

POETRY.

THE WIND OF MARCH. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Up from the sea the wild north wind is blowing...

Under the sky's gray arch; Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs, knowing It is the wind of March.

The stormy farewell of a passing season, Leaving, however rude Or sad in painful recollection, reason For reverent gratitude.

Welcome to weary hearts its harsh forewarning Of light and warmth to come, The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter morn...

The earth arisen in bloom! In the loud tumult Winter's strength is breaking; I listen to the sound, As to a voice of resurrection, waking To life the dead, cold ground.

Between these gusts, to the soft laces I hearken Of rivulets on their way; I see these tossed and naked tree-tops darken With the fresh leaves of May.

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and lowering, Invite the air of spring, A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering, The bluebird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes follow This northern hurricane, And, borne thither, the bobolink and swallow Shall visit us again.

And in green wood-paths, in the kindled pasture, And by the whispering rills, Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the Master, Taught on His Syrian hills.

Blow, then, with wind! thy roar shall end in stinging, Thy chill in blossoming; Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel, bringing The healing of the spring!

SELECT STORY. AN UNBROKEN PROMISE. A CASTAWAY. PART II. CHAPTER I. IN THE BUNGALOW.

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"Not he; from my recollection of what Google told me of his married life, he has acted on the 'once bit, twice shy' principle."

"And do you know any nice motherly old woman whom you could recommend to look after the General's socks, make his jams, and rob him herself, instead of letting the tradespeople 'rob him'?"

Cleothorpe looked at his friend in admiration. "Certainly marriage has developed you amazingly in every way, Jack!" he said.

"And who is she—a protegee of yours?" "No, indeed, I know comparatively little of her."

"A widow of the name of Pickering; her husband had held a very inferior position in some government office, I believe, and when she came here after his death, some three years ago, she had an idea of seeking employment as a nursery governess, or companion to a lady, or something of that kind."

"And his wife!" echoed Captain Norman. "Mrs. Pickering, then, is rather plain, is she not?"

"Another objection springing from your domestic experience," said Cleothorpe; but this time you are wrong, Mrs. Pickering is a remarkably handsome woman."

"And the person and his wife attended to her in her illness?" "Not merely that. During this illness they discovered that she was miserably poor; that her husband had left her no pension, no life insurance, absolutely nothing at all, and that both she and her sister were quick and intelligent, and willing to do anything to earn their livelihood."

"Poor creatures, how very creditable!" said Captain Norman, placidly sipping his glass of curaça.

"Well, our parson—Drage his name is, Onesiphorus Drage, queer name isn't it? is the son of a man who is a great gun in the city, director of banks and all sorts of things, and, amongst others, of one of the telegraph companies. Drage wrote up to his father, and the old man offered to have them put into the telegraph office in London, but somehow or other Mrs. Pickering had a great objection to that, and so it ended in both of them being made clerks in the Branch office down here. They got on wonderfully, especially the younger one, who showed such singular ability that, when an important vacancy occurred in the head office in London, they offered her the berth, and as the salary and chances were really good, and they found a respectable person for her to live with, Mrs. Pickering made no further objection, and about a year ago the girl went to town, and there she remains."

"And what became of Mrs. Pickering?" "Well, just died, and on her death bed she spoke to Mrs. Pickering, who had attended her throughout, and implored her to be a mother to the little girl whom she was leaving."

"Ah, ha!" said Captain Norman, "which means also to be a wife to the reverend old—what do you call him?"

"So had I, very nearly," said Captain Cleothorpe, moving out of the way of some dripping coffee, "and he had what is it that you have got, Jack?"

"An idea," said Captain Norman. "Keep it, book it, and register it at once as 'Norman's patent,' or no one will ever believe you came by it honestly," said Cleothorpe.

"Don't you be funny, but listen," said his friend. "Do you know what it is to be haunted by a face?"

"I did," said Cleothorpe, half sadly. "I have been haunted by a good many in my time."

"As those were women's," said Norman; "but I don't mean that, nor in a real life or in a dream; I mean a picture rises before you, always in the most unsatisfactory manner; the identity of which it is impossible to discover, while the more you try to link it with a personality the more vague do your thoughts grow, and the dream is disappointed as you as to your chances of success."

"Yes," said Cleothorpe. "You have a fine poetical flow, Jack, but I know what you mean."

"Well, I have suffered from this sort of haunting for months just," said Norman. "We were in town in the spring, the first time we had been there for some years, and amongst other places, we went to the house of a Mrs. Entwistle, a kind of connection of my wife's, who is a swell in her way, and she was taking me to notice of us before. She was an eccentric old woman, but very well off, they say, and goes into very good society. At her house I noticed a young man, whose face and manner seemed somehow familiar to me, though I felt that both had altered since the last time I saw him. He was talking to the guests, giving orders to the servants, and altogether making himself so much at home that I had the curiosity to enquire who he was. I learned that he was Mr. Hardinge, a young man whom the old lady for a year or two past had adopted as her son, but whether he was related to her by blood, or whether her adoption of him was only one of her many eccentricities, I could not gather."

"Having glanced at the man, who I did follow who went to dine at the next table to me at the 'Rag,' and who seemed to know everything about everybody in town, I went from the staircase, where I had carried on the pumping process, back into the rooms, and found my young friend in full swing before. This time he caught me looking at him, started, turned rapidly on his heel, and for the rest of the evening carefully avoided coming near me. I met him several times afterwards in the park, at the theatre, in society, but with the same result. He shunned me, Sir, regularly shunned me; made a point of turning away whenever I approached him. During the whole of that time, and very frequently since, I have endeavored to recognize him, but without success. He had seen that young man before, and who he was. As you spoke, it suddenly flashed upon me, and I have not the smallest doubt about it. The place where I last saw him was the inn at Cheshire-borough, and his real name is George Heriot."

"Singular," said Captain Cleothorpe, when his companion had finished speaking. "Very singular indeed. You are not generally very clear in these matters, Jack, but your reasoning convinces me that in the present instance you must be right. Do you imagine the boy recognized you?"

"Now I think it over I have not a doubt of it, though I cannot understand how I failed to recognize him. He has just that same cheeky grin of his that he had when he told me that it would be good for my health if he were my player at pool, and that he would give me plenty of exercise in walking after my ball."

"Do you imagine that his father knows of his position?" "I have no means of judging, but I should say decidedly not."

"Did you ever get anything out of the old lady, Mrs. Entwistle?" "What do you mean by money?"

"Keep it, book it, and register it at once as 'Norman's patent,' or no one will ever believe you came by it honestly," said Cleothorpe.

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