

For the *Hearthstone*.  
TIS SWEET TO THINK.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

'Tis sweet to think when far away  
In other lands our footsteps stray,  
Of childhood's happy home:  
Where'er we roam, what'er our lot,  
Fond memory clings to that dear spot,  
Around the old hearthstone.

'Tis sweet to think of halcyon days,  
O'er which hope's rainbow-tinted rays  
In golden circles hang;  
When brightly rolled the skies so fair,  
Unfettered by clouds of grief and care,  
That o'er us now are hung.

'Tis sweet to think of those so dear,  
By ties of love and kindred near,  
The friends still faithful ever;  
And twine around each loved one's name  
Of memories sweet, an endless chain  
That strengthens on forever.

'Tis sweet to think that if no more,  
We shall meet on Time's bleak shore,  
Ere earth's ties are given,  
That once again we'll reunite,  
In realms above, of fides light,  
We'll meet again in heaven.

'Tis sweet to think as on we glide,  
Adown Time's swift uncertain tide,  
With cares of life oppress'd;  
That far above you starlit dome  
Awaits us there a happy home,  
A home of endless rest.

HAVE YOU TRIED?

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Is the statement that you made me  
"Don't do it?"  
That you never will pursue it:  
For you know you cannot do it!  
Have you tried?

Have you put both nerve and sinew  
To the test?  
Have you set your wits to working—  
Have you, laborer never shirking,  
Done your best?

Have you braved life's stormy river,  
Deep and wide?  
Have you wrestled with the billow?  
Have you pressed a sleepless pillow?  
Have you tried?

Did you rise up with the dawning  
Of the day?  
When the east was bright with beauty,  
Did you go forth to your duty,  
Drearily, say?

If through deepest tribulations,  
And through pain—  
If in joy as well as sorrow,  
You have tried, why, then, to-morrow,  
Try again.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAYON."

CHAPTER XXX.

TAUNTED.

The first person Frank encountered on arriving at Mrs. Carroll's abode was Miss Delany. She had arrived on the previous night, and came forward as soon as he was shown into the room where she sat, looking as hard, grim, and vindictive as ever.

"You need not waste civil speeches upon me, Mr. Dalton," she said, when the young man politely greeted her. "Those who tell unbecoming truths are generally disliked; and you will not regard me any the more favourably for having proved a true prophetess."

"I do not remember the particular prophecy to which you seem to be referring, madam," the young man coolly replied; "but I will not trouble you to repeat it. If it was an unkind one, it is better forgotten."

Miss Delany bit her lip. "I'm glad to find you so philosophical. It is not often that a gentleman who has wasted his time and affections on a worthless girl, bears the discovery of her ingratitude with such fortitude."

Still Frank maintained his cool, collected manner.

"If you are speaking of Kathleen Sidney, it seems necessary to remind you that she is the daughter of your own sister, and that her youth and orphan condition gives her an additional claim on your affection."

Miss Delany clenched her hands. The tone he had taken rendered her furious, and she burst into a tirade of invectives.

"Sister, said you? She was no sister to me when, with her childish ways and affectation of gentleness and sweetness, she won from me the heart of the only man I ever cared for. Was it not enough that she should beguile his affections from me, that she must come back and burden me with her child? If Kathleen had looked like her father, I might have loved her for his sake; but she has her mother's eyes, and they keep my wrongs always in my memory."

This stern, unlovely woman had not been always the cold, emotionless creature she was now. At another time Frank might have felt some sympathy with her; but he was defending the cause of Kathleen, whose only sin against her aunt was her unfortunate resemblance to her maternal parent.

"Miss Delany, you must see the uselessness of revelling to the past, and punishing an innocent girl for the faults others have committed against you. Besides, I have no wish to intrude myself into your family affairs. I am here at the request of Mrs. Carroll; in what way can I serve her?"

"In none. She is hysterical, and keeps her room. She merely thought it would be right to let you know that the innocent girl, as you choose to call Kathleen, has fled from her house."

Frank was startled, but he did not let the cruel eyes of Miss Delany detect it.

"I understand. Afraid to encounter you, she has sought an asylum elsewhere."

"Yes, sir, in the arms of another lover," was the malicious retort. "As Kathleen had not been made acquainted with my intended visit, I may be permitted to doubt whether it was my coming that drove her away."

"Why, then, did she go?" gasped Frank, beginning to connect her flight with Major Colby's story.

"Some time yesterday evening. She retired to her room at a very early hour, alleging great fatigue, and has been seen no more, except by one of the servants, who met her, veiled, with a travelling bag in her hand, standing out of the house by a side-door."

