

LITERARY.
FOR THE HERALD

Lines on the death of a lady friend, who departed this life at Brigus, C. B. On Wednesday, June 16th, 1880. At the early age of 19 year.—R. I. P.

TO KATIE.
E're yet the early trees did bloom;
Or summer's sweets were near,
There passed from us a gentle girl,
So loving kind and dear;
When all in peace, and home content,
And joys and pleasures rife,
Oh! then it is hard to lose a friend,
And cloud our sun of life.

So young and thou'rt gone,
So sweet yet passed away,
The form of loveliness and pride,
Lies 'neath a tomb to-day,
And who can stay the tears,
Or fill the vacant chair,
Or who can soothe the parent's grief,
So sorrow'd now with care?

Oh! what must be that home,
Wherein all hopes, all gladness
sprung from thee,
No more to meet thee in the favorite
path,
No more to see thee full of mirth
and glee,
But in a Church yard drear,
Where oft in charity thou didst
kneel to prayer,
Thy young form laid in silent peace,
Green grass grows o'er thy tomb
to-day.

Thy father's grief and pain;
Shall reign through all his future
years,
Thy anguished mother's loss,
Shall cause her life to be a life of
tears,
They only now can ask,
That your pure soul for they may
pray,
Before the judgement Seat of God,
When they like you are called away.

The Stolen Interview
OR, HOW WILL IT END

Continued.

Hugh Rivingdale took his wife cerofully in his arms and lifted her from her horse. It was one of his fancies that was necessary for him to do so, as though she was a piece of choice Dresden china, although in truth she was so accomplished a horse woman that she could have sprung from her seat without any assistance.

When Elinor Rivingdale reached her dressing room she turned to her husband, who had followed her, and was now standing by the bright little fire, which the cool evening air rendered very acceptable.

'Now, Hugh,' said she, 'I am going to ring for Parker to polish me up for dinner; so you had better run off to your own domain, and put a few necessary touches to your toilet.'

He obediently left the fire, but said as he was passing her, 'Upon my word Nell, you look so pretty in your riding habit; that I always wish that it was the proper thing for a lady to wear in doors.'

'Ah, Hugh, talking of riding,' said the wife, 'that reminds me dear, that I have a favor to ask you.'

She looked up as she spoke, with a coaxing expression on her face, and lifting up one pretty little hand, played played with the dark whiskers, now rough and shaggy with being blown about by the wind. He took the hand prisoner, and held it in both his own and he asked the nature of the favor.

'Why, Lord Dunville's stud is to be sold,' she replied and I want you to buy me that handsome bay mare I once so much admired—Spitfire I think was her name. Do, Hugh there's a darling.'

He looked suddenly grave and quitting his hold of her hand, he placed his on her head, and stroked the bright hair.

'My love,' he replied, 'I would willingly do so, but the horse you name is both vicious and unmanageable; it threw its last owner twice. I would gladly give thrice the sum for anything that would yield you pleasure, but I cannot do this for you. Every time you mounted I should feel as though my heart was beneath your horse's hoofs, ready for the vicious animal to crush at any moment. Why, my darling girl, what do you think I should do if anything happened to you? No, no, Nell, indeed I can't do this!'

'My own dear Hugh,' she said with unusual gravity, 'I would not willingly give you a moment's pain, so I'll say no more about it.'

The entrance of Parker put a stop to this unusually sentimental scene at Rivingdale, and sent Hugh off to his toilet.

They were a decidedly happy couple; young, rich, good tempered, and fond of each other, it would have been perhaps strange if they were not so. Hugh Rivingdale was just the man to make any woman happy, unless indeed she were of a jealous exacting disposition. He was always glad to have his wife with him wherever he went; he was proud of her bright beauty, and delighted to see her admired; but on the other hand, if she at any time preferred remaining at home, he never felt hurt or found himself injured on that account. He would as soon have thought of dictating her choice of a new bonnet as of desiring to control her actions. Loving her with his whole heart, he never doubted that all her motives were as good and right as his own, and therefore he rarely interfered with her will. This might have made some women doubt his tenderness for there are many who fancy that unless a person is jealously watchful of every look, they are growing cold and careless. It suited Elinor Rivingdale, however, whose nature, like her husband's, was bright, free, and unexacting.

They were also favorites of Nature as well as of Fortune, for it would have been difficult to find a better looking couple. Elinor was not, perhaps, handsome according to rule and regulation, but every one said that she was beautiful, and "what every one says must be true." Her tall graceful figure was one with which not even an artist could have found a fault, and if her features were neither Grecian nor Roman, they were pretty enough to appear positively beautiful when set off by a clear, glowing complexion, bright, wavy brown hair, and eyes of the loveliest grey, shaded with long black lashes. Her manner it would be impossible to describe, for one moment she would seem dignified as a queen, looking every inch the lady of the manner, and the next she was a teasing, coaxing, playful, charming petted child. Hugh was worthy of his wife. Very tall and massive in form, with dark curly hair, and all honest, handsome face that any one might love and trust.

Very well the young couple looked as they sat down to the table. They were alone, but were far too full of life and spirits to feel the want of company. Conversation never flagged. They talked of a forthcoming county election; of a treat the schoolchildren were to have on the following fifth of November; of the approaching hunting season, and of an intended trip to town before Christmas came. When Elinor had finished her dessert, she rose to leave the diningroom.

'I shan't be long after you, Nell,' said her husband: "for the place always seems dull and miserable when you go."

Elinor Rivingdale was humming a snatch of a song as she entered the drawingroom, and she had only just reached the window when the footman came in with a note on a salver.

If you please, ma'am, little Bobbie Jones has brought this,' said the servant; 'is he to wait for an answer?'

'Yes,' replied his mistress, 'he had better; for perhaps his grandmother is ill again, and wants something to be sent down to her. Tell him to wait, Thomas.'

The man left the room, and Elinor broke the seal of the note; but as soon as she saw the hand-writing, she started violently and changed colour; and it was some moments before she gathered courage to read the contents.

'I had hoped to have heard the last of this,' she murmured. 'It seems I am never to be sufficiently punished for the sinful folly of my girlhood.'

She then read the last few lines of the note; they ran as follows:—

'If the tie between us is not sufficient to bring you to see me, perhaps another consideration may be. If you do not wish Mr. Rivingdale to know all, then meet me at eight o'clock to-night by the Willows at the river side it is within your own park, and you can soon get there.'

Elinor crushed the letter suddenly, and thrust it into her pocket, for at that moment she heard her husband's step outside the door.

In passing through the hall the squire had seen the boy waiting for his answer, and he had inquired why he was there, and was told that he had brought a letter for Mrs. Rivingdale.

'Well, Nelly,' said her husband, as he entered the room, 'what has that boy been doing now to require your attention? Has he been getting into trouble again for snaring hares, and so thinks he had better speak to 's quire's wife to intercede for him?'

To be continued.

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