"Oh! Would I Were but that Sweet Linnet."

IrishAir-"The pretty girl milking her cow."

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet,
That I had my apple tree too,
Could sit all the sunny day on it,
With nothing but singing to do!
I'm weary with tolling and spinning,
And Dermot I never can see,
Nor sure am I Dermot of winning;
There's never good luck for poor me!

Quite set was my heart, all the Sunday, On going to Kilaloe fair,

On going to Kilaloe fair,
So my father fell lil on the Monday,
And, look ye, I could not be there.
And it was not the fair that I minded,
For there was I bermot to see;
But I'm always before or behind it,
And there's never good luck for poor me!

I tried, with my sweetest behaviour,
To tell our good priest my distress,
And ask'd him to speak in my favor.
When Dermot came next to confess,
But he said I was but a beginner,
And from love and temptation must flee;
So, if love will but make me a sinner,
There's never good luck for poor me!

Ye saints, with the Virgin! believe me, I join with the priest in your praise; Contrive but my Dermot to give me, And I'll love you the length of my days. In vain would they bid me be wiser, And never my Dermot to see; Bad luck to advice and adviser, Good luck to dear Dermot and me!

LITTLE DORINDA.

WHO WON AND WHO LOST HER.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

Now, as I said, this may seem fatal to his preten-Now, as I said, this may seem fatai to his preten-sions as a hero, but the thing is human nature. It must be recollected, too, he did not set up a roman-ticist. He only saw now more clearly than ever he could not afford "that sort of thing."

The night before he left Lady Fanshawe said to

him with great empressment—
"Dorinda is a terrible flirt isn't she? But it's the

air she breathes, my dear Mr. Laudor. She must be amused by practising on all the men that come in her way—if it was even the old doctor of the parish."

"So that is her character," he said gravely. "I should not think so."
"Oh, yes," she went on. "You'll laugh at all this in about a year's time, and own that I am right. You will then recall the way she went on during your

visit here."
"Why? What do you mean?" "Oh, I can't tell you now; but you will—in about a year's time. Flirting with her is her breakfast, dineverything.

rhaps you are right," said he. He did not understand Lady Fanshowe's allusions but as that lady generally talked in a kind of florid, expansive strain—with a broad margin, in short—he did not give it attention. The reader, however,

will understand.

And Dorinda? She took leave of him in the same

light, careless fashion.
"So you are going back to your books and writings, Mr. Landor," she said. "Make money. Isn't that the great point?"
"Quite right, Dorinda," said her mother. "Well

That was his leave taking. He was to go to the train in the morning about seven o'clock. No one but a servant or two was about as he came down to but a servant or two was about as he came down to the drawing-room, all in that queer wreck and dis-order which the presence of company the night be-fore had left there. There was a sort of bleak de-solution over the whole which seemed to him rather in keeping with his feelings. It was like being "behind the scenes" in the daylight, and Dorinda was

hind the scenes" in the daying, and Jordan with fairy queen of the transformation scene, with her golden wand and spangles, and glorified face.
"I must forget all this," said Mr. Landor as he entered the booking-office—it was a rather shivery morning—"and go back to work. But I begin to morning—"and go back to work. But I begin t think I am a very poor sort of a creature after all.

CHAPTER V.

THE HEIRESS.

Back to work accordingly went our hero, and to very hard work, for the loss of his fixed allowance he was now to find made a serious difference. Often as he wrote, the image of the gentle maid rose before him, but he dismissed it with a sorrowful impati-

Nothing, however, seemed to prosper with him. and matters grew worse and worse. From a book which he had published, and which succeeded he had published, and which succeeded, he had great hope, but the publisher broke before the price had id. This was vexatious enough to a "lordly such as his was and it was even more trying been paid. as he began to find himself getting into debt. as he began to find himsen getting into debt. "The literary man" in debt is a more piteous spectacle than another human creature in debt, as in such a case what he is actually writing is of no profit hav ing been mortgaged or paid for in advance. our hero had not come to this disastrous stage so undignified, too, for one going for de pas amours. But still he was pinched and disheartened. As he made still he was pinched and disheartened. As he made his curious promenade, often at midnight, up and down the the lonely Adelphi Terrace, stopping to look at the river below, he would say bitterly, "Serve you right, Dr. Landor. It was rather un-On that beat he would often manly, unworthy." On that beat he would often call up the image of the bright little creature whom he had seen as it were in a dream, or just as one in a vessel sees the distant revolving lighthouse flash out and then slowly fade out and then slowly fade back into darkness. He used to think with great pleasure of her—of her pretty prattling and perfect nature, which he contrasted with the artificial jesting of other young dames of his acquaintance. He often thought of the description of the first Mrs. "the dear elegant creature, who never failed to please and charm all who came within the sphere of her notice." And this companionship with her image became a sort of little pastime. What was she doing? How was she treating that honest bumpkin Bob Connor. But there were new actors on the scene, no doubt for he recalled what her mother had said of her-that "flirting was the air she breathed, and her staff of life.'

