

MILNAR'S

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FAR! SO FAR!

BY HBA.

My love was sad and said—'o' on yet
I hear his voice—'You'll not forget.
Half-love I do not take or give.
And, sweet! I'll love you while I live!
And not a word my lips would say,
And then he said away—away—
Far! so far! so far!

The thousand buds of blushing spring,
The flow'rs that summer dews bring,
The autumn leaves that crimson glow,
The winter's wind and clinging snow
All came and went, and went and came,
Yet never once I heard his name.
Far! so far! so far!

At last one day, in wind and rain,
I saw his ship come home again;
And then I heard how never more
My love would meet me on the shore,
How never could he hear or know
That all the time I loved him so!
Far! so far! so far!

THE LOST RING.

BY FRANKS PAGE.

"And you are really going, Faith?"
"Yes, Lucy, I am going," and the speaker
bent lower over her needlework to hide the fall-
ing tears from her companion.

She was a pretty and rather fragile looking
girl of nineteen; but, young as she was, she was
already learning the stern lesson of battling with
the world.
Her parents were in reduced cir-
cumstances, finding it often a serious question
how to provide for their six children; so Faith,
who had been well educated, and was the oldest,
had insisted upon answering an advertisement
for a governess, and on accepting the situation
which it offered.

"Do you know anything of the family?" said
Lucy Beaumont, who had called to pay her a
farewell visit.

"Nothing beyond what Mrs. Riverton tells me
in her letter, and the reports I have heard.
There are three little girls, who will be my pu-
pils; and she has also a daughter, who is about
my age. She writes kindly, and I hope I shall
succeed."

"I hope so, too, dear Faith," replied her
friend; "but it is sometimes no easy matter to
please the whims of these rich people. You
start to-morrow?"

"Yes, in the morning. I suppose I shall not
see you again; but try and write sometimes."
Then the visitors went away; and Faith stood
off to her mother's room to enjoy, for the last
time, the dear familiar intercourse. So, seated
on a low foot-stool at her mother's feet, her
head upon her knee, she listened to the words
of love and trust that fell from those quivering
lips, until the sunlight faded in the west, and
the radiance of peace filled her soul.

On the morrow she was gone. Gone, amid
tears, and kisses, and parting blessings, such as
those only give who part for the first time. But
brave little Faith kept up her courage to the
last, hiding her anguish, lest she should aug-
ment theirs; and it was not till the last glimpse
of those dear faces had faded from her view that
she gave way to grief. But hopes and plans for
the future soon obscured the present cloud, and
she grew more cheerful.

The day was lovely. Soft, fleecy clouds floated
in the azure depths of the sky; the grass was
green as emerald; the scenery through which
the railway omnibus pursued its way was beau-
tiful, and could not have failed to arouse a mind
not given over to hopeless sorrow. But Faith
was young and buoyant; to her, life, though not
a path of roses, was still full of promise; and
ere many miles had been passed, the bloom
had come back to her cheek and the sparkle to
her eye.

