

LITERARY.

ROSALEE.

One wintery eve, as by the sea
I sat and heard its melody,
And dreamed of happier days to be,
A lovely maiden came to me—
She was my darling Rosalee.

With strange sad eyes upon me set,
With eyes that told of wild regret,
In words that I can ne'er forget,
She said "Would God we had not met!"
I knew not why, I know not yet.

She fled from me in mad despair,
The shore was rugged, bleak, and bare,
I saw her long, soft, yellow hair
Blown loose by the unkind, wintery
air—
I could not find her anywhere.

And all the long, long lonely night,
By the pale, shivering, quivering
light
Of moon and stars, in haste of flight,
Dazed in brain and dim of sight,
I strove to climb some dizzy height.

The morning comes, the wild winds
blow,
The clouds, like shadows, come and
go,
The cruel waters ebb and flow,
Men take my hand and to me show
A maiden's footprints in the snow.

Pride and Jealousy
Or a Wronged Husband.

Continued.

The New Year's day came, dawning
cold, clear and sunny. The day
that was to be set in golden letters
high above all others in the calendar
of time, was for ever to be looked
back upon with joyful memories by the
two hearts whose union it consecrated.

The bridal party was void of pre-
tensions show and display. Grace's
unexpired time of mourning precluded
her from acting as Cleomecy's brides-
maid; but the parting between the two
girls was one of the real grief to both.
They had never realized till that hour
what a bright world of mutual joy was
then brought to a close. Theirs had
not been the love of blood or kindred,
but the rarer one that had sprung from
untold deeds of loving kindness, and
had grown and flourished with persis-
tent strength in the bygone days of
womanhood's first fresh bloom. They
felt that although the future might
perhaps dim it, only death could blot
it entirely out.

John Rudderforth had arrived, and
was waiting in the drawing room at
Belgrave House, when Grace entered
with her arms encircling the young
brides waist. There was an inhabi-
tation of contrast in the sombre crape
worn by Grace, and the chaste bridal
robes of Cleomecy. It brought with
a sudden quickness the death scene in
the library to John's mind, and drove
for a moment the colour from his cheek.
"An hoiler tie," said Grace, pressing
back her tears, "is about to replace
our old bond of affection; still you
will let it live in your memory, Cle-
meocy."

"I can't speak, Grace," sobbed Cle-
meocy, "my heart is full too. God
bless you, again, and again, and for
evermore!"
"Miss Babington," said John, "I
cannot tell how grateful I feel to you
for yielding to another, without a
murder, the companionship of one
who is grown so very dear to you."
"I never felt its real extent myself
till now," replied Grace.
With a solemn sense of his new
duty, John Rudderforth bore his youth-
ful bride from her former home, to the
more trusting safeguard of his own
strong arm, and the most secret shel-
ter of his hoiler love.

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

Days glided into weeks, weeks into
months, and Grace Babington's lone
existence still were its unchanged as-
pect. The former gay visits of Bel-
grave House now drove past the doors
with supercilious indifference and ad-
verted heads. The gloomy repose
which had interrupted the long suc-
cession of balls and banquets had no at-
traction for those gilded butterflies;
the pall of death had obscured the
once garish finge; so, like the swal-
lows, they winged their flight to sun-
nier skies. When a man's hospitali-
ty is extended from a mere selfish
love of display, he must not be sur-
prised if his sparkling wine cup is
deadened with the loss of ingratitude.
Gradually, however and almost im-
perceptibly, Hugh Sherwood's sterling
constancy stamped its impression on
Grace's volatile nature. She showed it

not so much in spoken words as by
a readier acquiescence in his generous
devices to amuse or guide her, until
at length she awoke from her night-
mare of wilful pride, and looked on
him with true eyes.

The June sunshine was again play-
ing among the flowers, and touching
with its pleasant light the statues and
fountains in the garden. Hugh and
Grace were seated under the shady
limes, her hand resting in his; her
blushing face was veiled beneath her
golden curls as she listened to the ear-
nest pathos of his trembling voice. He
was once more entreating her
to cast away her cowl reverie, and
bless him with the guerdon of her
love.

"Grace," he said, with deep feeling
pardon me that I again plead my love,
even before you have laid aside your
robes of mourning for him whose loss
you mourn. Let its depth and truth
plead for me; for in my heart your
image is enshrined amidst its holiest
thought and noblest aspirations. That
you will serve but to cement our hap-
piness. Pronounce my fate, dear
Grace, for good or evil, for light or
darking evermore."

"I have no fear for your devotion
in the future, Hugh," said Grace,
"though I confess to timidity for my
own. You know I am vain, frivolous
and very headstrong."

"Oh, Grace! why will you seek to
hide your genuine self behind a guise
so unreal?" said Hugh. "Speak to
me as a woman should speak to the
man who has bared his heart to her,
frankly and in truth. Do not shrink
from me, do not turn your eyes away.
This hand—say, shall it be mine?"

Her head drooped upon his should-
er, while the fragrant breeze wafted
to his ear her whispered answer.

If John Rudderforth's marriage had
been beautiful in its simplicity, that of
Hugh Sherwood's was supreme in its
magnificence. One brief month after
that June evening, in the garden, when
heart spoke to heart, the gloom of
mourning that had clouded Be grave
House for more than a year was dis-
pelled, and its walls again echoed the
sounds of joy. Fashion's dreamy spell
was once more thrown around the
wife. The heartless votaries of plea-
sure, who had flown from the orphan
in her hour of sorrow, returned with
soft words and honeyed phrases of ad-
ulation to the young bride, who re-
ceived their superficial homage with
all her wealth of smiles. The proud
fond husband, too, yielded to the glit-
tering throng. He saw his wife the
acknowledged centre of beauty's circle,
he beheld the triumph of her peerless
charms amidst a dream of delicious
happiness, and he surrendered to the
enchantment.

As time wore on the sober voice of
reason found now and then a lull in
the dazling whirl and tried to make
itself heard. The servant, however, was
so silky in its touch, so varied in its
brilliant hues, that Hugh could not
believe that venom lurked beneath its
pleasant familiarity. And then Grace
was so charmed by its splendour, what-
ever its delusion it was at least harm-
less.

And so the giddy crowd continued
to surround the pliant husband and his
fashionable idol. Balls, routs, and
banquets that would have graced a
lord's station continued to feed Mrs.
Sherwood's ever-craving vanity, until
at length the beacon light of her fa-
ther's fate threw its glimmer across
her husband's dazled senses, and he
saw his impending danger. He hinted
in delicate terms to Grace that his
income was unequal to the strain which
their costly mode of living entailed upon
it and was answered by her in a
tone of indifferent coldness. He never-
theless returned to the charge, and
urged the necessity of retrenchment;
these tears, those poignant weapons of
a woman, came to her rescue, and
poor Grace retreated from the field in
dismay.

Thus passed four years, during
which time Grace's unchecked ex-
travagance had not only outgrown her
husband's splendid fortune, but had
also encumbered him with the thrall-
dom of debt.

In answer one day to a further de-
mand upon his purse, Hugh firmly re-
monstrated. A haughty laugh, ming-
ling scorn and contempt, broke from
Grace, as she replied, "You told me,
Mr. Sherwood, I remember, on the
day I foolishly consented to be your
slave for life, that you had the frailti-
ties and errors common to humanity;
I did not think that avarice and
meanness were your paramount faults."
"Do you believe they are?" asked
Hugh, stung to the quick.
"What am I to believe?" was her
haughty reply.
To be continued.

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