

POETRY.

If Thou Hast Crushed A Flower.

If thou hast crushed a flower
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast bruised a vine
The Summer's breath is healing;
And its clusters yet may glow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o' orthrown
With a bright draught filled, O, never
Shall earth give back that lavish wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever.

The heart is like that cup
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
Or like a jewel gone,
Which the deep cannot restore thee.
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered,
Oh! gently, gently touch the chords
So soon forever shattered.

By Mrs. Hemans.

LITERATURE.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. TABOR'S TROUBLES.

MR. TABOR had been becoming more and more convinced that there was a background of unpleasant fact behind that unpleasant rumour concerning his junior partner, and the consciousness of that conviction—a conviction on which he was not prepared to act—cost him a great deal of anxiety and unhappiness.

Mr. Tabor was a cautious man, but by no means a suspicious one. Suspicion is a vague thing, and he hated vagueness; he could not rest in it; he had never in his life rested in it; he had never suspected any one without a good and sufficient cause, and then he had used the utmost promptness and directness in either verifying or dispelling his doubts. He could as easily have borne to leave his letters about loose and undocketed, as to leave his opinion about people in suspense. On this therefore, as well as on higher grounds, it was a daily trouble, which soon grew to a daily torture, to meet his partner. He could not put away his suspicion, simply docketing it a mistake, and thrusting it into the furthest mental pigeon-hole, as he would have done if Philip's language and manner had not confirmed instead of dispelling it, and he could not make up his mind to resolve it in one way or other, by simply asking for an explanation. He felt that this was what he ought to do, was a fresh and quite a new source of pain to him. All his habitual caution, all his habitual delicacy, the very strength of his suspicion itself withheld him. More than once he tried to approach the subject with Philip, and felt that he was foiled; Philip remained impenetrable. Mr. Tabor remembered that he and his brother had parted on bad terms, the circumstances of which Philip had but slightly alluded to at the time, and had ever since manifested the utmost distaste to enter upon. Therefore Mr. Tabor pondered upon this, the more it told against Philip in his mind; his brother Francis had been a frank, amiable fellow, the universal favourite—too much given to pleasing everybody to please Mr. Tabor, who had liked Philip's more uncompromising temper the best; still he was the least likely of the two to make, or to maintain, a quarrel. He would not have quarrelled without some strenuous cause. If he, Mr. Tabor, could get to the bottom of that, it might throw light on the other matter. He resolved to make another effort. Therefore one day he asked Philip if he had ever heard from his brother yet?

Philip simply answered, "No." "It is very strange," resumed Mr. Tabor, "you used to be so fond of each other as boys." Philip's face worked in a way it had of quivering when he was hurt. Mr. Tabor knew he was probing a wound, but he went on: "You must have had a very serious quarrel, for resentment to have lasted all this time; he was the least resentful of the two, I should imagine," he added, with a meaning smile, "and the old gentle ways in which he had tried to correct Philip's faults when he was a much younger man." Philip felt it, and answered gently and sadly, "We had a very serious quarrel, Mr. Tabor."

"May I ask what it was about—particularly, I mean?" "I have known you both all your lives," he added in a voice of emotion, "and I do not like to have this great gap in my knowledge of you." "It was about our father's affairs," said Philip; "I am very sorry that further than this I cannot answer you." "One question I may ask," said Mr. Tabor; "I may ask who made the breach, you or he?" "As far as that is concerned," said Philip, "I may safely answer that it was I who made it."

"Then you can mend it, perhaps," said Mr. Tabor. "I think not," was Philip's answer. Mr. Tabor was thus no wiser, but a good deal more unhappy, than he was before, being more than ever convinced that Philip had done something blame-

worthy. "Do you know where Francis is at present?" he asked; "I do not," said Philip; "I have never heard from him since we parted."

"At your father's grave," said Mr. Tabor, with more than usual sternness in his voice.

