

was killed, and that I had come to Aynworth to see his widow, who, I understood, lived at Laurel Cottage. Could Mrs. Carey tell me anything about her?

What could not she tell me? How, when old Sir John died, Sir Patrick had brought his mother to live with him, and that afterwards nothing would do but his cousin too must come and settle down at the Cottage. Poor dear lady, so quiet and gentle, with her white face and widow's cap; and so good and kind! There—if any one was in trouble, they always went to her. Fond of the little boy? Why, he was the very light of her eyes—a fine child, and very like "his poor pa!" Marry again? Well, she didn't think it likely, though there was them as said that Sir Patrick had eyes for no one but his cousin. She and her aunt were a great deal together; the old lady was getting oldish now, but was just as sweet and good as ever. Whereabouts was the cottage? Well, quite close to the park; if you turned up the lane by the smithy, that would bring you past the garden wall.

I had decided upon first making myself known to Sir Patrick, and allowing him or Mrs. Lorraine to break the news to my wife; and I wished to see him, if possible, that evening.

I went up the lane by the smithy, and followed it for about three hundred yards, when I came to a low stone wall, with a thick privet hedge on the other side; and from Mrs. Carey's description I at once recognized the garden of Laurel Cottage, the white chimneys of which I could just see through the trees. I could not resist taking a look at Mary's garden, and, climbing the wall, I saw a break in the hedge. The clear moonlight showed a neat trim lawn, with rose-trees and flower-beds. What else there might be I did not see; for down the walk, close to the hedge, came two figures; a man in evening dress and a lady in a long black gown and white cap. It was my Mary and Sir Patrick Lorraine.

I slipped to the ground and remained *perdu* where I stood. I could not but stop and listen, remembering Mrs. Carey's words; and I was hungering for the sound of my wife's voice.

It was so perfectly quiet that as they advanced I could hear how earnestly they were talking; and I held my breath to listen. They stopped just on the other side of the hedge. Sir Patrick was speaking.

"I have been patient, Mary; you know I have. All this while I have never said a word until to-night; but I can't be silent any longer. I have loved you so long, my dear; and now that you are sad and lonely I love you only the more."

"No, no, Pat, you mustn't say that! Pray don't! You can't tell how you distress me. Say no more, dear Pat!"

It was her own voice; but, oh, how sad it was!

"My dearest, only say that I may try to win your love, and that perhaps in time you might be able to care for me enough to marry me. Let me take care of you, love and comfort you, as I could only do if you were my wife."

"Pat, Pat"—what a sob that was!—"you must surely know that I shall never have any love to give you! You were always my dear cousin; but you can never be more to me now."

"No love to give me! Do you mean that? No, it can't be! It isn't that you love—that there is some one else in my place? Say it is not that, Mary?"

"But it is that, for I do love some one else too well ever to be able to love you as you wish!"

My head dropped between my hands on to the stone wall. Oh that I had died before I had heard such words from my wife's lips! Oh that Heaven would let me die now, that my death might deliver her and myself from a double misery! The solid ground seemed to have slipped from under my feet. I was in a chaos of unutterable agony. Oh, my wife, whom I had so fondly, blindly trusted all these long weary years of my captivity!

As one in a dream I heard Sir Patrick's voice again.

"At least, Mary, tell me who it is. You will trust me as much as that; won't you?"

"Ah, Pat, you need not mind; you have no living rival! It is only my own Douglas, my darling, my dead husband, my only love!"—and she broke into bitter weeping. "I have never loved any one but him," she said through her sobs; "all my life I had loved him, though I never knew it till he asked me to marry him. And, now he is gone, I love him more than ever. He is not dead to me—only absent, and silent; and, oh, Pat, how could I give up his name, and pull off the ring he put on my hand, and call any other man in this world my husband? I know that he is dead—that in this life we shall meet no more; but in the sight of Heaven I am as truly his wife this day as I was on that happy, blessed day that he married me!"

May Heaven forgive my hard thoughts of her! I wonder if the moss on that wall grew greener for the tears that rolled down the face that in my torment I had hidden. No words that human tongue ever uttered or human heart conceived could have expressed the ecstasy of that moment.

Again I heard Sir Patrick's voice—sad, subdued, with all its former passionate intonation gone.

"I see—I understand; I know it all now, my dear. I will ask you no more; I will never try to shake your faithful love. Try to forget my folly—let not let it make any difference between us; let me be just cousin Pat again."

