A TILTON POEM.

—The following verses written by Theodore Tilton and dated "Sleepy Hollow, Nov. 1, 1871," possess a singular interest now. They were entitled,

HER MASTERPIECE'S WORKS.

I was a noble fane,
But, with a modest brow,
The people came by crowds
And in the mire trod down
My lofty spires.

I was a handsome purse,
And beggars by the way
Thus blessed me day by day,
But I, grown poor at length,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men called friends,
But now their love is lean,
And I have learned too late
How varied mists unmask
And friendship ends.

I charged a woman's trust,
As if her heart I knew,
Or fancied, would be true,
Who proved—alas, she too!—
False like the rest.

I now am all bereft—
As when some tower doth fall,
With substance and wall,
And gate and bridge and all—
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes crossed—
All broken and lost—
To pass the heavens at rest
Of long earth.

So, lest I be inclined
To render to it—
Henceforth in me lent),
O God, a vacant good—will
To all mankind.

NOT LOST.

I.

Being rooted like trees in one place,
Of branches unlike
Like the leaves of the trees that are caught
by the for wind of heaven, some thought
Blows out of the worldtime apace
And seems lost.

II.

We feet, the mind labours, heart bleeds;
We believe and we fear,
We believe and we hope, in a lie
Or a truth; or we decide all we die,
Partitionly examining goods
With a tener.

III.

To life we apply an inch rule
And we lie indoctrine;
Each to self an infallible priest,
Each priest to the top of the head,
And each to his brother "Thou fool!
Go down lower!"

IV.

But fall's like trees from our place—
Hid, scattered, unknown;
Our dead leaves are raked up for mould;
And some that were sweet—pure and good,
Blown out of the world into space,
Are not lost.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A STRANGE WORLD.

By M^SS BRADDON.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVE THE HIGH GODS ANY THING LEFT TO GIVE?

Mr. Pewsyn had drawn his guests at the chandler's door, and drove home to the Waterfowl in solitary state, the chariot in which he had sent some of his great deal too big for one medium-sized young man.

His mind on the course made dinner an impossibility; so he ordered a cup of coffee to be taken to him in the garden, and went out to smoke a cigar on his favourite bench by the willow. The Waterfowl was too far off the beaten track for any of the race people to come there, so James had the garden all to himself over this evening.

The sun was setting beyond the bend of the river, just where the shining water seemed to lose itself in a rosy haze. The ruddy light shone on the windows of the town till they looked like they eyes glassed through that rosy mist, while, grandly dominating the level landscape and the low irregular town, rose the dusky bulk of the cathedral, drawing the distant hills and standing darkly out against that changeful sky.

James Pewsyn was in a meditative mood, and contemplated the landscape dreamily as he smoked an excellent cigar with epicurean slowness, letting pleasure last as long as it would. Not that his soul was interpenetrated by the subtle beauties of the scene. He only thought that it was rather jolly, that solemn stillness after the riot of the race course, that lonely landscape after the movement of the crowd.

Only last night had Justina and he stood side by side in the moonlight—only last night had their hands met for the first time—and yet she seemed a part of his life, indispensable to his happiness.

"Is it love?" he asked himself, "first love? I didn't think it was in me to be such a spoon."

He was at the age when that idea of "spoonism" is the last degree humiliating. He had prided himself upon his manliness—thought he had exhausted the well-spring of sentiment in those passing flirtations, the transitory loves of an undergraduate. He had talked big about marrying by-and-by for money and position, to add new lustre to the house of Pewsyn, to carry some heiress's arms on his shield upon an escutcheon of pretence.

Was he really love?—love for a foolish girl of seventeen, with sky-blue eyes, and a look of admiration when he looked at him, and fearfully to his face? Justina had a presentness that charmed him more than other women's graces, and till now sprightliness had been his highest quality in woman—a girl who would light his cigar for him and take three or four puffs daintily before she handed him the weed—a girl who was quick at retort, and could "chaff" him without offending his superiority; this girl was fresh and simple as Wordsworth's ideal woman. And he loved her. For the first time in his glad young life his heart throbbed with the love that is as near akin to pain.

"I'll marry her," he said to himself. "She shall be mistress of Pewsyn Manor. The sun went down and left the landscape gloomy. James Pewsyn rose from the bench with a faint shiver.

"These early-summer evenings are chilly," he thought, as he walked back to the house. He felt lonely somehow in spite of his fair new hope. It was so strange to him not to have Charley at his side—to require or crave him. But at worst the voice was a friendly one. The silence of this garden, the dusky place so peaceful, the solemn grandeur of the dark cathedral, chilled him.

The faint clock boomed eight, and reminded him that the play had begun half an hour. He would be a relief to find himself in the lighted rooms among those rollicking actors.

He went down to the theatre, and made his way straight to the greenroom. There was a good house—a great house Mr. Elgood told James when the greenroom was deserted, were already above par. Every body was in high spirits, and every people's breath was slightly tainted with fumes.

