

## THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

(From the French of the late Dr. Hubert La Rue \*)

## I.

Calm City of the Dead, to thee I oft repair,  
To dream of Heaven's rest, in which I hope to share  
When this poor frame decays.  
Beside my new-made grave I see my mother weep,  
While, with sweet voice of faith, breaking the silence  
deep,  
My dear child kneels and prays.

## II.

O dear ones three, who lie beneath the wintry ground,  
While o'er you sweeps the wind with melancholy  
sound,  
You, as you lay, I see.  
In garb of death so pale, beneath his chilly touch—  
Then comes, like wholesome dew, the thought that  
even such  
I, too, ere long, shall be.

## III.

In Heaven we all shall meet—there is our real home;  
What is there on this earth to cause our thoughts to  
roam  
From joys that wait us there?  
There we shall live in peace, devoid of care or fear,  
There sorrow never comes, there never falls a tear—  
And Heaven is won by prayer.

JOHN READE.

\* The beautiful verses of which a translation is here  
attempted were written only a few days before Dr.  
La Rue's untimely death.

## BOTH IN THE WRONG.

## CHAPTER I.

## ON THE HONEYMOON TRIP.

"My sweet Olive,—  
"Your loving letter is to hand. Before long  
I shall return to England, darling, and—  
Why, Olive, what does this mean? A man's  
writing, too!"

The face raised to the speaker's is very fair,  
flushed as it is with sudden confusion and sur-  
prise.

He has entered the room quietly, and read the  
above extract aloud before she has been aware of  
his presence.

"It is nothing," she returns, doubling the  
letter up hastily and putting it away. "That  
is, nothing which concerns anybody except my-  
self. I suppose, Wilfred, I may be allowed to have  
some affairs of my own?"—with a touch of de-  
fiance in the clear tones.

"But, my dear Olive, anything that concerns  
you should concern me," he says, earnestly.  
"Surely, if I wish to see that letter, you won't  
withhold it from me."

"Why do you wish to see it?" she asks.  
"I am curious to know who it can be from,  
Olive. I was not aware that you were carrying  
on any correspondence down here."

She hesitates a minute. Her face is averted,  
to hide from him its tell-tale thoughts.

"I'm sorry, Wilfred; but I can neither show  
it you nor tell you who it is from,"—in a low  
voice.

He turns away to the window, with a pained  
expression. Already a refusal from the woman  
of his choice! It is hard—very!

"I think, Olive," he says, slowly, after a  
silence that has been ominous, "I am well with-  
in my right—indeed, it is my duty as a hus-  
band—to insist upon seeing that letter."

"If you cannot trust me, why did you marry  
me?"

She speaks in a bitter tone at last, and he see-  
ing angry light that is new to him.

Has he been living through some sweet dream,  
he wonders, and is this the rude awakening? It  
seems but yesterday since he stood with this fair  
young girl in the chilly church—they two alone,  
without kith or kin beside them—and pronoun-  
ced those vows that made them one.

He had taken her—Olive Rayne—from a cheer-  
less home, where, her parents being dead, she  
had lived with an aunt who had made life a mis-  
ery to her. And he had believed she could be  
happy with him and love him. Had there been  
any mistake?

"Have you already forgotten the promise you  
made three short weeks since, Olive?"

"What promise?" she asks, quickly.

"To love, honor, and obey—"

"No!" interrupting him with a short laugh.  
"As far as obeying goes, I shall keep it when  
you are reasonable in your requests. As for the  
rest—"

"Well, Olive? Don't hesitate on my account,  
pray."

But his handsome sunburnt face has paled,  
and he speaks with an effort.

"I don't see why you shouldn't know the  
truth," she returns, slowly. "I have never  
loved you, Wilfred."

"Never loved me!" He draws a deep, painful  
breath. "Why did you marry me, then?"

"Why?" she continues, in the same slow  
manner. "To escape the drudgery at Aunt  
Rayne's, and—because you were rich, and  
I thought I should like to be a rich man's  
wife."

Then she rises, and with her face still turned  
from him, goes to the door.

"Stay, Olive!" and with a quick stride he is  
beside her, and leads her back to the easy  
chair.

His way is so strange and imperious, so differ-  
ent to what it has been of late, that she is con-  
strained into complying.

"So you do not love me?" he says, quietly,  
very different from the tone of upbraiding she  
expects.

"I never told you I loved you," is her im-  
petuous reply.

"Not in so many words, but you led me to  
infer so. Unfortunately I love you, as I've told  
you repeatedly. However, this is no time for re-  
proaches. I also have a confession to make.  
Have I ever told you I was a wealthy man?"

