

In mind to listen with outward composure while Rosamund talked hopefully of what the morrow was to bring forth.

"I am not sorry Miss Delany is coming to Dublin," she said. "Our too timid Kathleen will be obliged to decide between her aunt and her lover, and there is very little doubt as to which way the scales will turn. Then, dear Frank, while you and your bride indulge in a trip to Paris, Alice and I will go home and make ready for your return. If all goes well, we shall be a happy quartette round the fire this winter."

"If?" Her voice faltered a little as she uttered the ominous word; but she steadied it again, and contrived to preserve her cheerful demeanour till they parted for the night.

Frank went to his room, but not to rest. Lighted a cigar, he flung open the window, and smoked at it till far into the night. He felt too excited, too anxious for sleep. His conversation with Kathleen had been so romantic and full of the enamourment, but the love she had inspired was none the less deep and enduring. To be obliged to suspect her of deceit was torture; and his mental sufferings, as he pictured her flitting to and fro in the treacherous Viscount, drove him almost to madness.

At last, dressed as he was, he flung himself on his bed, and slept the heavy, unrefreshing sleep of exhaustion, till the light touch of Rosamund's fingers on his forehead aroused him.

"Is it not late?" he exclaimed, glancing at the sun, which was high in the heavens.

"Yes; but I would not have aroused you, if it had not been absolutely necessary. Mrs. Carroll has sent to entreat you to go to her immediately."

He sprang up, and his eyes began to question his sister's pale and troubled face.

"Kathleen—does it concern her? Is she ill or—"

"Indeed, dear Frank, I don't know anything. I could not ask the servant his mistress's reasons for wishing to see you, although quite as eager to know them as you are."

That was too true to be calmsaid; so Frank made a hasty toilette, and swallowing a cup of coffee, to satisfy Alice Breen, he hurried to Mrs. Carroll's residence.

(To be continued.)

LONGING FOR SUMMER.

BY MAX.

I've listened all night to the wind,
I've hated all day the sun,
And now from the shadowy sky
Darkness is falling again.

O, love, I am weary and ill,
I feel near me, but far from my bed,
The beating of heart and brain;
Let me lay down my head on thy arm.

Time heavily passes away,
It is harder to live than to die;
To hope against hope thro' the day,
And be weary when night draweth nigh.

Pray, dear, for the summer to come,
The water seems long ere it flows,
And my spirit is yearning to breathe,
The perfume of woodland and rose.

O, love, for a walk on the hills,
A rest 'neath the pine trees at noon,
And to be for the cause of the birds,
And breeze that murmur in June.

I long for the radiant sun
To shine in his glory again,
When they clouds sail o'er the sky,
Like ships on the breast of the main.

There is joy for my soul in the sound
Of murmuring leaves as they blend,
And the notes of the lark near heaven,
As earthward to us they descend.

Then pray for the summer to come,
Bearing sweet flowers in her train,
With beautiful sunshine and calm
That I may grow better again.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VI.

Now you may fancy that Tom was quite good, when he had everything that he could want or wish; but you would be very much mistaken. Being quite comfortable is a very good thing, but it does not make people good. Indeed, it sometimes makes them naughty, as it has made the people in America, and as it made the people in the Bible, who waxed fat and kicked, like horses overtaken and underworked. And I am very sorry to say that this happened to little Tom. For he grew so fond of the sea-bull's-eyes and sea-bollops, that his foolish little head could think of nothing else; and he was always longing for more, and wondering when the strange lady would come again and give him some, and what she would give him, and how much, and whether she would give him more than the others. And he thought of nothing but lollipops by day, and dreamt of nothing else by night—and what happened then?

That he began to watch the lady to see where she kept the sweet things, and began hiding, and sneaking, and following her about, and pretending to be looking the other way, or going after something else, till he found out that she kept them in a beautiful mother-of-pearl cabinet, away in a deep crack of the rocks.

And he longed to go to the cabinet, and yet he was afraid; and then he longed again, and was less afraid; and at last, by continual thinking about it, he longed so violently that he was not afraid at all. And one night, when all the other children were asleep, he could not sleep for thinking of lollipops, he crept away among the rocks, and got to the cabinet, and behold! it was open.