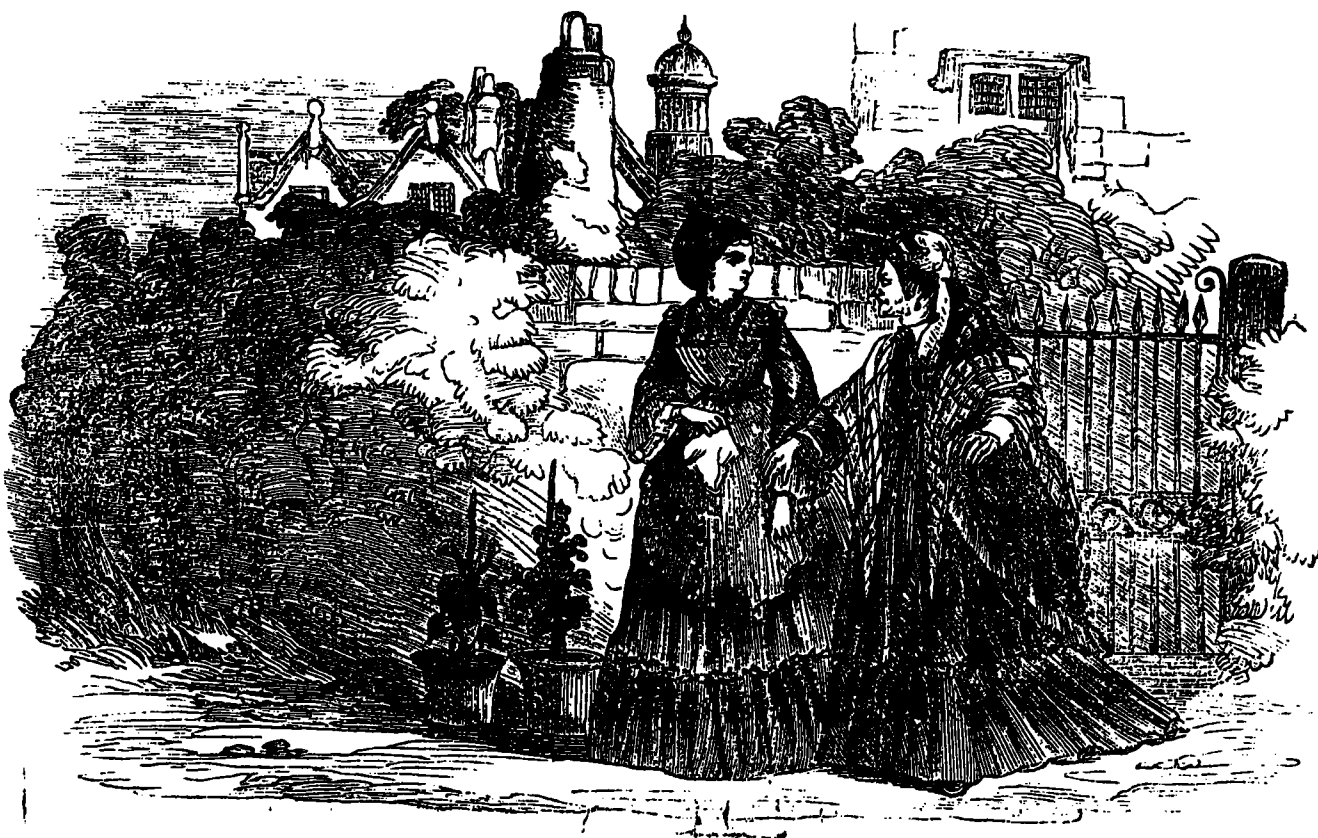
The journey was not without adventure. They
were approaching the railroad station, and were
descending a steep hill, when the horses took
fright and dashed violently forward. The driver
seemed paralyzed with fear; and they might all
have been killed, had it not been for one of the
passengers, who took the reins with a powerful
hand, and succeeded in checking the horses, not
an instant too soon, for they were almost on the
line, and the train was just coming in.

During all this time Faith showed the wonderful
presence of mind, she quieted the agitated
women, whose cries of terror only urged the
maddened animals to greater speed, and soothed
the sobbing children. As they descended from
the omnibus, the young stranger who had been
the means of their preservation addressed her:
"You are a brave girl," he said, "braver than
any I have seen. If we could carry the same
courage through life it would be well. I wonder
what sustained you?"

"She coloured, and half leaned forward to re-
ply; but her words were lost in the rush of the
train, as it bore her away from his gaze. As he
turned to go in another direction, something
flashing on the pavement at his feet arrested
his attention. He stooped to pick it up. A sim-
ple gold ring, bearing, engraved on it, the single
word "FAITH." Was it an answer to his ques-
tion? he thought, as he walked away. At any
rate, the little thing fascinated him, for he laid
it carefully away, not without dreaming over it.
He felt almost certain it was hers.

