ST. BRIDGET.

IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, A BEAUTI-FULL PAINTING OF ST. BRIDGET SUGGESTED THE FOLLOWING LINES.

I. of Erin, Virgin of the oak!
Dharagh, home of prayer, thy hallowed form,
Enshrined in that hour, the angel spoke,
Who sweet commanded thee, the hurtling

storm Of earthly ends, to higher things postpone. So that with wing untiring, thought might

soar.—
Heaven's morning lark—bright, solitary, lone,
Up to the splendor which doth evermore
spread limitless around the Eternal Throne.

O glorious princess of the House of God, Sad centuries have whelmed the hopeful age, When glory walked dear Erin's holy sod And called the gracious Isle her heritage, Heavy the cross, Saint Bridget; want and pain, The petty allen forture worse than death. The desperate hope that right would live again, Ah! hapless hope, that wanted only breath!

111.

What nation hath so debonnaire a flower, Blooming so sweetly in the early dawn Of Christ's good reign of blest redeeming power? O beautious Saint? God's own dear Colleen

O beautious Saint? God's own near Concean Bawn, Found of all things pure, may Irish hearts. Ever unto thy sweet remembrance cling, Until the fashion of this life departs, And Heaven reveal thee throned near thy King!

F. GRAHAM.

## DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH. Author of ' Nathulie." Adele, ' Queen Mab,, de

Call APTER XVI.—Continues.

"You surely do not admire that man, Doc-

"I beg your pardon, I do-dear, candid old boy! Hear him on the subject of Conquest.
Do you wish to conquer a kingdom, Miss Courtenay? Why, then, take care to exterminate the native Princes whom you rob. Or have you injured your neighbor ?-a common case-well, then, if you cannot conciliate, kill him! When you injure a man, do not leave it in his power to be revenged. I declare I admire the man prodigiously. It is quite comfortable to hear murder, robbery, and so forth, spoken of in that calm, impartial manner. Then you do not admire him?"

"Not admire him !-why, one of his vo', umes is never out of my pocket. I only la-ment the dear, good-natured fellow is dead, and cannot write leaders in newspanor, 62. make speeches in senates.

ne great differences between him and us degenerate moderns, you see, is the senate we have lost that beautiful productions. Yes I fear that is gone," added -octor Richard, in a tone of feeling regret; but," he resumed, looking at Dora with a the truth, I would never have suggested that yon should read 'The Prince.' It was your own desire which you followed, not my advice, you know."

"I hate Mr. Templemore," said Mrs. Luan, ngain: " be is a cheat, a swindler, a thief Why are we beggars and is he rich?

"Aunt!" remonstratively said Dora very much annoyed at this second unseemly out-

break. Doctor Richard smiled.

"That Templemore is a fool," he said; " he should, having injured Mrs. Luan, have taken some Macchiavel-like means to pacify hereither a handsome slice out of the inheritance. or if that should have been too expensive, a sedative, a cooling draught of some kind or

Now, Mrs. Luan did not always understand irony, being a woman of slow liferal mind, and he had commented too freely on a strictly private matter. At all events, he looked at his watch, and rose to go, like one who had let an appointed hour slip by.

"I shall not see you for a few days," he said, shaking hands with Mrs. Courtenay, " for I am going down to the country to-morrow; but I trust to find you still quite well my absence, let me advise you to call in Doc-

He handed her a card as he spoke. Mrs. Courtenay looked at it with childish curiosity. "I suppose he takes care of your patients in your absence?" she suggested.

"He would do so," carelessly replied Doctor Richard, "if I had any patients to take care of; but, unluckily, that is not the case."

He spoke a little recklessly, as if the matter were not of profound indifference to him. Dora looked at him with involuntary coma hard-a very hard case.

Doctor Richard turned to bid Mrs. Luan adieu, but Mrs. Luan, probably to avoid shaking hands with him, had left the room. Doctor Richard made no comment, and turned to down the dark staircase. Madame Bertrand her comfortable fireside for any such task. "Do you like flowers?" he asked, with his

hand on the banisters.

"Yes, very much." "Then you will allow me to bring you some from the country?" he said quickly, "1 added, without giving her time to reply; "but | the doubt on my mind arose from the fact that I never see any with you.

Dora colored, then said, without false shame:

"Flowers-beautiful flowers especiallyexpensive at this time of the year." "Just so. Well, the gardener at the house

to which I am going is a very good friend of mine, and he shall give me flowers-beautiful flowers, too, or I will have none of them."

