

IN MEMORIAM

F. E., DIED AT CANON CITY, COLORADO, 29TH DEC., 1878.

Far, far from home, from parents and from kin,
Thy years of manhood only just begun,
And hast thou passed from earth, from pain and sin?
Bone of our bone—Oh, God! my son! my son!

In every moment of the busy day,
Through all the watches of the silent night,
Some weary spirit leaves its mortal clay,
Some suffering soul takes its mysterious flight.

What agonizing tortures wrench the heart,
As dear and loved ones near the bound'ry dread,
Where wives and husbands, mothers, children part!
No living humankind but mourn their dead.

Oh! what a never-ceasing sound of sighs,
In wavy circles beat the far off shore,
What myriad supplicating up-turned eyes,
In tearful agony "Our God! implore!

Far, far from home, from parents and from kin,
Thy years of manhood only just begun,
And hast thou passed from earth, from pain and sin?
Bone of our bone—Oh, God! my son! my son!

And must it be that we shall never greet
Thy looked return, or clasp thee by the hand?
With joy elastic list thy hurrying feet,
Speeding to meet once more the old home band?

Ah! with one last dying thought of mother!
One partly-uttered prayer—the heart is chill!
One loving look to a despairing brother!
One pressure of the hand—and all is still!

Where tower the Rocky Mountains' snowy steep—
Dust unto dust—the soul to Him who gave—
He "neath the dome of God's cathedral" sleeps—
There the wild cactus marks his lonely grave.

Far, far from home, from parents and from kin,
Thy years of manhood only just begun,
And hast thou passed from earth, from pain and sin?
Bone of our bone—Oh, God! my son! my son!

Hark! hark! An echo from the summit's height!
A wave returning from the far-off shore,
An arch of promise and of wondrous light
Beams from the distant grove—Grieve, grieve no more!

"I am the resurrection and the life,"
Spans broad and crystallizes o'er the sky;
Heal o'er your lacerated heart, my wife!
Our son but calmly sleepeth—did not die!

'Tis only we from home that are astray,
From father! brother! and our countless kin!
We're marching on, our son but points the way;
There sorrow never comes, nor pain, nor sin.

Love! Love to God, to Christ, to fellow-men,
How joyous then our earth-bound course to run!
A little struggling pang, a sigh, and then—
We'll meet our God, the Saviour, and our son!

Montreal, Jan. 23, 1879.

H. E.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The next day Sir George again sought Hayward.

"Well?" he said, as he entered the young man's room, and Hayward understood the unspoken question that was asked by Sir George's gloomy and inquiring eyes.

"I have read Lady Hamilton's letters," he said, after a moment's silence.

"Yes?" said Sir George, still looking at Hayward, who was pale and nervous.

"And I believe," continued Hayward, trying to speak steadily, "that it has been as you suggested. Lady Hamilton has trifled with Mr. Hannaway's feelings. All her later letters are evidently but jesting replies to his earnest ones. It has been with this unfortunate man—as it has been with others."

As Hayward with hesitation and pain said these words, Sir George gave a sort of sigh of relief. Then he sat down by the table and covered his face with his hand. His heart was sore within him, and full of bitterness. He was thinking what his wealth had brought him. Not love, nor peace, nor happiness, but shame and bitter pain. What! had he to listen to such words as he had just heard, and yet be thankful! His wife had been but jesting—jesting away her fair fame—scoffing, perhaps, at the dead man as in the earlier letters, which he, her husband, had read, she had scoffed and jested at him!

For a few moments Sir George did not speak, as one after another the most bitter and galling reflections passed through his mind. Hayward also during this interval was silent, and felt full of embarrassment and pain. Then suddenly Sir George held out his hand, and said in a broken voice:

"Hayward, you saved my life—make it, at least, endurable. Let me feel I have one friend—one friend in whom I can trust."

Hayward was deeply affected at this appeal, and at the gloomy misery so visibly impressed on Sir George's face.

"I have always felt most grateful to you, Sir George," he said, putting his hand into Sir George's cold, trembling one, as he spoke, "but

the difference of our position prevented me—" And Hayward paused.

"Then forget that difference," said Sir George, rising. "Forget that I was born a rich man, and you a poor one, for that is the only difference between us."

"Very well," said Hayward, and he smiled.

