

SONNETS.

I.

Thou lov'st and think'st thou art beloved by one,
Who chains thy will as with a magic power,
Whose smile to thee is as the radiant sun,
Touching with warmth the petals of a flower
Half hidden in some dark untrodden spot.
Chilled by the midnight wind, the morning mist,
Till vivid by warmth of heaven begot,
It lifts its head as thus caressed and clas'd,
Unheeding of the dangers that may lower,
And of approaching night has reckoned not,
When winds again shall rise and storm clouds blot
The pale moon's face : changing the present bower
Back to the damp, dark chilliness, where alone
Thou shalt more lonely be for pleasures known.

II.

Did I not tell thee that the glowing sun
Would hide his face beneath the Western sea?
Did I not warn thee that the fleckle one
Would tire full soon of smiling upon thee?
That yet again the summer sky would darken,
And leave thee doubly lonely, all alone?
Yet to the warning words thou did'st not hearken,
Turning a deaf ear to the ominous tone.
And now I hear thy voice in sound forlorn,
Like a faint echo of the driving wind,
That shrieking, shatters thee with touch unkind,
And by whose breath thy petals frail are torn.
Did I not tell thee it was all a lie?
And now thou knowest it as well as I.

III.

Pity thee—more than pity struggles here,
And holds possession of my throbbing breast
Shrink not away in silence, but draw near
And seek within these arms the calm of rest.
Turn not to solitude, nor let thy heart
Fade and decay as doth the blighted plant;
But rather seek some new life to impart,
Let not misanthropy play sycophant.
And probe thy wound to give thee ghastly pleasure.
Oh! sin not thus I pray, or fond command:
But turn and see if thou canst find a treasure,
Which thou may'st lavish with unsparring hand,
Not as the miser hoards it up by stealth,
But with fond usury to increase thy wealth.
Montreal, July. BARRY DANE.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"What!"
"Your daughter and I are engaged, and we—"
"Engaged! Young man, have you lost your senses? Do you know what you are talking about?"
"I presume it appears presumption in me, but your daughter—"
"Don't mention my daughter, young man. I won't hear of it!"
"We hoped you would give your consent—"
"Never!"
"Carrie says—"
"Never mind what she says. You can't have my consent, nor my daughter. Do you understand?"
"I do, sir." And Bernard Holm turned resolutely toward the door.
Mr. Weltall looked after the retreating form of the young man with an impatient and perplexed frown; then he suddenly called him back.
"What have you to support a wife with?"
"I haven't much yet, but we are both young and can—"
"What business do you intend to follow?"
"Well, I don't know exactly; I—"
"Don't know! A young man of your age without any money, and wanting to marry a girl who has always had every comfort, and don't know exactly what to do in life?"
"Mr. Weltall, I have an ambition which I have entertained since I was a child; but I have never mentioned it to any one, fearing I might fail, and then—"
"Are you doing anything at present?"
"I am employed as an engraver in a jewelry store, sir."
"What wages?"
"Forty dollars a month."
"Is that your ambition to become a skilful engraver?"
"No, sir; it is not. I have always—"
"Well, Mr. Holm, you yourself must see that it would not do to consign my daughter to you without further notice. You are without means; without a profession, I might almost say; doing one thing and designing something different. This shows instability of character, more firmness and decision are required in order to succeed in the world, Mr. Holm, than I think you possess. But what is this ambition of yours?"
"It is to become a painter, sir, an artist."
"Indeed! Have you ever painted anything?"
"Yes, sir, quite a number of pieces."
"How much will one of your paintings bring?"
"Not very much, I am afraid; I have not sold any as yet; I—"
"No? are you painting anything at present?"
"I am engaged upon a painting which is about half finished."
"What will it be worth when done?"
"I don't know, sir; I am not sure that I can get anything for it; but I am in hopes—"
"Well, Mr. Holm, all I can say at present is, that when you have decided upon what pursuit to follow, and you seem in a fair way to succeed in it, we will talk this matter over again. If you decide to become a painter, come to me, when your picture is finished and the cash for

it is in your pocket, and we will see what can be done. If you fail I can see no hope for you, sir. Good-day!"

