

## TO THE SUN.

To the red centre of the rolling spheres,  
The mighty master of the gliding years,  
Who first gave vital heat and golden light  
To the dominions of eternal night.  
Dawn, many-tinted, sailing through the sky,  
Cloaks with her flaming front thy rolling eye.  
She veils with gold thy glory, round thy head  
Her thousand tints, her majesty she spread.  
Striding from deep to deep, from hill to mountain  
head.  
Eye of the universe, who, all alone,  
Sits wrapped in radiance on thy burning throne:  
Who views the present, pensive in the past,  
Who came the foremost and remains the last.  
Oh, golden globe! I view thee from afar:  
I long to tread thee, oh celestial star!  
What shadows revel on thy burning plains?  
Who made thy majesty? Who forged thy chains?  
The whole vast universe below thee spreads.  
Break loose and thunder to the fountain heads.  
Thou art supernal, and thou hast the right:  
Thou art the maker and the dower of light.  
How long, oh Phoebus, wilt thy soul pursue  
The path of centuries with heaven in view?  
Down the deep gulf of heaven wing thy way,  
And prove the power that the stars obey.  
Still in the path of yesterday, O Sun,  
Earth-bound and beautiful thy race is won.  
But when thy majesty has had its day,  
When coming ages shall have passed away,  
I, who salute thee, will despise my chains  
And leave my planet for thy burning plains:  
An impenetrable, penetrating sprite,  
Like any ether, beautiful as light.  
Able to split, divide, and join again,  
To rush through rock, the earth, the roaring main,  
As easily as through the empty halls,  
Where, wing the vital, silver-burning balls,  
I'll race thee round, I'll view thee o'er and o'er.  
Thy secret spirit and thy heart explore.  
Then I, magnificent with joy and youth,  
Kindly with wisdom and eternal truth,  
Will wave my wings and leave thee to the night.  
Who once ruled heaven as the Lord of Light,  
Thus for a little while you seem to shine.  
As more than mortal, as a thing divine,  
But I was promised when thy star was sped  
And will be living when thy light has fled.  
Port Perry, Ont. HENRY SAMP.

## THE TWO PASSIONS.

I.

It is the fable of a certain class of introspective philosophers to assert that the two passions, Love and Hate, are, at bottom, the same thing—that under proper conditions of soil and atmosphere the seed of Love will germinate and bear the dark blossoms of Hatred; which, in turn, fructify, fall to the ground, and spring up again as the beautiful flower of Love. Going still further, they say that all opposing forces in nature are only two manifestations of the same force from different points of view. I shall leave you to judge whether the case of Eugene Upham established or refuted this claim.

Certain it is that he loved Helen Palmer. It is equally certain that he detested—yes—hated her father. Why?

The first reason was much the same in both cases, because the one called forth and stimulated all the good in his nature, and the other forced him to combat his evil passions. In the second place, he looked upon it as an outrage to nature, that such a shrunk, shriveled, miserly, half specimen of humanity should dare to be the father of the beautiful and blooming girl to whom he had yielded up his heart. And in the third place, because he felt the greedy talons of the old man closing around his little patrimony, and his slanderous tongue staining the purity of his family name.

A year before, Eugene, then a young sprig of medicine, had never looked upon old Cyrus Palmer in any other light than as a possible father-in-law. But, upon his own father's death, everything had changed. He had had business complications with Mr. Palmer, and the old miser, taking advantage of his opponent's death, and Eugene's inexperience in business, had entered suit to recover certain property of which he claimed that the dead man had defrauded him. Worse, he had charged home a forgery upon the unresisting dead.

Eugene fought for the family honor with all the energy of youth. The case was carried from court to court. Lawyer's fees began to eat great holes in his small patrimony. Anxiety began to eat holes in his mind. For all the while he did not know but that he was fighting against his own heart. The fair Helen, who was the real bone of contention, had been hidden away by her father, nor could he get any knowledge of her whereabouts. Half in hope of effecting a compromise, but more with the idea of getting a clue to Helen's hiding-place, he was driven at last to conquer his pride and call upon his persecutor.

He found the old lawyer alone, half-buried in heaps of paper. Two chairs and a desk were the only furniture of the bare little office. Here musty files of documents festooned the wall, representing who knows how many lives undone to satisfy this man's greed. The dust of ages covered them. Spiders spun webs across them, and sat eyeing the old man, as if they would delight in sucking his blood, and yet welcomed him as one of their own kind. And he, to Eugene most repulsive of all, his lean cheek glistening with a silvery stubble of beard, with the wrinkles of his face making successive steps up to his ape-like mouth; his skinny fingers trembling over his papers, looked up and fixed a pair of glassy blue eyes upon his visitor as he entered.

