

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbor-bar wife,
And my little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, wife;
Wee Jack is beneath the wave,
And blue-eyed Freddy sleeps, wife,
In yonder yew-bowered grave.
Where the early daisies cluster
Around his baby-bed,
And the thrush sits chanting softer
In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,
When the harbor bar doth moan;
But a darker grief will be yours, wife,
When you're left in the cold alone;
But few more flowers of the sea, wife,
And a few more ebbs of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side!

The sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run;
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in days of yore;
We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore!

A SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER II.

Charlotte Brookes, left an orphan at an early age, found herself entrusted to the sole guardianship of Mr. Mildmay, a relative of her mother. She met in him a generous protector who injudiciously, perhaps, allowed her to spend a considerable portion of the small income she possessed, in purchasing the rich toilettes she so dearly loved, making up from his own purse what was necessary to pay for the costly education she was receiving at Mrs. Judson's boarding school. It was tacitly understood that she should reside with her guardian till she had attained her majority or changed her maiden state, an event that young lady was quietly determined to bring about as speedily and in as advantageous a manner to herself as possible.

Gay, handsome, winning, she had made herself very dear to Gertrude Mildmay, all the more so that she indulged at times in a certain unceremonious abrupt mode of expression or action that seemed the offspring of unwavering frankness, and which rendered the pleasant speeches and affectionate praises she generally employed, doubly welcome on account of their apparent sincerity.

The education of the girls was now nearly completed, or at least the time of probation allotted for their studies was near its close, and they were already joyously looking forward to their return to Mildmay Lodge, to enter probably on the career of frivolous pleasure to which so many young girls give themselves up on leaving school, unfortunately for that society amid which they will soon be called to fill the high and important offices of wives and mothers.

A dramatic and musical entertainment was given by Miss Judson's pupils preparatory to their final dismissal, and a leading rôle was assigned to Miss Brookes, she having acquired by dint of application, considerable proficiency in singing and elocution, the only two branches to which she had ever really applied herself. A secondary but still sufficiently effective part had devolved on Gertrude, with every appearance that she would acquit herself creditably; when unfortunately, just as she appeared on the temporary stage and intoned the first notes of an aria, well adapted to her clear sweet voice, her glance fell on her father and lover who had just entered, and were listening and watching with breathless interest. This was more than enough to put poor Gertrude's composure to flight, and in school phraseology she "broke down." An effort to resume her song only ended in her taking it up in a wrong key, and the first verse finished, she retreated to her seat, overwhelmed with shame and mortification, Miss Judson glaring at her meanwhile with a stony look of concentrated anger which ought to have made Gertrude thankful, if she had not been too perturbed to remark it, that the term of the Lady Principal's authority was at hand.

It was now Miss Brooke's turn, and her keen eye also discovered, near the door, the two gentlemen whose entrance had proved so fatal to her friend's self-possession. On herself their appearance had quite a contrary effect, and seemed but to inspire her with additional power and ease. Magnificently did she acquit herself, and as murmurs of subdued but universal admiration sounded through the room, Miss Judson's brow recovered, in some measure, its serenity, and she felt that life was not all a blank.

The representation over, and farewell words to teachers and school-mates spoken, Gertrude clad in her plain dark travelling suit, and looking pale and dispirited, entered the small sitting

room where Mr. Rodney and her father awaited her.

"You look ill and nervous to-day, little one!" kindly exclaimed Mr. Mildmay, as he took her in his arms. "Don't be put out, because you missed in that *opérette*, as they called it. A fig for it all!"

This sudden allusion to what the young girl regarded as a most overwhelming disgrace was too much for her self-command, and still smarting from the keen mental suffering it had inflicted on her, she hid her face on her father's shoulder and burst into tears.

Rodney, all sympathy, hastily whispered: "Courage, dear Gertrude! Let me help you into the carriage now waiting at the door. You will soon be at home."

Roused by the tones of the voice already so dear to her, the girl silently, shrinkingly obeyed, seating herself in the farthest corner of the comfortable roomy vehicle. Of course Mr. Rodney had to return for Miss Brookes, who stood awaiting on the hall-steps, attired in a handsome *écru*-suit of stylish make and material, and looking radiantly happy and handsome.