"We have been turning away money all the evening," said Mr. Dempsey, who was dressed for Moses. "I should think to the tune of seventeen shillings. This is the night sort of thing. It is certainly one of my poor old governor's time, when the drama was required in this land, and all the gentry rose at least to take his lease, niged thereby the unpaid rents of their tenantry, who had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position on the rickety old sofa, and whose money was required to pay the rent. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

"It's six—quarter bad road," urged the heavy father. "I'd borrer let me see y' home—and thro' you?" which James declined in the most pleasant "a cut-throat road."

"Don' like y' I go 'lone."

Justina watched her father with a troubled look. It was hard that he should show himself thus degraded just now, when, but for this, life would be all sweetness. James smiled ah her re-assuringly, undisturbed by the thought that he could be made to look an undesirable father-in-law.

He pushed his entertainer back into his seat.

"Talk about seeing me home!" he said, laughing; "why, it isn't half-past ten yet. Good-night, Mr. Dempsey. I'm afraid I've kept your wifey too late, after her exertions in Lady Tessie. Will you open the door for me, Justina?"

Justina leaned beneath the narrow crooked staircase with him—one of those staircases in the good old times, better suited to a lofty barn than a dwelling-house. They went into the dark little shop together, and paid the bloom, amidst the scarlet and the fair hair and Dutch cheese, Scotch herrings and Spanish onions, which the shop was heterogeneous in his arms and kissed her fondly proudly, as if he had won a princess for his beloved.

"Remember, darling, you are to be my wife. If I had a hundred relations to bully and they wouldn't make me changeay mind. But I've no one to call me to account, and you are the girl of my choice. I haven't been able to speak to your father to-night, but I'll talk to him to-morrow morning, and settle every thing. Good-night, and God bless you, my own dear love!"

One more kiss, and he was gone. She stood on the door-step watching him as he walked up the narrow street. The moon was gone, and only a few stars were visible through the drifting clouds. The night wind came coldly up from the water-side meadows, and made her shiver. A man crossed the street and walked briskly past her, going in the same direction as James Pewsyn.

Strange, that she should be so nervous, and yet so lonely! Not that she was afraid of the dark, for she was a brave girl, and had lived all her life in a cathedral city, where the shadows of the cloisters were as familiar to her as the sunshine. Perhaps it was the sudden change from the glad excitement of the evening to the silence and solitude of the place, that made her feel so nervous.

She closed the door, and went down into the kitchen, where her mother was sitting, with her spectacles on, and a Bible open before her, as if she had been reading aloud to her husband, who was nodding over the fire, and had been nodding ever since the family supper, of which he had partaken largely.

Mrs. Dempsey looked up as her daughter came in, and smiled at her with a smile that was a reflection of her husband's drowsiness.

"Well, Tina, I hope you have enjoyed yourself, and not spoiled your pretty dress in the dirt. I wonder your father let you go, I'm sure. It's a good thing I was at home to look after you."

"Father was quite right to let me go, mother. I have enjoyed myself very much indeed, and I don't care about my dress. I wish you had been there, and in the garret story—and a shrill-voiced hawker bawling water-cresses along the street.

She had the feeling of having overslept herself, and not being provided with a reason for her conduct to excuse the fact, was fain to dress as quickly as she could, trusting to the cathedral clock to inform her of the hour. To be late for rehearsal involved a good deal of scolding from the highest powers, even in a country cathedral. The Dean—once upon a time a bachelor—and a bachelor of the Church, and knew how to make himself disagreeable.

Life seemed all reality again this morning, as Justina plished her hair before the shabby little mirror, and looked out at the dull gray sky the wet sloppy streets, the general aspect of poverty and dampness which pervaded the prospect. She had need to ask herself if yesterday and the night before had not been all dreaming, the idea that a handsome bride of a rich young squire—she the mistress of Pewsyn Manor! It was scarcely too bad, it was hard. She, whose shabby weather-stained under-garments, the gown and jacket of two winters ago converted into a petticoat last year, and worn throughout the current which a mere-maid might have despised—lay prettier on the dilapidated rush-bottomed chair, I suppose, with the ruffle of Cinderella rags, after the fairy ball dress had melted into air.

She hurried on her clothes, more ashamed of their shabbiness than she had ever felt before, and was down to the sitting-room, which smelled of stale kitchen and tobacco, the windows not having been opened on account of the rain, the fire dull and red, the table crumbs and cheese, dorsal bone of a haddock on a greasy plate, indicated that some one had breakfasted. The clock struck half-past eleven. Justina's rehearsal only began at half past. She had time to take her breakfast comfortably, if she liked.

Her first act was to open the window and let in the air and the rain—any thing was better than stale lobster. Then she looked at the clock, and wondered why her father breakfasted, and if her father were up. Then she poured out a cup of tea, and sipped it slowly, wondering if James Pewsyn would come to the theatre while she was rehearsing. He had asked her the hour of the rehearsal. She thought she would see him then, most likely, and the dream began to fade.

