

IN THE ALBUM.

You dear old book,
What tales your tattered pages tell
On which memory loves to dwell!
Let's take a look:
See, on this page
A lover has written a lay
To help assuage
"Fever that burns his life away."
Next leaf, a sage
Talks wisdom in a genial way.
Then here a clown
Has written down
An inharmonious jingle
About married life and single.
Here a lady
Sings sweetly of "those horrid men,"
(On the shady
Side of her nineteen years—and ten!)
Here a fellow,
"Sere and yellow"—
Now is it not enough to vex—
Depreciates the softer sex:
Very cunning,
Don't you see? he's only fawning.
But worst of all,
Here writes he who hates all women.
And would appall
All the votaries of Hymen;
Let him wait so,
He has cause to feel dejected,
For we all know
That ten times he's been rejected;
If he, poor man, has cause to cry,
Must Hymen, then, lay down and die!

Montreal.

B.

THE TEST.

"You will live to repent, Maud!"
The words were gravely, very gravely spoken.

"I have repented," said the girl addressed as Maud—"repented bitterly, that I ever gave my heart to a man who is nothing better than a male flirt!"

"A male flirt! Child, how can you apply such a term to Harold Dare?—an upright, honourable man—a man whose lofty mind and noble soul would hold in deepest scorn all things mean and base! And you accuse him, that high-souled man, of the mean and pitiful sin of flirting! Oh, Maud, be warned in time! You know not what misery your headstrong pride and jealousy will bring upon yourself and others!"

The ear-est face of the speaker had grown almost beautiful in its eloquence, as she thus spoke in defence of the absent Harold Dare, and Maud looked up at her in wonder.

Her companion's face flushed slightly.

"He is a favourite of mine," she said, "as are all men who are good and true. Think well, Maud, before you ruin your whole life's happiness and his, just because, no doubt out of pure kindness, he paid a little attention to a girl whom he found was a stranger at the ball."

"A little attention! Why, he danced with her several times, and devoted almost as much time to her as he did to me. And when I reproached him with it, he would not offer either explanation or apology!"

"Of course not; because you are proud and hasty, Maud. Harold, too, is proud, with a pride nobler than your own, and he will not suffer any interference with his conduct when he knows he is not in the wrong."

"But he was in the wrong!" said Maud, stubbornly. "He ought not to have insulted me by paying so much attention to some one else!"

"Maud," said her companion, gently and persuasively laying her hand on the young girl's shoulder, "listen, dear, to one who is much older than yourself, and has suffered. Try to conquer your pride and jealousy, or they will be the ruin of your happiness in this world and in the next. When Harold comes this evening, let him see that you know yourself to have been in the wrong the other night, and show him that you wish all to be forgotten and forgiven. Promise, dear, for your own peace's sake."

Maud was beginning to relent.

"He will not come," she said hesitatingly.

"Not come?"

"No; I—I told him I never wished to see him again."

"Oh, Maud, Maud, unhappy girl, what have you done?"

Ellen Stanton and Maud Reeves were cousins. The latter was just twenty at the time of the opening of our story, and Ellen was ten years older.

Ellen had acted the part of a mother to her cousin ever since she, Maud, a little desolate orphan of five years old, had been adopted by Ellen's father, and brought up as his own child. Five years before they had become acquainted with Harold Dare, a man in every way worthy of the good opinion Ellen had of him. When he began to come frequently to Dr. Stanton's house, and appeared to take pleasure in her society, Ellen deemed the visits were intended for herself, and she gave to him the whole wealth of her gentle loving heart. But when at last the sad truth dawned upon her, and she found it was her beautiful young cousin, still little more than a child, who was the attraction in his eyes, she buried her love deep down in her heart, and nobly resolved to bear her pain in silence.

Her affection for Maud never changed, and now that she and Harold were engaged her dearest wish was for her happiness.

Maud's was a loving, but hot and jealous nature, and it had been the source of frequent coldnesses between herself and Harold; but now a serious quarrel had taken place between them, and Ellen was deeply concerned, though she hoped that all would come right again, if

Maud would only acknowledge herself in the wrong.

That evening Maud was sitting alone in the large and somewhat gloomy dining-room.

