

Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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AN EASTER OFFERING

A STORY BY ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

ASCENSION ALLEY was not all gloom. The shadow of a great stone church, lay over the row of tiny houses that faced it, but was lightened by a few venturesome sunbeams, and by snatches of glorious anthems and voluntaries, that would find their way from windows and doors; and at night, when evening service was on, the windows would seem to burst into a garden of flowers. Perry always held his breath when these came in view, he thought them a revelation, and so they were; for no maimed saints, or mutilated lambs, or sacrifices were depicted there. The stained glass was all shaped, and colored, to represent blossoms, and God's garden was full of beauty.

Perry was a thoughtful boy. He had ancestors whose brave deeds were historic. A strain of this blood was in his veins. He suggested loyalty and faith—one felt that fear and reproach were not within him. That he would become a noble man, yet there were trials in his home, only mother and he had no time for them. At night, his father was apt to be heavy of step, and uncertain of speech. Then, would Perry slip off to bed alone. Mother could not care for two; but when she did reach his bedside, there was always time, and his eyes would not close until she had heard his prayer, and had called him, her "Sunshine." Their sunshine was mutual. It floated through their songs, and work, and play. It shone in their faces. The mother began making it to keep her child's soul sweet, and in turn was made the happiest of mothers. The boy radiated love and fun, and no one in that alley, failed to bless the day that brought them, Perry. "You seem happy in your house," said the pale mistress of "No. 10," one morning. "What do you find to laugh about?" "Well," slowly answered the boy, "I think it must be mother." "Oh," responded the woman in a shocked voice, "I shouldn't have suspected that you laughed at your mother." "Well! I guess not," said Perry hastily, "I didn't mean I laughed at mother. I laugh with her. She's always making me believe things are folks, and they are such funny little folks, it is enough to make anybody laugh; and he gave a rippling example. The woman was puzzled, but smiled in sympathy, carrying away a bit of cheer that heartened her through the day. "Glory to God! Glory! Glo—" "Silence!" roared the choir master! "Who

is singing, d, instead of, f? This is how it should go," his voice flung out the notes with indignant force—the boys giggled, and shuffled their feet. One fat boy, nicknamed "the pig," from his desire to lurch on all occasions, drew forth an apple, and took a bite. Order flew away, until, in a calm cold voice the master repeated the melody, and said "Now!" Giggles were suppressed, the apple stowed and the line tried once more. This time the melody came with a clearness that startled Mr. Bates. He felt as if a fresh voice had been added to their numbers. "That was fine, boys!" he said encouragingly. "We'll try it again. I want it said that old Ascension Church has the best choir in this city!" The boys nudged each other, and gave a signal that meant trouble for the guileless choir master. He beat the time, and his blonde head inclined slightly to meet the "Glory to God! Glory! Glo-o-o-ry!" It came, thrillingly sweet and strong, from one soprano voice alone, and every boy in the choir had been mute!

Mr. Bates stared. The boys looked frightened. One boy muttered "Angels." Another whispered "Ghosts." The Pig's hair rose and looked like bristles. His hand sought the consoling apple. The youngest boy sniffed, and the choir showed signs of panic. Disaster was in sight, but Mr. Bates recovered himself, and voice just in time. "Who sang that phrase?" he shouted. The call awakened echoes in the empty church, that seemed to skip from arch to arch, but there was no answer. "Turn the light on the body of the church, Jones," he ordered; but Jones and his five feet six were two frightened to stir, and the choir master leaped down the chancel steps, and began his search for the mysterious voice. He lighted vesta after vesta, and at last discovered a material looking little boy, hiding in a big square pew, and evidently much startled. He smiled when he saw the gentle face of his pursuer.

