seemed to me very plain and real that my lady-love had offended me and I had gone from her upon a great crusade. When my father should tell me that I could not do better in art, I should know that I had conquered, and then I should go back to her in triumph, and she should ask my pardon, be forgiven, and we should live happily forever after. I could not see that anything else was desirable. If I reached a point where neither she nor any stranger passing through Boppard could criticise my pictures, I felt that Mina would be in honor bound to reinstate me in the position which I had lost.

A private coach with a coachman and footman waited for us at the station, and I had but partially recovered from the bewilderment of this surprise when I found myself climbing marble steps and entering very grand apartments, following my father into a sumptuous drawing-room, where he threw himself, with a sigh, upon a richly upholstered divan, saying:—

"Well, Anthony, at last we are at home. I have been wondering how it would please you, for you know it is as much yours, to do what you will with, as it is mine, and I shall feel that you are satisfied just in proportion as you make it so. Now, what will you first? What is the first thing that strikes you to do?"

"Learn to paint," I responded, without a moment's hesitation.

"Learn to paint?" he repeated. "Is the ruling passion omnipresent? Will there not be time enough to-morrow, Anthony? Think for a moment; I am curious to know what you would wish for most just now."

I almost said: "To see Mina"; but, checking myself in time, replied:—

"Only to study, sir."

"Only to study? Absolutely nothing more?" he asked.

"Nothing more but what you wish for me," I replied. "I have too much besides, already."

"Anthony," said he, after a moment's pause, "you strike me as being—well, let us say peculiar. If you had ever been brought up, I should say that your training had been excellent. Now, I am somewhat at a loss Tell me, who has been chiefly responsible for your actions?"

"No one but myself," I replied, hanging my head and swinging my foot restlessly over the soft rug, ashamed that I lacked so utterly what all other boys could boast.

Presently, in his most deliberate tones my father continued:—"Then, speaking to you as the philosopher who has had in charge the lad before us, I must commend you highly and confess to you that I have grown very reluctant to usurp the seat of authority. Your jurisdiction is pregnant with good results, and if you will appoint me your prime minister, with the right to suggest occasionally, for your consideration you know, I am persuaded that it would be better for both of us if you remain practically the exclusive master of yourself."

Understanding very little of what he said, I retreated once more to that old refuge in art, exclaiming:

"You said that you would be my master and teach me."

Looking back to-day, from a position so far away as now, it is easy enough to see that Mina was really the responsible cause for all that I was which was in any way refined or gentle; for what, indeed, should I have been at fourteen had it not been for Mina? Where even would have been my apparent love for art had it not been for my apparent devotion for her? At the time, however, I was not in a mood to give undue credit to any influence for good which Mina might have had over me. I only saw in her influence, so far, the fatal wreck and the Lorelei. After another peculiar pause my father continued:

"I will willingly be your master in art so long as you require me, and while I can I will teach you. At present, however, I seem to feel a certain necessity of being taught by you. You will pardon me, will you not, Anthony, but a peculiar curiosity leads me to ask you, just now, if you happen to know where you are?"

"I am in Italy," I replied, indifferently, for I was becoming used to his unintelligible philosophy and the curious interrogations with which his sentences were brought to a close, and seeing but little of their real intent I answered them as carelessly as I supposed they were given.

"Ah!" he said, thoughtfully turning over the leaves of a book, "you are quite right about it, quite right. You are in Italy. And have you advanced any farther in your unostentatious investigations? Do you know, for instance, in what city of Italy?"

"In Florence, I suppose, sir," I replied, and naturally wondered at the frown which gathered over his forehead.

"You are quite right, Anthony," he replied, with no indication in his voice of the frown upon his forehead. "Now I have no desire to perplex you with questions, especially since you have been so considerate, during our association thus far, in not perplexing me, but there is some way by which you succeed in gathering information that is of a thoroughly reliable nature, without any reversion to your tongue, while with me, you see, lacking that valuable secret, if I want to know anything I have no way but to ask about it. Now I am very curious to learn how it was that you knew so well that this was Italy and Florence."

How, indeed, did I know? It had never occurred to me until he asked me. It had come to me in some way; but being bound to reply to his question, I hit upon the right of it all, doubtless, when I said:

"Because."

"That is an excellent explanation in its way, Anthony," my father remarked with a smile, "and I have no doubt that to you it is thoroughly lucid and comprehensible; for your mind is evidently constructed upon the very wisest of all fundiments—the good old English plan, to keep what you get and get what you can. You see what I mean? You comprehend much more than you impart, which is one of the greatest secrets of success. Continue in that way, Anthony, and your reservoir of information will never surprise you and disappoint your friends by running dry. But now, in direct contradiction to all this sage advice, I am about to ask you to open that valve a little for my benefit. It is so very peculiar that I am puzzled beyond expression. Did you hear any one say that this was Florence?"

