

LINES

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

"Why things should be we cannot see.
We only know that it is so."—Proverb.

I.

Not far apart, as distance counts
By time and space;
And oftentimes they look upon
Each other's face.

II.

Not far apart: they often meet
As friend meets friend,
And seasons of communion sweet
Together spend.

III.

For they are friends: And when they meet,
Through all his speech
Run tones of deepest tenderness
Her heart to reach.

IV.

Her lovely quiet home, the haunt
Of bird and bee,
Where Nature's melody resounds
From every tree.

V.

Hath brightened with his presence, till
Each shady nook
Is a memory-haunted shrine
Whence he doth look.

VI.

Here hushing from the locust trees
They breathed the balm;
Their hearts to silence filled, their souls
Divinely calm.

VII.

And here he plucked for her a dower,
A violet;
Poor dower it withered soon: and still:
She keeps it yet.

VIII.

Here, where the path through clover blooms
Slopes to the brook,
Hand clasped in hand, in June's bright morn
Farewell they took.

IX.

Not far apart: they'll meet, they say,
Perchance again,
As they have met, with joy's wild thrill,
To part in pain.

X.

Alas! Alas, divided far
As though death's deep
Between their severed life-paths rolled
With sullen sweep.

XI.

O Holiest! whose hand hath set
Them distant here:
Say in thy happy Heaven above
Shall they be near?

EROL GERVAISE.

Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XII.

It became necessary as George Voss sat at supper with his father and Madame Voss that he should fix the time of his return to Colmar, and he did so for the early morning of the next day but one. He had told Madame Faragon that he expected to stay at Granpere but one night. He felt however after his arrival that it might be difficult for him to get away on the following day, and therefore he told them that he would sleep two nights at the Lion d'Or, and then start early so as to reach the Colmar inn by mid-day.

"I suppose you find the old lady rather fidgety, George," said Michel Voss in high good humour.

George found it easier to talk about Madame Faragon and the hotel at Colmar than he did of things at Granpere, and therefore became communicative as to his own affairs. Michel too preferred the subject of the new doings at the house on the other side of the Vosges. His wife had given him a slight hint, doing her best like a good wife and discreet manager, to prevent ill-humour and hard words.

"He feels a little sore, you know. I was always sure there was something. But it was wise of him to come and see her, and it will go off in this way."

Michel swore that George had no right to be sore, and that if his son did not take pride in such a family arrangement as this, he should no longer be son of his. But he allowed himself to be counselled by his wife, and soon talked himself into a pleasant mood, discussing Madame Faragon, and the horses belonging to the Hôtel de la Poste, and Colmar affairs in general. There was a certain important ground for satisfaction between them. Everybody agreed that George Voss had shown himself to be a steady man of business in the affairs of the inn at Colmar.

Marie Bromar in the meanwhile went on with her usual occupation round the room, but now and again came and stood at her uncle's elbow, joining in the conversation, and asking a question or two about Madame Faragon. There was, perhaps, something of the guile of the serpent joined to her dove-like softness. She asked questions and listened to answers, —not that in her present state of mind she could bring herself to take a deep interest in the affairs of Madame Faragon's hotel, but because it suited her that there should be some subject of easy conversation between her and George. It was absolutely necessary now that George should be nothing more to her than a cousin and an acquaintance; but it was well that he should be that and not an enemy. It would be well too that he should know, that he should think that he knew, that she was disturbed by no remembrance of those words which had once passed between them. At last she trusted herself to a remark which perhaps she would not have made had the serpent's guile been more perfect of its kind.

"Surely you must get a wife, George, as soon as the house is your own."

"Of course he will get a wife," said the father.

"I hope he will get a good one," said Madame Voss after a short pause,—which, however, had been long enough to make her feel it necessary to say nothing.

George said never a word, but lifted his glass and finished his wine. Marie at once perceived that the subject was one on which she must not venture to touch again. Indeed she saw further than that, and became aware, that it would be inexpedient for her to fall into any special or minute conversation with her cousin during his short stay at Granpere.

"You'll go up to the woods with me to-morrow;—eh, George?" said the father.

The son of course assented. It was hardly possible that he should not assent. The whole day, moreover, would not be wanted for that purpose of throwing his thunderbolt; and if he could get it thrown it would be well that he should be as far away from Marie as possible for the remainder of his visit.

"We'll start early, Marie, and have a bit of breakfast before we go. Will six be too early for you, George, with your town ways?"

George said that six would not be too early, and as he made the engagement for the morning he resolved that he would if possible throw his thunderbolt that night.

