

Hawaiian National Hymn.
(Translated for the Paradise of the Pacific.)

Hawaii! sea-girt land!
Strong for thy monarch stand;
Beneath the ancient band,
Stand for thy King.

Chorus—
O Thou who reign'st above,
Father of might and love,
Grant that thy peaceful dove
Brood o'er our land.

Hawaii's true-born sons,
Crown the high-born ones—
From all their lineage run—
Guard the young chief.

Chorus—O Thou who reign'st above, etc.
Hawaii! young and brave,
Thine 'tis thyself to save!
Hopeful thy banner wave—
Upward, and on!

Chorus—O Thou who reign'st above, etc.

THE DOCTOR.

Mrs. Atherton gave a motherly smooth to Letty's brown hands in passing, and stepped quietly from the room.

For a second or two the girl stood where she had met Dr. Lennard riding a little way out of Fenmore that morning.

"I never saw a man so changed in my life," he said; "he looked years older, quite an old man, and he was as distant and cold as possible. I am sure one sight of his grave, pale face, would cure any of the young ladies who used to adore him."

The first bars of a walse came floating toward them, and Ernest Devereux stood still, keeping time with one hand on the pillar against which he leaned. It was a sweet, plaintive air, but Letty was heading it, she was thinking, with inward tears, of one true heart that could not be estranged, because the face of its idol had blushed and aged.

"He said he had only come back for a few days to settle his affairs and dispose of his practice," continued Ernest Devereux. "He is going to live at Cranleigh."

A mazy whirl of many-colored lights, a buzzing sound, growing louder and louder every instant, till she felt as if her ear must burn under the pressure, and Letty lay pale and still on Ernest Devereux's arm. She had fainted.

A pressing, useless crowd was gathered round them in an instant, and many were the reasons named as the cause of this sudden attack.

"I thought she looked too brilliant to be quite in health," said one.

"Yes, she was evidently excited, and the heat had been too much for her," said another.

Not one of them imagined the real cause of that deathly faint, not even the man who had struck the blow, so to speak, and seen her reeling under it. She was carried to her own room, and Mrs. Atherton and a couple of young lady friends attended on her.

"Poor dear," said Mrs. Topham, who was at heart a kindly woman, "how white she is to be sure!" And then she said, lower still, "Astonishing! Tilda, isn't it? But I was mistaken, and I'm sure I'm very sorry. She couldn't be roused, you know, and turn like that."

In little more than an hour's time Letty was down again, moving about among the guests, but with a face so pale, an eye so fixed, that people turned to look after her as she passed. Ernest Devereux caught a glimpse of her, and breaking from a group of gentlemen who surrounded him, made his way to her side at once.

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"Who wanted me," Letty asked, looking down with a half blush on the scattered petals strewn her lap and the carpet at her feet.

"Doctor Lennard," was the reply. "He is leaving Fenmore, and he called to say good-bye. Of course he knew nothing of the party; but it was odd to come at this hour, wasn't it?"

The rosy blush was a burning flame now; cheeks, neck and bosom one painful, flushing crimson.

"He had no time to wait till you could be found," continued the young lady; "but he left his respects, and compliments of the season and all that. He's going by the 12 o'clock train, and it's half-past 11 now, and more."

Putting up one white jeweled hand to shade her eyes from the fire, the speaker looked at the tiny ormolu timepiece which stood on the mantle, and which just at that moment began to ring the three quarter chimes. It was a quarter to 12. In fifteen minutes more he would be gone away from Fenmore forever!

An insane impulse to up and fly to him, and pray him to stop, to stay for her sake, seized Letty. She felt as if she would go mad sitting there quietly, and her love passed away from her forever.

Miss Lytle rose, and, shaking out her skirts, declared she was engaged for the very value they were playing, and declared she must go.

"Mr. Lawton will be seeking me everywhere as it is," said she, "and thinking I have gone off after you, Letty, for they none of them know where you are hid."

As she opened the door to pass out, a gust of mingled music and laughter swept in; an essence of joy it seemed; and Letty, hearing it buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. That sound of outer happiness tingled along her bristled heart like a shock of agony, breaking down pride and firmness at one dash.

Ernest Devereux was shocked, touched even at the sight of those searing tears; he felt as though he must do something to soothe her, but the world he soothed; his words fell dull on her ears; and the loud, passionate sob only ceased to give place to low, broken gasps that seemed to come from her very heart, and that a stricken one.

"My darling, my own Letty, you must tell me what is grieving you," he cried, drawing her hands forcibly away from her face; and then, as a sudden thought flashed upon him, he added "Dr. Lennard!—was he?—did you?"

