

## THE MAGAZINES

Frazer opens with an article entitled "Notes on Florence," which gives some interesting particulars of the alterations in, and additions to the new capital of Italy. A paper on "The Indian Civil Service" follows. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," contributes an article on "Living in Perspective." The other principal papers are "On the Education of Girls"—a plea for a higher intellectual training for women; a sketch of the late Mr. Arthur Hugh Clough, and observations "On the Welsh Triads," by the Rev. Dr. William Barnes. "Em's First and Last Lodger" is the title of the only story in the present number.

Temple Bar is more than usually interesting. Among the best papers are "Through Somerset," "A Ramble on Salisbury Plain," "From Vancouver's Island to the Mound Prairies," and Professor Anstead's account of "The Inactive Craters of Vesuvius." Mr. Yates contributes the second of his "Letters to Joseph," entitled "On the Wmg." "Lady Adelaide's Oath," by the author of "East Lyone," is becoming increasingly interesting; "A Tale of the War" is a canonical story by Charles Clarke.

London Societies to us bright and sparkling, as usual. "All Smoke" is full of amusing anecdotes, and should be read by lovers of the weed. Mark Lemon continues his interesting walks "Up and Down the London Streets." The comic side of "A London Police Court" is cleverly sketched by both author and artist. "Leeds and its Merchants" contains a good deal of valuable information respecting that ancient town and the founders of its manufacturing industry. There are also two or three pleasant stories, written in the lively vein for which this magazine is famous. Among the illustrations we notice an excellent likeness of Mr. Peabody.

In Good Words we have this month a great variety of articles. Among the most interesting are "Sensitive Plants," "Cadgers and Poachers," "Adeline Cooper," and "Two Years Experience of the Maories." The plot of Mrs. Oliphant's story, "Madonna Mary," is now pretty well developed, and the reader's sympathies cannot fail to be strongly enlisted on behalf of the innocent but suspected heroine.

Mr. Greenwood, "The Amateur Casual," appears in *The Englishwoman's Domestic*, in an article entitled "Through a Cholera Field." Madame de Genlis is the subject of a gossiping, but not very appreciative paper. Three or four serial tales are advanced a stage; and the usual articles on The Fashions, Music and The Drama complete the number. The sheets of Designs and coloured Fashion plates can leave its lady readers little to desire in this department.

The above Magazines are for sale at Messrs Dawson & Brothers.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 101.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MR. DUPLESSIS WINS THE GAME.

THE master of Belair had been sick almost unto death, but was now slowly recovering; and the hush of dread expectancy, which had brooded like an ominous cloud over the Hall and its inmates, so long as the life of Sir Philip was in danger, had already become as a shadow of the past; and the well-trained household had imperceptibly glided back into the easy noiseless groove which circled the dull round of everyday duties at Belair. Yes, the baronet was slowly recovering; he was "much—very much better," were the exact words which emanating, in the first instance, in the discreetest of whispers from the lips of Dr. Roach, spread rapidly from mouth to mouth as something that everybody was glad to hear; for the sick man was universally beloved. But Dr. Roach knew, and Sir Philip knew that this attack, conquered with difficulty, was merely the forerunner of other attacks still

more severe, before which the failing forces of life must ultimately succumb.

Gaston Spenceleigh had been summoned from Paris—an effeminately handsome young man, more at home in the drawing-room than the hunting field, and fonder of a billiard-cue than a horse—who, now that all immediate danger to his father was over, went mooning listlessly about the house, smoking interminable cigars, and thinking a good deal of some absent Effine, and voting the whole business which had called him from pleasant Paris a bore.

"You may be sure, dear, that it has been a very harassing time for your Marguerite," wrote Lady Spenceleigh to one of her confidential correspondents. "Poor dear Sir Philip has required constant attention night and day, and although not equal to the task of nursing him myself, I have felt it incumbent on me to be constantly on the spot, and to superintend personally every arrangement for his comfort. Gaston, dear fellow! is at home: very handsome, though it is I who say it; and with a style quite *comme il faut*." In writing thus, her Ladyship had considerably magnified her slight attentions to the sick man, which had merely consisted in three or four visits each day to the room where he lay; on which occasions she would take a momentary glance at him, and murmur to the attendants: "Poor dear Sir Philip! How distressing to see him thus!" and then turning to the head-nurse, she would add: "Be sure, Mrs. Smith, that you carry out the doctor's instructions minutely; and let me be apprised the moment you see a change either one way or the other; and so would glide softly back to her own apartments, where she would sit by the fire with a screen in her hand, for she was always careful of her complexion, and muse on what might come to pass in case Sir Philip should not recover. "With my savings and his father's, Gaston would be tolerably well off, and could afford to make a very decent figure in London society. He would go into parliament, of course, when he had sown his wild oats; and there is no reason why he should not marry into the peerage; and then— Well, well."