"And be my friend," continued Sir George. "Stand between me and my own gloomy thoughts—stand between me and the woman who mocked and scoffed at me when she pretended to seem most fond."

"And you trust me?" said Hayward, looking straight at Sir George with his grey and honest eyes.

"I trust you completely," answered Sir George, and Hayward's face suddenly flushed when he heard the words.

"I will deserve that trust," he said in a low tone; and after this Isabel's name was neither mentioned nor alluded to again between them.

But Sir George made Hayward a distinct offer before their interview ended. This was to occupy the post held by the late Mr. Hannaway as manager of the Massam property. A liberal salary had always accompanied this appointment, and this Sir George now offered to Hayward. Combe Lodge as a residence, and a thousand a year, seemed to Hayward absolute wealth after the pinching poverty he had endured, and this was how Sir George proposed to remunerate his services.

"Let me see if I can manage the work first," said Hayward; and it was finally agreed between them that Hayward should accompany Sir George back to Massam, and that he should at once relinquish his employment with Mr. Newcome, the printer.

That gentleman received the information that his "reader" was about to quit his services with apparent equanimity.

"Humph!" he said, when Hayward told him of Sir George's offer, "I thought it would end so. It's all very fine, young gentleman, to ride a high horse, but one generally rides in the end to one's own advantage. So! I suppose you will become a country gentleman next?" And Mr. Newcome sneered, for it was his nature to sneer.

"Well, if I do, will you come and visit me?" answered Hayward, good-naturedly.

"I'll be proud," said Newcome, trying to suppress the sneer which still curled upon his thin lips; for though his soul loved not to hear of any advancement or success happening to others, he yet was always ready to take advantage of it.

"I always said," he continued, "that this Sir George Hamilton would do something substantial for you some of these days. And you must say," he added, after a moment's pause, "that I have kept to you through ill and good fortune. There was Moxam ready to eat my head off for not giving you up after the row you had with his young hopeful. But I flatter myself that I am not quite such a fool as Moxam."

Mr. Newcome said these last words proudly, for he had a very high opinion of his own mental capacity. He had, indeed, foreseen that the friendship and regard of a man in the position of Sir George Hamilton was almost sure to end in some permanent advantage to Hayward. Thus, ever since he had known of the connection between them, he had done his best to be civil to his "reader." This was not always easy to a man of his nature, and he therefore felt now that he ought to receive some reward for his self-denial.

"You have been very kind to me, sir," said Hayward, in answer to the printer's speech, that he hoped he was not quite such a fool as Moxam, "and I shall never forget it. Mr. Moxam was also kind to me in his way," added Hayward, smiling, "and you must tell him of Sir George's offer. I hope now he will forgive me about Mr. Joe." And Hayward laughed.

Newcome smiled too (but sourly) and shrugged his shoulders.

"He'll forgive you fast enough now, I dare say," he said. "Moxam is a fellow who weighs and estimates every man only in a monetary point of view. But that cannot be said of me." And Mr. Newcome no doubt felt at that moment that as regards Hayward it could not, and he was pleased with himself that it was so.

After Hayward parted with Mr. Newcome he returned to his lodgings, and there wrote the letter to Hilda which caused such anxiety and even alarm in her heart. Then he rejoined Sir George at the hotel at which he was staying, as it had been arranged between them, and together in a late train they returned to Massam.

They were not unexpected there. Sir George had sent a special messenger down to the Park, after his interview with Hayward in the morning, and in a few brief, stern words had told Isabel that all trust and love for her was gone out of his heart forever. "For the sake of the child that is to be born to us," he had written, "I shall bring no public shame upon you this time. But remember, if you remain under my roof you must respect it. I will not permit the woman who bears my mother's honoured name to stain it more deeply than you have already done."

These were harsh words, and were penned in a harsh and unforgiving mood. The very depth of Sir George's love for his wife made him more bitter to her now when he knew how utterly she had deceived him.

He would never forgive her, he told himself, and stern, bitter, and determined he returned to his now wretched home.

Isabel received the letter that he sent by special messenger without any great surprise. She, in fact, had guessed the truth when Sir George did not return to Massam on the day of Mr.

Hannaway's death. She knew now, also, of his visit to the dead man's house after the fatal accident. Sir George had gone there probably, she thought, to hide some secrets of his own that the lawyer had been cognizant of, and thus had discovered hers.

