

looking at the grave; then turning to her, 'I've abrought thee a posy, Rachel. I got un from the squee's gardener (this was four miles away). I dunna know what name thou givest thy flowers, but my mother called um "love in idles," and he put a bunch of purple and yellow pansies with their velvet leaves into her hand. She looked up with a bright smile and a blush, said nothing, but put the flowers into her bosom. The parson's bell was ringing, and with Reuben and his mother she followed the congregation who trooped in. But Leverton had seen it all, and as he followed Maurice into the church, he said in a loud whisper, so that all the philosophers of the porch could hear, 'What, he's afraid now of going after the stag and will only run after the women.' Maurice ground his teeth, but did not turn.

It was true that he had not been 'out' for a long time' but not with the least idea of growing steady, as the polite world may suppose. It is almost impossible for a settled state of society to realize the feelings of peasants in those parts in those days. The Crown in such an extremely impersonal proprietor, its rights are held so lightly, its duties are still less considered; the deer are such thoroughly wild animals, that the land seems to belong to no one, and to be of use to nobody; and the result altogether was that no young man's conscience was at all more hurt by going out after the deer than the Hon. Mowbray Plantagenet suffers remorse in a Canadian forest going after an elk. It was a trial of skill between gentlemen of different professions: if the poacher caught the stag, well; if the keeper circumvented the poacher, it was fair too, if not well.

Silas himself, the majestic Silas, though as an official himself he had a natural leaning to the authorities, would just as soon that his granddaughter should marry a poacher as a keeper, if he had been as well doing; but Maurice just 'scratted along,' while Leverton had eighteen good shillings a week and a house, with the chance of better.

Church began, but Maurice did not profit greatly; in vain the clerk's periods struck his occupied ear. Silas was particularly great to-day in certain psalms where he could sound the proper plurals 'priestesses' and 'beastesses,' in their place; there was a new curate, a north countryman, and he had been so ill-advised as to try and reform these peculiar terminations, but Silas knew better: 'I won't be put down by nobody, let alone by he; why I dunnot understand above half o' what he do say, he do talk so queer, he do;' therefore in conscious rectitude he now rolled them out with redoubled fervour. But neither this nor the psalmody had any effect on Maurice. This greatly resembled the cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music which Nebuchadnezzar the king had for his private enjoyment. The instruments were many and singular; so were the minds of the performers—each went on his way rejoicing, quite regardless of any one else, with wonderful results. The curate also sometimes desired one spiritual song, the choir another, and both continued their separate performance at the tops of their voices, till the strongest had it, which was of course the choir, numbers against authority.

All this, however, was lost on Maurice, filed with his own thoughts. Where he sat he could just catch Rachel's pure sweet profile, looking very pale, but calm and still. There was a curious old corbel over her with a beautiful head upon it; almost all the rest were queer grinning apish faces. It was evidently the portrait of a Queen—the companion, a Richard II. sadly mutilated, was still decipherable—but Maurice always took it for an angel, and said it was like Rachel, and his prayer that day, if its vague longings had been translated into words, would have read, 'Sancte Rachele, ora pro me.'

At last church was 'loosed.' It was a pretty sight to watch the little rivulets of people streaming in their different directions, over green field and through wooded glade home: white surplices (the smock frock) and red cloaks abounded; the flat black silk hat, however, which went with it had even here disappeared into the bonnet.

To be continued.

ON BOARD THE ARGYLESHIRE.

IT was in the year—well, never mind, even old ladies may keep a secret if they like—but at all events it was long, long ago, I was going from Edinburgh to London in the steamship *Argyleshire*. We were a happy party—my brother and myself, and some one else,

"A nearer one
Still, and a dearer one,"

who was to call me by the sacred name of wife ere many weeks were past,

It was a glorious summer-day when we started from Granton; so bright that it was hard to tell which was the bluest or the brightest, the clear sky above or the dancing waters of the Forth below; and all on board were in gay spirits and full of happy anticipations of a pleasant trip. Young ladies walked about in the freshest of toilets and most elaborate styles of hairdressing, and young gentlemen sported wideawakes and tweed suits, and looked knowingly through telescopes at the coast on either side, while they talked to the captain of things pertaining to the sea, the speed of his ship, and the dangers of the sea generally. The good man, as smart as any of them now (but with rough pea-coats and oil-skin cap and leggings bidding their time to be put on, in a convenient corner), talked, and answered, and smiled a quiet smile as he listened and thought of by-and-by. All this was very fine in the Forth, but there is open sea beyond; and Neptune, ungallant fellow that he is, has no tender mercies. All yield alike to his will, and gloriously he sports with the luckless beings who venture into his dominions.