She looks up, dazed for a moment at this  
abrupt query.

"No, I have not, Olive; and for the very good  
reason that, as I stand before you at this mo-  
ment, I am not worth a hundred pounds."

"You're joking, Wilfred!" she says, in a  
low, tremulous voice.

"I was never more in earnest in my life. Is  
this the sort of place a rich man spends his honey-  
moon in?"—looking round on the plain but  
quaint and homely-furnished room. "A cheap  
lodging in an insignificant little village like  
Brookside! No servants, no luxuries; waited  
on by an officious landlady! Surely there are no  
evidences of wealth in all this to mislead you?"

"But—but you let me think—Oh, I cannot  
believe it!"—turning from him with an indig-  
nant sob.

"Why not? What grounds have you had for  
believing otherwise? Beyond meeting me at the  
house of a common acquaintance, you know  
nothing of me. You have never seen or heard  
of a single relation of mine. You have never  
asked me about my position in the world, nor  
did your aunt see fit to do so. Am I to blame if  
you have been under a misapprehension?"

"I trusted you as a gentleman, Mr. Gar-  
thorne!" facing him haughtily now, with flash-  
ing brown eyes and crimson face. "I have been  
imposed upon shamefully!"

"Not more than I have been. It is a case of  
false pretences on both sides, Olive. For the  
present, I daresay I can manage to scrape to-  
gether a living for us both, without any greater  
hardship than having to practise economy."

"I have not married to be a poor man's  
drudge!" she returns, disdainfully. "You have  
quite mistaken the woman you have made your  
wife, Mr. Garthorne. Your wife! For the  
future we will go separate ways; I will be Olive  
Rayne to the world again. Here!"—springing  
up and wrenching open a pretty escritoire beside  
her—"my marriage certificate!"—tearing the  
copy of the said document to shreds. "My  
ring!"—throwing it at his feet. "I repudiate  
these, as I do everything connected with you  
and your marriage!"

Superb and beautiful she looks in her with-  
ering scorn, notwithstanding it is a trifle theatrical  
and overdone.

He stands lost in amazement and admiration,  
until her opening of the door arouses him.

"One moment before you go, Mrs. Gar-  
thorne!" he exclaims, coldly. "I understand  
you desire to leave me—to be independent as  
you were before our marriage. When do you pro-  
pose to—"

"This very day—this very hour!" is the im-  
patient rejoinder.

"So be it. In future, you are free, not only to  
go where you will, but, as you leave me of your  
own accord, to provide for yourself. If, after a  
while, you regret this and come to me—"

But she turns from him contemptuously, and  
without waiting to hear another word, sweeps  
from the room.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE NEW GOVERNESS.

Herne Hall is a fine old country residence,  
gray, ivy-grown, standing in a well-wooded park  
of moderate size, and situated about two miles  
from that thriving market town, Pennerstow.

Its present master is Mr. Geoffrey Warde.  
He is a middle-aged man, a widower with  
three children, and has held for many years,  
until lately, an important post in the old estab-  
lished Pennerstow bank.

He inherited Herne Hall from Barbara Warde,  
the widow of his elder brother, Humphrey, but  
though she died some two years ago, he has not  
—owing to certain conditions in her will—been  
able to claim the property until within the last  
month or so.

As he sits in the library, letter-writing, this  
fine summer's afternoon, he cannot be credited  
with very good looks. The face that pores over  
the desk is sallow, with high cheek-bones, quick,  
eager eyes, and thin, compressed lips. His hands  
are large and bony, and he is tall and spare in  
build.

Suddenly, his eldest daughter, Amy, a charm-  
ing girl of some twenty years, enters.

How came such a sire to have such a daugh-  
ter? She is all freshness, and sweetness—a ripe  
beauty, with deep blue eyes and brown, wavy  
hair, and soft red lips that are temptation  
itself.

"I have come back, papa," she says, standing  
demurely by his chair.

"Very good, my dear. I expected you to-  
day," raising his face for her kiss.

"Lady Hamlin pressed me very much to make  
my visit longer, but as you only gave me per-  
mission to remain four days, of course I couldn't,

papa. Oh, and the ball was such a success, and  
I did enjoy it!"

"Hum!" is the unsympathetic rejoinder.  
"How about the pearls?—missing by this time,  
I daresay?"

"Oh, no, papa? I've brought them safely  
back with me. Everyone admired the necklace  
extremely."

This was the first occasion of Amy's wearing,  
in public, the valuable jewels left her by her  
aunt Barbara.

"Did Mrs. Jarwin tell you that I wanted to  
speak to you the moment you came in?" asks  
Mr. Warde.

"Yes, papa. And she told me that Olive ar-  
rived two days ago. I haven't seen her yet."

