TO ENGLAND.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

Heed not these voices, whether hoarsely borne
Through leagues of mist from lands where envy growls
At unassailable greatness and your scorn
Of powerless snarls and scowls.

II.

Or hissed out, nearer home, from foul-fanged throat
Of Treason, eager to besmirch and slay
Our far-off hero-brothers, and to vote
An Empire's weal away.

III.

But harken only to the imperative voice
Of your own conscience, purified from lust
Of victory or vengeance, and rejoice Solely in what is just.

IV.

And, as a firm-willed steadfast-steering bark
'Gainst buffeting winds and tempest tattered spray,
'Mid jarring clamour, on through day, through dark,
Cleaves its appointed way.

V.

And,—while keels feebler toss, the shivering sport
Of multitudinous billows, drenched and drowned,
Then derelict,—thinks only of the port
To which its chart is bound.

VI.

So keep male mind and unreproachful soul
Set to your purpose, free from dread or ire,
Until you sight and gain unto the goal
Of duty and desire.
Forgetful never that the strong still must,
If cherishing freedom, keep her flag unfurled,
Long as God wills to give them in trust,
The welfare of the world.

The Resurrection of 'Gentleman' Danvers.

The rough pine bar, presided over by Vitroil Jim, was well nigh hidden from view by the men lined in front of it; the flaring, smoky lamps threw a garish light over the uncouth men and rough surroundings, and made the corners of the "Crumb o' Comfort" saloon doubly dark in contrast, giving to the man who sat alone in the far corner the appearance of an impressionist painting, which might have been named "Retrospection."

The half drunken miner who was "standing treat" had his glass nearly to his lips, when he espied the lonely figure, with head sunk on breast and unseeing eyes staring out into space beyond his boot-toes.

"Hi! you thar! Hain't ye a drinkin'? This is on me."

The man made no reply, indeed did not hear the question and invitation, though he was not in the habit of neglecting such salutations.

Danvers, "Gentleman" Danvers as he was called had little of his former gentility, but there still clung to him enough of former days to earn him his sobriquet.

"Th' man what don't drink with me hez got t' fight me!" shouted the inebriated miner, setting down his glass and, with his hand on his revolver, moving toward the silent man.

The rest of the crowd, believing, and religiously practicing, the rule of allowing every man to "tend t' his own burial ground," turned around, awaiting developments; though independent Ike said to the man who stood next to him:

"Baxter'd better be keerful. Danvers ain't in no lovin' humor. I've seen him quiet that way before, an' he's handy to leave 'lone."

Danvers did not move as Baxter neared him, though there was a gleam in his eye which boded trouble for anyone who interfered in his self-elected seclusion.

Baxter, too drunk to remember, if he had ever heard, the old adage about sleeping dogs, shouted:

D'ye hyar what I say? Y've got t'r drink er fight!

Danvers sat motionless.

Maddened by being thus ignored, Baxter whipped out his revolver, but before even his nimble finger could pull the trigger, Danvers had sprung to his feet, his arm shot out, and the surprised bully went down as if a bullet had struck him.

Kicking the revolver out of the prostrate man's hand, Danvers stood over him for a minute, as if meditating further punishment. Then the anger died out of his eyes and was replaced by the former look of gloom. He shrugged his shoulders and turning, stalked out of the door, without even a backward glance for any possible act of reprisal from Baxter.

It was a moonless, starless night, and Danvers stumbled along in the darkness toward the shanty that it was sarcasm to call "home." His feet, forgotten by their owner, ploughed through the mud and over the rocks of the road that did duty as a street in Sluice City.

He opened the door with a single kick, one of those inchoate bursts of anger, which a man must vent somehow, if only on a door. Entering he touched a match to the pile of chips in the fire-place, and dragging forward an empty powder keg, sat down, filled and lighted his pipe, and with elbows on knees and chin in hands, gazed into the fire and resumed his interrupted meditations.

Had a sermon been preached from his thoughts, the text might have been: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Danvers had not "gained the whole world," but many an ounce of dust lay to his credit at the bank; enough for his companions to say that he had "made his pile," enough were he in truth again a "gentleman" to support the position.

Neither had he utterly "lost his own soul," for the mercy of God is infinite, but his true manhood he had lost, the manhood that respects itself above all things. He had lost honor, friends, position, nearly everything a man holds dear; had sacrificed them on the altar of dissipation, until he had sunk to the level of the wildest roisterer in the mining camp, save for those few touches which never entirely leave the gentleman born, the few specks of gold which the surrounding dirt could not entirely obliterate.

He sighed and flung out one arm with a gesture of despair. His hand fell on the table, knocking over an empty whiskey bottle, and resting upon a flower which lay beside it.

