THE HEARTHSTONE.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

One people in our early prime, One in our stormy youth: Drinking one stream of human thought, One spring of heavenly truth:

One language at our mother's knee, One in our Saviour's prayer,— One glorious heritage is ours; One future let us share.

The heroes of our days of old Are yours, not ours alone; Your Christian heroes of to-day, We love them as our own.

There are too many homeless lands Far in the wild free West. To be subdued for God and man, Replenished and possessed;

There are too many fallen men, Far in the ancient East. To be won back to truth and God, From cramping bonds released;

There is too much good work to do, And wrong to be undene; Too many strongholds from the foo That must be forced and wou—

That we whom God hath set to be The vanguard of the fight. To bear the standard of his truth, And to defend one right,

Should leave the mission of our race, So high and wide and great, On worldly points of policy To wrangle and debate.

Nay, side by side, in east and west, In wild or heathen lands. One prayer upon our hearts and lips, One Bible in our hands,

One in our earliest home on earth, One in our heavenly home. We'll fight the battles of our Lord

-Sunday at Home.

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THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.)

Mr. Walgrave had been gone three weeksah, what an age of sadness and regret!—when the parcel containing the locket came to Grace. arcel directed in his hand—it was only too familiar to her from pencil-notes in some of the books he had lent her, and from the papers she had seen scattered about his table. Fortune favoured her in the receipt of the packet. She had gone out to take the letters from the postman that morning, expecting nothing, hoping for nothing. From him or of him she never thought to receive sign or token. Had he not told her many times, in the plainest words, that the story of their love must come to an end, like a book that is shut, on the day he left Brierwood? She was too simple-minded to imagine him capable of wavering. He had said that his honour compelled him to forsake her, and he would be faithful to that necessity.

Her heart gave a great leap when she saw the address on the little packet. She fled round the house like a lapwing, and did not stop to breathe till she was safe under the shadow of the cedar, in the spot where she had known such perilous happiness with him. Then she sank down on the rustic bench, and with tre-mulous fingers tore open the little parcel.

A dainty case of dark-blue velvet, in itself a treasure to a girl so unsophisticated as Grace; a casket that opened with a spring, revealing a large yellow gold locket set with pearls, reposing on a bed of white satin—a gem so beau-tiful that the sight of it took her breath away, and she set gazing upon it, transfixed with

She opened the locket, and looked at the little enamelled picture of forget-me-nots. Sweet, very sweet: but O, how much she would have preferred his portrait, or even one little ring of his dark wavy hair! She laid the trea-sure on the bench beside her, and opened his letter, devouring it with wide-open luminous

spring, found it, and gave a louder cry of utter delight when she beheld the face of her lover. The skilful colourist had fiattered Mr. Walgrave not a little: the pale dark complexion was trainanised; the gray eyes were painted in ultramarine; "the face in the miniature looked from five to ten years younger than the original. But to Grace the picture was simply perfect. She perceived no flattery; the face which was to her the noblest upon earth, was only idealised as she had idealised it in her own mind from the hour in which she begun to love its owner. And yet, when Hubert Walgrave first came to Brierwood, she had seen nothing wonderful in his appearance, and had considered him decidedly middle-aged.

At last, after gazing at the miniature till her eves grew dim, clouded with innocent tears-Iter kissing the glass that covered it with fond foolish kisses—she touched the spring and shut the case, and then read her letter.

This disappointed her a little. It was evidently written to be read by her uncle and aunt. Not one word of that brief bright past; only a letter such as any grateful lodger might have written to his landlady's daughter. She

shed a few tears.
"It was good of him to send me his picture," she said to herself. "But he is quite gone from me; I shall never, never see him again !" The picture had kindled new hope in her

breast; the letter destroyed it. There was some comfort, however, in being able to show this letter to her aunt, and to wear her locket in the light of day. She carried the little velquest of her aunt, whom she found in the dairy.

What, a pincushion or a bookmarker from one of your old schoolfellows, I'll lay, or some such trumpery? You girls are always fiddle-faddling about some such rubbish !"
"Look, aunt!" cried Grace, displaying the

locket, imbedded in white satin.
" Sure to goodness I cried Mrs. James, star-

niece's hand, and read it aloud, going over every word, and harking back every now and measure. And then she turned from the letter to the locket, and examined it minutely, while Grace stood by in an agony, lest her clumsy fingers should hit upon the secret spring.

