

seemed to her as if it would go on forever and ever. Now and then a torturing doubt, a misgiving, came over her, but these she put quickly aside.

Madame Jacob was pouring out the coffee when Elly came down to breakfast, next morning, conscious and ashamed, and almost disposed to confess. 'I am surprised,' said Madame Jacob, 'that you have the impudence to sit down at table with me; and she said it in such an acid tone that all Elly's sweetness, and ashamedness, and penitence turned to bitterness.

'I find it very disagreeable,' says Elly; 'but I try and resign myself.'

'I shall write to my brother about you,' continued Madame Jacob.

'Indeed!' says Elizabeth. 'Here is a letter which he has written to me. What fun if it should be about you! It was like Tournem's handwriting, but it did not come from him. Elly opened it curiously enough, but Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou exchanged looks of intelligence. Their mother had examined the little missive, and made her comments upon it:

'AVIGNON, RUE DE LA CLOUETTE,
CHEZ LE PASTEUR CH. TOURNEUR.

'MY DEAR ELLY.—I think of you so much and so constantly that I cannot help wishing to make you think of me, if only for one minute, while you read these few words. I have been telling my uncle about you: it is he who asks me why I did not write. But there are some things which are not to be spoken or to be written—it is only by one's life that one can try to tell them; and you, alas! do not care to hear the story of my life. I wonder will the day ever come when you will listen to it?

'I have been most kindly received by all my old friends down in these parts. Yesterday I attended the service in the temple, and heard a most soul-stirring and eloquent oration from the mouth of M. le Pasteur David. I receive cheering accounts on every side. A new temple has been opened at Beziers, thanks to the munificence of one of our coreligionnaires. The temple was solemnly opened on the Monday of the Pentecost.—The discourse of dedication was pronounced by M. le Pasteur Borrel, Nismes. Seven pastors in robe attended the ceremony. Also the interdiction which had weighed for some years upon the temple at Fouqueure (Charente) has been taken off. The faithful were able to re-open their temple on the first Sunday in June. Need I say what vivid accents of grace were uttered on this happy occasion. A Protestant school has also been established at Montauban, which seems to be well attended. I am now going to visit two of my uncle's conferees, M.M. Bertoul and Joseph Aubre. Of M. Bertoul I have heard much good. Why do I tell you all this? Do you care for what I care? Could you ever bring yourself to lead the life which I propose to lead? Time will only show, dear Elizabeth. It will also show to you the faithfulness and depth of my affection.

A. T.'

Elly put the letter down with a sigh, and went on drinking her coffee and eating her bread. Madame Jacob hemmed and tried to ask her a question or two on the subject, but Elly would not answer. Elly sometimes wondered at Anthony's fancy for her, knowing how little suited she was to the way of life she was leading; she was surprised that his rigid notions should allow him to entertain such an idea for an instant. But the truth was that Anthony was head over ears in love with her, and thought her perfection at the bottom of his heart.

Poor Anthony! This is what he got in return for his letter:—

'MY DEAR ANTHONY,—It cannot be—never—never. But I do care for you, and I mean to always. For you are my brother in a sort of way. I am your affectionate, grateful Elly.

'P.S.—Your father and my mother are away at Fontainebleau. Madame Jacob is here, and more disagreeable than anything you can imagine.

And so it was settled; and Elly never once asked herself if she had been foolish or wild; but after thinking compassionately about Anthony for a minute or two, she began to think about Dampier, and said to herself that she had followed his advice, and he must know best; and Dampier himself, comfortably breakfasting in the coffee-room of the hotel, was thinking of her, and, as he thought, put away all unpleasant doubts or suggestions. 'Poor little thing! dear little thing!' he was saying to himself. 'I will not leave her to the tender mercies of those fanatics. She will die—I see it in her eyes—if she stays there! My mother or Aunt Jean must come to her help; we must not desert her. Poor, poor little Elly, with her

wistful face! Why did not she make me marry her a year ago! I was very near it.'

He was faithful next day to his appointment, and Elly arrived breathless. 'Madame Jacob had locked her up in her room, she said, but she got out of the window and clambered down by the vine, and here she was. 'But it is the last time,' she added.—'Ah! let us make haste; is not that Francois?'

He helped her in, and in a moment they were driving along the Faubourg. Elly let down the veil. John saw that her hand was trembling, and asked if she was afraid?

'I am afraid, because I know I am doing wrong,' said Elly: 'only I think I should have died for want of fresh air in that hateful prison if I had not come.'

'You used to like your little apartment near the Madeleine better,' said Dampier; 'that was not a prison.'

'I grow sick with regret when I think of those days,' Elly said. 'Do you know that day you spoke to us in the Tuileries was the last happy day of my life, except —'

'Except?' said Dampier.

'Except yesterday,' said Elly. 'It is so delightful to do something wrong again.'

'Why should you think that this is doing wrong?' said Dampier. 'You know me, and can trust me—can't you, Elly?'

