

To marry, one must love, love—as for example I love this child; must give all one's heart, and that I have never done yet."

"Have you really never loved any one, Teresina? I mean has no one pleased you so much that you felt you could give love for love?"

"No, Signor" she answered, having one arm on the window sill—a movement which quite closed baby's view of the gold cords, and was the signal for a burst of weeping which continued till the young officer took off his cap and gave it to the child.

"And whom has papa chosen for his future son-in-law? Some one from Pusterlengo, or a young merchant from Lodi?"

"No, no, Signor! I fear it is the master of the post-house in Piacenza; he has often been here for no reason whatever, and father seems to like him,—but he does not please me," and she sighed.

"Is he young, good-looking?"

The girl glanced shyly around her, then whispered, "No, indeed; besides he is tyrannical, and a hypocrite. I shall never love him; if I must marry him my whole life will be spoilt,—for they say it is dreadful to marry where one cannot love."

"Perhaps it were better, or at least happier," he ventured, "to love and not to marry."

"Happier, mayhap, who knows?" sighed the girl, raising her clear eyes to his, "but surely not better, Signor."

A pause, during which the nightingales sang louder and more joyfully, and the young officer measured with his eye the height of the window-sill, weighing the chances of being able to vault it noiselessly; but the girl apparently divined his intentions for pointing to the stables, she whispered: "Hush! old Pietro has donkey-ears. I ought not to stay here chatting with you; but"—and the dark eyes smiled at him—"I like to stay."

"Would you rather talk to me than to the postilion from Piacenza?"

"Yes, rather."

"Perhaps you might even prefer to love or marry me?"—he smiled and laid one hand on the soft white arm so near him.

"Not the first, because it does not go without the other—and tomorrow you will be miles and miles away from here—and not the last because you are a cavalier."

"But suppose I stay here?"

"Ah, impossible, Signor! Do not talk like this, because you cannot mean it; and besides father would tell you to go to the inn at Lodi, or Piacenza,"—drawing her arm back until her warm fingers rested in his palm, unresisting as he held them closely.

A strange, new sensation crept over her—a sensation so old yesterday, so new to-day, when love meets love, and a look, a word, are all-sufficient to proclaim their kinship—was it only an hour ago that they were worlds apart?

Yielding to the strong current of this new emotion, Count S. pressed her hand again and again to his lips. Ah! who shall say it was not all the fault of the tranquil, silent, magical Italian night, the heavily scented air, the love-songs of the nightingales? Oh, these nightingales!

"Ah, happy fate that brought me here and kept me here that I might see you, Teresina!"

"I too am glad," so glad, murmured the girl, "but I scarcely know which I would rather do—laugh or cry!" Her head drooped forward till it rested on her arm, her forehead on his hand.

For a few moments the world stood still for these happy mortals—a lover and his loved one and the child upon her knee,—for baby had at last succeeded in tearing off the gold cords from his plaything, and announced the event by crowing and clapping his little fat hands. But baby's crowing, however joyful, was powerless to direct the attention of the other two from each other;—taking her head in his hands and gently turning it towards him he kissed her forehead. At the same instant the merry tones of a post-horn rang through the night. There is something strangely startling in these tones when they fall upon so intense a stillness.

The girl started and listened. "It is father," she cried, trembling. "Addio, Signor, addio caro, mind; he must not find us here together." With a swift movement she laid the child down on the floor beside the dog; then pressing close to the window she threw her arms around the young officer's neck, murmuring: "Forgive, and thou too, Holy Virgin! It cannot be wrong! I shall never see you again in all my life. Indeed, how could I bear to see you after this? I should feel so ashamed, so unhappy! But I love you almost before I have found you, love, and so I dare to kiss you thus, and thus, and yet again! Our Lady help us! And now go!"

Count S. felt these soft, clinging kisses upon his lips, then the girl pushed him gently away from her, hurriedly closed the window, and put out the light.

The tones of the postilion's horn rang clearer and sharper on the night air. A moment later the post-horses dashed around the foot of the hill, and drew up at the stable door, and the Count saw his orderly advancing towards him. Waving his hand to signify that he had heard, Count S. followed to the carriage-door; walking slowly and silently as if fearful of waking from the dreamful wonder of the last two hours; and, in waking, break the spell of this witching summer night.