Then, after a pause—"But you will grant me

one thing, Mary, won't you? I am your boy's godfather. Let me, as far as I can, fill his father's place by taking upon myself the whole charge of his future; and that shall be, Mary, just as you and his father would have wished it to be. Will you promise me this for his sake, and to show me you have forgiven me?"

Mary promised; and it seemed to give him some little comfort in what I knew must be his great sorrow. Heaven bless him! Not once had he tried to tempt her with his wealth and title, with the splendid home he could give her, the ease and luxury she might have as his wife. He had pleaded his love honestly and humbly, and, chivalrous gentleman as he was, not by one word had he tried to shake her love for her dead husband.

I made my way back to the inn; but it was long before sleep came to me—I could only think of what happiness the morrow would bring to her and to me.

I found my way early next morning to the Park—so early indeed that Sir Patrick was still at breakfast. I was shown into the library; and, on my message being taken to him that I desired to see him on important business, he sent word to say that he would be with me immediately. The library was nearly opposite to the dining-room, and through the half-opened doors I heard a voice which I knew at once to be Mrs. Lorraine's.

"I have finished, my dear. Shall I go and see who your early visitor is?"

"Ay, do, mother! I will not be long; but I was so tired this morning that it made me later than I should have been."

Tired! I knew better than his mother what the word meant.

I heard the soft rustle of a dress, and in another minute she stood before me—older and more faded than when I saw her last, but sweet, lovable, as of old. I had no time to notice more, for she was looking questioningly at me.

"I have not the pleasure—" She stopped, and a strange frightened look came into her eyes.

I made a step forward.

"You do not recognize me, Mrs. Lorraine? Forgive me, for I ought to have let you know; but I could not wait. Don't you know me?"

She gazed blankly at me, dumb and motionless with intense surprise; then she had me by both hands.

"Douglas, Douglas, surely it is your voice! Are you come back from the dead? Oh, my precious Mary!" Gently putting me aside, she hurried from the room; and I heard Sir Patrick's hasty exclamation—

"What is the matter, mother? What has happened?"

"Come, Pat, come quickly! It is Mary's husband! He has never been dead at all!"

Then followed a whirl of embraces and questions and hand-shakings that fairly took away my breath; but through it all I only seemed to hear Sir Patrick's deep tremulous "Thank Heaven!" He thanked Heaven for Mary's constant love and reward, thanked Heaven for her happiness, even though his own hopes were thereby more utterly destroyed than before.

For half an hour we sat talking. Then Mrs. Lorraine said—

"You are impatient to see Mary, Douglas; will you remain here while I go and break the news to her, and bring her to you?"

"I think, mother," her son interposed, "that you should take Douglas with you, and let Mary have him to herself in her own house first; don't you? Go in by the front door, instead of by the garden, and leave him in the drawing-room. She won't see you, for at this time she is sure to be in the garden, or giving orders in the kitchen; so I think you are safe to escape being seen."

So pleased, so thankful, so glad was he, this noble, unconscious rival of mine!

It was but a step across the corner of the park. We crossed the high-road and hurried up to the trim little front door, which Mrs. Lorraine opened herself. She hurried me into the tiny drawing-room and then disappeared.

Perhaps she was gone twenty minutes. To me it seemed an eternity. Once I heard a child's merry laugh, and then the pattering overhead of little feet; and my heart leaped, for I knew it was the voice of our boy. Half dazed, I looked round and recognized the same well-known books, pictures, knick-knacks, as of old. Over the piano was my portrait in uniform; and on the little table was the work-basket I had given Mary, while beside it lay a toy boat and a whip—these were my boy's. But I could not think; I could only watch the door, and listen for the first sound of her step outside.

I heard Mrs. Lorraine's voice—"In the drawing-room"—the door opened and Mary was in my arms.

How the next hour passed I cannot tell; and, even if I could, it would be a subject too sacred for me to speak of. But I think that, if in this world, a foretaste of unutterable joy is ever granted to human hearts, it was given to us two then. Verily this was life from the dead, the lost found. Long years of bitterest sorrow faded like a dream with our arms once more round each other.

Words were useless, impossible, until somehow we found ourselves kneeling by the little sofa, sobbing out words of loving gratitude to Him who had given us back to each other, who had "turned the shadow of death into the morning."