Mr. Weltall was in the office of his extensive manufacturing establishment when the above conversation took place.

Of large and of almost aldermanic proportions Mr. Weltall impressed one with a sense of inflexible solidity. His head was large, his face massive; his forehead broad, with corners as hard and well defined as those of his fire and burglar-proof safe. He wore a heavy gold watch and chain, with a heavy seal; also a diamond breast-pin worth thousands of dollars and the wonder of Valleythorpe. It was his boast that there was no nonsense about him; meaning thereby that he excluded everything in life from his thoughts whose practical utilities were problematical. Being then the wealthiest and most imposing personage in the village and for miles around, his astonishment was complete when Bernard Holm came to inform him that he and his daughter were betrothed. He could not credit his sense of hearing, though it was not his habit to discredit anything pertaining to himself; and he could find no words wherewith to characterize the young man's surprising audacity.

After recovering in a measure from his amazement, his first impulse was to utterly crush the young man's hopes, and put an effectual stop to any further development of this love affair, of which he had hitherto been ignorant. But when Mr. Weltall saw that Bernard turned away with an air of defiance, the thought suddenly flashed into his mind that he would not be likely to show himself defiant unless supported by the young lady's love; and if that were the case, Mr. Weltall knew his daughter well enough to know that she would marry him, whatever he might say or do to the contrary. This was a consummation he would not consider for a moment. The wily Mr. Weltall, therefore, called Bernard Holm back, knowing that if he acted in a more conciliatory manner, any immediate action contrary to his wishes would not, in all probability, be taken; and putting him on probation, as it were, time would be gained; and with time many things might come to his help.

Why Mr. Weltall was so opposed to Bernard as a son-in-law will be readily understood when it is known that he was poor, and nobody, particularly, in Valleythorpe. A person not of consequence enough to be noticed either favorably or otherwise, he was let severely alone. The fast young men of Valleythorpe, who played billiards, bet at horse races, arranged dancing parties at which each was floor manager turn about, held him in supreme contempt; they considered him a milk-and-water sort of young man, whose feelings and passions were of such a pale cast that he was incapable of any action of a decided complexion, either good or bad. The rest of the good people of Valleythorpe held him in nearly the same estimation; he was not regarded as a very likely young man; he was not rich, nor in a way to become so; that was his unpardonable sin. His poverty might have been forgiven had he shown himself eager and successful in working out of it. But he was not. He idled his time away in sketching, drawing, and painting foolish pictures. He would never amount to anything. That was the verdict of Valleythorpe. This village, which a generation or two before had been on the verge of a westward-moving civilization, was situated on a stream of water affording splendid opportunities for the employment of water-power. It was dotted with mills and factories of all kinds. The inhabitants of the place had come there poor—or their ancestors had—and by hard work and economy it had been in the power of each person to become rich; although the opportunities for becoming so now had greatly decreased, still it was expected that each one would do his best to attain wealth, let circumstances be what they would. In every hard-working and prosperous community every thought, except that of money-making, is apt to be crowded out, in the beginning of its career at least; dollars and cents is the standard of measurement for a man; in such a place the poet, the artist, the dreamer, can find no congenial abiding place. I say this is especially the case in a prosperous community in the beginning of its prosperity.

By and by, when the intoxication of money-getting begins to subside in a measure, other and more humanizing influences are allowed to creep in, and are recognized. The poet's book finds a place on the centre-table, and in the hearts of men and women; the painter and the sculptor are honoured, and their works, beginning to give delight by their symmetry and harmony, and the thought which they contain, are welcomed into every home. Valleythorpe, however, had not reached this stage in its march toward complete civilization, and Bernard, who was an artist by nature and by practice, was sadly out of place.

Bernard Holm, with an aged housekeeper, lived by himself in a small cottage left him by his parents, who were both dead. He was somewhat below the medium height, with dark hair and eyes. He always walked with his head down; now and then looking up as if surprised. When not at work, he seemingly spent all his time in sketching and drawing.