It was late in the evening when Faith arrived
at Riverton Hall. The lady of the mansion was
not at home, and the housekeeper received her,
showed her into a retired room, which she said
was to be hers, and then vanished, only to send
a servant up with some refreshment. That
housekeeper was a kind-hearted woman, and
she was touched by the sight of the young friend-
less creature.

Faith had time to observe her surroundings
while she was taking her tea. The room was a
very pretty one, with large, sunny, southern
windows, commanding a fine view of the coun-
try.



FAITH RECOGNIZED BY HER GRANDMOTHER.

Tired and happy Faith sank to sleep, resolv-
ing to write a letter to her mother the following
day, and cheer her heart by a recital of her good
fortune.

It was with a trembling heart she descended
the next morning to the parlour, and was ushered
into the presence of Mrs. Riverton. The lady
was kind, but stately, and Faith stood some-
what in awe of her. However, the interview
passed over agreeably enough, and her pupils
were introduced. They were three lovely little
girls, May, Rosalie, and Grace. Impulsive,
warm-hearted children, she felt delighted at the
prospect of having them in her care, and began
her labours the next day. But had she been
less gentle, or less firm, she might not have suc-
ceeded so well, for her pupils had never been
subjected to any restraint till now, and it was
no easy matter to manage them. If their atten-
tions had not soon become enlisted it might
have proved a difficult task; but, as it was, their
love for their gentle young teacher soon led
them to readily accede to her wishes, and she
had no further trouble.

Mrs. Riverton was graciously pleased to ap-
prove of her method of teaching, and everything
seemed to be going on admirably. Faith's let-
ters home were full of hope and joy; and even
her mother, who had been most anxious, soon
grew quite happy and satisfied about her dar-
ling's welfare.

It was a lovely summer evening; Faith's little
pupils had besought her to take a walk with
them, and she had consented. They strolled
far down one of the winding avenues, until, at
last, the growing coolness admonished Faith
that it was time to return. Little Rose was
clinging coaxingly to her hand, while she was
trying to persuade the others, when she became
conscious of approaching footsteps; and looking
up, saw Mrs. Riverton and two others, a gentle-
man and a lady, coming from the opposite di-
rection.

Her first impulse would have been to retreat,
but there was no way to escape; and with
flushed cheeks and beating heart she advanced
to meet the trio. They met just beneath the
shadow of an elm, and Mrs. Riverton introduced
her son and daughter, Sidney and Isabel.

Isabel Riverton, the personification of glowing,
beautiful, exultant life, what a contrast she
formed as she stood there, the dark eyes all
alight with hope and gladness, that had never
been disappointed, to the delicate, fragile figure
of Faith, and the timid, blushing glance of her
eyes, as she looked up and recognized in Sidney
Riverton her companion in the hour of danger.

Mrs. Riverton was not wanting in kindness,
though it was strongly tinged with pride; so,
thinking it would give Faith pleasure, she took
the children home herself, and left the three to-
gether. Faith soon grew happy and merry with
her companions, for there was a kindly warmth
in Isabel's manner that could scarcely fail to
draw one to her, and they soon found themselves
on the way to be fast friends.

"I little thought to find you here," Sidney said
to her, after his sister had gone.

"And I as little, you," she answered, laugh-
ing.

"My mother wrote to me about a Miss Em-
erson. If she had said your name was Faith, per-
haps I should have guessed the truth."

"How did you know that was my name?"
she asked, in surprise.

"For answer he held up a tiny ring.
"Where—where did you get it?" she asked
joyfully, reaching out her hand to take it. "I
was so sorry to lose it, for it was my father's
gift."

He explained.
"And now," he added playfully, as he slipped
the bauble on her finger, "shall not this little
ring be a sign of friendship between us?"