"Marie will get us a cup of coffee and a sausage. Marie is always up by that time."

Marie smiled and promised that they should not be compelled to start upon their walk with empty stomachs from any fault of hers. If a hot breakfast at six o'clock in the morning could put her cousin into a good humour it certainly should not be wanting.

In two hours after supper George was with his father. Michel was so full of happiness and so confidential that the son found it very difficult to keep solemn about his own sorrow. Had it not been that with a half obedience to his wife's hints Michel said little about Adrian, there must have been an explosion. He endeavoured to conform himself to George's prospects, as to which he expressed himself thoroughly pleased.

"You see," said he, "I am so strong of my years, that if you wished for my shoes, there is no knowing how long you might be kept waiting."

"It couldn't have been too long," said George.

"Ah, well, I don't believe you would have been impatient to put the old fellow under the sod. But I should have been impatient, I should have been unhappy. You might have had the woods to be sure; but it's hardly enough of a business alone. Besides a young man is always more his own master away from his father. I can understand that. The only thing is, George,—take a drive over, and see us sometimes."

This was all very well, but it was not quite so well when he began to speak of Marie.

"It's a terrible loss her going, you know, George; I shall feel it sadly."

"I can understand that," said George.

"But of course I had my duty to do to the girl. I had to see that she should be well settled, and she will be well settled. There's a comfort in that;—isn't there, George?"

But George could not bring himself to reply to this with good-humoured zeal, and there came for a moment a cloud between the father and son. But Michel was wise and swallowed his wrath, and in a minute or two returned to Colmar and Madame Faragon.

At about half-past nine George escaped from his father and returned to the house. They had been sitting in the balcony which runs round the billiard room on the side of the court opposite to the front door. He returned to the house, and caught Marie in one of the passages up-stairs, as she was completing her work for the day. He caught her close to the door of his own room and asked her to come in that he might speak a word to her. English readers will perhaps remember that among the Vosges mountains there is less of a sense of privacy attached to bedrooms than is the case with us here in England. Marie knew immediately then that her cousin had not come to Granpere for nothing,—had not come with the innocent intention of simply pleasing his father,—had not come to say an ordinary word of farewell to her before her marriage. There was to be something of a scene, though she could not tell of what nature the scene might be. She knew, however, that her own conduct had been right; and therefore, though she would have avoided the scene, had it been possible, she would not fear it. She went into his room; and when he closed the door, she smiled, and did not as yet tremble.

"Marie," he said, "I have come here on purpose to say a word or two to you."

There was no smile on his face as he spoke now. The intention to be savage was written there, as plainly as any purpose was ever written on a man's countenance. And Marie read the writing without missing a letter. She was to be rebuked and sternly rebuked;—rebuked by the man who had taken her heart, and then left her;—rebuked by the man who had crushed her hopes and made it absolutely necessary for her to give up all the sweet poetry of her life, to forget her dreams, to abandon every wished-for prettiness of existence, and confine herself to duties and to things material! He who had so sinned against her, was about to rid himself of the burden of his sin by endeavouring to cast it upon her. So much she understood; but yet she did not understand all that was to come. She would hear the rebuke as quietly as she might. In the interest of others she would do so. But she would not fear him,—and she would say a quiet word in defence of her own sex if there should be need. Such was the purport of her mind as she stood opposite to him in his room.

"I hope they will be kind words," she said. "As we are to part so soon, there should be none unkind spoken."

"I do not know much about kindness," he replied. Then he paused and tried to think how best the thunderbolt might be hurled.

"There is hardly room for kindness where there was once so much more than kindness: where there was so much more,—or the pretence of it."

Then he waited again, as though he expected that she should speak. But she would not speak at all. If he had sought to say let him say it.

"Perhaps, Marie, you have in truth forgotten all the promises you once made me?"

Though this was a direct question, she would not answer it. Her words to him should be as few as possible, and the time for such words had not come as yet.

"It suits you no doubt to forget them now, but I cannot

forget them. You have been false to me, and have broken my heart. You have been false to me, when my only joy on earth was in believing in your truth. Your vow was for ever and ever, and within one short year you are betrothed to another man! And why?—because they tell you that he is rich and has got a house full of furniture! You may prove to be a blessing to his house. Who can say? On mine, you and your memory will be a curse—lasting all my life-time." And so the thunderbolt had been hurled.

