

plots of refugee emissaries against the country over the line.

And it was all the more agreeable to Euryuia to come on this mission that she needed to assume no false appearances; the world knew her to be of distinguished fortune. She had left her beneficence to the suffering, both in North and South under proper care. And she had with her an invalid, not yet convalescent, picked from a bed of gory mud on a field of battle—the chivalrous DeLacy Lillymere. On him her heart and soul, all the full strong nature of woman glowed as a firmament of illumined, intellectual, pure, passionate love.

On him, for whom Agnes was then travelling south and west into the war, to search for and watch over with love not less psychological and penetrative, passionate and real, but greatly less in the intellectual vitality inspiring, exalting and widening its compass.

Agnes loved the youth whom she had seen in London despised, and ill-treated on account of humble dress and obscurity.

Euryuia loved the youth whom she felt to belong to the race she had sprung from, and to be destined with her in the ordinances of the universe to repress the "yes" and "no" in the life of nations.

Oh, beautiful city, palatial Montreal! As in summer, so in winter. Loftiest of skies, purest of atmospheres, transcending in brilliancy, infinite in poetry!

Sleighs, sledges, cutters, carioles have awakened from dormancy. City and country assume new forms of motion, life, colours.

The floral luxuriance and verdure of hill and plain dropt and departed; and in their stead came the new glory of snow. Sleighs on runners of polished steel, over fields of sparkling ice, glide with the fast trotting horses abreast, or single, or tandem, in silver mounted harness begirt with silver bells. Underfoot in the chariot and around and hanging over, lie the furs and buffalo robes; fox-tail pennaunts, margins of colours garnishing the rear.

Happy among the robes, the young in years or the old. Lightsome the faces in glow of health, invigorated under the beautiful Canada sky.

Seated on the cushions, clothed in fleecy clouds—the woolly clouds of Hespeler, furs, shawls, veils. They sit down the slopes, along the streets, around the turnings, through the squares, out on the quays, out on the river; the broad, the frozen flood, dotted with branches of dark green pines, set in the ice to guide the impetuous drivers.

Why people I the gliding chariots with the happy, the good and lovely? Because I know no other. The world is all beautiful, good and true to me, so it treads not on my toes. It is the privilege of this unit, breathing Heaven in the Canada atmosphere, and believing in another Heaven, to walk afoot and apart, and gather up joys which many miss.

All things beautiful and good were made for me. Dry land, lake and river; summer and winter; earth and the universe were made for me.

For my delectation the merchants amass wealth. They build palatial warehouses; year by year in richer splendours. Rear suburban mansions, gardens, and floral conservatories. Equip the family chariots. Mount brave young sons on stateliest, fleetest horses. Enrich the vision with sisters, wives, daughters; furs, satins, laces, shawls of cashmere.

For my delight the royal mountain is leafy and green in summer; gorgeous in autumn; or in winter crowned with the diadem—sparkling, flashing brilliancies set in snow.

For this eye, is the elaborate wedding of the waters encircling the Island and the City of Montreal. Pellucid St. Lawrence, sylvan Indian Ottawa.

For delectation of the eye, gathering up the abounding joy and beauty, the sleighs, sledges, cutters glide swiftly on the glacial plains. Over the lesser lakes, marshes, rivers. Over gates, posts, fences, on levels of high drift in free independency of roads. Onward on the snow direct as the flight of the eagles.

Inspired to speed by the bells on the harness, the horses of vivacity, well fed at resting places, trot to the music of the bells; merrily cheerily tinkling bells. Travellers and horses enjoy the elasticity, the purity, the cheerfulness of the cold clear air.

Essel Bell Euryuia added not often to the gaiety out of doors. Colonel Simon Lud, her Lillymere and ours, had been wounded at his duty to a degree of danger nearly fatal, and was still too feeble to share in robust exercises, or face twenty below zero on the exciting courses of the sleighing. He remained within the palatial residence; and the Donna did not quit him long, though occasionally flashing out as a comet in the constellations.

Humble and restrained in her retirement, Euryuia, when she did come forth, shot along the snow with a retinue of the Pleiades in rapid gliding equipages—sumptuous, superb; preceded and followed by attendants mounted on steeds trained and shod for the conditions.

