

She is standing by the wicket  
 As in days that used to be,  
 But the only sound anear her  
 Is the moaning of the sea!  
 Since her lover sailed across it  
 Now have vanished years and years,  
 And no word from him has ever come,  
 Yet 'midst the waves she hears:  
 "While still shall dash the breakers  
 On the rugged Cornish shore,  
 I shall love you—living—dying—  
 Till I cannot love you more!"

EDWARD OXENFORD.



## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Madame Féraudy came downstairs on the next morning she found her nephew gone. At first she could not believe it, it seemed impossible, but a letter left on the table attracted her attention, and with a full heart she opened it. An enclosure fell out addressed to Eugénie Lacour.

Madame Féraudy could not restrain her tears when she read what André had written to her.

"MY DEAREST *maman*, dear to me as my own mother, do not blame me that I leave you abruptly like this, but think of me with patience and, above all, love me still, even though I am obliged to disregard your wishes in this one matter.

"I go because I dare not see Génie again. I am too weak. Yesterday I thought it but a small thing to conquer my love for her, but when I saw her lying senseless in that terrible strait, the terror, the agony I went through, tore away all illusion.

"Well, dear *maman*, pray for me that with a willing heart I may make this last consummate sacrifice for God and His poor. But I am only a man. I cannot see her again, and I will not—for her sake also. She thinks of me gently, tenderly. I have seen affection in her sweet eyes; and a certain wistful pain like that of a misunderstood child because I have been so cold. It is best so. She will think this sudden departure cold, perhaps unkind. Let it be so. A love is awaiting her which will comfort and fill her heart, if it has been a little wounded by my hand. Be loving to the child; a motherless girl is a very tender being. Some day perhaps, not now—but afterwards—you may tell her that if it had been God's will I might have told her of my love, but the Shadow of the Cross is upon me and

it points the way into a world of hopeless pain.

"God bless you, dear *maman*. Your devoted,

"ANDRÉ.

"P.S.—Give this enclosed letter to Génie. You need not fear to do so."

Madame Féraudy rose and brushed away her tears.

"He is a very saint," she said to herself. "And I must be an old sinner to mind so much."

There was a great deal to do all day in the house and Madame Féraudy felt cross and put out when message after message came from the Canières.

"Monsieur and madame's compliments, and did Mademoiselle Lacour feel a little better?"

Madame Féraudy sent all the messages up by Jeanne conscientiously.

Génie lying, tired and unnerved in her little bed, was touched to the heart by them. Their assiduity was such a contrast to the cold fact that she learnt from Jeanne that Dr. André was gone—gone without waiting to see her or to hear her thanks. She cried a little when she first heard it, then she brightened up over the messages, and smiled, well pleased, when a large bouquet was brought to her with her twelve o'clock luncheon.

She tried to get up in the afternoon, but was so stiff and faint that she was obliged to return to bed, and this was followed by a greatly distressed message and a touching description from Jeanne of the white face and agitation of Monsieur Jean when he heard it.

Jeanne herself was touched by this devotion. It was evident, she told herself, that Dr. André had no wish to marry mademoiselle, so, heart and soul she would wish Monsieur Canière success.

Madame Féraudy was very busy all

day, or thought herself so, so that it was not till late in the afternoon that she went upstairs to sit with Génie.

The girl was lying in her little white bed, and the snowy linen was scarcely more colourless than her little face. Madame Féraudy went up to her and kissed her lovingly.

"My little one," she said, "you look white and sad. How do you feel now?"

"I am much better, *maman*, and Jeanne has been bathing my foot with the stuff Dr. André sent me. It has soothed the pain. He seems to be always there to save me," she faltered, her voice breaking a little, and her grey eyes looking up very wistfully into those of her old friend.

"His mission in life is to succour the distressed and heal pain," said Madame Féraudy.

"Yes," said Génie gently. "But it is hard, very hard, to have to take all and give nothing. When I heard that he was gone without seeing me, without letting me tell him my gratitude, my deep gratitude to him then—then—" she could not finish.

"Then you were sorry, *mignonne*? I know the feeling well. He will never think of himself. My child, he is not like other men, he is a saint."

"I know, he is too far above us to care for our thanks, but, *maman*, it is hard."

"Ah," said Madame Féraudy, "sometimes, not often in life, it is given to us to see a life dedicated as his is to the service of God, and one must not interrupt it, Génie. One must stand back and let it pass on, unhindered by our simpler, more selfish wishes."

Génie lay back with closed eyes, through which the slow tears stole one by one.

"You should have seen him, *maman*. As I saw him, standing by me when I