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Some Other Kind?

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We want to know, and so do thousands of
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FARMER'S ADVOCATE

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Poultry and Eggs Column
It pays others, why not you?

TRY!!!

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

"Yes, dear."

I sat down beside her, and put my arms about her.

"Miss Tring, I want to ask you, for you know, Miss Tring, is it love when the image of someone stays with you every moment that you are awake, and when you go over every little thing he has said a hundred times? . . . And oh, Miss Tring, is it love that makes you do things you have decided not to do, and keep thinking about people when you know you oughtn't to think about them, and that it would only bring trouble and misery to others if they knew?"

I was becoming rather incoherent in my speech, but I knew Miss Tring understood, for, when I paused I felt her arms tighten about me.

"Is it Dick Carmichael?" she asked, softly.

"Yes."

For a long time she was silent; then she said, "Has he told you he cares for you?"

With the question came, for the first time, the chilling revelation that my dream-castle had, perhaps, been all of my own building; and in the shame of that revelation, I saw it tumble down stone by stone, and its rosy lines all turn to ashen gray.

"N-no," I stammered, "but he—he talked in such a tone—oh, I can't tell you!"

"Then," said Miss Tring, stroking my hair, "I think it will be better for you not to think of him now."

"Miss Tring, I can't help it," I burst forth, "I've thought of nothing else for two days, and how am I to fight off the thoughts that come to me, and come to me, in spite of myself. I thought I was strong—but I'm so weak."

Very gently the soft voice came out of the darkness:

"I know."

"Miss Tring," I said, after a long pause, "I suppose it was dreadful to keep thinking of Dick when he never really told me—and yet—do people ever get over loving?"

"Some do," she said, "and very quickly. I don't know about you, Peggie, but I think there may be a hard struggle before you. If things were different—but, under the circumstances, I think it will be better for you to forget Dick if you can. After all, it's our struggling that makes us brave and strong. We need it, perhaps, or we would not have it thrust upon us. And by and by, girlie, the way will open out before you, the way in which you should go. You remember what Carlyle says: 'Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.' . . . For the present you must work, work whether you want to or not; then, after a while the way will be clear. Our difficulties usually disentangle themselves for us, if we only go on bravely, doing whatever seems right, whatever befall."

"I suppose," I said, "I should be glad that Dick has gone?"

"I think it may make things easier for you now," she said. "When he comes back you will be older, and will know your own mind better—you know that is the joy of growing older—and then, well, perhaps things will be different."

There was an implied hopefulness in Miss Tring's words—for she had always liked Dick—but from this my saner sense told me I could take but little cheer. After all, what did Miss Tring know of the real relations between the Carmichaels and the Mallorays? How could she even guess at the impenetrability of the barrier which must stand between Dick and me for ever and ever?

And so I went back to the old way, and yet not the old way. How often in life some event happens which robs the sunshine of its brightest gleam; the wind of its crispest, keenest elixir; the music of the great world of all save the minors that are played, sad-fingered, upon the soul! . . . How often in life, too, do the hands that work, and the lips that answer calmly, even smilingly, but

serve as the screen to hide struggles whose record is but writ on tablets that none who run may read! Ah me, I think that in the summing up of the world's great battles, the most stubborn may be found to have been fought in the Thermopylae of the human heart.

With me, for long enough, such conflicts came to be of almost daily occurrence, especially after times of sweet dreaming of Dick, when, loathing myself for what I considered my weakness, I tried to put the knife to every natural impulse of my heart. Thus I struggled, until at last, at the very thought of Dick, I would resolutely place before me, as it were, one small groove in which I must walk, at the farther end of which two pictures stood ever for my warning: one of a huge form walking down a dark lane where the lightning had cut the blackness of the night; the other of my dear father's face, as he raised his accusing hand before the face of Henry Carmichael.

Sometimes, too, when the battle seemed unusually hard, I would take down our old copy of Bunyan's immortal work, with its quaint pictures, and read the account of Christian's encounter, in the Valley of Humiliation, with the foul fiend Apollyon.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back, or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him, might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts; therefore, he resolved to venture, and stand his ground, for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

Was it always in the Valley of Humiliation that one must fight his battles? After all, could I hope to escape, when, as it seemed, to be beset was but human experience? Christian, too, had conquered his Apollyon, and why should not I mine, the Apollyon which declared that I should prove traitor to my mother.

Unfailingly strengthened by the grand old story, I would then go back to my work, and, throwing all my heart and energy into it, find the self-heal mercifully sent with the fall from Eden. (To be continued.)

THE LOST BELL.

By Theodore Roberts.

The bell has dropped from the pitching

buoy—
(Steer wide! Stand clear!)

The warning voice is gone from the reef,
With its sudden clangor and shaking

grief—
Beware! Run clear!
Steer wide, O mariner!

Death lurks here!
Wakeful, it hung in its iron cage—
(Steer wide! Run clear!)

Clatter and clang, when the reef span

wild—
Boom and bang when the tides ran mild—
Beware! Hold clear!

Have a care, mariner,
Death lurks here!

Night, and moon, and dawn, and eve,
(Sheer wide! Lie clear!)

It shook, from the tumult of black and

white,
Its boom of warning and clatter of

fright—
Steer out! Run clear!

Wear ship, mariner,
Death lurks here!

The hands of sea maids found the bell,
All's safe! All's clear!

Silver sea maids carried it down
From the pitching float, to their coral

town—
The ship stands in. There is naught to

bear.
The bell is silent—so what's to fear?

All's safe! All's clear!
Welcome, O mariner—

Death lurks near!

—[In Canadian Magazine.]

1908

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