A jug of wild flowers stood on the table by the window—the flowers she had gathered two days ago, before she had seen him.

They were a little faded—wild flowers cheap as earth—but in no vase could a prettier bouquet had been born and admired. The majority since those field flowers was plucked.

Could she believe in it, could she trust in it? Was it heart rank at the thought that her lover was trifling with her—that there was something but foolishness in this first love dream.

Her father had not yet left his room. Justina saw his one presentable pair of boots waiting for him outside his door as she went by on her way down and kitchen.

She found Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey at the breakfast, both with a faded and washed-out appearance, as if the excitement of the previous day had taken all the colour out of them.

The rehearsal went forward in a struggling way. That good humor of last night seemed to have evaporated, and the greenroom, or rather the greenroom, was a place of disagreeable and bitterness. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

"It's six—quarter bad road," urged the heavy father. "I'd berrer let me see y' home—and thro' you?" which James declined in the most pleasant "a cut-throat road."

"Don' like y' I go 'lone."

Justina watched her father with a troubled look. It was hard that he should show himself thus degraded just now, when, but for this, life would be all sweetness. James smiled ah her re-assuringly, undisturbed by the thought that he could be made to look an undesirable father-in-law.

He pushed his entertainer back into his seat.

"Talk about seeing me home!" he said, laughing; "why, it isn't half-past ten yet. Good-night, Mr. Dempsey. I'm afraid I've kept your wifey too late, after her exertions in Lady Tessie. Will you open the door for me, Justina?"

Justina leaned beneath the narrow crooked staircase with him—one of those staircases in the good old times, better suited to a lofty barn than a dwelling-house. They went into the dark little shop together, and paid the bloom, amidst the scarlet and the fair hair and Dutch cheese, Scotch herrings and Spanish onions, which the shop is heterogeneous in his arms and kissed her fondly proudly, as if he had won a princess for his beloved.

"Remember, darling, you are to be my wife. If I had a hundred relations to bully and they wouldn't make me changeay mind. But I've no one to call me to account, and you are the girl of my choice. I haven't been able to speak to your father to-night, but I'll talk to him to-morrow morning, and settle every thing. Good-night, and God bless you, my own dear love!"

One more kiss, and he was gone. She stood on the door-step watching him as he walked up the narrow street. The moon was gone, and only a few stars were visible through the drifting clouds. The night wind came coldly up from the water-side meadows, and made her shiver. A man crossed the street and walked briskly past her, going in the same direction as James Pewsyn.

Strange, that she should be so nervous, and yet so lonely! Not that she was afraid of the dark, for she was a brave girl, and had lived all her life in a cathedral city, where the shadows of the cloisters were as familiar to her as the sunshine. Perhaps it was the sudden change from the glad excitement of the evening to the silence and solitude of the place, that made her feel so nervous.

She closed the door, and went down into the kitchen, where her mother was sitting, with her spectacles on, and a Bible open before her, as if she had been reading aloud to her husband, who was nodding over the fire, and had been nodding ever since the family supper, of which he had partaken largely.

Mrs. Dempsey looked up as her daughter came in, and smiled at her with a smile that was a reflection of her husband's drowsiness.

"Well, Tina, I hope you have enjoyed yourself, and not spoiled your pretty dress in the dirt. I wonder your father let you go, I'm sure. It's a good thing I was at home to look after you."

"Father said half past twelve for supper, you know," he plaited, "and it's only just the quarter."

The big bell chimed at the instant, in confirmation of this statement, and Justina, who could not for her life have said no, assented humbly enough.

The cathedral had a colossal grandeur seen from so near, every detail and water-spout clearly defined in the moonlight. Justina looked up at it with reverent eyes.

"I isn't it grand?" she whispered. "One could fancy that God inhabits it. If I were an ignorant creature from some savage land, and nobody told me it was a church, I think I should know that it was God's house."

"Should you?" said James, lightly. "I think I should as soon take it for a corn exchange or a wild-beast show."

"Oh!"

"You see, I have no instinctive sense of the fitness of things. You would just suit Ullesoid. He has all those queer fancies. I've seen him stand and talk to himself like a lunatic sometimes, among the lakes and mountains—what you call the artistic family, I suppose."

They walked round the Cathedral Square arm in arm, Justina charmed to silence by the solemn grandeur of the scene. All was quiet at this end of the city. Up at the subscription-rooms there might be some confusion; but here, in the ancient squares, among those old gabled houses, almost covered with ivy, the spirit of peace was supreme.

"Justina," James began, presently, "you told me yesterday that you didn't care about being an actress."

"I said you didn't hated it," smoothed the girl, carefully. "I suppose I should like it if I were a heroine, a favourite, like Villiers."

"I prefer quiet acting," said James Pewsyn over so much. You don't rather too quietly, I think, sometimes. Not that you don't do it to perfection."

