JOHN SMITH.

A heroic subject for the shrine of verse, So you may ery my neighbor, but a name, Is very like a shaky, workhouse hearse Ready to carry honor's self or shame.

'Tis many years ago I knew John Smilh,
"A man who never felt," the neighbors said,
To tell the truth he was not soft,—the pith
Of human kindness in ne' heart nor head.

in the same Each morning saw him at his heavy work—
John was a blacksmith—and when evening
fell,
You'd hear him sometimes cursing like a Turk,
Because his vassal Vulcans worked not well.

But there was one, at least, it so appears,
With great blue eyes and clouds of golden hair,
A little wee experience of four years,
As sweet a girl as nature ever bare,

And every night she filled the window frame, Quite like an angel in the ruddy glare, And while she watched, John Smith grew very And meek and mild, and all for baby there.

Sometimes he'd stop his work to stroke her head,
And spoke so gently, that the Vulcans stared,
"Durn his hard heart," the growling vassals
said,

"He makes the baby laugh, as if he cared!"

The little visitor was not his own,
And yet 'twas strange, he almost loved the
child; A queer attachment 'twixt' the two had grown, And ever to the babe John Smith grew mild.

John Smith had nuts and candy in some nook
Deep in the smithy's bowels, and each night
He and the vision silently partook—
The glant and the flower all red with light.

One night she was not there, and John knocked

off;
"I guess there's somethin' alls her," so he said.
Next day he heard she had an awful cough.
And then he heard his little friend was dead. X.

He bought a nosegay to adorn her bier,
And neighbors said "How hard John's heart
must be;
We'd like to ha' seen, at least, a single tear—
Her love was thrown away on sich as he." XI.

John had been very wicked, but the sun Which rose first time above the baby's grave Saw him at morning mass, and so begun A life all pure and good, all true and brave.

"What alls John Smith, I wonder?" neighbors asked,
So changed a man, who ever saw before?
He workstoo hard,—that's it,—he's overtasked!"
John Smith worked patient on but smiled—no more.

XIII He grew so tkin and pale that every dame
Brought her sure remedy to strengthen him.
And when they asked the cause, John Smith
With shame
Bowed down his head, his eyes with moisture

XIV. When Autumn's painted leaves began to fall.
One day John called his sturdy Vulcans righ,
Andsaid: "Boys, I'm not strong—not well at
all.
So I'll knock off and, boys—and, boys—goodbye!"

xv. Would you believe the sneaking variets cried, And swore a better master never breathed— "You're not the man you was since Blue Eyes died:"
"Hush!" spoke John Smith, while heart with-in him seethed.

Forth to the priest's white, modest kouse he strode,
Blg with some purpose that lit up his face;
And men who met him on the country road
Whispered, as John Smith passed: "He fails apace!"

XVII.

Kindly the white-haired father welcomed John,
Who stood awhile, and then, with trembling
tone—
"Father, d'ye think the blue-cycd little one
Found blacksmiths shops nigh to the great
white throne"

XVIII

The priest sneered not, but gently took John's hand. hand.
"My son," he said, "no simple joy felt here,
But finds its best perfection in that land
Where we, one day, shall find the lost and
dear."

XIX. Joy radiant grew in John's now happy face;
"Bury me, tather, close to dear blue eyes!"
Mid solemn shades, the minister of grace,
Prepares John's soul, and then he calmly dies. FR. GHAHAM.

[For the TRUE WITNESS.]

THE MAPLE LEAF.

[During the July procession at Kingston, a man in the ranks picked up a maple leaf." Throw down that leaf!" yelled the marshal that's not the color for to-day!"]

Slow straggled through the dusty streets,
Beneath the fiery, summer sun,
The yellow-clouted, cursing "beats,"
With fife and drum and hidden gun.
Within each heart the demon, Hate,
With midnight murder linked, arose,
And urged each tongue to cry hell's fate
On men of peace and murder's foes.

11. They passed beneath the maple trees.
Which seemed to shudder at the cries
That floated on the gentle breeze
And filled the air with blasphernies!
And yet the shade of green leaves fell
On each dark brow with kind relief,
Eclipsing 'neath their magic spall
The howling mob with cool reprief.

111.

Then one, who had forgotten there
The lesson culled from bloody fray,
That none, amid those ranks, nay dare
To be a man upon that day,—
Stooped down and took a maple leaf
And held it in his faithless hand.
Nor thought he grasped the emblem chief
And motto of a gallant land.

