PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

BURNT LANDS.

On other fields and other scenes the morn Laughs from the blue-but not such fields ar these.

Where comes no cheer of summer leaves and bees, And no shade mitigates the day's white scorn. These serious acres vast no groves adorn :

But giant trunks, bleak shapes that once were

Tower naked, unassuaged of rain or breeze, Their stern grey isolation grimly borne.

The months roll over them, and mark no change. But when spring stirs, or autumn stills, the year, Perchance some phantom leafage rustles faint Through their parched dreams, -some old-time notes ring strange, When in his slender treble, far and clear, Reiterates the rain-bird his complaint.

-Charles G. D. Roberts.

HOW HE FORGAVE HER.

book, or on opening a newspaper have never suddenly discovered their first favor-able review, can have but a very faint notion of what happiness really is! After-ward one writes better, and probably looks on one's first book as very poor stuff, to be forgotten if possible, or at least ignored on the title-page or advertisement sheet; but when that book first appeared what un-told joy it brought with it!

Many years ago I was one of those per-fectly happy persons. My first book (poems, of course-do we not all begin with poetry, because it is so easy, before we venture to attack the difficult prose?) had lately appeared in a charmingly pale binding, suggestive of hope and spring; my first notices had been sweet, with just that dash of acidity necessary to make the began to build airy palaces of stupendous height and uncertain foundation, when one morning I received a letter forwarded through my publishers. I opened it in blissful excitement (the commonest things seem to veil fair mysteries of delight when one is a young poet), and found a short note and several poems.

"Dear sir," the letter ran, "your book Mosses and Midges (delightful and original title), has been given to me to review for the Blackpool Chronicle, and I find so much in it that is sympathetic and true to the instincts of my own nature, that I venture to write to you as a friend to a friend, feeling that we are kindred souls, and should become better known to each other that our hands may meet as our are kindred souls, and should become better known to each other, that our hands may meet as our spirits already do. I venture also to enclose one or two poems of my own, suggested by your book. They, with others, and some essays, will shortly be published. May I dedicate them to you? Yours faithfully, CYRIL BROWNRIGO."

him, but the next night, when my cousin and I arrived at a musical party, our hostess

could not guess how or where I should meet

hans

dedication, and had carefully explained to all my friends that the author only knew me from my book. I felt that I could not stay spoke in rapid French, assuring the andiand meet him there with all these people watching, and turned to tell my cousin I felt ill and must return home, but she had been claimed for a duet, and was already standing by the piano at the opposite side itself. The curtain fell, but only for a moof the room, so I slunk away into the con- ment served to deaden the advancing fire. servatory, where behind tall camellias and ferns I trusted to be unobserved until I could speak to my cousin, and persuade her in the stalls to hurry out, but for some Those unfortunate people who have could speak to my cousin, and persuade her in the stalls to hurry out, but for some never corrected their first proof-sheet, or to return with me. I did not know how reason the lights suddenly went out, and cut the leaves of the first copy of their first long I sat there, lost in a dream, when a at the same moment a rush was made from voice I knew well said quite close to me: "Have you seen your 'brother and friend' here yet, Mr. Brownrigg? I know she (with a malicious accent on the she) is here tonight, because I have just spoken to her cousin, Mrs. Wrayburn.

A grave voice answered slowly : "I do not quite understand you, Miss Gould."

"No !" she laughed. "No, I dare say not! It was a charming little mystery, no doubt, but really it is losing the charm of as if the frightful scene was no concern of novelty now, and of course not many of us mine, when I was aroused to tingling life believe in these quixotic impersonal feel-ings. Ah! there she is; let me introduce "Take my arm," he said in low, hurr you, pray. Miss Earle Oakhurst, Mr.

draught more stimulating; amiable friends hinted at a rising genius, and fond relatives grave blue eyes fixed inquiringly and somewhat coldly on my face.