"It's a pretty thing enough," she said at last, "and must have cost a sight of money—pearls and all for heaveness they are all and the control of the contro

and all, for I suppose they're real; and I can't see as he had any call to send you such a thing. He paid for what he had, and there was no obligation on either side. Forget-me-nots too, as if it was for a young woman he was keeping company with. I don't half like such nonsense, and I doubt your uncle will be for send-ing it back."

"O, aunt!" said Grace; and then began to

"Lord bless me, child, don't be such a crybaby. If you can get round your uncle to let you keep the locket, you may. A present's a present, and I don't suppose Mr. Walgry meant any harm; he's too much a gentleman for that, leastways as far as I could see. All I hope is,

he never went talking any nonsense to you behind my back."

"No, aunt, he never talked nonsense; he was always sensible, and he told me-some-thing about himself. He's engaged to be mar-

d-has been engaged for ever so long.
Well, it was fair and honourable of him to tell you that, anyhow. You can show the let-ter to your uncle at dinner-time; and if he

likes you to keep the locket, I'm agreeable."
When dinner-time came, Mr. James, whose opinion upon most subjects was a mere reflection of his wife's, studied that worthy woman's countenance; and seeing her favourably dis-posed towards the gifts and the giver, opined that his niece might accept Mr. Walgrave's pre-sent without any derogation to the family dignity. She must write him a pretty little letter of thanks, of course, showing off her board-ing-school education, which Mr. Wort would no doubt forward to him, as he had happened to

omit any address in his letter.
So Grace were her locket in the face of mankind, on the first Sunday after the arrival of the packet; wore it on her muslin dress at church, with a shy consciousness that all the parish must be dazzled by its splendour—that the old rector himself, if his eyes were good enough, might break down in the midst of his ermon, overcome by a sudden glimpse of its gorgeousness. She wore it on a black ribbon goigeousness. She were it on a black ribbon under her dress secretly upon those days which her aunt called "workadays;" and at night she put it under her pillow. Hers was the early, passionate, girlish love, which is so near akin to foolishness; the Juliet love, which would nave her Romeo cut out in little stars.

And he will make the face of heaven so fine. That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish day."

The girl's spirits revived a little with the possession of this locket. She looked brighter and better, and her aunt forgot her fears. September came to an end, and the hoppicking began ; herds of tramps from the wilds of Hibernia, from the heart of the Seven-dials, from the wretchedest alleys in Whitechanel from the wretchedest alleys in Whitechapel and Bermondsey, came pouring in upon the fair Kentish country. Mrs. Redmayne was too busy to think much of Grace's health; and when the girl began to flag a little again, finding that life was dreary even with that portrait in her bosom, no one observed the change. She went off into rather a severe fainting-fit one afternoon; but there was no one at hand but Sally, the mid-of-call-work, who heavelst but Sally, the maid-of-all-work, who brought her round as best she might, and thought no-thing of the business. She had fainted herself on a midsummer Sunday, when Kingsbury church was hotter than usual, and never went to that place of worship without a hir blan her to that place of worship without a big blue bottle of smelling-salts.

Now in the dusky October evenings fitful patches of light glowed here and there on the landscape; and riding along narrow lanes, the traveller came ever and anon to a rustic en-campment—a ragged family huddled round a fire, sunburnt faces turned towards him inquiringly as he passed, a bevy of tatterdemalion cyes.

The scrap of paper attracted her attention first: "There is a secret spring; touch it, and you will find my photograph." She gave a little cry of joy, and began to search for the spection, and the traveller could but wish these children darting out at him to ask for alms, and nomads had better shelter. A ragged blanket perhaps, hung upon a couple of poles, made a rough tent here and there; but those who possessed so much luxury were the aristocrats of the community; the vulgar herd slept in the open, save on some lucky occasion, when a li-beral farmer gave them the use of an empty

James Redmayne was tender-hearted, and at Brierwood the wandering race fared luxurious-ly He lent them old rick-covers for tents, and whatever barn he had empty was placed at their disposal. Grace took an interest in the little children, spent all her money in cakes, and robbed the baskets in the apple-loft for their benefit; carried the women great jugs of cold tea in the evenings, and helped and comforted them in many small ways, at the hazard of catching a fever, as her aunt frequently reminded her. In this particular season she was more than usually active in these small charithat great sorrow in her heart was numbed a little by the sight of commoner sorrows. This year she was more tender than ever, the women thought — the old hands, who had known her in former years. She would sit for hours in a shady corner of a field, with a sick child in her arms, singing it to sleep with sweet and songs. The women used to look at he from a little distance, and talk together in whispers of her gentleness and her pale grave

face.