To spare Gertrude's perturbed feelings no allusion was made to the events of the morning, but the conversation embraced various topics on most of which the charming Charlotte discoursed with a sparkling ease and fluency that found at ple encouragement alike in the hearty laughter of Mr. Mildmay and the amused attention of Arthur Rodney. Though really deficient in point of intellectual acquirements, Miss Brookes possessed considerable natural quickness, and a superb self-possession that enabled her to appear with more advantage than many far superior in point of actual knowledge. If the conversation verged on topics, in discussion of which her ignorance was likely to be exposed, she had a way of adroitly turning it into another channel, or starting some new subject with which she happened to be more conversant.

Meanwhile Mr. Rodney, seated opposite his young betrothed, was anything but forgetful of her, and frequently bending over, addressed her pleasant words or friendly remark, to all of which the shy-constrained girl responded with oracular brevity, or maintained a cold silence. Annoyed by conduct which he totally misunderstood, the young man after a time turned his attention to Miss Brookes.

Very glad was Gertrude Mildmay when, the journey over, she found herself seated in the school-room at Mildmay Lodge, surrounded by her three little brothers, and responding to their lavish caresses and childish prattle. After a time, however, Mrs. Wells, who held the posts of governess and directress of the household even for a considerable time anterior to the death of the late Mrs. Mildmay, now entered, and after some kindly pleasant words with Gertrude begged the latter to dress for dinner. This she willingly rose to do, having forgotten, in the happiness of finding herself again in her own pleasant home, the humiliations the morning had brought her.

That day and many succeeding ones passed over the inmates of Mildmay Lodge, filled apparently with gaiety and happiness, but poor little Gertrude's sunshine was in reality sorely clouded, and in the devotion Mr. Rodney paid her brilliant school friend and the persistence with which the latter challenged that attention were to be found the origin of many secret and bitter tears. No allusion to their conditional betrothal ever passed between the two parties; and though the young man's manner and voice were always kind and deferential, he did not hang over Gertrude's chair when she was reading or sewing, or seated at the piano, as he generally did when Miss Brookes was in question, nor ramble with her for hours in field and shrubbery as he did with the fascinating Charlotte.

Of all this Mr. Mildmay took but little note. If Arthur Rodney liked Charlotte better than Gertrude and wished to marry her, why, let him. His little girl, with her handsome dowry, could easily find a suitable bridegroom; and for his part he was in no hurry to give up his dear little girl whose presence so pleasantly brightened his home, to the guardianship and authority of another. Besides she seemed to care very little for the recreant wooer, and viewed with perfect indifference the flirtation carried on between him and Miss Brookes. Ah! Mr. Mildmay knew not that his daughter buried deep in her own heart feelings of wounded affection, bitter beyond measure. Once that she had remonstrated gently with her false friend, regarding the latter's persistent efforts to win Rodney to herself, Miss Brookes loudly protested that she was in no way to blame, and that if Gertrude were about to grow jealous she had better assert her claim to her betrothed at once, and take and keep him to herself.

From an approach to such a step our heroine's whole being recoiled, and the mere fear that Charlotte might allude in some way or other to the subject, in Mr. Rodney's presence, prevented her from offering further remonstrance to the false friend who continued to spread her Circe-like anares, serenely careless what unhappiness they brought to others. Day by day her hopes rose higher, and to induce Arthur Rodney to commit himself by some plainly spoken word of love or devotion was now her constant aim. Lightly pressing him into her service for the purpose of gathering ferns for a fancy basket she was making, she set forth with him one bright morning, leading the way to the belt of stately woods that bounded the view at the back of Mildmay Lodge. The walk must have proved a dangerous one to Rodney, for his companion attired in the daintiest of morning dresses, looking

lovely and bewitching beyond measure, seemed determined to try his stoicism to the utmost. Soft and appealing were the looks she from time to time directed towards him from beneath her long heavy lashes, and more than once his *empressé* manner quickened her heart beats, whispering that the propitious moment was at hand. Still talking vague sentiment, still exerting every effort to bring about the wished for result, Charlotte strolled on with her companion till they arrived at a charming little shady dell.

"Here I must rest," she said, advancing a few steps accompanied by Mr. Rodney, when a scene somewhat unexpected was presented to the gaze of both.