> brother-is a great and dear friend of and was pressed back by the surging, madmine. Is he here tonight !"

continued hurriedly: "I am Earle Oakhurst—at least my real name is Amy Earle Smith. I wrote *Mosses and Midges*, and," I added, desperately, seeing how pale and hard his face was growing as the first look of surprise changed to one of cold displeasure, "I am so sorry. Forgive me; I only did it at first for a joke, and afterward I feared -"

"You feared ?" he inquired, quietly, as I paused.

"Dear sir." How delightful! He took me for a man, as indeed most of my re-triend like you before, and I feared to lose place and pushed her forward, saying:

liant light seemed only to show me more clearly the utter blackness of my heart and

···· nt botton

him, but the next night, when my cousin and I arrived at a musical party, our hostess said to me in a pointed manner, with a smile: "Your friend is here to-night!" "Who is my friend?" I thoughtlessly in-quired. "Cyril Brownrigg," she answered, with a laugh. "How will he greet his brother and friend, I wonder?" I felt myself growing scarlet with shame and annoyance, for I had, of course, been unmercifully teased about that unfortunate dedication, and had carefully explained to which were now pouring into the theatre Under ordinary circumstances it would, of course, have been perfectly easy for us

The confusion was terrible. Women shrieked and sobbed, men swore, and when every now and again a flickering flame blazed higher than before, it showed a sick-

ening scene of struggle and despair. I felt so miserable that I never thought of leaving my seat, but sat staring stupidly,

"Take my arm," he said in low, hurried tones, "and for Heaven's sake hold fast !" Cyril Brownrigg. Now I must leave you and sing my little song. Au revoir !" And Miss Gould floated away, and I be-And Miss Gould floated away, and I bethis thought took away all fear. At the same moment the curtains of one of the boxes near blazed up for a few seconds, "I beg your pardon," he said; "but your brother—I conclude he is your face, as she struggled to keep on har feet, "I have no brother," I murmured, and dened mass from the pit; she saw us, too, and reached her hand out to us.

"Amy! Mr. Brownrigg !" she cried ; "help me ! do not leave me !

He turned to me.

"It is impossible to save you both," he said, hoarsely. "Good God! what can I do ?'

I saw what he could do. and said : "Press forward, think only of getting out

of this horrible place." Then the light died away again, and with a smothered sob of intense thankfulness I "Yes," I said, feeling my cheeks burn slid my hands from his arm, and, taking my



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-OF MY-

SALE

Look at the Prices:

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day we passed together, and every line we wrote.-Once a Week.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SUNG.

A Fashionable Choir's Assaults Upon Scripture and Sense.

Attending service not long ago, in an elegant church where they worship Jod with taste in a highly æsthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem that com-pares Solomon with the lilies of the field,

somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing a great ad-Although never possessing a great ad-miration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Chris-tian association, still a pang of pity for him was telt when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano that "Solomon in all his glory was not ar-

raved." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the basso, who declared that Solomon NOW GOING ON. was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed-was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion.



SUPPOSE a special agent of the Treasury de-partment should call upon you to-day, and say: "The Government would like to sell you bonds for any amount between \$1,000 and \$100,000, and if it is not convenient for you to make the investment at once, we will allow you to pay for the bonds in *fifteen or twenty equal annual instalments.*" And suppose, in addition to this, the Government, wishing to make this the most desirable investment in the world, should stipulate, in the bonds, not only to pay them at the end of the term; but, in case of your previous death, to pay them to your family, and at the same time release them from paying any further instalments! further instalments!

Would you not at once close with such an offer? And yet this is, practically, what THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES has

This may be a strange way of putting it, but strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true.

EXAMPLE.

Policy, No. 72,973. Endowment, 15 years. Issued July 29th, 1872, on the Life of S. C. L. Amount of Policy, \$10,000. Tontine Period, 15 years. Age, 40. Annual Premium, \$694.90.

years. Age, 40. Annual Fremum, \$694.90. If after making the first payment the policy-holder had died, his representatives would have re-ceived \$10,000 in return for an outlay of only \$694.90. If he had died after making his second payment, they would have received \$10,000 in return for an outlay of \$1,389.80; and so on during the fifteen years. As he has not died, he has paid in all \$10,-423.50, and may on the 29th of July of the present year draw in cash \$15,253.70. This sum is equal to the full amount paid, and \$4,830.20 besides, and is equivalent to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. compound interest per annum.