There was a little wind stirring, but, sheltered by the hills on either side, we did not feel it, and right merry were we all till we neared the mouth of the river; then we began to feel that there was more in store for us than taking comfortable promenades on the deck, and chatting pleasantly to one another; little provoking waves tipped with white foam came up one after another and broke against the side, sending showers of spray over the deck, as much as to say, "See what we could do if we chose!" and fair faces began to look very grave and turned very white, and one young lady after another suddenly found that her hair was rough, or her dress disarranged, or that she had left something of vast importance downstairs which apparently took a long time to find, as they never reappeared. The gentlemen, too, vanished by turns quite as mysteriously; if they did reappear it was muffled in great-coats and comforters, and with a mysteriously subdued air. I did not suffer much, and persisted in remaining on deck, as did one or two other ladies; and the terrible nausea after a while grew less, and I was able to look about me.

Neither of my companions was materially affected, and we sat chatting and looking about us till the evening came on and it grew dark. The wind had increased towards the afternoon, and it was pretty rough though fine; and, muffled in cloaks and shawls, I enjoyed looking out upon the darkening water. The second-class passengers were mostly down in their cabins, and the deck was vacant from end to end save for the sailors about their work. We had been speaking (my betrothed and myself) about our future, where we should go and what see on the wedding tour, now so near, when suddenly a sharp shudder ran through me, an intense cold shiver. What caused it I could not tell; I was not cold, was not frightened; I was gazing, as I had done before, along the deck; there was only one person to be seen, a slight girl in a dark dress standing between the paddle-boxes, gazing down into the engine-room. I could not see her face, but the figure seemed to be that of a girl about seventeen or eighteen, plainly dressed, with a good deal of grace and elegance about her in spite of her apparently humble position. She had magnificent hair, for it fell in dark curls from under her bonnet, and hung all over her shoulders in ringlets which no artificial aid could have produced.

"You are cold, Lilly," my companion said, noticing my shiver; "you have stayed up here too long; let me take you into the cabin."

"Oh, no!" I replied, (the very idea of the close, hot air made me feel ill), "I cannot go in there!"

"Well, down to the deck there; it is more sheltered. I can make you a nice place in that corner, and I won't have you catching cold now."

"It wasn't the cold," I replied, rising.

I was glad to go down, though the ship was rocking too much for me to attempt it by myself. I wanted to see that girl nearer. She stood there so still, not minding the rocking of the vessel in the least, or paying the slightest attention to any one who passed her, as one or two of the men did while I looked at her. We went down—my brother remaining where he was—and established ourselves in a comfortable seat where I could see the girl's face. It was very pale—interesting rather than pretty—and she seemed quite absorbed in watching the motions of the snorting monster underneath the skylight, the gleam of the polished brass-work of which we could see at intervals as the huge bars moved in obedience to the power which impelled them. I could not help watching her intently, her face had such a strange fascination for me; it was very sad and white, and never varied in its set, stony look. I pointed her out to Leonard, and as he sat by my side, gazing up at the stars which twinkled over our heads—

"Looks awfully lonely and cold," he remarked; "I've half a mind to go and speak to her."

"I would," I said, "if could stand, but I rather doubt my power of walking so far."

"So do I. I don't want to see my Lilly measuring her length upon the deck, so I'll go. What shall I say to her when I have accomplished the perilous journey?"

"Ask her to come and sit down. We have plenty of wraps."

It seemed as though she heard us, for as Leonard rose she turned her face full upon us and gazed a wistful, mournful gaze, as though she would fain have said something in acknowledgment; but he never reached her to hear it, for as he turned from me a sudden sea struck the vessel, covering us with fine spray, and blinding him for a moment. When he recovered himself the girl was gone; no trace of her could be seen, and he returned to my side.

"She didn't care for a stranger to speak to her, I suppose," he remarked. "I got more salt water down my throat than I bargained for that time. I must have a cigar to take the taste away—that is, if the wind will let me, which seems doubtful."

I watched him light it—rather a long process under the circumstances—shivering all the while with a dread I could neither suppress nor account for, somehow connected with the girl we had seen, though why I should care about her I could not imagine.

"Why, Lilly, what's the matter?" he asked, catching sight of my pale face. "You really must go in."

"No, no!" I pleaded. "Where is she?"

"She! Who?"

"That girl!"

"Why you silly child, look there!"

He pointed to the fore part of the deck, and there, sure enough, she was, walking up and down, her hands clasped together as calmly as if the tossing ship were the carpeted floor of a drawing-room.

"How can she walk?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"She's a better sailor than you, that's very evident," he remarked with a smile. "How interested you are in her, Lilly?"

"Yes," I said; "I don't know why;" and then, prompted by a feeling I could not account for, I suddenly called one of the sailors who was passing at the time: "Do you know who that young lady is?"

The man stopped in astonishment. "What young lady, miss?"

"That one there, walking up and down; she seems thoroughly used to the sea."

"Why, can't you see her, man?" Leonard asked. "Yonder pale-face—dark hair—hands clasped, so."

The man's face seemed to me to turn perfectly