Philip did not speak, and there was an end of the conversation. But not of Mr. Tabor's hard thoughts; they were busier and harder than ever. He reflected that Philip, not Francis, had had the management of their father's affairs during the illness of the latter. If, therefore, there had been mismanagement, it was his; if there had been malversation, it was his. Francis had nothing to do with them, then nor since. Had Philip for something of this kind incurred the displeasure of his older brother, and resented it as the transgressor is apt to resent? This would account for a great deal—for his brother's estrangement, for the condition of his father's affairs, so unexpectedly insolvent, and for Philip's efforts to retrieve the past by rigid retrenchment.

But all such surmises only left the necessity for a fuller investigation where it was before—nay, made the necessity a great deal clearer to Mr. Tabor's mind, and he tortured himself with the conviction that he ought to take the initiative in clearing up the mystery. And what would be the consequences of doing so? One immediate consequence Mr. Tabor foresaw, and that was the dissolution of the partnership, which meant the giving up of the business into other hands. Mr. Tabor felt that he was too old to organize it afresh, and so confident had he been of Philip's ability to succeed him that he had made no provision for retaining the services of his article clerks for any failure on his part. Whether Philip was guilty, or not, the result would be the same; guilty, his services could not be retained in the firm; not guilty, a man so proud and sensitive could not be expected to remain. The grounds on which he had been suspected of making away with money which was not his own, would be certain to seem insufficient to him. And in the meantime this anxiety was making Mr. Tabor ill. He came home jaundiced and worn. He lost his appetite. He could not sleep. Mrs. Tabor became anxious in turn; she thought his health was failing, that he was breaking up prematurely. A cloud seemed to settle on the little household, and to deepen instead of dispersing when the cause of the anxiety oozed out.

Of course, Mrs. Tabor had known all along, but Lucy had remained in ignorance. "Don't say anything to Lucy," Mr. Tabor had said; and nothing was said to her, till some words of his own led to the revelation. "May I tell?" Mrs. Tabor's face had said, and Mr. Tabor's had answered, by a species of telegraphy, "You may," and Mrs. Tabor gladly availed herself of the first opportunity to do so, which took place a day or two before Arthur Wildish had brought to Lucy the report of his conversation with Ada, which had so distressed the former. Lucy had always been her mother's confidant, and indeed there existed between them a beautiful friendship. "I am very anxious about your papa," Mrs. Tabor had said; "he is worrying himself to death."

"What is it about, mamma?" asked Lucy; "I can see he is vexed about something." "He is very unhappy about something he has heard concerning Mr. Tendon," said Mrs. Tabor. "What has he heard, mamma," asked Lucy, turning pale. "That there has been something wrong—something dishonest in fact—in his management of Fanny's affairs. Your father thinks he ought to have handed them over to the firm when his father died; instead of which he has kept them in his own hands, and refuses to give an account of them."

"I cannot, I do not, believe he has done anything wrong," said Lucy, in a tone which wrung her mother's heart. "It must be some dreadful mistake. He cannot be capable of dishonesty." She brought out the word with a shudder of disgust. "We could not all have loved him as we did," she added. "People may be lovable without being good, Lucy," said Mrs. Tabor, sadly. "We did love him; but you know we see very little of him now. He may have stayed away because he felt unworthily," she added, speaking the thought that came into her mind at the moment. It was a new idea to Lucy, and a terrible one. It gave her the first pang of the torture of doubt. Her mother sat watching her transparent face. "My darling, do you care for him?" she said at length in a choking whisper.

Lucy burst into tears and hid her face on her mother's bosom, who, as she bent over her, could hear the murmured words, "Oh, mamma! so much! so much!" "But, my darling, you could not love him if he had done this wrong," said Mrs. Tabor; "I mean you would cease to love him," she added, in a sorrowful perplexity. "I cannot tell, I do not know," said Lucy. She was silent for a little, and then she spoke again, out of the very depths of her heart. "I would still care for him, mamma," she said; "I cannot help it," she continued, as if dep-

recating blame. "I know what papa thinks of money dishonour, and I think the same. It is inexpressibly mean, and wicked; but he is not mean and wicked. If he has done anything dishonourable, it must have been under some great temptation, and oh, mamma! it must have made him so unhappy."

