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OCEAN BEACH ON A STORMY EVENING.

BY MRS. LUPROHON.

had was the scene and lonely Down by that wave-washed shore, Where the wide, boundless ocean, Heaves, tosses, evermore; Shadows were tickly falling, O'er oliff and rucky steep, O'er dark and low' ring heavens, O'er wild and feam-flecked deep.

No golden gleaus of sunset, No cloud of rosy hue, Illumed that seene so dreary, No glimpse of saure blue, But the dark tinted billows, With deep and muttered roar, Came swiftly rolling landwards, Breaking upon the shore.

Long line of foam, white, seething, Checkered the wide expanse, With wherl and ghostly gleaming. Seeming the gloom t'enhance; Whilst now come soffy orceping Gray mists along the years! rny mists along the const. ith motion vague, uncertain, phantom, shadowy host.

Hark I 'bove the roar of waters List to that sullen boom ! Is that a gleam of lightning Flashing across the gloom? A minute gun sad signal From o'er that stormy soa. From to their help, oh Father! They have no hope save Thee!

Blacker come down the shadows,
Fiercer roll in the waves,
Deoper the muttered thunder
Booms up from occan's caves,
liigher the stormy billows
If ing up their foam wreaths white,
Karth hath no seene more lonely
Than occan beach to night.

Journal of Education.

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WITNESS: THE DEAD

OR,

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CLOSE OF AN EVIL WOMAN'S CAREER.

We must now return to Margaret and Colonel Atherton whom we left with the insensible Lil-lian, using every effort to restore her to life and consciousness, and momentarily expecting the arrival of the physician for whom Colonel Atherton had sent off Watkins, the latter having unexpectedly made his appearance from the stables

expectedly made his appearance from the stables a short time previous.

How mournful was the change wrought in that fair young face. Thin and haggard with sunken eyes encircled by deep dark rings, pinched, pallid lips, hollow temples, could this be the bright beautiful young being whom Noville Atherton had last looked on with such admiration, under the fragrant shadow of the pine woods? And yot the stern-browed man that miration, under the fragrant shadow of the pine woods? And yet the stern-browed man that bent over her, watching with heart-sick anxiety the faint breath of life struggling back in that wasted frame, a breath so uncertain that every moment might see it extinguished in death, felt that she was dear to him as no woman had ever been since the death of his early and long mourned first love.

mourned first love.
"O my God!" he inwardly and passionately petitioned. "Spare—space—her to me! Thou who hast permitted that my long desolate and scarred heart should find at last a tie to bind it to earth, do not in mercy sever that golden link almost in the hour that Thou hast curiched me

And on her side how fervently the pious gentle Margaret prayed for the prolongation of that life so precious to her lonely heart. Surely surely, those united and earnest supplication mounted to the cur of Him who has said: "Ask

and you shall receive," obtaining from His mercy the boon so forvently implored.

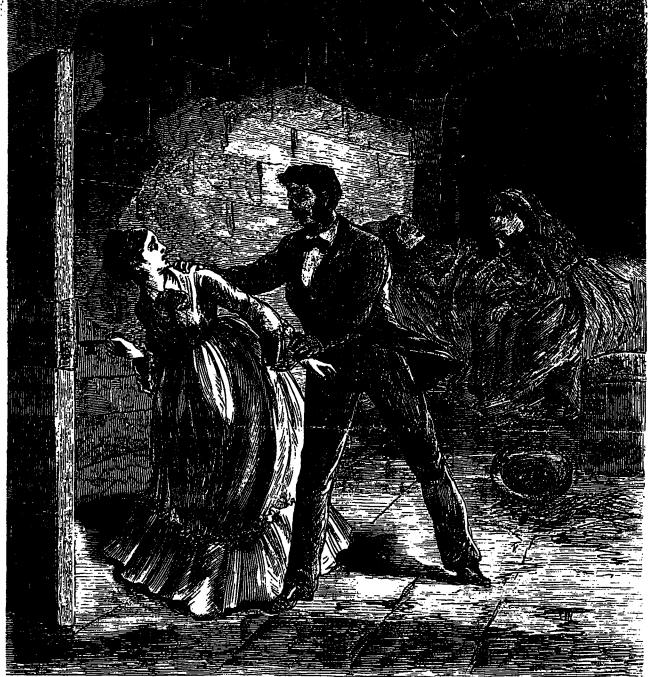
Doctor Ewing soon arrived, listened wonderingly to Colonel Atherton's hurried tale of Lillian's incarceration in one of the cellars of the building, a victim to the housekeeper's hatred—this was the only version ever given to the subthis was the only version ever given to the public—then applied himself to the immediate re-storation of the patient. After an hour of watchful care and suitable ministrations, such as the sufferer's frame, reduced by actual star-vation, demanded, the large dark eyes opened, clear and intelligent, and after first resting on Margaret with affectionate pleasure, turned on Col. Atherton, whom she evidently recognized, with satisfaction, though without evincing any surprises at his presence. surprises at his presence.