"I'm glad you like me best," said Justina, softly. "But that you may not the British public. Yes, I hate theatres. I should like to live in a little cottage, deep, deep, deep down in the country, where there were woods and fields and a stinging blue river. I should keep poultry and pick up on the money I got by the new-laid eggs.

"Don't you think it would be better to have a nice large house, with gardens and orchards and a park, in a well fully country not far from the Atlantic Ocean?"

"What should I do with a big house, and how should I get the money to pay for it?" she asked, laughing.

"Suppose some one the were to find the money, some one who has plenty, and only wants the girl he loves to share it with him? Justina, you said I made yesterday for the first time, but you are the only girl I ever loved and I love you with all my heart. It may seem sudden, but life is as long as that I live and speak to you to-night."

"Sudden!" echoed Justina; "it seems like a dream; but you mustn't speak of it any more. I won't believe a word you say. I won't listen to a word. It can't be true. Let's go home immediately. Hark, there's the half hour. Take me home, please, Mr. Pewsyn."

"Not till you have answered me one question."

"Oh, no."

"Yes, Justina. I must be answered. I have made up my mind, and I want to know whether I am to be happy or miserable."

"Then I must be miserable, for I don't know my mind. I don't know anything about it. It's all more foolish than a dream."

"It is the sweetest dream that ever was dreamed by mortal. Only tell me, Justina, I make them speak? No! Then the eyes shall tell me which is the truth. Look at me, Justina; just one little look—and then we'll go home."

The hazy lids were lifted, slowly, shyly, and the young lover looked into the depths of those dark eyes. A girl's first, and, perhaps, that love which is a religion, though those there like a star.

James Pewsyn was no other answer.

"You shall never not again unless you like, darling," he said. "I'll speak to your father to-night, and write to Ullesoid about the business can be done. When you leave Bloxham, it shall be as quietly as Pewsyn Manor. There is not a soul belonging to me who has the faintest right to question what I do. I am my own master, and young. The Pewsyn race has been nerely extinction of late. If I were married my estate would go to my cousin, a fellow I don't care two straws about."

Perhaps it was the fine air, or his kisses, that made Justina dizzy. She understood nothing about estates and hereditary rights, property was an unknown quantity. She only knew that life seemed changed to a delicious dream, that the strange lover, which had not been too kind to her, had melted away, and left her a lover who was all tenderness and gentleness, the touch of her lover as he clasped is close upon his arm.

They walked slowly home, in the cold shadowy street, so narrow that the moonlight hardly reached the pavement, the shop-front, which had been left ajar in a friendly way for their reception.

"What a time your father takes!" said Mr. Elgood, standing before the table, stirring a bowl of green stuff, with various cruets and a bottle of oil, and to which he salad myself. Sit down and make yourself at home, Pawsyn. There, I've got rid of that bitter. The night thing nowadays is to pour it into a jug. When was a young man so modest? I have been much more bare than this.

Mr. Dempsey had marmered her usual bible with a low or two, and then, as well, which she were gracefully fastened about her head to conceal the tri-pronged bonnet, which she had intended to wear to-morrow evening's performance. She would be too tired to curl her hair to-night, and got rid of this foolish young man.

The supper was even gayer than the night before. On the face—cocoa, with a large dish of cold corn beef, ready sliced, from the cook's shop—a cucumber, a couple of lettuces and a bowl of salad, crisp and oily, upon which Mr. Elgood prided himself.

"There are some people, perhaps that this cold can do," he remarked, "but he fatten himself he was a cold, cold, cold."

The ale being infinitely better of its kind that the Champagne provided by the Waterfowl, proved more exhilarating than James Pewsyn's spritze rose to their highest point. He invited everybody to Pewsyn Manor, and promised Miss Villeroy a season's hunting, Mr. Dempsey any amount of sport. They would all go down to Devonshire together, would they? Mrs. Elgood of course, if she would not be afraid of the sea. Not a word did he say about his intended marriage, he felt a restraining delicacy which kept him silent on this subject.

Justina was the quietest person. She sat by her father's side, looking her prettiest with eyes that joy had glorified, and a bloom which was not the bloom of health, but intensified to her lover's careless vision, and felt more and more that life was like a dream. *How* handsome he was! how good! how brave! how brilliant! how simply generous! how free from the shadow of a mean or under-graduate jocosity for wit of the purest water. She laughed her gay young laugh at his jokes.

"If you could laugh like that on the stage, Justina," said Mr. Dempsey, "you would be a great actress so Mr. Jordan," said her father.

"As if any one could laugh naturally in a one!" cried Justina.

They sat late, almost as late as they had been the night before, and when the guests rose at last to take his leave, niged thereby the unpaid rents of their tenantry, who had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position on the rickety old sofa, and whose money was required to pay the rent. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

"It's six—quarter bad road," urged the heavy father. "I'd berrer let me see y' home—and thro' you?" which James declined in the most pleasant "a cut-throat road."