But, when he saw all the nice things inside, instead of being delighted, he was quite frightened, and wished he had never come there. And then he would only touch them, and he did; and then he would only taste one, and he did; and then he would only eat one, and he did; and then he would only eat two, and then three, and so on; and then he was terrified lest she should come and catch him, and began gobbling them down so fast that he did not taste them, or have any pleasure in them; and then he felt sick, and would have only one more; and then only one more again; and so on till he had eaten them all up.

And all the while, close behind him, stood Mrs. Bedonebysould. And she looked very sadly at Tom, but did not speak to him nor punish him, not even when Tom came next day with the rest for sweet things. He was horribly afraid of coming, but he was still more afraid of staying away, lest any one should suspect him. He was dreadfully afraid, too, lest there should be no sweets—as was to be expected, he having eaten them all—and lest then the fairy should follow who had taken them. But, behold! she

pulled out just as many as ever, which astonished Tom, and frightened him still more.

And, when the fairy looked him full in the face, he shook from head to foot; however, she gave him his share like the rest, and he thought within himself that she could not have found him out.

But, when he put the sweets into his mouth, he hated the taste of them; and they made him sick, and he had to get away as fast as he could; and terribly sick he was, and very cross and unhappy, all the week after.

Then, when next week came, he had his share again; and again the fairy looked him full in the face; but more sadly than she had ever looked. And he could not bear the sweets, but took them again in spite of himself.

And, when Mrs. Bedonebysould came, he wanted to be cuddled like the rest; but she said very seriously:

"I should like to cuddle you, but I cannot, you are so horny and prickly."

And Tom looked at himself, and he was all over prickles, just like a sea-egg.

Which was quite natural; for you must know and believe that people's souls make their bodies, just as a small makes its shell (I am not joking, my little man; I am in serious, solemn earnest). And, therefore, when Tom's soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers, his body could not help growing prickly too, so that nobody would cuddle him, or play with him, or even like to look at him.

What could Tom do now, but go away and hide in a corner, and cry? For nobody would play with him, and he knew full well why.

And he was so miserable all that week that, when the fairy came, and looked at him once more full in the face, more seriously and sadly than ever, he could stand it no longer, and thrust the sweets away, saying, "No, I don't want any; I can't bear them now," and then burst out, crying, poor little man, and told Mrs. Bedonebysould every word as it happened.

He was horribly frightened when he had done so; for he expected her to punish him very severely. But, instead, she only took him up and kissed him, which was not quite pleasant, for her chin was very bristly indeed; but he was so lonely-hearted, he thought that rough kissing better than none.

"I will forgive you, little man," she said. "I always forgive every one the moment they tell me the truth of their own accord."

"Then you will take away all these nasty prickles?"

"That is a very different matter. You put them there yourself, and only you can take them away."

"But how can I do that?" asked Tom, crying a-fresh.

"Well, I think it is time for you to go to school; so I shall fetch you a schoolmistress, who will teach you how to get rid of your prickles." And so she went away.

Tom was frightened at the notion of a schoolmistress; for he thought she would certainly come with a birch-rod or a cane; but he comforted himself, at last, that she might be something like the old woman in Vendale—which she was not in the least; for, when the fairy brought her, she was the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen, with long curls floating behind her like a golden cloud, and long robes floating all round her like a silver one.

"There he is," said the fairy; "and you must teach him to be good, whether you like or not."

"I know," said the little girl; but she did not seem quite to like, for she put her finger in her mouth, and looked at Tom under her brows; and Tom put her finger in her mouth, and looked at her under his brows, for he was horribly ashamed of himself.

The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin; and perhaps she would never have begun at all, if poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him how to be good, and how to cure his prickles; and at that she grew so tender-hearted, that she began teaching him as prettily as ever child was taught in the world.

And what did the little girl teach Tom? She taught him, first, what you have been taught ever since you said your first prayers at your mother's knees; but she taught him much more simply. For the lessons in that world, my child, have no such hard words in them as the lessons in this, and therefore the water-babies like them better than you like your lessons, and long to learn them more and more; and grown men cannot puzzle nor quarrel over their meaning, as they do here on land; for those lessons all rise clear and pure out of the everlasting ground of all life and truth.

So she taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went away home, and the kind fairy took her place. And, before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles had vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bedroom."

"Dear me!" cried Tom. "And I know you, too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed." And he jumped at her, and longed to hug and kiss her; but did not, remembering that she was a lady born; so he only jumped round and round her, till he was quite tired.