Frank blinly put out his hand for something to sustain him. It was grasped by North, who had just opened the door, and flew to his aid as soon as she saw his condition.

"Is this true?" he faintly murmured, as he dropped helplessly into the chair she gave him. "I am afraid so," she answered, with reluctance; "but I cannot understand it. Kathleen was purely itself. She must be his wife, or else he has bewitched her!"

"What is to be done?" Frank asked, presently, after a struggle for composure, which North watched with pitying interest, and Miss Delany with something like shame for her startling revelation.

"Nothing!" answered the harsh voice of the latter. "She has chosen her path—let her follow it: the thorns that lurk in it will be her punishment."

The young man cast upon her an indignant look. "So young, so friendless! No, no; she shall be saved, if my prayers, my entreaties can effect it! She shall not be left in the power of a villain without an effort being made for her rescue. North, will you go with me to fetch her back?"

"I forbid it—I forbid it!" screamed Miss Delany. "No slur shall be cast on my niece's reputation through the conduct of this girl, whom I repudiate. I forbid any further intercourse with her!"

North glanced scornfully at her selfish relative. "I would go with you, Mr. Dalton, but I cannot leave Dublin just at present. Will not Mrs. Brennan be your companion? Kathleen loves and respects her, and the good old lady would be more likely to exercise wholesome influence over my poor, foolish cousin than I should."

"I will think of this. Give me what information you have gleaned, and let me go. There is no time to be lost."

North had nothing to tell beyond what he had already heard. Kathleen had left the house prepared for a journey, but which way she went, and who was her companion, no one was able to say. Still, having once ascertained that her companion was Lord Glamore, it would not be difficult to trace the route they had taken. London, or its environs, was undoubtedly their destination, and there he determined to seek them.

Mrs. Carroll, learning that Frank was in the house, slipped on her dressing-gown, and came down just in time to intercept him in the hall, on his way to the outer door. A few words from North acquainted him with his intentions.

"Heaven for ever bless you, my dear Mr. Dalton!" she sobbed. "You are setting nobly in trying to save this poor, unhappy child from the evils that she is listening to. Don't let your good intentions be failed by one refusal, but bring her back to me, even if it is by force. I will not close my doors against her; and, by-and-by, she will learn to thank you for her rescue."

"I'll do my best," said Frank, hoarsely, with his hand on the door. He was suffocating, and longed to be alone. But still Mrs. Carroll detained him.

"As for that bad, bad man, leave him to his Maker. Poor, pretty Rosamond! I wish I'd never persuaded her to listen to him. You'll want money, Mr. Dalton; here's a cheque."

But Frank, unable to hear more, had dashed away; and the kind-hearted widow, with the help of North's arm, went back to her chamber. She could not endure the presence of Miss Delany, whose malicious triumph in her friend's discomfiture made her positively hateful.

Inquiries among the servants and on the quay elicited the fact that Lord Glamore's valise and luggage left for England by the first packet, and some declared that his lordship certainly went too. But others were equally positive that he did not depart till the evening, when a lady, young and beautiful, accompanied him. From these discrepant statements Frank came to the conclusion that the Viscount had remained hidden at Verrall Street till Kathleen was able to join him; and in this he was confirmed by the discovery that the lady had been heard to call her nude companion by the name of Trevelian.

When Frank went home to acquaint Rosamond with his determination to follow the fugitives, he found her and Alice making preparations for a journey.

"North has been here," his sister explained. She came to bring you a pocket-book from Mrs. Carroll, and from her I have learned all that has happened. Don't look so troubled for me," she added, proudly. "I shall not find it difficult to forget one who has never really loved me. Let us speak and think only of Kathleen. Alice is willing to be your companion, and I, Frank, I will not be left behind."

He began to expostulate. "It is not a fit errand for you to engage in; besides, I must travel fast, if I would overtake them."

"I will not be any encumbrance to you; and stay here quietly while you are risking health and strength—perhaps endangering your life—I cannot!"

"It is unkind to taunt me with such a caprice just now," Frank angrily remonstrated.

"It is no caprice," was the earnest reply, "and my woman's wit may serve you more effectually than you seem to think. Dearest Frank, don't oppose my wish; I must accompany you!"

He guessed the motive which actuated her determination not to be left behind. She dreaded a hostile meeting would follow if he encountered Lord Glamore, and was ready to move heaven and earth to prevent a rencontre, which, let it result how it might, would overwhelm her with misery.