Peerless Essel Bell Euryuia, the child I met at Branxton. Queen of Beauty; haughty and imperious, wondrously charming, though no longer young.

The glimpses obtained were transient; yet in the very brevity decisive. Inquiry followed admiration. Then the Essel Bell assem-

bles came on the lips of all fashion. The privilege of admission narrowly limited was sought the more. In midst of which, by agencies, her policy to circumvent rebel emissaries was unfolded and diffused.

Of the guests and the policy history may take charge, or oblivion cover. They are not for this page.

Under a guarded self-discipline in all things else; calm and brave in battle of bullets; calm and brave as he had been in that which is a harder battle to fight; where obscurity and conscious mental power have to face the insult of the dull fellow on the step next above; where the upright moral nature has to accept rebuke from hypocrisy cheating it of wages earned,—in all those positions Lillymere had been brave and mostly sagacious.

Under the tenderness of the Donna's nursing, whose delicacy had not to this admitted of spoken love; yet whose gentle attention told him the tenderness was more than a stranger's; more than a nurse's; more than a friend's; not all a sister's; very like a loving woman's;—Lillymere allowed affections new to his mind and alien to his judgment to have root and grow to leaf and blossom.

The affections grew in light of the windows of a woman's pure mind, and fed at her unspoken thoughts. And what they fed on grew and flourished, daily yielding a richer honey dew. The nectar which eyes looking into eyes drink up; time out of mind the food of love.

Lillymere's moral fortitude seemed in danger of failing to sustain the unimpeachable standard of honour he aimed at, when it became exposed and tried in the radiance of two hemispheres of a world of love. Either of them a sufficiency, more than a sufficiency for a nature too susceptible of impressions from feminine graces. But the light of two illumining the imagination and glowing on the heart at once was equivalent to eclipse, unless he declared a preference. And if preferring for acceptance one, what provision had nature or reason made in him for inoffensively and tenderly setting aside the other?

"If Agnes," said he, to his conscience, "came out of England for love of me, believing I was an outcast of the million hand-loom weavers, thrust from their looms in the rushing up of the sciences and growth of the order of new mechanics, my family of the Luds under ban of the law, it was romantic of her as a lady, though not prudent as a daughter."

If Agnes came from England loving me, through tender pity that I, the attaché in humblest position in her father's offices, had been insulted and maltreated, her coming was the inspiration of a noble nature.

If she came primarily to escape a man odious to her sensitive being, and secondarily to woo and wed the poor clerk maltreated by the man odious, the coming was not all for love of me.

If she came believing, or fondly hoping, I was not the despised Toby, but the heir of Lillymere in temporary obscurity, she aiming to be Countess when I was Earl, the adventure was hazardous, and bold as her style of riding, but not an adventure for love of me.

Whichever motive prompted her, she rode into the battle bravely, and at imminent risk of her own life, saved mine—for a time.

I do prefer and accept into my heart as a treasure, the most precious to be conferred by woman, the belief that Agnes came from England out of tender pity for Toby—love for Toby, love for me.

She has told this, and I must believe her; must believe in a nature so simply trustful and so brave. Brave in the very nakedness of its simple trusting, hoping, loving; trusting and loving me.

What, that her mother from the first despised me? And her father in grief of his mis-information wronged me? They will change when they know me better. And should they at some time know Simon Lud, or Toby Oman, as husband of their daughter, and she a Countess, they will have learned they are mother and father to a man. A man who could have been a weaver had not the nation trodden down the weavers in triumph of the newer mechanics; but who being DeLacy Lillymere, successor to lines of illustrious Earls, will be what his ancestors were, each in his time and in the conditions of his time, a man to follow or lead in the interests of his country.

