ما شدي بو

you none."

angry eyes.

let me go !

tenance.

Logan."

Moore ?"

Luan.

good-night."

all this?"

looked at Mrs. Luan.

forehead mysteriously.

that is impossible !"

enough to say:

room as she spoke.

vants ?" asked Mrs. Luan.

ou?—what next, eh ?"

over ; and Mrs. Luan-

Mrs. Luan, who had been silent till then,

now went up to Mrs. Logan and taking her by

both wrists, she looked at her with sparkling,

paralysed with fear, could neither scream nor

peak. "How dare you speak opposite the ser-

The light in the hall shone on her angry

"Let me go!" she grasped ; "you hurt me-

incensed; "did you dare to say that I hurt

them again, not to see that wrathful coun-

"I'll tell you what," began Mrs. Luan,

tightening her hold of her victim, "I know

But suddenly her hold relaxed Mrs. Logan

looked up ; she was free, and Mrs. Luan stood

wrought that marvel. 'Mrs. Logan rushed up

"Shall I go home with you ?" kindly asked

Mrs. Luan, going up to her; "I am not afraid

" No no,!" replied Florence, with a shudder

of the storin. Let me go with you, Mrs.

of fear; but not daring to continue the accu-

sation she had begun, she resumed hurriedly,

" the storm is over, and I really wish to go

will you send Jacques-any one with me, Mlss

"I shall go and call him," said Miss Moore,

attempting to move, but Florence held her so

tightly that she could not stir. Seeing Miss

Moore's amazed look, and Mrs. Luan's grim

smile of triumph, she recovered composure

with you—I cannot bear being alone."

"Yes, pray call Jacques-and let me go

" I'll stay with you," again kindly said Mrs.

"Thank you," replied Florence. "Here is

She was gone in a moment. Miss Moore

"Mrs Luan," she said, "can you make out

Mrs. Luan looked cunning, and tapped her

"My goodness!" cried Miss Moore ; " but

"Why so?" coolly asked Mrs. Luan. "It's

in the family, you know. Did you never see

Jacques, I believe. Good-night Miss Moore-

what you mean; but if you dare to say it, I'll kill you! I will—I will!" she repeated.

"Let me go!" she said----"let me go!"

"Hurt you!" said Mrs. Luan, looking much

Mrs. Logan opened her eyes, then shut

face. Florence shut her eyes not to see it.

face.

10 10 - 201

TATA OLDO MASTRA

Contraction and THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

[For the TRUE WITNESS.] AN OLDEN SONG.

I. Once, when a child, I heard a swee', old song, Sung by a dear one long since dr', st. And ever since, Life's varied scer, ses among, My soul is haunted with a dear 'distrust. For the enchantment of its me', ody Brings the kind eyes, the m', anly face-Beside me, till I think eternity Parts not the loved and log it one by space.

ÌI. 분 E'en as I muse, i hear the welcome strain, A little walf of wanth and tears— And with the song my, youth is back again And life forgets its appea and fears. The sky grows bright ar-merrier sings the birds-Age never hears their thrilling notes— And solemn feellr.g, and too deep for words, Unit on y eyes i a soul-mist floats!

111. In the still n' .ght I wake,-the song is there, The singe', too, just as of yore; Love spen' as in every note and tender care, Unchil'.ed by Death's cold, gloomy shore. I hear i'. now, and lo! green fields are here, And wooded hills and babbling stream-And *i.e.*, still singing, by the sun-set mere. I s'art-the vision is a dream !

FR. GRAHAM.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Nathalie," " Adele," "Queen Mab," \$c.

CHAPTER XXX.-CONTINUED.

"Oh! Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Logan!" cried Miss Moore, with uplifted hands. "Don't you think he will come back?"

asked Florence, looking at her in great consternation. "No," replied that lady, with dismay in her

face, "I am sure he will not!" Mrs. Logan looked pitcous. The first violence of her anger was spent, and a sort of re-

pentance was entering her heart. She was not sorry that she had insulted Mr. Templemore, and wronged Dora; but she felt deeply sorry at having injured Mrs. Logan and she was inclined to repair whatever damage that Jady might have sustained in her worldly and matrimonial prospects.

two paces from her humming a tune. Miss "What am 1 to do?" she asked, wringing Moore's appearance at the end of the hall had her hands. "Please to send for him, Miss Moore." "Miss Moore !" she grasped, "the storm is

Miss Moore rang at once. Jacques answered the bell, and went for Mr. Templemore; but the owner of Les Roches was not to be found. Florence scarcely waited for the man to leave The room, in order to exclaim that " Mr. Templemore did it on purpose, and that she was perfectly miserable."