And then they began telling each other all their story—how he had got into the water, and she had fallen over the rock; and how he had swam down to the sea, and how she had flown out of the window, and how this, that, and the other, till it was all talked out, and then they both began over again, and I can't say which of the two talked fastest.

And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked them so well, that they went on well till full seven years were past and gone.

You may fancy that Tom was quite content and happy all those seven years; but the truth is, he was not. He had always one thing on his mind, and that was—where little Ellie went, when she went home on Sundays.

To a very beautiful place, she said.

But what was the beautiful place like, and where was it?

"You must ask the fairies that."

So when the fairy, Mrs. Bedonebysould, came next, Tom asked her.

"Little boys who are only fit to play with sea-bollops cannot go there," she said. "Those who go there must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like."

"Why, did Ellie do that?"

"Ask her."

And Ellie blushed, and said, "Yes, Tom; I did not like coming here at first; I was so much happier at home, where it is always Sunday. And I was afraid of you, Tom, at first, because—"

"Because I was all over prickles? But I am not prickly now, am I, Miss Ellie?"

"No," said Ellie. "I like you very much now; and I like coming here, too."

"And perhaps," said the fairy, "you will learn to like going where you don't like, and helping some one that you don't like, as Ellie has."

But Tom put his finger in his mouth, and hung his head down; for he did not see that at all.

So when Mrs. Bedonebysould came, Tom asked her; for he thought in his little head, she is not so strict as her sister, and perhaps she may let me off more easily.

Ah, Tom, Tom, silly fellow! and yet I don't know why I should blame you, while so many grown people have got the very same notion in their heads.

But, when they try it, they get just the same answer as Tom did. For, when he asked the second fairy, she told him just what the first did, and in the very same words.

Tom was very unhappy at that. And, when Ellie went home on Sunday, he fretted and cried all day, and did not care to listen to the fairy's stories about good children, though they were prettier than ever. Indeed, the more he overheard of them, the less he liked to listen, because they were all about children who did what they did not like, and took trouble for other people, and worked to feed their little brothers and sisters, instead of caring only for their play.

And, when she began to tell a story about a holy child in old times, who was martyred by the heathen because it would not worship idols, Tom could bear no more, and ran away and hid among the rocks.

When Ellie came back, he was shy with her, because he feared she would look down on him, and thought him a coward. And then he grew quite cross with her, because she was superior to him, and did what he could not do. And poor Ellie was quite surprised and sad; and at last Tom burst out crying; but he would not tell her what was really in his mind.

And all the while he was enven up with curiosity to know where Ellie went to; so that he began not to care for his playmates, or for the sea-palace, or anything else. But perhaps that grew so discontented with everything round him, that he did not care to stay, and did not care where he went.

"Ah!" he said at last, "I am so miserable here, I go, if only you will go with me!"

"Ah!" said Ellie. "I wish I might; but the worst of it is, that the fairy says, that you must go alone, if you go at all. Now don't poke that poor crab about, Tom, for he was feeling very naughty and mischievous, or the fairy will have to punish you."

Tom was very nearly saying, "I don't care if she does," but he stopped himself in time.

"I know what she wants me to do," he said, whining most dolefully. "She wants me to go after that horrid old Grimes. I don't like him, that's certain. And if I find him, he will turn me into a chimney-sweep again, I know. That's what I have been afraid of all along."

"No, he won't—I know as much as that. Nobody can turn water-babies into sweeps or hurt them at all, as long as they are good."

"Ah!" said Tom. "I see that you want; you are persuading me all along to go, because you are tired of me, and want to get rid of me."

Little Ellie opened her eyes very wide at that, and they were all brimming over with tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said, very mournfully—and then she cried, "Oh, Tom! where are you?"

And Tom cried, "Oh, Ellie, where are you?" For neither of them could see each other—not the least. Little Ellie vanished quite away, and Tom heard her voice calling him, and growing smaller and smaller, and fainter and fainter, till it was silent.

Tom was frightened then but Tom, he swam up and down among the rocks, into all the halls and chambers, faster than ever he swam before; but could not find her. He shouted after her, but she did not answer; he asked all the other children, but they had not seen her; and at last he went up to the top of the water and began crying and screaming for Mrs. Bedonebysould, till—which perhaps was the best thing to do—for she came in a moment.