Dora colored again, with pleasure this time, and she gave him a happy, grateful look. They shook hands, and he was gone.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"I wonder where he is going," thought Dota; "or where his rich patient lives?"

"My dear, how flushed you are!" said Mrs. Courtenay, as her daughter entered the sitting-room again, and put down the light with a plusive look. "Does your head ache?" th! no, I am only thinking how kind Doctor Richard is. He is going to bring me flower beautiful flowers from the coun-

"He is the very kindest man!" cried Mrs. Courtenax clasping her little plump white hands, "is be not, Mrs. Luan!"

Dora now perceived that her aunt had returned to the sitting-room. She saw too that Mrs. Luan looked herself again. Quite coolly

she answered : "I am sure Doctor Richard is married." An earthquake could not have inflicted a nothing. I do not belie words, nor one to which every fibre of her then, suppose he is not?"

being was more terribly responsive. seemed as if the floor shook beneath her feet as if the room, with her mother and Mrs. Luan, went, round and round before her swimming eye's. The revelation to herself of her secret ho pes and wishes was both violent and cruel. 'One word she could not speak; but she sat down pale, breathless, full of terror, and covered with shame.

Mis. Courtenay's consternation, though not equal to her daughter's in depth, was as great extent.

"Married!" she said in an injured tone, which showed she did not think Doctor Richard could be guilty of such a crime; "I do "And I am sure of it," retorted Mrs. Luan,

with dark triumph at the sinner's iniquity. "What did he go to Italy for? Why did he not like to say he came from Kerry? Why does he never speak about himself? I am sure he is married, and that he ill-uses his

"And I am sure Doctor Richard would illuse no one," quietly put in Dora. She had recovered by this, and, though rather pale, was perfectly calm. "How late it is!" she added; as the old clock below struck the hour.

She left them still looking very quiet; but when she had entered her room, when she had closed and locked the door, and was free from intrusion, she flung herself on a chair near ber bed, and burrying her face in her pillow, she gave way to her humiliation and grief. She, Dora Courtenay, a girl of twenty-three, loved this stranger!-and he might be married! She had never thought of that-but had she thought of anything? She had known him a few weeks, and how could she dream of danger? And there was nothing to justify this we know that the leaves will turn yellow, terrible folly. He had been kind, he had been courteous, he had shown that he admired her, but no girl in her senses, and with the least experience of life, could say that he had betrayed any of the symptoms of love. A married man might behave to her exactly as Docfor Richard had behaved. Kindness, cour-tesy, and admiration are not prohibited to or from the wedded. It was all her folly, her own miserable folly. She told herself so again and again; but did it lessen the hardship of her fate that she alone was to blame for it? Alas! the more she looked into the past, the deet er was her sense of abasement. She kn ew nothing of Doctor Richard, literally othing. Of his family, of his antecedents, of his fortunes, she was deeply ignorant. He might be an adventurer, one of life's outcasts, for all Dora Courtenay knew. That he was poor, and led rather a useless, idle sort of life, was certain. What had brought him to Rouen? Debts, perhaps-debts, or worse. Dora's heart sickened and revolted at the thought. No, she would believe nothing dishonerable of a step behind her made her checks burn. St him. The open manliness of his countenance gave her firm security against all degradation. That clear, frank look was the look of a man without fear or shame. But he smile, "I preach in the desert. To tell you might be married, and the thought was misery; he might have left his wife in Italy or in Ireland-nay, he might have gone to see her in the country. "But surely in that case he would say it," thought Dora; "it would be neither honorable nor courteous to make a mystery of it. No, if he is married, his wife is not here. I dare say she is in Ireland." Suddedly a picture rose bfore Dora Courtenay's eye-a beautiful, heartrending picture. She saw a bright hearth, a fair woman, with a child on her knee, and Doctor Richard smiling happily. She sat up, she clasped her hands tightly, she knit her brows and set her teeth. "I must bear it," she thought; "I must. What right have I to quarrel with his domestic happiness? Let him be married or not married, what is it to me?"

