

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SONNET.

To lose and be unconscious of our loss,
 Be without bread and feel no qualms of death,
 To have no gold and be in love with dross,
 No friendship, yet not mourn its vanished worth—
 This is the greatest sorrow upon earth.
 Making parched eyes, where there is cause to weep,
 Lulling the soul into Lethæan sleep,
 And for nought selling rights of Godlike birth.
 Oh! better, better far it is to know
 Whatever fate or folly takes from us:
 So that we may, though weak and timorous,
 Not without hope, fight with the cheating foe.
 Who mourns the lost may find it, though with pain;
 Who feels no loss can scarce the lost regain.

JOHN READE.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

In the meantime Marie was sitting on her bed up-stairs in a most unhappy plight. She really loved her uncle, and almost feared him. She did fear him with that sort of fear which is produced by reverence and habits of obedience, but which, when softened by affection, hardly makes itself known as fear except on troublous occasions. And she was oppressed by the remembrance of all that was due from her to him and to her aunt, feeling, as it was natural that she should do in compliance with the manners and habits of her people, that she owed a duty of obedience in this matter of marriage. Though she had been able to hold her own against the priest, and had been quite firm in opposition to her aunt,—who was in truth a woman much less strong by nature than herself,—she dreaded a further dispute with her uncle. She could not bear to think that he should be enabled to accuse her with justice of ingratitude. It had been her great pleasure to be true to him, and he had answered her truth by a perfect confidence which had given a charm to her life. Now this would all be over, and she would be driven again to beg him to send her away, that she might become a household drudge elsewhere. And now that this very moment of her agony had come, and that this man to whom she had given a promise was there to claim her, how was she to go down and say what she had to say, before all the world? It was perfectly clear to her that in accordance with her reception of Urmand at the first moment of their meeting, so must be her continued conduct towards him, till he should leave her,—or else take her away with him. She could not smile on him and shake hands with him, and cut his bread for him and pour out his wine, after such a letter as she had written to him, without signifying thereby that the letter was to go for nothing. Now, let what might happen, the letter was not to go for nothing. The letter was to remain a true fact, and a true letter.

"I can't go down, Aunt Josey; indeed I can't," she said. "I am not well, and I should drop. Pray tell Uncle Michel with my best love and with my duty, that I can't go to him now."

And she sat still upon her bed, not weeping, but clasping her hands, and trying to see her way out of her misfortune.

The dinner was eaten in grim silence, and after the dinner Michel, still grimly silent, sat with his friend on the bench before the door and smoked a cigar. While he was smoking Michel said never a word. But he was thinking of the difficulty he had to overcome; and he was thinking also, at odd moments, whether his own son George was not, after all, a better sort of lover for a young woman than this young man who was seated by his side. But it never occurred to him that he might find a solution of the difficulty by encouraging this second idea. Urmand during this time was telling himself that it behoved him to be a man, and that his sitting there in silence was hardly proof of his manliness. He knew that he was being ill-treated, and that he must do something to redress his own wrongs, if he only knew how to do. He was quite determined that he would not be a coward; that he would stand up for his own rights. But if a young woman won't marry a man, a man can't make her do so, either by scolding her, or by fighting any of her friends. In this case the young lady's friends were all on his side. But the weight of that half hour of silence and of Michel's gloom was intolerable to him. At last he got up and declared he would go and see an old woman who would have linen to sell.

"As I am here, I might as well do a stroke of work," he said, striving to be jocose.

"Do," said Michel; "and in the meantime I will see Marie Bromar."

Whenever Michel Voss was heard to call his niece Marie Bromar, using the two names, it was understood by all who heard him about the hotel that he was not in a good humour. As soon as Urmand was gone, he rose slowly from his seat, and with heavy steps he went up-stairs in search of the refractory girl. He went straight to her own bed-room, and there he found her still sitting on her bedside. She jumped up as soon as he was in the room, and running up to him, took him by the arm.

"Uncle Michel," she said, "pray, pray be good to me. Pray, spare me!"

"I am good to you," he said. "I try to be good to you." "You know that I love you. Do you not know that I love you?"

Then she paused, but he made no answer to her. He was surer of nothing in the world than he was of her affection, but it did not suit him to acknowledge it at that moment.

"I would do anything for you that I could do, Uncle Michel; but pray do not ask me to do this?"

Then she clasped him tightly, and hung upon him, and put up her face to be kissed. But he would not kiss her.

"Ah," said she; "you mean to be hard to me. Then I must go; then I must go; then I must go."

"That is nonsense, Marie. You cannot go, till you go to your husband. Where would you go to?"

"It matters not where I go to now."

"Marie, you are betrothed to this man, and you must consent to become his wife. Say that you will consent, and all this nonsense shall be forgotten."