"What are you doing here?" said Mr. Bates sternly. "Learning the hymns, sir," faltered Perry. "Learning the hymns? Why?" "To sing for mother—I'm sorry if it's wrong—and the lad looked directly at Mr. Bates, who rather disconcerted that gentleman. "You see" he added I've been coming here every afternoon the church was open, to hear the boys sing. I hope it isn't wrong," he repeated. "Where do you live and what is your name?" Perry gave his answers with grave deliberation. He hadn't yet discovered the extent of his sin. "Now," said the choir-master taking the lad's hand

in his, and almost running him up the aisle; "Now, you are to come into the choir and sing with my boys. Your voice is perfectly true. This was Perry installed a choir-boy, and much peace he brought his discoverer. He was reverent by nature, and the strict voice impressed him deeply. His influence was soon felt among the rough little chaps who formed the body of singers; while his sense of fun generated goodwill among them, and called forth boyish jokes, where there had been boresness. The Rector and Curate awakened. It seemed that even Ascension Alley was peopled. These might be drawn into the church, and from this time, the parish work included the Alley, and all it held. Mrs. Jansen rejoiced that Perry's beautiful voice was now being trained correctly. She never lessened her influence over him, she simply broadened it, dreading the time that would take him from her side into the boy-world of school life. His father began to take an interest in the new choir boy. He nicknamed him "Mr. Ritual," but there were times when he listened delightedly, as the boy sang hymns and chants he affected to despise. His position as reporter and journalist, kept him much from home, and it had become a place in which to re-appear from a debauch. He dimly realized that wife and son were growing beyond him. There was a dignity to one and a subtle something in the boy's manner that denoted power. They must not drift apart! With an effort he pulled himself together, and became a family man, to the extent of taking a few extra meals at home, and occasionally going to church.

One Sunday, the old Rector preached on the blessedness of almsgiving, and implored them to open hearts, and purses, for Easter offerings. "Come," he said in conclusion, "you all have some treasure—something you can give. Lay it here! It will be safe on God's Altar!" Perry viewed this appeal as personal, and talked it over with his mother. "My choir money might do?" he questioned. "Yes dear, it might, but that money must buy your new shoes." He said no more, but kept hoping he might find an offering for Easter-day. Home, was home, and father was kinder. This change was a dear delight, but there was something lacking in mother. Her laughter rarely went beyond smiles now. It was as though the spirit of comradeship was lost. Perry could not understand it. She had been so much to the sensitive child, that this change sent pang after pang to his heart, that settled into the anguish of loneliness and jealousy. He awakened one morning to find his father at his bedside. It was a great surprise, and Perry's eyes were asking the "why," that his lips forgot to shape. "My son" was the answer, "you have a little sister. She came last night—with some of your Angels I believe—if you are very quiet you may go and see her."

Perry buried his face in the pillow and sobbed. Gone were the good old days! He would have to share mother—she was only half-mother now. Oh, the bitterness that welled up in his nine years old heart! His father was disgusted and left before Perry could speak. A wall from the little creature stirred his boyish pride, and brought a sense of responsibility. He was not alone. He had mother, of course, and he must help her care for his little sister. "My little sister!" He kept repeating this softly, while dressing, and when he reached his mother's room, met her look of inquiry with so happy a face, that she knew the baby's welcome was assured. How lovely she was! How tiny! The little features were so perfect, and the complexion that dainty pink. Perry's heart bounded with pride, and he whispered to his mother, "Isn't our baby sweet? She's a little rosebud."

As this new possession! It opened wonderful possibilities. He concluded she was far too sacred to discuss with

A WHOLE FAITH.

O, what have I to do with doubt, Or doubt to do with me? My faith is fixed secure throughout, To meet eternally.

My God is standing on the shore Beyond life's restless sea, Watching and watching evermore, My efforts to be free.

He holds a kindly hand outstretched, To keep me upright here, And shields me from the doubt far-fetched, That would my true faith sever.

What if I turn aside from Him, My eyes to shade from Light? They must return, with Oberlin, And dazed be, with the sight.

O keep my eyes quite clear, my God, From schism and from fear, That I may rise from earthly sod, Exempted of a tear!

Ah, naught have I to do with doubt, Nor doubt to do with me, For, with the cross as my redoubt, I must eternally.

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE. Montreal, Canada.

choir boys; but managed to communicate the great news to Mr. Bates; who turned it over to the Rector in so impressive a fashion, that a nurse was smuggled into Mrs. Jansen's room and a good many comforts—magically into the front door of "No. 12," from the back door of the Rectory.