"Well," he said, abruptly. "What d'ye want?" "I should like to talk over this matter with you, Mr. Palmer," said Eugene, conquering his distaste; "and see if we can't come to some understanding about it."

"Oh, you've come to beg off, have you?" snarled the old man. "Say what you've got to

say! But you'll save my time and your own, too, if you go to my lawyers. I can tell you that to begin with."

The young man flushed up hotly. "You have mistaken my intentions," he said, haughtily. "I came to talk to you fairly and openly, as between two men of honor. For you know well that there are facts in the case of which the law can have no cognizance. I have borne your persecution quietly so far, Mr. Palmer; but beware how you push me to the wall!"

The old man rose to his feet. "Do you come here," he cried, "into my own house to threaten me?"

"There, there; don't be foolish!" said Eugene, interposing, as he rushed towards the bell. "Sit down, and let us for once pretend that we are friends!"

Cyrus sat down hesitantly. "I have my eye upon you, young man," he said; "there's servants within call, remember that. Better not attempt any violence!"

Eugene laughed a hoarse laugh. "Set your mind at ease, Mr. Palmer," he said, scornfully. "I have no intention of periling my soul on your account."

The old man winced as if the stroke went home.

"What I came for is this," said Eugene, looking the old man squarely in the eyes. "I take it from general knowledge of your character that your only object in blackening my father's good name is the desire to make a little money. Am I wrong?"

The old man had recovered from his alarm, and sat shading his eyes with his hand, chuckling at the futility of the inquiry. "Go on," he said, "it does me good to listen to you."

"Very good, then," said Eugene, nettled. "My object in opposing you is to save my father's character. As my chief object seems to be a side issue with you, I don't see why we can't both attain our ends by a compromise."

The old man looked at him with some show of relenting in his eyes. "Young man," he said, "you have missed your vocation; you ought to have been a lawyer. What have you got to propose?"

Eugene turned this speech several times in his mind; but he was unable to tell whether this was irony or not.

"My proposition," he said, at length, "is this. If you will sign a recantation of the slanders you have set afloat about my father, I will withdraw my opposition to your suit."

"Yes, I dare say," growled the old man, "you'd like me to sign myself into jail. But, suppose I see fit to refuse your ingenious offer?"

"Then, sir," cried Eugene, rising, hot with anger, but he checked himself, and said, sorrowfully, "Mr. Palmer, you best understand your reasons for this pursuing me. But it becomes me to tell you that in striking me, you strike your daughter—yourself—to the heart. You see in me the accepted lover of your daughter. I demand to know where you have hidden her away! I ask of you her hand in marriage."

Never was a more audacious proposal of marriage made, nor one more ungraciously received. The old man grew livid with wrath.

"Get out of my house, you young puppy!" he cried. "I tell you, you shall not have my daughter; I'll hunt you from the place; I'll crush you first! You, the son of a common swindler and forger, who, if he were alive, I would put in the penitentiary—to aspire to—"

Eugene strode up to him. "Say that again," he said, briefly, "and I'll break every bone in your miserable old body!"

The old man sank down in his chair, pale and trembling. "No violence!" he whispered, holding up his shaking hands, "No—no—violence!"

Eugene stood over him for one brief moment, then restraining himself by a mighty effort, he laughed a thundering laugh and strode away.

It was not long before he had cause to regret that he had not taken summary vengeance on the old man.

The courts decided against him. The hounds of the law were set on, and Eugene found himself an outcast—almost a beggar.

One evening he sat alone in the old house for the last time, musing bitterly upon the fickleness of fortune. "So," he thought, "are we poor mortals hedged around. If we dare to love, we start a black train of hatred that attends, and our lives are desolated; while coward Love, for which we dared so much, runs to hide its head for fear it should be compromised."

His life was at its darkest point. The drama of Hate had come to a crisis, when a ring at the door-bell aroused him from his black reverie.

He went to the door. When he opened it, a female form, closely veiled, glided quickly past him into the parlor as if afraid to trust itself to parley on the threshold. He followed, mystified. His blood beating quick time in his veins.

She turned towards him, and threw up her veil, disclosing the features of his lost Helen. Her features were lit up with the joy of a great resolve. A little nervous laugh escaped her.

