

THE NEW WORLD

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[For the Home Journal.]

OLD TIME.

Old Time, I do not fear thee,
My spirit is not riven,
Though on my cheek and in my hair
Thou hast left thy chilly token.

What though thy knell is ringing,
And my bloom of youth hath fled,
My own dear flowers are flinging
A halo round my head.

Ah no, I do not fear thee
When my own dear girls are by;
My bloom of youth is on their cheek,
My laughter in their eye.

And as they gather round me,
Their fondest love is mine;
Old time, old time, I thank thee,
For these rich gifts of thine.

Thou hast stolen youth and health away,
And beauty from my brow;
And tempt a grace that once I had
I cannot boast of now.

But I'll not trouble thee about
Those petty thefts of thine,
If thou wilt let alone those gums
That are at present mine.

H. P.

[Written for the Home Journal.]

Compensation.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW."

CHAPTER II.—(CONCLUDED.)

THE ATONEMENT.

LITTLE Evelyn Elwood had a happier childhood than her mother. All the omissions that rendered the dead Evelyn unfit for life's struggle, were filled up in her child. Richard Elwood had found out it was not alone sufficient to shield his darling from evil, and keep her mind pure and innocent even of the knowledge of sin; he tried to prepare his grandchild to resist wrong, to teach her to overcome the temptations of a selfish world, not to conceal their existence. The neighborhood acted kindly by the stricken man, and no one avoided the poor orphan or visited her parents' sins upon her; and little Evelyn lacked no companionship, and learnt to judge of character and motives in a manner her girl-mother never dreamt of. She enjoyed also a thorough education, instead of the desultory elementary lessons the first Evelyn received. Paul Sylvester had constituted himself her master from the time when her prattling tongue could lisp the alphabet, and many a lesson, addressed to eye and sense, had been instilled by him even earlier.

At one time Sylvester had entertained ideas of pushing his fortunes in more populous parts, but either he had found no encouragement to change, or had become attached to Cedar Creek; but he appeared to have given up all thoughts of removing, and had accepted the government stipend in virtue of a recent act of parliament, that had provided education for the people through the length and breadth of the province. Shortly after Evelyn's death he purchased a small lot in the vicinity of his school-house, and built on it a humble edifice in appearance, but comfortable and solid in its structure. Since Mr. Elwood's affliction he had become a daily-visitant, and had shared all his cares for the poor babe. As she grew older

the richest stores of his mind were laid under contribution for her amusement and instruction; literary lore, almost forgotten amid his sterner and more practical studies, was extracted from memory's cells to direct her taste and elevate her mind.

Evelyn grew to womanhood as beautiful as her unfortunate mother, but with more character and spirit, qualities that betrayed themselves in a kindling eye and a firm tread; what her heart and her head suggested should be done, was accomplished with an energetic will that defied alike difficulties and disappointments. Old Elwood leaned on her as on a son, and her affection and attention seemed to partake of the parental towards him. To Sylvester, on the contrary, she entertained unbounded respect. Her love for him was always blended with a little awe. His cold exterior, his profound knowledge (for such his excellent attainments appeared to his mere ignorant neighbors), his reserve and melancholy, all tended to impress the lively girl with a certain reverence that not the gentlest consideration or indulgence on his part could change into unrestrained confidence.

When Evelyn had reached her tenth year Farmer Morris died. His land was sold, his widow and younger children removed to some other part of the country, and their very name was soon forgotten. One little incident occurred at the time that left a lasting impression on Evelyn. Rambling by the lake shore with her faithful companion, a noble Newfoundland dog, she came upon a little lad, about her own age, in great distress; he was a stranger, she felt sure, and her sympathy and curiosity were excited. In reply to her inquiries he acknowledged, with a blush of shame, that he had lost himself. The giddy child burst into a merry laugh, it seemed so comical to lose one's self in Cedar Creek; but when she saw him turn away with proud sensitiveness, she begged his pardon so prettily, offering to show him in any direction he wished, that he could not choose but be friends, and they trotted away together. He told her he had come with his father from Montreal on account of grandfather Morris' death, and that, taking a short walk beyond the farm, he had mistaken his way, and got further and further from the right road. The little maid was quite officious in her capacity of guide, and escorted her new acquaintance to Farmer Morris' gate. When they parted she pressed upon him, as generous children will on those they like, her pretty basket of wild flowers, pebbles, bright feathers, and such gay trifles as idle youngsters collect in country rambles. She named the occurrence to her grandfather, but he became so agitated at the mention of the name of Morris, that she did not venture to repeat the experiment with Mr. Sylvester, and her meeting with the youthful stranger was only mused over in solitude or recalled in dreams.

