

LITERARY.

WED NOT FOR GOLD.

Wed not for gold; the glittering ore
May costly luxuries buy,
Yet leave the starving, aching heart
In wretched poverty.

Your dwelling may be paved with gold,
Your robes with jewels shine;
From crystal goblets you may quaff
Your rich and sparkling wine.

Yet wed not gold, unless you wish
Unloved to live and die;
For hearts alone that gold can join
Will feel no sympathy.

Wed not for beauty, for her charms
Are fleeting as they're fair;
Content the soul you cannot with
Bright eyes and sunny hair.

The soul's immortal, and it craves
For something earth above,
Its longings will be satisfied
With nothing less than love.

Then wed for love; let heart with
heart
Unite in sympathy;
Beauty and gold are lost with time;
Love is all eternity.

M. E. H.

LIFE AND LOVE AN APRIL DAY.

Oh, youths, with warm and throbbing
breast;

Maids, with the dewy sparkling eye;
In Cupid's tenderest folds caress'd,
Happy and sad, you know not why!
Sport on, sport on, while yet 'tis Spring,
In Hope and Fancy's sunny ray;
Yet pause to hear an old bard sing
That Love is but an April Day!

Oh, toilers for the yellow gold;
Oh, panters in the race for fame;
Press on for stores of wealth untold,
For laurels of a deathless name!
But in your heart through toil and chase
The goal, the treasure far away,
Methinks should hold the first best place;
For Life is but an April Day.

AARON SMITH.

Grey and Gold.

CHAPTER I.

Continued.

'Not quite, Katie,' said Augusta Maynard, kindly taking Katie's hand in hers, 'I dare say it is trying to you now to hear us all talking of our expected pleasures, but I believe that golden hours come to all of us sometime, and it is better for the grey to come before the gold, than for the gold to fade into grey.'

*"Evening red and morning grey
Are sure signs of a bonnie day."*

sang Mabel Leigh, springing up and hugging Katie round the neck. 'Never you mind, Kathie darlint; the fine day will come soon you'll see; perhaps when some of ours are turning grey yours will be glowing like the sunshine there. Come, we shall soon get melancholy. Let us go into the garden: You shall have it all to yourself to-morrow.'

'I hope my gold won't turn to ashes,' said Carrie, with a comical expression of alarm. 'I don't think so; but I shan't feel comfortable till we are off.'

'I hope not, too, Carrie,' said Augusta; but don't boast. One never knows in this changing world what may happen. 'Most true, O sage Minerva!' said Carrie, and she danced away down the long corridor, singing gaily.

The girls flitted away into the garden, all but Katie, who stood leaning against the school room window, unheeding the calls from below. She did not see the sunshine pouring through the thick trees, touching every leaf and turning it into a glittering jewel; she did not hear the cawing of the rooks as they sailed slowly

homeward through the still air nor the gurgling of the brook at the bottom of the garden, though her eyes rested on them; she took no note of the rich meadow land, from which the heat-veil was gradually lifting, bringing into view glimpses of a fine range of well-wooded hills beyond. The sunshine crept lovingly round her as she stood there, brightening the soft grey dress she wore, and glowing in the tiny rose-colored tie, so neatly fastening the small white collar, and calling out the brighter tints in the glossy dark hair. But Katie herself was far away living those ideal golden hours, What cared she for fetes and theatres?—Nature, not society was what she longed to see, and the historic spots around which thronged so many memories; not Paris with all its boulevards, its Palais Royal, its shows and gaiety; but Paris with its memories—the Tuileries, Notre Dame, the shad-dowy forest of Fontainebleau, the trim gardens of Versailles, and so on with the rest. Milan, with its magnificent cathedral; Rome, with its thousand voices of the days gone by; Venice and its sad story; Naples, with its burning mountain frowning above olive groves and sparkling waters. To dream of all this, and know that others could go forth and realise it all, while she seemed doomed to this cold grey life, was too much just then for the philosophy of sixteen; and Katie learnt her head against the glass and wept bitter tears. But flashing back into her memory came the old distich—

*Is sure signs of a bonnie day;
morning grey*

and drying the tears from her eyes she exclaimed half aloud, 'Well, perhaps I may have the gold yet if I have the grey now. Anyhow, crying won't brighten it. I hope it will turn to gold some day, though I don't see any signs yet. I should like just to know what the feelings is to be very happy.'

CHAPTER II.