That morning while going to his claim he had passed some little girls on their way to church which had lately, not without some protests been established in Sluice City. One of the little maidens, with childish impulsiveness had returned and running back, thrust a white flower in his hand, saying "I.'s for Easter, Mister Danver," and rejoined her companions.

Danvers stopped and gazed at the little blossoms.

Easter? This, then, was Easter Sunday. And with a startling, painful clearness, he remembered that other Easter, when she had given him some of these same white flowers.

All day long had his thoughts been of the past, and now as he sat before the fire with the flower in his hand, he could hardly realize that only six years divided him from that life which seemed to have been lived by another man.

Was it only six years ago since, having finished his law studies, he had gone down to the seashore to spend a month leaving New York any possible clients to get along as best they might?

The evening of his arrival at Bar Harbour there was a "hop" given at the hotel. Sauntering into the ball-room, almost the first man he met was Jack Hollis, formerly one of his class at Princeton, whom he had met occassionally since then at dances and theatre-parties.

Pleased to find a friendly face so soon, Danvers stood talking to Hollis, exchanging bits of gossip gathered since their last meeting.

"Gad! Hollis; who is that?" said Danvers, nodding toward a girl who had just entered the room.

"Who is she? Why, that is the girl I was speaking of. Shall I introduce you?"

"Yes, I wish you would."

Danvers, advancing carelessly, not knowing what the moment held in store for him, bent low, with half-exaggerated courtesy over the hand that was extended to him, then raised his eyes to hers and found in them the beginning of a new existence.

Of the waltz which followed Danvers had no definite recollection. He only knew that for the first time in his life he was perfectly happy. And each succeeding day of his stay found him more deeply in love with Margaret Willard. And to all appearances she was not insensible to the attentions of this tall, broad-shouldered man, who succeeded in keeping himself continually in her thoughts; for he so contrived that whether sailing, riding, walking or dancing, they were together.

Then came the night when, strolling on the moonlit beach, he told her that he loved her. And now, sitting in his cheerless room, the memory of the look which had been his answer made his pulse beat quick.

On the next day had come the telegram calling Miss Willard and her mother back to the city, and Danvers timed his departure with theirs.

He went back to his work in the city with eager hope of winning that success which would mean the realization of his hope. But before many weeks had elapsed there was a curious depression at his heart. Though Margaret's manner toward him was sweet and gentle, he felt that between them there was an indefinable barrier, slight, but impassable. At times, during conversations with her mother, he felt that Mrs. Willard was trying to convey to him an insinuation which she was not willing to put into words, an intimation which might become a command. He wondered if Margaret, also, realized that they were drifting apart. He relinquished none of his endeavors, however, to induce her to set the date of their marriage.

At last, Easter morning (that Easter morning which as he sat in his lonely cabin, seemed ages ago) dawned bright and clear.

The solemn, impressive service over, he had left the church by her side, feeling a happier man as he thought of another service to be solemnized, he hoped, before long; feeling strengthened in the right by the lesson he had listened to and by the presence of his loved one beside him.

They joined the throng that moved slowly along the avenue in that yearly procession of religion and fashion intermingled. He looked at the women as they passed and felt proud that the one by his side was superior to them all. He gazed at the men and wondered if she found in them anything which he lacked. The slowly undulating crowd wound like a pair of glittering serpents, up and down the avenue, the brightly dressed women in pleasing contrast with the more sombrely clothed men.

As they walked utterly heedless of the people about them, he again urged her to say when his long probation should end.

Smiling, a little sadly he thought, she took a flower from her dress, and handing it to him, said:

'To-morrow you shall have my answer.'

He turned to thank her for putting an end to his period of suspense, and as he did so she greeted a newcomer at her side, who bowing fell into step with them. And though Danvers could have cursed him for taking from him his few moments of privacy with Margaret, he was forced to choke down his wrath, while the three walked on, laughing and chatting until they reached her door.

Danvers held her hand for one brief moment, and with tender meaning in the words: "Till to-marrow, then," said goodbye.

On the morrow her answer came. A letter, every word of which remained in his memory to this day.

"She had made a mistake. He must forgive her. She had loved him; she did love him, but—well, her mother had withdrawn her consent. Had insisted that she accept another man, who had laid his heart—and fortune—at her feet. She hoped he would forget her and find some other girl more worthy of him and his love than she was."

The conventional words froze him until it seemed that his heart would stop beating. A hard light came into his eyes, his jaw set, and the lines about his mouth deepened and grew white.

He was not a man to beg for anything. He did not want what was not freely accorded.

Without seeing her again he threw what was best in him to the winds. Belying the strength of his nature and manhood, he coldly, deliberately, as one who throws himself into the river, forsook his former way of living and dived from the height of his better self into the sea of dissipation.