My story, such as it is, is ended. Since that

happy day my wife and I have never been parted; for I have had a succession of shore appointments, and our farthest journeyings have been to Malta. I shall retire now before long; and through Sir Patrick's influence and that of our constant friend, Sir Hugh Seymour, now an Admiral, a first-rate civil appointment is in store for me.

Sir Patrick is our firm and faithful friend, honored and beloved by us and our children, as he well deserves to be. Long ago he told me how he had once asked Mary to marry him; so there is no secret bar to our perfect friendship. He has insisted on taking my eldest son off my hands entirely, in accordance with his request to my wife; and he talks even of making him his heir. When we ask about the future Lady Lorraine, he smiles, and says, "You may still see her here some day;" but he has never married yet. He lives on quietly with dear aunt Fanny, who is very feeble now.

As for Mary, she is Mary still—not a bit altered, save that in her dear eyes lies a deep and chastened peace that I never saw there before; and the hand of sorrow has rested so heavily on the gentle head that in what was once a bright brown hair there is now little but its silver record to be seen.

As I finished, she came and looked over my shoulder, and saw what I had put at the head of this paper.

"A safe anchorage!" What are you meddling with pilotage for, Douglas? That's not your work."

"It has nothing to do with pilotage—it is about you."

"About me? You must explain yourself."

I clasped her hands in mine as they rested lightly on my shoulder.

"Have you never heard, Mary, that 'a good wife is from the Lord,' and that 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her'? And don't you think that in this stormy life a man who can say that may well thank Heaven for 'A SAFE ANCHORAGE'?"

M. E. M.

#### HE WAS IN TROUBLE.

He walked bashfully into a local artist's studio, and striking a dejected pose, looked with a dreamy expression toward a half-finished portrait. His toilet was somewhat disarranged, and a green pad rested over his left organ of vision. After turning his hat about nervously in his hands for fully a minute he said:

"You see, sir, we were having a little Sullivan and Ryan matinee, and I went in Sullivan, but I came out Ryan."

"How is that?" asked the artist.

"Well, the other fellow downed me," said the visitor, fumbling still more nervously at his hat brim.

"What am I to understand from that?" asked the artist, filling a little, short briar-wood pipe and lighting up.

"Why, he knocked me out. Used me up in three rounds, and I just let him have the belt without saying a word. In the last round I got it straight from the shoulder on the peeper, and I went to grass like an ox in a slaughter-house. That final round left me with a portico under my left eye, and that is the reason I'm here. Oysters are no earthly good in my case. After using a couple of dozen I gave it up and decided to drop in and see you," concluded the visitor.

"But I'm not a doctor," said the artist.

"Of course you're not, but you are a painter, and that's the kind of a man I'm looking for just at present. See that," and the visitor raised the green pad, discovering a very much discolored optic. "Now, I'd like to have you run a couple of coats over that and bring it back to something like its original color. You understand?"

"Oh, you wish me to paint over the discolored flesh?" said the artist.

"That's the idea. You're a portrait painter, I believe," said the visitor, gaining more confidence and taking a chair.

"Well, yes; but I never had much experience at painting black eyes," said the artist, smiling.

"Oh, well, go ahead. I'll stand a two dollar note," said the visitor, removing the green pad. "I wouldn't face my wife with such an eye on me for a Jay Gould boodle."

"All right; but remember I'm rather green at this sort of business," said the artist, as he commenced to mix his colors.

"Go ahead, and don't be afraid to lay it on thick," said the visitor, and the artist went to work. He was, indeed, green at that particular branch of his profession, but he laid on his colors boldly and made up his mind to assume a talent, if he had it not. First, he plastered a thick layer of white. Then, being a little nervous, he struck a lake blue. To get rid of this unnatural tone he dashed on a blotch of red and toned it down with more white, but still the thing wouldn't come right, so he tried a little gray, and followed this up with yellow. This last experiment gave a most unhealthy appearance to the visitor's face, so he thought he would go back to first principles, and dashed on another coating of white.

