

homes; bringing him in amongst their wives and daughters as they would never have dreamed of doing had he been other than Sybil's husband. How had all this come about? Had not the death of Neal Despard released him from all fear of an ignominious exposure? True; but it had not secured him from the pitiless clamourings of conscience or the Nemesis of an undying remorse. Yes! After that first, brief exultation at his safety; conscience awoke and refused to be lulled to sleep again; remorse had sprung up again with renewed vigor and ever shrieked into his ears the name of the man he had wronged. Go where he would the dead face of Neal Despard haunted him; when he sat at his own table and by his own hearth, or in crowded ball rooms and theatres that ghastly face would loom up before him and gaze at him with reproachful eyes that nearly drove him frantic. He dreamed such horrible dreams, that, awaking with a gasping cry upon his lips, he would creep stealthily from his bed so as not to disturb his sleeping wife, and going down to the dining room, in the dead of night, or in the gray dawn of morning, would drink glass after glass of raw brandy. Thus like many a one before him he had sought the oblivion of drink in which to drown his care and remorse. He very soon became utterly dependent upon this fatal means of forgetfulness; it was only when under the influence of liquor that the memory of the past ceased to haunt him; as soon as the fumes of drink cleared away from his brain, it would rush back upon him, mocking him into madness. Sometimes the face of Grace Roberts would haunt his mind; white and haggard, with gleaming eyes and pale compressed lips, as he had seen her that summer day at Busby.

There are those who would doubtless laugh to scorn the idea that any man wicked enough to commit such crimes as those of which Arthur Macdonald was guilty, could be capable of so terrible a remorse. But if they take into consideration the nature of the man, it will not seem at all impossible. Weak and unstable as water, selfishly impulsive, quick-tempered and imperious; he had not one single solid principle to guide him. Honor, as honor was to him the merest trifle; but he knew that without it society would surely shun him and this fact alone restrained him, when he would have given full sway to his passions. Many such as he have weakly and helplessly allowed themselves to be drawn into the meshes of sin, and then seized with fearful remorse, have been goaded and driven relentlessly on by that same remorse deeper and deeper into crime until there was left no way of extrication, and they have been doomed to go sinning to the very end.

All Arthur Macdonald's crimes had resulted from this fatal weakness and selfishness of his character. Some men seem to have been born possessed of the demon of hate against their fellow creatures, and against all laws of honor and morality; but he was not one of these. He had never had any wish or intention to outrage the laws of his God or his country, and yet in his desire for self-gratification he had done both.

When he first met pretty, innocent Grace Roberts, he no more dreamed of injuring her than of blowing out his own brains. She was farmer Robert's only child, a bright, winsome girl of seventeen, the pride and joy of her parents' hearts, and the sunlight of the old farm-house. Her sweet, charming face took the fancy of the young stranger in the village and he wooed her with all the chivalrous, courtly grace at his command; she, girl-like gave her heart unquestioningly to her handsome young suitor, who in her simple eyes was a king among the rough, honest country lads around. It is only just to say that, at this time he meant well by the girl; he honestly meant that she should be his wife; he asked the farmer for his daughter and was refused and peremptorily forbidden to see her again. However, the young people contrived to meet again and he persuaded the simple, loving girl to fly with him, and she yielded and went with him, leaving behind her two broken hearts and a sorrow-darkened home. He took her to the city, but he never married her; day by day he made her fresh promises which were never kept; he honestly meant even then to make her his wife but for various reasons he delayed doing so. And then—Ah well! 'tis the old story, he grew tired of her; her tears and entreaties and endless reproaches wearied him; anxiety and vain regret made inroads on her beauty, and it came to pass that his love for her died slowly but all too

surely. Still he never owned to himself that he had given up all idea of marrying her; he still said to himself "some day." It was only when he met Sybil O'Brien that he cast from him once and for all the idea of righting Grace Roberts. We know the rest; how, to obtain Grace's silence he bought her off with the money stolen from the Bank. And for this crime Neal Despard had suffered. Macdonald was thunder struck when informed that he had confessed himself guilty of the theft. He—Arthur—had calculated upon the accusation being made against Despard for he was the only clerk in the Bank who had access to the safe; but he had never dreamed that he would own to a crime of which he was perfectly innocent. At first Arthur could not make it out, but presently the light burst in upon him; he knew that Neal had been an old lover of his wife's and he guessed that it was for her sake he thus elected to bear the burden of another's sin. His suspicions were correct, as the reader knows.

But in one conclusion to which he came, he was utterly wrong. He supposed that, since Despard still cared sufficiently for his wife, to give up Mollie for her sake he could never have really loved the latter, but meditated marriage with her simply as a means of pecuniary gain. Knowing nothing of the sacred promise made to Alice on her death-bed, Arthur concluded that love for Sybil alone prompted Neal's actions; his jealousy was thus aroused and he inwardly congratulated himself on the fact that his wife's old lover was likely to be located at a safe distance for some time to come. He was careful however to hide from Sybil his real feelings on the subject of Neal Despard, for unprincipled as he was, he instinctively felt that it would be offering an insult to her to show jealousy of her old lover. One thing he resolved, namely, that no word from him would ever recall the exiled man to his home. Ah! Arthur Macdonald, but a day of reckoning must come to each one of us, and yours is coming swiftly and with awful certainty.

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

At Long Branch.

The waltzes were over at Leland's,
And I stood by my chaperon's chair,
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean
Just toyed with the bang of my hair.
And if ever a mortal was thankful,
It was I that the window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,
And it seemed like the moment of doom;
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,
Making love—don't you think!—and to whom
But the heiress of Pillpatent's millions,
And the vilest thing in the room.

Now Tom, as you know, is too handsome
For anything under the sun—
Yes, I honestly own I had flirted,
But only a little, in fun,—
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch him,
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over,—
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss,—
For of course 'twas a grand speculation
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss.
But to think after all his palaver,
That he ever could scrub me like this.

I cannot describe my emotions,
But it gave my poor heart-strings a tug;
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,
And up to me whom should she lug
But that great millionaire from Nevada
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,
And it came to me just like a flash:
He's been dangling around all the season.