

A LETTER NEVER SENT.

Words cannot tell how beautiful a thing
Thy love first seemed unto this heart of
mine;
And even now my memory will cling
To that which made those far-off days divine.

As lightning smites the branches of a tree,
Rending the boughs asunder with its might;
So did thy marvellous love smite happy me,
Till I grew dazzled with the wondrous light.

I feel the magic of thy dalliance yet,
In dreams I see the face men called not fair;
The love that can do all things save "forget,"
Counts that face fairest and without compare.

Sometimes I think thy love lived but a day,
Sometimes I think thy heart must still be
mine;

Sometimes I try to lift my soul and pray
That all this sorrow may be mine not thine.

Sometimes I wonder if thy spirit turns
Back to the glorious days that lie behind;
Then, if thy heart, like mine, with longing
yearns
To feel the fetters love alone could bind?

Or is the past within oblivion hid,
Only in future years again to wake;
And thou repent of all—nay, Heaven forbid,
For both our hearts would absolutely break!

UNDER A SPELL.

"No," she said, as we sat on the terrace of
the watering-place hotel.

"No, I'm not French; I'm English, and, ah! how
I do long for home. I've been here three
years, and I don't know a soul intimately. I
don't want to talk against your country, but so-
cially it doesn't suit me. There's too much
show and too little comfort, and all my rela-
tives and friends are in England. I cry for
home often. I know the meaning of the *mal
du pays*."

She was a pretty, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired
woman, probably not thirty.

I knew her to be a rich woman.
"Why did not she return to England if she
desired so much to do so?" I asked myself.

She answered my unuttered question.
"You think it strange that I stay here? Do
you believe in mesmerism?"

"To a certain degree," I answered.

"To a certain degree," she answered, impa-
tiently. "I tell you it is a horrible truth! I
know that one can be utterly under the power
of another's will. It is not his beauty—he has
none. It is not his manner, though that is
charming. No; if I cannot make you believe
that I am not in love with him, that I am
simply mesmerized, I'll not tell you another
word."

"Of course, I shall believe whatever you tell
me," said I. "It is not for me to define your
feelings."

She put her little white hand on my arm.

"Ah! I can tell you without any misgivings
that I am doing a foolish thing," she said.

"Of course, I knew my own heart, my own
principles. I come of a family, of which it is
said that no man ever knew fear, no woman
shame."

"But I'll tell you the truth. I loved him once.
I was a young girl, and I had not come into my
fortune. I had no prospect of any, or at least
only a very distant one. I lived with an old aunt,
who took me when my parents died."

"People used to say I was pretty. Women
fade so soon, you know."

"He thought so anyhow. He was only a strug-
gling young doctor."

"My old aunt was quite an invalid, and I was
alone a great deal. He saw me oftener alone
than he could have seen most English girls, and
he made love to me, and he knew I loved him."

"He went on for a year, and during that time
he told me of the power that he could exercise
when he chose, and of how he had a servant
who at his will would rise from his bed in the
middle of the night, and sound asleep, to wait
on him."

"When he took my hand strange thrills ran
through mine, and I knew when he was coming
before I heard his steps; but that was all I per-
sonally knew of him."

"Well, I liked him, and he liked me, but we
had no money; and one day he married a
wealthy retired grocer's daughter, with an ugly
face, and a bad temper."

"Of course I felt badly, but I summoned up
my courage and resolved to forget him."

"Well, perhaps one cannot quite forget, but
to remember as a thing quite of the past, and I
had done so, I believed, when he met me and
mesmerized me."

"I had been into the heart of London on bu-
siness. I had come into my fortune, through the
death of a cousin younger than myself, who
should have outlived me. I had been to my
lawyer's in a coach, and I was just about to re-
enter it, when someone said:

"Miss Grahame!"

"I turned, and he stood there—Dr. Hunt.
"Of course I was not willing he should see
that I had suffered. I talked to him and asked
after his wife. What he said was:

"Don't speak of her. Well or ill, she's a
thorn in my side. I am wretched, Grace."

"And I answered:

"You should not speak thus of your wife,"
and had turned away, when he said softly:

"Miss Grahame, will you not shake hands
before we part?"

"I gave him my hand."

"He took it and pressed it, his palm to my
palm, his eyes on mine the while."

