

she looked at the hour. It wanted only ten minutes to five. She must hasten away with all speed if she were to keep her appointment. She rushed from the room, and caught up her hat as she ran through the hall.

Five o'clock sounded from the turret tower as she entered the wood, and it was with a beating heart that a moment or two afterwards she reached the place where she had appointed to meet her brother.

He was not there. Surely he had not been, and, vexed at not finding her, had gone away again? But not a trace could she discover that any one had passed that way. Not a fern was displaced, not a bramble thrust aside. So, seating herself on the knoll, she waited.

A quarter past five chimed from the turret clock, and still Maud waited. Half-past, and no one could be seen. A quarter to six, and she heard a rustling amongst the leaves, but it was only a hare seeking his form.

At six o'clock Maud rose from her seat. It was fast growing dusk in the wood, and Frank would hardly come now. But she gave one more glance all round before she came down from the mound.

In the distance she could descry a figure advancing towards her with rapid strides. He was come at last, then. It was worth while to wait for him! And, quitting her post of observation, she hastened to meet him.

WHEN LAST I SAW HER.

When last I saw her! Memory, now
Weave cypress chaplets for my brow:
When last I saw her hope had fled,
My heart was chilled, my life was dead.
And yet all nature seemed to smile,
So as might e'en my woe beguile.
July, thy sun was warm and bright,
Dazzled thy full orb'd moon the night;
But sun nor moon to me could bring
Cessation from deep sorrowing.
You'd have me tell you? words would fail
Half to unfold so sad a tale;
Enough and more it were to say,
She whom I loved had said me nay.
A wanderer thenceforth to be,
In many a clime, on land, o'er sea,