"Why don't you say something?" she cried. "Why don't you tell me whether I am friend or enemy?"

He roused himself from his stupor, and caught her in his arms.

"Neither," he said, solemnly; "but more than either. Is it not so?"

And then her fortitude gave way, and she sobbed out her grief upon his shoulder. "Oh, Eugene!" she said, "I never knew a word about it. Father sent me away. I have been watched night and day. I have been kept under lock and key. I laughed at their thinking they could chain love away from me. But last night, by merest chance, I saw an account of the trial in the paper. And then it all flashed over me what they were trying to do. I made up my mind to come to you; and I slipped away and came. Oh, Eugene! it seems so terrible that my own father should persecute you so. I wonder you don't hate me for it. Don't you really?"

He laughed in utter relief from the dark pictures that had been haunting him.

"Well, not consciously," he said. "Maybe it will come out after a while."

"I made up my mind that it was my duty to make up to you for my father's hatred. I wanted to come to you and tell you with my own lips that, though he might take everything else from you, he could never take me. I am yours by a right that is stronger than courts of law. She paused. "I was afraid you would think me unmaidenly," she added, and her voice trembled a little.

"Helen," he said, solemnly, "a light has come into my life to-night, by whose radiance the persecutions of any man vanish to insignificance. I have been wondering whether it is only a meteor flash that will leave my night all the darker when it disappears, or will it stay by me for ever and brighten up my whole life!"

She trembled and shrank closer to him.

"Will it shine upon me always?" he asked.

"Will it never leave me again?"

The answer came in a whisper.

"Never, Eugene."

They were married that night, and Eugene felt that he was revenged. He had lost all his worldly goods, but he had gained what was beyond price.

II.

Five years passed away. Eugene began to reap compensations for the evil. The old man's precautions had been so marked that it attracted public sympathy to him. Prosperity followed as surely as grain follows the ripening influences of the sun. For five years they lived in the same village without speaking to the old man; and Time, who bore them upwards to prosperity, pressed him down. He grew older, leaner, harder-hearted. Gradually the finger of public scorn veered round and pointed full upon him, and he began to realize that he had sold himself for a weight of gold that was pressing him down into the grave.

After their little girl was born, he began to make futile advances towards reconciliation. Once he stopped the nurse in the streets, and spent a half-hour admiring the little one.

The nurse came home breathless, and recounted her adventure with Hibernian impulsiveness.

"Shure'n he shtuck his ould nose inside the coach, and leered at the blissful child as if he would like to ate her. Then he put out his lane ould finger and began to chuck her under the chin. I shtpoke up till him then, I did that! Ses I: 'Ye may look at the child as much as ye loike, but ye'll kape yer hands off her, if yer plaze, fur a babby hain't made ov wood, nor yit ov iron, though ye might think it.' Thin he whips out a tin-dollar gold piece an' gives it to me, an' sez he: 'This is fur you,' sez he, 'ef ye'll fetch her round forniest me house now an' agin, and say naught till the missis about it.' But sure and it's not meself that's goin' to lose me place for the loikes ov him."

There was a look of longing in Helen's eyes when she told this to Eugene; but they agreed that it was best to order the nurse to avoid him altogether.

It was not long after that the old man choked down his pride and made a first visit to them.

He rang the bell and asked for his daughter; but she, holding her duty to her husband above everything, sent word that she was indisposed, and referred her father to him.

Eugene received him in his office. It was an awkward interview, reminding him forcibly of their meeting years before. But now the tables were turned. It was the old man who was agitated. Eugene motioned him to a chair, wondering vaguely what tone he would take towards him now.

"I saw your little girl out in the streets the other day," he began, with an effort at an off-hand manner, "and it reminded me that I hadn't seen much—that is, that maybe I'd better call around and inquire a little into your circumstances. Ahem!"

Eugene remarked "Yes," in a colorless tone. "Helen isn't well, I understand?" queried the old man, with a little of the old sharpness in his tone. "What seems to be the matter now? I expect you don't treat her right. She'd better have staid where she was well off." He meant to be conciliatory, but the ugliness would come out.

"Mr. Palmer," said Eugene, proudly, "if you insist upon knowing what is the matter with my wife, she is indisposed to meet the slanderer of her husband's father."