This is one of many policies showing what The Equitable Society has actually accomplished.

THE EQUITABLE

exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects. It has— The Largest New Business. The Largest Amount of Outstanding Assurance. The Largest Surplus. The Largest Total Income.

The fact that the Equitable has a larger sur-

viewers had done. My feminine senses of your friendship !' mischief and mystery were roused, and I determined I would continue to be "dear sir" as long as possible; so I read the poems, and found they were very beauti-ful, and far, far above anything I could do, and wrote a few lines to my unknown correspondent, telling him how flattered I should feel at his dedicating his book to me, and signing myself by the nom de plume 1 had chosen, Earle Oakhurst.

Earle was really my own name, having been given to me, I always thought, as an attempt to impart a dignified sound to my other two extremely insignificant ones, Amy Smith. Who could expect anything from Amy Smith? But when you said Amy Earle Smith slowly, it sounded rather literary, or so I flattered myself. Oakhurst was the name of our house, so for love of it I dubbed myself Earle Oakhurst, and really it sounded quite important and dignified.

A few days afterward I received half a dozen copies of the Blackwood Chronicle containing my new friend's notice of "Mosses and Midges." It was very flattering and generous, with a sort of half tender, half humorous criticism which showed me the weakness of my work far more clearly than the severest censure would have done. Of course, I wrote to thank my reviewer, and after this we corresponded constantly, our letters growing gradually warmer and more confidential.

I had never known what it was to have a friend like this, a friend in perfect sympathy with my own aims and objects in life, and yet so far above me in intellect and power-a man who evidently never gave self or any personal advantage a single thought, but steadfastly followed his ideal through most unideal surroundings, for he was poor, he told me, and had to work hard all day, having only the early mornings and late evenings to write those beautiful winged poems which delighted me so much.

At last his book, "Stray Thoughts," appeared, and at once made a great sensa-tion. It was dedicated to "My God-given brother and friend, Earle Oakhurst." How proud I was as I read the words, and then suddenly the terrible thought flashed across my mind that I had deceived him, and made him appear ridiculous to every one who knew that I was a woman. It was characteristic of him that he had never inquired or troubled about the sex of his friend, but in his own great honesty had taken it for granted that I should not deceive him even in a trifle, and this, alas, I now felt was no trifle.

I knew not what to do, so, like most weak people, did nothing. I did not even acknowledge the copy of "Stray Thoughts" he sent me, with a letter even more affectionate than usual. I was at this time staying in London with a married cousin, and ing in London with a married cousin, and as my "Mosses and Midges" had been somewhat successful, and had managed to get talked about, I had plenty of invita-tions and enjoyed myself thoroughly, meet-ing pleasant and congenial people, and be-ing made much of, for I was young, fairly rich, and good-looking, and wanting nothing from anybody (the great secret of popular-ity).