Miss Moore attempted to put in a word, and was at once silenced.

"What takes him out at this hour, and in this weather ?" asked Mrs. Logan angrily. "He wants to show me it is all over. Well, let him, Miss Moore-let him !"

"My dear Mrs. Logan, it is not all over; but I dare say Mr. Templemore is angry. Only depend upon it' you were mistaken. Ìf you were to see Miss Courtenay," she added, timidly, "you might come to an understanding with her."

"And beg her pardon !" replied Mrs. Logan, laughing scornfully. "But, my dear Mrs. Logan," urged Miss

Moore, "you really must be mistaken in all this !

Mrs. Logan turned upon her. "Had you ever heard that he went up that

staircase to see Eva? Never; you told me so. Then don't you see it was kept a mystery on purpose. If there was no harm in it, why did not the whole world know about it, Miss Moore-just tell me that ?"

She spoke so angrily that Miss Moore did not venture to answer. Nevertheless, some impression had been produced on Mrs. Logan's mind, for she stood silent and sullen, brooding over her case.

oken opposite the had not servants," she thought; "that is why, perhaps, he won't give up Dora. She would never have committed such a false step. Not she. She is too clever and too keen. I wonder if though she is, she never could hide anything kiss her, and say something about Paul; and if she has wronged me, she shall quake still at my mercy, spite all her cleverness and her grand ways. "I shall go and speak to Miss Courtenay," she said shortly. And the tone in which she addressed Miss Moore, implied, "Stay where you are.' Miss Moore meekly submitted, whilst Mrs. Logan, wrapping her cloak around her, and the hall, and entered the school-room, where Dora now sat alone with her aunt. But her whole aspect changed as she closed the door, and Dora looked up slowly. Forestalling nttack, Mrs. Logan burst into tears. They came at her command, and without hypocrisy or deceit, she wept as easily as children weep and quite as sincere y. "Oh! Dora-Dora," she sobbed, "how could you do it ?- how could you ? I have been engaged to Mr. Templemore so longhow could you do it?" Dora looked at her very coldly; but no word of justification or denial passed her lips. "I know I am hasty and foolish," sobbed Mrs. Logan, " and that even though I saw you both with my own eyes I should not have said it; but, Dore, say there was no harm in it, and I will believe you-only what could take him to the school-room at that hour ?"

dare to treat thus? If to say a word to you tea. If I had known what I know now, I could right me in the face of all, I would not, would have died first; and as we cannot post utter that word. Go to Mr. Templemore and sibly stay to luncheon. I shall get ready at put what question you please. He perhaps once." owes you an answer; I do not, and will give Dora, who had spent part of the night in

packing, went up and helped her mother. "Then it is not true that Eva was ill? Per-Everything was soon ready. Mrs. Luan came in and stared at her in sullen silence. She did haps you were ill, Miss Courtenay !" added Mrs. Logan, stung at Dora's cold, haughty indeed attempt to remonstrate once, but Dora, rising from her stooping posture, looked up at "Since you only came to insult me, I shall her, and seeing that her mother was not in the withdraw," quietly said Dora; and she left the room, said, gravely :

" Aunt, who did this ?"

"You are a fool to leave the house," sulkily answered Mrs. Luan; but she said no more, and after a while walked back to her own room When all was ready, Dora went to Eva's

"How dare you speak opposite the servants ?-how dare you!" she asked, and openroom. The child was still fast asleep. She ing the door, she dragged her out of the room bent over her, but did not dare to kiss her, into the hall with ruthless force. Florence, lest she should waken.

"Oh! Eva, Eva," she thought, with her eyes full of tears, "is it because you cost me so dear that it seems so hard to leave you?"

"Dora," said her mother's voice outside. " I am going," and she went.

When events have reached a certain crisis, they speed as quickly as a stone rolling downhill. Later in the day, when she thought over all this it seemed to Dora that some

whirlwind had swept her away from Mr. Templemore's house. She could scarcely believe everything was over when she entered those rooms which she had left six months before, gay and hopeful. She heeded neither her mother's laments, nor her aunt's angry ejaculations at the course events had taken; she went to her room, and sitting down there, tried again to look her future in the face. Alas! again she found that she could not.