Seated on the greensward was Gertrude, her hat beside her, whilst her two brothers were sportively showering leaves on herself, and the youngest of the band, laughingly clasped in her arms. The picture—comprising the bright smile that rested on the girl's innocent youthful face, the animated looks of the children, and the beauty of their greenwood surroundings—was a pleasant one, and Rodney stood a moment, silently surveying him.

"Why, Gertrude, playing good sister, I see," said Miss Brookes, by no means pleased with the expression of Mr. Rodney's face.

Gertrude who had colored deeply on first perceiving the intruders, hastily brushed off the leaves whilst Norman, the eldest of the three brothers, quickly rejoined before she had time to speak:

"Gertrude does not play at good sister—she is always good."

"Aptly said! my young friend," was Rodney's gay rejoinder, "but will sister Gertrude, who I feel assured is always good, as you say, join us this morning, and bring her little court with her?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Rodney," was Master Norman's prompt reply. "She comes here with us nearly every morning, and after we play some time, reads to us, so you see she cannot go with you."

Rodney smiled. "You seem very sure of your point, young gentleman! But what does Miss Gertrude say? I must have my answer from her own lips."

The young girl, secretly sore at heart, quietly rejoined:

"What Norman says is just. I have promised them a portion of my morning, and they have consequently a claim to it."

"And have I no claims, dear Gertrude, of any sort?" asked Rodney, in a low significant tone.

A blush, a rapid averting of her head was the only reply he received to the first indirect word of love he had ever whispered her. Miss Brookes perceiving that the situation was growing critical, with one of her sweet smiles interposed.

"It is not fair, Mr. Rodney, that we should interfere with Norman's claims or pleasures. Please bring me back to the house, for I really feel ashamed of my idleness, and am determined to sew or study for the remainder of the morning."

The young man lingered a moment, as if expecting Miss Mildmay would join them, or at least express a hope that they should stay, but Norman threw himself on the grass beside his sister, saying:

"Yes, you had better go, for Gerty will read to us now."

Gertrude's silence proving conclusively that she acquiesced in this decision, Rodney and his companion turned away and for some time he was unusually silent and preoccupied. But Miss Brookes taxed every power of witchery, and soon had the satisfaction of bringing back his smiles and devotion.

Weeks passed, and though our heroine seemed outwardly happy, she was nevertheless growing thinner, and losing a little of the lightness of step that had first distinguished her on her return to her home. One evening that she was lying on the sofa in her own room, the latter lighted only by the faint twilight that came in through the gauzy curtains, Miss Brookes entered, and seating herself beside her, took her hand tenderly in hers.

"Gertrude, dear, you look dull to-night. What is the matter?"

"Nothing whatever," and the girl gently disengaged her hand from her friend's clasp. "I have a slight headache."

"Ah, a headache, darling, I begin to fear. Surely you are not fretting for Rodney who seems to trouble himself so little about you?"

There was a time when Gertrude Mildmay would have thrown herself into the arms of the young girl beside her and sobbed out an avowal that such was indeed the case; that his indifference, if not faithlessness, was breaking her heart, but now, after a moment during which she silently struggled for self-command, she quietly replied:

"Why, Charlotte, I thought you did not believe in aching or breaking hearts. You have always laughed at such thing heretofore."

"Perhaps I have had cause to change my opinions of late. I certainly believe in them now."

Gertrude made no reply to this. The subject was painful, and one on which she scarcely ventured to trust her voice.

"Forgive me, dearest," resumed Miss Brookes as if determined to probe her companion's feelings to the quick, "forgive me if I say I do not think that Arthur Rodney loves or ever will love you."

Constrained, yet calm, the answer came:

"Well, and what then?"

"This, Gertrude! Well I know that you have too much maiden-pride to waste the trea-

sure of your love on one who cannot, who will not respond to it."

"Why, Charlotte, you are both eloquent and sentimental to-night. 'Tis almost the first time I have heard you speak in such a vein."

Ah, and it was perhaps the first time that sarcasm had ever fallen from Gertrude's gentle lips!

Miss Brookes steadily resumed: "Has it never struck you, dear friend, that Arthur Rodney loves another; and that, bound in honor to yourself, he is wearing out his life in ceaseless regrets over his bonds?"