"I have a headache; please leave me here alone, Ellen," she had said. And Ellen, thinking that perhaps she would be best by herself, had so left her.

By this time Maud was quite repentant, and willing to make amends to Harold for her unreasonable jealousy of the night but one before.

"But ah!" she thought, sadly, "he will not come. He did not come last night, and he will not to-night. He is proud, as Ellen says, and he has taken me at my word."

The fire burned low in the grate, and cast strange and weird shadows on the walls, and Maud shivered as she thought how dreary her life would be if she never saw Harold again.

Just then she started, for she heard a familiar step in the hall. The door opened, and her lover entered.

Maud glanced up quickly and somewhat apprehensively at his tall form and handsome face as he came towards her.

"Maud," he said gravely, resting his hand on the back of her chair, and looking down upon her, "I have come to ask you if you really meant the words you said to me when last we parted, or if they were only said in the anger of the moment? Answer me, Maud."

But the sight of her lover had aroused in Maud's heart some of the old anger, and she resolved to punish him a little before she relented so she kept her face averted.

A frown gathered on Harold's brow, and his tone was stern when next he spoke.

"Listen, Maud," he said. "I have loved you as man never loved woman before! Since first I knew you, five years ago, my whole thoughts and hopes have been fixed upon you! No dream of the future have I had in which you did not play a part, no hopes of happiness in which you did not share! To be able to win you for my wife, I would have been willing to undertake any task, however difficult, that has ever been accomplished by man! And now you, my promised wife, accuse me of the mean and pitiful sin of flirting, because, forsooth, I paid a little ordinary attention to a girl whom I knew slightly, and who I found, was almost alone amongst strangers! For this, in your headstrong pride and unreasoning jealousy, you are willing to wreck my happiness and your own—yes, your own, for, sooner or later, I firmly believe you will feel the repentance and remorse that you will have justly earned. You wish us to part; well, be it so. Perhaps it is best. I go from you now, never to return!"

He had nearly reached the door, when Maud sprang from her chair.

"Harold, Harold!" she cried, "Come back! I did not mean what I said. I could not live without you."

"Do you really mean that Maud?" said Harold, turning round.

"Yes. I—I am sorry for what I said the other night. But I cannot help being jealous; and I really thought that you had taken a sudden fancy to Miss Linton, she is so very pretty."

"Maud," said her lover gravely, kissing her, "will you never be convinced that there is no one on earth whom I love or ever shall love but yourself? Try, my darling, for both our sakes, to conquer that feeling of jealousy, or it will be the cause of infinite misery to us both."

"I will try, Harold, if you will forgive me this time."

"My love," said Harold taking her in his arms, "I have forgiven you. And now, to convince you how little cause you had to be jealous, I tell you that Edith Linton is engaged to her half-cousin, Harry Egerton, a very, very old and dear friend of mine."

"Oh, Harold, why did you not tell me this at first?"

"Because you did not give me the opportunity, but accused me at once of flirting. I was both hurt and angry to think that you had no more faith in me. Let us forget it now, my darling; but you must learn in future to trust me more."

For some time they sat happily talking, Maud determining in her own mind that never—no, never under any circumstances, would she doubt her lover again.

As he was going away, Harold encountered Ellen in the hall. They were very good friends and Harold knew that she was aware of his quarrel with Maud, and that he had her entire sympathy.

"Yes," he said, in answer to her inquiring look, "we are reconciled. Maud has promised never to doubt me again; but, alas, Ellen, I fear that resolution will only last until she fancies I give her cause for jealousy again. If she could only be cured of that foolish feeling, how happy we should be!"

"I have been thinking," began Ellen hesitatingly.

"Thinking what, Ellen?"

"I believe I have thought of a plan, which, if you were willing to try it, would convince Maud how foolish she is to doubt you, or at least would test the strength of the resolution she has made."

"What is it? Tell it me. I am willing to try anything you can suggest."

"I cannot explain it to you now; but I will see you to-morrow evening, and then tell you what it is."

"Thank you. Whatever you suggest will be good and sensible, I am sure; and if it will only teach Maud to know me better, I shall owe you a life-long gratitude."

