

## WHAT THE LETTERS SAY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MISSIVES OF  
MR. STEVENS TO MRS. NASE.Extraordinary Effusions of the Late Rector  
of St. Luke's—His Warmth of Language  
to the Object of His Strange Infatuation—  
A Queer Correspondence.

An order to hold Rev. L. G. Stevens to bail, was granted on the affidavit of Leonard Nase, and the particulars of that affidavit have been made public since the last issue of PROGRESS. The amount of bail fixed was \$2,000, and the action is for alienating the affections of Nase's wife, depriving him of her assistance and society, and also, it is claimed, for assaulting her.

Mr. Nase has also given the daily papers a statement embodying extracts from the letters sent by Mr. Stevens to his wife. For the information of many readers in places not reached by other St. John papers, as well as matter of fairness to both sides, these extracts are given:

Extract from his first letter, written about the time he moved into the house occupied by me:—  
"We have planned to go to the World's Fair at Chicago for a short time in 1893, but I am happy anticipation and fortunate! A whole year earlier I came to live within the most immediate and nearest possible neighborhood of the world's fair, where I shall be able to witness all the varied charms and fascinations, not for a short two weeks, but for months and possibly years. For a surprisingly fair and lovely woman somebody chooses very much, is my best and most satisfying idea and ideal of the 'world's fair.'"

The next letter begins with two pages of epithets, the concluding part of which is:—

"You radiant-browed, unique faced, musical-voiced, kissable, delectable, thrilling armful of contradictions! Yet, queen of my loving heart."

The following are quotations from subsequent letters:—

"You were so charming and constrained and shy in the parlor, just allowing your pretty foot to peep out tantalizingly. . . . I thought much of you last evening but did not dare to look at you as I have not thought it discreet to look at you how ever much I wanted during the last four years, although in all that time I have always been so happy in your presence and have so much missed your absence, and now that you are here, I feel you must help me, Queenie, all you can, for you must always remember that I am the target of many and perhaps curious eyes."

"You can help me my love very much in this way. During prayers, if you don't care to kneel, have an open prayer book and read the prayers to yourself, following me, will you? and I will give you an extra and secret prayer and blessing every time. And don't I pray for you and preach to you? Indeed I must confess that my congregation very often consists of only one, and if I were not on my guard I should be tempted to begin—'dearly beloved Queenie.'"

"Just a few words of gentle scolding to my Annie Laurie who gave me her promise that I should get something in the way of a letter. I love everything that her hand touches."

"Now Queenie while you, perhaps, have not had any practical experience in letter writing and composition, still I have hope that you will give me the pleasure of reading a note or letter from you. I shall read them all by me and learn them all by heart. . . . I heard him scolding before you came out tonight. I don't think he is jealous or suspicious of me, but then he must be so. With none but him to love, a brainy woman and you must be very clever never to admit. Hub must not be aroused even to the slightest suspicion. I have ever took place I should immediately leave Portland. In every way be doubly discreet. It is not quite alone in the dining room at 10 o'clock; will you kindly slip in for a moment if convenient."

"My sermon last night was a piece of personal heart delivered openly to all, but certainly identically to one."

"And so somebody bowed her stately head—what a strange word for mis-mating; we both got a little when we should not have chosen a 'big' word. I have no person to preach to me and correctingly slap my cheeks as a giddy boy—suppose I delegate that not disagreeable task to you?"

"The first letter was received in September last, and in the letter received November 21st, which was the twelfth letter written by him, is the following:—

"And now to answer Queenie's first note, and stirred until I saw you. I know perfectly well that I have no mortal right to tell you this, because you belong to another. . . . You are my queen, my mate, my affinity, my love. . . . I am glad to have a constant reminder of you every time I look window-wards and give me a letter often now than when I had a lot of shop goods to gaze at."

"Be sure and give me a letter Tuesday which I can take with me to Fredericton and read at leisure."

"23—Here I am with a spare evening, which, instead of accepting an invitation to a gay party, I shall rather devote to penning a few words to my Queenie."

"I much prefer inditing a letter to the woman who is so much in my thoughts. We were late in getting off on the Western. . . . I tried to get a glimpse of you at the corner window."

"A woman's nature from top to toe is an eternal protest to deprivation of isolation in love—she must love or die else she will steal what passes for it."

"I am not satisfied unless I possess you. . . . My first sight of you was as you came out of your house on Metcalfe street, a recent bride, my admiration began then and there."

"My woman, my queen, only a little. . . . I am not what you are pleased to call me, a 'villain,' there is lots of good in me."

"Grant me the liberty and pleasure of occasionally presenting you with little gifts. . . . The first one I shall give will be that of perfume, lovely and sweet like yourself. On Sunday you can use it, and think just a little of the giver. . . . You must let me and soothe me, but I, on the other hand, seem to make you nervous and uncomfortable. You won't feel so Queenie, when you come to know me better and have perfect trust and belief in what I tell you, namely, that you are the dearest and sweetest to me in all the world."

