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A NEW LOVE A TRUE LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

"If there were any other way, anything else to be done."

"O, Juliet, don't leave it to me to decide, and don't look at me in that awful way. Don't; I cannot bear it."

The speaker broke off into passionate appeal, uttering the last word with a ring almost of agony in her voice. It was a shabby old room in which the two were, in a shabby old house which must have once had considerable pretensions to gentility, though now exhibiting on every side the tokens of decay and neglect. Everything within and without spoke of poverty, and poverty, just now at all events, to all appearances, uncheered by that hopeful spirit which strives to make the best of things, and puts a bright face on even its saddest surroundings. The fences around the premises were broken down in many places, the shrubberies overgrown and straggling, the lawn rank and unshorn, and the flower-plots, which ought to have been brilliant with autumn flowers, a tangled mass of weeds, with only a stunted aster or a late gilly-flower showing here and there amongst them in the bright September sunshine. The two occupants of the room were women; one past the middle-age of life, the other little more than a girl. This latter, to whom the words of the first speaker were addressed, rose from the seat she had occupied and began to pace the room. She did not answer for a moment, but when she did her voice was calm and steady, con-

trasting forcibly with the agitated tones of her companion.

"Mamma," she said, "I want you to tell father that I have quite decided. He may tell Mr. Thurston when he comes to-night."

"O, Juliet," the other cried, hysterically, "How can we thank you. You've saved us all from disgrace."

She sprang from her seat, and was throwing her arms about the waist of her companion, but Juliet shrunk from her embrace. It was no wonder that the girl felt bitterly.

"Don't thank me, mother," she said; and her voice, lately so steady, had a bitter quaver in it. "Don't please; I cannot bear it just now."

She was setting the seal to what she believed to be her life-long misery; she was deliberately sacrificing all that lately had made life, even life in the dull, poverty-blighted atmosphere of her home, bright and hopeful and endurable. She was putting from her the enchantments of her youth; the youth of heart, which, when life has love to crown it, may, and ought to be, perpetual. Already she was thinking of herself as old and careworn, with the heavy sorrow of her heart prematurely silvering her hair and making lines and shadows on her face. She turned away quickly with the last words and left the room. Mrs. Amhurst's eyes followed her; and a sigh escaped her lips. There was a struggle in her heart, selfish and worldly as she was; a struggle between maternal love on the one hand, and mater-