There is somethiag intolerable to the proud in the mere thought of disgrace. Life, Dora felt, was a burden now, and death would be a sort of relief. She had that comfort, though she could not feel it in her dark hour, that death would close her story, and end it in forgetfulness. But she did not think of that. I wonder, indeed, if we really ever appreciate the blessing of obscurity? I wonder if we realize the pangs of a Mary Stuart or a Marie Antoinette at her fatal celebrity? That from the name of either, and of which both, innocent or guilty, must have been conscious, surely added bitterness to the prison, and gave a keener pang to the scaffold. Who will dare to swear that the daughter of Maria Theresa was stainless in the matter of the necklace, or that the Scottish queen did not betray and murder her husband? Historians are not agreed yet -what can the vulgar do? Who shall search up evidence for or against either lady, weigh it carefully, and ascertain the value of documents, forged or real? The task would take a lifetime, and the world has scarce an hour to give. The present and the future are arrayed against the past, and in the broad noonday of one, and the coming dawn of the other, we forget that long sad night, which with every day grows deeper and longer, and in which the illustrious dead lie sleeping. Oh! if we could hear it through the tumult of past generations, surely an appeal, pitcous and de-spairing, is crying to us from the Temple or Fotheringay for justice and belief. "Have faith in me," it says; "do not believe that I could be so guilty. Reckon my sorrows, look at their tragic close, and absolve me!" Alas! we cannot. We are perplexed, like Othello, and no Emilia raises her indignant voice to convince us. We go on speculating, wonder-

felt cold and dead ; but he was to have married Florence in three weeks, and he could not forget that. He was free in honor; but still the tie which had been so strong the day before was not quite broken.

"I shall write to her," he said aloud.

"Perhaps, if you were to see her," suggested Miss Moore. "You know how impulsive dear Florence is. Suppose she gets angry againthinking a letter too cold-and writes a hasty reply, meaning the contrary all the time? Then it would be all wrong again, you see." But Mr. Templemore looked as if he could

bear the fate thus held forth for his admonition. "I shall write to her." he said again. And

he went to his study at once, as if resolved not to argue the case further.

Dora's letter was brief, such a letter as Mr. Templemore expected. He read it twice over, then he sat down and wrote, not one letter, but two. He addressed Dora first. She had asked of him to make no attempt to see her: and severe and unjustifiable though he considered that request he remembered that she had been cruelly wronged, and he would not violate it. But every argument he could think of to make her after her resolve he used, and he concluded with a prayer.

"Do not compel me to feel," he said, " that rand's shop !" "And now," he thought, when this letter

lay closed and scaled before him, "I must write to Florence."

There had been a time when the task was not an effort ; silly though his pretty mistress was, he had once found it delightful to lay away, grief, pity, and indignation filled his the fairest flowers of his fancy at her little feet. But now that time was over, and with a sad and heavy heart Mr. Templemore felt it would never return. No, never again would she be dear as she had been. Pity and pride not love, made him relent toward her. No woman to whom he had been bound so closely should tax him with obstinate and ungenerous resentment; but forgiveness is not affec- | night." tion, and there was secret bitterness in Mr. Templemore's heart as, taking up the pen he had laid down on finishing his letter to Dora, black shadow, which time can never remove he addressed Mrs. Logan. He wrote no reproaches, on his wrongs he was silent; but he spoke of Dora's, calmly, dispassionately, and like one convinced of Mrs. Logan's regret for what had passed, and of her wish to repair the evil she had wronght. He did not ask her to do this, he left her free; but he implied very plainly-that on these terms alone was perfect reconciliation possible.

When this task was accomplished-and how bitter and painful it had been, Mrs. Logan never knew-Mr. Templemore, with a sigh of relief, went to see Eva in the schoolroom. He found the child half ill with a deeply. How different from that stricken one grief he could not remove. He could take her on his knee, caress her, and wipe away her tears, but he could not promise that Dora should return. His fate was not in his own hands. A child's perverse jealousy, a silly woman's folly, had laid his life waste for the time being : ruined every hope, every plan, and left nothing but sorrow behind them. But, alas! for Mrs. Logan, he felt very lenient toward the culprit who sat on his knee clasped in his embrace, with her head on his shoulder, and very severe toward the other sinner, who now read his letter with a flushed face and a quivering lip. He felt severe, perhaps, because in that

room he could not help thinking so much of sleeping child, that the very heart of Mr.