'Have I shown much mistrust?' said Elly, laughing, and then she added, more seriously, 'I have been writing to Anthony this morning—I have done as you told me. So you see whether I trust you or not.'

'You have refused him?' said Dampier.

'Yes; are you satisfied?' said Elly, looking with her bright blue-eyed glance.

'He was unworthy of you,' cried Dampier, secretly rather dismayed to find his advice so quickly acted upon. What had he done? would not that marriage, after all, have been the very best thing for Elly, perhaps? He was glad and sorry, but I think he would rather have been more sorrow and less glad, and have heard that Elly had found a solution to all her troubles. He thought it necessary to be sentimental; it was the least he could do, after what she had done for him.

'Why wouldn't you let me in when I came to see you long ago, just before I left Paris?' he asked, suddenly. 'Do you know what I wanted to say to you?'

Elly blushed up under her veil. 'Mamma had desired Clementine to let no one in.—Did you not know I would have seen you if I could?'

'I knew nothing of the sort,' said Dampier, rather sadly. 'I wish—I wish—I had known it.'

He forgot that, after all, that was not the real reason of his going away without speaking. He chose to imagine that this was the reason—that he would have married Elly but for this. He forgot his own careful scruples and hesitations; his doubts and indecisions; and now to-day he forgot every thing, except that he was very sorry for Elly, and glad to give her a little pleasure. He did not trouble himself as to what people would say of her—of a girl who was going about with a man who was neither her brother nor her husband. Nobody would know her. The only people to fear were the people at home who should never hear anything about it.—He would give her and give himself a little happiness, if he could; and he said to himself that he was doing a good action in so doing; he would write to his aunt about her, he would be her friend and her doctor, and if he could bring a little color in those wasted cheeks, and happiness into those sad eyes, it would be wicked and cruel not to do so.

And so, like a quack doctor, as he was, he administered his drug, which soothed and dulled her pain for the moment, only to increase and hasten the progress of the cruel malady which was destroying her. They drove along past the Madeleine, along the broad glittering Boulevards, with their crowds, their wares, people thronging the pavements, horses and carriages traveling alongside with them; the world, the flesh, and the devil, jostling and pressing past.

'There is a theatre,' cried Elly, as they came to a sudden stop. 'I wonder, shall I ever go again? What fun it used to be.'

'Will you come to-night?' asked Dampier, smiling. 'I will take care of you.'

Elly, who had found her good spirits again, laughed and clasped her hands. 'How I should like it! Oh, how I wish it was possible, but it would be quite, quite impossible.'

'Have you come to think such vanities wrong?' said Dampier.

'Not wrong; where is the harm? Only unattainable. Imagine Madame Jacob; think of the dragons, who would tear me to pieces if they found me out—of Anthony—of my stepfather.'

'You need not show them the play-bill,' said Dampier, laughing. 'You will be quite sure of not meeting any of the pasteurs there. Could not you open one of those barred windows and jump out? I would come with a ladder of ropes, if you will let me.'

'I should not want a ladder of ropes,' said Elly; 'the windows are quite close to the ground. What fun it would be, but it is quite, quite impossible, of course.'

Dampier said no more. He told the driver to turn back, and to stop at the Louvre; and he made her get out and took her upstairs into the great golden hall with the tall windows, through which you can see the Seine as it rushes under the bridges, and the light as it falls on the ancient stately quays and houses, on the cathedral, on the towers of Paris. It was like enchantment to Elly; all about the atmosphere was golden, was bewitched. She was eagerly drinking her cup of happiness to the dregs; she was in a sort of glamor. She hardly could believe that this was herself.

They went and sat down on the great round sofa in the first room, opposite the 'Marriage of Cana,' with 'St. Michael killing the Dragon' on one side, and the green pale wicked woman staring at them from behind: the pale woman with the unfathomable face. Elly kept turning round every now and then, fascinated by her cold eyes. Dampier was a connoisseur, and fond of pictures, and he told Elizabeth all about those which he liked best; told her about the painters—about their histories. She was very ignorant, and scarcely knew the commonest stories. How she listened, how she treasured up his words, how she remembered, in after days, every tone as he spoke, every look in his kind eyes. He talked when he should have been silent, looked kind when he should have turned his eyes away. What cruel kindness, what fatal friendship. He imagined she liked him and loved him in the same quiet way in which he loved her—hopelessly, regrettably, resignedly. As he walked by her side along these wonderful galleries, now and then it occurred to him that, perhaps, after all, it was scarcely wise; but he put the thought quickly away, as I have said already, and blinded himself, and said surely it was right. They were standing before a kneeling abbess in white flannel, painted by good old Philip of Champagne, and laughing at her droll looks and her long nose, when Sir John, happening to turn round, saw her old acquaintance De Vaux coming directly towards them, with his eye-glasses stuck over his nose, and his nose in the air. He came up quite close, stared at the abbess, and walked on without apparently seeing or recognizing them. Elly had not turned her head, but Dampier drew a long breath when he was gone. Elly wondered to see him look so grave, when she turned round with a smile and made some little joke about the abbess.