"Don' like y' I go 'lone."

Justina watched her father with a troubled look. It was hard that he should show himself thus degraded just now, when, but for this, life would be all sweetness. James smiled ah her re-assuringly, undisturbed by the thought that he could be made to look an undesirable father-in-law.

He pushed his entertainer back into his seat.

"Talk about seeing me home!" he said, laughing; "why, it isn't half-past ten yet. Good-night, Mr. Dempsey. I'm afraid I've kept your wifey too late, after her exertions in Lady Tessie. Will you open the door for me, Justina?"

Justina leaned beneath the narrow crooked staircase with him—one of those staircases in the good old times, better suited to a lofty barn than a dwelling-house. They went into the dark little shop together, and paid the bloom, amidst the scarlet and the fair hair and Dutch cheese, Scotch herrings and Spanish onions, which the shop is heterogeneous in his arms and kissed her fondly proudly, as if he had won a princess for his beloved.

"Remember, darling, you are to be my wife. If I had a hundred relations to bully and they wouldn't make me changeay mind. But I've no one to call me to account, and you are the girl of my choice. I haven't been able to speak to your father to-night, but I'll talk to him to-morrow morning, and settle every thing. Good-night, and God bless you, my own dear love!"

One more kiss, and he was gone. She stood on the door-step watching him as he walked up the narrow street. The moon was gone, and only a few stars were visible through the drifting clouds. The night wind came coldly up from the water-side meadows, and made her shiver. A man crossed the street and walked briskly past her, going in the same direction as James Pewsyn.

Strange, that she should be so nervous, and yet so lonely! Not that she was afraid of the dark, for she was a brave girl, and had lived all her life in a cathedral city, where the shadows of the cloisters were as familiar to her as the sunshine. Perhaps it was the sudden change from the glad excitement of the evening to the silence and solitude of the place, that made her feel so nervous.

She closed the door, and went down into the kitchen, where her mother was sitting, with her spectacles on, and a Bible open before her, as if she had been reading aloud to her husband, who was nodding over the fire, and had been nodding ever since the family supper, of which he had partaken largely.

Mrs. Dempsey looked up as her daughter came in, and smiled at her with a smile that was a reflection of her husband's drowsiness.

"Well, Tina, I hope you have enjoyed yourself, and not spoiled your pretty dress in the dirt. I wonder your father let you go, I'm sure. It's a good thing I was at home to look after you."

"Father said half past twelve for supper, you know," he plaited, "and it's only just the quarter."

The big bell chimed at the instant, in confirmation of this statement, and Justina, who could not for her life have said no, assented humbly enough.

The cathedral had a colossal grandeur seen from so near, every detail and water-spout clearly defined in the moonlight. Justina looked up at it with reverent eyes.

"I isn't it grand?" she whispered. "One could fancy that God inhabits it. If I were an ignorant creature from some savage land, and nobody told me it was a church, I think I should know that it was God's house."

"Should you?" said James, lightly. "I think I should as soon take it for a corn exchange or a wild-beast show."

"Oh!"

"You see, I have no instinctive sense of the fitness of things. You would just suit Ullesoid. He has all those queer fancies. I've seen him stand and talk to himself like a lunatic sometimes, among the lakes and mountains—what you call the artistic family, I suppose."

They walked round the Cathedral Square arm in arm, Justina charmed to silence by the solemn grandeur of the scene. All was quiet at this end of the city. Up at the subscription-rooms there might be some confusion; but here, in the ancient squares, among those old gabled houses, almost covered with ivy, the spirit of peace was supreme.

"Justina," James began, presently, "you told me yesterday that you didn't care about being an actress."

"I said you didn't hated it," smoothed the girl, carefully. "I suppose I should like it if I were a heroine, a favourite, like Villiers."

"I prefer quiet acting," said James Pewsyn over so much. You don't rather too quietly, I think, sometimes. Not that you don't do it to perfection."

"I'm glad you like me best," said Justina, softly. "But that you may not the British public. Yes, I hate theatres. I should like to live in a little cottage, deep, deep, deep down in the country, where there were woods and fields and a stinging blue river. I should keep poultry and pick up on the money I got by the new-laid eggs.

"Don't you think it would be better to have a nice large house, with gardens and orchards and a park, in a well fully country not far from the Atlantic Ocean?"

"What should I do with a big house, and how should I get the money to pay for it?" she asked, laughing.

"Suppose some one the were to find the money, some one who has plenty, and only wants the girl he loves to share it with him? Justina, you said I made yesterday for the first time, but you are the only girl I ever loved and I love you with all my heart. It may seem sudden, but life is as long as that I live and speak to you to-night."

"Sudden!" echoed Justina; "it seems like a dream; but you mustn't speak of it any more. I won't believe a word you say. I won't listen to a word. It can't be true. Let's go home immediately. Hark, there's the half hour. Take me home, please, Mr. Pawsyn."

