I saw a child whose life's pright morn
Was as a tender lily cared;
To every good example born;
In grace and love by virtual reared.
I saw the man an abject slave—
Bondsman to sin on manhood's tide;
His life had nothing good or brave,
And when it ceased a slaper died.

I saw a child whose youth ne'er knew The voice of Love—the tender hand; His sorrows many—pleasures few—His passions by example fanned. I saw him, from the filth and mire Go forth, a man of truth and grace; And when the Master called him higher Celestial joy shone on his face.

And while I thought, perplexed and sad,
O'er this two-fold life and history,
Of bad from good—of good from bad,
And all its hidden mystery.
Methought I heard a voice divine:—
"Mortal, to none of earth 'tis given
To know the secrets that are Mine.
Or sound the mysteries of Heaven!"
FR. GRAHAM.

For the TRUE WITNESS. TO THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Come with a smile, when come thou must, Evangel of the world to be: And touch and glorify this dust, This shuddering dust that now is me, And from this prison set me free.

Long in those awful eyes I quail,
That gaze across the grim profound;
Upon that sea there is no sail,
Nor any light, nor any sound
From the far shore that girds it round.

Only two still and steady rays,
That those twin orbs of doom o'ertop;
Only a quiet, patient gaze
Which drinks my being, drop by drop,
And bids the pulse of Nature stop.

Come with a smile, auspicious friend, To usher in this eternal day, Of these weak terrors make an end, And charm the pality chains away That binds me to the timorous clay.

And let me know my soul akin, To sunrise and the winds of morn, And every grandeur that has been Since this all-glorious world was born, Nor longer droop in my own scorn. Come when the way grows dark and chill, Come, when the poor mind is weak, And in the heart the voice is still Which used in happier days to speak, Or only whispers sadly meek.

Come with a smile that dims the sun,
With pitying heart and gentle hand;
And wan me from a work that's done
To peace that waits on thy command,
In God's mysterious better land.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Nathalie," " Adele," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

MR. TEMPLEMORE's sister-in-law wanted to speak to him, and Mr. Templemore, it was found, after a quarter of an hour's search, was with his wife in the room which had been the governess's sitting-room. But Miss Moore had good reason for not choosing to speak to him there and she sent a civil message full of apologies, but implying plainly her wish for a private interview. Dorn, who held her husband's hand, as if she had feared he should escape her, was obliged to relinquish her hold. She could not go with him, she could not bid him stay, she could only say:

"You will soon come back?" "Very soon," he replied, cheerfully.

He went rather pleased at having made his escape, for he wised to see John Luan again, and he did not want his wife to accompany him and encounter that sad sight. "Shall I go and see him first?" he thought, as he went up the staircase, "Miss Moore can wait a woman," he redied, with scorn; "believe few minutes." So, instead of entering the that, Dora!" drawing-room on his right, he turned toward Mrs. Luan's room on his left

But scarcely had Mr, Templemore entered the sick-room, when the door which he had closed opened again, and Dora appeared, pale and breathless. She had guessed all, and fol-

"My darling, what brings you here?" he asked, with gentle reproof. "It is a sad, a wery sad sight for you.

A loud, appalling fit of laughter from the sick-bed confirmed his words. " Mrs. Luan raised her bowed head and look-

elat them. Dora stood near her husband. His arm was passed around her with protecting tenderness; her eyes were raised to his with something beyond love in their gazesomething of the worship and despair of a lost spirit looking her last of paradise, for she thought, "Now the time has come!"

John Luan's mother rose on perceiving them, and Mr. Templemore saw aunt and niece exchange a look so strange that it amazed him. Why did Mrs. Luan's eyes gaze so fiercely on his wife, and why did Doraturn Luan's arm, and, looking her steadily in the so deadly pale as her own eyes met them: He began to understand that something which concerned him, but of which he was kept ignorant, lay hidden under these silent looks
—some war, some contest! What could it
be? Why had Dora followed him?

"How is your son, Mrs. Luan?" he asked,

"How is he!" she angrily echoed. "Why do you ask? Why do you come? What brings you both here? Could you not stay away? Is it to taunt him that you come? Look at them, John, look at them.

"Is that woman mad, as Dora says," thought Mr. Templemore, "or what is it?" She stood by the bed looking at her son, and pointing with a scornful forefinger to Mr. Templemore and his wife. Then turning upon them with sudden fury-

"Begone!" she said; "begone, or I will make you repent having come near him!" Mr. Templemore did not move, and Dora only clang closer to him; but she looked at her aunt with mingled dread and entreaty.