But Sir Philip Spenceleigh, although thus neglected in one instance, was not left entirely to the care of hirelings. The watchful eye and tender hand of Frederica were ever near him. She had a room fitted up for herself close to his own, that she might be always on the spot; and her loving face was the first that met his gaze when his feeble senses flickered back to a consciousness of earthly things. He blessed her as he lay thus, and called her his own, his darling. They were the first words he had spoken for many weary days and nights; and Frederica had to hurry out, that she might give way in solitude to the rush of happy tears that welled up from her heart.

Nearly five months had passed since Frederica gave that promise to her uncle that she would try to look upon Mr. Duplessis with more favourable eyes, and grant him an opportunity of pleading his cause in person. It was a promise that was repented of as soon as made; and, as we have already seen, the Canadian derived so slight an advantage from the permission accorded him, that he was fain to pass it by altogether as though it had never been given, and await the quiet processes of time, which, when assisted by his own skilful by-play, might work some change in his favour, rather than frighten his beautiful quarry by a bold rush, and so lose her at once and for ever. He had consented to play a patient game, in the full expectation of ultimately winning it: so accustomed had he been to winning such delicate hazards, sometimes almost without an effort, that, for a long time, no possibility of failure was suffered to cloud his mind; but at length it began to dawn dimly on him—and it was a thought that touched him to the quick with a sort of savage soreness—that he had been struggling all this time against a barrier of ice, before whose clear coldness all his petty wiles and stratagems, and little love-making arts, withered like exotics before the breath of winter. Admiration for his many brilliant qualities, Frederica might and did feel.

She was young, and had a considerable fund

of enthusiasm to draw upon; and she could not help liking this man who shone out so superior to the ordinary ruck of visitors at Belair. Then, again, he had a large claim on her gratitude, from the fact of having risked his own life to save that of her uncle: it was a deed that invested him in her eyes with a sort of heroic halo, through which many more faults than he allowed to be visible on the surface would have paled and grown dim. But, granting Duplessis all these points in his favour, and no one was more capable than he of making the most of them, the great indisputable fact still remained, that he found himself utterly unable to advance in her good graces beyond that coign of vantage to which he had so patiently worked his way, but which he had all along merely looked upon in the light of a stepping-stone to something higher. Let him venture but a step beyond it—and now and then he did so venture, treading delicately and with caution—and straightway the barrier of ice rose up before him, and he fell back to his old position, chilled and cowed, he hardly knew how or why, and with a bitter sense of humiliation and defeat working within him. Yes, five months had come and gone since that bright summer afternoon on which Sir Philip Spenceleigh told him of the promise which he had wrung from his niece, and the game seemed still as far from being won as ever. His patience was worn out at last; he was growing desperate, something must be done, and that immediately, for the demon of impetuosity was knocking loudly at his door. He would make one last bold effort, assisted by the baronet, to win his beautiful prize; and then—why, then, if he were unsuccessful, he would let her go, and trouble himself no further about the grapes he could not reach. There were other grapes, not bad fruit by any means, as such things go, within his reach for the plucking; would it not be wiser in him quietly to accept this other fruit, and make the best of it, rather than waste further precious time on what was so evidently unattainable? There was Lady Wintermere, for instance, just home from the German Spas, a widow well dowered, and still, at forty years of age, passably handsome, who looked with favorable eyes on the handsome Canadian, and was by no means indisposed to encourage his attentions. As the husband of her Ladyship, even though her jointure were tied up beyond his reach, and as the master of Oakthorpe Grange, he would at once take a certain position in society; and it would not be his fault if he did not so *ménager* that all rents and revenues should percolate through his own fingers, and leave some grains of precious dust by the way. In any case, for such as he, the lot was by no means an unenviable one. But to give up for ever his sweet Frederica!—not forgetting all that she was heiress to—there was the pang. He really loved Miss Spenceleigh, as much as it lay in his nature to love any one, other than himself; but he could not afford to waste more time in a fruitless love-chase. One last bold effort; and then, should he fail—Lady Wintermere and Oakthorpe Grange.

Late, one dull wintry afternoon, Sir Philip Spenceleigh sat propped up in bed, turning over with heedless fingers the leaves of a large-print copy of Massillon, bound in old calf, which lay on the coverlet before him. A shaded lamp stood on a small table close by his bed, and Crooke, his old and faithful body-servant, was moving noiselessly about the anteroom, within call. The old man's face was wan and pinched; but his eyes were brighter, and beamed with a fuller intelligence, Frederica thought, than she had seen in them for many months. At length the baronet spoke. "Crooke, go and inquire whether Mr. Duplessis is in the house. If he is, I should like to see him." Then when Crooke had gone, he went on, talking to himself: "No time to lose. I'll have it settled at once—at once. If she doesn't love him now, she will learn to do so after marriage. Girls like her don't know their own minds for a week together. No time to lose. It must be settled at once."

Mr. Duplessis was ushered into the room. After the usual greetings and inquiries were