

guarded was his passion for his lovely teacher that neither the children of the school nor Dick's parents ever suspected its existence. Only he knew—and she. For in a hundred little ways, all unobservable by others, he made his love felt.

The school stove was well supplied with wood, the windows were opened and shut for her and the room kept ventilated. Dick, as the senior pupil, set the example and the other lads vied with one another for the privilege of doing their teacher's bidding or of anticipating her wishes.

Miss Moorland was passionately fond of flowers. And when the first warm days of early summer came, Dick, remembering the scent of sweet violets which her presence had shed around on the first day of school, hunted the moist sunny spots in the woods, and never rested until he had found what he sought; and a lovely little bunch of white violets, deftly arranged so as to preserve their fleeting freshness greeted her at her desk morning after morning. She knew how they had come there and wore them on her bosom, and Dick Durdle was happy—happy beyond all expression.

But the blow came at last.

One day a handsome young fellow, with the stamp of the city upon him, walked into the school-room. Miss Moorland, with flushing cheeks and smiling face, stepped down to greet him. The warmth and pretty tenderness of the meeting were unmistakeable, and Dick Durdle's face grew ashen-grey with pain. He saw through it all, and some chord of his life seemed to snap within him. The sun ceased to shine and all things grew black before

him. But through the dim obscurity into which he had been plunged, he seemed to see, flaming on the blackboard like the hand-writing on the wall, the words:—

"A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament."

That afternoon he went home, mechanically performed a few chores and then, without a word, betook himself to the bridge over the river. It was a favorite spot, whither he had often gone to whisper his love to the running stream and the sighing pines around, or perchance to recite the verses he had learnt to love so well.

He leaned over the bridge and gazed on the gliding waters, yet saw them not. But his thoughts ran in a stream as swift and dark as the river itself.

He was only a big, ignorant country lad; and she, an angel. She could not love him any more than she could dislike him. She loved this proud city-bred gentleman who loved her. What more natural? How could he but love her! But none loved her as he did. Nobody could. And yet he had lost her. Life for him was at an end. For the four past months he had dwelt in a heaven—every day in the sunshine of her presence. Yes; she was a phantom. He knew the meaning of the word at last. She was a beautiful thing that had eluded his grasp. She had slipped away from him, taking the better part of his life with her. Was the wretched remainder worth the preserving? The water under the bridge was deep and the tempter was at his ear. A spring, a splash, a gurgle in his ears and then to lie quiet and at peace.

(To be continued.)