"Miss Rayne, if you please, Amy," he says,  
impressively. "There must be no familiarity  
now between you. Miss Rayne is here as the  
governess to your younger sister and brother,  
remember."

"But, papa, we have known each other so  
long," pleads Amy, wistfully. "And, besides,  
she wrote me as a friend, asking if I could find  
her a place where she could earn her own living,  
and be free from that horrid aunt of hers."

"And you found her a better one here than  
she could hope for. You must be content with  
that, my dear. I have spoken to her myself on  
the matter, and she perfectly understands that  
she takes her position here as a governess, and  
not as a friend. I have also made it a condition  
that we shall hear nothing from her of that ras-  
cal, Sidney."

"Oh, papa! how could you pain her by refer-  
ring to him?" her soft cheeks flushing up hotly.

"If people will have disreputable relations,  
they must suffer," returns Mr. Warde, coolly.

"Not that I think there's much chance of his  
ever annoying anyone in this neighborhood  
again. He prefers his freedom abroad to the  
chance of penal servitude in England. Now, you  
understand me, Amy, about Miss Rayne?"

"Yes, papa. I must do as you wish, I sup-  
pose," she says, demurely.

Then she goes out, and in the hall meets a  
stout woman, well dressed, but with a red,  
blotchy face and fishy eyes which tell their own  
shameful tale.

"Miss Rayne is in the school-room miss, if  
you'd like to see her."

"Thank you, Mrs. Jarwin."

She enters the school-room. We have seen  
the brown-eyed young lady before, who rises to  
meet her with such a self-possessed air. Two  
children—a boy and girl aged about ten and  
twelve—spring up from their books, and rush at  
their sister with a boisterous glee.

"How are you, you little pair of romps? A  
kiss, Gertrude! Don't, Freddy, you bad boy!  
You've nearly dislocated my arm. I am afraid,  
Miss Rayne," to Olive, who stands looking on  
calmly, "you must find them very unruly."

"Rather. They may go now," says Olive,  
looking at her watch. "Indeed, their time is  
nearly up."

"Thanks, Miss Rayne. Hurrah!" shouts  
Master Freddy. "Amy you must come and play  
lawn-tennis with us. Mustn't she, Gert?"

"Very well. Run along, and get your hats;  
I'm going into the garden," says Amy, following  
them out.

Olive is alone. She gives a little sigh. Her  
life here is to be a very comfortable one she per-  
ceives. Well, it is her own doing. She is stoop-  
ing to pick up some books, when there is a light  
step, and, before she can look up, two little  
hands cover her eyes from behind.

"Olive, you old dear! You didn't think I was  
going to run away without a word of welcome or  
a hug? You cold, heartless thing! You don't  
love me half as I love you."

And thereupon a "hug" and kisses follow, to  
which Olive submits graciously, with an amused  
smile.

"My dear Amy, it's so kind of you to—"

"Not another word, dear. By-and-by, I'll  
find a chance. Here come those tiresome chil-  
dren for me!"

Tap, tap, tap! very softly.

"May I come in?" in a whisper to corre-  
spond; and as Olive is sitting in her bed-room  
that same evening, Amy's witching young face  
peeps round the half-open door roguishly.

Without waiting for the word of permission,  
she glides in, looking a pretty picture in her  
dainty dressing-gown, with her brown hair rip-  
pling down over her shoulders.

She brings a low chair, and seats herself by  
Olive, and nestles to her like a fond, overgrown  
child.

"I've come to have a chat, you dear old love!"  
she says, sighing contentedly.

Olive smiles down on her with the superior  
wisdom of grown-up years.

"Your old habit of calling people names, Amy  
—not naughty names, it's true. What do you  
want to chat about, dear?"

"About yourself, and how you get on here,  
and what you've been doing with yourself the  
last two years; and—about him, my Sidney,  
there's a darling, Olive!" hiding her blushing  
face on Olive's shoulder. "I've heard so little  
of him lately, and—and I don't get to love him  
less."

"You silly puss, Amy!" and Olive strokes  
the soft hair tenderly. "His letters are full of  
you, dear—of his great love—something pheno-  
menal, it seems to be. What a funny thing love  
is! His last letter I posted to you. Did you  
receive it?"

"Yes, nearly four months ago,"—in an in-  
jured tone. "Surely that wasn't his last,  
Olive?"

"I have heard from him once since, from  
Paris; and such news, dear! He is coming  
back to England. He says he won't skulk abroad  
any longer like a guilty man. He intends to try  
and prove his innocence, or take the conse-  
quences."