"I loved him," she broke in with a sob, half shame, half sorrow, as she bent lower and lower to avoid his reproachful eyes.

For a moment he stood passive, his face as white as the bent face before him; the muscles of his close mouth twitching. Then he stooped and drew Letty to him, clasping her closely, tightly, as one who would be denied.

"Forget him, Letty," he whispered, softly. "Let my love fill the place of his in your heart. He is not worthy of you, dearest."

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her shining hair. So deep grew the flush on her cheeks as the night passed that one lady, sitting near the door with her three pale daughters, growing paler every hour with spite and envy, gathered round her, whispered to the eldest:

"I shouldn't like to say it to anyone but you, Tilda, but I do think Miss Leigh paints."

Tilda, feeling the blood settling in the tip of her nose instead of in her cheeks, threw a resentful glance at Letty, radiant in a circle of admirers, as she answered:

"I dare say. She looks very like as if she did."

The Misses Topham were not famed for elegance of diction—and no great wonder that they were not. Rumor did say that their grandfather had thought himself blessed when he was owner of a fishing-smack, but the present Misses Topham, their mamma and papa, and one brother, were the essence of well-to-do respectability, lived in great state at Topham Lodge, and kept a groom; and what more would you have?

A little later that same evening Ernest Devereux leaning idly against the pillar by which Letty was standing, and having nothing better to say just then, told her that he had met Dr. Lennard riding a little way out of Fenmore that morning.

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lounder, and the hum of fresh voices and bursts of silver laughter came fitfully to them, they sat quiet and silent in the little summer parlor; the bronze lamp throwing a mellow light revealing the gleaming statuettes and shining silver ornaments scattered throughout the room.

Ernest Devereux leaned his arm on the low mantle, and his head on his arm, and looked down silently on the face of the woman he loved and hoped one day to make love him. That she did not love him he knew, but she was young and tender-hearted; once his, her love, he thought, would be easily won.

As he stood there in the half shade, a genial softness stole over his handsome, cynical, world-hardened face—a shifting, tremulous, tenderness—that had never rested there since his boyhood, if even then. He was not wholly bad, although he was very selfish; but to-night self was forgotten for the time; and the quaint, dark face, that his friend had so ridiculed, seemed to have a vivid, witching beauty, as it shone out on him between the dim hal-lights of the low fire and the bronze lamp overhead.

Letty, sitting there, all unmindful of the tender gaze of those keen eyes, was thinking, with vain, rebellious longing, of what might have been if Paul Lennard's wife had never left her ill-fated riches.

"He might have loved me then," she thought, "and need never have left Fenmore. We might have been so happy in that old brown house, with only my father, and none of this hateful money to gather people round us who would not care if we died at their feet, so that they were safe. Oh! if he had only been poor, I would have married him, and worked for him, and borne anything for his sake."

So she kept thinking, with fretful pain, as she sat there, and picked away first the leaves, and then the blossoms of her bouquet.

Letty was just like the rest of us; she was willing to endure any trouble but the one that was pressing down on her. Her shoulders that might have been laid on them, but they bent and shivered under the burden that they were called upon to carry.

"We thought you were lost, or had run away, or something dreadful had happened, Letty, dear," called out a clear, ringing voice, as its owner swept into the room, turning over a tiny Parisian Payche with her voluminous skirts, as she passed. "You have been searched for everywhere, you naughty darling, for you were most particularly wanted."

The young lady, the twenty-first, and most demure, of Letty's new friends, was standing on the rug by this time, her gauzy skirts dangerously near the steel bars of the grate. She was looking up with a mischievous wonder at Ernest Devereux's smiling face, and Letty's grave one.

"I beg pardon a thousand times, if I am intruding," she said, with a little mock courtesy, and a pretense of going away again.

Ernest Devereux stopped her, and gallantly pushed forward a chair for her close to Letty's side, himself standing the while, and watching the two girls.

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"Doctor Lennard," was the reply. "He is leaving Fenmore, and he called to say good-bye. Of course he knew nothing of the party; but it was odd to come at this hour, wasn't it?"

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the new year in so loudly and joyously, that their peal penetrated even the quiet of the summer parlor, and Letty, rising from her white, stony face with a shiver from the breast where it had lain passive for a few moments, and taking Ernest Devereux's first kiss upon her lips, knew that the old year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, a new life, bleak and bare, and un-speakably desolate opened before her.

"May this be a happy new year to you, my own love—happier than any year that has gone before it!" said Ernest Devereux, gently pushing the heavy, dark hair away from over her brow.

