

## SUN-PICTURES.

Her photograph  
Lies in my desk. Upon those features dear  
I see the smile: I seem once more to hear  
Her blithesome laugh.

Sun-pictures! yes—  
It bears me back to blissful days of yore,  
When life for me one sunny aspect wore  
Of happiness.

The golden morn,  
When forth we wandered mid the sunbeams  
mild,  
And watched in woods how, like a darling child,  
The day was born.

The purple eve,  
When hand in hand we sat and saw the sun  
Out in the west, his path of glory done,  
Th' horizon leave.

The long bright day,  
When, still together in the noontide sheen,  
We idly watched across the chequered scene  
The sunbeams play.

The sunlit sea  
We floated o'er, or wandered by its marge,  
And saw earth-pictured on its bosom large,  
Eternity.

Too happy time,  
Too full of innocent unmingled mirth!  
For the low level of this shadowed earth  
All too sublime!

Sun-pictures fade,  
As fade the sunbeams from the darkling west,  
As fades the truth from out the fickle breast  
Of faithless maid.

The shadows chill  
Fell o'er our path. Yet as I sadly gaze,  
And think upon the happy bygone days,  
I love her still.

Love her—and know  
Though seeming dead there still shall be reborn,  
And live again for us on some glad morn,  
The Long-ago.

There, where no sun  
Rises or sets; and where aside are laid  
All earthly burdens, we twain shall be made  
For ever one.

## SWIFT AS A FLASH.

BY MRS. C. READE.

## CHAPTER I.

"ONE DAY FOUND GRACIOUS AMONG MANY  
DAYS."

"Do come here, Louie, and look at this un-  
happy black dog!"

"What is there to see in him?"  
"Why, he has been running up and down the  
road like a mad thing for the last five minutes,  
and he's covered with mud, and his tongue is  
hanging out, and—"

"And most probably he is mad," answers  
Louie yawningly. "Four o'clock on a June af-  
ternoon is such a sleepy time. I hope the dar-  
ling Tootoo is safe indoors."

Grace Baird appears profoundly and heartless-  
ly indifferent concerning the fate of that inter-  
esting quadruped (one does occasionally get  
rather sick of one's friend's "darling Tootoo," you  
know); her heavily-lashed hazel eyes follow  
the black dog aforesaid across the uneven road  
and back again. They meet his, anxious and  
imploping at the green garden-gate; they grow  
troubled and pitiful; at length they turn to-  
wards the corner where Mrs. Danger, the mis-  
tress of this snug little villa, is ensconced in a  
snug little arm chair, weakly pretending to read  
a "woman" article in the *Saturday Review*, and  
Grace remarks wofully, "I'm sure he's lost."

"Don't worry, dear, please; it's too hot."  
"I shall go and look after him;" and Grace  
walks away from the window where she has  
been standing.

"He'll bite you, and you'll die of hydropho-  
bia."

No answer, save a light footfall crossing the  
tessellated hall. So then, this wilful girl  
is determined to run the risk of losing her life  
at nineteen, for the sake of a wretched stray cur  
she has never set eyes on until five minutes ago.  
Louie Danger has no patience with such rubbish;  
and accordingly composes herself to slumber  
with praiseworthy promptitude.

There is silence in that pleasant summery  
flowery room. The bees hum idly in and out at  
the open window, shaded by a smart pink-and-  
white awning; a tiny breezeling trifles with the  
pages of that most sapient journal now lying  
neglected at the feet of lazy Mrs. Louie. To sit  
still and do nothing appears to be the whole duty  
of man, woman, and child just at present; and  
yet there goes Miss Grace Baird flying out in  
the broiling sun, without even so much as a hat  
on to shade her pretty pale face.

The object of her solicitude is not gifted with

personal beauty. He is a lanky smooth-haired  
black animal, about the size of a pointer, but  
much slighter in build. She addresses him in-  
sidiously and whistles at him seductively; he  
eyes her with suspicious curiosity, cocks his head  
on one side, pricks up his ears, and finally sets  
off up the road, with his tail between his legs,  
as fast as his poor sore paws can carry him.

"What an idiot!" ejaculates she. "Here, dog,  
dog!"

He halts, looks round at her, sits down, and  
scratches his ear.

Another second, and she is off to the kitchen  
in search of bones and water. Emboldened by  
her retreat, the dog trots leisurely back again;  
he seems to have made up his mind that Berry-  
lands is in some way responsible for the loss of  
his master, though how he is unable to discover.  
Just as he reaches the gate, Grace reappears  
with a plate of scraps in one hand, and a brim-  
ming bowl in the other.

Now the canine heart is easily stirred by the  
sight of provender, as easily as a man's; so by  
the time Miss Baird has set down her burdens,  
our friend is wagging his tail, and licking his  
lips as cheerfully as though fatigue and misery  
were things to him unknown.

