

went to her, prepared to take her to my heart—I promised to be generous to you by-and-bye, if she proved a good wife—I tried to conciliate her, but she was false to you in her heart at that very moment. She seized upon the shallowest pretext for jilting you. She is a base, designing creature, not worth a thought.”

“Hush, mother,” said the young man, with an almost solemn quietude. He had dashed aside those unmanly tears, and bore the sharp pains of this new sorrow like a martyr. “Hush, mother—not one word against her. Let her name be dead between us. Let it be more utterly dead than the names of those we have loved and lost. We speak of them sometimes. We will never speak of her.”

His mother, wise even in her love, kissed his cold brow—damp with the anguish of this mental struggle—and left him alone with his sorrow. Whatever form his passion took, were it despair or anger, it was best that he should fight his battle alone.

To be continued.

MONTREAL.