"I'm afmid there's summat wrong," one stalwart matron said to another. " She were as gay as a bird last hop-picking. She looks like my sister Mary, that went off into a consumption and died in the hospital-that white-like, and her hunds that wasted as you might a'most see "O, aunty Hannah, I have had a letter and through 'em. And she such a sweet young toe! It do seem hard, that such as she should be took, and my old father, wot's a trou-ble to everybody, and no more use of his limbs than a new-born infant, left behind to wor-

One night, after a day spent almost entirely in the hope-fields, Grace discovered a great ca-"Sure to goodness! cried Mrs. James, searing at the trinket," where did you get that?"

"From Mr. Walgrave, aunt, with such a kind
when she undressed, with the two ends hanging

Mrs. James snatched the letter from her loosely. Late as it was, she would have gone out and hunted for her treasure by moonlight— would have roused the hop-pickers, and bribed then to read a sentence a second time, in a them to hunt for her; but the house was locked, deliberate way that aggravated Grace beyond and the keys under Mrs. James's pillow, and it was more than she dared to wake that vigilant housewife. So she went to bed quietly, and cried all night, and came downstuirs next morning ashy pale, and with red swollen cir-cles round her eyes, to tell of her loss.

Mrs. James flew into a passion on hearing

"Lost it! you ought to be ashamed for yourself. What call had you to wear it on a work-Grace blushed crimson.

"I know it was very foolish of me, aunt Hannah; but—but—I was so fond of it !" "Was there ever such a baby? Fond of it, indeed! You're fond of the piano your father gave you: I'm sure I wonder you don't wear that langing round your neck—you're silly enough. And of course some of your blessed hop-pickers have stolen it; and serve you That comes of consorting with such

"They could'nt have stolen it, aunt; I wore it under my dress; they couldn't have known anything about it."

"Stuff and nonsense! they're cunning enough to know anything. If you'd swallowed a sovereign, they'd know it was inside you. Besides, I daresay you took and pulled it out of your bosom to show to some of their rubbishing brats. You'll nurse yourself into the typhus fever or the small-pox one of these days, with nursing those ragamuffins; and a deal of use you'll be in the world without your good looks. you'll be in the world without your good looks, considering as you can't so much as set the spunge for a batch of bread."

Grace was silent with the silence of guilt. Sitting under a hedge yesterday with one of those waifs of humanity in her lap, while its nother and a brood of bantlings from three years old upwards clustered round a hop-bin a few yards off, she had drawn the locket from her bosom and dangled it before the eyes of the little one, half to amuse the child, half for the pleasure of looking at the thing which was the

Aunt Hannah, though unsympathetic in man-ner, was by no means minded that the locket

should be lost.

"It's a thankless task spending money upon you," she said; "and so I shall tell Mr. Walgray, if ever I set eyes on him again. Real gold, set to real pearls, and go and fool it away among a pack of hoppers."

After having given relief to her mind in this manner, she dispatched Jack and Charley and a farm-labourer to scour the country, Grace's guidance. The girl was to point out to them every path she had taken, and every spot where she had rested throughout the pre-

vious day. "But it's about as likely you'll find the moon lying in the grass as that locket," aunt Han-nah remarked despairingly as they set out.

She proved only too true a prophet. The young men searched diligently, under Grace's direction—searched till dinner, and after dinner began again, and went on unflinchingly till tea-time; again, and went on unflinchingly till tea-time; but without result. After tea the early twilght shrouded the farm, and it was too dark to look any longer. Uncle James had the hoppers collected at hightfall, and told them what had been lost, offering a reward of a couple of sovereigns to the man, woman, or child who would restore it; but they all made the same declaration, with every form of asservation common to their class. No such thing had common to their class. No such thing had

"That's a lie P said James Redmayne sturdily. "Some of you has seen it, and some of you has got it, or made away with it since last night. The locket's almost as large as the palm of my hand. You couldn't fail to see it lying anywheres; and my sons have been over every inch of ground my niece walked upon yesterday. It's hard you should take anything as belongs to her, for she's been a good friend to you all."