"Fool!" she said aloud bitterly, as she read her husband's letter, thinking of the unfortunate man whose life had ended so tragically. "So he must have kept my letters! What madness induced him to do such a thing!" And Isabel began pacing up and down the room, wondering how much Sir George knew; thinking what it would be best to say to him, so as to turn his bitter wrath away.

She heard the carriage arrive which brought her husband and Hayward from the station, and sat in her dressing-room with a beating heart, expecting momentarily to hear Sir George's footsteps approach. But they never came.

"Sir George had ordered dinner to be served in the library for himself and the gentleman," she was informed presently by her maid, on making inquiries.

"What gentleman?" asked Lady Hamilton, with quickened breath.

He was a Mr. Hayward, her maid told her, and Isabel breathed more freely when she heard the name.

"So it is Hayward," she thought, and she went up to her glass, and smiled as she did so.

She could easily win back Hayward, she was thinking, and through him probably Sir George. She remembered the scene in the picture gallery at that moment, and Hayward's face of despair. Perhaps Sir George had brought this young man down to fill Mr. Hannaway's place? she guessed—and in that case— And Isabel smiled again, for she believed that she could mould Hayward entirely to her will.

She waited until she knew dinner had been removed, and then sent a few lines down to the library addressed to Sir George.

"They tell me you have returned," she wrote, "and yet you have not come to say one word to me. What has changed you thus? Surely not a few foolish letters that I wrote when I first came here to that vain and unfortunate man, who was killed on Tuesday? I was (as you know) so angry about Papa's foolish marriage that I would have done anything to prevent it, and I remember writing to Mr. Hannaway to try to induce him to assist me in doing so, as I knew that you were too proud and high-minded to interfere. I can think of nothing else. Do remember that I am ill, and also very unhappy to have displeased you so deeply."

"ISABEL."

It was a clever letter. Isabel wished to know how many of her letters Sir George had read, and how deeply he believed her to have compromised herself with Mr. Hannaway. In his letter to her (the one sent by special messenger that morning) he had only written in general terms. "What I learnt in that unfortunate man's house," Sir George had told his wife, "has changed my feelings to you for ever. I no longer trust or love you—but for the sake of the child that is to be born to us, I will bring no public shame upon you *this time*. But remember, if you remain under my roof you must respect it. I will not permit the woman who bears my mother's honoured name to stain it more deeply than you have already done."

Isabel had read and re-read these words. What did he know? she had thought. What secrets had the dead man left behind him, and how far had they served to blacken her character, and destroy her husband's love?

But Sir George did not leave her long in doubt on these points. Scarcely had she sent her letter down to him, when she heard a slow and heavy footstep approaching the door of her dressing-room; which she had not left during the day, as she either was, or pretended to be, ill. There was something ominous in that slow and measured footfall. It was not the step of a man who comes with pleasant greetings or forgiving words. As Isabel heard it her heart sank a little, but she was defiant by nature, and when Sir George, gloomy and stern-eyed, entered her dressing-room, she at once came forward to receive him.

"You have come to speak to me at last, then?" she said, and she held out her hand to her husband.

But Sir George made no responding sign of amity. He stood there, silent and accusing, and Isabel's eyes fell beneath his fixed and indignant gaze.

"Why do you look at me thus?" she said.

"What have I done?"

"What have you done?" he answered, with extraordinary bitterness of voice and manner. "Ask, rather, what you have not done—you who have lied and deceived, as surely no other woman ever lied or deceived before!"

"You are making mountains out of mole-hills," retorted Isabel. "Is all this about a few foolish letters?"

For a moment Sir George was silent, and Isabel, eager to propitiate him, came forward and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I told you I was sorry I wrote them," she said. "You know how it was? I was so angry about papa's foolish marriage that I was ready to do anything." And as she spoke she looked up appealingly with her lovely face at Sir George. But with a shudder he pushed her hand away.

"Don't touch me," he said, averting his eyes. "Don't come near me—don't lie to me any more. It is enough. I know it all—you fooled me from the beginning!"

"Why should you think so?" asked Isabel, with an inward consciousness that he was speaking the truth.