"Now, Miss Tromaine, our young friend must be put into a darkened room and kept perfectly quiet," was the softly spoken dictum of Doctor Ewing. "With extreme care and prudence her recovery may be hoped for, though I have never seen one as far gone on life's last journey as she is, retrace their steps."

"The room she occupied so long with myself, will, I think, answer best," rejoined Margaret. "I shall run up first and prepare it."

In crossing the threshold the remembrance of the formidable and guilty woman whom she might meet in the chambers above suddenly presented itself to her mind, blanching her Atherton read her thoughts at once and whispered:

"I will go with you." As they reached the upper landing the girl with a perplexed look said:



"I must get the keys of the linen closet from Mrs. Stakely."

"And you fear to ask for them, sister Margaret, is not that the case?" and something like a smile passed for the first time during the last twenty-four hours over the speaker's face. "Yes that is the exact case."

"Then I will act as your deputy and call on this formidable housekeeper to deliver them up. That door slightly agar is hers, is it not? I need not knock quite as imperatively as I did this

But something of the sort seemed necessary, for two or three rappings, augmenting in noise as Colonel Atherton's patience diminished, brought no response whatever.

"Perhaps she has left the house," he suddenly surmised. Knowing the fearful suspicions or rather certainties hanging over her head, it would be the wisest thing she could have done. Please Margaret, go into her room even if she have left, you may possibly find the keys there." The girl entered a step or two, then retreated with a white, terrified face.

"Yes, hut I dare not venture in. She looks so strange."

Atherton pushed gently past and strode into the room.

Mrs. Stukely was seated in her arm chair which was drawn up to the table, and her head drooped forward slightly as if in slumber, but her eyes wide open and blankly staring with the fixed glassy vacancy of death. A tiny vial on the table beside her, as well as the odour of some powerful drug tainting the air, revealed that a voluntary death by polson had closed Hannah Stukely's sin-stained career. Colonel Atherton hald his hand on check and

brow. They were rigid, and cold with the icy

chiliness of the tomb.

"Come away Margaret," he kindly said,
drawing the almost fainting girl from the room.

drawing the almost fainting girl from the room.
"See, we will lock this door till later, and now, show me the linen closet. I will break it open, for everything necessary for our dear invalid rust be procured at once."

The thought of that beloved one restored Margaret at once to something like self-possession, and soon everything was ready. It was Neville Atherton's strong arms that carried Lillian up to her apartment, the physician being short to her apariment, the physician being short Thus he passed back into his old haunts and and pletheric declared himself unequal to the life of vice, to live and die in the manner such task, and then after exacting a promise from the latter that no consideration should induce him to leave the patient's sides till his—Colonel

Atherton's return, he whispered Margaret that he was about returning home to bring back his mother, a couple of confidential servants, as well as everything that might be requisite for Lillian till her condition would permit of her being moved to Atherton Park. The invalid however had youth in her favor as well as a naturally strong healthy constitution and it was turally strong healthy constitution, and it was not long ere her loving anxions watchers had the happiness of seeing the old bright smile light up her wan face. Of the past she was utterly forbidden to speak, nor was the death of her father, nor that of Mrs. Stukely communiinquest was held over the housekeeper's re-the provence rose just placed in her hand by mains, and owing to Colonel Atherton's efforts, ther host, as he stooped at the same time to was carried out with such gaution that Lillian's place a velvet footstool under her feet, and to rest was in no manner disturbed.