But pride is a weak stay at the best. That spirit of defiance with which Dora uttered her "What is it to me?" soon died away, and left all she now understood was that Doctor Rich- her desolute and weak. There is a well of and recommended poisoning her. She could strength, however, which she knew of old. not speak, but her features worked, and her To it she now turned, asking the Divine Mashands shook with anger. Perhaps he was ter for a cup of those sweet waters which the aware of these signs; perhaps, too, he felt that Samaritan woman longed for, There were many pious memorials in Dora's room-many signs of man's weakness and God's mercy-almost all were also tokens of her lost brother's love; and as she now looked at them, each had its own language. That pathetic little image of the child Jesus sleeping on the cross Paul had bought from an Italian boy, and given her. That Saint Catherine borne by when I return. If anything should all you in angels she had found hanging by her bedside on her sixteenth birthday; and that divine head crowned with thorns she had taken away from Paul's room after his death. From the position of the picture, Dora had often thought that her brother's last look had rested upon that calm, sorrowful face-sorrowful for man's sin, and not for the cost of redemption. The tears rushed to her eyes, and her lips quivered as sacrifice, suffering, death, and immortal love, all thus admonished and condemned her. She knelt and said her prayers, feeling both stricken and humbled by her folly, and asking

passion. He was more than thirty, and yet for power to conquer, or for resignation to enhis career had done so little for him. It was dure it, if endurance must indeed be her let. But though prayer is ever heard in heaven, we are not told that it is ever heard at once. A long sleepless night did Dora spend-long and cruel. She could not bear to go on loving this stranger, and she could not help it. This Dora. She had taken a candle to light him | was her first love—the only love she was ever to know, and it had come to her, like Minerva was in bed, and moreover, would not have left from the brain of Jove, full grown and allpowerful. She tried to strive against it but Doctor Richard went down without saying a lit seemed to her as if she only came out of the word, but paused at the foot of the staircase. | struggle weak, helpless, and beaten. 'A sickening sense of her powerlessness stole over her, then a vague, pitiful yearning hope closed

the long contest. Never did Dora forget the bitter suspense of the next three days-three long weary days might have known that you liked flowers," he of impatience and heart-sickening expectation. Madame Bertrand knew nothing-besides Dora could put no plain questions, and her open, ingenuous nature, revolted from indirect

nquiry "Oh! if he were but back!" she thoughtthat this wretched suspense might be over -that I might either be at peace with myself,

or never see him again!" At length the hope of relief came. On the morning of the third day Madame Bertrand came up with a nosegay of flowers so exquisite and so rare, that Dora remained mute as they were put in her trembling hands, and Mrs. Courtenay screamed with admiration, whilst even Mrs. Luan stared.

"They come from a conservatory," thought Dora, as she bent her flushed face over them. He might be married, but she could not help feeling happy at the gift. Yet she would not indulge herself. She was dressed to go out, and she went, and refused to linger and admire these rare and beautiful flowers. "I must she thought; and to her mother she said, "I must work, you know."

She went to her task, but her mind, no more than her heart, was in it. She longed for the evening. She felt sure he would look in, and that Mrs. Luan would question him, and then a blank followed the thought.

"And then," thought Dora, after a while, "all will be over, and I shall be at rest. It is impossible that I cannot conquer this madness. I feel sure it is a sort of madness and no more. It is impossible that I should care -really care-for a man of whom I know nothing. I do not believe it-I will not! Besides, how can I, if he is married? But,

pulses throbbed. If Doctor Richard was not married, might she not hope that he came to her mother's house for her sake? It was a I dress a doll for Eva-the handsomest I can natural hope and a natural conjecture. The find?" young are allowed to indulge in such thoughts | Mrs, Courtenay was charmed with the idea, and such feelings. Later, they are forbidden, and none but the foolish can think and feel

so. Indeed; it is part of the wisdom of age to put by and forget these fond badges of youth. They are things to be pinned on, and un-pinned again, and left off early. The rosy favors of love are apt to fade, and the gay colors of pleasure have but a time. Truly it is lucky that the old are allowed to grow wise to leave off their follies, and deny them gravely. It would be sad if Phillis should wear her shepherdess's hat and fluttering ribbons till threescore, and if Corydon should pipe to his sheep when the warm summer days are for-

ever gone by: But Dora's early spring was scarcely over. and her May was in all its sweet fervor. Love to her was a hope, a mystery, and a delightful promise. A poor life, a life of toil, frightened her not, if this kind and true companion would but share it with her. She believed him honorable and good-what more was needed? For that is youth's glorious privilege. It is equal to any folly granted, but then it comes short of no heroism, no daring. no sacrifice. For this, we all love it, and in some sense we all honor it. We look at it as we might look at some noble tree full of the sap of life, its green boughs laden with flowers, and birds making sweet music beneath the leaves. We know, indeed, that they will be mute some day, for winter must come; and lie dead on the sodden earth: but all the

sweeter for that knowledge are this fair tree's brief splendor and beauty. Of that brevity youth is as happily unconscious as the tree in the forest. If its sacrifices are to be boundless, so are its loves to be immortal. It was not in Dora's power to foresee an end to her present feelings, ond hence, perhaps, she surrendered herself to dangerous conjecture. But she could be wise too, for there is a wisdom which is not the fruit of experience, a wisdom which springs from the habit of self-subjection, and this soon came to the rescue. With a guilty start she banished the vision which turned the kind and courteous visitor into a fond lover. No modest girl who has had the misfortune to give her affection unsought, willingly, and in the first bitterness of the discovery, indulges in such fancies. Later they may come with lope, and be cherished, but surely not at first.

