

fashion; but it seemed as natural to me to let Dick read my most inward heart, as it is to a flower to unfold its blossom when the sun shines upon it.

All through those ten days of restraint I had been garnering up things to say to Dick, when I should get the chance; and now that the chance had come—behold, I was dumb! For the greater number of the questions I had meant to ask, had reference to his sister Harriet, and something warned me that they would sound unwelcomely in his ears; I had gradually come to realize the fact that some subtle strength of influence about her character had been a life-long power over Dick, and that even while at times he winced under it, he could not shake it off. So I was silent; happy, too, for the time being, with the moonlight shimmering down upon us, and here and there a glimpse of the curling sea showing through the gaps in the massed branches of the trees. We paced slowly on, Dick's curly head bent low, his eyes full of a restful, tender light, his hand on mine.

Is it nothing, think you, to be perfectly happy just once? To have one day—one evening—one hour—to look back on and say, "It had no flaw?"

We are going to a party to-night. It is the first bit of dissipation that has offered itself since my arrival at Merlewood, and I am anxious to make a creditable appearance. I feel that if my toilette is unbecoming, Mrs. Colquhoun's deliberately critical inspection will make me shrivel up, and feel as if I ought to apologize for offending her sense of the beautiful. My resources are limited, very much so, in fact; but we Merivales, though often almost reduced to penury as regards our wardrobes, are not deficient in good taste; and a slender figure goes a great way toward making the plainest dress look presentable.

This is my first experience of "society," and I am quite dazzled by the glare of light and the crowd of people. I am presented to the hostess, a little fat woman, who greets Mrs. Colquhoun with gushing fervour, and then Dick and I wander away together through the suite of drawing-rooms. As we are entering the third—a small octagonal room, luxuriantly furnished as a lady's boudoir, and lighted by a hanging lamp—Dick steps suddenly, and as I look up at him I see, to my great terror, that all trace of colour has left his cheek, and that his eyes are fixed in silent wonder, and with something in them that is half fear, half joy, upon a woman who is standing just where the light falls full upon her lovely haughty face and graceful form. She too is strangely moved, and grows as white as the pearls that wreath her raven hair and clasp her milk-white throat, while the same mingling of passionate gladness and nervous dread dawns in her eyes as they meet his. A moment or two and she bends low, yet with the dignity of a queen; and Dick—my Dick—trembles as he returns her greeting, while I feel that his moustache hides a lip that quivers with some sudden emotion that the sight of that woman has evoked.

Then Dick and I pass on in silence. I am choking, and could not speak though my life depended on my eloquence. It is as though a gulf had suddenly yawned at my feet, and across its dark abyss I gazed at the man I love, for ever and for ever parted from me.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," says an even, quiet voice at my shoulder, and there is Dick's sister. I see a meaning look pass between them, pleading as it seems to me on his side, almost threatening on hers; and then I find myself drifted to a couch, while Mrs. Colquhoun subsides gracefully into a place by my side, and I know that I shall never get rid of her again the whole evening.

People come and go, and make clever remarks and imbecile remarks, and comment on the weather, and the harvest, and the birds that are the yield of that season's shooting, and the various ailments and misfortunes and good fortunes of their friends and relatives; but Mrs. Colquhoun never leaves my side, and Dick has vanished, and I am "a-weary, a-weary," like that mournful maiden in her moated grange. Indeed I begin to think I shall see Dick no more that evening, when all at once I catch a glimpse of him towering above his fellows, and looking earnestly—yearningly—and as if spell-bound against his will, at something.

A moment more enlightens me as to the object of his gaze, for through the archway that leads into the farther room we have a view of the piano; and there, slowly drawing off the gloves from her slender white hands, stands the lady of the raven locks and gleaming pearls. She takes her place upon the music-chair, strikes a few plaintive chords, and then soft, full, low, vibrating notes of melody rise and fall, and every voice is hushed under the spell of their surpassing sweetness.

We've journeyed together so long, sweetheart,
That it's sad to be parted so now.

How distinctly each word thrills to the hearts of the hearers, with what passionate longing is each tremulous tone laden! If a man had ever loved that woman, how could he look and listen, and forget?