That he should be the successful wooer of Carrie Weltall, the accomplished heiress, the acknowledged belle of Valleythorpe, would have been regarded as too absurd a bit of gossip for even the most inveterate tale-bearer to hawk about. When he returned to report the result

of the interview to Miss Weltall, he appeared not to be as elate as one might suppose, considering the reasonable conditions laid upon him. The difficulty was, he had too keen a sense of his shortcomings. A man with a coarse-fibred nature and the same abilities would in all probability have succeeded better than Bernard so far.

Miss Weltall was a magnificent young lady. I use the word "magnificent" because I can think of no other adjective that describes her so fully. She was tall, a trifle taller than her lover, and splendidly proportioned. Her features were regular and cleanly cut, her complexion was light, while her eyes, which were large, had the habit of looking at one with a thrilling directness, and her hair was as black as midnight. Her will was imperious, even more inflexible than her father's. In this respect she was entirely unlike her sainted mother, who had never had a will of her own, though her husband, at times, complained while in company, in a jocular way, of the despotic sway his wife exercised over him.

Carrie Weltall became impatient with the young painter for not embracing the opportunity of showing what he was capable of, with more alacrity; especially, too, when the prize of success was herself, for she was inclined to take a hopeful view of the situation; and she succeeded at length in infusing him with some of her own enthusiasm, so that he went to the task before him in tolerable good spirits.

In a little more than half a year the painting was finished and on its way to an Eastern city to compete for a place on the walls of the exhibition rooms. A few weeks of feverish waiting, then came the decision of the judges, which was unfavorable. It had not been thought worthy of a place on the academic walls, and consequently its chances of finding a purchaser were next to nothing.

"I knew just how it would turn out before I sent it," Bernard said.

"Try again," answered his betrothed; "never give up till you succeed."

Bernard's spirits were low for a long time after. Mr. Weltall soon heard of our artist's failure, and was not slow in summoning the unfortunate man before him. Bernard was informed that, as he had failed in his part of the compact of course there could be no further thought of marriage between him and his daughter; and he wished that all intercourse between them should cease henceforth. The daughter unfortunately was present at this interview and objected to having an affair in which she was one of the principals concerned thus summarily disposed of without having anything to say in the matter. Hitherto she had remained silent; but now she rose with flashing eyes and a burning spot on either cheek, and vehemently declared that she should marry Mr. Holm if he would have her in spite of anything her father could do or say to the contrary. Yes, she should marry him to-morrow, should her father act too imperiously. Mr. Weltall grew hot and violent at this, as one might suppose, and declared in his turn that she might do so if she wished, but she would no longer be a daughter of his. The Weltall blood was subject to violent commotions at times, and it boiled in the veins of both father and daughter now. Carrie turned and looked her father full in the face.

"Good-bye, then," said she hotly, "you have no right to dictate where my affections are concerned. Come, Mr. Holm," and they went out together.

"Where will you go now?" Bernard said.

"I don't know," was the short reply.

"I will tell you," said he, "let us be married immediately, then you will come home with me." He had been roused, too, and when occasion called for it, he was not destitute of courage, he would brave the lion in his den, or walk up to the shotted cannon's mouth in time of battle; for ages, acknowledged test of bravery in a man.

"Very well, let us go over to the Rev. Mr. Turtle's." The Rev. Mr. Turtle was the parson at whose church she attended worship.

"My dear, I believe you would make a Joan of Arc," said Bernard; but she took no notice of the remark.

In less than an hour they were husband and wife. After the ceremony was over, and he had time to consider what had happened, then the Rev. Mr. Turtle was so astonished that he gave his best great-coat with his last sermons in one of the pockets, to a tramp who happened along asking alms; then he told his wife. Two hours afterward Valleythorpe was dumbfounded by the news. Three hours afterward the bride and groom were as much astonished at what had taken place as the rest.

That night Mr. Weltall's home was a dismal and cheerless place to the choleric old man, who was left alone with his wealth and his evil spirit. "What a pity," said friends and acquaintances, "what a pity that she should throw away her prospects in this mad way." And they shook their heads mournfully.

