

folly, that my good angel had finally deserted me?"

Mary bent down her head, so that he could not see her face, and said, in an almost inaudible voice, "I had no thought but for your happiness then, as now."

"I know it, my darling," he answered, in a tone of deep feeling, "and well is it for me if you do indeed still wish my happiness, for it is in your hands, and in yours alone; but, Mary, the moment is come when all reserves and concealments must be at an end between us, and I am going to open my whole heart to you, in the hope that you will do the same by me. My dearest," he went on, bending to kiss the trembling hands he held, "I have loved you all my life; and long before my father's death I had felt that I could never go through any part of my existence on this earth without you. When I found, therefore, that he too wished our union, I was most thankful to have his blessing on my one great hope, and my only doubt or anxiety was as to the nature of your feelings towards me; you were always so still and quiet, little Mary, that it was very hard to tell what you felt."

As he spoke a great tremor seemed to seize her frame; involuntarily her grasp tightened almost convulsively on his hand, and, while she bent her head still lower, her voice came, earnest and imploring, to his ear. "Bertrand, I beseech you to tell me the truth on one point, which has been to me a terror and an anguish ever since the day of your father's death, influencing me in all my conduct towards you from the first to last—did he—did your father repeat—"

She could not go on, but Bertrand understood her.

"I will tell you all," he answered, gently; "you shall know the exact truth. My father said not one single word to me respecting your state of feeling, till after I had told him that I loved you with all my heart, and that it was my most cherished hope to win you for my wife. But when I went on to tell him that your great reserve of manner made me fear that you had no affection for me, then and then only, he bade me hope, in consequence of words which he said he had wrung from you as a dying man, with the assurance that they would be buried with him in the grave."

Mary's hand relaxed its grasp, and she gave a long sigh of relief.

"Then is it true and certain," she said, "that you never were influenced by the wish to make me happy, or to gratify your father?"

"It is quite true and quite certain," he said, smiling; "but, Mary, I might ask you the same question, for Lurline assured me that you did not care for me, in the least, and that if ever you married me it would be only in order to carry out the wishes of the friend and benefactor you had lost."

Mary raised her eyes and looked at him, for the first time, as she quietly answered, "And to me Laura said that you felt bound to make me your wife, even while your heart was altogether hers, because your father had unwillingly caused the death of mine."

"The traitress!" exclaimed Bertrand, clenching his fist. "What a tissue of falsehoods she managed to weave around us! Mary, though I hate myself for having even for one moment admired the fair face that masked her hideous deceit and treachery, I think there was just this much of an excuse for me—that I was no match for the consummate subtlety with which she poisoned my mind respecting you; but, oh, my darling," he added, throwing his arms round her, "you understand me well now,

do you not? I would have asked you to be my wife that last evening when we stood together by my father's grave, if the solemn sacredness of the spot had not deterred me; but I gave you the white rose I asked you to keep, and preserved its twin blossom for myself, in token that I should claim you before the roses bloomed again to be the sweet white flower of my life. I came to Chiverley for that one purpose only, and, even through all the senseless madness of the engagement into which Laura Wyndham drew me, I loved you still, my Mary, and dared scarce think of you, lest I should lament you too bitterly. Then when the mask dropped from Lurline, and I saw what she was, and ascertained the terrible extent of my delusion, you can never know with what wild longing my heart rebounded to its one and only true love, its hope, and rest, and life! Oh, my darling Mary, if you could only know how I pined and prayed for you during the long sad weeks at the Salpetriere! and when you came it was like the light of dawn shining in upon the gloom of night, and I thought that earth had changed to Paradise. Can I ever, ever forget that moment!"

"Or I," said Mary. "Bertrand! think what it must have been to me to see you then in living presence, with the blessed sunshine and the free air round you, when only a few hours before I had been seeking for you in the Hall of the Dead!" and she bowed her face on her hands as the remembrance of that past misery swept over her.

"The Hall of the Dead! where is that, my Mary? it is a mournful sounding name indeed."

