

IN MEMORIAM.

BISHOP CONROY, APOSTOLICAL DELEGATE, DIED
AUG. 17th, 1878.

Say not that any death is premature,
For God hath chosen when men ours;
That is the best which He makes us endure
In youth or age He hath His hours.

Sometimes a little babe sleeps at the breast,
Strong youth, it knows not why, grows very
tired,
Mannhood, mild prosperous things, on signs for
rest,
And death's kind summons oft desired.

O man! why thinkest thou that years are life?
That life is long enough for one
Who bears a man's part in the bustling strife,
Then calmly sleeps—his duty done!

Not by our finite measure doth He mete
The real perfection of our days;
Of let the sun and moon and stars
Confront, that His strong arm may raise.

What is our life? A shadow—a short dream,
Whose joys are phantoms all;
Honors and fame and riches brilliant gleam
Until death's shadows o'er them fall.

I've seen the proudest of this earth lay down
The empty honors of his day;
Of let the sun and moon and stars
Beside that pallid mask of clay!

And if the years allotted him had been
Freighted with holy deeds, how high
Fair hope had gleamed in his closing years
When the dread summons came to die.

Ah! happy he who heeds the falling leaf
When Nature casts her vesture green;
Nor minds his last hour burdened down with
grief,
Through a despairing "might have been."

Not thine, good Conroy, that despairing cry;
Thy joy, in death, no tongue shall tell,
But his who bade thy noble spirit fly,
And said: "Thou didst thy duty well!"

No petty foe shall ever touch or stain
The glorious hall of thy name;
Wise Rome had tested thy great heart and brain,
To Rome we leave thy spotless fame!

Peace be to his ashes; peaceful let them rest
Where shamrocks carpet Erin's sod;
His soul now lives among the immortal blest,
In the sweet Presence of his God!

FR. GRAHAM.

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

There was a long pause, which made Nanette's heavy breathing very distinct. The sun was near its setting, a gorgeous glow from the west filled the poor little room, and a rosy flush fell on the dying woman's face. From the spot where she stood Dora could look down at Madame Bertrand's house, and see her own room through the window, which she had left open. That room was still haunted with fond dreams and sad regrets and struggles for self-subjection, and what did they all seem now when she looked at Nanette? Seventy-three years of care and poverty and bitter trials were written in that thin worn face before her, but the story would soon be told out by the hand of death, and what ace, what token would be left off then upon earth? Did it matter so much to be blest or wretched when this was the end?

Happy are they who can take such lessons, and who do not feel like the French King, that he must change the site of a palace, because the spires of Saint Denis, where his predecessors were buried, are in view. The haughty Louis Quatorze rebelled under that *memento mori*. Was it not enough to know that he must go down some day to those chill dark vaults, and sleep there with all the kings and queens of his race?—must a young sovereign, with La Vallieres and Montespan, and dreams of conquest to boot, be forever told that he was mortal, and must die? It was too hard, surely, and not to be endured, unless of some ascetic or careless monarch, one full of heaven or reckless of death—a Saint Louis or a Henri Quatre.

But not so felt Dora. Every deep, earnest, and religious impulse of her nature rose and was strong within her as she stood by this death-bed. She scorned her own dreams as she looked up at Mr. Templemore. She triumphed over them and trampled them with a ruthless foot. From that hour forth there was a change in her both strong and deep. Something she could not conquer because even self-subjection has its limits, but all that will can rule she mastered, and the power then acquired she let go no more.

Mr. Templemore, too, had his thoughts. "And this is the end of youth and beauty?" he could not help thinking. Dora, with her blooming face and her positive gray eyes, and that hair of brown and gold which a blue ribbon tied back in the graceful Greek fashion. "Ah! what folly, then, it is to forget the brevity of life, and the treacherous power of Time!"

And Mr. Templemore, too, was right; for surely Death reads the two lessons. Surely it teaches us masterdom over self, and preaches the wisdom of happiness. Blessed are they to whom the task of reconciling those two does not prove too hard!