"I must work," thought Dora, resolutely; and she worked hard and conscientiously, till knew well enough it was Doctor Richard, who was coming to look at her drawing. She turned round, trying to look calm, and she thanked him for the flowers with tolerable

composure.

"I shall bring you more r ext time," he said, smiling. Then he r sked after Mrs. Courtenay.

and see her." How she hate' herself for saying that: but

she could be at the suspense no longer. She knew that if he came Mrs. Luan would surely get the truth from him. Doctor Richard promised to look in readily lough, and he proceeded to talk to her of he drawing. He stayed long, advising, suggesting, and, do what she would, Dora felt happy.

The evening came, that evening which Dora longed for, and with it came Doctor Richard, pleasant and genial. Mrs. Luan glared at him, but, contrary to Dora's expectation, she was mute. Would she let him depart without putting the momentous question? But when, in answer to Dora's thanks. Doctor Richard said.

"I told the gardener's wife to choose such flowers-"

"Your wife!" interrupted Mrs. Luan, pretending to misunderstand him. "Is she in drawing. France, Doctor Richard?"

A deep silence followed this question. Dora's breath seemed gone, and she looked furtively at Doctor Richard. He colored, and a few seconds clapsed ere he replied. 1 have no wife Mrs. Luan-I am

widower," he added, gravely.

Mrs. Luan, who had looked triumphant for moment, now looked blank, and Doctor Richard, turning to Dora, continued-

"Will you allow me to bring my little girl to see you, Miss Courtenay, I shall have her in Rouen for a day?"

Dora scarcely knew what she answered. She felt in heaven. She expected nothing, but Doctor Richard was not a married man She need feel no humiliation, no shame. Her reply seemed satisfactory, however, for he smiled, and looked satisfied; whilst Mrs. Courtenay, though rather offended that Doctor Richard did not want to bring his little girl to see her, asked how old the young lady was.

"Seven-but very delicate," he answered, with a sigh.

Dora felt full of pity, and questioned eagorly. Was she tall, dark, or far, and did she speak French? And Doctof Richard, like most parents, answered readly. Dora thus learned that Eva was the child's name—that she was tall, dark, and spokdFrench fluently. "And when will you bring her to us?" she

He saw her eager eyes bat upon him; he read desire in her parted lps, and he smiled kind, pleasant smile.

"After, to-morrow, if you like it," he said. "Doctor, what made you call her Eva?" inquired Mrs. Courtenay.

"It was her mother's name." A cloud came over his face as he spoke, which looked more like the shadow of a past trouble than like the remembrance of a sor-

"I wonder if he was tappy with his wife?" thought Dora; "perhaps not, and perhaps too, he does not mean to marry again."

The thought gave he no pain. To love is love's true happiness, and, in its early stage at least it looks for none other. Delightful, herefore, was this evening to her. She spoke ittle, but she felt happy; and as she felt she looked, though she sat in silent reverie. She tried, indeed, to rough herself, and at length she succeeded. When she came back from the world to which she had been wanderingthe pleasant world of a girl's fancies-and was once more, both in body and in spirit, present in her mother's sitting-room, she found Mrs. Courtenay and Doctor Richard talking gayly, and Mrs. Luan moody and sulky. Richard was a free man-nothing could atone for hat calamity, Mrs. Courtenay looked at her sister-in-law, then winked significantly at at having been excluded from all knowledge Doctor Richard, adding, in broken words, of it. She resolved to be revenged and which Mrs. Luan was supposed not to understand-

"Always was so-likes nothing-does not mind me now-does not know what I am talking of."

Doctor Richard was of another opinion, and he succeeded in changing the discourse, which referred no more to Mrs. Luan till he

Almost from the first moment that he had mentioned the existence of his child, Dora had been full of a project, which she imparted | had not intended doing so

" Mamma" she said rather eagerly, " Doctor Richard has been very kind to us. Suppose

and added confidentially-"It is to you Doctor Richard wishes to bring his little girl. Dora, depend upon it he wants to marry you." Dora turned crimson, and denied this but

faintly. "And I am sure of it," said Mrs. Courtenay

"but perhaps you do not like him? Then, Dora, do not encourage him. He looks as if he would take such a matter to heart; better not give the child a doll, after all." Dora did not think that to give Eva a doll

was to encourage Eva's father in a hopeless passion; and she said so. "And as my white silk dress would only get yellow and old-fashioned," she added, "I shall

cut it up." "Cut up your beautiful silk, Dora!" "I shall never wear it again; and I do not like dyed silks. Besides, it is better to save money than buy."