If sometimes through the long journey the image of Teresina seemed to fade for a moment—in another he felt again the warmth of her three soft kisses upon his lips, again he stood beside the window,—only now no light streamed through it. All was silent in the little room. How could he forget? Through all his life, this night would gleam like a white millstone set forever in his remembrance.

"Beg pardon, sir; but you have lost your cap," were the first words Count S. heard as he gradually emerged from the shadows of dreamland. He smiled as he said:

"I fell asleep on a bench beside the house, probably it dropped off then. Have you another here?"

They started again. The postilion from Lodi recommended his successor to drive fast and make up for lost time; the horses trotted gaily off, the new postilion blowing his horn—the same air, alas, Count S. had heard in the distance as he stood beside Teresina's window; he wondered if she were listening to it now as she lay at rest—and perhaps in tears! Yes, surely, she heard them now, and would hear them again to-morrow, and indeed for many a long and weary day—while baby crowed over his favourite plaything, the forage cap; and the old father brought again and again the postmaster's son from Piacenza to the house. Poor child! there was little else but cloud for her at home,—and yet through all his silver lining—Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples, and amid all the *ignes fatui* of the grand monde, Teresina, as he saw her in that far lone night-tide, shone like a star: "all the fairer for that oneness!"

(To be continued.)

REN.

TO-DAY.

Of yore, the thunder of the Roman arms
Forbade the languid melodies of peace
And Victory was ruler of the State;
No woman dared her lord's despotic frown,
Nor dreamt that she was half the Commonwealth.
A woman, then, was worth her market price.
To-day, the subtle magic of her power
The rudder is of our good ship of State;
No longer slaves to work their lord's sweet will,
But empresses of hearth, and house, and heart.
Of old, a man and wife were one—'twas he,
To-day, a man and wife are one—'tis she.

J. H. BURNHAM.

"CHANTRY HOUSE."

THIS is a tale of the beginning of the century. It opens in London, where the Winslows live and practise that economy which makes two ends of a small income meet. Shortly after "Chantry House" comes unexpectedly to them, through the death of a distant relative.

The book possesses the fault of too many characters, though the principal ones are well drawn out.

Griff and Clarence one follows with much interest, Clarence's sensitiveness and timidity of nature, his frequent fallings, strivings and strugglings, serving as a great contrast to Griff's bold daring spirit, and healthy way of looking at things, great and small. How the weak nature gains strength and the strong one falls, is shown as the story goes on.

The three young girls, Ellen, Emily, and Anne, are perfect pictures of true womanhood.

Adjoining "Chantry House" is the Fordyce estate. The two families have been bitter enemies on account of a feud between their ancestors, a wrong done to one Margaret (Fordyce) Winslow, which wrong has caused her ghost to revisit "Chantry House" at stated periods. She appears to Clarence (who from extreme youth has shown a wonderful power of second sight), and after a consultation with his brothers they decide to sit up the next night to watch for the apparition. This scene is strikingly given.

Presently Clarence exclaimed "There!" and on his face there was a whiteness and an expression which always recurs to me on reading those words of Eliphaz the Temanite, "Then a spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up." Even Griff was awe-struck as we cried, "Where? What?—Don't you see her? There! By the press—look!"

"I see a patch of moonlight on the wall," said Griff.

"Moonlight—her lamp. Edward, don't you see her?"

I could see nothing but a spot of light on the wall. Griff (plainly putting a force on himself) came back and gave him a good-natured shake. "Dreaming again, old Rell. Wake up and come to your senses!"

"I am as much in my senses as you are," said Clarence. "I see her as plainly as I see you."

Nor could any one doubt the reality of the awe in his voice and countenance, nor of the light, a kind of hazy veil, nor of the choking sobs. "What is she like?" I asked, holding his hand, for, though reflected by his dread, my fears were chiefly for the effect on him; but he was much calmer and less horror-stricken than on the previous night, though still he shuddered, as he answered in a low voice, as if loth to describe a lady in her presence. "A dark cloak with the hood fallen back, a kind of lace headdress loosely fastened, brown hair, thin white face, eyes—oh, poor thing!—staring with fright, dark—oh, how swollen the lids! all red below with crying—black dress with white about it—a widow kind of look—a glove on the arm with the lamp. Is she beckoning—looking at us? Oh, you poor thing, if I could tell what you mean!"

I felt the motion of his muscles in act to rise, and grasped him. Griff

* Chantry House. By Charlotte M. Young. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.