

comply with her request, and seated myself at the piano; it was a beautiful instrument, but it held no old memories for me, for it was a new one, purchased for Helen. I played nervously at first, for I knew my aunt would listen critically; presently, however, I grew more self-possessed, and forgetting my listeners altogether, I lost myself, heart and soul in the music, playing on, on, one piece after another as they came crowding into my mind, gliding at last, almost unconsciously into the familiar strains of "Homesweet Home." Then I ceased playing and looked round. Mrs. Godfrey had let fall her work and was leaning back in her chair, with closed eyes, her hands clasped loosely in her lap. Helen was sitting in a wicker chair at the open window, with her hands clasped at the back of her head, but I could not see her face for it was turned from me. Mrs. Godfrey was the first to arouse herself. "You play well," she remarked coldly; "you have been well taught."

"Oh! Enis, you play divinely," cried Helen in her impulsive way, that I grew to love so much afterwards. "I shall have you at the piano half the time, till I am afraid you will be weary of it."

"I do not think I shall ever be weary of music."

"Ah! you love it? So do I; only I would always rather listen to others, than play myself. Do you sing?"

"Passably."

"Will you sing for me to-night, or are you tired?"

"I will with pleasure; I am not too tired."

"Then sing this; will you? It is a great favorite of mine."

She selected the song from a pile of others and passed it to me.

I glanced at it. It was "Douglas, Douglas Tender and True."

I bent my head silently over the music. How shall I describe the conflict of emotion going on in my soul at that moment; pride, sorrow, anger were battling together. Had I dared I would have refused to sing that song; but I was afraid to do so in Mrs. Godfrey's presence. How often in past years I had sung it to Douglas Rathburn! and I seemed to see again his frank blue eyes laughing into mine as he leaned his tall figure over the piano. I had never sung it since then; and now Helen asked me to sing it to her!

"Enis! what are you waiting for?"

I looked up quickly, I had forgotten Helen, Mrs. Godfrey, everything present for a moment, I had been back to the old golden days of long ago.

"I beg your pardon Helen," I said, placing the music up before me, not that I needed it, for I knew both words and notes by heart. I steadied my voice and managed to get through with it pretty creditably until I got to the last line, then my voice quivered, broke and ended in a sob that would not be controlled; I felt deeply disgusted with my weakness, and very much frightened, for I knew that Mrs. Godfrey was looking at me, and I felt, rather than saw, the cold sneer on her lips.

"Oh! poor Enis! you are tired I should not have asked you to sing to-night," said Helen pityingly.

"Perhaps Enis has sentimental memories connected with that particular song," said my aunt with slow emphasis.

(To be continued.)

Content.

Contented lie the noon-time resting herd,
Content are dotards, nodding heads of snow,
Content are prattling babes, too young to know
The hopes by which the mother's heart is stirred.

But strong men, fired with zeal unswerving, gird
Their loins with patience, and to battle go;
Their souls with yearning filled, little they know
Of lotus-fed content. The upward-soaring bird

Sees still new deeps above, and longing sends
Her song aspiring towards those loftier skies
She may not reach; and heroes, unto ends

Beyond attaining, strive with eager eyes,
In godlike effort that as far transcends
Poor dull content as heaven an earthly prize!

Arlo Bates, in the Boston Courier.

[Written for The Family Circle.]

Wounded Hearts.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

THIS information struck me at first like a blow, and, as I regained control of myself a dazed, confused feeling came upon me of a dim knowledge of past events that was bewildering. But the idea of Sweeman's cruelty was again uppermost in my mind in an instant.

"And the brute takes revenge on the son for the wrongs done him by the mother," I exclaimed, a hot glow of indignation tingling in my cheeks.

"And if he does, what then?"

For an instant I felt myself stronger than Werbletree, because of a sense of being in the right with him defending a weaker, because an unjust, cause. "What then," I repeated still excitedly, "then he shows such cowardice as to make any torment he has suffered a just retribution."

"Listen," returned my companion composedly and authoritatively. "You are speaking of what you know nothing. I have watched the actions of men in all circumstances and know well the injustice with which one views another."

"But you are not in earnest, surely, in upholding such brutal conduct as Sweeman's?"

"No; I rather pity the man for being driven to such measures."

This indeed was a new phase of Werbletree's character. Much as I had felt resentment towards the cruel miller, I could not help admiring my strong, sturdy companion's pure charity, and even felt the influence of it myself.

Werbletree was not a bigot, and had nothing to say against bigots. Only minds that see through prejudiced eyes are enraged because others have the same fault, and this law, applies to all faults similarly. If a lady disdainfully says "I can't bear the airs of Mrs. so and so," simple reason, independent of a knowledge of human nature tells us that it is the same haughtiness of character which prompts the jealousy wherewith she judges that she condemns in "Mrs. so and so." When critics censure they place themselves before a mirror. But to return.

"Well," I said; "supposing he was justified by circumstances, what of the boy's mother?"

"I was going to speak of Sweeman's attachment to her, but no matter, if you have loved as devotedly as he, you can understand without explanation; but if your fancy has been led from one to another no word of mine could convey the force of his affection."

I moved uneasily in my chair as his large eyes rested on me as if to ask if I understood what such love meant.

"She was a widow," he continued at length; "a young widow, penniless, but aspiring; beautiful, but selfish. Her own ambition was to be gratified at any expense, and when William Elson came in her way with—"

"William Elson!" I exclaimed half bewildered; "is Mrs. Elson Arthur Drummel's mother?"

I saw him acquiesce and then felt him place his arms about me as he half carried me to a sofa, and there I lay down, weak, half-conscious, eager for him to continue his narrative, yet too weak to ask him to do so.

CHAPTER XIV.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven and heaven is love.—Scott.

IT is not often a person calls to mind the peculiarity of the weather in recounting incidents of the past which are in themselves very engrossing, but the splendor of that particular autumn still remains vividly in my memory. Hazelgrove was more beautiful now than at any other season. The clustered nuts were bending their slim bushes, and tinged with brown a ripe appearance improved ten-fold the monotony of the greenness of the previous months. The