"Not till you have answered me one question."

"Oh, no."

"Yes, Justina. I must be answered. I have made up my mind, and I want to know whether I am to be happy or miserable."

"Then I must be miserable, for I don't know my mind. I don't know anything about it. It's all more foolish than a dream."

"It is the sweetest dream that ever was dreamed by mortal. Only tell me, Justina, I make them speak? No! Then the eyes shall tell me which is the truth. Look at me, Justina; just one little look—and then we'll go home."

The hazy lids were lifted, slowly, shyly, and the young lover looked into the depths of those dark eyes. A girl's first, and, perhaps, that love which is a religion, those there like a star.

James Pewsyn was other answer.

"You shall never not again unless you like, darling," he said. "I'll speak to your father to-night, and write to Ullesoid about the business can be done. When you leave Bloxham, it shall be as quietly as Pewsyn Manor. There is not a soul belonging to me who has the faintest right to question what I do. I am my own master, and young. The Pewsyn race has been nerely extinction of late. If I were married my estate would go to my cousin, a fellow I don't care two straws about."

Perhaps it was the fine air, or his kisses that made Justina dizzy. She understood nothing about estates and hereditary rights, property was an unknown quantity. She only knew that life seemed changed to a delicious dream, that the strange lover, which had not been too kind to her, had melted away, and left her a lover who was all tenderness and gentleness, the touch of her lover as he clasped is close upon his arm.

They walked slowly home, in the cold shadowy street, so narrow that the moonlight hardly reached the pavement, the shop-front, which had been left ajar in a friendly way for their reception.

"What a time your father takes!" said Mr. Elgood, standing before the table, stirring a bowl of green stuff, with various cruets and a bottle of oil, to which he salad myself. Sit down and make yourself at home, Pawsyn. There, I've got rid of that bitter. The night thing nowadays is to pour it into a jug. When was a young man so modest? I have been much more bare than this.

Mr. Dempsey had marmered her usual bible with a low or two, and then, as well, which she were gracefully fastened about her head to conceal the tri-pronged bonnet, which she had intended to wear to-morrow evening's performance. She would be too tired to curl her hair to-night, and got rid of this foolish young man.

The supper was even gayer than the night before. On the face—cocoa, with a large dish of cold corn beef, ready sliced, from the cook's shop—a cucumber, a couple of lettuces and a bowl of salad, crisp and oily, upon which Mr. Elgood prided himself.

"There are some people, perhaps that this cold can do," he remarked, "but he fatten himself he was a cold, cold, cold."

The ale being infinitely better of its kind that the Champagne provided by the Waterfowl, proved more exhilarating than James Pewsyn's spritze rose to their highest point. He invited everybody to Pewsyn Manor, and promised Miss Villeroy a season's hunting, Mr. Dempsey any amount of sport. They would all go down to Devonshire together, would they? Mrs. Elgood of course, if she would not be afraid of the sea. Not a word did he say about his intended marriage, he felt a restraining delicacy which kept him silent on this subject.

Justina was the quietest person. She sat by her father's side, looking her prettiest with eyes that joy had glorified, and a bloom which was not the bloom of health, but intensified to her lover's careless vision, and felt more and more that life was like a dream. *How* handsome he was! how good! how brave! how brilliant! how simply generous! how free from the shadow of a mean or under-graduate jocosity for wit of the purest water. She laughed her gay young laugh at his jokes.

"If you could laugh like that on the stage, Justina," said Mr. Dempsey, "you would be a great actress so Mr. Jordan," said her father.

"As if any one could laugh naturally in a one!" cried Justina.

They sat late, almost as late as they had been the night before, and when the guests rose at last to take his leave, niged thereby the unpaid rents of their tenantry, who had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position on the rickety old sofa, and whose money was required to pay the rent. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

"It's six—quarter bad road," urged the heavy father. "I'd berrer let me see y' home—and thro' you?" which James declined in the most pleasant "a cut-throat road."

"Don' like y' I go 'lone."

Justina watched her father with a troubled look. It was hard that he should show himself thus degraded just now, when, but for this, life would be all sweetness. James smiled ah her re-assuringly, undisturbed by the thought that he could be made to look an undesirable father-in-law.

He pushed his entertainer back into his seat.

"Talk about seeing me home!" he said, laughing; "why, it isn't half-past ten yet. Good-night, Mr. Dempsey. I'm afraid I've kept your wifey too late, after her exertions in Lady Tessie. Will you open the door for me, Justina?"

Justina leaned beneath the narrow crooked staircase with him—one of those staircases in the good old times, better suited to a lofty barn than a dwelling-house. They went into the dark little shop together, and paid the bloom, amidst the scarlet and the fair hair and Dutch cheese, Scotch herrings and Spanish onions, which the shop is heterogeneous in his arms and kissed her fondly proudly, as if he had won a princess for his beloved.