"I read your letters," said Sir George bitterly "the letters you wrote to the man who is now lying dead! The letters in which my bride (and his lip curled) "confided to a stranger how weary she was of my presence! Yes," he continued, with increasing passion, "the white hand that clasped mine so tenderly wrote at the same time how weary it was of that duty! The rosy lips that were pressed to mine, complained of the bartered kiss!"

"You use choice terms, I must say!" said Isabel, with some of her old defiance of manner.

"I have a choice subject," said Sir George, now looking with bitter scorn at his wife, who had drawn herself to her full height, and stood there facing him.

"If you mean to insult me—," began Isabel.

"Be silent!" interrupted Sir George, passionately, "and listen to me. You lied to me and deceived me from the first, but let that pass. It is of the future I would speak. You married me for my money and my name, and you shall retain them on certain conditions, but only on these conditions."

"And what may these conditions be?" asked Isabel, contemptuously.

"That you remember your honour and mine," answered Sir George, darkly. "The dead man can tell no tales, but if you give any other man the same licence to do so you shall leave my house."

"Well, it would not kill me to do so," said Isabel, yet more contemptuously.

"No," said Sir George, with gloomy emphasis, looking sternly at the beautiful woman before him, "for you are one of those who know not shame. But," he added, "remember you are warned. My honoured mother died here, and no dishonoured wife shall live under my roof."

"I can find other roofs, then," retorted Isabel defiantly. "And what about your secrets?" she went on, tauntingly. "You are fond of prying into mine, it seems. What if I were equally curious?"

For a moment Sir George's eyes fell before hers as she said this. Then he raised them.

"I shall have to answer for my own ill-deeds," he said, "but not to you. But enough of this," he added. "I came here to-night to let you know the truth, and not idle words. Henceforward you are nothing to me, but in name—but beware how you tarnish that name. Let no whisper reach my ears, or everything is ended between us." And as Sir George said these last words he quitted the room before the passionate reply that rose on Isabel's lips could find utterance.

Nothing could exceed her indignation when she found herself alone. That he dare speak to her thus, she thought—that any man dare!

She bit her white lips, and walked hastily up and down the room thinking how she could revenge herself. The insulting words Sir George used, and the thorough disbelief and contempt he had expressed for her, enraged Isabel's vain soul almost to madness. She stamped her foot on the floor, and clenched her hands. She would make him pay for this she determined. Then suddenly an idea struck her. Her old victim, Hayward, was in the house—she would make him jealous of Hayward. This thought seemed to cool her anger. Again she went up to the long cheval glass, and stood looking at her beauty there, well pleased at the fair reflection. God had made her very beautiful. The lovely features pre-deemed to fade and change, were now in full perfection. Time had not touched them, and the strangely truthful tale that time tells, as years pass on, of how those years are spent, had not yet begun to be written upon that smooth and pleasant countenance. But it would be written. The wily man is wily to look upon, and the honest man honest. After youth is past, little by little the soul beneath peeps out. The noble thoughts and the mean ones each have their separate signs. God marks on the mortal part of us, the semblance of the immortal. Almost invariably we carry our characters about with us, written in lines not difficult to understand.

But this time had not yet come to Isabel. The tell-tale lines were yet unsketched, the blooming skin uninjured by the subtle tracery.

So she looked at herself in the long glass, well pleased. Then, after contemplating herself with satisfaction for a few minutes, she turned away, sitting down at her writing-table, which stood near, and after thinking a minute or two she took up her pen and began writing a letter.

In the meanwhile Sir George had rejoined Hayward in the library, with all the marks of agitation and anger still visible on his face.

He did not speak for the first few minutes after he entered the room, but kept pacing restlessly, passing and re-passing Hayward, with his heavy, uneven steps. Presently, however, he stopped.

"Well," he said, "it is all over. I have broken with her—I have told her how vile a thing she is!"

Hayward moved uneasily at these words. He, too, was agitated, and strange emotions were burning within him. A violent, deep-seated feeling is too easily overcome, and though sense and reason may guard the heart, there are undercurrents strong and deep, that sometimes dash precipitately up against monitors.

Coming back to Massam had powerfully affected Hayward, and he could not help feeling greatly disturbed. He was going to meet Isabel again—Isabel whom he knew now to be so worthless and so false! And yet—strange human heart—it moved him deeply to hear her called so vile by Sir George.