'I think we ought to go, Elly,' said he.—'Come; this place will soon be shut.'

They drove home through the busy street, once more through the golden sunset. They stopped at the corner by the hospital, and Elly said 'Good-by,' and jumped out. As Elly was reluctantly turning to go away, Dampier felt that he must see her once more; that he couldn't part from her now. 'Elly,' he said, 'I shall be here at six o'clock on Friday. This is Tuesday, isn't it? and we must go to the play just once together. Won't you come? Do, please, come!'

'Shall I come? I will think about it all to-morrow,' said Elly, 'and make up my mind.' And then Dampier watched the slim little figure disappear under the door-way.

Fortune was befriending Elly to-day. Old Francois had left the great door open, and now she slipped in and ran up to her own room, where she found the key in the lock. She came down quite demurely to dinner when Lou-Lou came to summon her to the frugal repast.

At dinner-time she thought about her scheme, and hesitated, and determined, and hesitated, and wished wistfully, and then suddenly said to herself, her own way, come what might. 'We will eat, drink and be merry,' said Elly to herself, with a little wry face at the cabbage, 'for to-morrow we die.'

And so the silly girl almost enjoyed the notion of running wild in this reckless way. Her whole life, which had been so dull and wearisome before, glittered with strange happiness and bewildering hope. She moved

about the house like a person in a dream. She was very silent, but that of late had been her habit. Madame Jacob looked surprised sometimes at her gentleness; but thought it was all right, and did not trouble herself about much else beside Tou-Tou's hymns and lessons. She had no suspicion. She thought that Elizabeth's first escapade had been a mere girlish freak; of the second she knew nothing; of the third not one dim imagination entered her head. She noticed that Elly did not eat, but she looked well and came dancing into the room, and she (Mrs. Jacob) supposed it was all right. Was it all right? The whole summer nights Elly used to lie awake with wide-open eyes, or spring from her bed, and stand for long hours leaning from her window, staring at the stars and telling them all her story. The life she was leading was one of morbid excitement and feverish dreams.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEATH OF MR. ALEX. KEEFER.—We notice with regret the death of Mr. Alex. Keefer, in Australia, where he had been settled for some years. He was a member of the clever family of whom Messrs. Samuel and Thomas C. Keefer, Engineers, are the best known. Educated for the law in Toronto, he emigrated to the colony of Victoria during the gold excitement, and speedily took a high position in his new home, being elected a member of the legislature. Retiring from politics, he paid a visit to Europe a short time ago. He returned to Australia to die. The news of his decease was telegraphed from Beechworth; where he resided, to Melbourne, the day before the steamer sailed. The Argus correspondent, telegraphed:—'He was a much respected citizen, whose loss will be greatly felt in the Ovens District, which Mr. Keefer at one time represented.' We may add that every Canadian in that distant country found a friend in Mr. Keefer. His house and purse were always open to them.

BURKE AT HOME.—Woman's heart, as presented in the habits it has moulded, and the graces it has fostered, and the charities it has guarded, and the prayers it has taught shines out from its own quiet and retired sphere of the household life, with a steady, untrodden beam, on the dark and restless outer sea of public life. The great English statesman, Burke, alluding to the single felicity of his own married life, amid all the vexations and storms of his political career, said that all his cares deserted him the moment his foot crossed his own threshold.—Thus indirectly, and by the influence on her husband, in soothing and sustaining him, the wife of the great English orator was most fitly and most beautifully influencing the circles of political activity, through which Burke moved with such dazzling radiance.

A TOUCHING MEMORIAL.—In its description of the gravestones around the old church in Jamestown, the South side Democrat gives the following: 'Among the gravestones are two, of the husband and wife, immediately east of the arched portal of the tower, between which, many a score of years ago, the seed of a sycamore fell, and took root. Time passed, and the germ grew up gradually into a towering tree, and as its trunk expanded, the soft fibres of the wood wound themselves around the hard marble of the monument, clasping the tomb stones, as it were, with two strong arms, till it embraced them both within the very heart of its solid trunk.—Now the tall tree stretches away, with a nodding plume of green, into the clouds, while its tough roots and protecting body shield the decaying dust and crumbling monuments of two who, united in life, in death were not divided.'

PEARLS.—Pearls have been recently found in small quantities, in one of the tributaries of the Riviere Bergeron, in the Saguenay District, by tourists and others. They are said to be very beautiful, and in many cases nearly as large as peas. It is said that some persons of a speculative turn of mind have purchased as many as they could get of them. We have not yet heard, however, whether the value of these pearls has been pronounced upon by any competent person. —Quebec Chronicle.

READING.—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder in adversity; the prop of independence; the support of a just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is a shield against the tyranny of all the petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's sneer and the knave's poison.