IV.
"Throw down that leaf!" the marshal cries, "Throw down that len!!" the mars:
"That's not the color for to-day!"
Then howls assault the pitying skies
And trumpets rear and fifers play.
A thousand surly looks are east
Upon the branded son of Cain.
Who, weakly ere the day was past.
The cause forgot, to be humane.

Aye, cast the maple leaf away.
Nor let its lovely form be seen
'Twas out of place on such a day,
For God had dressed the leaf in green,
But, millions guard the maple leaf,
And Gaul and Gael stand side by side;
Let foes beware!—they'll come to grief
Who dare insult a nation's pride!

VI. The maple leaf and shamrock, too,

Brave men upon their bosom bore;
Brave men upon their bosom bore;
Fair emblems of the leal and true,
Free from the stain of human gore.
They never doomed a brother's life,
Within some oath-sealed den of crime;
They never flashed the torch or knife,
Nor blackened Truth with serpent slime.

VII. More men have fallen since the day—
In Memory's annals ever rank—
To celebrate old Tredagh's fray,
Than died upon the Boyne's red bank.
More blood has flown from human veins
Than water through that fatal river;
Nor could its wave wash out the stains
Stamped on its bloody hand forever.

VIII.

The Maple Leaf with pride we'll wear,
And, with it, too, its Shamrock brother;
If fight we must, we'll fight, boys, fair,
The Gaul and Gael for one another.
No base assassins serve our cause,
We never shun the light of day;
But, for our God, our Church, our Laws,
We'll stand together in the fray.

Fr. Graham.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH Author of Nathalie, Adele, Queen Mab, de

40 100 CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED.

"I cannot see him—oh! I cannot, indeed I cannot!" said Dora who was still trembling from head to foot. It It would serve no good, and it would break my heart. I cannot see him? She spoke in such tones of sorrow that Mrs.

Courtenay was silenced.
"He must write," she said, looking at Mrs.

Luan—" he must write."

"Yes, yes, let him write," almost eagerly, said Dora; "tell him that, if you like. I can bear a letter, but not the other thing."

Unconscious of Mrs. Luan's treachery, Dora stole out as usual the next morning. Every morning she now entered Notre Dame at eight, and stayed there in a side chapel, sometimes for an hour, sometimes for more. She felt as if but for this she must have died. The relief of that hour's silence, solitude, and prayer, saved her from despair. She did not always pray. There were times when the storm within could not be allayed-when she left that solemn old church as desolate as she had entered it, a scorned, unloved, and disgraced woman. But other times there were when a divine balm sank on her soul and soothed her fever to rest.

As the waves of time had beaten in vain against the foundations of that aged pile, so it seemed to her that the brief troubles of life should be endured by the immortal spirit. What were her sufferings to eternity? Sometimes she looked at the representations of saints and martyrs on the painted glass above her, and fell into a languid reverie. Old sorrows, old trials, old triumphs were there, and painted of the dead by men who in their turn had become dead. Was it so hard to suffer and be heroic, to go through this brief life in a lofty, passionate, enduring spirit? And now there stole a dream over her-a dream dangerous in her present mood, a temptation that wore the face of an angel. Why should she not leave that world which she found so harsh, and enter some calm retreat of happiness and prayer! Were there not asylums provided for the wounded and the conquered, homes in which they could live and die, far from every unkind gaze? Ah! if her mother were but provided for, how she would seek the stronghold where Louise de la Misericorde forgot the sins and follies of Louise de la Valliere; how she would do like that other Louise, the daughter of the profligate French king, and put eternal barriers between her and a cruel world!

But it was not to be. As after sitting for an hour in the chapel, Dora left it by one of the side doors, and entered a little court, she started to see Mr. Templemore looking at her with a fixed and very sorrowful gaze. The blood flew to her heart, her head swam, and she remained motionless as he approached her. At first she thought that chance, not design, had led to the meeting; but when he said gravely-

"Miss Courtenay, why will you not see me?" She colored, and answered, with quick and

keen reproach; "Mr. Templemore, this is not right—it is not generous!" He looked pained, and almost angry. walked away two steps, then he came back.

"Let me call upon you this evening," he said, "and speak five minutes to you, and I

shall never trouble you again—never!"