Mrs. Courtenay gave in, but with a sigh. "I shall dress her like a bride," resumed Dora, "with a veil and orange-wreath." Mrs. Courtenay screamed with delight.

"And she shall have a train ever so long, and satin shoes, and white kid gloves. She shall be the handsomest doll in Rouen. shall go and buy it to-morrow morning, and, mamma, you will not tell aunt?"

"Of course not," shrewdly said Mrs. Cov at

tenay, who liked a conspiracy of all thinge When Dora retired to her own roor a, she took out the white silk dress, and look ed at it. She had looked well in this dress knew it. Were those days forever gone by? Was she never to go to a party gain, but to spend life in its present obscur ty? It really was a pity to cut it up; but then they could not afford to buy, and Do ctor Richard had

been so kind. There war in putting on this door and robe once more, and seeing how she looked in it. So Dora slipped it on, and looked at herself in the glass, and bade a s' ort of farewell to life's vanities as she saw are own image there. It is pleasant to loo' well—it is pleasant to wear silken garme ats, with their folds to rustle as we move—it. we move—i t is pleasant to be clad in the hue which su at our youth and its bloom, both, alas! so fleeting; but it is scarcely pleasant to do so when we feel that I'leasure has closed her gates upon us, and will open them no mʻ

"And yet why should there not be some wonderful story for me too?" thought Dora, sitting down to muse over her future; "why should dull commonplace be my lot? I do not feel as if the straight and beaten road were to be mine. I seem to see many winding paths before me. It may be an illusion, but it is a harmless one, and I will not bid it begone. As to the dress, I care not for it."

She took it off, and to prevent the possibility of repentance, took two breadths out of "She is pretty well," replied Dora, quickly; the skirt. This sacrifice being accomplished, what I wish you would come in this evening she went to bed and dreamed of a marvellous doll with a train half a yard long. Early the next morning, Dora went out. She succeeded in finding such a doll as she wanted, and brought it home under her cloak, so that Mrs. Luan might not see it. She set about her task at once, and locked herself in to prevent a surprise; but Mrs. Courtenay, who, though she liked a conspiracy, did not seem to understand that secrecy was one of its most necessary ingredients, came and knocked for admittance every five minutes, "just to see how she was getting on." As Dora carefully locked the door after her mother every time she thus came, Mrs Luan, had she been an observant person, could not have failed detecting the existence of a mystery. Ly kily, few things, unless when connected in a very direct manner with her concerns, drew her attention, and all she thought, if she thought at all, was that Dora was engaged in some new

"What a prefty doll it is!" whispered Mrs. Courtenay, bending over the pillow on which the doll lay carefully wrapped in tissue paper:

"and, oh! Dora, how it does stare?" This Mrs. Courtenay announced as a decidedly singular fact, and as if the staring of dolls were a new discovery of hers.

"Yes," gayly said Dora; "it was shut up in box, you see, and having just come out, it is making the best use of its eyes. Besides, it is fresh from Germany, and has a good deal to learn, poor thing! in this new country. Perhaps it is thinking of the Fatherland, and lamenting the change from the Rhine to the Seine."

"And, oh!" said Mrs. Courtenay, with her little scream, "you have got shoes for it!" and she took and twirled on her fingers pair of white satin bridal shoes, beautifully made.

"Yes," replied Dora, looking at tiem with a little envious sigh; "I knew I jould not make them so well, so I bought them, and stockings and gloves. The rest I shall fashion myself."

And very cleverly did Dora set about her task. Her eye and her taste were both correct, and ere the day was half over the bride's attire was nearly completed.

" Is not Doragoing out to-day?" asked Mrs. Luan, with some wonder. . Mrs. Courtenay winked several times very

fast, pursed up her lips, and uttered a mysterious "No." \* What is she doing, then?"