A sullen, rufficatly looking man was pointed out to the Colonel at the investas the husband of the deceased; but Stukely attributing his wife's rash act entirely to the effects of his own brutality during the interview that had taken place between them in the morning kept friends, at last to speak—to relate to you my his own counsel and volunteered no information. No one had seen him enter or leave the than any of you have an idea of. A tale, too, house for Margaret and Colonel Atherton, its of dark guilt, on whose relation I shrink from for Margaret and Colonel Atherton, its only immates apart from the unconscious almost only liminates apart from the unconscious aumost dying girl on whom they were attending, had seen nothing of him. Neither pity nor reconstirred his heart as he looked down on the face, his only commentary being an invalidation of the second thought that she was "a deep one and might have become dangerous." After ascertaining garet, will understand the sadness with which fully, what he had already suspected in part, that his wife had left by a will dated the day me. And you Colonel Atherton, will know after his return all she possessed to her infant why I have heretofore so steadfastly refused to fully, what he had already suspected in part, that his wife had left by a will dated the day grant-child and idiot daughter, everything tied i enter into any engagement that might bereafte up so accurately and securely by legal precau-tions that he could never touch a farthing of it, he resolved on leaving the neighborhood for over, bringing of course with him the money and jewels of which he had despoiled his wife on the morning of her tragic death.

"Thanks to my own rough and ready wit, I've had a fulr share of the spells any how;" he muttered, as he descended the steps of the Prince's Feather for the last time. "Now, hey for London, where my palk will give me a deuced sight warmer welcome than the one I got at Tremaine Court when I came back.'

as he generally do, at war with all social and roligious laws.

CHAPTER XXII. CONCLUSION.

One lovely summer evening Lillian found herself seated on a sofa in Mrs. Atherion's own room, in that lady's particular arm-chair, surrounded by the friends she loved with such just cause. Neville Atherton her devoted lover her gentle sister Margaret, and the generous, high souled woman, who was now in every sense of the word a mother to her. Very levely the girl utterly forbidden to spenk, nor was the death of looked though fragile face and figure yet plainly ber father, nor that of Mrs. Stukely communibure the traces of recent and dangerous illness, sated to her for a considerable time. A coroner's and the line of her cheek was faint as that of draw with lover-like care a soft white shaw around her shoulders. All three were silent at the moment, when suddenly the voice of the girl, soit yet wonderfully clear, made itself

"Doctor Ewing has given me leave, dear entering, yet it must nevertheless be told. You, Mrs. Atherton, will then understand why I have listened in uttersilence to the desires and hopes you have sooften deigned to express to me even when my heart was full to overflowing with gratified for your earnest kindness. You, Margaret will understand the seduce with actions. bind you in honor to fulfil a bethrothal which you would, perhaps, secretly shrink. After family secrets, with which I became acquainted in all their horror, you may be, perhaps, glad to remember that you are perfectly infettered by vow or promise to me of any sorth,
"Not to-day, Lillian, do not tell your story to-day," hastly interposed Margaret. "You

are not strong enough for such an effort."

"It must be to-day, for like a criminal I long to hear my sentence pronounced"; and with a cheek white now as the snowy morning robo that clothed her, she entored on her tale, beginning with her first nocturnal visit to the cust

Ah! her's was not the only cheek that the warm blood receded from that evening, and

though no exclamations of terror or wonder broke in on her recital, such as interrupt, so often, the speaker in parratives of fur less harrowing moment, a look of stlent horror stole over the faces of her listeners and rested on each countenance as if frozen there. Once only a faint mean broke from Margaret's pale lips, and she covered her face with her hands; and once Colonel Atherton rose and brought the speaker a glass of wine and water. How the girl's tortured heart inwardly wri-

thed under the sufferings of that terrible con-fession, under the auguish and lumiliation of laying bare to that proud, sensitive mother and son the appalling guilt of a father, the igno-miny of which could not but be reflected, to a certain extent, on his children. But her recital came at length to an end, and with a short catching of her breath that sounded like a sob, she

