

## THE CLOUD-STAR.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Far up within the tranquil sky,  
Far up it shone;  
Floating how gently, silently,  
Floating alone!

A sunbeam touched its loftier side  
With deepening light;  
Then to its inmost soul did glide  
Divinely bright.

The cloud transfigured to a star,  
Through all its frame  
Throbbed in the fervent heavens afar  
One pulse of flame;

One pulse of flame which inward turned  
And slowly fed  
On its own heart, that burned and burned,  
Till almost dead.

The cloud, still imaged as a star,  
Waned up the sky;  
Waned slowly, pallid, ghost-like, far,  
Wholly to die;

But die so grandly in the sun—  
The noonfire's breath—  
Methinks the glorious death it won,  
Life! life! not death!

Meanwhile a million insect things  
Crawl on below,  
And gaudy worms on fluttering wings  
Flit to and fro;

Blind to that cloud, which grown a star,  
Divinely bright,  
Waned in the deepening heavens afar  
Till lost in light!

## THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

A TALE.

"May I come in?"  
"Yes, come in."

And the painter, forgetting his visitor already, stepped back a pace or two to gaze at the work on his easel. It was a sunny bit of landscape in early morning, while the dew was still on the grass, and the birds were in jubilant song on every bough and branch. You could fancy as you gazed that you heard the sound of running waters, and saw the tall tree-tops sway softly in the summer wind.

A little maiden stood at the edge of the river, amongst the long sheaves of water-grass, dabbling her bare feet in the cool, limpid tide. Her face was turned full towards you; "the light that never was on sea or land" throwing a wonderful radiance over its still beauty.

And this other little maiden, peering over the artist's shoulder, said softly, in smiling wonder, and with a pride that showed his art glorified her in her own thoughts. "That is me again. Always me!"

But though he used her beauty lavishly—unmercifully, it may be—to adorn his canvas, he had evidently no other feeling towards her, for he did not notice her, in any way. She did not seem disappointed as she drew back and seated herself on a chair behind, wrapt and absorbed, as if some spell were on her she was too glad, in her tranquil fashion, to break.

She watched every movement of his pencil with intelligent sympathy, and such supreme interest, that her slight fingers moved mechanically as his moved, and each gesture of hers was a copy of his.

For two hours he worked on steadily, unconscious of the girl's existence even, much more of her presence. The window was open to the ground, and as the buzz of the bees grew fainter, and the sultry summer afternoon began to fade and soften into twilight, the sunset clouds took strange shapes, mimicking a battle field, and casting their golden spears prone into the olive shadow of the old elm.

The birds, coming home weary to rest, rustled the boughs, and the rooks, swaying in their tall nests, cawed drowsily, as if they were bidding each other good night, or perhaps, repeating their evening prayer, but half awake.

The painter took one lingering, dissatisfied look at his work, and then, throwing down his pencil, leapt through the casement and disappeared.

The girl rose then, covered the canvas with a reverent hand, and moved silently here and there, putting a little order at the end of the day's work, but so judiciously that the painter would miss nothing that he wanted on the morrow.

Finally, she shut down the window and went out, closing the door carefully behind her.

Lingering on the garden path, the roses over the porch scattering their faded leaves amongst her hair, she glanced wistfully down the lane. She could see the painter standing midway, bareheaded and contemplative, his stalwart, untidy figure looking like a blot in the golden perspective.

There was a wonderful hush in the air, a strange silence and calm, broken, at intervals only, by the homely sound from the farm-yard near. A cow lowed; a young colt, frisking in the meadow, gave a joyful neigh; a hen, cooped up with its brood, resented the intrusive beak of some dissipated duck returning late from a party of pleasure on the lake-pond; then the barn-door slammed, and the old cock at roost on the beam set up a crow, thinking he had miscalculated the time, and it must be already dawn. Leah seemed to listen, and see too, as she stood there; but every sense she had was absorbed in wondering how—if her ambition were not unholy—she might so comport herself as to win the heart she craved for, and weave her love into the fabric of his daily life. That the painter was a sceptic, and egotist for his heart's sake, it was not in her tender, timid, trusting woman's nature to divine. She loved him, and yet by her love he became

so grand, and good, that it was almost a shame in her to aspire to his height.

A mist stole across the sunset, creeping up from the valley, and effaced all the glory.

Day and night  
Were standing in each other's light.

Then Leah went in, and sat in the cool calm of the great oaken hall, waiting for his steps, that she might be there ready to minister to him directly he came.

