

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MAY 31, 1905.

"Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. Although I seen him several times, and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long. 'I've had a queer life, sir,' said the convict. 'I might have been somebody and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead I shall die happy?'

"'I'll promise as far as I can,' said I. 'What is it?'

"'It's to take care of your wife,' answered No. 158. 'Ah,' said he, smiling, 'I thought that would astonish you.'

"'Take care of my wife?' I gazed at him in amazement. 'Why, of course, I shall! But what is that to you?'

"'Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton; I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her with you. Ella York was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York, and completed the disguise. You'll find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield and I give you my word it's true.

"'Please, sir, don't tell her,' said he. 'She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her?' and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me."

"'You're right,' said I, as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. 'You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both.'"

Immortality.

(By Joseph Jefferson, who died April 23).

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf. By some strange accident in contact came; Their conversation, passing all belief, Was the same argument, the very same, That has been "preed and conned" from to man to man,

Yes, ever since this wondrous world began, The ugly creatures, Deaf and dumb and blind, Devoid of features

That adorn mankind, Were vain enough in dull and wordy strife, To speculate upon a future life, The first was optimistic, full of hope; The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope, Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation," Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation; Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates, And bar our entrance through the golden gates.

Suppose that death should take us unawares, How could we climb the golden stairs? If maidens shun us as they pass us by, Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?

I wonder what great crimes we have committed, That leaves us so forlorn and so unpitied. Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforbearing; 'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living." "Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied, "Let's take a look upon the other side; Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers, Are we to blame for being caterpillars? Will that same God that doomed us to crawl the earth,

A prey to every bird that's given birth, Forgive our captor as he eats and sings, And down poor us because we have no wings? If we can't skim the air like owl or bat A worm will turn 'for a' that."

They argued through the summer, autumn night, The ugly things composed themselves to die; And so to make their funeral quite complete, Each wrapped him in his little winding sheet, The tangled web encompassed them full soon, Each for a coffin made him a cocoon, All through the winter's chilling blast they lay Dead to the world's eye, aye, dead as human clay, Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and love; She brings sweet justice from the realms above; She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead; Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head, And so this emblem shall forever be— A sign of immortality.



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(Cy. Warman.)
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"Hoot, man! Hoot!" says big Macdonald. And MacWilliams answers "Hoot!" As he smashes Angus Campbell On the apex of his snout, While the polished floor is freckled By a score of crimson spots— To the Highlands and play hockey with the Scots!

Hear Macpherson's smothered curses As his bosom swells with pride, And the horses on the hearses Paw the atmosphere outside, With the coroner and the undertaker Waiting business on the spot— Ah, you're strenuous when you hockey with a Scot!

HIS ONLY SECRET.

(Birmingham Weekly.)

Jim Bourn and I went together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol—we took degrees together in the classical (honors) school and were ordained together by the bishop of L— as curator for his diocese.

Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we met we renewed our old friendship. I was the vicar of the town, still single at 34, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study, as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets from Each Other?" I said "No." Jim said "Yes."

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure from what I have seen that if ever two folks were happy and loving they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of you having any secret which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must be a secret between us two."

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular society clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees, parties and entertainments.

"Among the people I got in with none were nicer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of fifty, lived in a large house called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular.

"I was twenty-eight when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York—Ella—had lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now twenty-four; that her mother was dead and her father lived on the continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress.

"After much heart-searching and debating within myself, I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, Howson!—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming tomorrow for her approval; Miss York had been very kind, but acted rather strangely, and said that she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella.

"As I approached the lodge the portress met me.

"O, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking. 'I was more puzzled than ever. Why my engagement to Ella should be shocking I could not see; and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

"So sudden, too, sir," said the woman. 'Nobody expected it!'

"Whatever's the matter?" said I. "Why, haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! O, dear! Poor thing; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died this morning."

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket church yard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not even see me. When she was well enough to attend to business it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money; and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth later.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances.

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