She wanted to deny him, but the words faltered on her lips. She looked at him, and felt like one in a dream-all her firmness, all her will, seemed to leave her as their eyes met. She meant to say "No" and it was "Very well—as you please," that she uttered. He did not wait for her to retract, but at once turned away.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE three ladies sat in their quiet room, Mrs. Courtenay with her hands folded, Mrs. Luan with her patchwork on her lap, and Dora by the open window, doing nothing, and looking at the old church front, which rose dark and heavy in the gray light of evening. The hour was very calm; the city was quiet; a faint breeze from the riverstined the yellow wall-flowers midst the buttresses, and Dora's quick ear, quickened by the fever of expectation at her heart, caught the sound of a wellknown step coming up the silent street. She shrank back, for she knew it-how often had she sat thus by the open window, seeming to look at the evening sky, but in reality listening for his coming! She knew it, and raising her bent and flushed face, she said, as she turned toward her mother and her aunt:

"I saw Mr. Templemore this morning in Notre Dame. He is coming this evening. believe he wants to speak to me."

"I hear his voice below," eagerly said Mrs. Luan.

She rose as she spoke. Mrs. Courtenay looked bewildered. "Surely-" she began. Her sister-in-law

would not let her proceed. "Come along," she said, imperatively; "Mr. Templemore wants to speak to Dora alone." Dora attempted to remonstrate, and Mrs.

Courtenay to resist; but Mrs. Luan heeded neither. The battle was nearly won, and a conqueror's fierceness was upon her. She took her sister-in-law's hand, and half raised, half pushed her out of her chair. "I tell you he must see Dora alone," she angrily whispered, as Mrs. Courtenay rather

indignantly asked to know what she meant by such conduct. "Aunt!" said Dora, but her mother had suddenly joined the enemy, and Dora was alone in the room by the time Mr. Temple-

more opened the door and entered it. She had risen on hearing his step coming up the staircase, and she now stood before him silent and grave. The pale evening light from the open window fell on her face. He drew near her without speaking, then stood still. They both exchanged a long look of sorrowful scrutiny. Well they might. The same storm had passed over them both, and left its cruel traces upon either. How worn, how heart-struck looked these two! He took her passive hand, he looked in her face with the deepest sorrow.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I did

not see you rightly this morning. Is it possible that I am the cause of this? A proud, sad smile passed across Dora's face.

"You were the pretence-not the cause?" she said.

She threw her head back a little, as if she defied her hard fate, and much as if she repelled all pity, all sorrow it might draw forth from him. But a true and generous heart is not easily discouraged, Mr. Templemore looked at her very carnestly.

"You do not want me to bear my share of

repair the cruel wrong I have unconsciously

this temptation." She snatched her hand from feel so confident, so sure of the future." him; she gave him a look of sydden dread, and turned ashy pale.

"No, no!" she oried-" never! never! You have no wrong to repair, Mr. Temple-more prohil God forbid this should ever be 12

"Why so?" he asked, very calmly,

Dora could not answer him at once.

Will you not sit down, and allow me, at

"But Miss Courtenay, why will you not hear

me?-l ask for no more." like reproach. Dora felt ashamed of her Templemore sat down by her side and resumed:

"I believe you have understood me, but there shall be no doubt-no possible mistake. I wish, and allow me to add I hope, that you will be good enough to become my wife." A crimson flush, which died away in sudden

paleness, passed across Dora's face. She clasped her hands, and wrung them in a sort of anguish, for again the fear of yielding to this temptation came over her.

"But that cannot be," she replied. "I cannot marry you-never! never!" "Why so?" be asked, and he almost smiled.

"Because you want to marry me from honor, Mr. Templemore—because my reputa-tion is damaged, or lost—and because the world says, or will say, that it is so lost through you. But I am too proud a woman to take you-to take any man so."

She wanted to rise and end the matter, but he entreated her to hear him out.

"Only hear me out," he urged; and she sat down again, silently repining at her own weakness. "Dear Miss Courtenay," he said, in his most persuasive accents, "do not put it all upon my honor, and do not let your pride divide us. Why should not ours be a good, an honorable, and, allow me to add, a happy marriage?"

"Happy!" she interrupted—"how many days is it since you loved, and were to marty, Mrs. Logan?"

"Not many," he replied, slowly "no, indeed, not many; but what of that? I loved her—I had faith in her—what was her love for, her faith in me? She tarnished my honor -she did her best to ruin you. Can I ever forget or forgive either sin?"
There was severity in his look and in his

voice, but there was emotion too.