"Ah, me!" thought Ellen, sadly, when Harold had gone; "if I could only have won the love of such a man, how happy I should have been! But it was not to be. I wonder how it is that, in this world, people's fates are so different—some all sunshine, some all shadow. Some day we shall know; but it is weary, weary waiting!"

The morning but one after, Maud was seated in her favourite nook in the garden, reading, when a dirty, ragged little boy came towards her.

"Please," he asked, "are you Miss Reeves?"

"Yes," replied Maud, looking curiously at the little fellow.

"Then, miss, I've a letter for you," said the boy, producing a somewhat soiled looking epistle, and handing it to Maud.

"A letter for me. Where did you get it?"

"A woman gave it to me; and, please, I wasn't to wait for an answer," he said, darting off.

Maud opened the letter, and, as she did so, the colour forsook her cheeks, and she grasped at the arm of the garden-chair, as if for support.

"It can't be true!" she gasped. "No, no; Harold never could be so false! It is some cruel trick! I won't believe it!"

She read the letter again, which ran as follows:—

MISS REEVES,—

"If you value your happiness, heed well the contents of this letter. Your lover, Harold Dare, will this evening have an interview with the girl he loves best on earth. If you do not believe me, be near the large oak in the centre of Holm Coppice at eight o'clock to-night, and let your own eyes convince you of the truth of what I say. ONE WHO WISHES YOU WELL."

"It can't be true; it is a wicked jest! Or perhaps it has been sent by some one who is envious of my happiness. I won't believe it, for did I not tell Harold that I would never doubt him again? Besides he is sure to come this evening as usual, and he never leaves till nine or after. That will prove there is no truth in what this wretched letter says. There!" she cried, tearing it into small pieces and scattering them in the wind. "So shall be dispelled my doubts!"

But in spite of her good resolution, she felt uneasy; and Ellen who watched her anxiously, noticed all the afternoon she was restless and preoccupied.

Evening came, and at seven o'clock, Harold's time for coming, struck, Maud's restlessness increased. The minutes passed, and he did not come, and she wandered to the window overlooking the drive. The moon was shining brightly, but no familiar form appeared in sight; and at last about a quarter to eight, unable to bear the suspense any longer, pleading a headache, she bade Ellen and her uncle good night, and retired to her own room.

"It must have been true after all," she murmured; "and he has been deceiving me all the time. Oh, heavens! if he is false, it will kill me! But I can bear this doubt no longer! I must—yes, I will go and see for myself."

Wrapping a long, dark cloak round her evening dress, she stole quietly from the house, and was soon in Holm Coppice.

Hastily concealing herself behind the large oak tree mentioned in the letter, and—yes! sure enough, there was her lover coming. She could not mistake, even by the pale light of the moon, his tall and noble form.

Instead however, of waiting for some one, as Maud expected, he came straight up to her place of concealment, and confronted her.

"So, Maud," he said, in a tone of mingled reproach and sadness, "you have doubted me once again!—and, too, after your promise of the other night!"

"I—I—" gasped Maud in her bewilderment. "How did you know I was here, Harold? You came to meet—"

"You! True, I was not sure that you were here—I hoped and prayed that you were not—and I came to see. It was I who sent you the letter you received this morning—sent it to test the strength of the resolution you made the other evening!"

"Oh, Harold, it was cruel! How could you do it?"

"To try your faith in me, and you have not been able to stand the test. Oh! Maud, Maud! how can I, in my turn, ever put faith in your promises again?"

"Forgive me, Harold!" cried Maud, falling on her knees in the long grass. "Forgive me but this once again, and you shall not find this trust misplaced. Indeed, indeed, I did not doubt you until you did not come at the usual hour. It was a cruel thing to do, but it has not been done in vain."

"Not cruel, Maud, if it is the means of saving you from future suffering."

"It has convinced me how groundless are my doubts of your love. Can you ever forgive me, Harold?"

"Yes," said Harold, taking her in his arms; "provided you will promise to believe now and always that I have this evening met the girl whom I love best on earth."

"I do believe it, Harold," said Maud, laying her head on her lover's shoulder.

"And you will believe it always?"

"Always."