"My darling," said her mother, anxiously, "we cannot distinguish in that way between people and their actions; you will only perplex your mind, and confuse your notions of right and wrong."

"What will happen?" said Lucy, after a pause; "what will happen to him, I mean?" "Will it ruin him? will he be put in prison?"

"It will ruin his prospects in life if he has made away with Fanny's money," said Mrs. Tabor; "but I do not think, whatever is amiss, either your father or Fanny will bring it to a public trial. Philip has been more like a brother to Fanny, and for that matter, more like a son to your father than anything else."

Lucy was weeping unrestrainedly, and her mother's slower tears fell upon her head. All their love and care had not been able to shield the cherished daughter from the hard fate of loving hopelessly, and unworthily, for that Philip was unworthy was beyond doubt in Mrs. Tabor's mind. Her husband had unwittingly conveyed to her a stronger assurance of his guilt than that which rested in his own mind, an assurance which she in her turn conveyed still more strongly to Lucy. It hardly needed Arthur's report of his conversation with Ada to confirm the latter in her belief that it was a thing already proven and accepted by others, however she herself might hold out against it.

But till then she did hold out; till then she had felt like the settler who hears that somewhere behind his clearing the woods are on fire, and thinks truly enough the fire is there, but it may take another direction, or it may die out. But he soon breathes the conflagration in the air; he sees the smoke of its advance, and knows that it is coming on, spreading; a fatal circle, scorching and seething all before it, and that if he escapes with life it will be well.

Lucy at once imparted to her mother the confirmation which she had received, and she in her turn communicated the substance of what Lucy had heard to her husband. The other and more personal confidence she retained, and because of it, still maintained a reticence on the whole subject. But when Mr. Tabor, after a struggle with himself, went to Fanny and forced from her a very confused account of Philip's interview with her, and the admissions he had made, that reticence came to an end. Suspicion had become certainty, and it only remained for Mr. Tabor to act upon it, and he freely consulted his wife and daughter as to the steps to be taken.

After one of these consultations, when they were left alone together, "Lucy," said her mother, "would you rather your father did not know what you told me the other day?"

"No, mamma; I do not seem to care," she answered. "I think I could tell papa myself. Do you know I have been thinking I would like to tell him."

"Philip?"

"Yes, mamma; I think it might help him to know; help to save him—help to keep him from going from bad to worse, as papa said such men do."

"My darling," said her mother, sitting down beside her, "I think it might, for love is the true salvation; but you could not do this. We say and do in our hearts such things, but we fail to translate them into deeds." "I would not seek to see him again," said Lucy, showing how her thoughts had dwelt upon her sacrifice. "I would not meet him perhaps till the best of our days were over. After that I might, when other people only knew him as a man who had ruined himself long ago, I might know that he had redeemed himself."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a serious addition to Mr. Tabor's troubles just then, to be told of Lucy's attachment to Philip, and to see for himself, in the change which had come upon her, how much she suffered. It was not that she drooped, she bore herself, on the contrary, more bravely, but her careless gaiety was gone; and to see this did not tend to soften Mr. Tabor towards his partner. But his first thought, with his characteristic fear of doing the slightest injustice, was Arthur Wildish. "He must not be allowed to come about in this way any longer," he said to his wife.

"I do not see that Lucy can help it, since she refused him distinctly," said Mrs. Tabor. She could not bear the shadow of blame to rest on Lucy now. "No, my dear, I do not blame her in the least," returned her husband; "but you can see how it is, he is counting upon a second time of asking. He thinks he will win her yet; and so he might, but for this unhappy attachment, which will spoil our little girl's life." "Don't say that, papa; our lives are never spoiled for us, though we may spoil them ourselves, by taking things in the wrong way," said Mrs. Tabor. "Our Lucy is lonely too. We would have been glad to see her with a hus-

band and children of her own. We will leave her almost solitary now," Mr. Tabor sighed.