Madame Bertrand now came in, and Mr. Templemore, saying, "I shall call in again," went away. "There goes an angel," emphatically said Madame Bertrand, taking a chair, and settling herself down by the bedside in the attitude of a professional nurse. "He sat with Nanette all last night." Doctor Richard would do anything for me," she continued, with a certain complacency, and taking as a personal compliment his kindness to the sick woman; "but it is wonderful how every one, save Monsieur Theodore, has always liked me. Nanette, who could endure no one, dotted on me."

"She was religious," said Dora, following her own train of thought—"I am sure she loved God. I remember how she once said to me that she lay awake at night, and saw the stars shining in the sky, she used to feel full of wonder and delight at the Almighty's greatness."

"Oh! yes," said Madame Bertrand, nodding; "she was so pious, and so cross," she added, in a breath. "She asked for the Cure at once, poor soul!" He wanted to send some one to sit up with her, but Nanette would be alone. Luckily she took a fancy to Doctor Richard, who stayed with her to oblige me. "And you staying with her now, Madame Bertrand?"

"Yes, my cousin will cook Madame's dinner," said Dora.

The words recalled Dora to the necessity of going home. "She was silent concerning Nanette's story," Mrs. Courtenay could never understand how people could be ill, and got

irritable when they ventured on dying. Besides, the now indulged in such bright anticipations, concerning their visit to Les Roches—everything, was to be so happy, and so delightful, and so charming, that Dora could not help smiling as she listened to her.

"My dear little mother," she thought, with a half sigh, "how happy I shall be to see you all, if I can but make you happy!"

Mrs. Courtenay went to bed early, and thus Dora could go and see Nanette again without saddening her mother's cheerful mood. Mrs. Luan, indeed, stared, and looked up from her patchwork as Dora left, but she put no question. Her niece often went and prayed of an evening in Notre Dame before it was closed for the night, and such, Mrs. Luan concluded, now was her errand.

But the Divine presence of Him who came to suffer with and for the afflicted is not confined to temples and tabernacles built by man's hand. Dora knew that when in the homes of the needy, in the lazar-house, in the prison, and that it is the weakness of our faith and the coldness of our hearts that will not let us seek Him there.

Madame Bertrand had lit a candle, but she had forgotten to snuff it, and its long weak and dull yellow light looked dismal in the narrow room.

"It is melancholy here, mademoiselle," said Madame Bertrand, as Dora came in; "poor Nanette cannot say a word. Then I do not like to think that she is going to die. Look at her bit of a body—does it not seem hard there should be no more room for her? But there is not. Some one else is being born just now, and Nanette must make way. I shall miss her. I used to like seeing her go by leaning on her stick, scolding the children. Now, poor soul, she cannot help herself."

No, she could not, indeed. Nanette had already entered that shadowy region where human will is weak, and Dora thought, as she looked at her, that she was travelling very fast indeed toward that deeper darkness in which it becomes powerless. Something in Dora's face told Madame Bertrand the nature of her thoughts.

She rose and looked at the sick woman, and shook her head.

"I believe it will soon be over, mademoiselle," she whispered beneath her breath. "Will you read the prayer to her?"

"What prayer?" asked Dora, rather startled.

"Well, it is not a prayer exactly. I mean the 'Go forth, thou Christian soul!' She wanted me to read it this morning, and I said she was not to think of these things; but to get well again. And still she wanted it, but you see I—I could not—and will you read it?"

She put a prayer-book in Dora's hands, and Dora, though very white and pale, said not nay. Yes, she would read to the dying and unconscious woman that solemn and pathetic adjuration which had been appointed for the dying Christian. Her brother had passed away to his rest—not unprepared she hoped—but without the tender and holy rites of the Church, without a sister's loving voice to call down Heaven's aid for the traveller on that last trying journey; but Nanette had been, and should be still more favored. She had been strengthened with the bread of life, and even though she heard it not, Dora could now bid her go forth to her eternal home in holy Sion. She would summon every choir of angels to receive her, she would bid holy saints and martyrs, and the greatest and the purest, welcome their poor mortal sister to the house of the one Father; she would ask for this little despised old woman such honor and such reverence as kings themselves never get upon earth.