Kissing her with even more than his customary tenderness, Frank put her gently aside, and went into his own room to write some letters. Satisfied that he would yield, Rosamond returned to her packing; but in a few minutes she was startled by hearing her brother run down stairs and unlock the outer door.

She flew to the window. "He is gone, Alice, gone! The thirst for vengeance is in his heart, and so he flies me! Oh, coward, heartless Glamore, what misery have you not wrought us all!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN PURSUIT.

Wearied and faded with travel, Frank Dalton found himself, at the expiration of a week, en-

trapped, with her face averted, she waited for him to speak.

"Kathleen," he said, when he could command his voice sufficiently to address her, "why have you committed this mad act? Where did you learn to know the villain for whom you have left us?"

"Question me not!" she replied. "For your sake, I have bitterly regretted the necessity of my flight. But I hoped that you would have too much pride to seek to discover where I had gone, and why."

"Don't speak of me, of my pride, or the love you have recklessly trampled under your foot, lest I should after the reproaches I would fain withhold!"

Kathleen grew paler than before, and lost the self-command she had hitherto evinced. "Why have you followed me, Mr. Dalton? Was it wise to inflict this self-inflicted pain upon yourself as well as me?"

He drew himself up. "I am not here to dwell upon my own feelings," he answered, "but as the bearer of a message from Mrs. Carroll, who entreats you to return to the shelter of her roof."

Tears began to well into Kathleen's brown eyes. "She was always kind to me—always! Tell her that although my flight may have seemed



A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

grateful, I do not forget her goodness. I wish I were with her now!"

"Come, then, a few hours shall see you restored to her." And advancing, he would have taken her hand to lead her away, but she recoiled from him, saying, in a low, sad voice, "It is impossible, Mr. Dalton. I have promised to devote my life to one who, however faulty he may be, loves me deeply, devotedly! I will not leave him!"

"This is madness!" was the angry comment. "Does he merit the sacrifice—this false, treacherous man, who sports with the happiness of credulous women, and mocks at the sufferings they endure?"

"He regrets the past; he has vowed that from henceforth he will live for me; and that my happiness shall be his sole care!" she faltered. "Don't try to shake my faith in his penitence—pray don't!"

"And you believe his promises?—you will place your fame, your future, in the hands of one who has already shown himself so reckless, so unstable?"

"Heaven help me, I will, I must!" she answered with a sob. "Spare me, Mr. Dalton! I know all I am renouncing. It has cost me much to do this, but it is too late to go back."

"Not so!" he exclaimed. "Your warm-hearted friend, Mrs. Carroll, is ready to receive you. Indeed, I promised that I would not return without you. In mercy to yourself, Kathleen, be persuaded, and let us depart ere he can return to prevent it!"

But still she resisted his pleadings. "Urgo it no longer; I cannot accompany you, and Mr. Dalton—Frank—try and forget that you have ever loved me. It was an ill-starred attachment from the first."

"And you would have me leave you here, in the power of a man whom, in your secret thoughts, you must despise? Think what you are doing!"

"I have well considered the step I have taken," she answered, sadly; "and I entreat you not to torture me by reminding me of it."

Angered by her obstinacy, Frank walked to the door, then paused irresolutely. It was terrible to go away, knowing that this was the last effort he could make, and that it had been utterly unavailing.

"Kathleen," he cried, "if you will not return with me to Ireland for your own sake, let it be done for mine. You have been very precious to me, and I must save you, in spite of yourself. My love, though you have flung it from you, gives me a claim to be considered."

"Not so great as his for whom I have renounced it," she replied, firmly. "I dare not listen to you any longer. He will be angry, if he returns and finds you here. If I can sometimes hear of your welfare through Lord Glamore, I shall be content; and if you still feel any pity for me, come not near me again."

She stepped through the window before he could make any attempt to detain her; and the baffled Frank, after a moment's consideration, rang the bell furiously. Compassion for Kathleen was fast giving place to darker passions.

"Your master—where is he?"

The girl, half frightened at his stern looks, stammered out that she did not know.

"Have you been told to say this? When did Lord Glamore leave the cottage?"

"This morning, sir. He went by the early train to London."

"When do you expect him to return?"

But the girl said so positively that she did not know, that he was forced to go away unsatisfied. With every thought now bent upon revenge,

Frank Dalton went back to town. The Viscount might contrive to evade him a little while longer, but, eventually, he must succeed in finding him; and then—

With a start, he flung open the door of the compartment in which he had travelled, and sprang out on the platform at the terminus. He had caught a glimpse of the Viscount's well-known face amidst the throng, and determined to pursue him. With infinite difficulty, he succeeded in keeping him in sight till Lord Glamore jumped into a cab, which drove off at a rapid pace.