"We're not going to leave her yet a while, please God," said Mrs. Tabor, putting on a cheery smile. "It will never do," she said to herself, "for all three to be mo' choly together. Perhaps you had better speak to Mr. Wildish," she added to her husband.

"What shall I say to him?" "Tell him in the best way you can that he need not come for Lucy, nor yet stay away for her; that is, that if he is coming for her, perhaps he had better stay away, and if he is not, why then he may come and welcome."

Mr. Tabor laughed. "Make him understand quite clearly that he is only to consider his own feelings in the matter, for I am sure Lucy's will not be in the least affected," Mrs. Tabor continued; "now don't suspect me of managing, papa, for I hate it mortally."

"That is the last thing I will suspect you of," returned Mr. Tabor, smiling, in spite of himself.

Lucy had kept faithfully to her part of the compact of everlasting friendship, and she honestly returned her lover's attachment in that sterling coin. Having no feeling of her own corresponding to his, she believed that this had settled the matter, and she treated Arthur very much as a girl treats a favourite brother; and it did not mislead either of the parties principally concerned, though it had misled the people about them, who gradually began to look upon them as engaged persons, though nothing of the kind had been formally announced. It did not mislead Arthur; nay, more, it was quite effectual in restraining him, from any lover-like demonstration. Her perfect cordiality and frank kindness raised no vain hopes, rather, as time went by, dispelled those he had entertained. Reserve or faltering would have been a welcome sign to him, a sign that she was yielding to him something more than friendship. But no such sign appeared, and he was beginning to be rather restive under the restraints of his position, when Mr. Tabor took him in hand.

A party had been got up to take Ada Lovejoy to one of the evening concerts at St. James's Hall, and Arthur had brought a roomy hired carriage, and was waiting with a bouquet in each hand for Lucy, who was up-stairs dressing, and for Ada, who was coming in to go with them. Mrs. Tabor was also up-stairs, as she too was going to chaperon the girls. It occurred to Mr. Tabor to seize the opportunity. "Wildish," he said laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, and speaking, in as light a tone as he could command, "I hope you don't go on thinking of that ungrateful little girl of mine."

Mr. Wildish could not deny it; he smiled, and said frankly, "I'm afraid I think as much of her as ever I did."

"Then, my dear fellow, you should give it up," said Mr. Tabor, seriously; "you are wasting your time and your affections."

"Is it so hopeless, do you think?"

"Quite hopeless," said Mr. Tabor.

"I would like to give it one more trial," said the young man, eagerly.

"The sooner the better then," returned Mr. Tabor, and Lucy and her mother came in.

Ada fell wad speedily, dressed in silvery grey and green. She and Geraldine had made the dress between them, Geraldine directing from her bed, and Ada executing her directions. The result was very pretty, and made Ada look more like a tall lily than ever. Arthur held out one of the bouquets to her with a mock heroic bow. It was very pretty, and Lucy held one to match it in her hand. "Let me run in and leave it," said Ada, quite forgetting to thank the giver.

"It is to take with you, child," said Lucy.

"Oh, but it would be such a pity to waste it, and Jerry so fond of flowers," said Ada, and she whisked away to Arthur's intense amusement, returning in a few minutes without the flowers, which she had left in a glass on the little table beside her sister's bed.

Ada was a great source of interest and pleasure to Arthur Wildish, and ever since she had taken him into her confidence about her plans, he had assumed the right of helping and directing her. Ada had lost no time in putting her musical plan into execution. She had dragged Fanny out with her to see the inevitable "Professor of Music," three doors off, and to engage him to give her lessons. Day after day she continued to work with unabated energy. Even when she sat up-stairs with Geraldine it was with a music-book on her knee, accustoming her eyes to the reading and humming low snatches of song, which, instead of disliking, Geraldine found particularly soothing.