When Eva, tired with play, and still dole, never more be divided; the cross which it ful at Cousin Dore's ildes, camp in to her must bear up some spiritual Golgotha, and to father, she found another letter shriveling up which it is nailed at last, sometimes in shame, which it is nailed at last, sometimes in shame, asked, plaintively. Before Mr. Templemore could answer, a

She rose and looked at. Her in stein shifts, and it is a later and price suddenly taking the place of well might be. That at alone would divide asked, plaintively. "Tell you," she said at length—"tell you "she said at length—"tell you "reveal the future agony. To feel love for one the garden pro-that I am not shameless You ask me to tell foll—and; that they must not stay another" "There is a letter in your study. But, in-past?, Have you forgotten Paul Courtenay? and is it his sister whom of all women you for all women you that I know now. I felt courted and garded that king his house. "I have use to be pitted. I am sure shells heart-broken." down the road to Rouen, with slow and irresolute steps. He looked at Mrs. Logan's defiantly; "it is her doing-not mine." And he went on. He entered the city, he went to Monsieur Merand's shop, and bought an old enamel from the dealer, but with so stern and forbidding a look did he drive his bargain, that it; was only when he was leaving, Mon-

sieur Merand took heart to say : "Why, Doctor Richard, you look as bad as the young lady !"

Mr. Templemore, who already stood on the threshold of the shop, turned round angrily, and sharply said-

"What young lady, Monsieur Merand?" "Oh! the one who used to draw, you once, from the moment she left Les Roches, know. I saw her stealing out of Notre did her lips part to utter so much as "My lot Dame this evening, looking as white as a ghost."

Mr. Templemore did not answer, but walked away. The man could mean nothing, for he could know nothing; but why was he to be all her woe; better, then, be mute, than dis thus persecuted with Dora's name? He did not return to Les Roches at once. He went to his old house and put away his purchases. It was dark night now; and looking at the the saddest day in your life was that on which you met Doctor Richard in Monsieur Me-burning in Madame Bertrand's tirst-floor windows; but one, that of Dora's room, remained dark. It was open, and he could catch a glimpse of a pale figure within, sitting in a bending and motionless attitude. He watched her for an hour and more-she never stirred : heart. But he was powerless, and he knew

> "I can do nothing-nothing," he said to himself again and again.

"Oh! Mr. Templemore. Mrs. Logan is gone !" exclaimed Miss Moore, in a voice full of woe as he entered Les Roches. "But she is not far-she is to sleep at Dieppe to-

Mr. Templemore's only answer to this speech was, " How is Eva ?" "Asleep, I believe."

He went up to Eva's room. A night-lamn burned on the table: its light fell on Eva's little cot. Mr. Templemore sat down and looked at the child. She had eried herself to sleep, and her cheek was still wet with tears.

"It would be better for Eva if I had never brought Miss Courtenay here," thought Mr. Templemore, rather sadly ; "she will get over this sorrow, of course, but she must suffer first, and suffer keenly."

He felt much troubled. The child's grief pained him ; and the sad, motionless figure he had seen in Dora's room pained him still more was the Dora whom he remembered sitting in that now vacant chair before him, with the blue ribbon tying her bright hair, and the light shining on her young face as she told Eva little fairy-tales! Her look, her smile, the very turn of her neck, the very sound of her voice, came back to him with strange vividness. He would rather have forgotteu them, for they were painful, and he still felt, "I can do nothing," but Dora's image re-turned again and again, and would not be denied. It returned radiant, happy, and young, with no trace of pain or trouble on its brow filling that dull, gloomy room with its brightness, and smiling down so tenderly on the

WEDNESDAY, 25TH SEPTEMBER, 1878

"When is Cousin Dora coming back ?" she But what we who look on cannot always see is often known to the sufferer; early pange

tiently, and taking mis hat ne wanted out. It is the about another and the knowledge of ner-was almost night, and Mr. Templemore went own wrong-doing stung her. down the road to Rouen, with slow and irre-

daughter whenever she joined them; but villa as he passed by it; the shutters were Dora's countenance, once so expressive, was shut-Mrs. Logan was gone. That chapter now silent. She would not complain, and she in his life was ended. "Be it so," he thought forbade her looks all language. Mrs. Courtenance, and she her looks all language. forbade her looks all language. Mrs. Courtenay could scarcely repress her tears, and Mrs. Luan was more sullen than ever : but Dora's face gave no sign. She was cold and impassive, as if all sensibility had left her.