"Yes, surely," she answered timidly.
So with a few more words they parted; and
he lingered in half-reverie, looking after the

graceful figure as she passed up the broad stair-
case, the light that came through the stained
window falling like a glory on the waves of her
golden hair.

"Where can she have acquired that rare
grace of manner and beauty of expression?"
mused Sidney. "I cannot think she is of the
same descent as most governesses."

"Mamma," said Isabel that night to her mo-
ther, "I think Faith Emerson must have some-
thing romantic concealed in her history. She is
so different from the common run of girls in her
class."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Riverton, smiling. "I
think there is nothing of the kind; but never-
theless, Isabel, she will be an agreeable com-
panion for you in this secluded, country place,
where I had feared you would be lonely. I am
glad you have secured her."

On rapid, rapid wings flew by those summer
days, and Faith's time of departure came—
the vacation she had looked forward to with such
eager longing. Yet she did not go as she once
feared she should, glad to escape from the scene
of her labour. No; for although her heart beat
high at the thought of meeting her loved ones,
it was not without many a tender regret that
she parted from those who had been, in the
truest sense, her friends; not that patronizing
friendship that to a sensitive spirit is almost
more than none, but true, hearty love and
help; for she had stolen insensibly into their af-
fections.

Isabel's warm heart had no pride in it to op-
pose her, and Mrs. Riverton's staidness melted
gradually away beneath her genial influence;
so that, beloved by her pupils, and esteemed by
all, it was with a light and happy heart that
Faith stopped at her father's door, knowing that
she brought none but good tidings.

How her little sisters clustered around her,
how her mother wept as she folded her to her
heart, how her father's voice quivered as he
gave thanks for her safe arrival, how eager all
were in asking questions, how happy Faith felt
in bestowing the gifts Isabel had sent to the
ones beloved for her sake—all this can be much
better imagined than described.

It was late in September when she returned,
gladdened by the promise of a visit from her
mother during the following month; and she
found the Hall in a glow of excitement about a
fête soon to be given by Mrs. Riverton. Isabel
had obtained a somewhat reluctant consent
from her mother for Faith to share in the plea-
sures of the occasion; but Faith steadily refused,
and although she cheerfully lent a helping hand
to Isabel, whom she dearly loved, she would
not yield to her solicitations.

Three weeks passed away, and it wanted but
two days of the one fixed for the grand event.
Isabel and Faith were together in the room of
the latter, looking for a miniature of Faith's
mother, which she wished to show to her com-
panion. She was searching through a drawer,
and lifted up a handkerchief, thinking that per-
haps the picture might be hidden by it, when
there dropped from its folds something bright
and sparkling.

"Why," said Isabel, "there is the very dia-
mond ring you have looked for so long! How
did—"

But, instead of finishing the sentence, she
glanced at Faith.

The crimson tide suffused the neck, and
throat, and brow of the poor girl, and then re-
ceded, leaving a deathly pallor behind. The
room seemed to swim around her, as she thought
of the suspicion that might attach to her name
from her inability to explain the possession of
the jewel—the thought that, after all, she was
only a poor governess, flashed across her mind,
and she clung to a chair for support.

At that moment Mrs. Riverton appeared at
the door, her eyes dilated with surprise at the
strange tableau presented for her gaze. Isabel
sprang forward to explain.

"No doubt," said her mother, not unkindly,

"Miss Emerson can account for this, to us,
strange circumstance. For the present, Isabel,
we will leave her to recover her composure."
And taking her daughter's hand, they left the
room.

Poor little Faith! She paced upon and down
the floor, her hands clasped together, the golden
hair tumbled back from her burning forehead,
the blue eyes, at other times so warm with
tender light, mad with grief and fear.

How could she ever free herself from the
stain? How had the fatal ring been introduced
into that drawer? Seized by an irresistible in-
fluence to escape, she ran lightly down the cool
staircase and out into the garden. The cool
air fanned her fevered face, and she fled on, not
heeding where she was going, if she might only
go away, away, until a hand was laid upon her
shoulder, and looking up, she found herself in a
private pleasure-ground, into which she had
never ventured before.