Perry's little Rosebud did not thrive. She drooped visibly, and on Good Friday, she smiled, and closed her eyes on the home she had blessed those few shadowy days. Poor Mrs. Jansen saw the shadow on the tiny face, and crying, "O Nurse, my baby cannot be dead!" fell back, unconscious.

Neighbors came in, dressed the doll-like body, and tried to comfort Perry, who was stunned and silent. Upstairs his mother lay, very ill. His father in a distant city—as yet—ignorant of the sorrow at home; and there lay his little sister, with Death standing between them. Friends tried to coax him from the room. "I must take care of little sister," he would say, and one by one they left the house to its young sentinel.

All Saturday Perry kept watch. Mr. Bates induced him to eat something, and the Rector tried to take him home, when he left. The boy would not, and they went out, sad-hearted and with moist eyes. In the night the child looked many times at the still form, and longed to take it in his arms. Familiarity with death was taking away its horror. He talked softly, and touched the little cheek once or twice. "She does not look dead," he thought. "She is so pretty. I wish I dare take her to the church as my Easter Gift." Then it was as if a voice whispered, "Safe on God's Altar!" Perry trembled—that awful fear of what? A flash of memory brought that brave great-grand-father

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON

A QUERY By W. F. Fraser.

THERE is a hollow near Newtown, on the road between Anderson's Mill Road, and the late Alexander Smith's, that was said to be haunted. About forty years ago, the writer, accompanied by his wife and sister, was passing the place, just after sundown at the time the ghost, (or whatever it was) was generally seen. Just as we approached the place we saw a large black dog or what resembled one. The writer carried a large heavy English whip and just as the object came abreast of the wagon wheel, he drew the whip around the loins of the apparition with considerable force. The thing never growled nor hurried its pace, and the whip felt no resistance whatever. The women remarked: "that was a strange dog." They knew nothing of the notoriety of the place. The writer is no ways superstitious. Now what was it?

About half a century ago, there was held, what used to be called, Sullivan's Fair or Races. Several of the young men of the settlement used to club together and buy bridles, halters, martingales, riding whips and spurs for prizes. A pensioner named Thomas Sullivan, kept a licensed tavern at the end of the road

before him—the man who midst fire and carnage, dead and dying, himself wounded, had stood to his ship and refused to surrender. "No, not I am not afraid," said Perry.

Early Easter-morning, Mr. Jansen let himself into the quiet house. He had come swiftly in answer to the sad summons, feeling he was prepared to face things calmly; but when he found his wife still unconscious and the weary nurse so anxious, he was unmanned, and little inclined to see his dead child. Still he opened the room where she lay, and tripped over Perry. The tired child never opened his eyes, and murmuring "Safe on God's Altar" fell asleep again.

Mr. Jansen picked up the boy, and laid him gently on the sofa. As he did so, the boy's tear-stained cheeks and sad face touched him deeply. "Oh my wife, my boy! God helping me I will sin no more," and throwing himself down beside Perry, he fell asleep by his faithful child. The nurse roused him. "Haven't you seen her yet?" she asked, "Come, and she shall the casket's lid. "See what a little Angel she is!" Thus encouraged, he walked to the spot and bent down trembling, but to his unspeakable horror, the casket was empty.

Old Ascension Church was a flower garden that Easter-day. Petals were wreathed with bud and branch. The pillars were green garlands from which bloomed Bermuda lilies. The altar and chancel were so full of Azaleas, roses and lilies, that the delighted Rector pretended to grumble lest he shouldn't have room to

leading to Vernon River Bridge. His hotel was headquarters for the races. About that time there was a number of emigrants lately from Ireland, settled on the Monaghan Road. Most of them had provided themselves with horses, some of them sorry cobs. The day of the races was announced, some weeks ahead, so that all might learn of them in time—no Daily Guardian then. The races were held in the Autumn, and the jockeys, would put in their appearance in great style. The course was from Wm. Ross's corner to Squire Burke's gate.