"Ha! I can make you quake, my lady! said Mrs. Luan, nodding at her pale niece. "I gave you a husband, and you robbed me of a son in return—but I can make you quake!"

"Aunt—aunt!" implored Dora. Mrs. Luan laughed, and John Luan, who

had been silent awhile, tossed restlessly in his bed, and laughed with his mother.

-go both of you this moment!" "Richard, let us go away!" entreated Dora;

" oh! let us go away !" But no more than before did Mr. Temple- also felt lost, ruined, and undone. more stir. He darted piercing looks from Cold drops of perspiration stood thick on Mrs. Luan to his wife. There was something Mr. Templemore's brow. Once more he had -some hidden quarrel between these two other, for he felt Dora tremble in every limb,

What was it? - what could it be? "Dora," he said, in a low, kind tone, and drawing her more closely to him as he spoke thus, bending over her—"Dora, what is it?

ingratitude. ... Are these my thanks for parting him from Mrs. Logan, whom you so

Mr. Templemore who had listened astounded, now started as if he had been stung. "You part me from Mrs. Logan!" he cried, his eyes flashing; "'tis false!—you dare not!

-you could not!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Luan, with a sullen nod, "you always scorned me—I was stupid,

was 1? But I could make you put by one woman and marry another, clever man though you were, and foolish woman though you thought me."

The insolence of this boast exasperated Mr. Templemore. "I tell you'tis false!-false! he said sternly; "you never did it!"

"Did I not, though? Who made Florence jealous? "I'was I. Mr. Templemore. Who gave something to Eva that made her ill, and who told you to go to Dora that night whilst Florence was watching? 'Twas I. Ask her, ask Florence, ask Mrs. Logan, if you do not

Mr. Templemore looked thunderstruck. "No, you could not be so base," he said you could not be so cruel as to tamper with my child for that object-you could not. I had heaped you and yours with benefits-you

could not pay me back thus!"
"Benefits! Yes, you robbed me and John and Paul and Dors of my brother's money, and you threw us a bone in return. And you wanted to marry that Florence Gale, who jilted Paul. No. to, Mr. Templemore, I said you should marry my niece, and you did-you did!"

Dora, overwhelmed with shame and grief, hid her burning face in her hands. Mr. Templemore could not speak.

"You thought me stupid," said Mrs. Luan again; "you thought me stupid, eh?" She said no more, but sat down again by her son. There was a brief silence. A sorrow too

keen for anger or indignation had fallen on Mr. Templemore,
"Poor Florence!" he said, with a quivering lip; "poor, foolish Florence!"

His troubled eye fell on Dora as he spoke.

Perhaps he did not see her, but that look, so far away, so remote, cut her to the heart. She withdrew from his side, and he did not detain or call her back; he stood as the blow had struck him—pale, motionless, and, save those words, silent. Dora forgot her own grief in the sight of his.

"Richard," she said, coming back to him, and her tears dowing, "forgive me if I cannot set you fee!—forgive me!" Her eyes were raised to his, tears were on her cheeks, and her look seemed to say, "Oh! dare I be happy

He laid his hand on her shoulder, he looked down at her very sorrowfully, but with returning tenderness, and that sad look seemed to Mrs. Logan." reply: "Be happy, my darling, be lappy!"

John Luan's mother stared at them with jealous, angry eyes. Her son, whom the happiness of these two had, brought to death's door, lay on his sick-bed, pale, breathless, exhausted with delirium, and they stood there happy and fond, braving her with the insolence of their love.

"You little hypocrite!" she cried, starting to her feet, and shaking her resentful hand at Dora, "how dare you make me do it? How dare you, and be jilting John all the time?" "I!" cried Dora, amized at the imputation "I made you do it?"

"Yes-deny it nov-do!" "Oh! Richard, Bichard," said Dora, with sudden anguish; "you will never believe

that, will you?" "Believe that you could abet this miserable

"And so I am to bear the burden of the sin, and you are to reap the benefit!" cried Mrs. Luan, enragei-" you who made me do it. I say it again!