She knelt, and opening the book she began reading, in a voice which, though tremulous and low at first, grew in power as she proceeded. Far away in the heart of the city, a French soldier's drum was calling in the men to the barracks. In the street below a workman was singing as he came home from work, and still Dora's clear voice went on holding forth heavenly promises, and bringing down the Divine presence to that humble sick-room. And so whilst poor Nanette's soul was passing away, all the sounds blended around her, as in the old mediæval chorals, where the tenor or the soprano sang of love, the boy-tones of wine and glory, and the bass uttered a solemn Latin hymn, and the three produced a strange simultaneous harmony.

All was over, and as Dora uttered the last prayer, and closed the book, a voice behind her said,

"Amen."

She was not startled—she had heard Mr. Templemore enter the room whilst she read, and was prepared for his appearance.

"So I came too late," he said, looking toward the bed; "well, I could have done nothing."

He spoke with the gravity which the presence of death commands, but also with the composure which habit gives to men of his profession. Dora looked sad and thoughtful, and Madame Bertrand was crying, not exactly through grief, poor soul, but because tears came easily to her. This was all; there was no one else to lament that a lone woman had gone to her rest, and as Madame Bertrand philosophically remarked, made way for some one who was being born.

Dora's presence was no longer needed. So she left, after Madame Bertrand had gone to fetch a neighbor, who agreed to sit up with her. Mr. Templemore took a candle and lit her down the dark staircase. He looked thoughtful and before they were half way down he stood still.

"Miss Courtenay," he said, impressively, "you know Nanette for some time; you kindly took her candles, as she told me. May I ask if she lamented to you, as to me, that she could not work?"

"Very often, Doctor Richard." The name came quite naturally.

"Strange, is it not? Nanette was no lady, you see. A born lady, a real lady dies if she must use or soil the hands that God gave her for ornament—not for use; but a plebeian like Nanette thinks herself wretched if she has to eat the bread of idleness and charity. Well, I knew a weaver who, in his way, was as great an oddity as our poor little friend up-stairs. That man's passion was to pay the old debts which a series of misfortunes and trouble had bequeathed to him. He stinted himself, his wife, and his child, for that. The end was almost won. The weakness of coming prosperity was creeping over him. His wife actually bought him a woollen jacket, and though he grumbled at the prodigal deed, he grumbled gently. The evenings were getting chill, and comfort is pleasant at fifty-three. This piece of extravagance was perpetrated on a Saturday in October. On that same day the man gave an old coat to the village tailor, in order that it might be made a new one of. 'I shall want it for All Saints,' he said. Glimmerings of pleasure were in that man's mind and followed him at his loom. Over that bright dawn came a sudden darkness—the darkness of death. On the Monday evening he was taken ill; on the Tuesday morning he was a corpse. Within that brief space he tasted the greatest bitterness which his heart could know. 'I shall die like a rogue!' he said to me again and again; 'I shall die without having paid my debts!' Miss Courtenay when I think of that man, with his nice honor, and of

the hundreds who cheat and swindle in the very jaws of death, I feel a sort of grief and pity stronger than I can tell. I grieve that some should be so pure, and others so foul; that of going all from the same Divine mint, some should be of metal so sterling, and others, alas! so base."

He spoke gravely and sadly, with one hand resting on the mantelpiece, and the other holding the old brass candlestick he had brought with him from Nanette's room. The pleasure he found in this imparting his passing thoughts to Dora, made him forget that he was detaining her on the old staircase. It was not the first time she had noticed how favorite a listener she was with him; how he liked to think aloud when she was by. That link of sympathy, one of the purest which can exist between two human beings, did certainly exist between them; perhaps because Dora had that quickness of intuition which makes a good listener. She now said, with a wistful look:

"But that weaver did not die broken-hearted, Mr. Templemore—you paid his debts."

"How do you know?" he asked, coloring slightly.

"I do not know—I only guess."