"Thank you," she answered so gently; but no blush rose on the dark face under his tender gaze. No quiver trembled the sweep of her long lashes as they rested on her cheek, though his hand, firm and strong, and lovingly, was being softly passed over her heated brow.

"Thank you!" The low, even words jarred upon him strangely. But now, and he was thinking and saying how little would content him till she could give him all, and already the stony calm of her manner was fretting him. She had told him herself that she did not love him, but the spoken words were nothing to the written evidence before him, plainly to be read in the quiet face, not drooped nor rosy; the gray eyes, their depth unaltered and sleeping; and the close red lips that only breathed of grief and longing. For a moment he stood beside her, half touched, half angry, then he kissed her and let her go.

"Well, after all," he thought, "she is only a child. Just now she is feeling naturally sore at this fellow's indifference; but she will get over that, no fear."

That dull November morning on which her father left her to go to London, Letty had longed for a change, no matter of what kind.

"Any change must be for the better," she had said then.

In the cold, gray dawn of the first day in the new year, she was lying on her bed, moaning and shivering away with fear and dread from the very change she had been so ready to welcome while yet distant. In the room next to her Ernest Devereux sat by the fire, smoking. He had not gone to bed at all, and his head had grown dizzy poring over a morocco-bound volume were his debts were jotted down in unpleasantly round numbers. He was smoking comfortably now, and thinking of Letty. The softened look had not quite left his face, and he half smiled, half sighed as he thought of her.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself; "she is terribly out; but the fellow was old and boorish. She will soon forget him—she cannot help it."

The young man passed his ringed hands carelessly through the silken tangles of his whiskers as he said that, mentally comparing Paul Lennard's dark, bearded face, with its pale square brow and grave, searching eyes, to his own fair, handsome one.

By Jove, I would not hurt such a good little soul for the world, though I don't pretend to be much of a Christian."

He threw the stump of his cigar into the grate as he spoke, and, with a yawn, drew the curtains back, and let the yellow, sickly light of the young day creep in, while he lay down to get a few hours' sleep before breakfast time.

CHAPTER VI.

"LETTY, REMEMBER WE ARE ENGAGED."

March was in, and Letty, to whom a little of her old bloom had come back, was being daily blown and blustered into something of her past fresh youth by the keen winds that swept and surged round her as she took her long, lonely walks over the sands in her seakink jacket and flowing woolen dress. Those walks were not always lonely, not often, indeed, considering that London was more than a hundred miles away from Fenmore, and that it was in London her lover was forced, as he said, to live.

No one could be more attentive, more gallant, more loving even, than Ernest Devereux had been during these two bleak winter months. Letty had long since learned to miss him when absent, and wait expectantly for his coming. She was every day learning to do more, though she thought very often of Paul Lennard's noble, earnest face, and sometimes caught herself wishing that her lover was a little bit more like him. Such as he was, however, he was very well; and if she had cared less for him than she did, she would yet have had her reward in the joy and comfort their engagement gave her father, for Ernest Devereux and she were now formally engaged.

The old man was now in high delight; he talked vaguely of great good fortune yet in store for her, and for which she would have to thank him when it came. He spoke of a handsome house in Belgravia, and a dashing turn-out for his pet, as largely and confidently as though Mrs. Lennard's legacy had been hundreds of thousands in place of thousands.

Letty sometimes smiled, and smiling, wondered at the old man's talk; but she always thought lovingly of him, and thanked him in her heart for this unexpected care of her. But what often surprised her was, that Ernest Devereux, cool, wise, man of the world, seemed to see nothing extravagant in all this that sounded in her ears but as so much fond babbling.

Toward the latter end of March Mr. Leigh went on one of his mysterious visits to London, and Ernest Devereux, who had been staying a few days with them, went back with him. They were both to return before the thirtieth, they said, and they smiled at one another meaningly as they said it. But the thirtieth passed, and April came in and wore on toward May, and they had neither come nor written. Letty was surprised, and a little vexed, but not at all frightened as yet.

Ernest Devereux was in the habit of sending her long, loving letters, written on dainty paper, with the Devereux and Ashley crest on the top. She had received them as a matter of course, and put them safely by in the pearl and ebony box where her few treasures were stored; among the pleasant memories linked to it, and the reason for keeping which she could hardly have given, even to herself.

Now that he was so long away, and no letters were coming, she began at first to wonder, and then to fret; and finally she grew angry at what she looked on as an slight indifference upon his part. She did not

love him well enough to make excuses for him, and so she went her long walks alone, and brooded over this new phase in her engagement.