And thus two or three weary months passed by And thus two or three weary months passed by, when he suddenly thought he would be sensible, and go down and see his heiress, who had indeed sent many pressing reminders of his promise. So one day, harassed by want of success and rather despondent, he cried out, "Hang romance! Vive

bread and butter, and ho for cash and the heiress! He recieved the warmest welcome from the lady herself, and her mother, and a sort of venerable uncle, a feeble being much like "a guest" at an entertainment on the stage. At every house we find such faineants. It was a beautiful place—a fine mansion, full of "objects of art," those pictures which the visitor had come to see They were nothing remarkable, by the way. It is astonishing what a glemour a background of this kind causes, and what a tone of indulgence it inspires. Every one trying to please him, the young lady herself interesting from her preference, it was scarcely wonderful that our wise man began to think, for myself." scarcely wonderful that our wise man began to think, "Well, here is the port; why should I not anchor! I am no schoolboy—too old for it," referring, of

course, to his oldest penchant. And thus the days of his visit went by very agreeably, and its soon became clear to him, from hints and moral nudges srom the "Adelphi" guest, the clergyman of the parish, and even the mamma that he had only to peak to make all secure, and the future be free

speak to make all secure, and the future be free from toil and anxiety.

It was very tempting! There was the fine place—with its pictures, furniture, library, carriages and horses in the stables and coach-houses, waiting his pleasure; and good, comfortable people—prosaic but satisfactory—ready to consult all his wishes, and even to be subservient. With this sort of "back," a man sinks as it were into an easy-chair, and is pillowed and cushioned for his natural life. It was very pleasant to stroll before breakfast in the wellvery pleasant to stroil before breakfast in the gardens, down to the long stretch of "glass enjoying the morning air—see the horses through the gate going out for their canter—note the helpers and other retainers scattered about—and then think complacently, all this may be-nay, is mine!" complacently, all this may be—nay, is mine!" Then, too, the heiress, really growing interesting from her devotion, was so eager to consult his wishes, so anxious that he would say, "what he wished to be done," that this rather fortunate being felt that there was scarcely any trouble in the transaction before him, and that the work had been in yulgar phrase, "the work had been in yulgar phrase," already cut out."

Nor was he the less quickened to this earthly and

comfortable view of things by sundry harassing let-ters which pursued him to this agreeable Capua. All these varied motives were drawing him, of course. He often recalled Dorinda, but it was with a sort of vexation and annoyance that he had allowed himself to be played with. At this moment she was no doubt busy practising, "keeping her hand in," on some other being, as foolish as himself. So matters proceeded. But still he could not bring himself to put what was "in the air" snto anything like acurate shape. And thus a fortnight or three weeks seculptor had done, the graceful little head and figure, passed by

passed by.

A great noblemen who had a great "show-house" lived about ten miles away, and a little plan had been proposed that they should all go over to lunch and see the old mansion and its treasures. This was looked forward to as an expedition, and most likely as scenery or background for the little dramalikely as scenery or background for the little dramatic situation that the family were hoping would come about. It was talked of beforehand with great enjoyment, and the night before, when sitting after dinner with the clerical "Adelphi guest"—friendly clergyman, equivalent to the "Father Tom" of the "Colleen Bawn"—the latter bagan to "drive" at Mr. Landor in the plainest terms.

"You're a lucky man, Mr. Landor. I say it everywhere. I know dozens of young fellows who would give their eyes to be in your shoes."