Thus she was the first day, and on the morrow, and on the next day again. Thus she was for a week, save that her pale face got paler and more rigid—that her eyes sank, and that her whole aspect gave terrible indication of the cruel strife within. If she had complained, it would have been better ; if she had murmured and repined from morning till night, it would have been best of all. But not is hard." Perhaps she was silent because her full heart would have made her say too much; perhaps if she had spoken she could not have hidden the passion which was at the root of play to any eye the weakness and the folly which had brought down all this.

She sat thus on the evening of the seventh day with her mother and her aunt, when all three started as a man's step came up the staircase. Mrs. Courtenay and her sister-inlaw exchanged looks, but ere they had well recovered, Dora had risen and entered her room. Its door was closing as Mr. Templemore opened the other door and entered the room where Mrs Courtenay and Mrs. Luan sat alone.

"She heard me, and left for that reason," h thought, casting a quick look round the room,

"Pray take a seat, Mr. Templemore," said Mrs. Courtenay, looking a little flurried.

"Why did Miss Courtenay go?" he asked. "She has a bad headache," began Mrs Courtenav.

"She has not!" bluntly interrupted Mrs. Luan'; "but she would not see Mr. Templemore ?"

"And why would she not see me, Mrs. Luan ?"

"Indeed, Mr. Templemore," here remarked Mrs. Courtenay, "my daughter has been cruelly used, and I think you know it."

"Heaven knows how keenly I feel it." replied Mr. Templemore. " But, Mrs. Courtenay, I wish you could induce your daughter to hear me-just for a few moments."

" I shall try," said Mrs. Luan, and she went in to Dora. Mr. Templemore waited in silence for her reappearance; but when the door, which had closed behind her, opened again, and she came forth alone, it needed not her clouded face to tell him that Dora had refused to see him.

" She says she cannot," sullenly said Mrs. Luan, sitting down once more, and evidently both dissatisfied and disappointed.

" No, of course she cannot," querulously remarked Mrs. Courtenay ; " and so, Mr. Templemore, please to come no more. I am very sorry to be so inhospitable, after all your kindness, but I do not see how you can come after what has passed."

" But I must see Miss Courtenay." he insisted. " I know this intrusion may seem cruel, but I have good reason for it-indeed I have. And you must prevail with your daughter, Mrs. Courtenay-you really must!" His tone and his looks were very urgent. Mrs. Courtenay could not resist him.

Dora's lip curled with scorn, but she was silent

"For your own sake you ought to tell," said Mrs. Logan a little angrily; "how do you expect me to justify you, and say it was all a mistake, if I know nothing ?"

"My good name is not in your power," replied Dora, with a swelling heart. "I am not at your mercy, Mrs. Logan !"

"Then it is true!" cried Mrs. Logan, with unconquerable jealousy; "then you did mean to flirt with him, and perhaps to supplant mel

Dora turned red and pale.

"Mrs. Logan, may I ask if you came here to say this ?" she said.

"I came to know the truth, and I will "Dora, tell me, you must; I must know how far matters have gone between you and Mr. Templemore. Tell me-tell me! You are to marry John, I know; tell me the truth, and he shall never know anything-I'll deny all to him; but tell me, and promise not to see Mr. Templemore any more. Oh! Dora, I am wretched, and I must be happy again !"

"Forgive us, our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

A sublime precept, but hard-very hard to put in practice. Dora could not forgive that light, frivolous creature, who went through life taking all its sweetness, and leaving all its bitterness to others; who, after helping to dreadfully !" break her brother's heart, after doing all she could to rob her of her fair name, now asked her victim to help her back to happiness! And what was Mrs. Logan's happiness to Dora Courtenay? Must she not leave Mr. Templemore's house a penniless and, though she had

- Never. "I did-long ago-oh! so long ago! I knew

her when she was a child, you know."

And she walked away, leaving Miss Moore confounded at so strange an allegation, and to I could find out the truth from her. Keen which, however, the violent and unreasonable conduct of Florance gave a sort of likelihood? from me. If I have wronged her, I can just Mrs. Luan looked very calm till she reached her room; but when she was in it. when she heard the iron gates of Les Roches close on further for her fair name, and feel that she is Mrs. Logan, she laughed exultingly. How well she had done it, and how that poor, foolish gull had taken it all in.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MRS. COURTENAY WAS siting alone in the dining-room the next morning, with a pensive and melanoholy look, when Dora entered it. Not one, so far as Mrs. Courtenay could learn, looking as defiant as an injured queen, crossed had taken any breakfast that morning. She could not understand it, and at once applied to her daughter for information.