"Poor old fellow!" smiles she, patting his  
head as he munches away. "Let's see whom you  
belong to?" and she turns round the leather  
strap he wears about his neck in the hope of as-  
taining the name of his owner. A brass plate  
glistens under her fingers; it is very finely en-  
graved. Grace cannot easily make out the in-  
scription; just as she decipherers "Captain" the  
sharp yap of Mrs. Danger's "darling Tootoo"  
salutes her ears. To release the dog and shut  
the gate is but the work of an instant; another,  
and the spiderish little morsel of black-and-tan  
and temper, who is standing growling and snap-  
ping on the doorstep, is being carried off to her  
mistress, despite her frantic struggles to get at  
the interloper, who meanwhile serenely makes  
an end of his meat-tea, without even deigning  
so much as a glance at her vixenish ladyship.

"O dear!" sighs yellow-haired, plump, de-  
cidedly prosperous Mrs. Danger, as her friend  
drops "the darling" into her lap. "I suppose  
I've been asleep. How extremely dreadful of  
me! Where have you been, dear? you look  
quite flushed."

"I've been feeding that strange dog, and I've  
found out that his master is a Captain Somebody.  
I couldn't read the rest of the name on his col-  
lar, because this little wretch rushed out and  
wanted to gobble up the poor thing."

"O!" and a capacious yawn; "where is he?"  
getting up, and shaking out her blue-and-white  
frills and furbelows.

"At the gate; do come and see what can be  
done with him."

"Very well; only mind, he's not to stay here."  
And Mrs. Danger follows Grace down to the  
gate, where he is still gnawing a toothsome lamb  
bone with unabated zeal and appetite.

"What a hideous creature!"

"Perhaps he's clever. Ugly people often are,"  
says Grace, stooping down to make another at-  
tempt at the discovery of his proprietor's pa-  
tronymic.

"Well?" inquires Louie, shading her eyes with  
her shapely white hand.

"Tew—Tewell, Captain Tewell. How very  
odd!" cries Grace viva voce. "You know I  
was brought up with the Tewells. They were  
Indian children, and poor mamma had the  
charge of them. Fancy, if this Captain Tewell  
should be Rae. He was the eldest, and so nice!"  
she adds, looking round with brightest eyes.

"Fancy, indeed! Very unlikely, however.  
Things never happen in that sort of happy way,  
nowadays!" Mrs. Danger considers herself to  
be of philosophical turn of mind. "However, as  
we have found out who owns the dog, we can't  
let him get lost again, though how to send him  
back to his master I haven't the remotest  
idea."

"Suppose we go to the post-office and make  
inquiries. This Captain Tewell must be living  
somewhere in Wynbridge," says Grace, keep-  
ing tight hold of the dog's collar.

"Ye-es. Poor old boy! There, don't lick me  
all over with your greasy tongue. Fetch him in,  
dear; we'll put him up in the stable."

Forthwith Grace drags him through the gate.  
He is about the most unwilling visitor Berry-  
lands has known as yet; people generally es-  
teeming the right of entry to Mrs. Danger's  
charming little abode one of their choicest priv-  
ileges, second only in fact to that of being more  
or less intimate with charming little Mrs. Dan-  
ger herself.

## CHAPTER II.

"ONE FLOWER IN A GREAT MULTITUDE."

Well, it does not take long to lodge the unex-  
pected guest in an empty stall garnished with  
such creature comforts as straw and savoury  
sundries; so by half-past five, fortified by after-  
noon tea and the crispest, freshest of cool sum-  
mer dresses, Grace and her friend sally forth to  
institute inquiries ament the whereabouts of this  
said Captain Tewell, concerning whom they both  
agree to feel an interest deeper than that pos-  
sessed by most ordinary mortals for their fellow  
creatures.

They are fair to see, both the one and the  
other of these two young women, as they walk  
along the broad white road, fringed on either  
side with deadened gorse and golden broom and  
waving larches and the lovely silver birch, all  
tiny whispering leaves and glistening slender  
stems, and sense of great delight.

Perhaps of the two, Mrs. Danger, by reason of

her childlike innocent prettiness, her *svelte* fi-  
gure, possesses the most attractions for the cas-  
ual passer-by, and casual passers-by, after all,  
compose the major portion of humanity; she is  
so *bien mise* and satiny and smiling, this sailor's  
wife (Captain Danger is at present guarding the  
moral and timbers of one of Her Majesty's men-  
of-war somewhere off the coast of Africa). But  
for all her indisputable charms, Grace Baird can  
well afford to bear her company, and of this fact  
no one is better aware than dainty Mrs. Louie  
herself.