As we drive home through the still, dark night, Dick's hand does not seek mine. Once I hear him softly hum the refrain of the song that her lips had uttered, and as we pass through the dimly-lighted streets of a country town, I see a self-complacent smile on Mrs. Colquhoun's lips.

When we reach Merlewood, it is Mr. Colquhoun, not Dick, that hands me from the carriage. The little man's face wears a troubled look, and his hand presses mine in a squeeze that I know is meant to be comforting and re-

assuring. In some way or other I have long since intuitively recognized the story of this man's life—learned that Harriet Ferris, in the zenith of her youth and beauty, married him for his possessions—married him to be the mistress of Merlewood and the sharer of his ample rent-roll; that she had never had even the feeblest love for him, and let him know this quickly enough, once the advantages that alone made him desirable as a husband in her eyes were secured.

I hurry into the house, lie down upon a sofa, hide my face upon my hands.

Dick and his sister come hurriedly into the next room. It is lighted up by the faint disc of a reading-lamp, while the one that I am in has no light beyond the glow of a few dying embers in the grate, and the heavy portieres are more than half closed.

"Harriet, did you know that Margaret Power was here—in Cornwall? Did you know that we should meet her to-night?" says Dick, in a voice that is bereft of all its usual calm.

"Yes, I did know that we should meet Margaret Power to-night; and the result of that meeting has, I think, shown you the state of your own heart. Dick, you must not marry that girl—you must not marry Pansie Merivale. I have never told you so yet, but now I may say plainly that I do not like her."

"What has that to do with my marrying her?" says Dick, and I know by the sound of his voice that he is white with rage, and has taken up arms in my defense.

"Nothing, if you choose to count it so," she answers, still in the same measured tones, "but I am free to hold what opinions I choose, and I say again that I do not like her. She is insignificant in body and mind, and I see no quality about her that is any compensation for her being the penniless daughter of a—black-leg."

I have never heard this term applied to my father before, I have assuredly no right to hear it now; I am doing the meanest action which anyone can be capable—listening to a conversation that is not meant for my ear. But evil possesses me; my great agony dulls my sense of right and wrong—my perception of honor and dishonor. I clench my teeth as Mrs. Colquhoun's words hit like blows; but I do not stir. To add to my pain a voice within me cries out, "It is true; it is true. You know it is; you are just that and nothing more—the penniless daughter of a blackleg! You have nothing to bring to this man—nothing save the great love that is even now rending and tearing at your heart, and blinding your eyes with tears. Think of that woman's face as her glance fell upon him, and ask yourself if you are any better dowered in love for him than she is!"

"Of course, my opinion may be—allow me to say it is, for the first time, Dick—nothing to you; but there is a stranger reason why you should not marry this girl whose colorless character and sentimental love for you soothed your wounded self-love, sore from that parting with Margaret Power—you do not love her."

I slip from the couch as Mrs. Colquhoun speaks; I fall upon my knees in the darkness, cowering down as from a blow that I know is about to fall.

"Harriet, you shall not speak such words to me. She loves me, my poor darling, my little Heart-sease, with all her gentle heart!"

In that moment I have read the story of the past. I know it all, as though some tongue had told it over to me, word by word, and I know that Dick has never loved me as he once loved Margaret Power; or as he loves her now when she has once more, in her beauty and charm, crossed his pathway.

"You are not the first man," I hear Dick's sister continue, "who has fancied his heart caught on the rebound; and I can well imagine the child's admiration of you soothed the old pain; but if you want her love for you, I can match the boast, Margaret Power quarreled with you—loving you all the while; sent you from her—loving you all the while!"

There is a smothered exclamation from Dick; but she takes no heed.

"In the passion of her pain and her resentment she promised to become the wife of a man, at once titled and a millionaire—loving you all the while; but at the last, at the very last, she dare not, could not carry out her pledge. She told him all the truth, and he released her!"

"I never knew—you never told me!"

The words come from Dick's lips like a cry of pain.

"It was too late; you were engaged, to that child whom you had met, and in whose love you told me you had found rest and healing. I know you well enough to know you would be true to her, for honor's sake, unless by some coup d'état I could unveil to your eyes the enormity of the sacrifice, and the state of your own heart—and Margaret's!"

