

doubted that it was inevitably the last; that this was death. Margaret raised her face from James; she withdrew her arm, laid his head gently on the pillow; she placed his hand in her breast, kept it clasped there, both her own folded over it; she knelt watching still—watching the holy, happy beauty of a dead face.

She saw that face as the face of an angel: ecstatic calm fell upon her, lay round her; the dead hand in her breast stilled all throbs of human grief.

The morning advanced; the night had proved quiet and sultry; the window had remained open. Sounds from the sea, and sounds of early stirrers on the shore, floated into the room where Margaret knelt; nothing disturbed her. That dead hand in her breast numbed her to all things outward; the eyes fixed on the dead face saw visions of angels.

She had knelt there several hours, when, according to his promise, the doctor came. He looked from the face of the dead husband to that of the living wife, turned abruptly from the bed, and walked to the window. Margaret forgot his presence; her

Margaret kissed the child, and answered: 'It is my husband's child. We are going home to-morrow; you and the child will come with us, unless—Have you a home anywhere? any other children?'

'No, my lady. I am a lace-maker, and go from place to place. I have no home anywhere.'

'You will live with me for the future, then.' Margaret kissed the child again, kissed the brow of the still kneeling woman, put the child down by its mother, and went back to James.

'That is what he wishes me to do, she said to herself: so it was she always spoke and thought. He wishes; not 'he would have wished.'

It was high water when she was again alone with her husband. The sea was noisy, so were the children on the beach; many a merry laugh and shout reached Margaret.

That others were gay while James lay dead, woke no bitterness in her. Those who looked into her eyes wondered at their sweet serenity.

Next day, the widowed wife, the widow

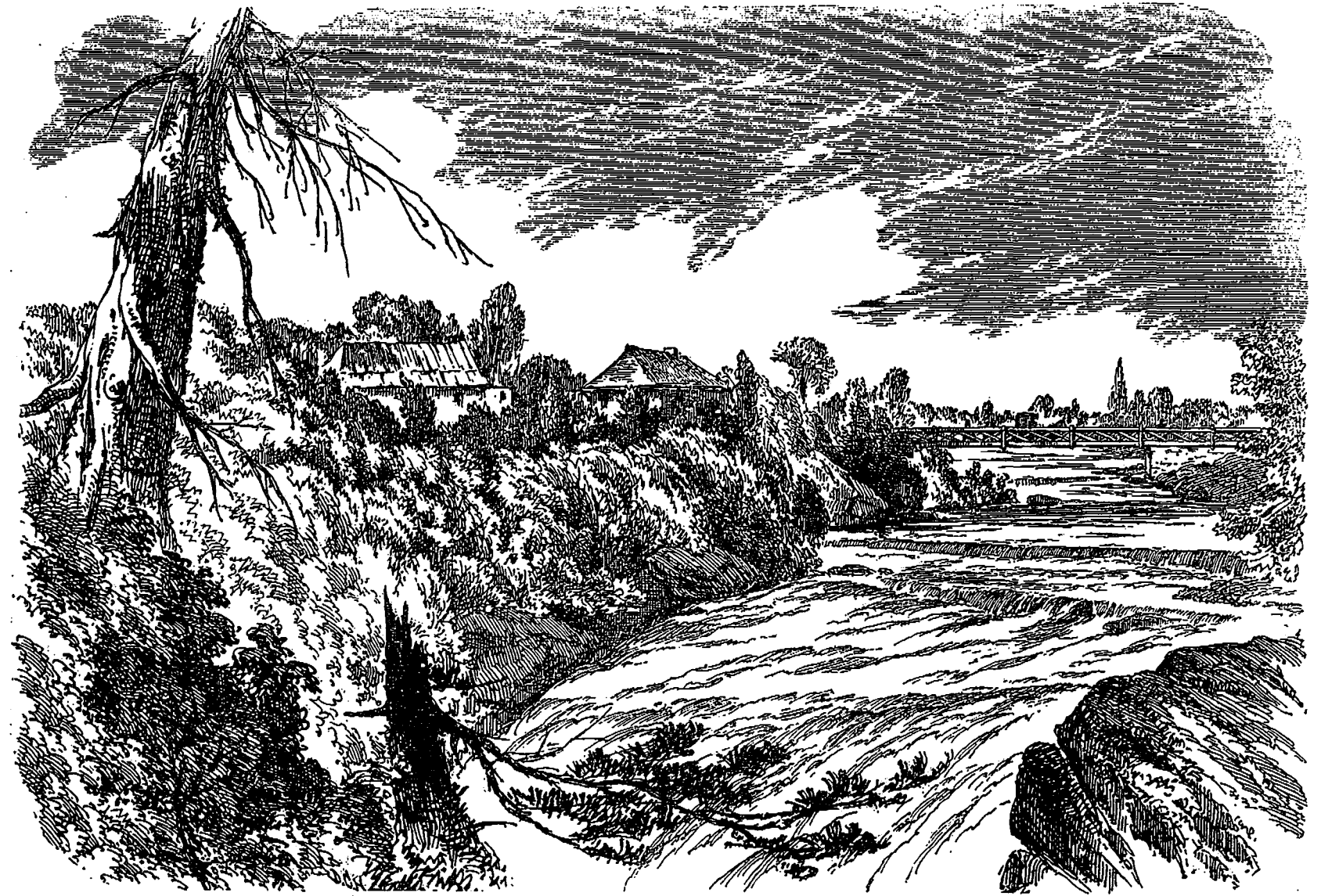
spirit to spirit with her husband—his spirit imbued all her plans of life. If not many are 'widows indeed,' as Margaret was, what wonder, when so few are wives indeed?