He was an ungoverned soul, this painter, recognising no laws but those fancy or inclination suggested to him at the moment. He had odd fits of restlessness occasionally, when he would wander about all night, and poor Leah, still keeping watch, would almost faint with weariness.

But when he came, at last, long after day-break, his clothes rent, his hair in a wild tangle, and all wet with dew, she had a smile for him, and a soft little murmur of welcome, though he never saw or heard.

To-night his mood was more reasonable, or the heat of the past day had tired him, for the clock was striking ten when he opened the door, and stumbled against Leah as she ran forward to meet him.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said, brightly, in a voice that would be heard, for the surprise made her bold. "But, please, hush; mother is asleep."

"She is always asleep," he answered testily. "What a blessed thing, isn't it?—I mean for her!" said the girl, in her tender ignorance; "she suffers so much when she is awake. You will have some supper now?"

"No!" shortly and abstractedly.

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright!"

There was so much disappointment and pain in her voice, that it brought to him a transient gleam of comprehension.

"You must not mind me, Leah," he observed. "I am a thorough Bohemian. I never had any one to care a snap of the finger about me yet; and I like it better so, for it makes me independent. My mother died when I was born; my father went mad—some say of grief, but I should think that was doubtful. I was brought up on cuffs and hard fare, and they agreed with me, somehow. Folks called me a young savage and, of course, I was. Nature was my only friend then; she is my only friend still. I learnt to paint out of sheer gratitude to her, and not for fame or money, and I want no sympathy but hers. So don't trouble about me, child; if I am left alone, I shall do very well."

"Not if you won't eat," she said, pitifully.

"I do eat when I have time, but I have none to-night. I have a thought in my head I want to dream out."

He passed her quickly, but stopped on the bottom steps to the stairs to add, "I wish they would ring the neck of that confounded old Cochin, yonder; he'd wake the very dead!"

"I'll tell Mrs. Rumbold he disturbs you, shall I?"

"Bother Mrs. Rumbold; she is the worst of the two!" said the painter, discontentedly, as he sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, and vanished into the darkness of the passage beyond.

He never asked for a candle, fortunately, or there would have been a chance of their all being burnt in their beds. And poor Leah would have had another anxiety in addition to those that already oppressed her. To nurse a sick mother, and eke out their scant means in such a way that the invalid should never guess how poor they really were, was surely enough thought for this childwoman of sixteen, without another care added.

And then this love, which was nothing but anguish and longing, brought her no rest. It was only the change from one bitterness to another at best, for it had no leaven of hope, even though it had pauses in pain.

For three days the artist shut himself away in his room, and could not be seen, or even heard. Leah carried him food to the door, and left it there, and sometimes it was taken in, sometimes untouched, whilst the man worked out his thoughts without her, and had not heard enough to be grateful for the gentle observances that kept him from fainting over his task.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Leah went boldly to his door, and knocked; and, lo! a grim, stubborn face showed itself in answer.

"May I come in?"

This with a look of supplication backing the prayer of her lips.

His gesture of denial was almost fierce.

"But you do always let me in!" she urged.

"I may want you to-morrow, and then I'll call you. I won't have you until I do want you that's certain!"

The supreme egotism of this speech never seemed to strike Leah as she moved slowly away.

He would want her to-morrow, perhaps. Leah picked up the crumbs of comfort he had thrown at her gratefully, and hugged them to her breast. She had been banished three whole days, but to-morrow would repay her, if she were patient.

She went up to her mother's room, and sat down beside the bed—a tender, soft light on her young face, as if, with all its sadness, love was still sweet, because it was love.

Mrs. Burt had known better days, and she could not forget them. She was querulous, discontented, and sensitive; and, it is to be feared, Leah had a sorry time with her. She was always picturing slights that were never intended, and grumbling at her neighbours, who were quite willing to please her, if they knew the way. She had no idea of her daughter's daily sacrifices, her self abnegation, her woful, loving devices to hide

their poverty; for they had very little to live upon, and the invalid was so exacting. Leah denied herself hourly, not luxuries, but actual necessities, and Mrs. Burt still complained.

The worst of it was that the latter would not accept her position. She was still hampered by her pride, and thought it bitterly hard they should have only one servant, when this one servant was a terrible difficulty, so far as Leah was concerned, and embarrassed her cruelly in a hundred different ways, for Jane was very healthy and very ignorant. She could see no difference between economy and meanness, and, having been brought up in the workhouse, was, of course, particular about her fare.