"Well, I did, Miss Courtenay," he resumed, lighting her down the staircase as he spoke; "with fourteen pounds sterling I relieved that man from a sense of disgrace, but he groaned heavily under the burden of the gift. The poor fellow longed with his whole soul to pay me; from that bitterness I could not save him, you see."

Dora did not answer. They had reached the foot of the staircase, and went out silently into the street—there they parted quietly. Dora found Mrs. Luan waiting up for her.

"Were you in the church all that time?" she asked.

"No; I was with a sick woman."

"Was Mr. Templemore there?"

"Yes, he was."

Mrs. Luan's face almost brightened; but Dora was too full of her own thoughts to see it. She was not sad, she was not unhappy; but it was long, very long indeed, before she could fall asleep that night.

CHAPTER XXI.

It would have been hard to guess, from Mr. Templemore's dark, genial face, as he welcomed his guests to Les Roches, that he and Dora had followed poor Nanette to her grave that morning. She, too, looked bright and gay, but when Mr. Templemore said, "Eva has been dying to see you—she has fallen in love with you, you know Miss Courtenay,"—when he thus spoke in his most familiar tone, and Mrs. Courtenay looked beaming and triumphant, and whispered, as she glanced around her, "The mistress of all this will be a happy woman," no voice within Dora said, "Maybe you will be she." The wife of Doctor Richard would have been the happier woman of the two, "I was all she thought." She would not think of Mr. Templemore save as her kind and courteous host; and indeed, friendly though was his manner, there was nothing in it to justify the belief that he had loved Dora to his home for the purpose of love-making. The attraction which kept Eva and Fido by Dora's side existed for Mr. Templemore too. He certainly liked to sit, to walk, to talk with his bright and genial young guest; yet no more than Eva and Fido could he be said to show symptoms of love, and Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan, who had at first put a meaning in everything, began to perceive this, and to feel disappointed. Their expectations, rose every morning, and fell every night. But Dora took each day's pleasure and happiness as it came, and in her careless pride looked for no more.

On the fourth day of their sojourn at Les Roches, Mr. Templemore took them all to visit a pretty Gothic Church, which was but a short distance from there by rail. The little house of God stood on a height above the village to which it belonged, in the centre of a narrow churchyard, and surrounded by trees, that gave it a lone and sylvan aspect. Miss Moore kept very close to Dora and her brother-in-law; but if she felt any uneasiness, nothing in Mr. Templemore's conversation or Gothic architecture and stained glass justified it. Dora saw her aunt watching them with evident eagerness and interest. Miss Moore, feeling perfectly secure, had left them for a few minutes, and she thought, with mingled scorn and amusement,

"Poor aunt! she little suspects it is all about that old window!"

Indeed, Dora would have been very blind if she had not discovered by this that the pleasure Mr. Templemore took in her society was chiefly an intellectual pleasure. She had both judgment and knowledge. She could understand and appreciate as well as listen, and Mr. Templemore was fond of talking, not for his own sake, not to say anything, but as one of the modes in which thought can best be called forth. Moreover, and whatever his feelings for her might be, he liked a listener none the worse for wearing Dora's bright youthful aspect. She seldom answered him, save in monosyllables, but she had an eloquent face, across which meaning passed with the suddenness of light, dark-gray eyes, deep and earnest, and a serious yet naive grace of look and attitude, when she listened, which gave her something of the irresistible charm of childhood. There were subtle distinctions, and though some of them escaped Dora, her perceptions were too fine not tell her much which those around her did not suspect.

But Mrs. Luan, whose feelings were neither keen nor delicate, saw matters very differently. She watched her niece and Mr. Templemore with the utmost eagerness, and her face darkened when Miss Moore suddenly joined them.

"Oh! Mr. Templemore," eagerly said this lady, as if to account for her abrupt approach, "do tell us the legend of this church—about the devil, you know."

"Oh! pray tell it!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, joining them—"I do so like legends about him!"

"Oh! this is the old story. The devil helped the architect to build this church on the usual terms, but instead of fulfilling his contract, the shabby architect applied to a holy monk, who released him, and sent the devil away discomfited."

Mrs. Courtenay looked disappointed.