Hailing another, Frank bade the driver follow, and finally came up with his lordship at the door of a fashionable jeweller in Bond-street.

As Lord Glamore was entering the shop, Frank laid a hand on his shoulder. The moment for a just retribution had come at last, and Rosamond's wrongs, as well as his own, should be amply avenged!

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOT TO BE CONSULATED.

Naturally surprised by the unexpected appearance of a person whom he believed to be many miles away, Lord Glamore stared at Frank for a few seconds before he found voice to avow himself.

"Dalton! you here! When did you arrive?"

"Some days ago. I have been looking for your lordship ever since," was the reply, spoken dryly and significantly.

With a little embarrassed audacity in his tones, the Viscount answered, "Indeed, I suppose it is this unfortunate affair of Miss Sidney's that has brought you to England? It was in direct opposition to my advice that she left Mrs. Carroll. So you must not blame me for it, as you look inclined to do."

"Then you objected to being fettered with the helpless girl who trusted you so implicitly?" cried Frank, hotly.

His lordship hesitated. "As to trusting me, my pretty Kathleen knew precisely how much I had promised to do for her, and the cost of life she would have to lead if she persisted in coming to England. But she is too self-asserting; and you know, Dalton, our sex never thoroughly appreciates these good little souls. I tried hard to persuade her to stay and accept my handsome proposals. It would have been the wisest plan, though I could not induce her to think so."

The exasperated Frank ground his teeth as he listened to these coolly-spoken sentences. "You tried to prevent Kathleen from staying in Dublin and marry me? How kind! Of course I was to be left in ignorance of the tie that existed between you?"

Lord Glamore's handsome face clouded. "Why, no; not exactly. It was not a pleasant subject to be expatiated upon; but I told Kathleen I would take the task upon my own shoulders; and, my dear Dalton, if you can induce her to listen to you, I will give her a dowry."

Before he could say more, Frank had struck him in the face, furiously exclaiming, "What! you would make me the clerk for your profligacy? How dare you meditate such an insult?"

Glamore, who had needed beneath the force of the blow, now recovered himself, and, spreading upon his antagonist, seized him by the throat, but as instantly regarding his self-control, loosened his hold, and transferred his hand to the young man's shoulder. "You carry your pride a little far, but, for your sister's sake, I'll not resent your rudeness. Only don't be tempted to repeat it," he added, provoked by the contempt with which Frank was surveying him. "You may not always find me so forthcoming."

"Or so timorous, which?" sneered the angry youth. "Don't try to shield yourself behind my sister's name. How dare you mention her, and to me? Glamore, you are a scoundrel!"

"If you want to quarrel with me, let it be in some less conspicuous place," the Viscount replied, making a strenuous effort to keep his temper. "I don't choose to be made the centre of a crowd. You can hear of me at my club, the Athenaeum."

He turned away, but Frank followed him. "I see; you are afraid to encounter me."

"A afraid, sir?" And now Lord Glamore began to grow angry too, and surveyed him with haughty indignation.

"I repeat it—afraid! Such sins as you have committed would paralyze the arm of the boldest. Alas, contemptible rascal, I see you too well when I offer you the weapons of a gentleman! Where will you meet?"

"Surely you are not seriously contemplating a duel?" his lordship exclaimed. "I thought the day had quite gone by for such follies, and I don't see why I should permit my life because pretty Kathleen has vexed you. Is there no alternative?"

"Yes; a horsewhipping in the most public place I can find. It is no use attempting to escape me. Neither insolence nor ridicule shall turn me from my purpose. I came here to punish your vile profligacy, and I will do it!"

"Nonsense! A few hours in the station-house may teach you to talk in a different strain. You must have been drinking, Dalton. I can find no other excuse for this attack. Do you think I shall permit you to lecture or dictate to me? It is only for Rosamond's sake that I have borne so much."

"Do you dare to sully her name again by taking it upon your foul lips?" cried Frank, so completely beside himself with passion, that, snatching a cane out of the hands of a gentleman who had paused at the sound of his raised voice, he would have inflicted summary chastisement upon the Viscount; but now some bystanders interposed, and forcibly held him back.

"Let him go," cried Lord Glamore, impetively. "My good friends, Mr. Dalton, I can find no other excuse for this attack. Do you think I shall permit you to lecture or dictate to me? It is only for Rosamond's sake that I have borne so much."

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