"My first impression was that of the sweet
thrill I used to feel when he touched me."

"Then a breath of cold air seemed to creep
over my hand."

"Then I found that I could not move."

"He only held my hand three minutes; then
he dropped it and handed me into the coach."

"As I rode home I had the strangest feelings,
the most terrible sensations."

"I was myself, yet not myself. It was horri-
ble, yet it was delicious."

"The old cold life had gone, and something
charming, though unholy, had taken its place. I
knew what it all meant; he had mesmerized
me."

"After that, I was very foolish—ah, very
foolish!—but I could not do otherwise. He
willed me to pretend to be ill and send for him."

"I did it. He willed me to meet him in odd
places. I did that also. He willed me not to
mind whether he kissed me or not—nay, to kiss
him, and he a married man."

"And at last, one night, something drew me
out of my bed and to the window—something
that seemed like a hand laid on my shoulders,
though I saw no one."

"I looked out into the moonlit street, and
on the opposite side of the way I saw him stand-
ing, and near by was a carriage."

"Oh, Heaven, help me to remember myself!"
I moaned, and fell to the floor in a swoon; but
for that I should not have been able to keep my-
self from going down to him."

"He wanted me to run away with him. He
said he had never loved anyone but me. He had
written that, you know."

"The next day I was quite ill, and yet I was
restless. I wandered about the house, wrapped
in a shawl, and at last found myself in the li-
brary."

"I had not been able to read for some time.
My mind was too much upset, but as I looked
over the titles of the books, that of one amongst
them interested me; it was 'mesmerism.'"

"I opened it. It confirmed my own experi-
ence, but there were some things also quite new
to me."

"I learnt that one under the influence of a
mesmeric spell had but to cross the sea to rid
himself of it. Though, should he return, the
power of the mesmerizer would be regained the
instant he set foot upon the shore."

"I at once formed a resolution to leave the
country, and take up my residence in Paris.
My dear, it was like plotting against a stran-
ger."

"Myself, my woman's pride, my conscience—
all helped me; but the mesmeric power upon me
forbade my movements."

"At last I took my old servant partially into
my confidence, and by her help I escaped. I
took passage with this poor old soul for France,
and from the moment I set foot upon this shore
I have been my own."

"Ah, it is delicious to be one's own. No one
can tell what it is who has never lost herself.
You see," she added, with a sigh, "I was not in
love with him. Many waters cannot quench
love, nor the seas cover it."

And Miss Grahame gathered her lace shawl
about her shoulders, and then walked quietly
away.

No matter what I thought.

That is not part of the story.

What I shall tell, however, is its sequel.

Two weeks from that day I found Miss Gra-
hame sitting, oddly enough, upon the stairs,
holding her head in her hand.

They were not the principal stairs of the
hotel.

But they were public enough to make it im-
possible that she should desire to sit there.

"Are you ill, Miss Grahame?" I asked.

"Yes, I am ill," she said. "Take me to my
room, for Heaven's sake!"

I took her arm, and led her through the cor-
ridor.

Once in her room, she sank into a chair.

"Lock the door, please," she said.

I did so.

"You remember what I told you?" she
asked.

"Yes."

"The spell is on me again," she said. "I am
impelled to go to number forty-two, second floor.
I cannot keep from going there if you leave me.
Twice have I been up those stairs. Will you do
me a favor? Will you ask who occupies num-
ber forty-two?"

"Number forty-two is empty," I said; "it
was last night."

"Ask," she pleaded again.

I rang the bell.

"Is number forty-two, second floor, still unoc-
cupied?" I asked the waiter, who responded so
the signal.

"Gentleman took it two hours ago, madame,"
said the waiter.

"Can you tell me who he is?"

"I'll see, madame," said the waiter.

In five minutes he returned.

"The gentleman is an English gentleman,
madame—Dr. Charles Hunt."

Before the words had left his lips, Miss Gra-
hame sank fainting into my arms.

I left her much better, but in bed.

I myself paid a chambermaid to remain with
her all night, lest she should be ill again.

At eight o'clock the next morning I rang my
bell.

The girl appeared.

"How is Miss Grahame?" I asked.

"Very well, I should judge, madame," said the
girl, with a singular smile. "She's gone out to
ride."

"To ride?"

