

went up in the illness of her room, an audible cry to Him Whose ear is ever open to the accents of humble penitence. "Oh, my God, none but Thou can save me!"

On her knees she repeated it, and in broken accents prayed not in empty form as she had done for so long a time past, but in passionate appeal, that she and Cecil Evelyn might meet no more; that his love for her might pass away, and that God would give her strength and grace to preserve unsullied till death, even by one rebellious thought, the fidelity she had vowed to Audley Sternfield. In the luxury of that moment's free blessed communion with the Heavenly Father, she had, for a time, almost forgotten, she found strength to also ask for a wifely spirit of submission which would enable her to patiently bear all the bitter trials Sternfield's unkindness might yet inflict upon her. She was still engaged in prayer when the door softly opened, and Mrs. D'Aulnay entered.

"How are you, my poor darling. I had hoped you were asleep," she kindly exclaimed, as the girl rose from her knees. "Why are you not in bed?"

"I must take Jeanne's infallible tisane first," was the reply, uttered with a smile that was inexpressibly sad.

Mrs. D'Aulnay, who was really very fond of her young cousin, watched her countenance narrowly a moment, and then whispered, as she threw her arm around her neck, and drew her gently towards her, "Alas! it cannot cure heart-ache. 'Tis that wretch of a Sternfield who renders you so miserable. I am really beginning to hate him. And the thought that you are tied to him for life sets me wild; now especially, that I have a secret conviction that that delightful misanthropic Evelyn loves you."

"Listen to me, Lucille," suddenly exclaimed the young girl, confronting her with a calm dignity, which awed for a moment the frivolous woman before her. "You have led me, by your counsels and solicitations, into a terrible step which will entail on me life-long wretchedness. I say not this to reproach you, for, alas! I am far more guilty than yourself; but to tell you that having wrought me such misery, you should stop now and not seek to plunge me still lower into sin and sorrow. Mention Colonel Evelyn's name to me no more, and, above all, never tell me, a wife, again, that he, or any other man, loves me. When you speak of Sternfield, too, if you cannot do so in terms of friendship, at least employ those of courtesy, for he is my husband. Oh, Lucille, if you cannot lighten my heavy cross, at least do not seek to make it more galling!"

"Antoinette, you are an angel!" enthusiastically exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, touched by what she chose to regard as the lofty heroism of her companion. For everyday virtues she had no respect whatever—in fact, as she often said herself, she had scarcely patience with them, but anything out of the ordinary routine of life, heroic or uncommon, filled her with admiration. "Yes, my child, your wishes, sublime in their self-sacrificing heroism, shall be law to me. And, after all," she pensively added, "'tis perhaps better that Sternfield should try you as remorselessly as he does. You know a modern French writer has said that in wedded life, next to love, hatred is best; that anything is better than the terribly monotonous, hum-drum indifference with which so many married couples regard each other, and under the influence of which life becomes like a dull, stagnant pool, without wave or breeze ever breaking the surface. Better the wild dash of the tempest, the sweep of the hurricane—"

"What, even though it scatter ruin and desolation around?" interrupted the poor young bride, won into something like a smile, despite her misery, by this new and extraordinary view of conjugal life. "No, no," she added more earnestly. "If I cannot have sunshine, let me at least have peace. I have not courage enough to cope with the storm or the tempest."

"Then, dear Antoinette, forgive my saying that you have not all the necessary qualifications for a genuine heroine. But here comes Jeanne with the tisane, which has led to so singular a dialogue."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PLEA FOR THE YOUNG MARRIED.

"HERE we are in a great literary centre, and I should like to send you a little of the peaceful atmosphere which surrounds the Capitol," writes a friend from Washington.

"Business here seems only an after-thought, and shopping for shopping's sake is unknown. It takes its proper place and is not considered a recreation, but merely a necessity to supply the wants of the people.

"The whole atmosphere seems learned, and libraries and historical subjects are given their due."

Could we not have a little more "learnedness" and a little less "dress" in our atmosphere here? If we are literary we read the latest book, but where have we a chance to discuss it? Not at a 5 o'clock tea!

What other function of a social nature does Montreal give her people?

Shrieking around a card table, when invited out to spend an evening, over a game of euchre does not appeal to one after the age of 30—some, in fact, have tired of it earlier in life. Noise is frequently the criterion by which an evening's success is judged.

A young matron, occupied with home affairs for a certain portion of each day, turns from them with the hope of being refreshed and improved, in some small way, by contact with the outer world. On her calling list are the names of at least 200 people, and she may easily find five or six of them at home each afternoon. And yet, how much better is she mentally for paying a round of visits? She wants to be taken out of herself, to hear some good talk, but she cannot accomplish it this way, and, on meeting her husband at dinner, there is only a lot of nothings to tell him, so trivial and petty that she must feel ashamed, or sit mute!

As for social functions that might be enjoyed together, such things do not exist. Musical evenings are few and far between, and, when given, usually take the form of that barbaric institution known as a "crush"—sans air, sans comfort, sans conversation, sans everything, in fact, but people treading upon each other's best garments.

If the kind-hearted rich would only put their heads together and plan some interesting evenings for the young married! A wife hates to see her husband getting rusty in the "petit sons" which mark the gentleman, but every evening in an armchair tends that way; and a husband would like to see some of his friends, accompanied by his wife, outside the office or home. To start entertaining upon their own account is not always possible or wise, for the young married, generally speaking, must consider the expense of such a proceeding. Already, there are more teas than the week can well hold, and every mail brings a fresh supply, so the wife will meet her friends repeatedly without, however, exchanging an intelligible sentence with the majority of them, while her husband meets them not at all. He, in turn, by leaving her to a solitary evening, may happen upon a coterie of friends at his club where discussions congenial, convivial, wise, or otherwise, as the case may be, are taking place.

But, together, there are no functions to meet the wants of the young married, and yet they are simple enough, and ought not to be beyond their reach! A few evenings during each month where they could enjoy, at the homes of the kind-hearted rich, a little good music, bright connected conversation, or even serious debating upon a given subject, would be a boon—provided there was space for untrammelled movement. And the refreshments, which are so frequently poured down the dress at an afternoon "crush," might be partaken of in comfort.

A HISTORY of the discoveries and explorations of Etienne Brule, Parkman's "dauntless woodsman, pioneer of pioneers," has been prepared by Consul Willshire Butterfield, and will soon be published by the Helman-Taylor Company. Brule was the first white man to journey through the regions bordering on the Great Lakes, and he was killed—and, it is said, eaten—by the savages.