"Poor old Sid! Poor love!" sighs Amy, her  
sunny face clouding over dimly. "If papa  
would only believe him innocent! I can't think  
why papa doesn't, Olive. It seems to me one  
has only got to know Sidney to be convinced he  
couldn't commit such a thing as forgery."

"Papa isn't in love, dear," smiles Olive  
soberly.

"I suppose that's it. But I never could un-  
derstand why Sidney wasn't tried and found in-  
nocent instead of going abroad."

"That was because the evidence against him  
was so conclusive, dear. Your father's own law-  
yer, who was acting for Sidney, advised him to  
accept Mr. Warde's offer—that the affair should  
be hushed up and he go abroad. I sometimes  
wish he'd stayed and faced it out."

"Why didn't he, Olive?"

"Because he was young, and allowed himself  
to be persuaded. This was how it was, Amy.  
Sidney was under your father in the bank, as you  
know, and it fell to his duty to manage your  
Aunt Barbara's account and receive her checks.  
Your father used to place great trust in him, and  
even introduced him to your own home, which  
was the time he first learnt to love you, you  
puss. Well, when your aunt discovered that  
some one had drawn over three thousand pounds  
from her account by means of forged checks,  
suspicion naturally fell upon poor Sidney. Then  
it was discovered that your aunt's maid, who  
often used to be sent to cash checks, had cashed  
these particular ones. She was accused of it, and  
swore most positively that her accomplice was  
Sidney."

"The wicked woman!" pants Amy, with  
flushed, indignant features. "But, Olive, my  
aunt's maid was—was Jarwin, who is here  
now."

"What! the housekeeper?" exclaims Olive  
in surprise.

"Yes; and now that I remember, aunt was  
very angry with Jarwin about something. I al-  
ways wonder why papa has her here. I can't  
bear the woman."

"She's the only one who knows the truth  
about Sidney," says Olive, thoughtfully. "It is  
indeed curious your father keeps her. However,"  
seeing Amy's pained, puzzled face, "it is not for  
me to say. How have you enjoyed yourself, and  
what have you been doing with yourself the last  
few days, dear? I hear you have been very  
gay."

Amy accepts the turn in the conversation with-  
out comment, and enters into a vivid description  
of her visit to Lady Hamlin's. When she comes  
to the first wearing of her precious pearls, she  
exclaims, "Oh, you must see them, Olive! They  
are such beauties. Come with me to my room.  
Everyone has gone to bed, and we can go  
softly."

Somewhat reluctantly, Olive is persuaded to  
accompany Amy. They go out of the room and  
down a narrow staircase, Amy leading the way  
with the lamp. Then along a passage and into  
a wide corridor, from which the main staircase  
leads down below. Here Amy pauses, shading  
the light with one hand.

"I suppose you know your way about now,  
dear," she says, beneath her breath. "You sleep  
in the top room on the east wing. Jarwin sleeps  
below you. It's a shame! You ought to have  
had her room, as I told papa. You may shake  
your head and smile, you dear old love! I feel  
highly indignant!"

And with an expressive little grimace, she  
glides into a thickly-carpeted gallery, with sev-  
eral doors going into it from either side.

"That's 'pa's door,'" she whispers. "And  
this"—pointing to the next—"is mine."

It stands ajar, and they enter. They are in  
an elegantly-furnished dressing-room, com-  
municating by another door with the bedroom  
beyond. The latter is in darkness, but a sub-  
dued radiance is shed over the dressing-room by  
a hanging lamp.

Amy produces a massive, old-fashioned case  
from her wardrobe, and with all the eagerness  
of a child, unlocks it with a tiny key attached  
to her watch-chain.

"What's that?" exclaims Olive, in a hushed  
voice. "Didn't you hear someone in the other  
room, Amy?"

Amy, half petulantly, stays in her delightful  
occupation a moment to listen. "Why, I de-  
clare, Olive, you're getting quite a nervous old  
thing! I didn't hear anything. There now!"  
displaying in the open case a magnificent set  
of pearl ornaments. "Don't be envious! Are  
they not beautiful?"

Olive is too thoroughly a woman not to ad-  
mire and express her admiration.

She even permits Amy to clasp the costly  
bracelets about her shapely rounded arms, and  
fasten the necklace round her white, queenly  
throat.

"You look lovely!" says Amy, replacing  
them in the case. "You shall see me in them  
another time. It's getting so late, we must go  
back now."

They arrive safely at Olive's door, and bid  
each other good night.

Amy returns to her own room.

"I wonder why papa is so particular about  
Jarwin's light?" run her thoughts, as she locks  
the case containing her pearls, which she has  
omitted to do before in her hurry. "He never  
used to care what time the servants went to  
bed."