They have now been married some years, and if over Maud feels inclined to doubt her husband, she calls to mind the time when she went to watch his meeting with the girl whom he loved best on earth, and it was herself. They are perfectly happy, and no one rejoices more in their happiness than "Aunt Ellen," as the children love to call her. She never married—why, was a secret between her own heart and herself, for she had had several offers.

E. T.

EPEA PTEROENTA.

At the last meeting of the KUKLOS, although we had neither a large attendance of members, nor a paper read, yet our *Lore's Labour* was not *lost*. Though we had not the brilliant word-play and tongue matches of repartee, so common among the wits of London in the reign of Elizabeth, which, according to some Shakespeareans, our great Dramatist pictured in one of his early comedies, yet we had a few sharp snaps. Our wit crackers were almost as unlimited as fireworks on Guy Fawke's Night. Every Man, in his Humour, was at his best. We were all busy about nothing—*aperose nihil agunt*. Seneca could not be too heavy nor Plautus too light for some of us, and for the law of writ and the liberty, there was one in our midst so good for invention of song and dialogue imitation of the Italian *Commedia all'Improvvisa*, that if our lungs had been "tickle o' the acre" he would have converted our coughing into laughter, by his sparkling jingles.

We had a little Shakespearean gossip and regretted the absence of an occasional visitor—alas! too occasional—Felix Morris, the Comedian, and also the absence of our esteemed confrère Neil Watner, the Tragedian and Paragonist, who is excellent in both qualities, but whether he is indebted for the latter accomplishment either to Shakespeare or to Bishop Andrews, whose Tragedies and Sermons respectively are full of puns, I know not. It has been wittily said that the sinner may be punned into repentance by reading the sermons of Bishop Andrews, and repentance, we know, Jeremy Taylor calls a *penitence* out.

It may be said that we, of the KUKLOS, were on Saturday last occasionally punned into laughter by a visitor who acknowledged his utter ignorance of the writings of the whole Bench of Bishops and the Plays of Shakespeare—nevertheless he was neither an infidel nor a Frenchman—but he was a firm believer in Pope and Butler, and thought that the best charity sermon ever written was contained in these four lines of Pope—imitating Horace:—

"Then, like the Sun let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of Wealth! with all thy store
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor!"

He also thought the great Samuel, the First, (Johnson the second)

was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
And had read every Text and Gloss over;
What'er he crabb'd 'at Author bath,
We understood 'b' suppliant faith;
Whatever skeptic could require for,
For every why, he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do
As far as Words and Terms could go.

Butler he considered had done as much as any of the mitred clergy in plucking the mask from pious hypocrisy and plentifully exposing the cruelty and disloyalty of fanaticism and sedition. The reading of Hudibras he declared was enough to create an evanescent sentiment of orthodoxy and loyalty even in the most democratic bosom.

Our visitor, whom we hope to see often among us, was a provoker of mirth in our conversation. His humour was of that kind that it might be said it was father'd by Wit and mother'd by Mirth and its grandfather was Good Sense. Never did our smokers, and as you know they form the majority, more thoroughly enjoy their pipes than they did last Saturday: our visitor was a good talker, "he would talk—ye gods! how he would talk!" Our club was the very reverse of the Hum-Drum; (it) which "was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight." Our classical confrère was absent or he would have quoted from Horace, and that pertinently:—

"Ex fune dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa delinæ miracula promat."

for out of our smoke we had the glorious light of dazzling conversation, which, among ordinary smokers of "churchwardens" would be considered in the light of a miracle.

The sermon of Pope, was naturally enough, contrasted by our "Elizabethans" with King Lear's allusion the *houseless heath*, the *unfed sides*, the *hoop'd and window'd raggedness* of the poor whom he had, according to his own confession, neglected in his high and palmy days:—

"O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just." (2)

The Vernacular of William Tyndale was quoted, where the Prophet Amos reproves Israel for treading on the poor, oppressing them with grievous burdens, having no compassion for their afflictions, selling the righteous for silver, and

("The use of Tobacco blasts and Lemonade almost precludes the possibility of any member of our visitor to the Kuklos suffering from a dry and parched affection of the throat, or the dry tickling in the throat which excites coughing, or of his lungs being tickled with serum.

(1) SPECTATOR No. 1X, March 10 1710-11.

(2) King Lear Act III sc 4.