Landor answered absently—he was thinking of some lettershe had received that evening—"I hardly think so not if they knew there own interest."

think so not if they knew there own interest." "Nonsense! You understand me well enough. A fine girl ready waiting—showing that she likes a man—with a fortune as fine as herself. I'll tell you what, Mr. Landor," added the clergy man mysteriously, laying his hand, in an affectionate way on his "don't be afraid! Don't overdo the h back. Many a man has cut his own throat that way.

Take a friends advice."
"Sir!" said Lander haughtily. Then observing the complete good faith of his adviser, he could not help laughing, and said carelessly, "This is what you read of in the old comedies. But how do I overlo the hanging back" and both burst into a roar of laughter.

"I see you understand me," said the clergyman with a knowing air, and rising as Landor had done.
"And see here! I declare if I hear of you coming back to-morrow from Lord Beaglesfoot's re-infec-ta— Now do you understand me?"

Beaglesfoot was a very fine place, set off with pictures and quaint old gardens. The day was favorable and the party had an agreeable drive. They were received hospitably. There were other guests present, and at lunch a lady came up to Mr. Landor nd said, "You have forgotten me. We met at

She had been there one of the dinner-party days, and Landor was for some strange reason delighted to see her. It was a link in the sweet chain that ended with Dorinda and that happy time at Fan-shawe. It was curious that since he had been at shawe. It was curious that since he had been at Colemans' Dorinda's name had never been mentioned, at least by her bosom friend, who indeed eemed to have resigned that office.

He began at once— And the Fanshawes—tell me about them. When

did you see them?"
"Not since that time. But of course you heard?" Heard—What? That question always starts a

flutter of anxious mystery, and for the moment sets the mind more busy and troubled than any "What has happened?" he said anxiously.

"Their poor boy, Algernon, died at the college.
It has been a sore trouble, above all, to that sweet
little Dorinda. He was her other self. It is a Headful business altogether."

He was inconceivably shocked for he knew what

He was inconceivably shocked for he knew what would be the effect of such a blow.

"She has had a severe illness, but is better now. Poor interesting little creature! she is not made by nature or given strength for such blows."

Indeed no," he said. "And where are they?"

'She's at Ostend now with a friend-an old Miss

"And not with her family?"

"No; I suppose gone for the sea air, which is very me there. Poor, sweet, little, frail thing,—and I

From the moment he had heard that little bit of news, a strange restlessness had taken possession of the guest, which after many struggles, had ended in the announcement he had just made. He was even indignant with himself for the shuttlecock fashion in which he let himself be tossed about, and Strove to assert the mastership of his will and mind. But all in vain. He saw the little delicate figure beckoning him. Besides, certain qualms in his mind, assuming the airs of righteousness, kept as-suring him that there was something base in thus rafficking for his own interests with this amiable heiress, and that a retreat was the most manly

They returned from the expedition. No declaration came from the visitor that evening. He was silent and abrupt. But the next day at lunch he said more abruntly:—

"I fear I must leave. I have some very pressing

matters to attend to "What! Going away?"

"What! Going away?"

A blank fell upon all faces.

"Yes, and I must go to-morrow morning."

"Oh, and not stay a few days! Oh, please do," bleaded the poor heiress, in a most dejected way.

We have asked some people who have heard of you and your works, and are so anxious to meet you. lo stav

"Impossible!" said he abruptly. "I shall spare them a great disappointment, too. They will be bliged to me."

"Well. you will come again, or you will come and see us in town?" said the heiress ruefully. "But what is the matter? We have not offended you?" She was greatly hurt and bewildered.

To this he graciously gave consent, and departed. The stage guest stood gazing after him and thinking he must be out of senses to throw away such a

chance.

'What a degrading role I have been playing,'
Landor said to himself in the train. "I could blush

LOVE AT OSTEND.

It was now August, and the very height of the season at that gay watering-place, Ostend. Not yet had the fortifications been levelled and the ditches filled up, so dainty visitors had to pick their sta across drawbridges to gain the well-known "Dyk on which was the pr menade. Now there is a gay flaunting town built at the very water's edge.