"How does she look?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, she's coming out all right," said the artist, in an assuring tone which he was far from feeling. Then he mixed up more colors, and stood off a little distance looking with a very critical air toward his victim. Then he sailed in again, and this time he struck a beautiful bright purple. Somewhat disconcerted at this result, he dug his brush into another color and drew it,

with an artistic flourish, across the victim's face, producing a sickly green. "Ain't you getting it a little thick?" asked the victim, squinting up his eyes. "It seems stiff-like." "Oh, no, that's all right," said the artist, nervously hunting about for another color to cover up the last terrible result of his experimenting, and he plastered on another coat haphazard. But this time even a Russian could not have described the wonderful effect he had brought out under that eye. He had discounted Turner, and the "Slave Ship" was no where.

"Suppose I just take a look in the glass," said the victim.

"No! no! don't stir!" almost shouted the artist, but it was too late, and the victim was before the glass surveying his face with blank astonishment. At last he turned and shouted—

"What in blank do you mean by painting me up in this blank fashion?"

"I told you I was green at—"

"Green! Why, I look like the—the—the devil. I shall sue you, sir. This is a case of malpractice. How am I to go in the street—oh Lord!" and the poor victim sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"But I haven't finished," said the artist—"if you will just let me—"

"Finished!" shouted the victim, jumping to his feet and waving his arms about like the sails of a windmill. "Finished! No, thank heaven! you have not finished, but I have!" and he bolted through the door and ran down stairs like a mad man.

"No more porticos for me," said the artist, heaving a deep sigh of thanksgiving at his escape and picking up his brushes with trembling fingers.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

#### HIS FUN WAS NO JOKE.

A funny man came down on one of our river boats last fall. He was a fat little Englishman, with sandy side whiskers and a check suit, with an opera-glass slung around it. He had his horse and rifle aboard, and told the captain he had been up in Manitoba hunting savages. Captain said if he meddled with Indians he'd get into trouble.

"Oh!" said he, "these weren't Indians—savages, naked men, you know—buff fellows."

He appeared much interested in shooting the rapids, and called out, after running Lachine, "Very good shot, Captain." The Captain, with not a curl of merriment in his Jove-ial beard, but throwing all the contempt he could into the opprobrious epithet, merely observed:

"Ah, you are a wag."

"Do you see double, Captain?"

The skipper denied the soft impeachment, asserting he was far too old a steamboat man ever to do anything of the kind.

"Well, you can see more than other people, anyway. If I ride up town when I go ashore, folk will only see a man on horseback—you will see a horse and wag on."

Before the Captain recovered from the shock he found himself attacked on the other flank.

"If I walked up and had my horse led after me, that would be putting the wag on before the horse, wouldn't it?"

A pensive expression came into the Captain's face, and a look of attraction into his eye. He was thinking how nice it would be to have that wag on a yard or two ahead of the *Spartan's* iron stem, his brain pan square for it, and not a soul to call "Man overboard."

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS HENRIETTA BEEBE is making her mark in London.

"THE Money-Spinner" has achieved a popular success at Wallack's.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD played at the Academy Monday and Tuesday.

At the Theatre Royal the "Widow Bedott" will hold the boards during the week.

THE *Stabat Mater* will be sung in St. John the Evangelist's Church on the 31st inst.

MRS. THROWER will give a concert with the Beethoven Quintet Club on the 17th prox.

It is feared that the time-honored Sacred Harmonic Society is in its last season.

MRS. ROCKWOOD gives a concert at Ottawa on the 15th inst., at which the Governor-General will be present.

ON April 28th next year, the present house of the Opéra Comique will enter the 100th year of its existence.

ANOTHER theatre, which will also reach the 100th year of its existence next year, is the Palais Royal, built in 1763 as a marionette theatre.

Mlle. MERQUILLER, a *débutante* from the Conservatoire, made a signal success at the Paris Opéra Comique in Gounod's *Philtre* at Baudet.

THE burlesque on "Patience" at Tony Pastor's, has been wonderfully successful. People have been turned away nightly.

Mlle. HEILBRON, the prima donna, has contracted a brilliant engagement with the director of the Scala at Milan.

PAULINE LUCCA will appear at the Berlin Opera on April 10, with the rôle of Catherine in Götts opera "The Taming of the Shrew."

HANS VON BULOW has been invited by the Emperor of Russia to give a series of concerts at St. Petersburg, with the Meiningen Court orchestra.

Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI sang recently in Paris after a long period of absence. She was greatly applauded at the last of M. Fadeloup's concerts in Handel's "Samson."

THE Irish Ballad Concert, given at the Royal Victoria Hall on the 9th, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were present, was a great success.