Margaret's was an active life—she was neither shy nor proud any longer; she could bear repulse and ingratitude. Those ignorant field-workers, whom she had once envied, were her especial care in life now. James had more than once let fall some words of pity for them, of belief and hope that his Margaret might do some good among them. One after another she won the younger women over to attend her classes, to come to her in their troubles, to look to her for sympathy; she went among them in the fields, and she visited them in their homes.

The poor lace-worker aided her; often unconsciously counselled her. Margaret's extreme pallor—no tinge had returned to her cheek since that night's watching—the unchanging serenity of her countenance, and the unvarying mildness of her manner, caused a little awe to mingle with the love she inspired, and deepened her influence.

dogmatical. And what are women to do? They whose thoughts always cling to what is personal, and seldom mount into the cold vacant air of speculation, unless they have something more solid to climb round. You must admit that there would be a sad dearth of entertainment, and interest, and life in conversation without something of anecdote and story. Doubtless. But this is very different from personality. Conversation may have all that is valuable in it, and all that is lively and pleasant, without anything that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, above all others I have ever been an inmate of, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against one.—Guesses at Truth.

A MUDDLED STYLE.—The Albion says:—'Mr. Peter Cunningham, in gathering together material for continuing Allan Cunningham's 'Lives,' had occasion to consult a Mrs. Lavinia Forster, a daughter of Banks, the sculptor. This lady's lack of perspicacity is so droll, that it deserves to be cited as a



FALLS OF LORETTE, NEAR QUEBEC.

eyes returned to the face of the dead. How like in expressions hers was to his, the doctor often remembered afterwards.

The child whom James had saved, and its mother, came to the house. Margaret met them as she crossed the hall. At first she started back from them; then greeted the woman gently, and led the way into the parlor.

Awe-struck by Margaret's face, 'The good gentleman is not very bad, I hope,' the woman gasped out.

As if this woman had been the chief sufferer, she herself only a sympathising friend, Margaret broke the news that her husband had died at dawn, very quietly, having suffered little.

The poor woman, herself a widow, fell on the ground at Margaret's feet; the child, a pretty, timid-looking thing, stole to its mother's side. Suddenly the mother caught it up and placed it in Margaret's arms.

'Keep her to comfort you; it is the best—it is all I have to give you,' she said between her sobs.

mother, the dead husband, and the child, attended by the girl who had been hired at West Cove, and who would not leave Margaret, journeyed to Sunny-slope. Dr. Merton travelled with them, to relieve Margaret of all difficulty. They arrived at evening. The news had gone before them. The first tears Margaret shed were tears of joy, to find herself enclosed in her beloved Clara's arms. She was led to the house by Clara's young husband; they had come to welcome Margaret and James Grant home, to take a farewell of them before they left England.

On the threshold, Margaret paused for the strange woman and the child. She kissed them both, and said: 'Welcome home.' Then all knew who the strangers were.

Next spring found Margaret happy—to be happy was to keep her pact with James. She did not miss him as she would have done had she loved less; she lived with him still—with him and for him. There was no neglect of herself or her home as in former days of loneliness—both were his. She was not lonely now; she lived eye to eye,

I like to remember that Margaret lives still, making his name more and more known and honored. I like to know that the children she inspires with love to God and their neighbor, grow into men and women, that the young women whom she softens and purifies, becomes wives and mothers—that circle evolves beyond circle.

No one knew Margaret before she loved, and who knows her now, will think that James did otherwise than well to link her life to the uncertainty of his.

CONVERSATION.—Personalities are often regarded as the zest, but mostly are the bane of conversation. For experience seems to have ascertained, or at least, usage has determined, that personalities are always spiced with more or less malice. But surely you would not have mixed conversation always settle into a discussion of abstract topics. Commonly speaking, you might as well feast your guests with straw, chips and sawdust. Often, too, it happens that, in proportion as the subject of conversation is more abstract, its tone becomes harsher and more

literary tit-bit. For instance, here is a note of hers relating to the original model of the Boothby Monument, now in the Soane Museum: 'Mrs. Forster presents her compliments to Mr. Allan Cunningham. She has heard from Lady Nugent respecting the removal of some of the models Mrs. Chantrey has been so good as to take charge of for her; and has decided on requesting Mr. Soane to accept that of Sir Brook Boothby's daughter, and writes to Mr. Hardwick to this effect by to-day's courier.' Throwing out the courier, here are seven proper names crowded into as few lines, each person occupying a different position, and suggesting to the reader, in the end, the necessity of enquiring 'who's who?' By way of variety, here is a specimen of droll confusion, the result of three personal pronouns being loosely strung together. Mrs. Forster says:—'I remember at the time of the arrest of Tooke, Hardy, etc., on a charge of high treason, an officer coming to my father with an order from the Secretary of State, for him to accompany him to his office.'