

LITERARY.

A Happy New Year.

Father Time has been plodding  
Through sunshine and snow,  
Since the compliment nodding  
Of twelve months ago,  
With, somehow or other,  
The day's again here  
When we wish one another  
A Happy New Year!

For old Time on his journey  
As dogged in still,  
And no mortal attorney  
Can weaken his will.  
Then, at once wish to tall men  
And little, and near  
And remote—in short, all men,  
A Happy New Year!

It a noble salute is;  
A halting hope:  
What an unfounded beauty's  
Confined in its scope!  
All the aim of our living,  
Hereafter and here,  
Is contain'd in that giving  
A Happy New Year!

It perhaps may be silly,  
And may not come true;  
For Fate rules, willy nilly,  
Whatever we do.  
Still, we Fate to forestall have  
No need, it is clear;  
So I hope we may all have  
A Happy New Year.

I'm aware sad events will  
Occur as before,  
That the Black Book's contents will  
Be waded all o'er;  
That, whatever men got have  
From good wishes here,  
A great many will not have  
A Happy New Year.

Still, let wistfulness troll out  
Its cares, till rise  
Opportunities roll out  
The map of our life;  
When its chart is uncurl'd,  
Have we by it to steer:  
Still may all the world have  
A Happy New Year!

Grey and Gold.

CHAPTER III.

Continued.

'Your aunt,' said he, 'has had a similar attack before, Miss Stewart. I do not see any cause for anxiety at present. A little rest and care, with the medicine I have ordered her, will soon put her to rights, I trust; so you must not look so anxious.'

Katie smiled, saying simply, 'She is the only relation I have, Dr. Rayleigh, so perhaps I am the more easily frightened.'

A few more words passed, and the doctor took his leave, promising to return the next day.

Some days passed away, and the young doctor continued his visits. His patient rallied more quickly than on the former occasion, and had consequently taken a great fancy—very taken to old ladies—for the handsome young physician, who listened so patiently to her catalogue of ills, and yet always left her cheered and braced by his visits; and Katie soon learned to look forward to them eagerly, for however exacting or fretful the invalid may be until his arrival, at the first glimpse of the tall form, the frank blue eyes so changeful in their expression, and the sunn, smile that showed the beautiful teeth, below the short, silky moustache, the lines of pain and weariness melted away as though by magic, and the aged eyes sparkled with something of their youthful light.

And so it came to pass that when direct medical attendance became unnecessary Cecil,

Rayleigh continued his visits, and if he were a few days longer than usual in making his appearance, Miss Rycroft grew restless, and fancied either that some unfavorable symptoms were on the increase, or the medicine last ordered was failing in its effect.

This illness detained the old lady much in the house; but with praiseworthy self-sacrifice, she refused to allow Katie to remain with her more than was absolutely necessary.

In so small a place as Scourbeck it was but natural that people should be continually meeting, and so it happened that rarely a day passed on which Katie did not encounter Dr. Rayleigh somewhere; either he was driving in his smart little phaeton to visit a country patient, when a bow and smile was all that he had time to bestow, or he would be loitering on the Parade in the soft evening air, or taking a constitutional on the breezy cliffs. A few words were at first all they exchanged, but by degrees they altered, dating from one cool, glorious evening, when, after the retreat of the tide, he spied Katie busily engaged examining a rocky pool for some new treasure to add to her collection. He joined her, and proving himself successful in the search thereby earned the smile and thanks he meant to win. After this their meetings grew more frequent, and long conversations on all subjects, grave and gay, books and music, art and scenery, and presently the deeper questions of feelings and opinions, theories and fancies, soon showed them that there were chords in the hearts of each hitherto untouched, which were now awakened from their slumber, and whose music, mingled with the fair scenes without, formed that intoxicating atmosphere they were beginning unconsciously to imbibe.

Certain it was that a vision of a tall form, blue eyes wavy hair, too often shut out from Katie's eyes the objects on which they rested, and the sound of a manly voice rose in her mental ear above the murmurs of the sea.