"Poor fellow," she said a little plaintively, "how they do cheat him!"

"Yes, it is too bad," replied Mr. Templemore, gravely.

There was no more to be seen; they left the church, and Mrs. Luan seized the first opportunity she could find to join her niece. She took her arm, held her fast, and with some sudden force compelled her to stand still in the path whilst the others went on.

"Well?" she said, staring eagerly in her face.

"Well, aunt," composedly replied Dora. "You know my meaning?" excitedly resumed Mrs. Luan.

"Yes, aunt; and here is my answer; he will as soon make love to you as he ever will to me."

Mrs. Luan heard her in some consternation, and Dora availed herself of the feeling to disengage her arm from her aunt's hold, and join the rest of the party.

"We are to dine at the sign of the 'White

Horse,'" breathlessly said Eva, running up to Dora. "Papa is sure you will like dining at a French village inn."

"I shall like it of all things," gayly replied Dora.

The "White Horse" stood at the entrance of the village. It was such an inn as painters delight in; an old, low, straggling house, with heavy gable ends, beneath which lurked dark shadows. Its once red brick had been baked by time into a mellow brown tone; its small irregular windows had greenish diamond panes, that now gave back the sunset brightness; and its tall chimney-stacks sent forth wreaths of blue smoke, which drifted gently in the westerly wind.

Everything about this quiet house wore a peaceful and friendly aspect. It stood by the roadside, shadowed by two broad trees, facing the south, and looking strangely snug and homely. Hens cackled in front of the open door, through which you saw the fire burning brightly on the kitchen hearth; ducks swam in a shallow rippling pond, and an old gray donkey was tied to one of the trees, and vainly stretched his neck to reach a bundle of hay tantalizingly thrown on the green sward before him. A warm and rather stormy sunset glow came streaming from the west, lighting up the winding road with its level rays, giving Venetian splendor to the brick front of the inn, and turning into misty gold the deep purple of the undulating background of wide plain.

The landlady came out all smiles to meet her guests, and show them into a broad low room, with windows looking over the straggling village street, and across which vine leaves made a chequered screen. The cloth was laid, and a tureen full of rustic but delicious soup was standing on the table. Eva asked to be lifted up to peep at its brown contents, and Fido turned up his nose and sniffed with evident approbation.

"Oh! how charming!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, clasping her hands with rapture.

Dora, too, looked gay and merry. A hard future enough lay before her, and she knew it; but she was young and buoyant, and she could snatch its delight out of the present time, nor darken the bright to-day with the gloom of tomorrow. Mrs. Luan, however, was black as a thunder-cloud, and Miss Moore had something to do to look surprised and bored. It was just like Mr. Templemore to bring them back to the ways of that old poverty which they had both gone through, and of which she so disliked—hated would be too strong a word. Miss Moore hated nothing—the very remembrance. But spite these two, the dinner—a very good one—was a merry meal.

Mr. Templemore was as joyous as a schoolboy, and Dora as gay as a lark. Did she really feel in such high spirits, or did she want to convince her aunt that she was heart-free? There might be something in this, and yet it was impossible to look at her bright face, and hear her clear ringing laugh, and not believe in the sincerity of her mirth. A doubt on the subject never came near Mr. Templemore; and when dinner was over, and they all left the inn and walked slowly toward the station, Eva, as usual clinging to Dora's side, and Fido wagging slowly behind her, he purposely lingered by her to say—

"I wish, Miss Courtenay, you would let me consider myself a sort of relation of yours; I am your uncle's nephew by marriage, you know. I wish you would let my little Eva have kinship with you."

"With great pleasure," replied Dora, smiling; but her look unconsciously added, "why so?"

"Perhaps she might acquire with the title some of your happy gift of enjoyment," he said, answering the question; "you have it in a rare degree, even for the daughter of an Irishman and of a Frenchwoman."

Dora smiled again, but this time there was triumph and pride in the smile. Yes, she had so far prevailed over herself, she had so deeply buried every pining hope, every vain regret, that he could say this.