"You are very nice, you know, dear," she has  
said to the girl before now; "very nice indeed.  
You've a sort of saintlike expression which suits  
admirably with your hair and eyes, and you've  
a lovely complexion. O, yes, you have, though  
you are rather pale. I don't care about pink-  
and-white people, you know. I am pink-and-  
white myself; and you will have a charming  
figure when you fill out a little more; and your  
hands and feet are decidedly good; and altogeth-  
er, if I wasn't married to Fred, I wouldn't in-  
troduce you to him. No, not for worlds."

And Mrs. Danger is quite right, between our-  
selves, not about her lord and master being like-  
ly to fall a victim to Grace's fascinations — for  
that spirited and gallant gentleman believes that  
if Eve, Venus, and Ninon were all rolled into  
one woman, and exhibited for the benefit of  
mankind, their representative would fall to  
equal his "little girl" in any one particular —  
but on the score of her friend's real loveliness;  
a loveliness of mind and body blending curiously,  
and fashioned the one like unto the other, in a  
singularly harmonious and satisfactory man-  
ner.

Dogs and children and sick sorry folks trust  
her at first sight. Strangers tell her things they  
would not tell to people they had known for  
years. An hour in her society, looking into  
her sweet eyes, listening to her soft voice, will  
make you love her, although you be not a lover  
of strange women; will, if you are weary and  
faint with the heat and burden of your noon,  
refresh and strengthen you as surely as a cup of  
generous wine, as the whispered lullaby of  
shaken leaves.

And yet she is no prig, no prim occupant of  
the domestic pulpit either at home or abroad.  
No; she is a merry soul, a bit of a humorist in  
her young way, fond of a peep behind the scenes  
now and then, prone to laughter, by no means  
despising the lesser joys of this terrestrial globe;  
nothing but a girl in fact, with all a girl's trou-  
bles before her, poor child.

All, I say! Alas, I err; not all, for she has  
lost her mother, that widowed mother to whose  
care the Tewell children—two girls and a boy—  
were confided long ago, when Grace was little  
more than a baby, by their father, Colonel Tew-  
ell, an Indian officer of some distinction, who  
had served John Company well in the Afghan  
campaign and on various other occasions.

Being left to shift for herself as best she may,  
Grace has for the last year occupied the deligh-  
tful position of nursery governess in a clergy-  
man's family; she knows little or nothing tho-  
roughly enough to teach it to others, like most  
of our young women, although her poor mother  
took care to give her what is called a "gentle-  
woman's education." Her midsummer holidays  
began exactly two days ago; she is to spend all  
of them with her friend, Mrs. Danger, who has  
been her supreme ideal of feminine perfection  
for upwards of three years, their friendship dat-  
ing from a period anterior to the said Mrs. Dan-  
ger's marriage. Thus it is that you find her now  
perambulating the dusty Wynbridge road in  
company with that fortunate little lady.

They walk briskly along through the strag-  
gling village to the general post-office, situated  
in a grocer's shop kept by one Theophilus  
Wren.

"Can you tell me where a gentleman called  
Tewell—Captain Tewell—lives? We have found  
his dog, and wish to return it to him," says  
Louie, walking up to the counter and addressing  
a scared-looking old man, with a black-and-  
white tuft of hair on his bald head, like the  
scalp lock of an aboriginal Red Indian—address-  
ing in fact the veritable Theophilus himself.

Theophilus is deaf and dull. Mrs. Danger  
shouts at him vigorously. Grace keeps outside  
the shop; she knows she would burst out laugh-  
ing could she see Mr. Wren's bewildered counte-  
nance, and that might hurt Mrs. Warren's feel-  
ings. She is mindful of other people's feeling,  
this slow young person. At length she hears him  
say grumpily he doesn't like being yelled at.

"There ain't no such person a-livin' at Wyn-  
bridge, as I'm a-weer, but there 'ave been letters  
addressed to a gen'lman as"—and he fumbles  
distractingly over a tangle in the piece of string  
he is trying round a parcel.

Mrs. Danger buttons her glove expressively.  
"As we stayin' at Mrs.—Mrs. Thorndyke's,  
I think let me see. Rose!" calling to some one  
in the back-parlor. A rustle of stiff cambric,  
and Rose appears; she is Mr. Wren's only daugh-  
ter, and delights in apparel of the most *voyant*  
style and tint.

"Good-evening, 'm;" this with a smile and a  
wriggle which sets all the curls in her super-  
abundant chignon dancing, all the lockets on her  
superabundant necklet jingling, and all the frills  
on her superabundant toilette crinkling.

"Isn't there a gen'lman called Captain Tew-  
ell stayin' with Mrs. Thorndyke at Chestnut-  
villa?" asks her father.

"Captain Tewell! O dear me, yes, to be sure;  
a tall gentleman, with no whiskers, nice-look-  
ing;" and Rose smiles at Mrs. Danger feelingly.  
Louie shakes her head.

