

THE NIGHT IS PASSING.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

I.

Two spirits passed each other in the mist,
That day's sweet eve when God and man had kissed.
One swept along trailing a lovely light,
The other wore the garments of the night;
The one had tasted love, the other hate,
And either bore the strain, content to wait
Till the seven thousand years had killed the world;
Each wore a tangled scroll, which, when unfurled,
Read, as they neared the earth, and mortal eyes—
"The night is passing."

II.

"The night is passing"
Sang out the stars to the heaving sea,
Where wild waves tossed in a fiendish glee,
And the long, low-lying mountain ranges,
With a deep, dark silence that never changes,
Fold the lakes and the valleys sweet,
Till the night and the morning meet.
And a rippling murmur ran up through the land,
And the cold, sad earth seemed to understand
That "the night was passing."

III.

So, too, I hear the selfsame song of light
Flooding th' abysmal chasms of the night;
Where each dark charnel-house and lazar den
Reeks with the passions and the wrecks of men.
O'er silent graveyards, where the willows wave,
And broken-hearted ones have ceased to rave,
Pealeth, like music of some deep-toned bell,
Into the gathering night that "all is well,"
"The night is passing."

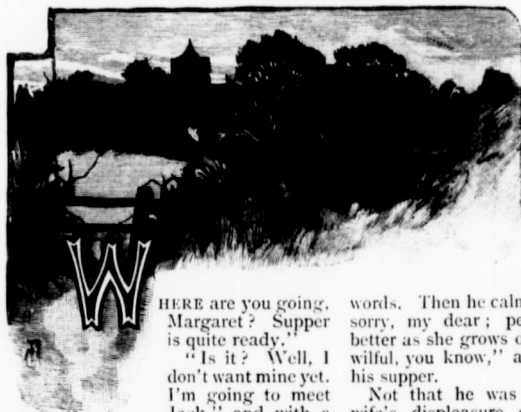
"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



W HERE are you going, Margaret? Supper is quite ready."
"Is it? Well, I don't want mine yet. I'm going to meet Jack," and with a determined toss of her head Margaret Harcourt started across the lawn where she had been sitting at work until her step-mother joined her.

"Stay, child! Jack may be half an hour late, and you know how I dislike irregularity at meals. Besides, it is too late for you to go across the fields alone; I wish you to come in."

"I'm sorry," replied Margaret, "but Jack never yet came home without finding me at the stile, and I don't think he will to-night. I don't in the least mind going without supper, so you needn't wait;" and without waiting to hear more, she walked quickly out of sight, leaving Mrs. Harcourt to fume alone.

But that was not that good lady's way.

Instead she hastened indoors to find her husband and tell him for about

the sixth time that week, that his daughter Margaret was the most ungrateful, disrespectful girl in the world, and to make various other complaints to relieve her mind.

Mr. Harcourt, as usual, listened in silence until she ceased for lack of

words. Then he calmly remarked, "I'm sorry, my dear; perhaps she'll grow better as she grows older. Girls will be wilful, you know," and proceeded with his supper.

Not that he was indifferent to his wife's displeasure or his daughter's wilfulness, but he was not sufficiently strong-minded to cope with the matter, and so, after several fruitless efforts, he kept to himself and took no part whatever in these frequent disagreements.

He was naturally a kind man and would have been glad to see both mother and daughter happy together, but had already given it up as hopeless.

He was also a deep reader and a man of intellect, spending most of his time in the seclusion of his own study, for the most part oblivious to household affairs. On the death of his first wife, he had been persuaded by his sister to marry a lady of her choice, whom she assured him was admirably suited to act a mother's part to his little daughter. On her

account he had yielded, but a few months only sufficed to show him he had made a great mistake.

From the very first Margaret resented the new-comer, who quickly proved herself unfitted to overcome such resentment. In consequence an invincible dislike grew up in the girl's heart, and had now, at the age of nineteen, embittered her whole nature.

But, although Mr. Harcourt felt he had in some way made a mistake, he remained practically indifferent to the evil consequences resulting from it, and made no attempt to counteract them. When his wife insisted upon drawing his attention to various details, in which, according to her step-mother's version, Margaret certainly did not shine, he would generally comfort himself by thinking it was only the girl's way; she was a little too self-willed, she would grow wiser by-and-by. He did not take into consideration what effect such a narrow-minded, unsympathetic nature as his wife's would have upon the proud, passionate girl, who had inherited from her Italian mother, not only her warm Southern beauty, but the keen sensitiveness and fiery spirit of her race, and, combined with these, the questioning intellect of her father.

But to return; while her step-mother was pouring her grievances into Mr. Harcourt's ears, Margaret made her way quickly to the spot where she expected to meet her brother Jack. She had started off very briskly, with a hard look on her face and her lips together, while the poise of her head gave no slight indication of that rebellious spirit which was such a source of daily grievance to her step-mother.

As she neared the stile, however, the