"Nothing particular," replied Mrs. Courtenay, whose tone implied that Dora was doing something very particular indeed. " Is she not well?" "Dear me, Mrs. Luan, how many questions

do you put! Cannot the child stay within without your knowing why?" Now, if Mrs. Luan's inquisitiveness had not been stimulated after this, she should have had no such organ. But as she did possess some share of this important faculty, she de- uncheon together on the grass before the termined to know what Dora was doing weather got too cool. Will you join us? Very craftily, however, did she set about her The spot is pretty, and within five minutes purpose. When Mrs. Courtenay left the room,

with a chiding smile. "Is not your mother here?" asked Mrs Luan. "No, aunt," replied Dora, blushing with

Mrs. Liuan went and knocked at Dora's door.

vexation. No change, no emotion, appeared on Mr. Luan's heavy face as she withdrew; but sle had seen the doll standing with her back to a chair, her white dress on, and the orange wreath and veil on the table; and she was not quite so dull but that she knew what this meant. Mrs. Luan had a spice of vindctive-ness in her composition. She felt aggricved at having been excluded from all knowledge watched her opportunity so well, that when Dora left her room after dinner, Mrs. Luan stole into it unsuspected. But in vain she looked on the bed, on the furniture—the doll was not there; in vain she tried the drawers, Dora had locked them and taken the key. Mrs. Luan's homicidal intentions against Eva's doll were defeated, and she crept out of the room unseen indeed, but none the less sulky at having been baffled.

Doctor Richard came in been to

Her hand slackened in its labor, her pencil to her mother as soon as he was gone, and the Gallery, and not seeing Dora there, he paused, then was still. Her heart beat, her Mrs. Lunn had retired to her own room. unwell. He now called to ascertain the cor-

rectness of his suspicion. Dora smiled demurely at his surprise, a and

replied gayly,
"No, I could not go to-day."

"No, I could not go to-uay.
"Dora was dressing a doll," put in Mrs.
Luan, who would not be balked of her revenge. "A doll for your little girl, Doctor Richard."

Doctor Richard smiled, loo' sed'surprised as worry had to be gone through before the well as pleased, and said, "Indeed!" whilst luncheon could be got ready for one o'clock, well as pleased, and some "Indeed!" whilst.

Dorn uttered a remonstrative, "Oh, aunt!" the appointed hour, and tried not to seem, too much annoyed.

Mrs. Courtenay joined Madama Bertrand in the kitchen, and a little squabbling, polite, of the kitchen, and a little squabbling, polite, of the kitchen, and a little squabbling. indignation. "Of all talke dve creature", Mrs. Luan," she

said, austerely, "you are t' de most indiscreet. had her share of preparation, though Mrs. You might know Dora w anted to surprise her young friend."

Mrs. Luan reserted to her usual defence and began to buzz.

"I don't know anything about that," she said. "The dol' was dressed like a bride, which did not ' ook like a secret. At least, I know that wil en my aunt an away with Sir John Barry she went in a cotton dress, in order she made any, would not be regarded. So she to be tak' en for the cook. Though how she could be staken for the cock, who was stout, and for .ty-five, I don't know."

There!—there! superciliously replied Mr . Courtenay, "who ever heard the like? o you suppose we mean to say the doll was going to contract a private marriage, or to run | childish voice mingled with deeper tones. away with any one, when the orange-wreath is going off to church?"

at the bride. I shall be miserable if I do not she returned her embrace, and was familiar see her, and you may be sure I shall not say a and free in a moment. word about it to Eva!"

Dora, nothing leath, rose, and went and brought out "the Mariee." She placed her standing safely against the wall, and having set her off by putting a sheet of blue paper behind her back, she withdrew several steps, and looked rather anxiously at Doctor Richard's dark face. This doll was a very pretty oneshe had blue eyes, pink cheeks, and red lips. Somewhat deficient in figure she had been but, thanks to Dom's unscrupulous skil, she had now the most delicate round waist. These "natural" advantages were set off by the loveliest bridal dress maiden ever wore on her you.' marriage morn. Her robe of long sweeping white silk, looped up in front to show a pair of fairy white feet, was exquisitely trimmed with tulle bouillonne, as an article on the fashions would have said. A long veil, through which shone her fair hair, flowed around her. The orange-wreath nodded over her snowy brow; pearls gleamed on her plump white neck, and were twisted in "ows around her fair arms. Poctor Richard frowned.

"Miss Courtenay," he asked, "does a bride wear jewels?"

"I believe pearls are allowed," timidly said Dora. "Besides," she pleaded, "they are sure to please the child."

"Pearls, and no prayer-book!" he continued, critically.

But Dora shut his mouth. She produced a combination of white satin and gilt paper, which, when completed, was to be placed in the hand of the bride, and to be considered a prayer-book. Doctor Richard smiled, and made no further objection.

