

THE BELLS.

The bells, the bells, the merry sleigh bells,
Two swells are seen driving who hear not the bells;
Deaf as an adder their attitude tells,
They hear not the merry, the merry sleigh bells.

'Tis hard to describe such ambiguous swells,
Not swells of the ocean disturbing the shells;
But swells of the land who sat watching the bells,
The bells that were passing, the beautiful bells.

Deaf to the sound of the coming sleigh bells,
Till the coming sleigh driver "look out" to them yells
A—When—And a crash, and out tumbled the swells,
Hurt only at hearing the laugh of the bells.

This world seems a lot of remarkable dells,
Constructed somewhat as the bees have their cells,
And in every dell, some soft fellow dwells
Whose head's on the twist by the magical bells.

Now, lads, take a warning, don't squint at the bells,
But listen and watch for the coming sleigh bells;
Aye keep to the right at the least a few ells,
Avoiding a smash and the laugh of the bells.

And never forget what your honest dad tells,
That he was too modest to stare at the bells;
And that every mamma from her favour expels
A lad that's so rude as to stare at her "gells."

A. MACFIE.

Chatham, Ont.

BENEATH THE WAVE

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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CHAPTER XVIII.

HAYWARD'S RELATIONS.

When Hayward felt himself clasped in his mother's arms, for a few moments a sort of rest seemed to come over his miserable heart. There was some one in the world to love him still, he thought. Then she asked with fond affection, as she pushed back his hair and kissed his brow, "Why did you not tell me you were coming, my dear?" Hayward gave a bitter, conscience-stricken sigh.

Why? Oh, poor mother! She who held him to her breast; who kissed him as she had kissed him when he was a little child, must never hear this question truly answered. Hayward thought a moment. Then, falteringly, and with quivering lips, he said—

"I—I—came up unexpectedly. But, mother," he went on more firmly, "why did you not tell me you were ill?"

"I could not bear to spoil your pleasure, dear. You had worked so hard, and it must have been so pleasant for you at Sir George Hamilton's," answered Mrs. Hayward; and as she did so Hayward, with a violent effort for her sake, controlled his emotions.

"Sir George Hamilton has left Massam for the present," he said, "and so I came away."

"Oh, of course, dear," said Mrs. Hayward, "but you must tell me all about it, my Philip," she continued smilingly. "All about the beautiful young lady, and—"

But at this moment while Philip Hayward's quivering lips were framing a suitable reply, a rap came to the door of the room, and Mr. Jarvis, the curate, appeared.

"May I come in?" he asked in his gentle way. "Well, Mrs. Hayward, you see your son and I are already friends."

"I do not understand," said Mrs. Hayward, looking from one young man to the other.

"We travelled up together in the same carriage," explained Mr. Jarvis. "I knew him by his photograph," he added smilingly, "and so took the liberty of introducing myself to him."

"Oh, Philip!" said Mrs. Hayward, with some agitation of manner, "you can never thank him enough for all his goodness to me!" And she looked at Mr. Jarvis.

"He must not begin now, at any rate," said the curate, again smiling kindly. "No," he added, holding out his hand, "he is tired, and you, Mrs. Hayward, are also tired, and so for this evening, with your permission, I shall take my leave."

"No, do not go," said Hayward, eagerly. He was afraid to be left alone with his mother now; afraid of the questions that he felt sure she would ask.

"Where will you stay for the night?" then asked the curate.

This question led to an inquiry about the accommodation that the house could afford. Then it was found that there was no unoccupied bedroom in it, and on hearing this Mr. Jarvis immediately invited Hayward to be his guest for the night.

Hayward looked at his mother. Could he leave her? he thought. But Mrs. Hayward herself pressed him to go. She could not sleep unless she knew he was in a comfortable bed, she said; and so at last, half unwillingly (yet feeling that he scarcely had the strength to stay), Hayward bade his mother good-night.

"Come the first thing in the morning, my dear," she said, and Hayward promised to do so.

Then he went out with his new friend into the streets, passing through the crowd and the glare, silent and absorbed. He was worn and weary. The excitement, the sudden change, and the great shock of hearing of his mother's illness, all now told upon him. He was so pale, and

even faint when he reached the curate's rooms, that Mr. Jarvis was almost alarmed. But Hayward made as light as he could of his condition, and as soon as he could, retired to his own room.

When there, he dare not think. He flung himself on the bed, and after a while nature came to his aid, and he sank into a heavy sleep.