The young couple spent the first part of their honeymoon happily and contentedly in Mr. Holm's modest home; but when the honeymoon waned, the sting of failure, continually in Bernard's mind, became sharper and sharper, and finally worked its legitimate result; he was seized with brain fever, which lasted a long time. When he had recovered far enough to be able to think, he knew that the little money he had on hand must have been exhausted long ago, but everything seemed to go on as usual; his young wife was brisk and cheerful now that

her husband was out of danger, and appeared not to be hampered by the want of means.

"I suppose Mr. Weltall had to come to the rescue after all," said Bernard one day, "what money we had must have been used up long ago."

"Yes, my dear, that is all gone; but father has not helped us."

"But how have you—?"

"You mustn't talk; the doctor has forbidden it, you know. But if you will listen, I will tell you what has happened while you have been ill."

"I am all attention; may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I interrupt you."

"Well, when I saw that our fortune was fast dwindling away, I wrote a note to my father stating how we were situated, and as my anger toward him had left me, I asked him to send me some money, but—"

"And he—?"

"Be careful of your tongue, sir; it must be cleaving to the roof of your mouth now."

"Proceed, please; I'll be as mum as an Egyptian 3,000 years old, till you are through."

"But it seemed my father was angry as ever, and instead of remitting the needed help, he said he did not lend money to strangers without security."

"The bru—"

"Your tongue, sir, your tongue; I am not through yet. Not long after that the bank with which he was connected, failed, and he was left without a penny in the world. When his money was gone his friends deserted him, he suffered greatly. My heart bled for him, as in ten days he had grown ten years older. I could not endure to think he should go as a beggar among strangers, so I invited him to come here and live with us—he is here now."

An expression of vexation passed over Bernard's face, but he said nothing.

"You won't be vexed, will you, my dearie?" his wife said, in answer to his expression. "He is an old broken-down man; the truth is, his mind is affected; he is very quiet, and keeps out of everybody's way as much as possible."

"Oh, well, let him stay, and welcome; but he did not show much pity on us when we were in trouble. But now tell me from what source you have been drawing your supplies."

"Do you remember that short story which was published in our magazine not long after we were married? You mentioned its having such a peculiar title, you know."

"I remember it, but what has that to do with my questions?"

"You said you thought it was quite good, didn't you?"

"I believe so, but what—?"

"I wrote that story."

"You?"

"I."

"Well, if that isn't enough to astonish an oyster!"

"I was paid for it, too," she continued, a finer color coming into her face; "and the publishers wrote me they should be glad to publish and pay for anything I might be pleased to send them."

"And you never told me anything about it?"

"I wished to surprise you some day. I had sent them a number of articles before you were taken sick, and while you were ill I also managed to send one occasionally. There's where the money has come from."

Bernard could only look at her in silence; but his face expressed the feelings he could not utter in words; then the thought of his own failure came into his mind; the ashes of dead hopes lay bitter in his heart; he turned his head away—a mist was gathering before his eyes. The young wife stole gently to his side, and kissing him on the forehead, placed a letter in his hand. "This," said she, "came while you were ill. I was sorely tempted to break it, but withstood the temptation." The following is the letter they read together:

"Mr. Holm: Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have received an offer of one thousand dollars for your painting of 'The Two Influences.' I shall hold the picture subject to your order.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your great success. Yours is a remarkable painting. To paint two faces as exactly alike in every feature as these in your picture are, and still to represent love to our fellow-man, humanity, charity and unselfishness in the face of one, and cold-hearted avarice, selfishness, and hardness in that of the other, is a great attempt worthy of the efforts of genius, and such as only genius could accomplish. If this painting were mine I should call one of the twins the Bank President, and the other the Honest Man. I am authorized to offer you \$2,000 for your next work of art, leaving the choice of subject to yourself.

"Yours truly,

"P. B. MARK."

"P.S.—The thought in your picture was accidentally discovered by the person who wishes to buy it, while looking over rejected paintings. The judges, I am sorry to say, had failed to understand the meaning of your work."

"P. B. M."

It was not many months after this that Mr. Weltall's sorrow and afflictions ended in that deep sleep that has no morning. His death was peaceful; his once strong mind was as a child's again. He spoke of the gladness and the glory there is in the earth when life and love and hope are young. He lies among the flowers, and the birds sing to him—his once neglected friends.