"Yes, madame, with a gentleman—the gen-
tleman who came last night, and took number
forty-two. Dr. Hunt, I think she called him; an
old friend, she said he was."

Miss Grahame never returned to the hotel,
but Mrs. Doctor Hunt came back in a few
weeks.

The doctor's first wife had died nearly two
years before, and he had hunted Miss Grahame
down and married her.

He really loved her, and she loved him, and
they came back to England, and are leading a
happy life.

TO LIDA.

When the roses, blowing early,
Nod their heads before the breeze;
When the south wind, softly sighing,
Whispers through the forest trees;
When the happy birds are singing
Songs of sweetest melody,
Then, oh! then, my bright-eyed darling,
I will have sweet thoughts of thee.
Oh! how cold the moonlight seemeth,
Howling o'er the frozen snow;
Oh! how sad the wind is sighing—
Sounding deepest notes of woe.
Whilst my heart for thee is beating,
List I to the mournful strain,
And I hear a gentle murmur—
Then the woeful wind again.

Fare thee well! my heart, now aching,
Greater pain must nerve to bear;
In the tomb I've laid my roses,
Soon they will be withered there.
But the memory of their fragrance
Sacred will for ever be;
And my heart will seek no friendship
Truer than it found in thee.

KATIE'S TRIAL.

On a cold morning in November, a few years
ago, a carriage drove through University Place
and drew up at West Street. Nothing could be
more dismal than the morning. The snow,
which had been on the ground for several days,
had begun to thaw, and an ugly cold rain and
mist was turning the streets into pools of slush.
The coachman sat on his box like a statue, with
his head buried in his shoulders, and at intervals
drummed with his feet, not so much to keep
them warm, as to express the impatience he
dared not put into words, at being kept waiting
on such a morning in the cold.

There was impatience within the carriage too,
as a man's handsome dark face peered out with
fixed gaze on a certain point in the street.
Every now and then a scowl of discontent,
followed by a shuffling irritable movement on
the part of the occupant of the vehicle reached
the ears of the coachman, and afforded him
matter for speculation. Some little scheme, he
thought. But they must be very great green-
horns to select such a time for their journey.
"Spose there's a woman in the case."

An hour's weary waiting was at length re-
warded by the waving of a snowy-white hand-
kerchief from a window in the neighborhood.
"Drive to No. —," said the dark young man
within; "and if there be any luggage get it out
quickly and quietly."

No. — was soon reached, and the door of the
house opened stealthily. A fair young girl step-
ped out lightly, with a face upon which the
smiles which she tried to wear, were plainly
shadowed with fear and anxiety. She looked
about sixteen; her gait and manner showed
her to be a lady, and her expression and
demeanor denoted child-like innocence.

In less than a minute after she had entered
the vehicle it rolled off to the railway station.
"I feared our plans had been discovered,"
dearest," said her friend, as, tremblingly, the
young girl took her seat beside him.

"Oh, Roland, I feel I am doing wrong to
deceive mamma so cruelly! When she came
into my room last night I was half tempted to
confess to her what we were going to do; and
when, this morning, I felt I must say good-by to
home, I could scarcely tear myself away."

"My love will shield you now, Katie. Your
mother had no right to control your heart, and
that is already mine. Is it not?"

"Yes; but mamma will grieve so much, and
then you know how stern my step-father is.
They will never forgive us."

Katie's tears were now flowing fast. She felt
she had played a dangerous game. Roland
interrupted her half-angrily.

"You will be my wife within an hour, Katie,
and then what need you care about their for-
giveness? I hate your step-father, for I know
he has done his worst to deprive me of you."

A little later on, when the words which were
to unite her to her lover trembled on her lips,
a chilling sense of coming sorrow oppressed the
young girl's heart. She would almost have
wished to retract the wrong step she had taken
were it not now too late. The work of retri-
bution had already begun.

Katie Osborne was the only daughter of a
weakly indulgent mother. Left a widow at
an early age, Mrs. Osborne had married a
wealthy but stern man, who, while he treated
Katie with the greatest kindness, never count-

enanced anything in her which he deemed
indiscreet.

The girl's home had been a very happy one
till, in an evil hour, she met Roland Baxter, a
young artist, who was engaged to paint her
portrait. With a recklessness which was the
soul of his character he fell in love with the
fair beauty he was painting, and left none of the
arts of which he was master untried to secure
her affections.