"Oh, my God!"

I know the words are uttered by white lips; white with the anguish that her words cause. He would not care for my being the "penniless daughter of a blackleg," he would not sell his soul for wealth and position, as his sister had done; but he loves this dark-eyed woman with a passion and intensity that he never has given, and never can give to me!

What a beautiful thing is the death of a day!

A line or two of pale orange-pink on the horizon; overhead just a faint rose-tint here and there; an opal-tinged mist in the distance; the river lying dark and still, a mirror in which each separate pollard has its clear reflection—a

reflection so clear as to be a duplicate of itself; and above all, the grand massive towers of the Minster keeping watch over the venerable city.

It is at the close of such a fair eventide, that once again I near the city of York. I have traveled all day, from early dawn; and I suppose the usual number of hours have been consumed in the journey. I cannot, however, gauge or define the duration of time; for surely it is a lifetime since I crouched in that darkened room, and listened to words that sounded in my ears as "the crack of doom."

There has been nothing romantic or mysterious in my flight from Merlewood. No one is uncertain as to my route, nor yet is it needful to have the grounds searched or the bay dredged for my possible corpse. I do not believe in interviews, and scenes, and picturesque partings between people who must be torn asunder. "If 'twere done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," is to my mind one of the wisest sayings on record.

Somehow, I hardly know how, I got to my room that night, after hearing the story of Dick's "first love;" somehow, I wrote to him, and though I daresay the words were tremulously penned, and I know that a tear splashed down upon the paper more than once, I am sure the sense of what I wanted to say was clear and to the purpose.

"I could not help it, Dick; I overheard you and your sister talking to-night. I know all about how you love Margaret Power, I am glad I have been some little comfort to you, sometimes. When I have written this I am going to push it under your door. Then I am going to pack up a few things in my hand-bag, and walk to the station in the early morning before any of you are stirring. I shall catch the first train that passes through to the North. No one need be anxious about me, no one to come and see after me, for I am going straight home to mamma, and I know the children will be pleased to have me back. There is only one thing I want you to do for me, and that is—never try to see me, and never write to me about anything. Nothing can do any good; and that you know as well as I do. Good-bye, dear Dick." I did not sign any name to the letter; it came from her whom he used once to call his "little Heart-sease." Sometimes, even now, when life's journey is very far traversed, I seem to see, as in a dream, that other journey, when a wan, white-faced girl lay huddled in the corner of a railway carriage, and moaned in the exceeding bitterness of her pain, "Oh Dick! I thought you loved me dear, indeed I did!"

And then I fancy I see her—poor young weary creature—walking slowly up the avenue, through the ragged and neglected garden of her home, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but ever straight on—straight on, toward one whose love she knows can never fail. At last, reaching the "haven where she would be," I see her sink upon her knees beside her mother's couch and hear her cry.

"Mother—it is I—your child—Pansie—come to you, never to leave you any more! Dear—it is you who must be my 'Heart-sease' now!"

A FEW FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

NOT FOUND IN THE BIBLE, SHAKESPEARE, POPE OR HUDIBRAS.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast.—[Congreve's *Mourning Bride*.]

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.—[Ib.]

She walks the waters like a thing of life.—[Byron's *Corsair*.]

How happy could I be with either, were'ther dear charmer away.—[The *Beggars Opera*.]

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.—[Burns.]

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—[Burns' *Tam O'Shanter*.]

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.—[Byron's *Don Juan*.]

Between two worlds life hovers like a star upon the horizon's verge.—[Ib.]

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—[Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*.]

Like angels' visits, few and far between.—[Ib.]

His back to the field and his feet to the foe.—[Campbell.]

Procrastination is the theft of time.—[Young's *Night Thoughts*.]

A gilded halo hovering round decay.—[Byron's *Glaucous*.]

The thunder, conscious of the new command, rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house.—[Keats' *Hyperion*.]

They also serve who only stand and wait.—[Milton.]

The stern joy which warriors feel in foemen's worthy of their steel.—[Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.]

A little round, fat, oily man of God.—[Thompson's *Castle of Indolence*.]