The Summer holidays passed as they had done in former years: From choice Katie kept up some of her studies. She had the drawing-room piano, too, also to herself, and, passionately fond of music, many hours sped fleetly away in this absorbing pursuit. The two Miss Ravenhursts had departed on a round of visits, with which to recruit their lagging energies, and obtain a fresh store of health for the arduous duties of another half-year. Good Mrs Walker, the house-keeper, looked well after the comfort of the lonely girl as was her wont, and Katie's time was spent between the piano, the garden, and the housekeepers' snug parlor. But the orchard was her special sanctum, there, in the hottest days, was plenty of shade, and ensconced in the branches of a gnarled old apple tree, sheltered and fanned by its rustling canopy above her, or buried in the herbage at its feet, with no sound of life but the of the velvet-coated bee, or the merry shouts of the hay makers in the distance, Katie read and dreamt, at her own sweet will, through the long hours of the pleasant Summer days.

Summer faded, and another school term passed, and the Christmas holidays came and went. Katie spent the latter much after the old fashion, only that the firelight fell on her gentle face with its earnest eyes, instead of the golden Summer sunshine.

Another year passed by, and Katie was seventeen; not much changed, taller; more womanly, with a quiet self-possession in manner but with the same guileless child heart, and the same love of castle-building about all things beautiful. She had almost ceased to think of golden days; life was still but in its 'morning grey' yet; but it is an axiom in life that when we least expect it a change comes.

One afternoon Katie received a message to go to Miss Ravenhurst as soon as school was over. It was such an unusual circumstance that she opened her brown eyes enquiringly as she listened, and, at the conclusion of the lesson, took her way to Miss Ravenhurst's private room, vaguely speculating as to what the lady could have to say to her.

'Well, Katie,' said the governess, looking up from her work as the girl entered, 'here is news for you? Do you consider yourself a sufficiently finished young lady to say good bye to us all?'

'Good bye!' repeated Katie in bewilderment. 'Oh Miss Ravenhurst, where am I going?'

'Read this letter my dear,' she replied; 'and you will know all about it.' The letter was from the aunt of whom Katie had heard so often, and had never seen, and it stated that Miss Rycroft considered that Katie must be old enough now to leave school; and as the money expended on her education seriously lessened her aunt's small income, which, as she was far advanced in life, she felt the full need of, she wished to give Miss Ravenhurst the usual quarter's notice and begged her to inform Katie that after the expiration of the present term her home would be at Cardham with her aunt.

Katie went back to the school room as though in a dream, it was so sudden a change; and as the girls heard of her intended departure the lamentations were loud and long. They had been so long accustomed to look upon Katie as part of the institution, that the idea of her leaving was most unwelcome and unlooked for.

The quarter's notice soon expired. In the meantime Katie had received two or three letters from her aunt, formal certainly, but not unkindly in their spirit, and she began to hope with the buoyancy of youth, that the change would not prove so hard as she had feared, and to picture to herself various ways in which she would try to brighten the lonely life of one to whom she felt she owed so much.

The last day at length arrived, when Katie must say farewell to this the only home she could clearly remember, life here had had its troubles; many sorrowful hours had been passed here; very many desolate ones; but now the memory of these placed before its brighter ones, and it was no light trial to pass from the old familiar haunts she knew so well, and the merry companions she had lived among so long. Everyone loved Katie, her trunks were full of prizes and farewell gifts, and even Miss Rycroft's dignity gave way as she wrapped the little figure in a warm embrace and said good bye, while good Mrs Walker wept unrestrainedly behind her. Katie's heart was too full for words, as she looked round with tear-dimmed eyes. The sunshine fell warm on the trim gardens, and glanced down through the fruit-laden boughs of the orchard, flecking the ground below with bars of gold. The long windows were open, everything wore its accustomed air, and Katie could hardly believe it possible she could be going away to return no more.

Miss Rycroft had furnished Katie with needful directions for her journey, and nothing adventurous happened to Katie in its course. The train sped quickly along through the quiet country; sometimes swooping through a long tunnel: sometimes tarrying a short time in pleasant little towns, or at bright roadside stations, but Katie took little heed of her surroundings. she was deep in the history of her own life, feeling as if she had reached the end of its first volume, and would fane look forward into the new phase of existence opening before her. She would have liked to lift the curtain of futurity and gaze into the shadow land beyond. Where the golden hours any nearer after the long monotony of nearly eighteen years?

To be Continued.

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