"Tis for you to tell me now by what providential coincidence you came to discover me in so strange and secret a hiding place? Margaret,

Whilst the eldest sister briefly compiled, Col. Atherton whispered a word in his mother's ear, and his eyes sought her's with the entreating look that they had never worn since the days of his youth, when they had hever worn since the days of his youth, when they had pleaded with her the cause of Gertrude Ellis in vain. But the Mrs. Atherton of to-day, humbled, chastened in heart, was a very different being to the Mrs. Atherton of old, whose ambitious pride had marred so completely her many other noble qualities. Gently she pressed her son's hand, and then the latter approaching fallian bent over her, tenderly saying:

"When I asked you, a short time since, to be my wife, dear Lillian, you declined giving me an answer till I had heard the tale you have just related. Its only effect has been to increase tenfold my admiration and love, and I now re-new my sultentreating you to listen to it favorably. All that affectionate devotion can suggest to render you happy will be done, and it will be my dear task to blot speedily from your recol-lection the sorrows and trials of your early youth.

youth."

"And I will be to you a fond, loving mother,"

"I whispered Mrs. Atherton, as she approached the
young girl and drew her head on "" hosom.

"Now, not mother word, for this agitation has "Now, not another word, for this agintion has been too much for you, and your white face would fill Dr. Ewing with dismay if he saw it. Margaret, you can walk with Neville on the terrace outside, or do penance in the dining-room, but fallian must lie down on the soft here and keep perfectly quiet for the rest of the

"Remember, mother," persisted Col. Atherton, as he glanced appealingly, though smil-ingly, towards Lillian, "I have not had my answer yet."

A blush, bright as the smile that accompanied it, flitted over the girl's face, restoring to her, for the moment, her olden beauty, but Mrs. Atherton again interposed:
"There, my son, is not that answer sufficient? At least, I will allow of no other today. I am fully invested with a mother's privileges and intend to neathern.

privileges and intend to use them.

Quictly Margaret and Colonel Atherton with-drew, and under the sholter of the stately trees bordering the terrace, they spoke long and earnestly on subjects that were now of common interest to them both. It was decided that Noville himself should see to having the venerated remains contained in the oak chest prionly an old family domestic on whose discretion he could rely into his secret, and that only as fur as was absolutely necessary, thus this sad chapter in the family annals should never become food for wondering gossip and comment. The marriage should come off as soon as Lillian would allow it, and as quietly as possible, out of consideration for the latter's weak health and the mourning she still were for her father. Then the new-married couple would travel for some months on the continent, a thing almost necessary to enable the bride to fully recover from the scones of horror through which she had pussed.

Margaret would remain with Mrs. Atherton. and that mutual companionship would console them for the absence of the two other beloved

members of their family circle. Tremnine Court, old and dilapidated, sur-rounded with painful and terrible memories, would be pulled down, and Atherton Park would

be the future home of all. Just as Margaret and Colonel Atherion had planned, all things came to pass. With his brotherly assistance the girl went through the examination of her father's papers and effects, fearing lest a stranger's eye might find among them some clue to the terrible family secrots. The greater part of these she burned, reserving, of course, those of a business nature. In a of course, those of a business nature. In a secretary drawer, the lock of which was rusty from long disuse, she found a small miniature of her mother, and a few yellow, time-stained letters, written in a meek, gentle spirit, to the writer's husband, during one of his frequent absences. They were the only treasures that Tremaine Court contained; and Margaret put them away to be often taken out, kissed wept over in her hours of solitu de.

opt over in her nours of solitude.

On all points connected with the last deher sojourn in her subtermnean prison, Eille was strangely reticent, and when the subject was alluded to usually contrived to change the course of conversation. She merely said she had suffered but little from hunger or thirst, a strange, sleep impor, induced, probably, in great part b in air of the place, rendering her aims is misble to all external sensations. What is wrely told, however, were the sentiments of humble resignation to God's will with which she accepted death at His hands; the free cutter foretypness who have not obligate. the free, entire forgiveness she bestowed on her enemies, praying even for them as she did for those most dear to her; and the other hely thoughts had filled, so absorbingly, her pure

young heart.
As previously arranged, Lillian and Noville