The next morning when he awoke in the misty yellow haze of a London fog, he could not at first remember where he was. Then memory came back—memory—misery. Even Isabel Trevor's cold heart would have been touched if she could have known what the young man felt—the dead, cold weariness of life, the sickening despair. Yet he rose with a set purpose. His mother! He had forgotten her yesterday, but he thought of her to-day. "As long as she lives," he told himself, "as long as she lives!"

The mother, with her panting breath, the same hour was praying for her son. Hayward thought that he had deceived her the night before about his leaving Massam, but the sight of love is clear and keen. Mrs. Hayward knew that something grievous had happened to her boy, and—womanlike—guessed that a woman was the cause.

So in the dull, grey morning, with his grey-set face, Hayward rose. Many things lay before him, for he had to begin a fight for daily bread. He would take nothing now from Sir George Hamilton, he told himself, and he was absolutely nearly penniless. But he was well-educated, young and strong. These were three things in his favour, but even with them he knew that employment was sometimes not easily nor directly obtained.

He thought of his chances as he dressed himself. In the early part of this history it has been told how a certain Mr. Moxam had given Hayward his education. Now this Mr. Moxam was his mother's brother-in-law, and he had prospered of late. He was a merchant in the city, with great warehouses standing by the river edge, to which bales were drawn up, and from which bales were let down daily, and in whose dusty, fusty precincts, money was made. When a young man, he had married Mrs. Hayward's sister. They were the orphan daughters of a clergyman, and both pretty girls, but, as is too often the case, when their father died, he left nothing behind him. So they were thrown upon the world, and went out as governesses. They both married. Mrs. Hayward accompanied the family of a colonel to India, and married Lieut. Hayward, who was in the same regiment as her employer. Mrs. Moxam went to be the governess of a rich tradesman's family at Peckham, and married Mr. Moxam, who was nephew of the tradesman.

Thus, when Hayward's father died, Mr. Moxam promised to educate his wife's sister's only son. And he did educate him, but while this process was going on his wife died, and he married again after a couple of years. This event naturally changed young Hayward's position. The first Mrs. Moxam left two daughters, the second Mrs. Moxam had one son. So, as years went on, and they grew richer, the second Mrs. Moxam began to grudge the money spent yearly on the first Mrs. Moxam's nephew. She grudged, also, the trifling assistance which Mr. Moxam had occasionally given his first wife's sister, ever since the days when, as a poor, young, broken-hearted widow, Mrs. Hayward had returned to England. Under these circumstances Philip Hayward had felt himself almost compelled to leave college. He, in fact, accepted a tutorship, so as to be able at once to assist in supporting his widowed mother.

Now we come to the time when he lived at Sanda; to the time when he first saw Isabel Trevor, and when he saved Sir George Hamilton's life.

He had written a modest account of that incident to his mother. His mother was very proud of his conduct, and perhaps prouder of its results. When she heard of Sir George's offer to push him on in any profession he might choose, she was full of joy, and when he went to stay at Massam, her hopes for his future life were very high.

She had seen nothing of her relations, the Moxams, for some time. They were getting on in the world indeed, and did not care to be stopped by poor relations. The girls remembered her, and sometimes (very rarely) mentioned "poor aunt Hayward." Mrs. Moxam the second did not care to be reminded of her existence. So they let the poor widow drop out of their sight. They knew their cousin was a tutor "down in the north somewhere," but they did not care for cousins who were tutors.

All this had grieved and annoyed poor Mrs. Hayward once, but the Moxams could not grieve or annoy her now. For one thing, she was about leaving the world for which the Moxams existed; for another, she had lately hoped that her son would live to rise far above them.

Philip Hayward knew all these things. He despised and disliked Mr. Moxam, who was pompous, silly, and ill-bred, but for his mother's sake he made up his mind that he would go and beg Mr. Moxam to give him employment. He did not know of the poor, little store his mother had laid by. There was a letter lying ready written in her desk, addressed "To my dear son, to be given to him after my death," and in this letter there was an enclosure. The poor woman had literally grudged herself the necessities of life. She had faded faster because she had not taken what she ought to have taken, so that she might save this little sum for her son.