"He loves her," thought Dora with invol-untary jealousy; "he asks to marry him in that calm tone, and he denies loving her in that accent of regret. I should be mad to take him so."—" Mr. Templemore." she said, trying to speak very calmly, "this must not be. We must not rush on such a fate with more. our eyes open. For oh! how we should rue it!-how we should rue it!"

She clasped her hands; she spoke with a subdued passion in her voice—with a strange, sad light in her eyes, which he saw, but in her eyes that sent a thrill through him.

"Mr. Templemore," said she in the same what was it?

"Am I abhorrent to you?" he asked, after a while. "If, when we first met, before you knew of my engagement with Mrs. Logan, I had asked you to marry, me would you have rejected me thus, without even taking time to

think over it?" "Perhaps not," hastily replied Dora, blushing at the equivocation; "but Mr. Templemore, I cannot marry a man who loves another woman !—I cannot !—I will not! You cannot say that, if it were not to right me in the opinion of the world, you would ask me to become your wife-you cannot say it!" "I begin by denying the love you persist in

linger on the boughs—it is none the less doomed to perish. Thus has fared my affection for Mrs. Logan. The shock has been violent and cruel, like the lapping of a limb: and I will not deny that I felt it keenly-nay, more, I will confess it, the wound is not healed yet, and but for the sad trouble her cruel folly has caused, I should scarcely care to think of marriage now. But, Miss Courtebeen a free man, I should most probably have come to you long ago on the errand which brings me here this evening."

Dora could not help looking at him in so much perplexity, and doubt, and amazement, that he smiled.

"Do you wrong my taste and my judgment so much as to suppose I could not see and prize your many gifts?" he asked remonstratively; "believe me, dear Miss Courtenay, neither Doctor Richard nor Mr. Templemore was so blind or so indifferent as you imagine. How could he see you almost daily so long and not admire you?"

He spoke with a warmth, with a respectful tenderness, which stirred the depths of Dora's heart. With a sort of terror she felt her resolve giving way, and her denial was uttered and Dora's ten times over, rather than give away, he thought: "Yes, she will be a good with something like despair: "No—it cannot her up just then. Her very warning was mother to my child."

Mr. Templemore looked both troubled and perplexed.

"Then you condemn me to solitude," he said, "for how can I marry another woman and be happy with her whilst you suffer through me? Pride, Honor, Conscience, forbid it alike!" "I do not suffer," replied Dora, lifting up

her head with a proud, denying motion. "And you persist in your refusal?"

" I do." He rose, but not to leave her. He only walked up and down the room, and came back to her side after taking a few turns.

"Dear Miss Courtenay," he said, soothingly, and taking her hand as he spoke, "do not derstanding. It was all settled, however, struggle against Fate—this thing must be. and settled very quietly; the very marriage-You must be my wife, and I must be your husband. You are the only woman I can marry them that night. in honor, and I am the only man whom society will let you marry. Providence has or-dained that our friendship shall become the closest and the dearest tie : let us not strive against its decrees, but obey and bless them. Where there has been a true friendship, is it so hard to love? When society and inter-course have been so pleasant, is it so hard to endure them daily? Why should we not be happy, very happy together? Ah! surely far happier than apart! Do not bid me give you raded his being. He could not forget Dora happier than apart! Do not bid me give you raded his being. He could not forget Dora happier than apart! Do not bid me give you raded his being. He could not forget Dora happier than apart! Do not bid me give you raded his being. He could not forget Dora happier than apart! Do not bid me give you raded his being. He could not forget Dora happier than apart! Do not bid me give you raded his being. He could not forget Dora happier than apart! Do not bid me give you raded his being. He could not forget Dora happier than apart! is like the presentiment of a great good suddenly placed within my reach. Is not Eva's the nature of both feelings, and yet which strange and sudden love for you a token of our was neither, that brought her face thus ever desting? That you will be an dear to make a destiny? That you will be as dear to me as a wife can be to her husband's heart, I know as | with its look of tragic serrow and sad warning well as that I am sitting by your side, with that stirred his very heart; as plainly as in your dear hand in mine; and do not think me the room by the open window, when he held this calamity," he said, "and yet I came here presumptuous if I feel confident of winning her hand in his, as distinctly did he see her this morning to know if you will not let me your affection with time. Is it in your named her to specify the said, "and yet I came here presumptuous if I feel confident of winning her hand in his, as distinctly did he see her this morning to know if you will not let me your affection with time. Is it in your named her to specify the same here. ture, true woman as you are, not to end by loving the man whose name and existence you

the knowledge came wild tear of yielding to present I shall ask little or nothing, because I Dora heard him, and felt in a dream.