"I don't know what he's like," says she; and  
then she tells Miss Wren about the lost dog.  
That young lady "O dears!" and "There nows!"

freely during the piteous recital. When it is con-  
cluded she reassures Mrs. Danger that a Captain  
Tewell is at present participating in the hospi-  
tality of Chestnut-villa; moreover that she feels  
sure the dog must belong to him, having seen  
a black dog out walking with him and Miss  
Thorndyke only yesterday.

"O, indeed!" says Louie; "so there is a Miss  
Thorndyke?"  
Grace hears every word, you may be sure, as  
she stands on the threshold, her face shaded by  
her Marguerite-crowned Dolly-Varden hat, her  
eyes bent on the ground.

"Lor yes, 'm! Why, she's quite a belle, and  
that 'aughty, though such a sweet dresser!"  
Mrs. Danger raises her eyebrows sympatheti-  
cally, picks up her parasol, and with a graceful  
"Much obliged, good-evening," rejoins Grace.

"Well, so you've found him out!"  
"Yes, I suppose I must write him a note.  
What fun if he called, and did actually turn out  
to be your Rae Tewell!"

"My Rae Tewell!" cries Grace, a trifle scorn-  
fully.

"Well, Miss Thorndyke's Rae Tewell then, if  
you like that better. By the way, I wonder if  
they're nice people?"

"Don't you know them by sight?"  
"Not I! People don't go about here with their  
names ticketed on their backs like cut-flowers  
at a flower-show!"  
Mrs. Danger is battling with a "follower," and  
speaks with acerbity. Nothing more is said con-  
cerning Captain Tewell, his dog or his friends,  
until they reach home; then Louie seats  
herself before her malachite and ormolu  
writing-case, and announces her intention of  
requesting him to resume his retainer as soon  
as possible.

"I can't have the darling Tootoo's nerves up-  
set, you know; besides, delays are always tire-  
some," says Louie, writing "Mrs. Danger pre-  
sents her compliments." "Shall I say any-  
thing about you?"

"About me!" cries Grace, flushing crimson.

Louie laughs, scrawls away assiduously, finally  
scrawls her address, and reads the note.

"There, I think that will do; just look at it,  
you're so much cleverer than I am," she says,  
tossing it across to Grace, who is seated in a *ber-  
gère* by the open window.

This is what she reads:

"Mrs. Danger presents her compliments to  
Captain Tewell, and is happy to be able to as-  
sure him of the safety of his dog, which having  
been found by a friend of hers, is now safely  
housed in her stables, where he will remain  
until sent for.

"Berrylands, Wynbridge."

"Well?" asks Louie, when she looks up  
again.

"Well, it's quite proper as far as I can see."  
"Ca va sans dire. The question is—" dreamily  
getting up, and ringing the bell.

"The question is—" echoes Grace, slowly tak-  
ing off her hat.

"Nothing! Please take this note to Chestnut-  
villa, Susan," turning to the servant at the door,  
"and wait for an answer," most emphatically.

## CHAPTER III.

"BY THE MEADOWS OF MEMORY."

Drip, drip, drip.  
"How truly sickly!" exclaims Mrs. Danger,  
as she and Grace sit at breakfast on the follow-  
ing morning; and the world she looks out upon  
fully justifies her criticism, so gray and wet and  
comfortless a world is it.

"Take no notice of it," laughs Grace, plunging  
into the recesses of a biscuit-china honey-pot in  
the shape of a hive, with a bee perched outside.  
"It's the only way to treat disagreeable weather  
and people."

But Louie is not able to attain unto such a  
sublime height of dispassionate contemplation.  
So she continues to stare at the steadily-descend-  
ing rain with a moody persistency more re-  
markable than wise.

"Shan't see a soul all day," she sighs. "Pass  
me the salt, please."

"I shan't die if we don't," with unfeeling  
cheerfulness.

"I daresay not; still you know it is awfully  
poky staying indoors for twelve mortal hours  
without a creature to speak to," dropping a scrap  
of toast on the "darling Tootoo's" expectant  
nose.

"Without a creature to speak to? Why, you've  
got me and Tootoo, and—"

"But I like somebody new now and then."  
Mrs. Danger is given to speaking her mind with  
alarming candor.

"Well, there's the new dog."

"The new dog?"  
Grace laughs. "By the way, has that inter-  
esting animal had anything to eat this morning?"  
inquires she presently, when breakfast is pretty  
well over.

"I don't know. You had better go and look  
after him," answers Louie, getting up from the  
table.

"I will, I suppose somebody will call for him  
before long?"

"Most probably. Captain Tewell must have  
got my note by now, you know; he was out  
when Susan left it;" and Louie gazes at herself  
plaintively in the glass. She is not "in face" to-  
day.

"Don't I look hideous in green, dear?" she  
asks, turning to Miss Baird, who is consulting  
her watch.