Hayward decided that he would not tell his mother of the application he was about to make to Mr. Moxam. It would be time enough to do

that, he thought, when he had got work. He therefore went to her bedside on the morning after his arrival in London, with forced smiles on his lips. Poor Mrs. Hayward was very ill. She was wasting and wearing fast away. Her face had a painfully transparent look, and her eyes were large, big-pupiled, and glittering. But she was quite prepared to die. She put her hot hand into her son's and looked into his face and smiled.

"God has been very good to me, my dear," she said, "and given me my heart's desire, for I prayed long to see my boy's face before I died."

"And—yet you never sent for me, mother?" faltered Hayward.

"God sent you to me, dear," answered Mrs. Hayward, and Hayward made no reply.

He sat down by his mother's bed, and after a while began talking to her. But she asked him nothing about Massam. She knew he would tell her by-and-by, when the gap which absence makes between those who love each other, would gradually pass away.

She had plenty to tell him. How good Mr. Jarvis was to her, and all the troubles of her neighbours in the house. Her circle was so narrow, that she was naturally interested in the curly-pated children who tumbled up and down the stairs, and cried and screamed by turns. Of the Moxams she said nothing, for she had nothing to say. Philip was thankful for this. He feared to hear of some fresh slight, which would make his task a shade more bitter.

So after sitting an hour or so with his mother, he went down the uncarpeted stairs. As he descended he was met by the hard-fisted landlady of the house.

"Oh, sir, can I have a word with you, please?" she said.

"Certainly," answered Hayward, and she accordingly ushered him into a small room at the back of the house.

"It's about the poor lady upstairs," she began, after closing the room door. "You see that clergyman who comes here sometimes told me last night that you were her son."

"Yes, I am," said Hayward.

"Well, then, you see," continued the landlady, twisting the corner of her apron as she spoke, "she's certainly not long for here. Anyone can tell by her face she's going fast, and to tell the truth I can't abide corpses in the house. I don't wish to be hard, but I must live, and coffins are awkward things to drag up and down stairs, and then I've two other parties to consider. So if you can make it convenient to take her away at the end of the week—" And the landlady paused.

Hayward's face blazed all over when he understood what she meant.

"Do you call yourself a woman?" he said. "But she shall go." And without another word he left the landlady and the house.

"Oh! my poor mother," he thought, as he went along the streets. But this interview nerved him at once to encounter his intended one with his relation, Mr. Moxam.

He meant to go to Mr. Moxam's place of business in the city, and not to his house. He had been at this place of business before, having gone there as a lad, and had nearly always returned from these visits wounded and stung.

His uncle, Mr. Moxam, was not troubled with fine feelings, and tenderness for the unfortunate was not one of his qualifications. He frowned, therefore, and grunted uneasily on the present occasion, when Hayward's card was brought up to him.

"What can this chap want now?" he said, putting the card into his son's hand.

Let me describe the sire and son. Mr. Joseph Moxam, senior, was short, red-faced, and puffy. A man of narrow, warped, unintellectual nature, who made money his god, and who estimated a man exactly by the length of his purse. Not an uncommon type among his class, perhaps, but Mr. Moxam was a shade rougher, ruder, and harder than most of his fellows. Now for the son, Joseph Moxam, junior, as he was named in business transactions, "Young Joe," as he was commonly called in the society he frequented. He also was short, with a narrow forehead, small mean-looking blue-grey eyes, light musty hair, a high nose, and a mouth that unpleasantly protruded.

He grinned when his father placed Hayward's card in his hand; a grin expressive of contempt, and expressive also of him.

"Begging, I dare say!" he said, facetiously.

"Not the right shop to come to, eh, then, Joe?" said the sire.

"Not the right ticket by any means; but, let him try it on," said the son.

Then entered Philip Hayward, pale, composed, and gentlemanly. He was not nervous about this interview now, and over his face had passed the shadow of a great grief. He bowed to his uncle and half-cousin, who nodded in return; the old man extending two fat fingers patronisingly.

"Well, sir," he said to Hayward, "and where are you from?"

"I have come to ask a favour of you, Mr. Moxam," said Philip, in his clear voice.

"Humph!" said Mr. Moxam, senior.

"Thought so," muttered Mr. Moxam, junior.

"Can you give me, or get me, some employment?" continued Philip Hayward, briefly.

"Thought you had a berth," answered Mr. Moxam, senior. "A tutorship or something of that sort, down in the North? Have you got the sack?"

"No, sir," replied Hayward, still calm and cold. "But my mother is dying, and I therefore wish for employment in London."