"Ah! but if that future should never come, she argued, rousing herself; "if we should be bound to each other for life, and feel that bond grow heavier daily! Can you imagine how frightful that would be, Mr. Templemore?"

"No," he replied, with manly frankness "for I cannot imagine myself remaining cold Will you not sit down; and allow me; at or indifferent toward a young, attractive, and least, to speak of this more fully?" he con- amiable wife! I do not think I should feel tinued, quietly.

"No, no," she replied, excitedly, "this must good: how then could I be, as you say, to one. never be—never! never!"

"But Miss Courtenay, why will you not hear full company? Dear Miss Courtenay, it would be most unnatural; and allow me to add that, He spoke very gently, but with something as with fine natures love wins love, I feel sure of securing your affection with time. Then vehemence; she sat down in silence, and Mr. do not wonder if I urge this matter upon you, Love, peace, and happiness are all, as it were. within my grasp-do not deny me!"

He spoke almost as if he loved her already -so tender, so persuasive was his tone. Could this great, this unattainable happiness have come within her reach? She felt dizzy; she did not know whether it was with fear or with joy; and scarcely knowing what she said, she replied:

"Yes, later-perhaps as you say-but later." "Dear Miss Courtenay," he urged, "it must

be now. We must get married at once-we cannot delay." "Now!" she repeated, suddenly sobered-

"now, Mr. Templemore?"
"Now, indeed!" he too repeated.
"Now!" she said again; "now, when honor, generosity, all urge you to it! And if you regret it later, Mr. Templemore-if you repent, what fate shall he ours?"

"But I cannot repent," he replied, a little indignantly. "You wrong me, Miss Courtenay, by indulging such a thought."

She was silent. He resumed, in a more

gentle tone: "Believe me, I know what I am doing. I am taking a good and attractive woman to be

my companion for life; why, what sort of a man should I be to repent an act which ought to give me the greatest happiness? Surely," he added, with an admiring smile, "you have learned before to-day that you have the power to win and to charm?" "Poor Dora! she could not resist the

language of this tender flattery. A deep warm

blush stole over her face, and for a moment made her strangely beautiful. Mr. Temple-more saw that he had prevailed, but he wanted her to say so.
"Tell me that you consent?" he asked. The words sent Dora back to that morning in Notre Dame, and her dream there, and all that had passed since then. She rose-it was

as if a storm had seized and now shook her frail being. "It is not too late yet," she said in a low distinct tone; "you are free still, Mr. Temple-

"I do not want to be free," he answered smiling, as he took her hand again.

She left it clasped in his. She stood within two paces of him, calm, pale, and with a light

low voice, " before you pledge yourself irrevocably, hear me and heed me. I am not so good or so perfect as you think. I am proud a very proud woman. I am easily offended, but do not easily forget or forgive a wrong. If I become your wife, I shall do so knowing that you do not marry me for love. That knowledge may make me unreasonable and exacting. I have never anticipated such an ordeal, and dare not answer for my wisdom or my patience. Oh! Mr. Templemore, sound your own heart and pause. If you are not sure that you will never repent-if you are not sure that I shall never read regret or plied, very gravely. "A tree takes years to grow, but let a storm uproot it, or man's hand lay it low, and it dies and withers in a few days. What though some green leaves linger on the boughs—it is nore the law. go with it. Better by far unmerited disgrace than such a lot—better present heart-ache than to be happy a few hours, and rue them forever-forever!"

What strange thuoghts will come when no one bids them! Mr. Templemore heard the rescue, and how grateful the fairy felt, and Dora out, and as he looked at her pale tace, lit how she showed her gratitude by heaping al up with a passionate emotion, and held her sorts of troubles on the poor princess, till, hand, he thought, "I did not know this was in having tried her to the utmost, she called in her! To think of that pleasant, good-tem- the prince, who was only hiding all the time. nay, you will believe me when I tell you that pered looking girl being finer than any tragic I have always admired you, and that if I had queen! Rachel herself never looked more like a being all spirit and flame than this Dora Courtenay; she never uttered a 'forever!forever! so mournful and so boding. Yes, I can believe it—there is danger in her."