One fair, sunny afternoon, when the sky was more settled than usual, Letty put on hat and jacket and went down to the shore. There was a freshness as of new life in the kind breeze that brushed her face softly, and the great waves rolled in with a musical murmur very pleasant to listen to on that mild April day, and looking over the restless green waters, moving joyously under the spring sunshine, a little of stirring gladness entered into her heart as she stood there. Then she sat down and buried her hands in the soft warm sand, and thought of Paul Lennard, lovingly, yearningly, as she the betrothed wife of another man, should not have thought of him. She knew that very well, but she could not help it; so she sat still in the warm sunlight, and dreamed her dream, lulled by the drowsy murmur and roll of the sea.

A hasty step coming over the sands, a heavy hand laid on her shoulder, and Letty started to her feet, and turning suddenly faced Ernest Devereux.

So she put out her hand to him with a smile and a blush, wondering that while he took it, and held it tightly in his, he never smiled or spoke. Then she saw how pale and haggard he was, how ill he looked, and a feeling of fear stirred in her.

"What has kept you away so long, Ernest?" she asked. "Have you been ill?"

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN AND EPITAPHES.

What Vandal Hands Have Done to a Family Vault.

The family vault of the Boulton family is situated on the edge of the Rosedale ravine, across from the eastern extremity of St. James' Cemetery, says the Toronto World. Whoever chose the site chose it well, for a more beautiful spot could not be imagined. But there is horror in the midst of all this, for the vault door is wide open and the battered coffins and scattered bones of generations of Boultons are exposed to view. It is a sight to make the blood run cold. Some good has torn the lid from each of the said and turned it upside down and skulls are lying here and there. Some of the bones have been pitched out on the sward. The place shows that it has been neglected for years. There is a baby's coffin in the northeast corner which has been untouched, but all the other coffins have been broken and desecrated.

The only Boulton that has been safe from the hands of the desecrator is the wife of John Hillyard Cameron (Elizabeth Boulton), who died April 20th, 1844, and who is buried safely under the sod beside the vault. Beside her is buried a six-weeks old child, whose advent into this world was the primary cause of her death.

Americas' Ally Described.

New York Daily Commercial Bulletin: Russia is the curse of modern civilization; the negation of its spirit; the counteraction of its intellectual forces; the embargo on its social advance; the antagonist of its political progress. She stands for ignorance as against intelligence; for class against mass; for autocracy against democracy; for absolute despotism against constitutional liberty; for race antagonisms as against international amities; for war against peace. Her highest conception of national greatness is the organization of armed brute force. The chief end of her government, her commerce, her wealth, her vast numerical resources, is the creation of military power. She exists to oppose, to repress, to aggress, to invade, to destroy. She stands out among the European nations as the one country that effectively confronts the elevating forces of modern progress with brute resistance. That is her function, her mission among the nations.

A Few Don'ts for Girls.

Don't keep the fact that you are corresponding with some man a secret from your mother.

Don't write foolish letters to anybody, men or women. You never know who may see them.

Don't let Tom, Dick or Harry call you by your first name, or greet you with some slang phrase.

Don't think that you can go untidy all day, and then look very fine at night, for fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

Don't let any man kiss you or put his arm about you unless you are engaged to be married to him, and even then be a little stingy with your favors.

Don't let any man believe that simply for the asking he can get "that pretty Smith girl" to go out driving with him, to accompany him to the concert, or to entertain him for an hour when he can't find anybody else.

An Eye to Business.

Roobster Herald: There was a hanging entertainment, with a negro in the principal role, at Trenton, Georgia, last Friday. The enterprising landlord of a hotel there, appreciating the importance of the occasion and its opportunities, advertised as follows:

Are you going to the hanging? The Blank House at Trenton, Georgia, offers an excellent view to witness the execution. Stop at the Blank House, Trenton, Georgia, when visiting the hanging, May 15th. Can see all from windows. Gallows within 150 yards. Meals fifty cents.

Lynched the Agent.

Montreal Star: A party of Hungarians, who were decieved by the glowing accounts of life in America into emigrating, returned to their native land a few days ago, hunted up the agent who had decieved them and hanged him to a convenient tree. Such object lessons as this might be expected to do more to stop immigration than all the restrictive laws yet passed.

The one hundred and third General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the Northern Assembly, as it is generally called, is now in session in Fort Street Church, Detroit. This is, perhaps, the most important American ecclesiastical gathering of the year. The Assembly represents 32 synods, 813 presbyteries, 6,128 ministers, 6,894 churches, 28,809 elders, 775,908 members, a Sunday school membership of about 900,000, and a revenue of upwards of \$14,000,000.