She did not say that she would consent; but she did not say that she would not, and he thought that he might per-

suade her, if he could speak to her as he ought. But he doubted which might be most efficacious, affection or severity. He had assured himself that it would be his duty to be very severe, before he gave up the point; but it might be possible, as she was so sweet with him, so loving and so gracious, that affection might prevail. If so, how much easier would the task be to himself! So he put his arm round her, and stooped down and kissed her.

"Oh, Uncle Michel," she said; "dear, dear Uncle Michel; say that you will spare me, and be on my side, and be good to me."

"My darling girl, it is for your own good, for the good of us all, that you should marry this man. Do you not know that I would not tell you so if it were not true? I cannot be more good to you than that."

"I can—not, Uncle Michel."

"Tell me why, now. What is it? Has anybody been bringing tales to you?"

"Nobody has brought any tales."

"Is there anything amiss with him?"

"It is not that. It is not that at all. I am sure he is an excellent young man, and I wish with all my heart he had a better wife than I can ever be."

"He thinks you will be quite good enough for him."

"I am not good for anybody. I am very bad."

"Leave him to judge of that."

"But I cannot do it, uncle Michel. I can never be Adrian Urmand's wife."

"But why, why, why?" repeated Michel, who was beginning to be again angered by his own want of success. "You have said that a dozen times, but have never attempted to give a reason."

"I will tell you the reason. It is because I love George with all my heart, and with all my soul. He is so dear to me that I should always be thinking of him. I could not help myself. I should always have him in my heart. Would that be right, Uncle Michel, if I were married to another man?"

"Then why did you accept the other man? There is nothing changed since then."

"I was wicked then."

"I don't think you were wicked at all;—but at any rate you did it. You didn't think anything about having George in your heart then?"

It was hard for her to answer this, and for a moment or two she was silenced. At last she found a reply.

"I thought everything was dead within me then,—and that it didn't signify. Since then he has been here, and he has told me all."

"I wish he had stayed where he was with all my heart. We did not want him here," said the innkeeper in his anger.

"But he did come, Uncle Michel. I did not send for him, but he did come."

"Yes; he came,—and he has disturbed everything that I had arranged so happily. Look here, Marie. I lay my commands upon you as your uncle and guardian, and I may say also as your best and staunchest friend, to be true to the solemn engagement which you have made with this young man. I will not hear any answer from you now, but I leave you with that command. Urmand has come here at my request, because I told him that you would be obedient. If you make a fool of me, and of yourself, and of us all, it will be impossible that I should forgive you. He will see you this evening, and I will trust to your good sense to receive him with propriety." Then Michel Voss left the room and descended with ponderous steps, indicative of a heavy heart.

Marie, when she was alone, again seated herself on the bedside. Of course she must see Adrian Urmand. She was quite aware that she could not encounter him now with that half-saucy, independent air which had come to her quite naturally before she had accepted him. She would willingly humble herself in the dust before him, if by so doing she could induce him to relinquish his suit. But if she could not do so; if she could not talk over either her uncle or him to be on, what she called, her side, then what should she do? Her uncle's entreaties to her, joined to his too evident sorrow, had upon her an effect so powerful that she could hardly overcome it. She had, as she thought, resolved most positively that nothing should induce her to marry Adrian Urmand. She had of course been very firm in this resolution when she wrote her letter. But now,—now she was almost shaken! When she thought only of herself, she would almost task herself to believe that after all it did not much matter what of happiness or of unhappiness might befall her. If she allowed herself to be taken to a new home at Basle she could still work and eat and drink,—and working, eating, and drinking she could wait till her unhappiness should be removed. She was sufficiently wise to understand that as she became a middle-aged woman, with perhaps children around her, her sorrow would melt into a soft regret which would be at least endurable. And what did it signify after all how much one such a being as herself might suffer? The world would go on in the same way, and her small troubles would be of little significance. Work would save her from utter despondence. But when she thought of George, and the words in which he had expressed the constancy of his own love, and the shipwreck which would fall upon him if she were untrue to him,—then again she would become strong in her determination. Her uncle had threatened her with his lasting displeasure. He had said that it would be impossible that he should forgive her. That would be unbearable! Yet, when she thought of George, she told herself that it must be borne.

Before the hour of supper came, her aunt had been with her, and she had promised to see her suitor alone. There had been some doubt on this point between Michel and his wife, Madame Voss thinking that either she or her husband ought to be present. But Michel had prevailed. "I don't care what any people may say," he replied. "I know my own girl;—and I know also what he has a right to expect." So it was settled, and Marie understood that Adrian was to come to her in the little brightly furnished sitting room up-stairs. On this occasion she took no notice of the hotel supper at all. It is to be hoped that Peter Veque proved himself equal to the occasion.