As usual, he closed his sentence with a few words which I could easily understand and to which I could readily reply in the negative.

"I fancied not," he said, carelessly; "but possibly your saw the name somewhere."

"No, sir, it was not that," I replied. "I am not sure what it was. As we came in the coach along the river I saw a bridge covered with shops and another with four marble statues, and then we drove past a porch full of beautiful marble statues, with a curious square palace opposite and marble lions, and the great church with a mosaic bell-tower and beautiful doors all covered with figures, and I thought of the songs that my mother sang of Florence, beautiful Florence, and I seemed to know in my heart that it could not be anything else."

"Your mother?" he replied, rising and walking rapidly to the window. "Your mother? Did you not tell me, Anthony, that you could not remember her?"

It suddenly occurred to me that he thought I had been deceiving him and that was why he frowned; so that, eager to extricate myself, I exclaimed:

"I cannot remember her face, sir. That was what you asked me; if I should know it if I saw her portrait anywhere; and I know that I should not know it, for I cannot remember anything at all of what she was. This is what I said, sir, and I know that it is true."

I spoke so earnestly that he turned a little from the window, and, in a voice that was unusually gentle, replied:

"I did not doubt you in the least, my boy, believe me. It was only that you seemed to remember something of your mother, after all. What is it?"

"I remember the songs she sang, for I have been singing them ever since," I replied.

"But how do you think of her, Anthony?" he asked, so abruptly that I, frightened by what I could not tell, responded:

"I seem to think of her always by what——."

"Well, by what?"

"By what she was not, more than by what she was."

"And what, Anthony, was she not," my father asked, turning from the window and standing for a moment with his gray eyes fastened searchingly upon me.

"She was not like anyone else, sir," I replied promptly enough; for that, at least, was what I had said to myself hundreds of times as the only image of my mother in my mind. When I looked at other mothers, when I saw them, heard them speak, and remembered that once, long ago, I had a mother, too, I simply knew of her that she was not like them.

My father crossed the room, lit a cigarette, and sank into an arm chair, repeating, but not to me:

"No, she was not like other women."

Springing to my feet, I exclaimed: "Did you know her? Did you?"

"I know her in you, Anthony," he replied quietly. I can see what she was in what you are. You are not like other boys, are you? That is all. Now take your seat and tell me a little more. It is very interesting, unless it pains you. The songs she sang, you say that they were in Italian?"

"Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," I replied, after thinking for a moment, and discovering that, after all, I had no reason to be absolutely sure that they were in Italian.

"You are not really obliged to say 'sir' to me, you know, Anthony," he replied, knocking the ashes from his cigarette and looking for a moment at the spark of fire glowing beneath them. "You can say father when it pleases you. Whatever is most natural will be best. I was thinking that, on the Rhine, you told me you understood no language but German."

"I did not suppose that I did, sir,—father I mean," I replied. "Only when I heard everyone speaking words that were so much like songs, I knew that they must be Italian, and I seemed to understand something of what was said without knowing the words."

"You are more of a philosopher than I had suspected," my father observed, smiling a moment later, "and it is very wise precaution that you have adopted, not to carry a complete catalogue of yourself upon you coat collar; though many a sage has overlooked the wisdom of it. This has been a rather peculiar and not over-cordial way of welcoming you to your home, but if you will bear with me a moment longer and let me turn the talk a little more directly upon yourself, then we will have done with all these disagreeable personalities forever. Our dinner will soon be ready for us, and with it we will cross the Rubicon. Thereafter you shall be your majesty yourself, and I your majesty's prime minister; so that I must put all the questions that I have to ask in the brief period that remains; the most important one should take the lead, I suppose. Do you not wish to study other things while you are studying art?"

"Of course I do, if you desire it, sir—father I mean," I replied.

"'Sir' meets the point of appropriateness in your mind a little more emphatically, I fancy, Anthony. It would not be well to force such a familiarity," my father said, again turning over the leaves of the book which he held. "Use that which seems the most natural, and then if by-and-by it is easier for you to say father, why, it will indicate a diminution of the distance between us, and for that it will be all the pleasanter. Spontaniety is the soul of confidence. What I mean about yourself is this: you ran after me because I intimated that you could do better if you studied art. Now——."

"Mina said so, too," I interrupted him, forgetting myself for a moment.

"Ah!" He lifted his eyebrows a little, "and Mina (an exquisite name by the way) has a very pretty face and a very good heart, too, if I remember."

"Oh, she was not near so pretty that day by the wall as she was sometimes," I stammered, blushing and watching the figures on the Persian rug.

"That day by the wall?" he repeated. "Anthony my dear boy, your mind is such a profusion of facts that you turn me into one perpetual interrogation. I am sorry, but I am ignorant and one more must ask, what wall?"