"That she have, sir !" the women cried with tremendous energy, and a desperate emphasis on the last word. And then came a confusion of shrill voices, all protesting that the owners thereof would not wrong Miss Redmayne to the extent of a sixpence.

Grace went to her room quite worn out by that weary day—the pacing to and fro, with lessening lope as the hours wore on. It was gone—the one solace that had cheered her life. e his face any more,"

said to hersolf. "There is a fate against

CHAPTER XVI.

" BUT IF THOU MEAN'ST NOT WELL."

After the loss of the locket Grace Redmayne drooped visibly. Good hearted uncle James did all in his power to recover the lost trinket: put the matter into the hands of the police had inquiries made amongst London pawn brokers, and so on; but without avail. Poor Grace wandered about the bare fields where the hop-vines had lately flourished, with her eyes fixed on the ground, like some melancholy spirit hunting the scene of an unhappy life. Auni Hannah reprimanded her sharply from day to

day for such foolishness.

"If the locket's lost, it's lost," she said philosophically; " and there's no use in grizzling about it. There's more lockets in the world than that; and if the balance is on the right side next quarter-day, I daresay your uncle will buy you a new one, perhaps with both our portergrafts, one on each side; and that'll be taking care of as a family keepsake something to show your children by and by.

Grace gave a little involuntary shudder. A portrait of aunt Hannah, whom photography made unutterably grim, instead of that splen-did face, those godlike eyes! "It's very kind of you to think of that," the girl said, half crying; but I should never care

to have another locket, please,"

"O. very well! I suppose you think we couldn't give you anything as handsome as timt; but, for my part, I should have thought you'd have set more store by a keepsake from one of your own family than a stranger's pre-

"It isn't that aunt. I've got your photograph, and uncle's, in my album, and I'm sure I value them. But I'll never wear another locket. There's something unlucky about them."

The year waned. October came to an end and for various reasons that visit to the London physician, which James Redmayne and his wife had talked about, had not yet been made. To those who saw Grace every day, the gradual change in her was not so obvious as to cause immediate alarm. Nor were hard-working peo-ple like the Redmaynes on the watch for such slight symptoms as awaken terror in those who have sufficient leisure to be anxious. The girl rose at her usual time; took her place among her kindred at meals; wont patiently through the routine of the long dull day, and never uttered a complaint.

She was completely unhappy, nevertheless. She had no companions of her own age, who might have taught her to shake off this foolish sorrow—no innocent gaieties to distract her mind. The slow level life of a farmhouse was about the best possible existence in which to foster a sorrow such as hers.

She had written that epistle which her unclo James had spoken of as "a pretty little letter"
—a very formal composition, supervised by
the whole family. James Redmayne would fain have had her begin, "This comes hoping," a formula which he had used all his life, and firmly believed in as the essence of polite letter-writing. She had written to thank Mr. Walgrave for his very kind present, which was in-deed very, very beautiful, and which she should value very much all her life. There were a great many "verys" in the letter; and it was written in her best boarding-school hand—with long loops to the g's and y's, after a spécialité of Miss Toulmin's—on the thickest and creamiest note-paper to be procured at Tunbridge Wells. Uncle James would have had a view of that polite resort at the top of the first page; but this

his niece condemned as vulgar.

"Mr. Walgrave knows Tunbridge Wells, uncle," she said. "He can't want a picture of it on a penny sheet of paper—such bad paper, too, as they always print the views on."