And thus Eva called her cousin Dora, to Miss Moore's amusement and Mrs. Courtenay's delight. But Mrs. Luan was not satisfied. This man was enjoying her brother's fortune, no explanation of Dora's could remove this impression from her narrow mind; he was rolling in wealth, whilst John, poor John who had written to her that morning that he was coming to see her—or Dora, perhaps, but he did not say so—was toiling in London. Should he then be allowed to go on trifling thus with her niece, leaving the great peril of a marriage between her and John still impending, like a sword of Damocles? Again and again the stubborn voice which often spoke within Mrs. Luan said "No."

To ask an agreeable girl to be adopted cousin to one's little daughter is a very remote step on the road to courtship. Sanguine though Mrs. Courtenay felt, she, too, thought so when she exchanged comments with Mrs. Luan on this incident. So a consultation was held by these ruling powers, and therein it was ordered that Mr. Templemore's backwardness—for Mrs. Courtenay had not the faintest doubt of his intentions—all lay to Miss Moore's account. How could Mr. Templemore speak when Miss Moore showed an affection for Dora's society, which rivalled Fido's? It might be politeness, but Mrs. Courtenay thought it downright planning.

Mrs. Luan was silent; she did not complain of the enemy, but she acted, and Miss Moore, who looked on this stupid, heavy woman with the most complacent contempt, fell into the first snare spread before her. Nothing was more easily done.

Miss Moore objected to raw starch, and had said so in Mrs. Luan's hearing; and so Dora's aunt, with a stolidity which defied penetration, declared, as they were all sitting in the garden one afternoon, admiring the last autumn flowers that she had just seen Marie, the French maid, throwing water on the starch instead of boiling it. Miss Moore heard, believed, and was gone. But unluckily little perverse Eva at once came and took the place her aunt had left vacant on the bench by Dora, and rested her head on the young girl's shoulder, evidently intending to remain thus. Starch boiled or unboiled would not lure Eva away, and Mrs. Luan was like Moliere's Marquis, her imprompts were all most leisurely concocted; so she stood looking on bewildered, till Mrs. Courtenay, fortunately, but most unconsciously—she was too thoughtless for a plot—came to her assistance.

"Eva, my dear," she said, "you have not shown me your flower-garden."

"This way," cried Eva, jumping down with great alacrity, and showing Mrs. Courtenay the way. Mrs. Luan followed; we need not say how strong an interest she took in Eva's garden, and thus Dora remained alone with Mr. Templemore. She rose at once. A nervous emotion always seized and mastered her when she was alone with Mr. Templemore.

They stood on the edge, and within the shade of the green world which enclosed the little chateau and its flowery garden. The red sunlight lit up the brown front of the building, and gay gorges of flowers to its walls, flights of peacocks, and turned into sheets of fire, the weather-cocks on the turrets were rods of gold. Every thing looked enchanting and splendid, and the thin, yellow leaves on a tree beyond the house quivered on a background of blue air as softly, and as tenderly as

if fanned by breezes of spring. Dora admired the beautiful picture, but she admired in silence; she now cared to praise nothing that belonged to Mr. Templemore.

"Miss Courtenay," he suddenly remarked, "would you like to live at Les Roches—I mean all the year round?"

He spoke earnestly, but quite frankly, his eyes meeting hers in all honesty of purpose. Dora felt her face burn, but she replied quietly:

"Les Roches must have winter as well as summer attractions."

Mr. Templemore did not seem satisfied.

"Would you like it," he urged; then, without giving her time to reply, he added, "Pray hear me before you say yes or no."

Was it possible? Had the moment come? Were her aunt's predictions, and her mother's wishes, and her own secret ill-contrived hopes and desires so soon to be fulfilled? She stood still, listening so intently that her breath seemed gone. But it faded with her as with the Arab maiden whose story she had once read. Whilst her pitcher was filling at the well, she was borne to a delightful island, thence removed to a dreary wilderness, imprisoned in an enchanted tower, and after undergoing every happy and sorrowful variety of adventure, brought back to the well before her pitcher was full.