Hither, therefore, had come our Dorinda. A heavy blow had indeed fallen on her, and it seemed as if she had been struck physically. Her face had grown serious and full of grave wisifulness, and the mercurial changes only came back to it fitfully. On tender delicate natures like these such strokes fall with cruel effect, tearing, rending, or bruising; though she was of so elastic a temperament, that the recollections were soon to pass away, and the cruel memory be displaced by other matters. She was glad to get away from the house at Fanshawe where the loss had not been accepted in nearly the same fashion. The poor lad was indeed likely to prove a trouble to the family; and mamma and papa were presently engrossed in some absorbing and ambitious scheme. Dorinda was attended by her faithful henchwoman, a homely spinster, who her faithful henchwoman, a homely spinster, who loved her and was her slave, and in whom Dorinda had the most perfect faith. There were some strange creatures of the kind affiliated to the Fan-shawe's family, much as shells and other matters ad-here to a ships side; "toadies" they appeared to the here to a ships side; "toadies" they appeared to the world. But Dorinda had this almost canine trust independent of the outside, and made her friends smile and wonder at the exaltation of such a dowd as was old Dawlish. The old spinster was toady at the tenderair, and sad animation. It was dull enough for her, but the doctors had ordered her a little bracing "Lady Fanshawe and her husband had some scheme or plan on hand, and could not accompany her, and so Dorinda, attended by her henchwoman, who was at free quarters and found the arrangement pleasant, paced the Dyke and did her "little best" to obey orders, and be braced and embraced by the rude breezes of the German

It was one evening when she was going through is operation, the music coming from the glass ursal, and walking pensively by herself, that a entleman stepped full in front of her—one not ery far from her thoughts, but the last she expect-t to see. The pleasure in her face was unmistaked to see. The pleasure in her face was unmistak-able, and the way she greeted him was almost exu-berant. Had he not saved the lost life? But in an instant her face, like the flemish waters beside em, became overcast, and she said:-

"I thought you were staying at Sophy Col-"I have just come from their house. How curius that we should meet here!

Eager curiosity was now in her face
"And how is it? Where are you going to now?"

"I am going to stay here."
"But you did not come on purpose? No, I don't

"Numbers come the sea for amusement—ten thousand since the beginning of the season, as I find by the 'List of Strangers.' Perhaps I am one of the

understand you," said Dorinda quickly, though you don't mean that exactly. One of your epigrammatic speeches. Where are you stopping? "At Mertian's."

"What! In the very same street with For-"I was recommended to go there," he said, with

the same smile.

They wolked along for some moments in silence, when he noted the change and the way in which the mobile lips instead of, as before, breaking from a pleasant gravity into smiles, would turn from a smile into seriousness. Yet this made her more in-

She almost guessed what was in his thoughts, and said hurriedly:—
"You have heard, no doubt, about that—the ter-

rible thing that has happened to us? I would ask you, please, not to speak of it or think of it; as I am trying to forget it, as I promised pape and mamma that I would. Oh, it's too awful? saving his little life!"

She fell into a sort of hysterical burst.

Much affected, Landor tried his best to console

er.
"Indeed I should have thought of this before coming. Of course my presence must have recalled such painful things. But now having seen you I

can go."

The tears were glistening in her beautiful eyes as
she turned to him and said with a smile and a most

"So you did come for that! But no, no-you

mustn't go."
The moment when Dorinda looked prettiest was always the one when tears came. And she knew it very well. Long after, when she was married and "settled," as it is called, and her husband would say to have an alcohol. "You want to have a pale of the control of the c to her carelessly, "Now, when I have shuffled off this mortal coil," or some such mortuary speech, she would turn away, and then what seemed to be the would turn away, and then would follow. The tear had come, and she would turn round to brush it had come, and she would turn found to away, so that it could be seen; but it was accompanied by the prettiest smile—odd contrast! The meaning of which was that the tear was genuine, but she was delighted and proud to show that she felt the dismal allusion; and as she brushed it away would say with pretty complaint:—
"You shouldn't! no you shouldn't talk in that

But she had a whole armoury of these unaffected

and affectionate little arts.