"Why, where I was making my battle scene, of course," I replied in astonishment.

"You were not alone?" he asked. "I have often thought since then that it was rather rude of me, speaking as I did to you under any circumstances; much more so was it rude before a little lady; but the truth is I was so engrossed in certain very good qualities in your work that I did not even notice that you had company at all."

"Have you seen her somewhere else?" I cried. "Do you know my Mina?"

"I know her as you showed her to me," he replied. "Have you forgotton the sketch that you made? the Lorelei? You told me that that was your Mina."

I shuddered as I thought that, even to my father, Mina and Lorelei were one; but, still wondering that he should know so much and so truly, I could not be conceived that he had not seen her, and said, again:

"You must have known her to have seen how good a heart she had"

One more he smiled, and, looking in my face, said:

"Have you forgotten that there was no blue on my palette with which to paint your Mina's eyes? and did you never know, Anthony, that blue eyes and a good heart were inseparable? But never mind, dear boy," he added, noticing my confusion. "It is only on general principles that I judge. She is a very lovely girl, I am sure, and while you are perfecting yourself in art, to please her, she will be perfecting herself in other things to please you, perhaps. When you return to her, a great artist, you may be surprised to find that she who is waiting for you is a great and accomplished lady. Who knows? Of course you are wishing her to be proud of you and, will she not be wishing you to be proud of her? Now there are many things besides art in which a man should perfect himself to be a man, and one must be proficient in many to be worthy of a woman's admiration. What I mean is, how would you think of studying from books a little, as well, while you are studying art?"

"I should think whatever you wished me to," I replied, in the deepest sincerity; for the root of my earliest convictions sank so deep that even this emphatic declaration failed to touch it. I did not gather the slightest hint that the power to paint a perfect picture was not all that was necessary to gain my lost supremacy over Mina, which formed the sum and substance of what I understood by love. Thus, about the rest, I meant precisely what I said; that I should think concerning it whatever my father wished me to.

"What I wish is that you should do as you will," he said, "but, until we come to a little clearer comprehension of each other and of ourselves, too, perhaps, and you find some other system would be better in the end, let us test this one. Until you are beyond me I will help you in art for an hour or so every morning, and in the afternoon you shall have tutors to put you up to other things in a general way, in the line of what the world at large calls education."

The butler, in an extravagant uniform appeared at the door announcing that dinner was waiting, and we crossed the Rubicon.

The half finished drawing in my gallery comprises that period; one of absolute contentment, and, so far as surroundings and associations are concerned, one of perfect happiness; but, as usual, it was alloyed by the unfortunate fact that I did not appreciate it; could not through my own ignorance and apathy, appropriate its joys and possibilities; would not see anything beyond the sufficiency for the day and left the morrow to take thought for the things of itself.

Thus for ten years I lived, delving in the mysteries of many books aided by skillful instructors, and in the mysteries of art and in the greater mysteries of the great world under the marvellous guidance of my father, only to discover how little I had known at the beginning, only to realize how much I had learned in the interim, never to apprehend how little, how very little, I had accomplished, in the end, of all that still lay before me, well within the reach of my almost unlimited possibilities. How everything failed to impart that atom of common-sense that should conflict with the great misapprehension of my life I cannot understand.

CHAPTER VI.

YOU CAN DO BETTER.

Perhaps it was only because the argument was so simple, so very simple, that it never seemed worth the trouble it would take to lay it thoughtfully before my mind in a frank demonstration, or, perhaps, it was that the ruling passion was such a fundamental fact of existence, that I thought no more of arguing with myself upon than of discussing the statement that sunlight made the day and darkness made the night. The same old argument still stood by me, in the same simple form: that there was not a boy in Boppard who had not excelled me in everything but in art; in all, besides my pictures, I was black, and yet my Desdemona loved me. It was art, not I, that had won my Mina. It was art, not I, that had lost her. It was art, not I, that must regain her. Whatever I was, outside of art, I was for my father upon the same principle with which I had started, that I would do and be whatever seemed most to please him, without a thought of its effect in any way on Mina. What I was in art I was all for Mina, never curbed or flattered by its contention with the world. Thus the ten years passed with little of note, leaving only a lingering memory, as the sun's last caress tarries among the tresses of twilight; a suggestion of something that had not been appreciated until after it was gone.

The most marked effect of the ten years, and perhaps the most natural, was that my father became to me the one bright beacon and intransitive charm of life. It had been without the least atonishment that I soon discovered that he stood at the summit of his profession, with two or three confreres acknowledged as the living artists of the world; but it was not at all for this, it was not because he was rich, so invariably kind, so fabulously indulgent, that he was of theosophic importance to me. It was simply that he was what he was upon the Rhine, upon the journey, upon the Arno; a vital necessity of my life. When he had left me under the Lorelei I knew that all the world went from me in his going, and now it was simply reversed. All the world, high and low, stood by me in his staying. Mina had not been more potent in Boppard than my father in Florence. So conscious was I of his constant guardianship that I fully realized that in ten years I had never taken a single step which he had not previously resolved upon for me, and yet I knew with equal certainty that, from the least matter to the greatest, I had invariably been left to follow the slightest dictates of my own inclinations with absolute and unconditional independence.