The inhabitants of Cedar Creek were socially inclined, and many were the dances and parties got up among them in winter time, when they had nothing to do. Evelyn generally had her share in the pleasures going on around her, and although committed nominally to the care of some female friend or friends, it was Sylvester, silent, watchful, haunting her like a shadow, who was indeed

her guardian and protector. On one occasion, it was the anniversary of the Queen's birth-day, the bachelors of the village gave a ball. John Saunders benefitted, for his big room was hired, and he was commissioned to provide the supper. Evelyn had some trouble in persuading her grandfather to let her go with a party of young friends, who were of course anticipating no small share of enjoyment. However, she gained her point and prepared for her evening's amusement in the highest spirits. When she entered the apartment, fresh from her simple toilette, where her grandfather and Sylvester were talking in the pleasant twilight, they could not subdue an exclamation of admiration. Evelyn, almost unconsciously to them, had burst into beautiful womanhood, and as she stood in her gala dress, her young face radiant with smiles and the warm coloring of health, the fact seemed to strike them at once. Her glorious hair, a shade darker than dead Evelyn's, was crowned and decked with lilies of the valley, that rivalled in their purity the whiteness of her skin and the snowy folds of her robe. The old man faltered with emotion when he kissed and blessed her; the girl wiped a tear from her brow that his devoted love had dropped. She was a sunny tempered creature, and cheered and petted her aged relative, till the wrinkled face, so dear to her, grew bright and cheery again; and then, with many a gay word of endearment and farewell, she joined her friends who were waiting at the door. Sylvester, as usual, accompanied the party.

In the course of the evening a stranger made his appearance. Sylvester learned from one of the managers that he was a traveller, a Mr. Morris by name. He had arrived by the eastern stage, was only staying the night at Cedar Creek, and at his urgent request, as he seemed a highly respectable young fellow, he was permitted to join the company. The new comer soon made himself at home and charmed the ladies by his good dancing and agreeable manners. Sylvester saw him lead fair Evelyn among the dancers, and so entertained were they in each other's society that they found sufficient to converse about for half an hour afterwards, Evelyn's face revealing the liveliest interest, while the stranger seemed most earnest in his tones. When the party broke up and Sylvester, as usual, offered his arm to his charge, he found a rival escort beforehand with him, and he had to content himself with walking behind. So pleased was Mr. Morris with his evening's amusement that he was resolved to cultivate the acquaintance of the Cedar Creek people for a few days, and when he announced the fact that he was good Farmer Morris' grandson, he was received with a kind welcome by all. With the hospitality so general among Canadians in rural districts, several pleasure parties were got up in his honor, and Evelyn had opportunities of meeting the young stranger on many pleasant occasions. Their first agreeable impressions of each other were amply realized, and the most careless spectator could not fail to observe the partiality that had so rapidly sprung up between them. Sylvester looked and watched, and grew darker and more silent than ever; he was so constantly by

Evelyn's side that young Morris, more than once, observed his morose, gloomy air. However, business could no longer be postponed, and the young traveller resumed his journey.

It was then that Paul Sylvester took upon himself the task of gently chiding Evelyn for her flirtation. The maiden listened with becoming reverence, then laughed and blushed, and at last, with hesitating accents, confessed that the pleasant stranger had acknowledged his partiality and had drawn from her a promise that she would not forget him till he should return, empowered by his parents to declare himself her suitor. Sylvester's pale face grew paler; with a hoarse whisper he inquired if her grandfather knew the state of affairs. She replied that, fearing lest he might feel any anxiety concerning her, she did not intend speaking of the subject till Willie should come back. Harshly bidding her beware how she named a Morris to an Elwood, he abruptly left her to unravel the mystery of his conduct as best she could. Evelyn had not forgotten her grandfather's emotion years ago when she spoke of little Willie, and full of troubled thoughts she endeavored in vain to comprehend the cause.

Meanwhile time passed; summer and autumn had gone, and Evelyn, with all her faith, began to waver in her confidence in Willie's constancy, and her elastic spirits drooped under the misery of hope deferred. Sylvester, after a short estrangement, had resumed his visits, and had shown himself even more gentle and considerate towards her than before, so that the old familiarity was restored and the girl regarded him with increased affection since he knew her secret.

Winter set in with unusual severity, and, for the first time in Evelyn's memory, the inlet of the lake called Cedar Creek Bay was frozen sufficiently hard for the safe exercise of skating. Hoping to restore her faded roses, Sylvester took some pains to teach her the amusement, and many were the pleasant hours spent in the healthful sport, the whole village turning out on such occasions.

The New Year brought Evelyn a letter, the first token from her lover, that he still retained a fond memory of his short sojourn in her neighborhood. He wrote with all the impassioned fervor of youth, dwelt on the self-denial he had practised in abstaining from addressing her before, but he was resolved to be true so his promise of not intruding on her again till he had gained his parents' consent. When he left Cedar Creek he anticipated no difficulty in doing so at once; what, then, was his surprise to find his father firmly set against it, for reasons that he could not discover. However, his perseverance and constancy had conquered every obstacle, and he was free to woo and win his forest flower. In a few days he would be beside her.

Until Evelyn felt the revulsion of joy caused by Willie's epistle she hardly knew how much her happiness, her life almost, was wrapt up in his love. Over and over again she perused his letter, till each dear word was recorded forever in her fond heart. Her first impulse was to share her joy with her grandfather, but she shrunk, from her former experience and Sylvester's warning;