No answer had come to this letter, which indeed needed none; but for a month after she sent it the girl had hoped, faintly for some acknowledgement. With the dying out of this hope, and the loss of her locket, all was over; there was nothing left her except the blank future in which that one beloved figure could have no

And her father — her father, whose letters had been more hopeful of late, telling of increasing good fortune, hinting even at the possibility of his return before another year was ended, with all the objects of his expedition fully realised; the father whose exile she had lamented so bitterly only a year ago—was he forgotten? No, not forgotten; only deposed to the second place in her heart. She thought of him very often, with a guilty sense of having wronged him by her love for another. But that first love of girlhood is an all-absorbing passion. She had hardly room in her mind for her father's image beside that other. If he could have returned at this moment to cheer and comfort her, she might perhaps have struggled bravely with her grief, and conquered it. He had been all the world to her in years gone by—father, mother, companion, friend; the pride and delight of her life; and in the rap-ture of reunion with him, that other image might have grown pale and shadowy, until it became only the memory of a girlish sorrow. But he did not come, and she went on thinking

of Hubert Walgrave.
She had no hope—positively none—of ever seeing his face again. Day after day, in the misty November mornings, she awoke with the same void in her heart. The pain was almost worse than the pain of her awakening in the days that followed her father's departure. That days that followed her father's departure. That grief had at the worst been brightened by hope this was quite honcless.

Her aunt sent her to Kingsbury one fine afternoon in November, on some small errand to the single shop of the village—an errand which was designed rather to rouse the girl from her listlessness, and give her the benefit of a brisk walk, than to supply any positive need of the

"Anything's better for her than lolloping over a book," remarked Mrs. Redmayne, who regarded reading in every shape and form, ex-cept the ponderous Henry's Bible on a Sunday ifternoon, as more or less a vice.

The walk was through those lanes and by those fields which she had walked so often with him; the way by which they had come toge-ther on that first Sunday afternoon, when he joined her in her return from church. How well she remembered it all ! The landscape had changed since then, but was hardly less beautiful to the eye of a painter. The shifting shadows on the broad fallow, the tawny gold and crim-son, brown and dun colour of the still lingering foliage; the very weeds in the hedge, and the dock-leaves in the ditch, fringed by dewdrops left from the morning mists, which a November sun had not been strong enough to disperse_all were beautiful.

A robbin was singing with all its might on one of the bars of a gate Grace had to pass. She lingered for a few minutes to listen to him, watching the joyous bird with sad dreamy eyes "I wonder if birds have any sorrows : thought; and then opened the gate gently, and went through into the lane.

It was a narrow gulley between two tall neglected hedges, where the blackberry-bushes grew high and rank, mixed with hazel and hawthorn, upon steep grassy banks which were bright with primroses in April. At the very entrance of the lane Grace stopped suddenly, with a little cry — stopped and clasped her hands upon her heart, which had a trick of beat-

ing furiously when she was agitated.

There was a figure advancing towards her the tall figure of a man—the image that haunted all her thoughts—Hubert Walgrave. He saw her, evidently and came on with swifter footsteps to meet her.

She would have behaved with the utmost propriety, no doubt, had he come to the gate and Brierwood, and she been prepared for his appearance ever so little; but at his coming upon her suddenly like this, all her fortitude left her; she fell upon his breast, sobbing hys-

terically.
"My darling! my darling!" For a few minutes he could hardly say any more than this, trying all the while to soothe and comfort her, as if she had been a frightened child—waiting very patiently until that violent emotion lad worn itself out. Then he lifted

emotion ind worn treet out. Then he inted her face tenderly, and looked at her. "Why, Grace," he said with a shocked look, "how sudly you are altered!" "Am I?" she asked, smiling faintly, I have

not been very happy lately—"

" Has anything troubled you, my sweet one?
has anything been going wrong at Brier-

"O no, no, it is not that. They are all well, and we have hopeful letters from my dear fa-ther. Only...., " Only what, Grace?"

"I am so foolish, so wicked. I could not help being miscrable. I thought I should never

And was that thought enough to make you unhappy dearest ?"
"Yes."

"And to see me again, and to be with me, and to be my own for ever,—would that be happiness ?"

The soft eyes looked up at him-O, so tenderly i

" You know that it would."

Ho bent down and kissed her.
"Then it shall be so, Grace," he said soft-

"But, O, you know it can never, never be! There is the other—the lady you are to marry,"
"That lady shall not come between me and

this faithful heart," he answered, holding her in his arms, and looking down at her with a proud happy smile. "Were she ten thousand times the woman she is, she should not part us, Grace, seeing that you are true to me, and that I love you with all my strength."

"True to you!" she murmured sadly. "I have lived for nothing except to think of you

since you went away."