"Oh!" said Tom. "Oh dear, oh dear! I have been naughty to Ellie, and I have killed her—I know I have killed her."

"Not quite that," said the fairy; "but I have sent her away home, and she will not come back again for I do not know how long."

Ellie, smiling, and looking so happy that Tom longed to kiss her; but was still afraid it would not be respectful, because she was a lady born.

"I am going, Ellie!" said Tom. "I am going, if it is to the world's end. But I don't like going at all, and that's the truth."

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" said the fairy. "You will like it very well indeed, you little rogue, and you know that at the bottom of your heart. But if you don't, I will make you like it. Come here and see what happens to people who do only what is pleasant."

And she took out of one of her cupboard (she had all sorts of mysterious cupboards in the cracks of the rocks) the most wonderful waterproof book, full of such photographs as never were seen. For she had found out photography (and this is a fact) more than 13,598,000 years before anybody was born; and what is more, her photographs did not merely represent light and shade, as ours do, but colour also, and also colour, as you may see if you look at a black cock's tail, or a butterfly's wing, or indeed, most things that are or can be, so to speak. And, therefore, her photographs were very curious and famous, and the children looked with great delight for the opening of the book.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BARLEY-STRAW.

AN ALLEGORY FROM THE DANISH.

A young married couple were walking down a country lane. It was a peaceful, sunny morning in autumn, and the last of their honeymoon.

"Why are you so silent and thoughtful?" asked the young, beautiful wife. "Do you already weary of the city and its turmoil? Or are you weary of my love? You regret, I fear, that you have renounced your busy life yonder and consented to live only for me and our happiness?"

He kissed her forehead, which she tenderly raised up to him. She received no other answer.

"What can you miss here?" she continued. "Can all the others together love you more than I my single self? Do I not suffice? We are rich enough, so that you need not work; but if you absolutely must do something—well, then, write romances and read them to me alone."

The young man again replied with a kiss. He then stepped across the ditch into a stubble-field and plucked a straw, left by the gleaners. It was an unusually fine and large straw, yet attached to its root and entwined by the withered stalks of a parsnip-plant, upon which a single little flower might be discerned.

"Was that a very rare flower you found?" asked the little lady.

"No; it was a common blindweed."

"A blindweed?"

"Yes, that is its vulgar name. The botanists call it *Convolvulus arvensis*. The peasantry name it fox-vine; in some localities it is called tangled-weed." He paused and gazed thoughtfully on the straw.

"Pray, what interesting thing is it, then, that you have discovered?"

"It is a romance."

"A romance?"

"Yes; for a parable, if you like."

"Yes; the flower and—the straw."

"Please tell me the story about it."

"But it is a sad one."

"No matter for that; I should like to hear it very much."

She seated herself on the edge of the grassy bank; her husband did the same close at her side, and told the story of the straw.

At the outer edge of the barley-field, near the ditch of the highway, grew a young vigorous barley-shoot. It was taller, stronger, and darker than the others; it could look over the whole field.

The first thing it noticed was a little violet. It stood beyond, over the other edge of the ditch, and peered through the grass with its innocent azure eyes. The sun shone, and the balmy wind breathed over towards the field from the road, where the violet grew. The young straw rocketed itself in spring-air and spring-dreams. To reach one another was out of the question; they did not even think about it. The violet was a pretty little flower, but it clung to earth and soon disappeared among the growing grass. The barley, on the contrary, shot up higher and higher each day; but the dark green shoot still above all the rest. It rejoiced already in a long, full ear before any of the others had commenced to show their heads.

All the surrounding flowers looked up to the gallant ear of barley. The scarlet poppy blushed yet a deeper red, whenever it swung over it. The corn-flowers, like the woman still more plentiful than usual, and the flaunting yellow field-cabbage expanded its one bold flower. By-and-by the barley-straw blossomed in its manner. It swayed about, now here, now there, in the balmy atmosphere; sometimes bending over the cornflower, at times over the poppy, and then over the taro and wild field cabbage; but when it had peered down in their chalice it swung back again, straightened up, and thought, "You are but a lot of weeds, after all!"

But in the grass at the ditch flourished a blindweed, with its small leafy vines; it bore delicate snowy and rose-coloured flowers, and emitted a delicate fragrance. To that the barley-straw bent longingly down.