Lillymere muttered the latter sentence reclining on a couch for ease of a stiffened limb. Scraps of paper were held in hand and passing thoughts noted with a pencil. The pencil case bore a minute carving of Euryuia's head in ivory set in jewels, with which he seemed conversing. The Donna quietly entered, as was her wont, looking in a mirror reflecting from the couch the patient's form, lest she might disturb the slumber of her hero. He resumed, and the lady, thinking the voice was but the gentle murmur of a dream, remained. Stepping softly behind the head of the couch that she might purloin the ecstasy of beholding her darling hero dreaming, she stood and bent on him slightly. And as she bent her head she wondered to see the mystery of sleep; the eyes but half closed; fingers moving within folds of the draping;

moving as if writing; lips murmuring as if speaking. He wrote slightly of history and of British public policy, as if noting thoughts for future elaboration. Then passed to himself and Euryuia. The scraps of paper falling into keeping of one interested, I am privileged to transcribe a few, thus:

"Through all the Lillymere ancestry the succeeding Earl has been a modification of his predecessor in conformity to changing times. But I cannot yet present myself in England. Must up and away to fulfil the service voluntarily undertaken in loyalty to the civilization of the age, and for conservation of American national life.

"In the liberty allied to safety, and deeply tempered by humanity, the House of Lords in England have in most things led. From crown and church allied in one despotism they conquered for the people Magna Charta and the rights of Habeas Corpus; and in face of recreancy have asserted the permanency of that conquest.

"In face of all the alliances of Plutonic interests the House of Lords wrested from railway companies for the people two penny-a-mile trains daily. Compensation for preventable loss of life and limb. Law of deadlands. Compulsory fencing of machinery. Limitation of working hours in factories. And many ameliorations such as have not been yet obtained in America protective of humanity, nor in any other country.

"As Court of last Appeal the House of Lords, where doubt divides thought, have uniformly given the option of judgment to the side of the weaker person, and to the wider humanity.

"I must cease this writing, reading, dreaming, and end the term of loitering here.

"Not wholly yet bereft of self-control as Antony was. This Cleopatra is too magnanimous and pure to lure away from duty this doubly, trebly wounded Antony. Wounded in heart by entrance of the soul of woman, as well as in body and limb by missiles of battle.

"Wounded in two hearts, had I two. Two wounds in one heart not possessing more than one to be wounded.

"Too pure and noble in high purposes this Cleopatra, Donna Essel Bell Euryuia, to subvert from duty this imperfect Antony.

"Beneficent Heaven! What a peerless woman! Monitress reformatory of the ethics of yes and no.

"Illustrious and most charming daughter of genius! Endowed with loftiest ambition; with all a true woman's moral excellencies; unlimited financial fortune; and possessing widest conceptions of a woman's powers and duty; to utilize the unused forces of perpetual social motion. To compass and apply for moral well-being, outside of religion and supplementary, the greatest force in social nature—fashion. To enchain by fashion all other social powers, and assert in things secular,—veracity, mercy, and justice.

"Veracity, and that justice which includes fair play to the socially inferior, the weak, the unskilled, the young. The weak and young whose lot in life is labour and subjection. Fair play through the hundred steps of aristocracies in society—new world as in old; tyrannies of man to man from step to step downward; mostly increasing in severity by degrees of the descent.

"Truth, justice and mercy. Simple attainments one might think. Preached from Bethlehem to Calvary, pure and simple, by the Immaculate, and in a mixed manner since; not established in the nations yet. All earnest, holy preachers right, each from his place; but the place of none in awful solemnity of the eternity which is their concern, permitting adaptation for moral purposes of the gaiety of natural cheerfulness flowing to waste in all society. To amend this, if I understand aright, is the function of the Euryuia Institutions.

"Illustrious, beautiful, peerless Euryuia! A daring presumption it would be of me to cherish even a passing thought of love for this unapproachable impersonation of beauty, splendour, and the virtues. I may only admire in the distance and restrain the affections, too apt in their vagrancy to go forth where not desired.

"Happily, I am—"

The Donna, shocked at the indelicacy of her position, now she perceived Lillymere was awake and writing, slept softly back, going silently away as she came. The two last passages written, which only her eye alighted on, gave her a glow and gush of bounding joy.

"Ah! He would love! He would love me! And be mine; all my own, did he know the nature and measure of this irrepressible sympathy for him, penetrating through armour of denial, refusing to depart, or be admonished to moderation. Which abides and grows; nourished in light of the glances of his eyes. Fancy magnifying the rays of the light of the glances to a bright and blooming summer noon of the heart. Summer of a woman's life.