So that often she dined off meat, and Leah off bread; whilst Mrs. Burt had her chicken-broth, and grumbled because her sherry was not champagne. The lodger was never mentioned before the invalid. She disapproved of him strongly. She had never been accustomed to anything of the kind; Leah would have her own way. It could not be necessary, she was sure, for her husband had been considered a very good match when she married him; and though he had certainly been extravagant—it was no use to deny that—still Leah ought to respect her father's memory, and not blazon their change of fortune.

The artist did not pay his rent regularly—how could a man with his genius be expected to remember such things?—and poor Leah felt sometimes as if the burden of life were too heavy for her; but she was very brave, too, and looked forward to brighter days, with the hopefulness that was a part of her youth.

To-morrow came at last! Leah had lain awake in the cold calm of the night to wait for it, and the dawning day was like a blessing to her. She had expected to be summoned early; but the hours passed away, and the painter gave no sign. It was nearly three o'clock, when, as she sat listening in the hall, she heard his sudden stride in the room overhead. The door opened, and he called impatiently down the stairs.

"Leah, be quick!"

She reached him in a moment.

"Here I am!" she responded, breathlessly.

"Do you want me now?"

"Yes, yes," he said, in his irritable way; "of course! Have you a white dress anywhere?"

"Yes; shall I put it on?"

"Only make haste!"

She was gone almost before he had done speaking, and love lent her wings; for it was wonderful how soon she returned to him, the soft, pale folds of the gown clinging close to her slender, shapely limbs, and lending a new grace to her maidenly beauty.

He put out his large hand as she stood, like a supplicant, at the door, and drew her in, contemplating her critically, as she bent trembling before him.

"You will do!" he said, at last; and lifting her up in his strong arms, he laid her, not ungently, on to a kind of impromptu stretcher, which he had covered with his coat.

"Now close your eyes," he said, "and keep quite still."

"Am I dead?" she asked with a faint shudder.

"You died just an hour ago."

"Only in the picture?"

"Where else?" he answered, disdainfully.

"Don't be foolish, child!"

"Oh, I see!" she sighed. "I am glad you had me, too, though it does feel so strange. Shall I have to stay here long?"

"Not if you keep quite quiet. But you women are so unmanageable—you will talk."

Leah shut her lips fast together, and was mute directly.

At first, her spirit rebelled against this forced quietude, and her limbs twitched, her eyelids twinkled, the colour came and went in her face, and the life grew buoyant within her, out of pure contradiction. Then she tried to realize herself as actually dead, just to solemnize her mood, but found that the horror of the thought had a strange fascination of its own, dwelling with her persistently, even when she was eager to be rid of it again.

What was death? Was it to stifle down there, under ground, in the coldness and darkness, for ever? Or was it to leave the infirmities of the flesh behind you, and pass in spirit through the golden gates that lead to a land where all hope is fruition, and faith grows to knowledge suddenly?

If so, there was nothing to fear, only that life was sweet, and had mysteries enough to satisfy her at sixteen.

It was a drowsy afternoon, although the air was beginning to cool. Every now and then a breath came through the window, laden with honeysuckle and mignonette, or the fainter perfume of the roses, and the hum of the bees made monotonous music everywhere.

Leah just peeped once, and saw the boughs waving very softly, and rustling their leaves, as if they were whispering together.

The "immemorial elms" were flecked with sunshine, and in the purple distance a flight of birds made little specks of shadow; whilst the church steeple looked like a spear pointed menacingly at the sky, as it rose out of the black shade of the old yews.

But everything was growing blurred and indistinct to her by this time, and her eyelid felt so heavy that they fell of themselves, leaving a dark pencilled fringe on her fair white cheek.

When she awoke, the mists of evening were everywhere; and she felt strangely faint and benumbed. The painter had used his model after

the ordinary merciless fashion, and having painted as long as he could see, had started off for his evening's ramble without a single thought of her though her patience merited this much of reward.

(To be concluded in our next).

## LITERARY.

PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER of Michigan University is preparing a survey of American literature.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER'S new poem, "The Ship of the Desert," is promised for American publication this month.

It is stated that Mr. John Bright is compiling an autobiography. If so, the work will be the most interesting of its class.

MISS SUSAN WARNER, author of "The Wide, Wide World," and "Queechy," has nearly completed her new novel, "Wych Hazel."

In a few weeks will appear "Poetic Localities of Cambridge," containing views of scenes and places in the old city by the Charles, made famous by the poets—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, &c.

DISRAELI is reported to have recently said that he owed what literary reputation he had largely to the people of the United States, and that he had for them the kindest feelings.

THE monument to Edgar A. Poe, in Baltimore, will be dedicated early next month. Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes and Saxe have been invited to assist.