"It is a vast underground room at the Hotel Dieu where they place all those who fall each day in the battle of life. I shall never forget my visit to it at that dreadful time, when I was seeking you vainly every day; the hall was lighted only by tapers, which glimmered feebly amid the shadows; and there they have service once only in the year, on the day they call the Festival of the Dead, which is a superstition of their own. There are two rows of trestles down either side of the room, where the quiet forms were laid that would know neither healing nor suffering any more; and each calm face was uncovered for me, Bertrand, as I walked past them, looking—"

She could not go on, but shuddered, while a low sob broke from her lips.

"My own darling, that is all over now, thank God, and we need never speak of it again; but, oh, how little I dreamt of all your priceless devotion! Yet when you did find me, Mary, your very first act was to separate yourself from me again. Tell me now, why it was that you left this house so soon as I entered it? You dashed all my hopes to the ground by doing so, and flung me almost to despair—why was it? Be frank with me, as I have been with you."

He bent down for her answer, and it came very low and hesitating, "Because of those words I had spoken to your father."

"Darling!" he exclaimed, "I understand it all; it was like your delicate sensitiveness; but now—now, that you know I desire nothing on earth so much as to have you for my own dear wife—now that I beseech you to come to me as my one choice blessing—you will tell me, will you not, whether you can still repeat those words to me with the lips that never knew deceit? Are they true now, Mary, as they were before I lost you through a false woman's witchery?"

And she answered, softly, "True now, and for evermore."

(To be Continued.)

DISDAIN OF UMBRELLAS.

Umbrellas, such a necessary convenience in our day, were, even in the beginning of the present century, but little used in England, or indeed in any part of Europe, unless by invalids, or very fine ladies. And they did not carry an umbrella in the street as we do; but one was kept hanging in the hall of stylish mansions, and held by a servant over visitors as they passed to and from their carriages. It was deemed very effeminate in a man or boy to shirk a wetting; and so it was no wonder that an old soldier like Lord Cornwallis should have had his ire aroused by the offer of an umbrella.

He had been dining with a friend, and when about to enter his carriage to return home stopped a few minutes to converse with his host. As it was raining in torrents, a servant in attendance attempted to hold the house umbrella over his Lordship's head; but the old soldier exclaimed wrathfully:

"Take that thing away! Do you suppose I am a sugar doll, to melt in a shower? or do you take me for a woman, who is afraid of her fine headgear! I have not been all these years fighting my country's battles, to be frightened now at cold water. A shower of rain is no worse than powder and ball, and I never shirked them."

Then, baring his head to the pelting rain, the nobleman walked deliberately to his carriage.

The gallant old Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo and so many other battles, had the same opinion of umbrellas. During the Spanish war, in an action near Bayonne, in 1813, the Grenadiers, under Colonel Tyngling, occupied an unfinished redoubt near the high road. Lord Wellington, mounted on his veteran charger, rode past the redoubt, scanning with critical eye the disposition of the troops, and evidently as unmindful of the heavy rain that was pelting him over the head and shoulders as he was of powder and ball when facing the enemy whom he always meant, and rarely failed, to subdue. You may imagine, then, the indignation of the sturdy old chieftain at seeing the officers of a certain regiment protecting themselves, even under fire, from the torrents of rain, by huddling together under umbrellas. This was more than the equanimity of the "Iron Duke" could endure, and he instantly, after reaching his quarters, dispatched Lord Hill with the message:—Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas by soldiers, and especially under fire, nor can he permit gentleman-sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army.—*St. Nicholas.*

PARENTAL TRAINING.

The Scriptures lay great stress upon the duty and benefits of the careful training of children by their parents. And all history proves that nothing else can be substituted in the place of the parents, if the children are to be properly fitted for the duties of life. Neglect, and ill-advised severity on the part of parents towards their children, have been most fruitful sources of human failure, unhappiness and crime. At the present time there is great need that the public mind should be directed to this important subject. Parents are manifesting a disposition to shirk their responsibility, and indications of youthful lawlessness are seen everywhere. At times it seems as if the authority of the family has been entirely lost sight of. And after this it is an easy matter to throw off allegiance to the Church and society, and also to prepare to set the laws of the State at defiance.