in the PARLORS connected with his present ing how I should make my confession, I I could not catch his answer, as just then our hostess rose, and I had to follow; but to have always beside me henceforth? Can young rascal by the coat-collar, and flung MANUFACTURERS OF got a few lines from its author. you, Amy?" "Yes," I answered, and that "yes" has him clear over the hedge into the road. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. "I am surprised," he wrote, "not to have had a word of greeting from you; but never mind, !Stray Thoughts' is going so well, that I have been asked to come to London Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads as we went upstairs a girl I knew said : "I suppose Miss Gould is to be congratbeen the key to my earthly paradise, for WINTER EVENING. Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian ulated. Have you heard of her engage-ment? A case of love at first sight, I hear. By the by, when will Mr. Brownrigg's new book appear? It is also to be dedi-cated to his brother and friend?" **87 CHARLOTTE STREET.** surely no other woman can ever have been Nails, etc. Tonight the very horses springing by Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream The streets that narrow to the westward gleam Like rows of golden palaces; and high From all the crowded chimneys tower and die A thousand aureoles. Down in the west The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest, One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel A mightier master; soon from height to height, With silence and the sharp, unpitying stars, Stern creeping frosts and winds that touch like steel, so happy as I am. to talk over a new venture with my pub-Office, Warehouse and Manufactory : GENERALAGENCY There is no doubt one is absurdly joyful lisher, so shall soon, my brother and friend, make your personal acquaintance; until GEORGES STREET, t. John, N. B. FOR THE over one's first proof-sheet and first re-Province of New Brunswick view, but Cyril and I always say, after all, HORSE BLANKETS, then, goodby." then, goodby." I felt overwhelmed with shame, and yet absurdly happy at the idea of really seeing and talking to him. What would he say? Would he forgive me? I looked anxiously in my glass, and thought perhaps he might, for I could not help thinking I looked pleas-ant, if not pretty, as my friends told me, I The old joke had not died out even yet, and now came as a keener shame and pain than ever. I made no reply, and though I heard afterward that Mme. Sophie Lenoir surpassed herself, everything that night seemed a blank to me at the theatre. Voices and faces mixed themselves up to-ant, if not pretty, as my friends told me, I The old joke had not died out even yet, the last is better than the first, and we OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. For Fall and Winter. (Limited), OF LONDON, Surcingles, Halters, Etc., and Phœnix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, steel, Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars, Glittering and still, shall come the awful night. A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMNEY, ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. -A. Lampman, in Scribner's Magazine. 204 Union Street. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B CARLEN PARTICIPALITY IN

"And did you really imagine that to deceive and make me ridiculous, was the best

means of keeping my friendship?" "Yes-no-I don't know. I did not think much about it until I saw the dedication, and then I felt too ashamed and unhappy to confess. What can I do? I am SO SOTTY.

"You can do nothing. Will you allow me to take you back to your cousin, who, I believe, has been inquiring for you?" he asked, with a sudden change to icy conventional tones.

I rose without a word, but as we entered

the room I whispered :

"Can you forgive me?" "No, I cannot," he answered, and with a bow left me, and I saw him, after a few words with our hostess, leave the room, and was told afterward he had pleaded urgent business as an excuse for leaving early.

After that miserable evening, though frequently saw Cyril Brownrigg at musical or literary gatherings, he never spoke a word to me beyond what mere politeness rendered necessary; and yet I always felt a strange new joy in his presence. It was a pleasure to me to hear how popular he was becoming, and to watch his grave eyes light up and his whole face gleam when he talked about anything that interested him. The subjects we used to discuss in our letters, the aims of art, the supreme necessity of leading a noble life in order to win power to do the noble work—how well I knew his thoughts and feelings about all these things; and after an evening like this I would go home filled with a kind of rapturous pain, and read over again those precious letters, whose noble words I already knew almost by heart, until I could hardly bear the bitter thought of what might have been. Even if he forgave, I knew he could never care for me with the only love I would accept even from him—the love which is a mingling of per-sonal worship with impersonal admiration, and which is alone worthy of the divine

One night a large party of us were dining together, Miss Gould, Cyril Brownrigg, my cousin and myself being among the number. After dinner we were all going to the theatre to hear a celebrated French actress in one of her most powerful impersonations. By chance Cyril Brownrigg was my neighbor at the meal, but, as lating you on your approaching the performance of the solution of the performance of the performance of the solution of the performance o was my neighbor at the meal, but, as usual, beyond the necessary polite formali-ties, did not speak, nor did I, of course, though I was longing to break down this is wall that songrated mo from the speak down this

really think you have been as successful as

Best Oysters in all Styles

"Keep firm hold. I will follow close even in that climate, the choir, all together.

behind." She was half dead with terror, and scarce-ly understood, but clung blindly, and he, in the struggle and darkness, did not notice the change, and pushed his way forward, shielding my cousin as well as he could. GUALS, the that chinate, the choir, an together. in a cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed "like one of these." These what? So long a time had passed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely Vests,

shielding my cousin as well as he could. I kept close to them until we reached the passage leading to the door of exit into the street, but then somebody seized me by the shoulders and dragged me roughly back, slipping into my place. I lost my balance and fell, and for one horrible minute felt a sickening sense of suffocation as the rush passed over me; the next I struggled on my feet again. Fortunately I had fallen close to the wall, so was able to support myself against it, and felt my way by its guidance through the blinding smoke in the direction

of the door. I was nearly crushed to death, and very sore and bruised, but I felt the still glow of