Thus was renewed the old acquaintance, friend-

ship, or whatever their relationship is to be call

Ostend is not an unsuitable background for enjoyment, There were gay dresses, crowds of people sitting all day long on the Digue, and eating and drinking to an enormous extent. Though the hotel owners and landlords were indebted to the great

sea for their crowd of customers, it still, as it were, deducted some five and twenty per cent. from the profits, for it so whetted the appetites as to double the consumption of food and drink. etites as to nearly mighty masticators, the Germans, excelled themselves in this department. Then there was the music, and the balls, and the dancing every night. But what happy days for her, now emancipated, full of gentle spirit, left to herself; perhaps for the first time alone in the world! It seemed like a delichtful days with the seemed like a delicit day with the seemed like a delichtful days with the seemed like a delicit day with the seemed like a delichtful days with the seemed like a delichtful days with the seemed like a delicit day with the seemed like a delicit d first time alone in the world! It seemed like a delightful dream. Dream it was, because she did not venture to open those brilliant eyes wide and look steadily forward. There was a straight Flemish road of many miles before her, the end of which was not nearly in sight. Time enough to think of it when it was near at hand. Indeed, the complacent Dawlish encouraged her in a well-meant but awkward fashion:—

awkward fashion:—
"My dear, why not enjoy and amuse yourself now? You will have plenty of time to be serious

by and by A remark that made Dorinda turn alittle pale, as

delightful.

delightful.

In this fashion—dangerous certainly—the days flew by. Never was the long Digue found monotonous by him. Spinster Dawlish soon found out that her service of guardianship was unneeded, and indeed her rather spavined feet found the brick causeway not a little hard by repetition. Betimes our little maid used to trip with her book—how slow she had been getting through that Tauchintz Braddon!—her half shy, half mischievous eyes glancing fawn-like to the right and left, until the time came; then sudden start at the figure which had come up behind her and was now at her side? How she prattled growing in was now at her side? How she prattled growing in confidence unconsciously letting her nature be seen, until Landor, all-wise and calculating man, found his wisdom an imposture, and was disinclined to be burdened with it. There was an extraordinary and irresistible fascination about her. And yet he was from what was now beginning to take a serious shape—the sober prose element and the difficulties. Yet next moment when in company of this engag-

g little creature he forgot all.
There was one night when a ball was going on—for the Casino company made a parade of inviting the subscribers with regular formal cards, when all where told that they must Present themselves in full dress, and the festive gentlemen in trousers of black, white, or of a tender and united color." when a fine orchestra discoursed rapturous waltzes to which the whole cosmopolitan herd flew round, and everything was gay and enjoyable. Some of these German strains—Strauss' no ably—are quite lyrical,—poems, in fact, or even dramas full of pasion and emotion. Indeed, as Landor listened to ne valse with its tranquil pathos, its fitful bursts of gaiety, its passionate excitement, it seemed to per is thoughts. There was she now seen afar off, having just entered with her duenna, looking round brightly to this side and that, with an air of smiling recognition of all, or rather a sweet good-will to the crowd about her, yet not a one of whom she knew. As the corner of her lips broke into a smile, then reaxed and grew grave again. In a moment he was n beside her, and she greeted him like an old

friend who had come unexpectedly.

"I thought you might not come; you said you might not. See here are your flowers."

"I fancy I say things," he answered that I do not do? Fomerly what I said I always did. Do you know, I begin to wish I had gone a week ago, as I had intended."

She laughed with great enjoyment at this. Neither She laughed with great enjoyment at this. Neither danced, but walked about, listened and looked on. Many noticed the small bright face, set off with profuse trinkets and gay ribbons—in which she delighted—as well as the tall grave gentleman with her. The gossips of the place looked after them significantly, and had gathered already that there was a clandestine flavor about the whole, her parents being absent; indeed, there was a triumphant air alwant the little heroing as though challeng. ant air about the little heroine, as though challeng-ing or inviting them to look on and learn all. She vas really as proud of her conquest as if it had been some grand parti that she had carried off in a universal competition.
"Poor little soul!" they all said. "Pretty crea-

The ball went on; valse, polka, and quadrille suc-

Long after night the music and the fairy-like air of that scene would rise before him. It was more a dream than a ball. Sometimes they went out into the autumn night on the terrace, he never weary of listening to her pleasant prattle and watching her animated face. Though we say "prattle," there was stealing over her face a seriousness and intensity, as though she felt that something important was

"Tell me, now," she said to him in a very captivating way, "won't you be confidential with me —a lettle, you know! But I don't want to ask you something. I have noticed that you are often silent, as if there was something on your mind. We used to remark it at Fan-hawe."

"It is nothing," he said smiling. Perhaps I am moody by nature.