A lady stood before her, whose form was
bowed with age, but whose face bore evidence,
not so much of the ravages of time, as of grief
and remorse.

"Who are you?" she cried, holding the
girl, who shrank trembling from her grasp.
"Who are you? My little Faith! my darling!
my dear one! come back to me again! Oh, tell
me you are she!"

"Faith" murmured the listener; "surely this
must be some dream; yes, that is my name."
"Faith, what?" cried the other. "Tell me the
rest—quick! quick! I entreat you!"

"Faith Emerson."
But almost ere the words were uttered the
lady sank in a swoon at her feet.

"Help! help!" shrieked Faith, alarmed at
the whiteness of her face, from which every
drop of blood seemed to have receded. "Help!
help!"

And, at the summons, Isabel and the house-
keeper came rushing down the walk.

This was no time to ask questions, so they
gently raised the prostrate form and bore it to
the house. When she was restored to conscious-
ness, and Mrs. Riverton's alarm had subsided,
Isabel sought Faith, and clasped the suffering
girl fondly in her arms.

"You surely don't imagine, dear Faith," she
said, as she felt the slight form shaken by con-
vulsive sobbings, "you surely don't think we
suspect you, do we? Why, Faith, darling,
there is nothing of the kind in any of our minds.
The accident very likely happened through the
carelessness of the servants. So don't fret any
more; it will all come right; and she kissed
the pale cheek. "But I do wonder, Faith, what
made grandmamma faint when she saw you."

"Was that your grandmother?" interrupted
the other. "I never saw her before."

"No," answered Isabel, "I suppose not. Ever
since I can remember she has lived very much
secluded, scarcely ever seeing any one but the
family. She has always seemed to me as if
some secret sorrow weighed her down, but I
never heard any thing about it. But she is very
kind, and we all love her dearly. Tell me how
you met her."

And then Faith related her little adventure.
Of course the proposed festival was postponed.
Mrs. Riverton lingered late and anxiously at her
mother's side that night. She had procured from
Faith the miniature of her mother, and had ap-
peared strangely moved when she gazed upon
the picture; but nothing was said.

Isabel rushed, half frantic with joy, into
Faith's room early the next morning, to say that
she had asked the maid whether she had seen a
ring lately in Miss Emerson's room, and that
the girl answered she had, and had put it into a
drawer, but forgot to say anything about it.

"I must have dropped it there the evening
you came back, for I remember misting it from
my finger soon after I left you. So you see,"
said Isabel, joyously, "that explains the mys-
tery."

"But there is another mystery that I will have

the pleasure of explaining myself," said the
voice of Isabel's mother, at the door.

Oh, how tenderly it sounded now! And com-
ing forward, she, too, embraced Faith, and burst
into grateful tears. "The two girls were bowld-
ered."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Riverton, "and I will
tell you all! It was in the year 1840, Isabel, as
you! My sister and myself," she began,
"were the only surviving children of my pa-
rents. My father was wealthy, and we had a
beautiful home in Ireland. My sister was a
lovely girl, both in mind and person, and my
father, especially, was very partial to her, and
always predicted for her a glowing future; how
widely different from the reality I leave you to
judge. Loving her as he did with that wild, pas-
sionate, eager tenderness, you can easily imag-
ine how great was the shock, both to his pride
and affection, when, at the age of twenty, she
married, against his wish, one greatly inferior,
both in rank and fortune. My mother too was
much offended and deeply wounded by the act,
and they both utterly refused to recognize either
their daughter or her husband. I was quite
young at the time; and it did not till late last
night that I learned the full details of this sad,
and, yet, perhaps, happy history. No, not even
the name of my sister's husband—not even that
name of Emerson, I say, did I know until
then; or else I should naturally have been
struck by the coincidence that it was also your
name, dear Faith!"