A NEW pamphlet by Mr. Gladstone is spoken of. It is on a great social reform. The supply of information has been got at the East-End of London, at the original source, by the great writer himself.

OCTAVE FEUILLET conceives his "ideas" while fishing in some sylvan stream—a sport to which he is addicted. In forming his plots and situations he puts an end to the romance of many a poor young fish.

A PAPER on the "Latest Stuarts," which recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is said to have been written by the Queen of Holland. Her Majesty's literary taste is well known and recognised in the Netherlands.

THE King of Bavaria is just now hard at work on a book which he is writing, a history of the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. The object of his visit was to see the splendid old Cathedral at Rheims. The King has just entered his 31st year.

VICTOR HUGO has a collection of objects of literary interest which includes the pen with which Dumas wrote "Monte Christo;" Lamartine's "Les Confidences;" George Sand's "Consuelo;" and he himself, "Les Misérables."

THE old librarian of the University of Virginia who was there when Edgar A. Poe was a student, denies the tradition that he was expelled. He used to be a pretty wild fellow, but he also did well in the ancient languages and took several prizes.

SIR RICHARD HANSON, Chief-Justice of South Australia, the author of "The Jesus of History," published anonymously in 1869, has a new work in press entitled, "The Apostle Paul and the Preaching of Christianity, to the Fall of Jerusalem."

THE letters of Michael Angelo, edited by Signor Milanesi, and a "Bibliography of Michael Angelo," edited by Count Passerini, were to be published at Florence on the 14th of September as a feature of the third day of the Michael Angelo fêtes.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have in preparation a new book by Miss Alcott, entitled "Eight Cousins." It is one of the "Little Women" series. This firm has also nearly ready the translation of Mme. Recamier's memoirs.

THE great holiday feature will be "Mabel Martin," an old poem, rewritten and much enlarged, by Mr. Whittier. The volume will be uniform with "Hanging of the Crane," the illustrations being by the same artists and of the same high order.

"THE Satchel Series, Volume I," contains seven stories and poems by Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Owen Meredith, M. Quaid, and others. They are all interesting and readable, and are well calculated to beguile the time during railway or steamboat travel.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S new volume is to be entitled "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems." The title poem is fresh, having never appeared in print before. The remainder of the volume will comprise several already published productions. It will appear, probably, in October.

A "Vest-Pocket Series" will soon be published by Osgood & Co., containing some of the most notable brief works of great authors. The books will be illustrated, and among the first issues will be Whittier's "Snow-bound," Longfellow's "Evangeline," essays by Emerson, &c.

M. E. RENAN will publish in the beginning of the winter the two final volumes of his work on the "Early History of Christianity," of which the "Vie de Jésus," "Les Apôtres," "Saint Paul," and "L'Antichrist" have formed portions. M. Renan has also in the press a volume of miscellanies.

A NEW edition of Hawthorne's works, printed entirely from new plates and to be comprised in twenty-one volumes uniform in style with the now famous "Little Classics," is soon to be presented to the public. The initial volumes, containing the "Scarlet Letter" and the "House of Seven Gables," will appear immediately.

AMONG other new books soon to be published are Violet le Due's "Discourses on Architecture," in one large octavo volume; Bayard Taylor's new volume of poems, entitled "Home Pastorals;" "Famous Painters and Paintings," illustrated by Mrs. J. H. Sneed; an "Art Romance," by Harriet Mosmer, the sculptress; and a new book by Bret Harte.

THE English critics complain that Carlyle is played out. In his latest book on the early Kings of Norway they accuse him of dealing out trifling commonplace in his usual knotty style; commonplace, moreover, gathered by him at second-hand, as he is unacquainted with the language of the early Northmen whom he writes about and had to get his material from German translations.

M. PAUL FEVAL made a long and able oration in behalf of the Société des Gens des Lettres on the recent occasion of the inauguration of Chateaubriand's statue at St. Malo. M. Feval said that Chateaubriand's love for his native country, Brittany, prompted him to be buried on the rock, the Grand Bé, overlooking the sea. "A yearning for the maternal nest," said M. Feval, "never left the Breton swan who sang far from Brittany."

M. STEPHANE MAILLARD is editing "Vathek," the *chef-d'œuvre* of Beckford, in the original French text, page for page and line for line, as it first appeared in Paris in 1788. It will be an *Édition de Luxe*, printed in Elzevirian type, on special paper, the copies numbered and signed, and preceded by a preface by the editor. The interest attaching to this celebrated work will still be strong enough to attract many to make an acquaintance with it in the original language and form, and the promised reprint will restore to French literature a memorable and most curious book.