"What is the matter. Dora?" she asked. "Miss Moore has a headache, says Fanny; Mr. Templemore is out, says Jacques; Mrs. Luan has locked herself in her room. No one seems to want to cat to day !"

"Have you had any breakfast, mamma ?" asked Dora, wistfully.

"I took a cup of tea; but I felt so lonely that I took no more."

Dora laid her hand on Mrs. Courtenay's shoulder, and looked down sadly in her face.

"I let you sleep last night," she said, " but I must tell you this morning. We must leave Les Roches. I have already seen Madame Bertrind, and settled every thing for our return to her; we go to-day-nay, at once. Mr. Templemore is out, and all can be over before he returns."

Mrs. Courtenay stared in mute amazement, whilst calmly, almost coldly, Dora told her what had happened. At first Mrs. Courtenay seemed unable to understand her daughter: but suddenly the case, in all its bearings, was made plain to her.

"Dora," she exclaimed, raising and looking rigid, "did you say she insulted you opposite the servants ?"

"Yes, and in French, lest Jacques should not understand. Oh! pray let us make haste and leave the house !-- pray do !"

But so prompt a resolve was not in Mrs. Courtenay's power. Leave Les Roches and its comforts! Leave the happy, easy life, for the

old life of makeshifts and poverty, and leave know it !" desperately cried Mrs. Logan. | it with the additional burden of disgrace ! It was too hard a fate! It could not be! "But Dora," she argued, " what if Mrs.

Logan saw you and Mr. Templemore in the school-room? You were not alone with him ?"

"Yes, I was," replied her daughter, "Aunt and I sut up with Eva, who was flushed and excited. Aunt went for Mr. Templemore, it seems; but I was alone when he came."

"Then it is all wrong-all wrong !" moaned Mrs. Courtenay; " and I do not know what we shall do, Dora! I thought you would marry him, and now it ends so dreadfully-so very

Dora stood near the dining-room window. She leaned her throbbing forehead against the cold glass. Marry him !- yes, long ago she too had indulged in the folly of that dronm. Marry him !---and she must leave his house disgraced, and the woman who wrought her

-now leaning to that side, now to this, until we grow weary, and turn our vexed minds to more congenial themes.

As we deal with them, and others like them, so the world deals with us when appearances condemn us, and this a bitter intuition told Dora. Oh! if she had thought that the world would believe her! But she did not. She had not made the attempt, and she already shrank from it disheartened. She saw not one remedy to her evil. Her condemnation was lifelong, and the most she could hope for was that, once life was over, the world might forget her. Sad, bitter comfort was this!

For, after all, it is doubtful if the royal ladies we have just mentioned would have exchanged their dolorous renown for a cold oblivion. They might have thought it better to be remembered, even in doubt and scorn, than, after filling the world with their name and their sorrows, to be utterly forgotten.

"And there is no hope for me-none!none!" thought Dora, forgetting that in the most desperate cases there is always hope. "Mrs. Logan will go on asserting that I am

guilty, and no one will believe Mr. Templemore's denial. To stay in his house would have condemned me, and to leave it condemns me—there is no hope! At every turn of my life that slander will meet me!"

Mr. Templemore, too, was hopeless, for he felt powerless. He stayed out two hours and more that morning, vainly seeking a remedy and finding none-none, at least, that his own unaided will could compass. To Florence be would appeal no more. His resentment me?" against her was too strong and too deep. He was wronged in his love, and wounded in his pride and honor; he closed his heart upon her in anger, and resolved to abide by the sentence she had passed upon him. But if Mrs. Logan would not retract, would Miss Courtenay be patient? He doubted it, and that he must not hope for it he learned on his return. He had scarcely crossed the gates of Les Roches when he was overtaken by Miss Moore,

who was also coming in. "It is all right," she said, cagerly-"all ight, Mr. Templemore."

"All right ?" he repeated.

"Oh! yes, I have just seen Mrs. Logan, and on learning that Miss Courtenay was gone, she relented quite."