Time passed on, and Miss Rycroft began to tire of Scourbeck, and to speak of returning home. Oh, what a cloud seemed to fall on Katie at the bare mention of it! To go back to the old life, the dingy house, the smoky, noisy town, the monotonous occupations, unsatisfying alike to heart and brain—above all, to leave the one in whom she vaguely felt the glories of Scourbeck centred. As a flash of lightning this latter thought dawned upon her, and the color dyed her face from brow to chin. Fortunately Miss Rycroft was too much occupied with her own thoughts to know this, and suddenly turning to the window, she said, 'I think Katie, if you are going out you had better go at once. The sky looks stormy, and the wind is rising.'

Glad of the excuse, Katie obeyed; and first executing a few errands for her aunt in the little town, she turned towards the shore. The sea looked sullen beneath the darkening sky, and a low

murmur filled the air. Far in the distance white foam spots flecked the billows, and several sea-gulls swept screaming landwards, while the wind moaned restlessly in answer to the rising waves. A group of sailors were gathered at the end of the tiny pier; Katie was too far off to hear what they were saying, but she saw they were anxiously scanning through a glass the movements of a vessel laboring heavily out at sea. Just then two men passed her, and she overheard one remark: 'If the captain's wise he will make for Malport. We shall have a rough night, and there'll be wrecks before morning. The storm signals have been hoisted all round the coast for some days.'

'There's no danger yet,' said the other; 'the sea's calm, and no wind to speak of.'

'Oh, but it won't last,' said his companion. 'I reckon the lifeboat will be wanted before it's done.'

Katie stood watching for a little while till the vessel was hid by the sea-fog which blew up as the wind increased. It was growing dark, for September was well through, and the days were shortening fast. Miss Rycroft went to bed early, and Katie sat reading alone for some time. The storm had risen, and she laid down her book hastily, as through the roar of the wind and the lashing of the waves against the rocks she suddenly heard the boom of a gun. She listened breathlessly. Again it came, louder than before, and a few minutes later Katie heard a drum begin to beat the signal, she had heard, for the assembling of the lifeboat crew. She had never heard this sound before, never seen a wreck, and obeying an irresistible impulse, she ran noiselessly up stairs, saw her aunt was asleep, caught up a thick cloak and her hat, and putting them on as she ran down, slipped quietly out of the house and turned towards the spot where she knew the boat was kept.

The village was all astir—'A ship on the rocks!' was the cry from mouth to mouth; torches flared in the night air and flickered fiercely in the rain; which at intervals drove in sudden showers from the sea, increasing the difficulty of distinguishing the objects so anxiously looked for.

It was hard work battling against wind and rain, but the latter soon ceased, and upheld by the excitement of the terrible scene, and a vague fear incomprehensible to herself, Katie pressed on, till sheltered by a corner of the cliff she could see all, without herself being in much danger of recognition. Just before she reached it, however, a tall figure dashed past her, unheeding her in his course, shouting—'The boat! where's the boat? This way—bring it here! Now, who goes with me?' 'Here's the doctor! Hurrah for the doctor!' shouted a dozen voices as Dr. Rayleigh sprang into the midst of them, and at that moment the lifeboat was run along the shore, by a score of willing hands, to the spot indicated. The doctor sprang in, followed by the number he considered requisite; brave, stalwart men, ready to face death for the sake of rescuing the unhappy crew of that fated vessel. Slowly the boat pushed off amid the cheers of the assembled throng, then a dead silence fell on all as they watched the dark speck gradually diminishing in the distance.

Katie had drawn back against the wall of rock, her hands tightly locked together, for in that moment of peril was fully revealed to her how much of her heart's treasure was about to be consigned to the will of that turbulent waste of waters. Yet she would not have had him hold back could she have had her own wish; she only felt how noble was the heart which was ever foremost in all deeds of love and mercy.

Just as the boat was launched, a ray of light from one of the torches fell full on the figure of the shrinking girl

and despite its muffled, Cecil Rayleigh's eyes was attracted to something familiar in its outline. A sudden impulse made him wave a last greeting in the direction, while a smile of glad surprise and joy broke over his brave face, and Katie shrank closer to her shelter crimsoning beneath that look. The boat was soon out of sight, pulled by those stalwart arms, and nerved by the sight of that little figure, the doctor's strokes were as firm and strong that often afterwards the men who accompanied him remarked they never saw the doctor so courageous as on the night of the loss of the *Seagull*.

To be Continued.

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