Of course before the race began the jockeys' must patronize the bar, and usually got pretty well filled up with whiskey. After considerable scoring, the race would start and it was equal to a circus, to see the Irishmen, with clubs, and heels, urging their nags. The whoops uttered by all were sublime. They rode bare backed, and the pace was running. When the races were over, they would mount their nags and strut around, and challenge anybody with, "Who dare swap," and many were the exchanges made. Next on the program would usually come some fighting. A big Scotchman, used to attend; he was

and. At the chancel's center, by the open gate was a huge bed of flowers, with tall ferns bordering it, and waving in and out of its exquisite bloom. "Isn't it too sweet for anything?" gushed Daley Muggs, as she took her seat. "I never saw anything like it," growled old Miss Muggs. "Such a waste of money. Why there's flowers enough for a dozen churches. I never will!"—but here, the choir began the processional hymn, and she bent her head, devoutly.

"How them flowers in front giggles," said one choir boy to his companion, "there might be suppin alive in 'em." "Well the flowers is alive aint they?" and what's the matter with worms, Stoopid," muttered his mate, under his breath, as the others thundered, "Amen!" The service was perfect. The Rector rose, and was reading the Gospel for the day, with much dramatic force. "And He saith unto them, Be not afraid. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. He is risen, He is not here; behold the place where they have laid." The good man stretched his arms forth above the bed of flowers, and his foot struck it. It shook violently. Two tiny hands waved among the ferns, and a loud wail came from their midst. It thrilled and startled the Rector, and roused the wonder of the congregation.

He paused, stooped, and lifted from its flowery couch, a tiny baby! Its cries hushed at his touch, and a smile illumined his face, as if something holy had passed over it. He held the child up, for all to see. "This infant was thought dead," he said simply. "Some faithful soul has placed it here on God's Altar, and through His mercy it is alive. We have an Easter sermon indeed."

Some one took the baby from the old man's arms; someone took it home to its unconscious mother, and half crazed father, and the service went on. Weeks later a happy group stood before the front of old Ascension church, and when the Rector said softly "Name this child." It was Perry who answered, "Mary." ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE, Montreal, Canada.

about, six feet tall, and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was as great a coward, as he was large. His father, a small man, about five feet six inches, would be there too. They also used to indulge, and the big fellow would get quarrelsome, and the father holding him back. The big fellow would say: "let me go" apparently in a terrible rage, but would whisper to his father, to hold on to him. On one occasion, an Irishman, hit him over the eyes, and that settled him for that night. In such manner often ended Prince Edward Island's nearest approach to the famous Donnybrook Fair of history. —W. F.

F. writes, referring to the article on Slavery on Prince Edward Island, 1802. "Have you any information relating to an aged negro named Dimbo Suckles, who died about sixty years ago I think, reputed to be over a hundred years old." There is quite a story in connection with Suckles, for which there is not space available this week but which we may be able to furnish next week.

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COUGHERS, HAWKERS, SPITTERS. Public expectation is against the common law, against the laws of health also. When the throat tickles, that's the time you need "Catarhizone," it soothes the irritation, cuts out the phlegm and loosens the tight feeling. You'll quickly cure that catarh and throat trouble with Catarhizone. It positively prevents new attacks and cures catarh forever and for all time to come. Don't take one word for it, try Catarhizone yourself. Once used you'll be delighted with its pleasant and helpful influence.

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FANCY DECORATIVE TISSUE For Mantle Draperies, etc. We have just opened up Very Select Stock of Fancy Tissue Papers. The colorings and patterns are choice. Easter Cards, Easter Novelties and Easter Magazines now ready. Haszard & Moore.

\$200.00 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY FREE. Can you arrange the sets of mixed letters below into the names of six well known and valuable products? Try it! It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance you can probably find three or four. It means money to you to do so. To the person who finds the largest number of names, we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the second largest number we will give the sum of Fifty Dollars (\$50.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the third largest number we will give the sum of Twenty Dollars (\$20.00) in Cash. Should two persons send in equally correct answers for the first prize, the first two prizes will be equally divided between them, each receiving the sum of Seventy-five Dollars (\$75.00). Should three persons send in equally correct answers for the second prize, the second prize will be equally divided between them (each receiving Fifty Dollars (\$50.00)). And so on in like proportions. In order to help you, a little we have put a mark under the last letter of each name.

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