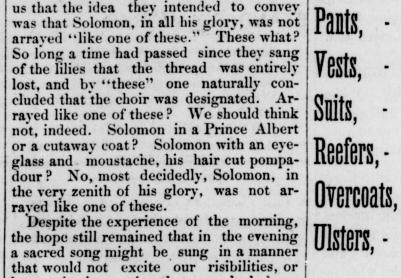
that great joy in my heart, and thanked God with all my soul that I had been able to show Cyril I was not entirely frivolous ment, "I will wash." Straightway the and heartless. Death seemed nothing to alto, not to be outdone, declared she would me in comparison with the knowledge that wash. The tenor, finding it to be the he loved me, for I had seen the love I longed | thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then for in his agonized eyes, and heard it in his voice, during that momentary flicker. I suppose I fainted after this, for I have

voice, during that momentary flicker. I suppose I fainted after this, for I have a very dim remembrance of seeing lights appear, as if through a fog, and of teeling strong arms helping me on, and then a total blank, until I found myself in a carriage driving slowly along a dimly lighted street. "Where is she?" I asked, faintly, look-

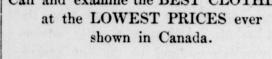
Amy, are you much hurt? How could I have missed you? I shall never forget my horror and misery when I got outside the theatre and found your cousin clinging to in again, but was helplosed. I rushed in again, but was helplosed. me, and you, I knew not where. I rushed in again, but was helpless in the darkness, until at last I found you, quite close to the door!"

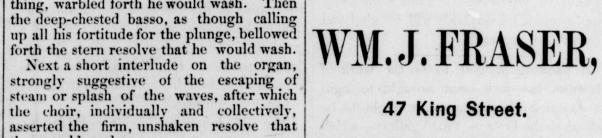
"Have you quite forgiven me?" I asked. "Yes, my dearest, I forgave you long ago, and love you, too; but after that evening. when I was so hard and merciless, I feared to tell you what I felt, and you always seemed to avoid me, and treat me so coldly." "Oh," I said, between a laugh and a

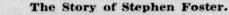
though I was longing to break down this icy wall that separated me from the man I had grown to love so deeply. Presently the lady sitting on the other side of him said: "I suppose I may congratulate you, Mr." I stammered—"I heard she was engaged directly after hearing you congratulated, and so I thought —"



leave the impression that we had been Call and examine the BEST CLOTHING listening to a case of blackmail. But again at the LOWEST PRICES ever shown in Canada.







alty in ways fully as romantic as those of Whittington in the nursery tale. Stephen Foster was a debtor confined in the jail of Ludgate, which once stood over the gate on the hill, a very little way west of St. Paul. There was a gate at which every day a prisoner was allowed to sit to collect alms for his fellows, and here one day Foster sat. A wealthy widow passing by gave him some money, inquired into his case and took him into her service. He saved his wages, traded successfully, married the widow, and in due time became Sir Stephen Foster, lord mayor of London. In his prosperity he forgot not his days of adversity, and founded a charity for prisoners which was long kept up in the jail of Ludgate and commemorated in his epitaph .- Century Magazine.

Sagacity of a Horse.

"You were entirely mistaken," he said, gravely. "That lady was congratulating A remarkable illustration of the sagacity for cash. as my "Mosses and Midges" had been somewhat successful, and had managed to get talked about, I had plenty of invita-ing pleasant and congenial people, and be-ing made much of, for I was young, fairly rich, and good-looking, and wanting nothing from anybody (the great secret of popular-ity). One morning, some days after receiving "Stray Thoughts," while I was still debat-ing how I should make my confession. I of the horse, says the Birmingham (Eng-CLARENCE H. FERUGSON MR. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, Confectioner, 87 Charlotte Street, BEGS TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT he will serve the

