

"But come now," said John; "let us find out Sir Jacob."

He caught her hand and led her, his own face lit up by the most jovial of smiles, a contrast indeed to her shrinking down-cast air, out of the library and into the morning-room.

Here were Sir Jacob, Mrs. Sampson, and Reuben Gower. As the door opened and John advanced with all the pride of a bridegroom, Julian joined the party from the conservatory.

"Congratulate us, Sir Jacob; congratulate us, ma'am; congratulate us, dad. Rose has accepted me. Sir Jacob, we will sign that deed to-morrow."

"Ay—ay—ay?" asked Sir Jacob, with an air of great surprise. "My little girl has positively consented to marry my future partner, has she? Really now—really now. What are we to say, Reuben, to these young people?"

Reuben had sharper eyes than his son.

"If Miss Rose loves my boy," he replied, "then let them marry in God's name. If not——"

"Nonsense, father," interrupted John; "of course she loves me. She has loved me

for the last seven years—haven't you, Rose?—ever since she left us to come to this great house."

Reuben still looked at the girl, who made no sign, and whose eyes were downward cast.

Julian Carteret, at the door of the conservatory, listened, speechless. Was he dreaming? Was he awake? Did the girl only yesterday really tell him that she loved him?

"Rose!" he cried.

At his voice she raised her head.

"Oh! Julian."

Three of the four—her lover was not among them—who heard her cry his name, felt that it was the name of the man she loved, so pitiful, so helpless, so full of agony was the accent.

"Oh! Julian."

"What does it mean—this?" Julian asked.

She recovered herself, and took John's hand.

"I have promised to be the wife of John Gower. That is what it means, Julian Uncle, are you content?"

(to be concluded in the next number.)

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And eternity in an hour."—BLAKE.

CARELESS is Spring of its buds and its blossoms,
Careless the Summer of broadly-blown petals,
Autumn hangs carelessly all its rich clusters,
All its ripe harvests.

Freely the notes from the throat of the song-bird
Float in the air, and with careless profusion
All the long grass in the morning is jewell'd,
Gossamer-dew-strung.

Lavishly poured are the tints of the sunset,
No niggard hand stints the gold and the purple,
Sky cannot hold it, and earth is quite drunken
As from a wine press,

Lifting its hills and its pines through the amber,
Bathing its pines and its hills in the waters,
Where the broad streaks of the gold and the purple
Weave with the ripples,