Mr. Templemore stood still, and looked black as night. "Miss Courtenay is gone!" he exclaimed.

aunt. I did all I could to keep her, of course, but she would go. And if it were not that poor Eva is crying her eyes out. and Fido whining so dreadfully, I should say it is all for the best; for, of course, since that was all Mrs. Logan wanted-"

"Mrs. Logan is not the mistress of this house yet," angrily interrupted Mr. Temple-more. "She may have succeeded in driving this final parting between himself and Flor-Miss Courtenay out of it by the grossest insult one woman can inflict on another, but there her triumph ends, Miss Moore !"

"I am sure she is sorry-very sorry," said Miss Moore, rather crestfallen.

"Is she? Then let her prove it. Let her apologize and retract—but she will do neither. When she came to this house last night-and what brought her?-she came resolved to ruin Miss Courtenay. How did she come in? | and entreaties. -who let her in? Some servant whom she had bribed? Be it so. I scorn the means and the act equally !"

Dora. Her vacant chair, her books, the handherchief she was embroidering, and which she

had forgotten on the table, were mute appeals that roused Mr. Templemore's indignation anew. He remembered this bright girl at the Musce; he remembered her looking as radiant and as joyous as sunshine in her poor home; and thinking of the pale face he had seen last night, of the tears he could imagine, of the humiliation and shame that were her lot now, and of his powerlessness to do her justice, he could scarcely restrain his mingled grief and anger.

"And when will Cousin Dora come back?" plaintively asked Dora.

"Heaven knows, not I," he bitterly an swered. "I have done my best, Eva, and man can do no more."

How that best fared, Mr. Templemore learned that same evening, when the post brought him two letters. He was sitting with Eva in the schoolroom, hearing her through

her French lesson when they came. "Put them there," said Mr. Templemore to Jacques. They were laid on the table before him, these two letters in delicate female hands,

which held his fate in their satin folds. He looked at them a little moodily as the child read on, about Fucharis and Telemachus, and the grief of Calypso, at the flight of Ulysses. "What has placed me at the mercy of these two women?" he thought, with a sort of angry wonder. "Why should the folly of the

one and the pride of the other make a slave of "Did I not read well?" asked Eva, shutting the book, and looking robbed of her meed of "Cousin Dora says I read very praise.

well. "So you do-go and play with Fanny now."

Eva went, aud whilst she and Fanny played at hide-and-seek in front of the school-room, Mr. Templemore took up Mrs. Logan's letter and broke the seal. It was the shortest epistle he had ever received from that lady, for it did not extend beyond the direction on the envelope in which she returned his own letter unanswered. Mr. Templemore colored deeply, then turned rather pale; but he lit a match and burned both letter and envelope at once on the hearth. He looked at the shrivelled scroll in mingled scorn and wonder. "And so that is the end," he thought ; " that is the end! If I would only let her ruin Miss "Ycs, she wou'd go with her mother and Courtenay utterly, she would forgive my supposed infidelity; but I would not, and she finds it easier to give up than to renounce her vengeance. The burden of love in that scale was so light that it will not stand a feather's weight in the other. Be it so, and let Mrs, Logan abide by the fate she has chosen." He felt so calm, that he could not help wondering ence as if they had been two strangers, and looked on it as impartially. Yet, cold though he was, something he felt, for he long forgot Dora's letter. His look falling on it by chance, suddenly reminded him of its existence. It was a plain and brief denial. It was free from complaint of wrong, it spoke no reproach, but it uttered a cold and inexorable "No," to all Mr. Templemore's offers

"A proud woman !--- a very proud woman !" thought Mr. Templemore; " but she too must abide by the fate she has chosen."