"You gallant straw," it smiled; "bend yet lower, till I may embrace you with my leaves and flowers."

The straw essayed to do it, with its best will, but in vain.

"I think upon the harvest—my time has also its claim."

Presently the rain came. Great drops fell upon the delicate leaves. "My time is soon over," wept the weed, and closed its little flowers to hide the cold tears.

Tears are heavy. The straw came near sinking under its burden, but it felt the importance of keeping itself upright; it straightened up, gallantly facing the storm. It grew stiffer in the body—the order in the joints.

It was one of the dark days. The heavens were gray and the earth dark; it had been raining for a long time. The weed had grown downward into the earth, as if it would hide itself from the storm.

"Bend down once more as you did in days of yore, when my love was all in all to you," begged the weeping flower.

"I cannot, I dare not," groaned the straw. "And I, who have bent a thousand times for your sake—I, who now bend myself to the very dust before your feet," wailed the weed, groveling on the earth.

Then fell a couple of large rain-drops upon the blades; the weight was too much, the brave straw yielded, the weed pulled it down, and both straw and weed sunk down on the wet earth, never more to rise again.

The harvest came. All the golden corn were bound in sheaves, and brought to the barn with song and joy. But that which once so gallantly had reared its head above all the others, remained prostrate on the stubble-field. The grain was mown and the straw withered. Of the beautiful vine, whose loving embrace had been so fatal, only the dry, blackened stalks remained.

This ended the romance of the barley-straw. The young wife had tears in her beautiful eyes; but they were the happy tears which strengthen, not the scalding ones which crush the soul to the earth. She wound her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered a single word in his ear. It was, "Thanks."

Then she plucked the lost, half-withered blossom from the blindweed.

"It is a flower of memory that I will take with me, when I to-morrow return with you to the city again," she said softly, as she hid it in her bosom. "Love is good, but labour and love are better. Pleasure is perfect only when it harmonises with our permanent interests, as it is also true that no delight can be enduring which interferes with duty."

THE SAD END OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY ONE ACQUAINTED WITH ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was in ancient Italy, a dandy had grown between old Catech Capulet and Mistress Montague. Now Catech had an only son, a dapple little bean. The pet of all the pretty girls—by name young Romeo.

And Montague owned a female girl, just home from boardin' school. Miss Juliet was her Christian name (for short they called her etc.).

To bring the lady out to have a ball at his plantation. And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation.

One Tybalt, kinsman of the host, began to scowl and frown.

And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out. When Montague saw the fun, he said, "My cousin, don't be cross; behave yourself or leave the room; are you or I the boss?"

When Juliet saw young Romeo, his beauty did enchant her.

And Romeo fell in love with Juliet instantly. Last their darts should spoil the fun, but little time they tarried.

But straightway went to Friar Lawrence's cell, and privately were married. Oh, cruel fate! next day the groom met Tybalt on the square.

And Tybalt, being very drunk at Romeo did swear. Then Montague his weapon drew (a knife of seven blades).

And stuck it into Tybalt's ribs, which laid him in the shades.

Then Romeo ran up and down, through alley, street and square.

The Charles ran, o'er took her man, and brought him fore the Mayor.

And then the worthy magistrate most savagely did say, he, young man, you love your head, or else you waste this town;

He chide the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine.

"Alas," said he, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine!"

And now, to make the matter worse, old Montague did say that she must give her hand to noble Count de Paris.

"He is a comely youth," said he, "to-day he comes to woo."

And, if you don't marry him, I'll soundly wallop you."

A YOUNG GIRL'S THOUGHTS.

Parvna Ren was singing Cesta Diva in one of the western cities. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced her "Enlilian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a rush of phrases, an applauding harmony, that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, and there was a sweet, pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and she looked up at me, with an expression, was dominating an oneness when my beautiful companion raised her large, serene eyes to mine; and said: "Isn't it sad?"

"Yes," replied I quickly, sharing her feeling; "although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord."

"O, nonsense!" she exclaimed, "I don't mean that! You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men build their lives on a dream of pleasure, and then, when the dream is over, they find themselves in a state of utter poverty and despair?"

"I wonder if it isn't dispensation, or the climate, or what? Do you know that I have been picking out bald-heads down in the parrotets, and would you believe it, I actually counted twenty-nine."