Anything like Ada's intense enjoyment of that concert Arthur Wildish had never seen. He sat next her, and saw and felt the slight figure sway and thrill and quiver to the music. Flashes of passion crossed her white face, in which Arthur noticed for the first time the promise of splendid beauty, the great grey eyes dilated, the delicate nostrils quivered. All the way home she never uttered a word, and when Arthur handed her out at her own door,

he could see the tears on her eyelashes. It was a mild, breezy, moonlit night, and letting Mrs. Tabor pass into the house, Arthur detained Lucy with a whispered, "Come into the garden." She went with him, gathering her short white cloak about her, and pulling the hood over her head she held it with one hand under her chin. The promenade before them was not a long one, and they were soon at the bottom of the garden, neither having uttered a word. Then they stopped. Lucy stood under the white blossoming boughs of a cherry-tree that had a weird beauty in the moonlight. She had a feeling of what was coming, and strove to deprecate it; she stretched out her disengaged hand and laid it on her companion's arm, saying, "Don't Arthur."

"I must," he answered, adding abruptly, "Lucy, can't you love me?" "Oh, Arthur! do not ask me," said Lucy. Then she added suddenly, for the same thought which occurred to her father came into her mind, "You must go away and try to forget me. You must not go on giving me all who have nothing to give you in return. Yes, Arthur, you must go away; it was selfish of me not to think of this."

"You selfish!" he repeated indignantly; "I do not care how long it goes on, only, Lucy, give me some hope at the end."

"I cannot—cannot," she answered wistfully.

"No hope at all?"

"None at all."

"Never?"

"No, never," she repeated. The wind shook the tree, and snowed its blossoms over her as she echoed the words.

Then they walked up to the house together, as silent as before. Lucy gave him her hand, which he wrung as if for parting, and then she ran up-stairs, and he went into the house to find her father.

"Well?" was Mr. Tabor's greeting, for he had seen his wife for a moment, and knew that he and Lucy had been together and alone.

Arthur shook his head.

"I was sure of it," said Mr. Tabor; "I am sorry, Wildish—sorry on more accounts than one, but you had better take my advice."

"And never see her again?" he asked dolefully.

"I did not say that, but as seldom as possible," was the answer.

"I had rather waste my life, as you call it, in seeing her, than save it for any other purpose," said Arthur, warmly; then he said good night, and was gone.

(To be Continued.)

ONE SERMON A SUNDAY.—This measure, which interests both clergy and laity, and which is now advocated here and there on very different grounds by both clergy and laity, is capable of a great deal of discussion. In the first place it is a measure which can never be universally settled by associations of clergy or requests of congregations. There will always be full-hearted, richly gifted ministers of Christ, eager to preach, and eagerly heard, in the evening as well as in the morning; and unless the second sermon is stopped in all places it can hardly be very generally stopped any where, for after all, one church will ask to have the privileges that another church has.

And then again we believe that the proposition to restrict Sunday preaching to a single sermon comes from causes which had better be abated rather than the second sermon. The clergyman and people have so much work in the modern forms of societies, exhibitions, associations and elaborate Parish machinery, that neither are in condition for a full Sunday of spiritual thought and teaching, which is the legitimate and necessary channel of growth. These wonderful whirlpools of weekly activity throw many a minister and layman out, on the day of rest weary, unspiritual and incapable of thinking.

And once more, we believe that the proposition to restrict Sunday preaching to a single sermon will leave some of the classes who now can attend only a second Service wholly without the best stimulus for religious growth—that it will result in giving us a second Service devoted to elaborate and fanciful ritual or strange exercises, and that even the morning sermon will suffer from such an inroad upon Sunday, just as every man would suffer from a loss of a brother and congenial helper in the same direction. These are only suggestions on a subject which seems to be attracting attention and discussion.—Standard of the Cross.

That is a spurious goodness which is good for the sake of reward. The child that speaks the truth for the sake of the praise of truth is not truthful. The man who is honest because honesty is the best policy has not integrity in his heart. He who endeavours to be humble and holy and perfect, in order to win Heaven has only counterfeit religion. Good for his own sake, goodness because it is good, truth because it is lovely—this is the Christian's aim. The prize is only an incentive, inseparable from success, but not the aim itself.