The downward course does not take long to run in a large city. There a few and but slight obstructions in the way, and in six months, Danvers the gentleman, Danvers the man, had become Danvers the desolate, the outcast. He drifted West and became a kindred spirit of the roughest men of the mining-camps; men who respected nothing, not even life, their own least of all.

Danvers sighed deeply as this dreary panorama passed before the eyes of his mind, and he looked again at the little, half-faded flower in his hand, the flower so full of potent memories.

He thought of himself with greater contempt than could any one else. No one saw more clearly than did he the weakness and cowardice of it all. And as he looked at the flower, and then inwardly at himself, he, for the first time, forgave.

If this was the kind of man he had proven himself to be, she had been wise, and not only wise, but just, in giving him up. He wondered if her woman's intuition had pierced the future, and found him wanting.

Then his thoughts went back to the words of that sermon those long weary, miserable years ago.

This was another Easter, another sacred day commemorative of rising from death.

And as he thought, a great resolve came into his soul. A desire for the resurrection of the man who had been dead within him.

Standing erect, he squared his broad shoulders, threw out the arms made strong by hard work, and looking up, and through the rough boards of the roof, toward that Seat on High, he said:

"I will."

"D'je hear 'bout Gentleman Danvers?"

"No. What? 'Nother fightin' drunk?"

"No, sirse! Not much! He's sold out his claim for almost nothin', an' pulled stakes for th' East. Funny thing, too. 'For he went, he giv' Baxter's little gal 'nough dust t' take her 'n' her mother t' Tuscon, 'n' giv' th' old lady doctorin' an' th' kid schoolin'—that is, ef Baxter don't get hold o' it 'fore they kin git out o' town."—J. Frederic Thorne.

NOTES FROM THE CLYDE.

With the beginning of September there is always a large return of inhabitants to Glasgow, from the different summer quarters. The increase in the numbers of season ticket holders at the exhibition is quite noticeable. To allow of the poorer classes attending the admission fee has been reduced to sixpence, every evening after five o'clock, except on Saturdays. Now that the evenings are dark the illuminations and fireworks are proving great attractions. The grounds are lighted every evening by strings of lamps and chinese lanterns, along the Kelvin and among the trees, but the great feature is the main building, the whole front of which is picked out to the very top of the dome by thousands of small electric lamps. There are some 60,000 altogether. Red, green and white colors are used, and the effect is exceedingly fine. No finer display has ever been seen in this country. The other buildings on the grounds are treated in the same way, so that the whole of the grounds are a blaze of brilliancy. The crowds are so great that moving about is almost impossible.

This week the motor cars have been on exhibition. About 50 have taken part in the trials. Every day they have had a run of 100 miles. It was not a test of speed, but of general efficiency. Each car carried an assessor, who reported at the end of the run. The majority are of foreign make, but there are a few British, some made in Glasgow. They are mostly driven by Petrol, but a few are steam and one or two electric. The prices vary from about £200 to over £1,000, so that as yet they are luxuries, which only the rich can enjoy, but before very long, no doubt, they will be made much cheaper. It looks as if the poor horses were doomed, but it will be a long time before they disappear from our roads and streets. The tests the cars have to undergo are very stringent, and the results will be much more satisfactory than those got from mere speed tests, for say, 1,000 miles.

The success of the exhibition is greater than any one anticipated. The numbers admitted have now reached 7,000,000, and over £100,000 have been taken at the gates. The surplus will probably reach well on to £100,000. It is to be applied to the buying of objects of art for the new galleries. Several very fine pictures have been gifted, and no doubt, there will be more given. The corporation already possess a very valuable collection, so the permanent collection in the galleries afterwards will make a fine show.

The British Medical Association begins its meetings this week. Many of the most eminent scientists from all parts of the world will be present. There is not likely to be any very wonderful discovery announced, but no doubt some very valuable papers will be read. Unfortunately the weather is beginning to break, the summer has been an exceptionally fine one. The many visitors who have seen Glasgow for the first time, have gone away much impressed with the beauty of the city. The old idea of a smokey, grimy city, full of factories, and toiling thousands of blackfaced workers, has been rather upset.

The electric cars are now running in all directions. A good many accidents have happened, but that was to be expected in such crowded streets. The speed is not supposed to be greater than 6½ miles an hour on an average, but as they have to crawl through the centre of the city, they certainly travel at fully twice that speed when they approch the suburbs. The weekly drawings average over £13,000. Great is the power of the penny-and half-penny when you have enough of them. The hundreds of automatic machines which are scattered throughout the exhibition grounds, also illustrate this as their daily drawings average about $40 in pennies.

R. J.

JUDICIAL CONSOLATION.

A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked.

"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said the judge consolingly. "You are going to be now."—Chicago News.