Templemore thrilled within him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THERE is no consolation for some sorrows. Neither Mrs. Courtenay nor Mrs. Luan attempted to comfort Dora. She did not complain-not a word of murmur passed her lips. She moved about the house, pale as death, indeed, but bearing her fate in mute resignation or what seemed as much. Of the future, of her plans, if she had any, she did not speak. She sat a good deal in her room, sewing assiduously. Unless early in the morning, she could not summon heart to go out. She had no need to visit the Picture-Gallery now. Besides, her story must be known in Rouen by this-the story of the girl whom Mr. Templemore's future wife had upraided with folly and shame. She was sitting in her room by the open window, within the shadow of the muslin curtain, as this thought came. Her story !--- there had been a time when she had none; and now her name could be in every mouth, and be there with pity or with scorn. Madame Bertrand would have to fight her battles, and justify her with her shrill tonguehow abhorrent the thought was !-- or shrinkingly excuse her on the score of inexperience. Dora's needle flagged as she thought of this. She looked at the old gray church, at the lilies once more in bloom, at the broken image of the bishop, at the lame teacher's window, at the quiet street below, and she remembered how she had felt when she had seen these first. Surely our life is like a wide land, with streams, and rivers, and seas, that divide it in separate and distinct portions. Surely joy or grief is there, as pleasant or troubled waters that flow in different channels. Surely our happy days have nothing in common with our days of tribulation or sorrow! Dora felt as if she could have borne any thing better than this trouble. Deathlost love had not the same pangs as this bit ter humiliation. Death is the human lot, and lost love a frequent calamity; but women who know themselves stainless do not expect shame, and cannot well accept it. In vain Dora thought; "I suppose plenty have been slandered besides me; it is a cross which] must bear. She was a rebel in her heart, and could not, or, rather, would not endure it. Intolerable seemed her fate-intolerable and unjust. She forbade her thoughts to question Providence; but what thought does not, the heart will often do. This was not her only sorrow. Her keenest pang sprang, perhaps, from the fact that she might and should have foreseen this. She should never have gone to Mr. Templemore's house. Her very love for him should have kept her away. Trouble was sure to spring from it. Fair though its opening looked, that cpisode of her life could not end otherwise than in darkness. There is a beautiful picture by one of the old masters which shows us the child Jesus calmly sleeping on his cross. There is no grief, no care in that childish face, divine even in its repose. The cross is small, like the tender naked limbs which rest upon it. But it will grow to man's length, and we, who know the later

story, the via dolorosa which ended on Calvary to purchase our redemption-we cannot gaze on that childish cross without sorrow.

"Thus, though we know it not, in 'many a human life, of which we only see the beginning, and cannot divine the close. The cross is there-the cross which will grow with the prowth of that life and in

" I-I shall try," she stammered; and rising, she went to Dora's room.

She found her daughter looking at the door with a troubled, breathless look, as if her fate lay behind those old oaken panels.

" I will not see him," she whispered, and she shook from head to foot as she said it ; "I will not hear explanation or apologies. Tell him he has not wronged me, and that I hade nothing to forgive; but I will not see himnever-never !"

" Dora, he looks quite ill. He has been ill, I am sure; he only wants to see you five minutes-only five minutes. Since he has not wronged you, how can you refuse it?"

"I will not see him," said Dora, as if she were repeating a lesson learned by rote :--' never—never !"

Mrs. Courtenay begged in vain. Dora clasped her hands and piteously said, "I cannot! -I cannot!"

With that answer her mother came back. Mr. Templemore's cheeks flushed as he heard Mrs. Courtenay deliver her daughter's message.

" I would willingly force myself on no one. least of all on a lady," he said, after a while, but this is no common case-and I cannot write. I must see Miss Courtenay once, and once she must hear me. I have nothing to explain, and no forgiveness to ask ; but I have that to say to which she ought not in justice to refuse to listen. I trust I shall find her more lenient another time."

"But excuse me, Mr. Templemore," said Mrs. Courtenay, a little crossly, "ought you come here at all ?"

Mr. Templemore looked at the two women very carnestly. " Will you keep my secret ?" he asked, in a subdued tone.

They both replied, after a pause, that they vould.

"Well, then, I mean to ask Miss Courtenay to become my wife ; but I wish to ask her myself-not through another, nor even by writing."

Mrs. Courtenay burst into tears, and uttered fervent "God bless you!"

Mrs. Luan's whole face kindled, but she did

not speak. "Will you prevail on Miss Courtenay 10 grant me an interview, Mrs. Courtenay ?"

"I shall try, Mr. Templemore-I shall try." " Then I rely upon you ; and since my pres-

ence is only keeping Miss Courtenay a prisoner in her room, I shall bid you both a good evening,

He then left them; but scarcely had he gone down three steps of the narrow wooden staircase, when the door above opened, and Mrs. Luan appeared at the head of, the banisters. As if unaware that he had seen her, and was waiting to know what she had to GRF she touched him lightly on the shoulder, and said. in a whisper :-

"She goes to Notre Dame at eight o'clock every morning.

Without giving him time to reply, this unexpected ally re-entered the apartment. She found Mrs. Courtenay urging the point on Dora, and, to all seeming, with little chance of success.

"But what harm can it do you to see him?" asked Mrs. Courtenay; adding, with suspicious cagerness, "he can have little or nothing to say.