At about nine she was seated in the appointed place, and Madame Voss brought her lover up into the room.

"Here is M. Urmand come to speak to you," she said. "Your uncle thinks that you had better see him alone. I am sure you will bear in mind what it is that he and I wish." Then she closed the door, and Adrian and Marie were left together.

"I need hardly tell you," said he, "what were my feelings when your uncle came to me yesterday morning. And when I opened your letter and read it, I could hardly believe that it had come from you."

"Yes, M. Urmand;—it did come from me."

"And why—what have I done? The last word you had spoken to me was to declare that you would be my loving wife."

"Not that, M. Urmand; never that. When I thought it was to be so, I told you that I would do my best to do my duty by you."

"Say that once more, and all shall be right."

"But I never promised that I would love you. I could not promise that; and I was very wicked to allow them to give you my troth. You can't think worse of me than I think of myself."

"But, Marie, why should you not love me? I am sure you would love me."

"Listen to me, M. Urmand; listen to me, and be generous to me. I think you can be generous to a poor girl who is very unhappy. I do not love you. I do not say that I should not have loved you, if you had been the first. Why should not any girl love you? You are above me in every way, and rich, and well spoken of; and your life has been less rough and poor than mine. It is not that I have been proud. What is there that I can be proud of—except my uncle's trust in me? But George Voss had come to me before, and had made me promise that I would love him;—and I do love him. How can I help it, if I wished to help it? Oh, M. Urmand, can you not be generous? Think how little it is that you will lose." But Adrian Urmand did not like to be told of the girl's love for another man. His generosity would almost have been more easily reached had she told him of George's love for her. People had assured him since he was engaged that Marie Bromar was the handsomest girl in Lorraine or Alsace; and he felt it to be an injury that this handsome girl should prefer such a one as George Voss to himself. Marie, with a woman's sharpness, perceived all this accurately. "Remember," said she, "that I had hardly seen you when George, and I were—when he and I became such friends."

"Your uncle doesn't want you to marry his son."

"I shall never become George's wife without his consent; never."

"Then what would be the use of my giving way?" asked Urmand. "He would never consent."

She paused for a moment before she replied—

"To save yourself," said she, "from living with a woman who cannot love you, and to save me from living with a man I cannot love."

"And is this to be all the answer you will give me?"

"It is the request that I have to make to you," said Marie.

"Then I had better go down to your uncle. And I went down to Michel Voss, leaving Marie Bromar again alone.

(To be continued.)

In spite of the lamentable result of all past experiments of the kind, somebody in England has published a new "Life of Christ," which is simply a paraphrase in modern style of the sacred narrative. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the version has all "the ornate splendour of a special correspondent's letter." The *Gazette* gives some specimens of the transmogrification, of which we print the following:

"And when she saw him she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, 'Fear not, Mary.'"

The new version is as follows:

"The presence and the voice of Gabriel filled her with astonishment and dread. There was besides a mystery in his salutation which confused her. The angel perceived her alarm and perplexity, and hastened both to reassure and inform her. 'Fear not, Mary,' he remarked."

In a certain boarding school, a few years since, the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayers. The reading and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats, when one of the young ladies, of very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a "thud" on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer book and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance, when the tutor rose and commenced reading the first morning lesson. He read from the 5th chapter of Amos, as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall no more rise; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up." This was too much; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin, the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

A touching story of faithful love comes from Philadelphia. A beautiful young girl became engaged in 1861 to a gallant officer in the Union army. At the close of the war he went to California to seek his fortune. She waited patiently for his return, feeling confident that he would yet come back to her. So the years passed, grey hairs began to show themselves in her brown tresses, her friends no longer ridiculed her, but pitied her as a monomaniac. Last week her fidelity was rewarded. The lover of her girlhood returned from California, bronzed and bearded, a millionaire with a wife and twins.

The latest joke on Greeley is that he is tired of politics and proposes to open a writing school!

IT IS A FACT.—That the Shoshonee Remedy and Pills exercise most wonderful powers in promoting appetite, improving digestion, regulating the bowels, and removing nervousness and debility. The weakest will take no harm from the use of this great Indian Alterative and Tonic Medicine, but will gradually regain their health. The strongest will preserve themselves from many of the mishaps in which their boasted strength and fearlessness of results often betray them. Long suffering invalids may look forward to this rectifying and revivifying medicine with the certain hope of having their maladies mitigated, if not removed by its means.

5-18 d

Horse owners will find the Nutritious Condiment of great service at this time of the year. Where green food cannot be obtained it is invaluable. Ask your druggist for a 25 cent packet (2 lbs weight) that you may try it.

5-17f