But we all love danger, and Mr. Templemore liked Dora none the worse for recognizing in her that element of peril. Besides, he had no doubt-no fear.

"I dread nothing, he replied, with a secure smile-" nothing of that kind, at least. I shall doubt himself. He did not know that he was in love, but there are many feelings besides love which rule a man's heart, and Mr. Templemore would have risked his own happiness sweet as an allurement, her forebodings had the charm of a fond defiance. There is no knowing how he might have felt if he had susshe had guarded her secret well, and he knew aftractive, and hard to win, and, manlike, he

liked her all the better for it; and thus their iate was decided. ask the former lady for her daughter's hand, beauty which escapes analysis, and charms but Mr. Templemore went through it. Mrs. most Yet I may do myself justice. I did Courtenay burst into tears, and Mrs. Luan not think of that when I went to ask her to ooked as stolid as if Mr. Templemore's words had fallen on her ear and not reached her unday was fixed when Mr. Templemore left

CHAPTER XXXIV. MR. TEMPLEMORE went home on foot. He yent home along a gray moonlit road, with here and there a patch of trees, throwing their black mass of shadow across his path, or a slope of ground rising against a starry sky. He felt like one in a dream, and the balmy evening air added to the langour which per-vaded his being. He could not forget Dora miration; it was something which partook of before him. He saw it on that lonely road

And it was not love that summoned her to his side. Alas! no, it was something very She looked at him in doubt. He raised her share? I promise you to be patient at first, different from that pure and tender feeling. hand, which he still held, and pressed it to his line. The bleed support to his line. brain swam; she knew its meaning, and with preceded this brief and sad wooing. For the might conceal itself under the cloak of duty. perhaps this knowledge had made duty easy, said the soonest mended."

His love for Mrs. Logan had been misplaced, but it had been a true, calm and tender affection, the affection which a wise woman wishes to inspire. Very different from this was the new feeling it was Dora's fate to waken in Mr. Templemore's heart. She deserved, indeed, the love Mrs. Logan had won and lost; but women successively after the same fashion; ment, and appealed to that faculty of imagination which a pretty childish oreature like road, and he wondered at the calmness with riage. He wondered and questioned, and the answer had not come when he reached Les

It was early yet, and little Fva rushed out to meet him. He took her in his arms and joy at such unexpected good fortune to her kissed her, and the purest emotion connected own room, and there she sat and tried to with his new feelings came to him as he think. Ah! how happy she would have been thought:

"Yes, she will be a good and tender mother to my child."

They went in together, and as soon as they entered the school-room Eva got upon her father's knee, and laid her head on his shoul-

der. "Aunt says Cousin Dora will never come back," she began, in her most doleful voice. Mr. Templemore smiled. He already saw bright young mistress at Les Roches, and he could imagine Miss Moore's amazement and

consternation.
"But Cousin Dora will come back," he said, in answer to Eva. "I saw her this evening, and she promised to return." "To-morrow?" cried Eva, clapping her

hands in great glee. "No, not to-morrow." Eva looked blank. The good deferred is not a good for childhood. Besides, Mr. Tem- when tears came and relieved her-when she plemore, when questioned more closely, could

not even say that Cousin Dora would come after to-morrow. It was plain he knew nothing about it. Moreover, he was unusually silent this evening. Eva saw it, and pouted Then she grew petulant and exacting, and begged for a fairy-tale. Mr. Templemore smiled, and rousing himself from his reverie he said: "A fairy-tale! Why, Eva, the world is full

of fairy-tales. I saw one the other day-for too, could imagine such a life as fancy had you know that in fairy-tales there is no such thing as time-with the fairy and the prin-

"And the prince?" suggested Eva. "Well, yes, a sort of prince there was too.

"And what was the fairy like?"

4 Little, wrinkled, old, and very cross! She had just broken her eggs and spilt her milk. and even fairies will be put out by such disasters; so the princess came to her assistance, and gave her more mick and eggs."

"No," contradicted Eva, "it is the fairy who gives the milk and eggs, not the princess, vou know!"

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. Templemore.

"Quite sure," triumphantly replied Eva, it is the fairy who gives the milk and eggs, and they turn into gold and diamonds, you know!" "Well, they may yet turn into gold and

diamonds," answered Mr. Templemore, smiling, "so far you are right, Eva." "And what 'is she like-the princess, I mean?" asked Eva, curiously.