"Dear Mis Courtenay," he said, evidently much gratifed, "I cannot tell you how grateful I feel if all the trouble you have taken, and if Evadoes not go crazy with joy, I know nothing scout her!"

"I hope she will like it," remarked Dora, with a smile: "I have done my best." "You have done wonders-and the doll is a beautiful doll! Indeed. I feel bound to wish her bridegroom joy, whoever he may be. This Minna or Thecla-for who can doubt her parentage?-will surely make a good wife!

short, I can see a store of domestic bliss for the happy min! "Dear dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, -to think you should see it all in the doll's face, Deter dichard! I only saw that she

a good intellectual development too.

stares. "She does stare a leetle-just a leetle bit," depreratingly observed Doctor Richard. "In her maiden innocence, you see, she looks at this wicked world, and thinking no harm of it, forgets to drop her eyelids. Besides, this bit oi irsolence shows her high birth and perfect breeding. Then how do we know but that she is a specimen of the fast young lady ! These rosy lips may talk slang for all I can tell to the contrary; but oh! if she does talk slang let it be German slang, I pray, and not English slang, wherewith she might corrupt

my little Eva's vernacular." " She shall not talk at all, Doctor Richard, gayly exclaimed Dora. "I am a fairy, and I

lay upon her the spell of silence." "Anlrish Geis, such as used to be laid on our kings and heroes," said Doctor Richard, rising "Dear Miss Courtenay, your bride is perfect now: for as she can never say the fatal 'yes' so can she never cease to be a bride. Lifeto her will be a perpetual marriage morning, with orange-wreath ever in bloom. Time is n more for her. Youth and beauty cannot fad. Truly you are a fairy indeed!"

(What, going so soon?" cried Mrs. Courte-

na, as she saw him looking for his hat. . Yes, I have an appointment. But I shall brig you Eva to-morrow."

Bring her to luncheon," warmly cried Mrs. Curtenay.

Doctor Richard seemed to hesitate. "With great pleasure," he said, after the puse of a moment; "but though I by no eans presume to make the favor I am going ask a condition of my little Eva's coming o-morrow, I hope you will grant it. I have ong promised Eva that she and I should have of Rouen by rail."

Mrs. Courtenay and her daughter were and Dora, thinking it was hor mother opened taken by surprise. They exchanged looks, then Mrs. Courtenay spoke and accepted.
"You see, my dear," she said to Dora after Doctor Richard had left them, " it would really have been unkind to refuse Doctor Richard

he would have thought we were afraid of putting him to some expense, and that would have annoyed and humbled him."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

BEAUTIFUL and bright shone the next morning when Dora opened her window and looked out. A warm sunbeam stealing over the roof of their low house lit the opposite church; the vine-leaves reddened in its glow, the air was crisp and sharp, and everything to Dora looked enchanting.

"We must give Doctor Richard and his little girl a good luncheon," said Mrs. Courtenay, who partook of her daughter's exhilaration; "a pair of roast fowls, and a tart. The little thing is sure to like the pastry."

"And so is the father," suggested Mrs. Luan, grimly; he eats our bread and butter as if he were starving." "Nonsense, Mrs. Luan," shortly replied

a 2

s' carving when he has that large house to him self."

"I dare say he pays no rent," said Mrs. Luan, after a pause, "they have put him in to keep it aired."

"They !-who ?-what they ?" But to answer this question was beyond Mrs. Luan. She replied, impatiently, that she did not know their name; and Mrs. Courtensy had too much to do to spend more time in the argument. A terrible deal of fuss and

course, but decidedly squabbling, was the consequence of her appearance there. Dorn, too, Courtenay would not hear of her venturing on, anything culinary, lest she should soil her clothes or spoil her hands; and Mrs. Luan alone sat idle, and in high dudgeon. Most cordially did she hate these doings, and Doctor Richard and Eva, and the expense and the doll. But she was mute. She knew she had no right to speak, and that her objection, if was silent, and looked on-brooding over her wrongs, and thinking them many.

And now the hour came round, and both Dora and Mrs. Courtenay began to look anxiously at the clock. At a quarter to one steps were heard coming up the staircase, and a Dora went and opened the door, and received away with any one, when the triange-wiearn her young guest wit a smile and a kiss. Eva had her father's dark eyes and his genial "My dear Mrs. Courtenay," said Doctor smile, but otherwise she was not much like Richard, pathetically, "do let me have a peep him. She gave Dora a shy, wistful look, then

"You live here?" she said, running to the window and peeping ont. Oh! what a queer old church! Do you like it? Are these your

She looked curiously at Dora's sparrows, who fed tamely on the ledge of the open window, looking sharply at Eva, however, with their little keen black eyes, then suddenly flew away twittering.