"It is impossible to know you and not admire you, Miss Courtenay; impossible not to appreciate the extraordinary mixture of original talent and good sense—for one often excludes the other—which is in you. Do not therefore think me too selfish if I wish in some measure to appropriate gifts so rare. Will you undertake the charge of my little Eva's education?"

Whilst he spoke, Dora, like the Arab girl, went through every vicissitude. Hope soared on happy wings to empyreal heights, then sank down prostrate as a chained captive. Whilst he spoke, and the sound of his words fell on the air, a splendid vision faded into darkness, a palace of delight was laid low, and by the shock of the ruin, Dora felt how deep in her heart its foundation had been.

Mr. Templemore took her silence for that of consideration, and he respected it; but he looked at her anxiously.

There was not a particle of foolish sentimentality about Dora. She carried a clear positiveness in her feelings, though they were so warm and ardent. Romantic she was in her love of the strange and the wonderful; she had also a touch of poetry that lingered around her, and gave her the fresh fragrance of a wild flower; but sentimental she was not. Bitter and cruel though was the shock she had received, she rallied from it almost at once; and what was more, she indulged in no illusions. The man who wanted her to be his child's governess was not a lover, and never would be one. She turned to Mr. Templemore, and she answered with a smile:

"I am not qualified—I have never taught."

"And it is that which helps to make you so invaluable, Miss Courtenay."

"I cannot leave my mother," said Dora, gravely; "besides—"

"Excuse me," he interrupted, "I never contemplated that you and Mrs. Courtenay should part. To tell you the truth, I have had an apartment prepared for her, and another for you and Eva. I was not presumptuous as to feel sure of you, but the illusion, if it was one, was so pleasant that I could not, or rather that I would not, forbear indulging in it."

"You forget my aunt, Mrs. Luan."

"Is not Mrs. Luan going to England to join her son?" asked Mr. Templemore. "She told me so this morning."

But Mrs. Luan had told Dora nothing of the kind. She had, as with a presentiment that her ungracious presence might mar all, spoken to Mr. Templemore; but to her niece, to her sister-in-law, she had not so much as read a line of John's letter. Dora was taken by surprise, and her heart, too, felt heavy and sad. It was natural that when means failed, Mrs. Luan should go and join her son; but it was also a token that Dora's fortunes were very low indeed. No doubt Mr. Templemore thought so too. No doubt not caring to employ her any longer at the Musée, he had hit on these means to be useful to her. Dora's color deepened at the thought, and there was a sudden light in her eyes, as looking up, she said—

"No—it cannot be."

Mr. Templemore looked so disappointed that Dora could not think he had simply meant to oblige her.

"Dear Miss Courtenay," he urged, "do think over this, and consult with Mrs. Courtenay."

Dora assented, and half smiled at the thought of Mrs. Courtenay's indignant amazement when she should hear the news. And yet why be angry with him? It was no crime of his that they were poor, and that Dora must work to live. In making such a proposal he only assumed the privilege of friendship. If he had been her cousin, indeed, he could have done it, and neither her aunt nor her mother would have wondered.

"I will not be proud," thought Dora, taking herself to task at something which rose within her and made her heart swell. "I will remember his goodness to us all, and refuse or accept his offer from me as ungenerous motive!"

Eva now ran to meet them, exclaiming in great glee,

"Mrs. Luan says my garden is beautiful—beautiful!"

"Beautiful!" repeated Mrs. Luan, coming up.

She gave Dora a furtive glance; her niece looked flushed and pensive—Mrs. Luan liked these signs. Dora, indeed, was both grave and quiet during the rest of the evening, but she was scarcely aware of it herself, and she had retired to her room for the night, and sat by the window thinking over Mr. Templemore's proposal, when the sudden entrance of Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan made her look up in some surprise at this joint visit.

"My dear, we are come to know," said Mrs. Courtenay, sitting down. "We saw Mr. Templemore talking to you so very earnestly, and though we can guess what it was all about, still we want to know."

"Know what, mamma?"

"Did not Mr. Templemore propose to you?"

"He made a proposal; but—"

"My dear," almost screamed her mother, raising her shrill little voice, and clasping her