(To be continued.)

Hints About Breakfast.

Breakfast ought to be made a very pleasant meal, beginning the day, as it does, after the family have been separated for the night. Yet in how many families is it the custom to send off the master of the house to his daily round of business with an unsatisfied feeling after partaking of a hurried, uncomfortable meal, composed mainly of the remains of yesterday's dinner, warmed over in any way most easy to the cook, without seasoning, and altogether unpalatable. I am not finding fault with the materials for the breakfast, but with the manner of preparing and serving. By all means use at breakfast what is left from dinner of the day before, but cook it carefully, season it appetizingly, serve it prettily, and have it hot, smoking hot, not merely warm. Give your cook to understand that she must be down in the morning in time to get ready the breakfast with as much care as she bestows upon the dinner. Be down yourself at the moment of dishing it, to see to its being served temptingly. If summer, and your home is in the country, have always a few flowers on the breakfast table, no matter what you do at other meals. Even a few daisies or clover blossoms, with the dew still on them, lend a grace that is pleasing. If winter, have highly colored fruit, if possible, such as oranges. If your purse cannot afford this see that, at least, the silver is shining, the coffee-pot bright and the table has an air of warmth and comfort. An aid to this is a red table cloth in winter, but be sure that it is clean and spotless. Do not allow it to be left on the table between meals, but substitute a different one for this purpose.—*Boston Budget.*

The Jews of New York.

For years I have known many people of the Jewish race in this city. I have mingled with them in their quarters, have visited their synagogues, and but recently addressed a meeting at which over a thousand of them were present. In ancient times the Jews were a "peculiar people," and they are so yet, writes John Swinton in the New York *Sun*. Their shrewdness and other like traits are often spoken of; but the Jews whom I know cannot be described by a few words of that kind. They are of an inquiring disposition; their minds are open to new ideas; they are lovers of knowledge; they are quick of apprehension; they are genuine in their friendships; they are upholders of freedom; they display at times an exalted enthusiasm; they are mutually helpful, and they deserve their reputation for works of charity. I know many of them who have given up the Mosaic faith, yet possess the desirable traits and virtues here spoken of. I know many who hold the most radical opinions in politics, yet for whom reason is the guide of life. I know many of the Jewish working people, and I feel bound to say that their aspirations are worthy of the race that built Jerusalem. The Jewish element has within a few years become powerful here as well as elsewhere in the United States; and I believe it is an element that will promote the welfare of the country.

The Men to Blame.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox laments the condition of her sisters, but she blames it on the men. She says: "Unfortunately, men want their sweethearts to be brilliant and showy, and their wives to be domestic and practical. The girl who understands how to sew, cook, and nurse a sick child, does not attract single men, and the superficial belle does not satisfy her husband after marriage. Hence the prevalence of divorce. Either men must become more sensible before marriage, more resigned afterward, or mothers must begin to teach their daughters in their cradles the necessity of combining the useful with the ornamental, the practical with the entertaining qualities."

Wrestling.

Tom Cannon has issued a challenge to wrestle any man in the world for $2,500 a side. He is now in Glasgow, Scotland, but will leave soon to fill engagements in France, Germany, Russia and Austria.

A Chicago man figures out that he has paid his landlord, a hotelkeeper, $60,000 in hard money for his board and lodging. But as he has, at 74, rosy cheeks, a clear complexion and bright eyes, he does not repine.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

"Oh, isn't this glorious weather!" said Maud,
On the sofa, quite close to his side;
"The snow is in perfect condition, I think,
For a long, long, long sleigh ride."

And poor little Harry said never a word,
But he inwardly raved and swore,
For "he handled the ribbons" at five per week
In a Fulton street dry goods store.

—Every lover of poetry will regret to hear that the poet Whittier, who is now in the 84th winter of his life, has laid aside his pen forever.

The wife of ex-Sheriff Flack, of New York, who suffered so much from the fraudulent divorce proceedings, died yesterday from paralysis.

The World's Fair people talk of providing movable sidewalks through the buildings, to save visitors the labor of walking around.

Get a club ready for the man who will tell you, with a boldness born of profound thought and deep reflection, that the back bone of the winter is broken.

It is related that the queen of Roumania, during her sojourn in England, visited a needle factory. While watching the work one of the men asked her for a single hair from her head. The queen granted his request, with a smile. The man placed the hair under the needle of his machine, bored in it, drew a fine silk thread through the hole and then presented it to the astonished queen.