"For the time to get used to me, but in time, sweetie, I hope you will learn to like me a little, and then a little more, until in time you can say you love your Big Boy, who loves you so much, and haven't I proved it by going to all this trouble and extra expense? To say nothing of the extra \$100 in rent year. . . . This move will have cost me very nearly \$100 in new fit fgs., etc., but all that I do, mind, if I am near my Queenie and see her lovely face if only occasionally and with her melodious voice which is just like no other voice I have ever heard in all my journeyings and travels. (The above in letter of December 28th.)"

"Mrs. N. is a great girl, very intelligent, devotedly and intensely and yet I have no power over my heart to command its love in return any more than you can love L. who doubtless loves you truly." (Referring to a party which Mrs. Nase was present he says.)

"You are a woman made for life and society, generous, entertaining, and can give it as you are and I hope you sometimes do, of my lovely and loved pet's Big Boy."

"My sweet Queenie Pet need not be afraid of her big lover in the slightest. When you come to know me better, you will smile at the thought that you were ever frightened while in the presence of the big boy who loves you so truly. . . . I love the mystic witchery of your ways, for beauty's charm is strong and love obeys. I see this rhythm often slide into poetry before I know it. Do you love poetry? I am not so very bad a hand at it and will write you an occasional little poem if you don't object. . . . Let me try my hand now. (Here follows poetry.)"

"How many, both men and women, don't love their husbands and wives, but seek for their affluence—that piece of human flesh (whoever owns it and to whomsoever it legally belongs) which magnetically and electrically attracts it."

at first you don't succeed, try and try again." . . . "And why do I call you that? because you are only almost persuaded. I want you to be not only almost, but altogether persuaded. Never mind the morning service tomorrow, but try and get up in the evening. . . . If you would only like to correspond by letter, but I suppose you hate writing." "You yourself are a Grecian goddess, a kind of Venus, a goddess of love."

"Venus is considered the ideal figure for a woman and I am mighty sure you will come near her, I shall call you not only Queenie but Venus."

"And you manage to write me a short New Year's letter some time today, and give it to me at the post office tomorrow morning?"

"Last letter, Jan. 5th. . . . I only blushed at your big boy so long hungry, it is too tantalizing, I am beginning to think that I am not so very lucky a dog after all."

"What a lot of fun we miss in the way of mutual correspondence."

The Parting of Launcelot and Guenevere.

Along the gravelled walk that lay between Two long low lines of thorn, whose branches brown Met over her fair head, the perfect Queen.

Attended by her nuns, walked up and down; When sudden, round a turn in front of her Came rushing up a Knight, his dark hair blown

Back from his white forehead. As sudden, there He stopped: a strange half-smile lit up his face

—Half-smile, all tears—as he cried, "Guenevere."

Then at her feet, who stood without a trace Of grief in her deep eyes, adown he cast His snowed length, as one whose weary race

Is run. Her gentlewoman, all aghast At seeing here Sir Launcelot, the Knight Whose sin had brought about the death at last

Of their great King, drew back; but as the light Out faded from the face of her loved one And as her hands reached out to thrust the knight

—Around her closing fast—away, they moved Anear and caught her as she fell. A sigh That breathed thro' her pale lips was all that proved

Their queen still lived. A garden seat was high— Wrought from a lightning-stricken oak— And thither did they bear her. With a cry,

As from his clutching hands her gentle-folk Withdrew her dress's sombre hem, he rose And, staggered towards her. Soon her eyes awoke

And wondered where she was, as on the boughs Overhead they rested—"Guenevere, my Queen!"— Ah! then she understood. Upon her brows

She laid her two cold hands, her hair between Her fingers fell adown; she pushed it back And stood upright, outbroke—"And ye have seen,

"And, seeing, wondered. Sisters all, ye lack Not pity in your kind hearts unto me, And even unto him, I know. The wrack

"This Kingdom suffers now. I know that he And I have caused; we loved, and loving sinned. So marvel not that I have seemed to ve

"As weak, because I fainted; sisters kind,— Nay, Launcelot, look up, for I would say Farewell to you forever. I was blind

"A moment since, but now was brightest day To what our blindness has been our life long. Blind, blind; and now has Arthur gone away

—From this our earth, the scene of all our wrong Which now shall no more reach him. Launcelot, Whom I once loved, our love is as a song

"Long sung and ended—even all forgot, Yea, all forgotten."—"Guenevere, my Queen!"—"I pray you ladies fair to listen not;

"He surely knows that all of love between Us twain is dead; it died when Arthur died, And Arthur's death our love had surely seen."