"That new moral life of the world which I aimed to develop, where is it? My own great America torn and bleeding in this cruel war. My own compliant heart distracted in this love for Lillymere.

"Ah me! No longer I live above the clouds, sister of the eagles. I have descended to the

level standard of woman which is—better; yes, I think better.

"Better, for now I know he loves. I think he loves; or would love, if assured he is not presumptuous.

"What then? what then for this great ambition? We as one might fulfil grander purposes than I alone could accomplish.

"Oh, my adorable Lillymere! Gallant young hero! Unmatchable beautiful boy!"

The Donna had not read what Lillymere pencilled about Agnes in the preceding paragraphs. Nor the words he was in the act of writing when delicacy drew her away. Which words completed were:

"Happily, I am fortified against Euryuia in the love of Agnes; and by my declaration of fidelity to her. Love for her, that simple child of nature; whose one endowment is a rich store of affection enlivened by youth. No excelling qualities, other than the beauty of pitying, loving, and trusting me."

Lillymere rose from the couch; beheld himself in the mirrors; arranged his curling auburn hair; and gathered the folds at the waist of his dressing gown. A simple garment to my eyes at first; but made from richest shawls of cashmere I was told; and jewelled at the collar, wrists, and tassels by Euryuia's own hand.

He now felt as if strong. Walked briskly back and forth in the chamber. Then emerged to the corridor which led to the conservatory. There the floral plants of the tropics blossomed in midwinter luxuriant and gorgeous. Though not more profusely there than in the winter conservatories of many other financiers and merchants.

Hearing the Donna's rich voice singing in a rapturous strain of harmony with the grand piano, he entered the drawing-room, standing in admiration. Soon observing him, or sympathetically feeling his presence, the lady ceased; rose, and taking his hand, expressed concern that he should have come from his own chamber, possibly exposed to cold.

"I came to thank you, dear madam, for all this tender nursing; for my cure of wounds, and measureless enjoyments under your protection; and to announce that forthwith—the day after to-morrow at latest—I depart for the war; to resume my place, or any other place allotted me in the mighty conflict."

"Too feeble in health, dear Colonel Lillymere. Pray stay yet awhile, until stronger."

A vice-chamberlain of the Donna's household entered with letters and a telegram for Lillymere. Reading the telegram he turned pale; and with an effort at utterance, said:

"Must go at once. Important affairs demand my presence. I leave to-night."

"Impossible, dear Lillymere. The exposure to cold within three points of zero will kill you. Will kill my dear young friend. Do not go. You are my life, my love; my love and life, dear Lillymere."

"My honour demands I go."

"Your honour? Have any presumed to wrong you? To quarrel? To challenge?"

"No, dear lady. Nothing of that nature. But I must at once set out."

"You will perish, Lillymere. In this weak health you will die. Your life is very precious to me, dear Lillymere. I entreat you stay."

He would not; could not defer the journey; and departed by the night train.

Next day another telegram came to his address, and one to Euryuia, asking she would read that to Lillymere, and forward it to him, or act on it in his behalf should he have left Montreal. It was from Isa Antry, the lady companion of Agnes Schodac. And read thus:

"Agnes was deluded with hope of seeing you in Canada, and came. The day she arrived this side the line, an order was got to put her in the asylum. Agnes is as sane as I, or any woman living; only tormented by the tyrant, Adam, and another relation whom he terrifies. Intercept the party the day after to-morrow at Quebec, with help from the authorities. I am told Government will interfere if you be prompt. To be thrust among the insane will kill Agnes. Hasten to Quebec, I implore you. Instantly, I entreat you. Isa Antry."

"To Colonel DeLacy Lillymere, care of Donna E. B. Euryuia, Montreal."

"I will go instantly," said Euryuia reading the missive. "But what to do? I thought this young person safe at her home in England. Well it happens that Lillymere is away from hence, though in the war. Better for me he is in battle than going to Quebec. I will go to Quebec, and see the asylum. And the insane girl, too. The insane girl, too."

To be continued.

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