She had listened to his honeyed words with
all the delight which a girl of sixteen feels on
hearing the language of love for the first time.

In vain had her mother forbidden her to speak
to Roland again. In vain had her step-father
warned her that Baxter was a gambler and a
man without any solid principle. None of these
home reflections made the slightest impression
upon the wayward girl.

Bitter indeed was the mother's grief when she
found that her only child had deserted both her
and home. And her indignation knew no bounds
when a letter from Katie told her of her mar-
riage. Even then she would gladly have taken
Katie to her heart again. But the young bride
had left for France with her husband, and did
not send even a word of farewell.

In a wretchedly-furnished room of a very
ordinary lodging-house in the city, a pale,
anxious woman, in whom it would be difficult
to recognize the once bright, merry Katie, sat
at the window-pane. The rich rose-tint had
faded from her cheek. Dark lines were visible
round her sunken eyes—eyes which were now
often red with weeping; her form, formerly
slight, agile, and graceful, was now bent with
care.

It was only four years from the day she had
become the artist's wife. All that she had gone
through in these sad, weary years, only the
recording angel can tell; but in manner and
physique a perfect revolution had taken place.
She had become externally an entirely new
being.

She sat at the window-pane, waiting with
anxious, heart-sickening solicitude, for the
return of her husband. The gray dawn of morn-
ing had often found him absent from home
latterly, as he then was. She hoped that every
sound was caused by his returning footsteps;
yet she dreaded his arrival. On this night the
dying embers of a badly-fed fire were preparing
themselves determinedly for an early disso-
lution, and the slender jet of gas gave a sickly
tinge to the mean bedroom furniture.

Katie sat with her face buried in her hands.
As the silent tears glistened through her white
fingers, she thought bitterly of the past.
Repentance for the error of her girlhood had
come too late. The man she had enthroned
as an idol in her heart, she had seen descend
from depth so depth of degradation. She had
seen him night after night reeling home drunk
till her love had turned to despair. At first she
had hoped to reclaim him. She had made all
the excuses for him that a fond heart could
suggest; but gradually the awful truth dawned
upon her that Roland was both a gambler and
a drunkard, and was utterly irreclaimable.

It had well-nigh broken the heart of the
devoted young wife to find that her hopes,
prayers, and entreaties were all valueless.
From the bad companions who were his bane,
who laughed him into iniquity, and kept him
enslaved in it, it was impossible to separate
him.

Yet Roland loved his wife, though after a
fashion. Indeed he never realized the agonies
his sensitive nature underwent in the unlooked-
for position in which she found herself.

As a matter of course, Roland every day
became poorer. In the excitement of dice, cards,
and billiard-cues, he cared little for his business,
and gave to it only that amount of attention
which business seems to resent, and for which it
never makes any return in money. Debt gene-
rally follows in the wake of the gambler, and
Roland soon found himself involved head and
ears in it.

Katie's mother would gladly have helped her,
but the step-father was inexorable, and deprived
her of the means of doing so. By sacrificing her
own personal comforts Mrs. Sherrard, however,
was enabled sometimes to send her daughter
some assistance.

"Come back to us," she said; "you are losing
your health and wearing out your life fast. This
man is bent alike on his own and your destruc-
tion. You can make your home with us. Darling
Katie, do come with me, and bring your two
little innocent babies with you."

"Much as I would like to join you again,
mother," she said, "I cannot bring myself to
desert Roland. I look forward still to the day
when he will be all that I imagined him years
ago. God will bring him back again into the
ways of honesty and well-doing. So, mother,
dear, leave me to my griefs, and let us hope."

The dreary winter months rolled by, and the
glorious summer came again. Mr. Sherrard,
Katie's step-father, had, for the first time in a
dozen years, agreed to join a party who were
going to spend a fortnight in the country. The
moment he had gone, her mother drove to
Katie's house to spend an hour with her. She
found the room dark and silent, and, having
struck a light, she discovered, to her horror, her
daughter in an unconscious state upon the floor.
She called to Katie, but no reply came from her
rigid lips. Her efforts to restore animation were
long and tedious, and the small morning hours
had come before the young wife had become
herself again. For the first time she entirely
unbosomed herself to her mother, and the story