

FATED TO LOVE HER

CHAPTER XXVII. During several days Gabrielle continued, greatly to Cissy's delight, to answer James coolly, to look at him unconcernedly, to throw cold water upon his constant efforts to please her. James, however, at this evinced himself to be of a truly persevering disposition. The first shock over, he rallied his forces, and applied himself, heart and soul, to the work of regaining what he had lost.

she has sufficient presence of mind to be extremely careful lest her tears should fall upon the strings of her new bonnet; inasmuch as Cissy, although in tears herself, could not help inquiring, "Shall I pin a handkerchief over the bows of your bonnet, Miss Gabrielle?" She expected a fond embrace to ensue; but in this she was disappointed. And the next moment he addressed Cissy—Gabrielle's cousin—as "Miss Gordon." He could not, then, be Gabrielle's brother. Janet felt sorely puzzled; but the spice of mystery heightened her interest.

James insisted on Olivia's writing to request a visit from a certain eminent physician, specially eminent in his treatment of consumption. And although Olivia said, and the family doctor, with a suppressed smile, hinted, that in so simple a case it was scarcely necessary to send from Yorkshire to London for advice, James would take no denial. So Olivia did write, and the physician came; and his visit, for the first time, awakened in Gabrielle's mind a suspicion that she was more than commonly delicate. Olivia, afraid of alarming her, said nothing of the distance from which he had been summoned; but Gabrielle gathered it from the speech of her own, and was troubled accordingly. And now she thought of it—how long her cough did last!

"Oh, I hope I am not going to die," she said to herself; "I could not bear to die." Where, then, was the calm indifference to this world and its concerns which she had brought from Evesham? Where the longing after the higher world which had, at the same time, possessed her? Where, indeed? She looked at James, and her heart felt as though it would burst. How could she be resigned to leave a world where she was so loved, so valued, so idolized, but it was the truth. Heaven would scarcely be heaven to her, she thought, without him.

"He will not separate us." We have been so happy, was Charles's dream's dying cry, as her husband leaned over her pillow. And thus, every year, cry many—wives, lovers, children, friends. These human ties entwine themselves so closely about our human hearts. Too often they blind our eyes to the Divine Love whence they come, the love which is their parent, author of their existence—without which they could not be. When her interview with Dr. W. was over—when he had stethoscoped, tapped and questioned to his heart's content, and had bowed her out of the room, Gabrielle went quietly upstairs, and, falling on her knees at her bedside, prayed—as she had never prayed before—that she might live, and not die.

"I wonder," said Cissy, meditatively, "if that is the spirit which I feel within me. I know I am about to victimize myself in my most barbaric degree; but to amuse those four horrid girls, our fellow bridemaids. Does that spirit make you wish the people for whom you exercise it at the bottom of the Red Sea, or, at least, the Pacific Ocean? Because, if so, I've got it." "Why are they horrid girls, Cissy?" said Gabrielle, laughing. "They seem very nice girls to me."

"My dear child," said Olivia, smiling, and laying her tating aside, "why should I keep anything from you? You have been frightening yourself, I see—conjecturing up all manner of terrible ideas. He thinks you very delicate, certainly; and he says that you require a great deal of care. But that is all; there is no disease. And he has prescribed a remedy which he believes will make you quite well and strong again."

"I can't tell you now. But don't look so curious. You will hear soon, never fear. Meanwhile, dear child, remember there is nothing whatever to be alarmed about." Gabrielle was reassured, but the drawback, the drop of bitterness, which sooner or later finds its way into every cup of earthly joy, had found its way into hers; the cup had lost its first unalloyed sweetness. From this time she began to relax in her coldness to James. The bare idea of losing him, of being snatched from him, perhaps in a few short months, and buried out of his sight, strengthened the intensity of her love, and inclined her to cling—as if that could save her—to him. So, gradually, she ceased to avoid him and to repel him; and every day drew them nearer together.

These were lusty days for Farnley. The preparations for Marian's wedding were fast drawing to a close. The trousseau was ready, the lady friends continually came to feast their eyes upon it. They said they came to see Marian; but Cissy knew better. Cissy thought that the wisest plan would be to hire the national schoolroom, distribute the trousseau on nails about the walls, and advertise admission at sixpence a head—children double price, on account of the propensity to finger. The profits might go to the admiral, as a slight acknowledgment of his kindness in adopting Marian. Marian herself could walk round with a stick, and point out the best bits of lace. But Marian, even now, spent many a happy moment in ushering envious young ladies into the room where the chief treasures were enshrined. It was a continual puzzle to Gabrielle. She took a girlish pleasure in pretty dresses; but Marian's indefatigable zeal soared beyond her comprehension. She watched and wondered, and felt her knowledge of human nature increasing.

"So I had, Miss Cissy. But I'm come back. Want to speak to you?" The head and shoulder vanished, followed by Cissy. Janet Chamberlain looked after her with greedy eyes. Such incidents were to Janet's journal and correspondents what "accidents" are to a sketch. Presently the door was thrown open, and Cissy reappeared, and with her, a young man; whereat Janet's curiosity augmented, and she began to hope for a second romance. It was not toward Cissy, however, she saw, an instant later, that his attention was chiefly directed. As he entered, Gabrielle, flushed and joyful, started to her feet, exclaiming: "Charlie! Why, I thought that you were a hundred miles away!" And he, regardless of observers, clasped

her hand vehemently; asking how she was, in a tone so earnest as to impart a new significance to the commonplace words.

"Her brother, of course," thought Janet. "What delightful affection!" She expected a fond embrace to ensue; but in this she was disappointed. And the next moment he addressed Cissy—Gabrielle's cousin—as "Miss Gordon." He could not, then, be Gabrielle's brother. Janet felt sorely puzzled; but the spice of mystery heightened her interest.

Gabrielle sat down again; the young man sat down at her side; Cissy returned to the lagelle box; and the game began. But Janet contrived to hear, and—within the limits of politeness—to see, all that was passing between the two—friends, or whatever they might be.

"How is it that you are come, Charlie? I can hardly believe it even yet." "Believe it? Didn't you get my letter?" said Charlie, picking up from the floor a piece of chalk, and proceeding to use it as a ball.

"Your letter last week? Yes. But you say nothing." "Here, just give it to me," he said, smiling. "Now, what do you call this?" He held the letter before her, pointing to the last page.

"I am going to Meddiscombe on Tuesday next, as after all, Hawkins can't have me in December, and I would rather get my month's coaching now than lose it altogether. What do you call that, Gabrielle?" He continued his game of chalk, with a triumphant air.

"I overlooked that," said Gabrielle, coloring; "it is a postscript, you see; and I read the letter hurriedly." In fact, she had read it at the breakfast-table, conscious, the while, that James's eyes were upon her.

"Well! never mind," said Charlie, smothering a sigh; "I was doubtful about coming to Farnley this afternoon; afraid of being in the way. However, I thought I would just walk over and see Mr. Morris; and he insisted on bringing me here. Gabrielle, how are you? Barber made me awfully anxious. I met him in London, and he said—"

"At this juncture Charlie was surprised to see how pale Gabrielle became, what anxiously filled her eyes, as, interrupting him, she cried: "Oh, what did he say?"

"(To be continued.)" **BROTHERLY LOVE.** BLIND MAN HEADS M'GILL LAW CLASS THROUGH DEVOTION. Two Brothers, Thomas and Wm. Stewart, Graduated First and Second at McGill, and Won Scholarships—An Oculist's Error.

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