"Dying!" echoed the old man. "Nonsense!" "Yes, sir, dying," repeated Hayward. "The doctor gives no hope. She has only a short time to live."

Mr. Moxam, senior, moved his stout little body rather uneasily at this piece of information, and a sort of feeling stirred within him under the left side of his waistcoat. He remembered at that moment his first wife and her pretty sister. Remembered how proud his poor Anna had been of her sister marrying an officer, and the bright, happy letters that had come from the young bride in India. Then he remembered the widow coming home—the woman who was dying now.

"Humph," he said again, "this is bad news."

"So you will understand," continued Hayward, "that I cannot leave her. I am ready, therefore, to accept anything you can give me; and I think I could undertake a clerk's work."

"So you should be, lad; so you should be, after the education I gave you," said the old man.

"For which I am very grateful," said Hayward, slowly.

"Well, I'm not grudging it," said Mr. Moxam, pompously. "It's a great thing, education, and a man ought to be grateful for it; and if your poor mother really is so ill—"

At this moment young Joe winked his eye at his sire.

"No humbug about all this, is there, now?" said the old man, roughly, taking a hint from his offspring. "You are not trying it on, are you, eh?"

"What do you mean?" asked Hayward.

"Your mother is ill, I suppose?" went on Mr. Moxam.

"She is dying," again repeated Hayward, but this time his face flushed.

"Well, well, I hope not," said Mr. Moxam.

"At all events, you think you ought to be near her—humph!—well, we must see what we can do. Joe, come in here a moment, will you?"

Joe followed his father into an inner office, and the two remained together for about a quarter of an hour. Then old Mr. Moxam reappeared.

"I've been talking it over with my son," he said pompously, "and we find we have no vacancy in our office at present, and so are unable to offer you employment. But my wife's brother, Mr. Newcome (Salkeld and Newcome, the printers), want, I understood from Newcome last Sunday, a literary chap with good education, as 'reader,' or something of that sort, in their establishment. There! do you think that will do for you? It's only to read over novels and bosh, I understand, so you ought to be up to it."

"I think, perhaps, I could manage it," answered Hayward, with a grim smile.

"Well, then, I'll say a word for you," continued Mr. Moxam. "I'll tell you what—come down and dine with us next Sunday, at Florentia Villa, Brixton, sharp two, and you'll meet Newcome himself. And now give my respects to your mother," and Mr. Moxam held out his two short fingers. "Sorry she's so ill, but hope she'll pull through. Good morning." And Hayward's interview with his rich relations was over.

Then he returned to his mother's lodging, purchasing on his way thither, almost with his last pound, a few little luxuries that he thought would please her. Her eyes brightened, and she smiled softly when she saw them. Her boy had thought of her. This was what she was thinking of as she put her thin fingers through his dark hair, and murmured her fond thanks.

But stern care was in Hayward's heart. The absolute want of money was oppressing him, for he knew that his dying mother could not now remain in the house where she was. He sat there holding her hand, thinking what he should do. Then he remembered the gentle parson down at Sanda, and he knew that the Rev. Matthew would help him if he could. So by and bye he sat down and wrote to that good friend. He told him that circumstances had happened which prevented him now accepting aid from Sir George Hamilton, but that he hoped soon to obtain work. In the meanwhile he was in immediate want of a small sum of money for the purpose of removing his dying mother to more comfortable rooms. Five pounds would be sufficient for this purpose, and this, with a burning blush passing over his face, and with a trembling hand, he asked the Rev. Matthew to advance him.

"For my mother's sake," he told himself again, as he did this, as he had told himself when he went to ask his uncle, Mr. Moxam, for employment.

But it was bitter, very bitter. Life is often so, but to be forced to borrow money is inexpressibly galling to a sensitive heart. Yet nothing is sweeter to a generous one than to lend it. When therefore the Rev. Matthew received his late tutor's letter on the following day, he only felt regret that he was poor, and true sympathy for Hayward. But it never crossed his mind to grudge the few pounds that he was so glad to have it in his power to send.

Poor Hayward had asked for five, but the kindly parson went at once to his desk, and took out ten. This did not leave many behind, but without a word to wife or daughter, he put his hard-earned money into his pocket, and started to the post-office, sending from thence an order for the amount to Hayward.

But he sent something else as well. Kind, thoughtful, gentle words; an offer that whenever he chose his old home at Sanda was open to him; and though it must be admitted that