"If it had overlooked the summer-tide Of passion here on earth, to that above." While thus she spake, her hands to either side

Had dropt convulsively; no look of love From her to Launcelot, as she turned round: The full light of her glorious eyes she drove

Into their listening faces, 'till she found The hearts of all the nuns about her. "Hail," She said, "It never more shall be; I bound

"His heart-strings all about me once,—today They are snapped asunder, broke in twain. Withdraw from me a little space, I pray;

"For I would speak to Launcelot again. With none but him to love, a brainy woman And sadly down the hawthorn,—bordered lane

Away from her, away from him she loved, The nuns who loved her so; and when the bend Had hidden them from all, her eyes unproved

All that her lips had said. They seemed to blend The old-time love with all the new came sear Into one perfect faith; they seemed to send

The old-time rapture into him who there Stood with his head bent earthward. Slow he raised His weary eyes, and saw his queen so fair

So perfect in her perfect womanhood; he gazed One wild, sweet second at the face of her His sinning heart had worshipped and had praised

Above his God—"My love, my Guenevere," He cried,—and then, all happiness her face, The happiness of all the days that were.

Slowly together in one last embrace Their hearts were drawn at last, with one sad kiss, That wakened up the quiet forest peace

With songs of joyous birds in tuneful bliss; That hurried the blood-red sun down thro' the bank Of purple clouds, that seemed to seeth and hiss

Along the western hills, as it down-sank; That, from the half-formed face showed by the moon As it rose o'er the abbey towers, drank

The curling mists the lake had upward thrown; That changed the dreary world of yesterday Into that future love can bring alone.

And no one was aware to say them nay; And no one saw there aught to tell the deed, As thus they stood together the old way—

Without one thought of Arthur. Then she said, "And you forgive me every cruel word They made me say"—suddenly prest her hand

Back and apart from his, for she had heard The slow-returning steps of those she bade But leave her for a little. Hardly stirred

Her lover as he stood like one who had Not yet awakened from a dream—forgot As soon as eyes might open from the mad

Strange sleep of love. But Guenevere his hot Unwinding arms uncurled from round her slow, A-looking in the eyes of Launcelot;

And moved away, until between them now There far more of space than when they met, Ere all her women turned the walk below.

They gathered round her as the evening does Around the day's close. Spoke she fairly then: "And did ye deem that it was perilous

"For Launcelot and I to be again Together? Nay, ye have no cause for fear: Henceforth he goes the way of other men."

"Who have like him both sinned and suffered. Here I shall stay with you long as lasts my life, No matter how the road seems long and drear."

"For I have been the real cause of all strife In this fair kingdom—I have also sinned. And Launcelot, I pray you, take a wife

"Unto yourself, and cast no look behind On our dead love, but give that ecstasy To her, you once gave me. So you will find

"Love is not death on earth because of me— Tho' much has died of our great love." She paused; then he, as one who cannot see

Yet lifts his eyes unto the sun above And feels the warms break over all his face, Looked up with wondrous gaze and 'gan to move

Towards her, but her out-stretched hand the place To stop had pointed out. "Nay, Guenevere, I cannot follow out the life you trace

"So cruelly for me. What earth holds dear For me was given all by you; in you I found all the happiness that I can here

"Expect my God to give. I cannot rue Our sin; I would not have it wiped away By heaven,—if my love should vanish too.

"In all but this will I obey your best. For know you, Guenevere, that none shall be To me who you have been. . . . How all seems grey

And drear around me now. . . . Ah love!" cried he, And then he took her face between his hands— And then he felt his heart break over all his face, Forged by the nuns who stood by in amaz;

And clear he saw the life in other lands, And clear he saw the weary, weary days That his great love and sin to him had brought. So all his soul went out in that last gaze

At her fair face; and, seeing in there naught To tell him all he saw was all for him, He turned, and, walking down the path, was caught And hidden from her by the shadows dim.

S.

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Applications for shares will be received until February 15th, 1893, at any of the offices of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at the offices of the Union Bank of Halifax, and at the head office of the company, N. Y. Life Building, Montreal.

Forms of application for shares may be obtained at any of the above places, they will be sent by mail on request.

Should no allotment of stock be made to any applicant for shares, the amount paid will be returned in full, and in the event of the Directors finding it impossible to allot the full number of shares applied for, the surplus of the deposit will be credited toward the amount payable on allotment.

The right is reserved of withdrawing the offer in whole or part at any time before allotment, and of allotting to any applicant any less number of shares than the number applied for.

As the dividends of the Company are payable quarterly, beginning with the first day of March next, allottees of stock will be entitled to receive a proportion of the quarterly dividend as declared, corresponding to the amount paid upon their subscription.

It is proposed to apply to the Stock Exchanges of Montreal and Toronto for official quotations of the shares of the Company.

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The Company has no mortgage indebtedness; and, according to the law under which it was incorporated, none can be created without the consent of two-thirds of the shareholders, represented at a meeting called for the purpose.

The Company has placed in the hands of its shareholders, full statements of its affairs, certified to by Messrs. Caldwell, Tait & Wilks, Chartered Accountants.

(b) The following letter from Messrs. Abbotts, Campbell & Meredith, advocates, Montreal, upon the legality of its incorporation, and the issue of its stock.

MONTREAL, January 5,