"A sunbeam, if you like it-or your Cousin Dora!" "Is she as beautiful as Cousin Dora?"

"Oh! quite!"

"And the prince?" "Ah! the prince, to be sure. Well, there is not much to be said about him, save that

looking disappointed.

"My dear, you spoiled it. I would have shown you how distressed the poor old fairy was, and how the beautiful princess came to how she showed her gratitude by heaping al to please you," and, bidding him deliver the princess, and make her happy, she vanished in a cloud of

smoke." "And did he deliver her?" asked Eva, in-

terested. "I believe so-I hope so! I hope, too, he made a princess so good and so amiable as happy as she deserved to be; but I am not sure of it, you see-not having yet read that

part of the story." Eva looked very grave and thoughtful; she seemed to be meditating over the mysterious never feel regret or weariness, never—never." ending, but in reality she was sleepy. Ere
How could she doubt him? He did not long her cyclids fluttered, then closed, hor ending, but in reality she was sleepy. Ere head sank heavily on her father's shoulder, yielding to a keen temptation. He was not and a gentle little snore annnounced her departure for a fairy-land much visited by young ladies of her years. Mr. Templemore rang for Fanny, and as the girl took the child

Alas! if he had questioned his heart very closely, Mr. Templemore would have known that he did not care much for Dora's goodness pected that this proud girl loved him; but just then. She was already to him as one of those fair-haired sirens who allured Greck it not. He only knew that she was young and | mariners in the blue seas, and whom they followed, not caring whither, so sweet was it to go to perdition in their track. "What ailed me, that I never saw it before to-night?" It was a mere formality, when Mrs. Courte- he thought. "The very child saw it, and I ray and Mrs. Luan at length came forth, to did not. She is beautiful—of that subtle become my wite." Yes, however unwise might be this passage

in the drama of Richard Templemore's life, there was, at least, this saving clause to it and which in his darkest hours he remembered with just and manly pride. Duty. honor, and faithlessness of heart, or the folly of a strong desire, had first taken him to Dorn Gnere he had spent some happy hours with her and Eva. Every object he saw reminded him of long hours, which had seemed brief, they were so delightful. How he remembered those pleasant evenings during which Eva dressed and undressed Minna, whilst he sat talking, arguing, and discoursing with Eva's governess! What a bright, clear mind she had, and what a listener she made! Plans which he never could have formed had the childish Floronce been his wife, now thronged to his mind. Mr. Templemore was too much devoted to study to require a companion to help him in his wooing of this austere mistress. But still it would enhance her charms to have such a fellow-student as Dora. Ay, truly it was something to go down the stream of life with this bright fellow-traveller, and feel as they went that they were strangers in nothing. No fatal bar, no cruel division of intellect, or faith, or temper, or belief, need come between these two. Mr. Templemore knew Dora too well not to know this also, and

and free from all sacrifice. He did not ask himself how he would have acted if Dora had not been what she was, and we will not say it for him. What was right because he felt that this girl could truly become flesh of his flesh and heart of his heart, might have been wrong if it had not been in his power to admit her to parhaps Mr. Templemore could not like two such a communion in his being. But no such women successively after the same fashion; obstacle existed between them. All his perhaps, too, that Dora's stronger nature visions showed him a fair young wife, with wakened in him the restless and stormy ele-bright hair, and soft, shy eyes, whom he could chain to his side without tyranny; for whatever his pursuits might be, he could share Florence had left dormant. He questioned and like them, and yet not like them merely himself as be walked home along the lonely, for his sake, or to please him. Little wonder, then, that he let such visions come, and gave which he could think of his late love, and at them welcome, on that lonely evening, after the strange yearning which came over him leaving Dora, knowing that he should see her when he contemplated his approaching marout she would have become his wife.

Dora, too, had her dreams, but oh! how different they were from Mr. Templemore's! She soon escaped from her mother's hysterical if she could have looked at the future with his eyes! But do what she would, a dark and heavy cloud ever came and veiled from her the glorious radiance of her lot. To be Mr. Templemore's wife, honored, blessed, redeemed from disgrace—pang so keen to a proud heart-to be his cherished and chosen companion, his friend, the mother of his child, the partaker of his cares, his sorrows, and his joys-ay, truly that was deep happiness, and happiness both deep and pure. But, oh! to be his wife, and to see him suffer and repent, to feel herself a burden and a clog upon him, to be not disliked, but endured, and to see it, and have to bear it-that was the cloud, and it appalled Dora's heart like the last great final darkness.