"Miss Courtenay prevails over everything." said Doctor Richard; "birds and children."
"Come to my room," whispered Dora. have a young lady there who is waiting for

"For me?" said Eva, looking interested. Dora nodded, and taking her hand, led her away. They entered her room, and she thereprobably introduced Miss Eva to the bride, for Doctor Richard smiled as he heard a succession of rapturous screams from within. Presently Eva came out with the doll in her arms, and ran to her father, her eyes sparkling, her

checks flushed with joy. "Oh! do look!" she entreated: "do!" Doctor Richard pretended to be greatly pleased and surprised, and every thing would have gone on charmingly, if Mrs. Luan had not uttered a croaking note:

"That doll will not live-it is consumptive!" "Dolls do not die," pertly said Miss Eva; they get broken, though."

She laughed, but no one else laughed. Doctor Richard's eye had an angry flash as it lighted on Mrs. Luan, and Dom and her mother looked shocked and distressed, for the glow of health was wanting to Eva's dark check, and now and then a hectic flush appeared there in its stead. She was a sickly child, too, and ate little. The chickens, though done to a turn, did not tempt her; the tart she would not touch. "Ah! there is sorrow in store for him there, and he knows it." thought Dora; but conscious of future grief though he might be, Doctor Richard did not intrude his apprehension upon his friends. He was as gay and cheerful as he could well. be, uttered some pretty nonsense about the bride, and indulged himself in some of those flights of speech which, if they entertained Dora, always saddened her, as showing how There is tuth in her honest blue eye, and Dora, always saddened her, as showing how good-humfr in her round, rosy face. She has little share the practical had in his life, Mrs. In Courtenay seemed struck with this fact too,

and she remarked in her innocence: "Doctor Richard, what a pity you do not dosomething! Write books, I mean," she added, a little confused at the uncalled-for advice;

"I am sure you could write-oh! so well." "Papa does write," put in Eva, rather jeal-ously; "he wrote me out Cinderella,' and illustrated it, with her glass slipper and all." "Dear me!" cried Mrs. Courtenay; "areyou really an author, Doctor Richard?

"I am afraid having written out "Cinderella' will scarcely give me a claim to authorship, Mrs. Courtenay," he replied, smiling. "Oh! but one can put a great deal oforiginality even into an old fairy-tale," kindly said Mrs Courtenay; "I am sure," she addedemphatically, "your version of 'Cinderella' is

charming. Is it published?"

"I have taken some liberties with it," gravely replied Dr. Richard; "and therefore I dare not face the juvenile public, which is. apt to be cruel at times. For instance, I have called 'Cinderella' 'Rhodopis.' You: are not aware, perhaps, that Cinderella's prince was one of the Pharaohs, and that she now sleeps as a mummy beneath one of the Pyramids. Now, how would the little men. and the little women like that? Not at all, I dare say, for, you see, Eva persists in calling poor 'Rhodopis' Cinderella, and her sandal a

glass slipper." Mrs. Courtenay tried to look both knowing and captivated, and was sure that the story of Rhodopis, alias Cinderella, was mightily interesting, and she reiterated her wish that Doctor Richard would become an author. I assure you, you would be successful," she

added, with much simplicity. Doctor Richard seemed amused. "I might, as you kindly predict, be successful," he replied, " but then I should no longer be Doctor Richard, which is, I confess it, the character I prefer. If you were to know, my dear madam, how many a fine fellow has been. speiled, to my knowledge, by some such hobby! I like to keep my identity, and feel as sure as human frailty will let me, that I shall remain what I am. Change is so dangerous. History and daily life are both full of perplexing questions bearing on this matter. Take-Robespierre, for instance, and put him on horseback, and perhaps the man is a hero. Take Napoleon, and make a disappointed lawyer of him, and he sends all his friends to the scaffold, as he sent boyish conscripts to death, and follows them there, instead of dying like a chained cagle in Saint Helena. Nay, even a. trifle-if there be such things as trifles, which I doubt-can change the aspect of a country and the character of a people. There was a time when it was a capital offence to burncoals in London. Fancy London without smoke or soot, and just tell me if the Londoners must not have been then a different people

from what they are now." "Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Courtenay-London without coals!"

" Dreadful! is it not?" "And fame, Doctor Richard," said Dora, rather earnestly-"do you not care for that ?"

(To be continued.)

Mr. Barry Sullivas contemplates another trip to this country. He has just completed a successful tour through the English pro-

Mrs. Courtenay, "how can Doctor Richard be vinces.