"Nonsense!" she said. "And yet I should be glad. grave. She felt, she knew not how, that she I was afraid it might be trouble or bad news."
"I should like to be confidential with you, but

even this I cannot tell you. I ought to have gone a ago. I wish I had! I dread that I may one day week o. I wish I nau: I decan ar the horn like Ernani? What horn?" (Dorinda "How do you mean? What horn?" (D) had never heard of the play or instrument.)

"I would sooner go on in a dream—would not you?—rather be wakened up and learn the certainty. I often think how, for instance, people must be puzzled when they come to risk all on a proposal! What a douche the mortification of a refusal! The Her eyes were lifted to his shyly, then dropped.
"Oh," she answered, softly and slowly, "I think a

person would be a little stupid not to find out whether he was liked or not."

There was a sort of a wistful pause, Now Mr. Landor here was your opportunity; bus that reserved gentieman drew back slowly. He was at the edge. But he could not go on; he, as it were, recoiled; and so with some light remark passed to another subject.

She was not one who affected to show that "she did not care," and was a little hurt. He saw the wounded look, and mentally assailed himself as a "cold-blooded, heartless wretch;" and for a few sec-

onds was bitterly repentant, and determined to make it up by more devotion in the other direction. And as the genial sun came out again, she forgot the sharp blast that had pierced her tender breast. And as the More Strauss, more flitting shadows on the blinds within. It is near midnight. She put on a

charming coquetry. Several times he was on the verge, about to plunge in. He saw in faint shades spreading over her face that there was a little surprise and disappointment.
"I wonder who was Delia?" she asked alluding

to the little story he had written-from life, really and truly, now? I think you

cemed to say she was?"
"Did you think she was like any one?" he ask-

And we can fancy the shy glances, the little toss-ings of the head. Delightful moments those, as she passed through the welcome cross examination, the answer to be anticipated in her eyes before the words came. But this is the old, old story, told and retold, and, I suppose, by the wise, thought non-

Then Dawlish began to get sleepy, and insisted on going home, and though it was wakening our Dor-inda from a dream, still she was too amiable to keep her old friend up. Landor lingered on the terrace outside, the music swelling out softly, or bursting into a crash as the door opened, the shadows grotes iquely flitting on the blinds. Long after the com pany had broken up and the lights put out he remained. There was now only the slow music of the waves at his feet. Yet before he quitted the Dyke seemed to have all got back to prose again. was curiously irresolute for so sage a man, and he now feared that he had taken some strange, irrevocable step, and that he could not draw back, and A remark that made Dorinda turn alittle pale, as if she were going to be executed, though the day was not yet fixed.

Some way, when abroad at places of this kind, there is the feeling of licence and liberty,—a privilege for a brief span or perhaps it is believed that it is time when responsibility is not exacted. For her

there was no surveillance—it was all holiday and all delightful.

In this fashion—dangerous certainly—the days and making a toy of this faithful, trusting, little heart, in defiance to her relatives, with whom this would bring her into conflict, and cause a wretchedness that would rack and tear the delicate fibres of her nature. He owned to himself he had been foolish, hasty, and cruel. And then there was an-other reason which should have held him back and which kuelled in his ear, as it were, all this must

lead to nothing,
"What am I doing?" he said to himself passionately. "I am being hurried to the edge of the precipice with closed eyes, and have not the courage t draw back, and yet it must be known at the endmust, because it ought to be to be told. be unworthy, unfair to her. And yet, after all, it may never come to be known, and if known"— And in this struggle of interests he was feebly protesting, and every hour yielding more

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That night was an eventful one for him. He had a strange aching soreness at his heart, which came from the hard grasp of remorse. Yes; he must free

On the next afternoon, when she was seated on On the next afternoon, when she was seated on the promenade in all her finery, arrayed in dress and ornaments that he had praised or noticed, she welcomed him with a little flutter and chirrup of delight. With her, too, all had changed since the the night before. She thought that he seemed rather grave and matter-of-fact. Presuming on the confidence established the night before, she began with all her treasure of the second of the confidence of the second of t gan with all her treasury of graces, and was inspired to be naive and coquettish. But he remained grave, and it appeared to him that she was even a little