Mrs. Riverton paused for a moment to wipe
away the flowing tears, and then continued—
"After a time my sister's husband, who was in
business, and the young couple came over to
England. I think my mother's heart softened
when she knew that her child was bidding a
long farewell to the land of her birth, but I ride
kept back the pleadings of love. After that we
did not hear from them again for many years,
and my mother's health began to fail. A journey
was recommended as the best means of recovery,
and with a wild longing to clasp their long-
lost repentant child once more to their hearts,
my parents turned towards England. We
reached London in safety, and took up our abode
in a pleasant little villa in the outskirts of the
city. Here, one day, my mother read, as she
then supposed, in a country paper, the notice of
my sister's death. Many years afterwards we
discovered that it was another person. My mo-
ther's great desire then changed, to find, if pos-
sible, the abode of the wanderers, and, for some
reparation of her wrong, to retrace what she
could to the children of her dear one. But all
our search proved unavailing; my mother gave
up hope, and fell into morbidly, secluding
herself from all society save that of our own
family. A few years afterwards I was married,
and in a short time my father died. We then
removed to this place, where we have lived hap-
pily for a long time. Listen attentively now,
dear Faith, for I am approaching the end of my
story, and it deeply concerns you."

But it seemed as if the girl already saw
the end, for her face was pale, and the intense
gaze of the large eyes was almost painful; while
her bosom rose and fell as if agitated by con-
flicting hopes and fears. Mrs. Riverton con-
tinued—

"As I was saying, we lived happily here for
some time, the only lack being the want of pro-
per educational instruction for the children. At
last I resolved to undertake for a governess. For-
tunately our choice fell on you. I need not go
over the details of your stay here; if our com-
pactness has been any pleasure to you, yours
has been a delight to us. Suffice it to say, that
we loved you before we knew that any near ties
existed between us. When my mother saw you
for the first time, on that eventful evening, she
recognized in you the image of her long-lost
daughter; when I showed her your mamma's
picture she at once declared it was the same, for
you knew it was one taken soon after her mar-
riage. I have already written to your mother,
and I trust I have broken the tidings to her as
gently as possible. And now welcome to our
home, and our hearts, my almost daughter! I
beloved for myself, as well as for her sake whom
we have waited so long."

Then, rising, she warmly embraced Faith, and
mingled her happy tears with those of the weep-
ing, delighted girl.

As for Isabel, she was almost wild with joy;
she danced around the room, and hugged and
kissed Faith enthusiastically, and her mother,
too, she said, for having found such a dear coun-
sin for her.

It was a day of bewildering gladness to Faith,
and she was serenely calm when the shadows
of evening fell over the earth. Lending against
one of the pillars of the portico absorbed in
thought, she murmured, half aloud: "Oh, that
mamma were here!"

"She is," said a well-known voice at her side;
and turning, she was clasped in that mother's
yearning arms.

That was a happy night in Riverton Hall,
when the loved and lost was once again re-
stored. Oh, joy to whom has been granted such
moments of deep and exquisite bliss, you well
know the silence that best expresses the rapture
of that hour!

Mrs. Emerson's father had left a considerable
fortune to his daughter, should she ever be found,
and no other moment could it have been more
opportunistically bestowed; for it at once released
them from all difficulty, and from this time they
prospered, and ere many years had elapsed
were quite rich. But prosperity was as much
adorned by them as adversity had been; and
many were the aching hearts that blessed their
kindly deeds.

Need I tell you more? How there never was
seen such a happy, merry wedding as that which
gladdened the old hall the next spring, when
Faith became Ned Riverton's bride? How
peace and gladness, true and lasting, ever after
abode with them? How her mother lived long
enough to caress a third little Faith, and tell
the story of the second? How, at last, in a ripe
old age, blessed to the end by her daughter's
presence and love, she sank to rest?