The old man winced visibly, and spread his hands in a deprecatory way. "Oh, come, come now, don't let us begin that way!" he entreated. "That's an old matter. We've had time to forget all about that—"

"Mr. Palmer—" began Eugene, but the old man interrupted him.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what I came for. You and I had some pretty hard rubs a few years ago, but I don't bear any grudge against you on that account—not a bit; and to prove it, I am willing to take your little girl and provide for her education, and remember her in my will just the same as if nothing had ever happened. And that ought to be a great thing for you. For though you may mean well enough by her, you know you're not able to bring her up the way my granddaughter ought to be brought up."

Eugene rose. What he would have said no one knows, for at that moment Helen entered the room.

The old man ran towards her with outstretched hands. "Oh, my little girl!" he cried, "did they try to keep you away from the old man? but they couldn't, no. Ah—"

She turned away from him and went to her husband.

"Helen," said Eugene, "you heard his proposition; answer him!"

"Helen," said the old man, pathetically, "don't you know your old father?"

She looked at him as if he were an entire stranger.

"I call no man father," she said, in a low, distinct tone, "who slanders the ancestor of my child, and does not repent. I would sooner she were dead than that the weight of his ill-gotten gold should be heaped upon her poor little head. Let the curse rest where it belongs!"

It was pitiable to see the old man quail and tremble, as her clear, decided tones undermined the foundations of his pride.

"What manner of man are you?" he cried to Eugene, "to turn a man's own flesh and blood against him. Is this your revenge? Well—"

He moved tottering towards the door.

"Father," cried Helen, "take back those vile slanders! Confess that they were untrue; and then—and then Eugene and myself will be glad to forget them."

He turned his face, sour and black as a fallen fiend, upon them.

"What!" he cried, "take that back! Confess that I lie! No, no, it would only sweeten his cup of revenge. Your father Helen," he stiffened up his old back in pride, "your father never lies." And he stalked proudly from the house.

Eugene watched him go down the street, with a strange softening of the heart towards the man who had injured him, yet whose schemes had recoiled even more forcibly upon his own head.

Helen, too, though she said nothing, began to droop and look sad. The force of her father's sins was weighing her down.

One day Eugene came home and found her in tears; and then, for the first time in her life, she began to upbraid him.

"Oh, Eugene!" she cried, "we are carrying it too far. It is cruel of you to keep me from my father!"

He stroked her hair tenderly. "What is the matter, Helen," he asked; "you know I have no wish to separate you."

"He is very ill," she said. "I have just heard—maybe he is dying; and with nobody to care for him." She broke down. "After all," she sobbed, "he is my own father."

Eugene felt the black hatred dying out of his heart, as he looked upon the sorrowing face of his wife.

"Yes," he said, "after all, there is a limit to all things, even hatred. Come! we will both go to him. Maybe we will be able to save him yet."

But they were too late. They found the old man in bed, literally dying. There was no one to attend him in his last moments but hired servants; and his gold brought him but hard fare now. A roseate flush from the dying sun fell through the westward window and gilded his sharp, emaciated face, now convulsed in the struggle with death, now relapsing into stupor. He roused himself a little at their approach; stared at them vacantly, without seeming to recognize them, then closed his eyes again.

Presently he began to mutter to himself.

"How heavy, heavy!" he groaned. "Mountains of gold! All the air turned into gold, heavy gold, heavy gold, and pressing me down, down, down into my grave! Take it off, somebody! take it off! It will weigh on my soul through all immortality." He started up from bed and then sank shuddering back again. "I couldn't help it," he said, feebly. "Old Upham? the old simpleton! who could help taking advantage?" he chuckled to himself!

"If it hadn't been for his son I wouldn't have done it, young jackanape!" He groaned and turned in bed. "He'll be waiting for me now. He'll have his wits sharpened now. Oh, yes!" He opened his eyes and stared at them, sprang the full width of the bed and lay shivering with terror. "Ghosts!" he cried. "His ghost! Why do you come to me? I didn't forge the deed! Who says I forged it? I'll deny it at the Judgment seat. Who says I did it? You lie. Ha ha, ha!" He broke into a wild shriek of laughter, and fell back upon the bed. "My little girl," he moaned, "I did it all for you—all for you. I wanted you to be rich—rich—and you said it was cursed. You left me. Yes—yes," his head drooped more and more, and his eyes closed. "Yes, you were r-r-right!" He sank into a stupor.

The golden sun had fallen behind the distant trees, and the shade of night—the shade of night and death—came in at the window to claim the erring soul. They dropped upon their knees, and in presence of the All Powerful God, Hate and Love lost their outlines and mingled in heavenly pity.