"Tell me," she said with a sort of triumphant power,certain that this shaft would pierce,—"tell me, what did you mean last night when you said that ou wished you had gone a week ago? I can't un-

She waited with a smile and half-closed eyes, in pleasant anticipation of the answer that was cer-tain to come—"I could not tear myself away, you kept me here." But instead, the cold, matier-oft speech came to her:—
"Because I have really a great deal to do; all my

business is in arrear. In went that cruel speech with a stab to the gentle heart. But she moved on her chair with a

"Perhaps I am detaining you now from your asiness. You had better go. Do?"
Then he fell into his old way of enigmas and par-

He said:-"You see, or rather you cannot see or understand, what anxiety one feels, and for you, too."
"For me!" she said. "Why?"

"I don't know. I know what I am saying." The wistful face turned towards his was irresistible; and breaking into a smile, he said:—
"You are a very dangerous person, and I would be better at home!"

She laughed with delight. Here was the work undone and the old fooling restored, and Landor with a sort of desperation said to himself that he would let things take their course and shut his eyes. He would stay one more week and trust to what chance would bring.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF LOTUS EATING.

Another delightful day and another flew by. To Dawlish he had always been very civil, as it is called; for, as is often the case, some of the rays from the brilliant object fell upon her and made her seem amiable and interesting. Perhaps it was the simple faith and affection of Dorinda that lent her attraction; and Landor was often amused at himself for the respect with which he received her utterances. Like many an ordinary person, she soon began to learn and take airs upon the strength of her position. She felt that she was indispensable. Her chief strength, however, lap in entertaining her charge with adroit dlsquisitions upon the topic that would please, mingled with compliments and pity for "the poor fellow" and the state he and pity for "the poor Ienow and crowed was in, over which Dorinda churuped and crowed about with delight, with many a "No, you don't almost with delight, with many a think so, Dawlish dear!"

But though Dorinda laughed and revelled in drifting slowly into something anxious; just as the sea itself at this watering place, now that the seasea itself at this watering-place, now that the season was drawing to a close, was turning to a cold, grey slate color. But events wore now to hurry

It was an evening or two later that Landor, himself troubled not a little, found her and her companion seated by one of the little tables by the sea, and with her Rady Fanshawe! In spite of his natural presence of mind, he was confused as that lady received him with a sort of iron stiffness and hos-The obsequious Dawlish he saw pt once was playing a trimming game, and he saw too that she had betrayed them. But the eyes of the sweet Dorinda had a glistening look, and she had a nervous, hurried manner, half rebellious and defiant. With an affected gaiety she would glance at him, rubbing her eyes with one finger, then turning away hastily with a smile at being caught—one of the prettiest of her little devices. She seemed to say, "They are all going to persecute me, but they shall never make me give up, ol., never!"

"We didn't expect this pleasure," he said.
"Pleasure!—much pleasure," he said. prettiest of her little devices.

"Pleasure!—much pleasure! I know you didn't," id Lady Fanshaw. "I am come to take away said Lady Fanshaw. "I am o my daughter. It's quite true."

y daughter. At's quite true."
She was half angry and decidedly hostile.
"Yes," he said grimly, "everybody is going to

She was a haughty woman, and did not relish being opposed.
"Yes: but es; but it has been a great inconvenience to me. I have had to come from the farthest corner in England, and I find her, instead of being im-

nn england, and I ind ner, instead of being improved, very nervous and not so well as she was—not at all what I sent her to this place for. What's the matter with you now, child? You are making yourself ridiculous. Are you going to fairt?

Dorinca was indeed rather hysterical, smiling and hovering on the verge of a good fit of crying. To be continued.

Sorrow does not sanctify us of itself, or by a passive process, but solely in proportion to our efforts The Holy Father has sanctioned preliminary steps for the beatification of several of

several of the French missionaries, a mandarin and twenty-five other natives who were martyrs to Christianity in China and Cochin China, between 1820 and 1860. The want of life should be that, loving God so much, we do not love him more. Yet, we are so little, so occupied with many things,

as Martha was, so full of the exaggerations of

self-love, that it is not easy to love God more.

We have not the courage to empty our own heart; so He empties them for us and it seems

cruel. A Great cross means a great grace. A "New Pilgrim's Progress," purporting to be "given by Bunyan through an impressional writing machine," is the latest spiritualistic novelty.