"Oh! better anything than that!—better anything!" she moaned. "I shall tell him to-morrow that I cannot—no, I cannot!" But remembered how earnest, how tender had been his assurance of affection, faith returned. and with faith the fond human yearning for this possible happiness. For she, too, knew there was a strange affinity between them. They had the same tastes, the same likings, the same hopes and desires. They only differed where it was pleasant to do so, and for this no doubt the society of the one had always been so agreeable to the other. Dors, shown to Mr. Templemore. "We shall read and study together," she thought, "and I will be his amanuensis, and help him, and he will teach me. Ah! if he can only forget Mrs. Logan, we shall be happy—happy to the heart's core." But the fatal "if" brought the cloud again; the bright life of love and intellectual delights vanished in dismal obscurity. and a faintness, like that of death, came over Dora's whole being. She did not hear her room-door open, but she saw the sudden flash of a light, for she was sitting in darkness, and turning round with a startled exclamation, she beheld her aunt. Mrs. Luan put down the light she held, and closing the door. came up to Dora. There was a strange, exulting glitter in her eyes, and a triumphant smile on her lips as she said, "Well, Dora, 1 told you so-you will be Mrs. Templemore. "Yes, aunt, you told me so," replied Dora;

but she sighed drearily.

"You will be a rich woman," said Mrs.
Luan. "Mr. Templemore is a rich man." Dora did not reply; she was not indifferent to wealth, but Mr. Templemore's moved her

not. "He will be a generous husband," resumed Mrs. Luan. "He will give you plenty of

things." Dora began to feel surprised, not at the sordid tone of her aunt's ramarks, but at the fluency with which they were uttered. Mrs. Luan spoke with a sharp distinctness so unusual in her, that Dora, after a moment's reflection, ascribed it to the excitement of joy which her countenance expressed

plainly. "And you will not forget to say a good word for John Luan," resumed Mrs. Luan "he is your cousin, and deserving-and what is there Mr. Templemore cannot do for him if he chooses? Besides, he will do anything

"Are you so sure of that, aunt?" asked Dora with involuntary bitterness. "He does not marry me for love, you know!"

Mrs. Luan shook her head, and muttered something which Dora could not understand. "No, he does not marry you for love," she resumed, looking very hard at Dora; "but I saw him looking at you this evening, If he had not found out before you were worth that little babyish thing ten times over, he found it to-night."

Dora looked incredulous, and somewhat impatient.

"I tell you he did!" almost impetuously said her aunt-"I tell you that man will dote on you, if you know how to manage. I told you he would marry you, and he is going to do so. I tell you he will dote on you—and you will see it." Her vehemence almost frightened Dora.

"Aunt, aunt!" she said, soothingly. But Mrs. Luan stamped her foot angrily.

"You will spoil all if you mope," she said:

" he liked you for your bright face—and you must be bright as the sun. He liked you because you laughed and sang, and read and played, and drew—then do it all again. What need you fret? You wanted him, and you have him. If you cry, you will remind him of Florence Gale. Do not give him time to think; make him so happy that he will-

that he must forget." "Make him forget her!" cried Dora, with involuntary passion and jealousy. "Oh! that I could!—that I could!" Mrs. Luan looked at her with something

like contempt. "You can if you will," she said at length... "Oh! aunt, how?-how?"

And Dora looked at her aunt as she had never looked before. "I have never been handsome," replied Mrs. Luan, "and I am not clever or bright like you—at least, people say so; but when I had a husband I never let him think of an-

other woman," ratuer astonished. Mrs. Luan nodded knowingly. "You will find it out-you will find it out,"

she repeated. "No-never," replied Dora with some emotion. "He may like me if he please; and if he does not he may leave me." "Idiot!" angrily said Mrs. Luan-" idiot!"

Why do you marry him then? I tell you it. is your right and your duty to fascinate your husband, and make him forget that woman." Mrs. Luan spoke the truth, and Dora's conscience told her so. Yes, it was her right and her duty to win and keep her husband' heart. "I believe you are right, aunt," she replied

after a while; "and I shall do my best-but I may fail." (To be continued)

"It is a shame, John, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" etclaimed a wife the other day. "Don't say a vord about it, my dear," rejoined the husband—"the least