



"The current of life runs every way,
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's
course,
And think to alter its motion;
Don't waste a curse on the universe;
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny
form,
But bend, and let it fly o'er you."

A FAIR BARBARIAN.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

And if this had been the case in those early days, imagine what she felt now, when—ah, well!—when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed that she had seen Mr. Burmiston even oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course it had all been quite accidental; but it had happened that now and then, when she had been taking a quiet walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had encountered a gentleman, who had dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as he sauntered by her side. She had always been very timid at such times, and had felt rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmiston had not been timid at all, and would, indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as not, for which courage his companion admired him more than ever. It was not very long before to be with this hero reassured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to open her soft little heart to him, and show him innocently all its goodness, and ignorance of worldliness. She warmed and brightened under his kindly influence, and was often surprised in secret at her own simple readiness of wit and speech.

"It is odd that I am such a different girl when—I am with you," she said to him one day. "I even make little jokes. I never should think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she never seems quite to understand jokes. She never laughs at them. You always laugh, and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must not encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did, she would choke over her soup."

Perhaps, when she dressed her hair, and adorned herself with pale pink bows and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other beholders than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by that most excellent matron.

"Do you mind my telling you that you have put on an enchanted garment?" said Mr. Burmiston, the first time they met when she wore one of the old-new gowns. "I thought I knew before how!"

"I don't mind it at all," said Lucia, blushing brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like that too. Grandmamma does not."

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to treat Lucia severely from a sense of duty. Her manner toward her had always rather the tone of implying that she was naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in which my lady had been trained, it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and, if left to their own desires, frequently sin-

ful. Lucia had not been left to her own desires. She had been taught to view herself as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with a person who did not find her silly or dull or commonplace, was a new experience.

"If I had been clever," Lucia said once to Mr. Burmiston,—"if I had been clever, perhaps grandmamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished I had been clever."

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmiston? rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and tumbled her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance."

When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Burmiston's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every genteel parlor. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go? and, if she did allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise; and it was thought Lucia would not go. And it is very likely that Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Oldclough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for information.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whether it is true that Belinda Bassett—Belinda Bassett," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmiston to assist him to receive his guests."

"Yes, it is true," was the reply. "I think I advised it myself. Burmiston is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants—well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, et cetera." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding quietly, "He's not the man to submit to being refused—Burmiston."

Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work; she knew he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in his place so cleverly; and she detested this more than anything else, perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say.

He did not address her again immediately, but turned to Lucia, dropping the eyeglass, and resuming his normal condition.

"You will go, of course?" he said. Lucia glanced across at my lady.

"I—do not know. Grandmamma—"

"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation, unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question."

"But there may be reasons"—began her ladyship.

"Burmiston is my friend," put in Barold, in his coolest tone; "and I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you."

When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the fete, and that Lady Theobald accepted them.

"She has not spoken a word to me

about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for-granted way of his."

Naturally Mr. Burmiston's fete caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Harford for costumes for her daughters.

"Slowbridge is changing, mem," said Miss Chickie, with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies is led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill, or a flounce, mem?"

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news she said. Shares had gone up again; and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little aggrieved.

"Will you be so glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked. "We shall not be so glad to let you go. We have grown very fond of you."

"I shall be sorry to leave you, and aunt Belinda is going with us. You don't expect me to be very fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham—and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one of 'the rest'?" he inquired, the first time he found himself alone with her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual hauteur and discretion.

"Would you like to be?" she said. "Oh! Very much—very much—naturally," he replied severely.

They were standing near a rose-bush in the garden; and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest.

"Well," she said, next, "I must say I think I shouldn't have had such a good time if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier."

"Tha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind."

"Oh!" she answered, "it's true. If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You and Mr. Burmiston and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier."

He went home in such a bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than usual, commented upon his grave aspect at dinner.

"You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing!" he was answered sardonically; "nothing whatever—unless that I have been rather snubbed by a young lady from Nevada."

"Ah!" with great seriousness: that's rather cool, isn't it?"

"It's her little way," said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada."

(To be continued.)

"Did the minister say anything comforting?" asked the neighbor of the widow recently bereaved. "Indeed, he didn't," was the quick reply. "He said my husband was better off."

Travelling Notes.

(Continued.)

Florence.—One cannot but be struck with the spirit of a great deal of the ancient painting exhibited here, yet at the same time there is often shown a great lack of knowledge of anatomy, and this especially as regards hands and feet—and infants. We have seen some of the most woody unnatural-looking babies. The Accademia della Belle Arti has a collection of works by Tuscan artists, both ancient and modern. Here in one room are a great many by Fra Angelico. As an angel depicter he was wonderfully clever—beautiful faces, graceful postures and delicate drapery all combined to make him excel in this respect. It is said that he used always to pray before he began to paint, that the Holy Spirit would guide him, so he never altered anything that he had done, as he considered it was the best of which he was capable. His "Last Judgment" was particularly interesting, as showing his opinions of heaven and hell. Alone in the heavens, Christ was represented in Glory, surrounded by a wreath of the usual lovely angel faces. Below in front were the open tombs, with the dead arising; on the right were the blessed, being led away to glorious abodes; while on the left were the wicked, being seized by awful black demons of curious shapes, some of these carrying them in their mouths, both hands, and even ears, while other evildoers were dumped into curious flat looking tubs, probably meant for caldrons. All the churches are wonderfully rich in paintings or frescoes, often both, by the best artists. Quite close to us is the Westminster Abbey of Florence. It is a most imposing building inside, with its beautiful columns and lovely stained windows and sculptures. Here Michael Angelo is buried, and a fine monument is erected over his remains. Here also are monuments to Dante, Alfieri and Galileo. At the Santa Maria Novella there are some wonderful cloisters containing very faded frescoes done by the school of Giotto; two in a fair state of preservation are said to have been done by Giotto himself, and one, representing the meeting of Anna and Joachim at the Beautiful Gate, are worthy of such a master. The beautiful dignity of the two figures, their lovely faces and fine draperies, recalled one again and again. Here in these cloisters is a famous chapel, called the Spanish Chapel, as it was used for the Spanish attendants of Eleanor of Toledo, wife of Cosimo I. The walls are covered with frescoes, illustrating scenes from the lives of many of the Dominicans, and showing their influence on public life in Florence. One scene was especially curious. It was "The Church Militant." Above was Heaven, with Christ in Glory, and Peter at the gate with the keys admitting the good. Lower down the Dominican monks were depicted showing the right way to live, and adorning their followers to flee from the pomps and vanities of the wicked world, which, curiously enough, were represented by a woman nursing a monkey, a man playing a harp, others plucking fruit and dancing, while still lower more Dominicans were painted as black