And it fell as a thunderbolt. What she had expected had not been at all like this. She had known that he would rebuke her; but, feeling strong in her own innocence and her own purity, knowing, or thinking that she knew, that the fault had all been his, not believing—having got rid of all belief—that he still loved her, she had fancied that his rebuke would be unjust, cruel, but bearable. Nay; she had thought that she could almost triumph over him with a short word of reply. She had expected from him reproach, but not love. There was reproach indeed, but it came with an expression of passion of which she had not known him to be capable. He stood before her telling her that she had broken his heart, and as he told her so, his words were half choked by sobs. He reminded her of her promises, declaring that his own to her had ever remained in full force. And he told her that she, she to whom he had looked for all his joy, had become a curse to him and a blight upon his life. There were thoughts and feelings, too, beyond all these that crowded themselves upon her heart and upon her mind at the moment. It had been possible for her to accept the hand of Adrian Urmand because she had become assured that George Voss no longer regarded her as his promised bride. She would have stood firm against her uncle and her aunt, she would have stood against all the world, had it not seemed to her that the evidence of her cousin's indifference was complete. Had not that evidence been complete at all points it would have been impossible to her to think of becoming the wife of another man. Now the evidence on that matter which had seemed to her to be sufficient was all blown to the winds.

It is true that had all her feelings been guided by reason only, she might have been as strong as ever. In truth she had not sinned against him. In truth she had not sinned at all. She had not done that which she herself had desired. She had not been anxious for wealth, or ease, or position; but had, after painful thought, endeavoured to shape her conduct by the wishes of others, and by her ideas of duty, as duty had been taught her. Oh, how willingly would she have remained as servant to her uncle, and have allowed M. Urmand to carry the rich gift of his linen chest to the feet of some other damsel, had she believed herself free to choose! Had there been no passion in her heart she would now have known herself to be strong in duty, and would have been able to have answered and to have borne the rebuke of her old lover. But passion was there, hot within her, adding every word as he spoke it, giving strength to his complaints, telling her of all she had lost, telling her of all she had taken from him. She forgot to remember now that he had been silent for a year. She forgot now to think of the time in which he had asked about her marriage when no such marriage was in her mind. But she remembered well the promise she had made, and the words of it. "Your vow was for ever and ever." When she heard those words repeated from his lips, her heart too was broken. All idea of holding herself before him as one injured, but ready to forgive, was gone from her. If, by falling at his feet, and owning herself to be vile and unworthy, she might get his pardon, she was ready now to lie there on the ground before him.

"Oh, George!" she said; "Oh! George!"

"What is the use of that now?" he replied, turning away from her. He had thrown his thunderbolt and he had nothing more to say. He had seen that he had not thrown it quite in vain, and he would have been contented to be away and back at Colmar. What more was there to be said?

She came to him very gently, very humbly, and just touched his arm with her hand.

"Do you mean, George, that you have continued to care for me—always?"

"Care for you? I know not what you call caring. Did I not swear to you that I would love you for ever and ever, and that you should be my own? Did I not leave this house and go away—till I could earn for you one that should be fit for you—because I loved you? Why should I have broken my word? I do not believe that you thought that it was broken."

"By my God that knows me, I did."

As she said this she burst into tears and fell on her knees at his feet.

"Marie," he said, "Marie—there is no use in this. Stand up."

"Not till you tell me that you forgive me. By the name of the good Jesus who knows all our hearts, I thought that you had forgotten me. Oh, George, if you could know all! If you could know how I have loved you; how I have sorrowed from day to day because I was forgotten! How I have struggled to bear it, telling myself that you were away, with all the world to interest you, and not like me, a poor girl in a village, with nothing to think of but my lover! How I have striven to do my duty by my uncle, and have obeyed him, because—because—because, there was nothing left. If you could know it all!"

Then she clasped her arms round his legs, and hid her face upon his feet.

"And whom do you love now?" he asked.

She continued to sob, but did not answer him a word. Then he stooped down and raised her to her feet, and she stood beside him, very near to him with her face averted.

"And whom do you love now?" he asked again. "Is it me, or is it Adrian Urmand?"

But she could not answer him, though she had said enough in her passionate sorrow to make any answer to such a question unnecessary, as far as knowledge on the subject might be required. It might suit his views that she should confess the truth in so many words, but for other purposes her answer had been full enough.

"This is very sad," he said; "sad indeed, but I thought that you would have been firmer."

"Do not chide me again, George."

"No; it is to no purpose."

"You said that I was—a curse to you?"

"Oh, Marie, I had hoped—I had so hoped that you would have been my blessing."

"Say that I am not a curse to you, George."

But he would make no answer to this appeal, no immedi-