"Remember, darling, you are to be my wife. If I had a hundred relations to bully and they wouldn't make me changeay mind. But I've no one to call me to account, and you are the girl of my choice. I haven't been able to speak to your father to-night, but I'll talk to him to-morrow morning, and settle every thing. Good-night, and God bless you, my own dear love!"

One more kiss, and he was gone. She stood on the door-step watching him as he walked up the narrow street. The moon was gone, and only a few stars were visible through the drifting clouds. The night wind came coldly up from the water-side meadows, and made her shiver. A man crossed the street and walked briskly past her, going in the same direction as James Pewsyn.

Strange, that she should be so nervous, and yet so lonely! Not that she was afraid of the dark, for she was a brave girl, and had lived all her life in a cathedral city, where the shadows of the cloisters were as familiar to her as the sunshine. Perhaps it was the sudden change from the glad excitement of the evening to the silence and solitude of the place, that made her feel so nervous.

She closed the door, and went down into the kitchen, where her mother was sitting, with her spectacles on, and a Bible open before her, as if she had been reading aloud to her husband, who was nodding over the fire, and had been nodding ever since the family supper, of which he had partaken largely.

Mrs. Dempsey looked up as her daughter came in, and smiled at her with a smile that was a reflection of her husband's drowsiness.

"Well, Tina, I hope you have enjoyed yourself, and not spoiled your pretty dress in the dirt. I wonder your father let you go, I'm sure. It's a good thing I was at home to look after you."

"Father said half past twelve for supper, you know," he plaited, "and it's only just the quarter."

The big bell chimed at the instant, in confirmation of this statement, and Justina, who could not for her life have said no, assented humbly enough.

The cathedral had a colossal grandeur seen from so near, every detail and water-spout clearly defined in the moonlight. Justina looked up at it with reverent eyes.

"I isn't it grand?" she whispered. "One could fancy that God inhabits it. If I were an ignorant creature from some savage land, and nobody told me it was a church, I think I should know that it was God's house."

"Should you?" said James, lightly. "I think I should as soon take it for a corn exchange or a wild-beast show."

"Oh!"

"You see, I have no instinctive sense of the fitness of things. You would just suit Ullesoid. He has all those queer fancies. I've seen him stand and talk to himself like a lunatic sometimes, among the lakes and mountains—what you call the artistic family, I suppose."

They walked round the Cathedral Square arm in arm, Justina charmed to silence by the solemn grandeur of the scene. All was quiet at this end of the city. Up at the subscription-rooms there might be some confusion; but here, in the ancient squares, among those old gabled houses, almost covered with ivy, the spirit of peace was supreme.

"Justina," James began, presently, "you told me yesterday that you didn't care about being an actress."

"I said you didn't hated it," smoothed the girl, carefully. "I suppose I should like it if I were a heroine, a favourite, like Villiers."

"I prefer quiet acting," said James Pewsyn over so much. You don't rather too quietly, I think, sometimes. Not that you don't do it to perfection."

"I'm glad you like me best," said Justina, softly. "But that you may not the British public. Yes, I hate theatres. I should like to live in a little cottage, deep, deep, deep down in the country, where there were woods and fields and a stinging blue river. I should keep poultry and pick up on the money I got by the new-laid eggs.

"Don't you think it would be better to have a nice large house, with gardens and orchards and a park, in a well fully country not far from the Atlantic Ocean?"

"What should I do with a big house, and how should I get the money to pay for it?" she asked, laughing.

"Suppose some one the were to find the money, some one who has plenty, and only wants the girl he loves to share it with him? Justina, you said I made yesterday for the first time, but you are the only girl I ever loved and I love you with all my heart. It may seem sudden, but life is as long as that I live and speak to you to-night."

"Sudden!" echoed Justina; "it seems like a dream; but you mustn't speak of it any more. I won't believe a word you say. I won't listen to a word. It can't be true. Let's go home immediately. Hark, there's the half hour. Take me home, please, Mr. Pawsyn."

"Not till you have answered me one question."

"Oh, no."

"Yes, Justina. I must be answered. I have made up my mind, and I want to know whether I am to be happy or miserable."

"Then I must be miserable, for I don't know my mind. I don't know anything about it. It's all more foolish than a dream."

"It is the sweetest dream that ever was dreamed by mortal. Only tell me, Justina, I make them speak? No! Then the eyes shall tell me which is the truth. Look at me, Justina; just one little look—and then we'll go home."

The hazy lids were lifted, slowly, shyly, and the young lover looked into the depths of those dark eyes. A girl's first, and, perhaps, that love which is a religion, those there like a star.

James Pewsyn was other answer.

"You shall never not again unless you like, darling," he said. "I'll speak to your father to-night, and write to Ullesoid about the business can be done. When you leave Bloxham, it shall be as quietly as Pewsyn Manor. There is not a soul belonging to me who has the faintest right to question what I do. I am my own master, and young. The Pewsyn race has been nerely extinction of late. If I were married my estate would go to my cousin, a fellow I don't care two straws about."

