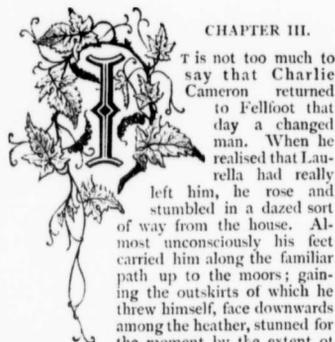


LAURELLA'S LOVE STORY

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

CHAPTER III.



It is not too much to say that Charlie Cameron returned to Fellfoot that day a changed man. When he realised that Laurella had really left him, he rose and stumbled in a dazed sort of way from the house. Almost unconsciously his feet carried him along the familiar path up to the moors; gaining the outskirts of which he threw himself, face downwards among the heather, stunned for the moment by the extent of the calamity that had befallen him. Then a storm of anger swept over him, anger against fate, against himself and against Laurella; but this in turn gave way to a better and more manly spirit. He remembered that trembling touch of her fingers on his head. "God bless the innocent darling," he said. "Who am I, to blame her for refusing to link her fate to that of a degraded fellow like me." But a ray of hope crept back into his heart in spite of his self-abasement. That Laurella loved him deeply he did not doubt; he knew that in giving him up for conscience' sake she had done violence to her own heart. "But I will win her yet," he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "God helping me, she shall see that I have yet the grace to pull myself up, and make myself worthy to share her pure life—as worthy as a man can be."

Full of this new resolution he strode homewards, straight into the presence of Sir Cosmo, for he knew there could be no trustworthy commencement of the new course he had marked out for himself until he had proved his repentance by a voluntary confession of his fall and its consequences to his father.

He was prepared for a stormy scene, but not for the anguish of shame and anger which overcame the stout old soldier when he realised that his son—his Charlie—of whom he had

been so proud, had indeed fallen so low as to be "thrown over by a girl because he was a drunkard."

In the first violence of his passion Sir Cosmo spoke words to his son which we will not repeat here, and finally ordered him from his presence.

The young man bowed to the storm; the ordeal of his father's just anger was part of his punishment, and as such he accepted it. Gradually, however, the love of a lifetime prevailed over the anger; the old man's heart softened towards his only son, and began to make excuses for him. "At any rate I must not drive the boy into further evil courses by over severity," he said to himself.

He still bore himself gloomily, and went about with bent head, as though ashamed to look any one in the face, but one morning, unexpectedly meeting Charlie in the garden he held out his hand to him. "We must let bygones be bygones, Charlie," he said mournfully. "If you meant what you said when you spoke of your intention to mend your ways and start afresh, you will find me ready and willing to help you."

After one long and painful interview with General Lonsdale, at the end of which she extracted from him a promise to bury in oblivion, or at least in silence, the brief episode of her engagement and its rupture, Laurella took up her home-life again. The spring of happy gaiety and enjoyment was broken indeed, but her cheerful sweetness and devotion to her father was as unflinching as her graceful fulfilment of social and domestic duties; whilst many a squalid home in the vicinity had abundant cause to bless the sweet face and helpful hand of Miss Lonsdale during the hard winter that followed.

Charlie Cameron's name was never spoken between the father and daughter, and if the old General and Sir Cosmo came across each other in clubland, an embarrassed nod was all the greeting that took place between them, but during the ensuing spring and summer Charlie's name began to appear in the papers, he was speaking at provincial meetings, and what he said attracted notice. Then he stood for a by-election, and came in as the Conserva-

tive member for his own county; and when the autumn came round again, the young M.P. was spoken of as having joined the temperance movement, and presently as a zealous worker with, and upholder of the noble band of men and women who carried their crusade against the drink fiend into every stronghold of the enemy in Christendom.

The General would glance over his newspaper at his daughter's fair face after having nodded approval over some paragraph or article in which Charlie and his doings were lauded. "The child has been growing brighter and more like her old self of late," he mused. "I shouldn't wonder if that young fellow comes forward again—if he should—," and at this point of his cogitations the old man would wag his head knowingly and smile to himself. It was on a bright May morning, in the central room of the Royal Academy that Laurella Lonsdale and Charlie Cameron came face to face again. She was with her father, and Sir Cosmo leant on his son's arm; the two parties would have bowed and passed on, but Laurella herself stepped forward with outstretched hand. "Mr. Cameron—Charlie—will you not speak to an old friend?" she said smilingly, while the colour deepened in her cheeks. Then the four shook hands, and the light of hope sprung into Charlie's eyes as he touched once more the hand which was still the dearest and most coveted thing in the world to him.

"Am I forgiven at last, Laurel?" whispered Charlie.

The old loving smile answered him as Laurella raised her eyes shyly to his, and when the two presently rejoined the General and Sir Cosmo, their blissful faces told their story for them.

"Humph," muttered the former to his old friend as they approached, "so that's it, is it? well, he may have her now—he has fairly won her."

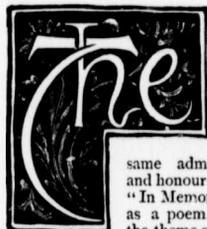
"God bless her," said Sir Cosmo in a low tone of emotion, raising his hat as he spoke. "God bless her, she sived my boy, General, by her steadfast stand for right, and made him what he is now—a son to be proud of, sir."

"God bless them both!" responded the General. [THE END.]

NOTES ON TWO CHORAL WORKS BY JOHANNES BRAHMS.

I.—GERMAN REQUIEM.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just."



German Requiem by the great composer, Johannes Brahms, who died recently, is worthy as a musical composition of the

same admiring recognition and honour which Tennyson's "In Memoriam" commands as a poem. In both works the theme of Death is treated with devout discernment of thought, and reverential daring of imagination prompted by a profoundly-felt personal loss; and in both,

the poet and the musician in their contemplation of the subject "dream a dream of good." Both see beyond the mystery of the visible death and seek to unfold the mystery of the invisible life.

In the intricacy of its harmonies, in its variety of rhythms wrought out by the different parts at the same time, in the startling novelty of some of its intervals, in its frequent changes of key, and in its wide range of compass it presents difficulties of execution which are almost baffling. It is music much of which is of the character of some of Browning's poetry, difficult and obscure save to the patiently studious.

It is divided into seven sections, each being rendered chorally with baritone or soprano solo in sections 3, 5 and 6.

Section 1.

After a weirdly soft solemn symphony, the opening words, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall have comfort," are sung in

melodious whisperings of soothing and solace, the gentle rise and fall in the tone indicating the struggle of emotions in the breast of the bereaved. Soon the subdued voices rise and swell from pleading tenderness to earnest assurance,

"They that sow in tears
Shall reap in joy;"

and this contrast is illustrated with the most telling impressiveness in lights and shades on to the close of the section.

Section 2.

The symphony here is a funeral march unique in its stately solemnity; and with it the voices soon blend, first in unison, with a soft utterance like a submissive recognition of the fact:

"Behold all flesh is as the grass,
And all the godliness of man
Is as the flower of grass;"