

to ask some questions concerning her. She is the belle, decidedly, of the season.

What is she like, who is she? you impatiently cry. My dear, she is an orphan; she was Mademoiselle Minette Chatannee, portionless, but of one of the best families out here. That is all we know of her, and she asks more of the lady fastidious Trevannance than of his queen consort. What is she like?

She is petite, brunette, vivacious, full of spirit, and raptée; her keen little Canadian tongue has a double edge, and her long almond eyes flash black fire. She designs to flirt a little—poetical justice for Vivian Trevannance—but he looks calmly on, with eyes of lazy adoration, good to see. In that way I dare say they are quite as fond of one another as the earl and countess; but they are so different there is no comparing them.

And now, dear, adieu. Come to England this summer—come to Warbeck Hall, and see for yourself the Corydon and Phyllis of Royal Rest. Best love and countless kisses from thy devoted,

BEATRICE.

Sunset; a sky of gold and rubies; a sea sown with stars. The western windows of sooty Clontarf Castle had turned to sheets of beaten gold; its tall turrets glittered in the red glances of the sunset. Very peacefully lay the fishing village under the beetling rocks; very peaceful looked the humble church in the distance, its tall cross—that 'sign of hope to man'—ablaze in the last light of the May day.

The lady and gentleman who came up the creek path from the seashore took their way slowly in this direction. She leaned upon his arm, a woman in her first youth, beautiful as some dream of heaven, with the radiance of a great and perfect bliss forever in her face. A pure and noble soul shone out of starry violet eyes; she looked and moved

'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.'

And he upon whose arm she hung looked

a fit protector for her levelness—a man for women to honour—to adore. The handsome face was very grave, very thoughtful, a little sad, as he gazed around on the familiar landmarks unseen for one and twenty years.

He pointed them out to her as they went along; but, as they drew near the church, silence fell. He opened the little wicket gate, and led the way round to the churchyard, where the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet slept.'

Tall grass waved, and wild-flowers bloomed; a few stones marked the resting-places—wooden board others. Over all the May sunset rained down its imperishable gold.

He led the way along the beaten path to a sunny corner, where a tall sycamore cast its waving shadow over the grave. A white marble cross stood at its head, a wreath of immortelles surrounding one name—one only one—'KATHLEEN.'

And Lady Evelyn sank down on her knees, with a sob, on the yielding turf, and kissed the name passionately.

'Oh, what have I done,' she said, 'that such bliss should be mine, while she, who loved you so dearly, who died for you, lies here?'

He uncovered his head before that lowly grave with as deep a reverence as he had ever done in the stately cathedrals of old Spain, as he thought of that fair young life, lost for love of him.

'Kathleen is in heaven,' he said, 'and her memory will be ever green in our hearts.'

Oh, my darling, my youth comes back as I stand here and look at her name! What am I that I should have won such a heart as yours?

The sunset faded while those wedded lovers lingered there. Then as he drew her gently away, the lappy tears still wet on her eyelashes, she saw him casting one last, lingering look back, the long evening shadows deepening over the quiet sleepers, and the last rays of the sunset yet bright on the grave of Kathleen.

THE END.