Perhaps it was the fine air, or his kisses that made Justina dizzy. She understood nothing about estates and hereditary rights, property was an unknown quantity. She only knew that life seemed changed to a delicious dream, that the strange lover, which had not been too kind to her, had melted away, and left her a lover who was all tenderness and gentleness, the touch of her lover as he clasped is close upon his arm.

They walked slowly home, in the cold shadowy street, so narrow that the moonlight hardly reached the pavement, the shop-front, which had been left ajar in a friendly way for their reception.

"What a time your father takes!" said Mr. Elgood, standing before the table, stirring a bowl of green stuff, with various cruets and a bottle of oil, to which he salad myself. Sit down and make yourself at home, Pawsyn. There, I've got rid of that bitter. The night thing nowadays is to pour it into a jug. When was a young man so modest? I have been much more bare than this.

Mr. Dempsey had marmered her usual bible with a low or two, and then, as well, which she were gracefully fastened about her head to conceal the tri-pronged bonnet, which she had intended to wear to-morrow evening's performance. She would be too tired to curl her hair to-night, and got rid of this foolish young man.

The supper was even gayer than the night before. On the face—cocoa, with a large dish of cold corn beef, ready sliced, from the cook's shop—a cucumber, a couple of lettuces and a bowl of salad, crisp and oily, upon which Mr. Elgood prided himself.

"There are some people, perhaps that this cold can do," he remarked, "but he fatten himself he was a cold, cold, cold."

The ale being infinitely better of its kind that the Champagne provided by the Waterfowl, proved more exhilarating than James Pewsyn's spritze rose to their highest point. He invited everybody to Pewsyn Manor, and promised Miss Villeroy a season's hunting, Mr. Dempsey any amount of sport. They would all go down to Devonshire together, would they? Mrs. Elgood of course, if she would not be afraid of the sea. Not a word did he say about his intended marriage, he felt a restraining delicacy which kept him silent on this subject.

Justina was the quietest person. She sat by her father's side, looking her prettiest with eyes that joy had glorified, and a bloom which was not the bloom of health, but intensified to her lover's careless vision, and felt more and more that life was like a dream. *How* handsome he was! how good! how brave! how brilliant! how simply generous! how free from the shadow of a mean or under-graduate jocosity for wit of the purest water. She laughed her gay young laugh at his jokes.

"If you could laugh like that on the stage, Justina," said Mr. Dempsey, "you would be a great actress so Mr. Jordan," said her father.

"As if any one could laugh naturally in a one!" cried Justina.

They sat late, almost as late as they had been the night before, and when the guests rose at last to take his leave, niged thereby the unpaid rents of their tenantry, who had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position on the rickety old sofa, and whose money was required to pay the rent. Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which the tenants are apt to be very anxious to see his guest home; but this favour James declined.

"It's six—quarter bad road," urged the heavy father. "I'd berrer let me see y' home—and thro' you?" which James declined in the most pleasant "a cut-throat road."

"Don' like y' I go 'lone."

Justina watched her father with a troubled look. It was hard that he should show himself thus degraded just now, when, but for this, life would be all sweetness. James smiled ah her re-assuringly, undisturbed by the thought that he could be made to look an undesirable father-in-law.

He pushed his entertainer back into his seat.

"Talk about seeing me home!" he said, laughing; "why, it isn't half-past ten yet. Good-night, Mr. Dempsey. I'm afraid I've kept your wifey too late, after her exertions in Lady Tessie. Will you open the door for me, Justina?"

Justina leaned beneath the narrow crooked staircase with him—one of those staircases in the good old times, better suited to a lofty barn than a dwelling-house. They went into the dark little shop together, and paid the bloom, amidst the scarlet and the fair hair and Dutch cheese, Scotch herrings and Spanish onions, which the shop is heterogeneous in his arms and kissed her fondly proudly, as if he had won a princess for his beloved.

"Remember, darling, you are to be my wife. If I had a hundred relations to bully and they wouldn't make me changeay mind. But I've no one to call me to account, and you are the girl of my choice. I haven't been able to speak to your father to-night, but I'll talk to him to-morrow morning, and settle every thing. Good-night, and God bless you, my own dear love!"

One more kiss, and he was gone. She stood on the door-step watching him as he walked up the narrow street. The moon was gone, and only a few stars were visible through the drifting clouds. The night wind came coldly up from the water-side meadows, and made her shiver. A man crossed the street and walked briskly past her, going in the same direction as James Pewsyn.

Strange, that she should be so nervous, and yet so lonely! Not that she was afraid of the dark, for she was a brave girl, and had lived all her life in a cathedral city, where the shadows of the cloisters were as familiar to her as the sunshine. Perhaps it was the sudden change from the glad excitement of the evening to the silence and solitude of the place, that made her fe