A pause, and then Gertrude rejoined: "Mr. Rodney seems both happy and cheerful—not all like one who was wearing out his life in the very poetical manner you have just described."

"Gertrude, you speak like a child. Do you think a proud, reticent nature like his would go about baring his griefs and troubles to every eye? No, he will give no sign, no matter how much his chains may gull him."

"How am I to know he really entertains the sentiments you so pathetically attribute to him?"

"Gertrude! mine are no idle words spoken at random. More I must not say than that I have good ground for what I advance."

Our poor little heroine winced. Did not this speech seem to intimate that the wily Miss Brookes had already won from Rodney an avowal that such were really his sentiments?

After a painful silence, she questioned, half raising herself from the sofa: "What would you have me do?"

"Restore him his liberty freely and unconditionally. Tell him that in your eyes a betrothal contracted in such unusual circumstances is not binding, and that you release him from it."

"Well, when the fitting time comes, I may do what you so earnestly counsel, so warmly urge upon me; but, till then, Charlotte, remember that the subject must never again be mentioned between us."

With some effort Miss Brookes restrained the secret irritation awakened by this firm reply, and imprinting a kiss on her friend's cheek, which caress, despite her efforts, was somewhat cold, swept from the room.

"Perhaps 'tis better to follow her counsels—better to give up all my cherished hopes and dreams," and the young girl fell wearily back on the arm of the couch. "I am clinging to a hope illusive as a shadow. But I must have a few hours more to school my heart to this last most bitter ordeal. Ah! Charlotte, false friend, you have won from me my one pearl of great price—the heart I had every right to call my own!"

That evening Miss Brookes, as if bent on proving to Gertrude the hopelessness of her affection for Arthur Rodney, exerted every feminine art with such winning grace and tact as to centre his attention completely on herself.

Other admirers there were who fluttered around the fair young hostess, but, destitute of anything like coquetry, she neither cared to attract or receive their attentions. She sought her own room that night with a heavy heart, determined to restore her betrothed his liberty on the morrow, a step her womanly pride loudly insisted on; and have a final parting interview with him.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC.

ITALY has declined to send some of the art treasures asked for to the Paris Exhibition—fearing, perhaps, unsettled times.

GUSTAVE DORÉ, who has just returned to Paris after his usual holiday in London, is at present devoting his energies to the production of a colossal vase ornamented with 150 figures, which he is modelling for the great exhibition of next year. He has lately been engaged in illustrating Ariosto.

MR. ALMA TADEMA has just completed a picture which, the *Athenæum* says, is one of the boldest and, taking it altogether, one of the most successful and honourable efforts in art. It represents a completely nude, life-size figure of a female model, standing nearly erect, in front view, on a platform before an artist.

THE statue to be erected in Bombay in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's visit to the Presidency is now nearly completed. The statue, which is equestrian, represents his Royal Highness in his uniform of Field-Marshal, seated on his favourite Arab, Aleph, raising his marshal's hat with his right and holding the bridle with his left hand.

MR. J. HENRY has ready for publication a little book giving a description of the silver coins issued in England from the Conquest to the present reign, estimating their weight and fineness, and showing the prices realised at sales during the last thirty years. It will contain a full account of the Queen Anne farthings, that numismatic puzzle to the ignorant and unwary.

It will be remembered that Mr. Noel stated in the House of Commons a few weeks since that four sites had been suggested for Cleopatra's Needle in London. The First Commissioner has decided to try one of them, and a scaffold is in course of erection in the walk that divides St. Stephen's-green, which will represent the famous monument in dummy, and will enable the public to judge of the suitability of that site for the famous Egyptian monument.

A LARGE and beautiful bronze medal of the Empress Julia, the mother of Alexander Severus, has been recently found in a garden in the neighbourhood of Blinderake, Cumberland. It is of about the size of a penny, but thicker, and weighs three-quarters of an ounce. On the obverse side is a bust in high relief of the Empress, who wears on her head a close-fitting cap, frilled at the border, and an ornament rising out of it above the forehead. The neck is mostly bare and draped below. Inscription: "IVLIA M. MARA AVGVSTA." The reverse has a female standing cross-legged, leaning on a pillar, holding a caduceus in her right hand. Inscription: "FELICITAS PVBLICA" and "S. C." She was assassinated with her son, A. D. 235.

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