His pity gave ere charity began.—[Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.]

Even his failings leaned to virtue's side.—[Ib.]

To party gave up what was meant for mankind.—[Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.]

To point a moral or adorn a tale.—[Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.]

A little bench of needless bishops here, and there a chancellor in embryo.—[Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*.]

Made a sunshine in a shady place.—[Spencer's *Fairie Queen*.]

Airy tongues that syllable men's names.—[Milton's *Mask of Comus*.]

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.—[Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.]

Love, the faith whose martyrs are the broken heart.—[Byron's *Child Harold*.]

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—[Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.]

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—[Keats' *Endymion*.]

A flower of meekness on a stem of grace.—[Montgomery's *World Before the Flood*.]

'Tis not in mortals to command success; we'll do more, deserve it.—[Addison's *Cato*.]

Like dead sea fruit that tempts the eye but turns to ashes on the lips.—[Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.]

Just prophet, let the damned one dwell full in the sight of Paradise, beholding heaven and fearing hell.—[Ib.]

Coming events cast their shadows before.—[Campbell.]

All went merry as a marriage bell.—[Byron's *Child Harold*.]

Where youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—[Ib.]

A SINGULAR SONG.

In a volume of poems, "*Songs of Singularity*," by the London *Hermit*, recently published in England, is the following specimen of alliterical prose:

My Madeline! my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotonies.

My mandoline's mild minstrelsy.
My mental music magazine.
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur, "Madeline."

Must 'mid midnight masquerades,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons' mien,
'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine;
My mournfulness magnitudes
Melt—makes me merry, Madeline!

Match-making may make machinate,
Manoeuvring misses me misween;
Mere money may make many mate,
My magic motto—"Madeline!"

Melt most mellifluous melody,
'Midst Murcia's misty mount-marine,
Meet me my moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia—Madeline.

LITERARY.

MR. TENNYSON is said to be engaged upon a new historical drama which will complete the trilogy of dramas upon great characters and events in English history which the Poet Laureate originally contemplated, and of which two, *Queen Mary* and *Harold*, have already appeared.

MR. ALBERT VANDAM, the well-known translator of Dutch novels and author of "*Famous Bohemians*," is about to publish a work called *The Ancestry of Great Men*. The subject will be treated more as a psychological study than for the purpose of introducing literary anecdotes.

BARON ERNOUF is about to publish a *Life of Maret*, Duc de Bassano, the First Napoleon's faithful Minister. He has consulted State papers and incorporated letters and notes furnished by Maret's family, and the work is expected to contain interesting revelations on the diplomacy of the Empire and the period preceding it.

A NEW weekly paper has appeared in Florence called *La Rassegna Settimanale*. It is of the same scope and character as the *Saturday Review* in England, and though largely political, it admits occasional essays and reviews of books. It is a new experiment in Italian journalism, and was set on foot by some of the younger professors of the University of Florence.

THE memoirs of the late Prince Metternich will be published in English, French and German simultaneously. The literary work connected with the eight volumes in which the German original will be printed will be performed by Herr von Klinkowstrom. Prince Richard Metternich, it is stated, is now going over the work and omitting such portions as are likely to prove painful to the feelings of living personages.

THE museum of the Louvre has just acquired a copy of the *Book of the Dead*, which bears the name of a Princess named Nedjem, mother of Herhor, the high priest of Ammon, who usurped the royal power at the close of the dynasty of the Ramesses, the fifteenth dynasty of Manetho. This large and important papyrus, which is in admirable condition, will be on exhibition very shortly in the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre.

IF all literary men were as industrious as Mr. Anthony Trollope, who presided recently at the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund, there would be very little need of the fund. During his recent visit to South Africa, and the voyage home, he wrote the whole of the work on the country which has just been published. The number of his novels is past counting. For all that, he gives himself every day three hours of good hard reading, chiefly the classics, quite distinct from his professional work. Latterly he has been reading the Greek historians.

Piano Playing Learnt in a Day.

Strange as it may seem, it is true. The wonderful machine called Mason's Chart, enables one who knows nothing of music to play in a day. Music teachers themselves acknowledge it to be the greatest invention of the 19th century.

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