"And I have made it the business of my life to forget you, Grace, and have failed dismally. I made a vow never to look upon your face again; but the sweet face has never left me. It has followed me by day and night; and at last, after so many wasted struggles, I come back, just to see you once more-hoping to find you false, Grace; asked in church with some stalwart farmer; so that I might be disenchanted, and go away cured of my folly, Are you false, Grace? Is there any red-checked young farmer in the case?"
"A farmer!" the girl cried contemptuously.

"If Sir Francis Clevedon asked me to be his wife, I should refuse him, for your sake."

Hubert Walgrave gave a little start.

"Sir Francis Clevedon!" he said. "What fancy puts that name into your head?"

"It was the name I used to think of oftenest before I saw you," she answered with a smile. I suppose every woman has her here, and Sir

Francis was mine. I have never seen him in my life, you know." Mr. Walgrace's face, so bright before with a lover's triumph, had clouded over at the sound

of the Clevedon name. "You have never seen him? I have no "You have never seen him? I have no ground for jealousy, then, I suppose? I daresay he is a very good-looking fellow; for Fortune rarely measures her gifts when she is in the giving mood. Nothing is too much for her favourites. But we won't waste our talk on him, Gracey; we have sweeter things to think of. My own, my dearest, is it really true that you love me, that this pale changed face has organ wan from sorrow for me?"

grown wan from sorrow for me?"
"There has been no other reason," she said

shyly.
"And you are my own, Grace, all my own?"
"answered, look-"You know that I am," she answered, looking up at him with clear candid eyes, that smote him to the heart with their innocence, if—if you are willing to sacrifice those pros pects you spoke of, and to give up the rich

"My beloved, there is hardly anything in the world I would not surrender for your

"And you will marry me?" she asked falteringly, the pale face covered with a burning blush. Even in her little world she had learned enough to know that all love-making, such as this, does not tend towards marriage. village has its stories of broken faith, and man's dishonour; and there had been such stories to be told of Kingsbury, even within Grace Redmayne's brief experience.

"I will do all that a man of honour should do, dearest. I will do overything that a man can do to make you happy, if you will only trust me."

" You know that I cannot help trusting you," she said; " I love you so much." "Then it cannot be too soon, darling."

"What ?" she asked, with a puzzled look. "Our union."

"O no, no; it must not be soon. It is too great a sacrifice for you to make. Your might regret afterwards; and it would break my heart to know that I had come between you and the things you value. And then there is my father—dearly as I love you, I could do nothing without his knowledge."

"What, Grace! is this your boundless love? Am I to be secondary to a father? Think how very little old Capulet stood for, when once Juliet was in love with Romeo."

Grace smiled a little at this appeal. They had read Romeo and Juliet together one long summer afternoon in the orchard; and her love had taught her to appreciate the beauties of the text with a fuller comprehension than she had ever brought to it before.

"But I think Signor Capulet was rather a disagreeable kind of father," she said. "Mine

" My pet, I have no doubt he is as good a fellow as ever breathed; but he is at the antipodes, and I have a horror of long engagements. Life is not long enough for that kind of delay. Rely upon it, Romeo's and Juliet's was the true philosophy-wood and won to-night, and wed to-morrow."

"Remember how fatal their marriage was !"
"Absit omen. We will try to resemble them in nothing but the fervour of our love, our ut-ter trustfulness in each other. And now let us talk seriously. Take my arm, dear, and let us walk on a little way. Mild as the afternoon

is, you are shivering."

He drew her shawl closer round her, pressed
the little hand under his arm, and walked gently on, looking down at her.

" What a lucky fellow I was to meet you here just now—promiscuous, as my servant says! I took a fly from Tunbridge to Kingsbury, and walked on, meaning to invent some excuse for presenting myself at the farm as I came along. But I need not do that now; it will be wiser on the whole that I should not appear at Brierwood. We can arrange everything, you and I, darling, in half an hour, and carry out our plans afterwards, without arousing any one's suspi-

The girl looked at him wonderingly; and then little by little, overcoming her objections one by one as they arose, he unfolded his

scheme of their future. He was prepared to make great sacrifices for her love—he did not define them; but to declare his marriage with her would be to blast his prospects. She would hardly desire that,