"Peace!" said Mr. Templemore, turning sternly upon her. " But for your son's sake, you should leave the house this instant. As it is, I forlid you from this day forth ever to address my wife again!"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Luan, with much storn; "Iam too wicked, and she is too good. I promised her she should become your wfe, and now that I have kept my word I must not speak to my lady!" Mr Templemore looked both indignant

and incredulous. "Dora," he said-"Dora joining in a plot so shameful!-Dora a betting you in entrap-

ping Mrs. Logan!-Dora helping to work her ovn disgrace! It is false!" "Tis true," doggedly replied Mrs Luan. Dora turned crimson with indignation and shame. She left her husband's side. She went up to her aunt, she laid her hand on Mrs.

face, she said firmly; "Aunt, how dare you say it?-how dare you say it, with John Luan lying there?"
"And how dare you deny it?" cried Mrs.

Luan, placing either hand on Dora's shoulders, and looking at her wildly; "did I not promise the first day we all entered the house-did I not promise you should become its mistress? Denv if you dare!" Mr. Templemore looked at Dora; she was

ashy pale, and her lips quivered, but she was mute "And did you, or did your mother, ask me

how I was to make you Mr. Templemore's wife?-how I was to part him and Florence Gale? Did either of you question or try to know, or say, 'Do not do it?' Not oncenot once."

Mr. Templemore again looked at his wife She could not bear that look; her eyes sank before his.

"She can't deny it!" triumphantly exclaimed Mrs. Luan. "You know," she added turning pitilessly on Dora, "you know you taxed me with it the next morning. 'Aunt,' you said, 'who did this?' You knew 'twas I, but you said nothing to Mrs. Logan—you liked Mr. Templemore. Deny that—and also that you hated Florence?"

Dora denied nothing. The net that ensnared her was drawing so close around her that she felt both fettered and tongue-tied. No, she could not deny her aunt's predictions, "You hear him !" she cried, stamping her she could not deny her love and her hatred, foot and looking angrily at Dora; "go, I say! now both turning against herwith such vengeful power. She had boasted of both to him, and both now stood up as implacable wit-nesses to condemn her. She felt it, and she

been cheated and betrayed, but this time how women a threat on one hand and fear on the frightfully! He had been robbed of the woman he loved, and entrapped into marrying another, and the best feelings of his naturegenerosity, pity, honor,—had been enlisted to work out his undoing. A colder man, or a less generous one, a man of inferior nature,

give mell she cried; "forgive me la could flore flad been her tacit accomplice. An innot help it?"

He returned the caress, and again he said driven into the madness of jealous, that this "What is it!—trust in me.

Mrs. Luan answered that question generosity, whom he had treated with romantic generosity, might saten upon him for life, and so you could not help it forsoffin, she he, the rich man, might become the poor said, her eyes sparkling with rage to a fine girl's busband. And Dors had shared the these my thanks formaking you him Temples of seness even as she had reaped the benefit more's wife? She added, folling her head from left to right, as if confounded at Dora's let him fall into it, and never, by helping ingratitude. "Are these my thanks for part hand, or even by word or sign, tried to save

hand, or even by word or sign, tried to save him. She had done nothing deliberate, but she had allowed another to act; and when all was ready—when Florence and he had become her victims, when pity and honor had made him turn to her, she had appeared before him with the pale and troubled beauty of a proud and fair martyr-she had ensnared him with her youth and her hidden love, and wakened in his heart a passion so violent and so engrossing that it completed her double helped me, was your wife's nunt. To her, triumph over Mrs. Logan. Yes, and as these Mr. Templemore, you thus owe your present thoughts passed through him with the cruel rapidity of lightning, it stung Mr. Templemore to feel that she had robbed Florence of her lover, even more than of her husband. He turned upon her, wrath and grief in his looks.

"Madam, speak!" he said impetuously and imperiously. "Do you not hear that you are accused?—speak, 1 say!"

Thus adjured, Dora looked up.

"I am innocent," she said.
"Innocent!" said her aunt; "yes, you never questioned—you did not want to know -you let me do it, and now, like a coward, want to escape the blame. Let Mr. Templemore ask your mother if I did not promise that you should marry him, that's all." Dora saw the angry light that passed

through Mr. Templemore's eyes as her aunt uttered these words; she looked from him, her judge, to Mrs. Luan, her accuser. "I am innocent," she said again.

Mrs. Luan laughed scornfully, and Mr. Templemore was mute. For a while she too stood silent, then a coldness as that of death seemed to fall on her heart, She turned away and left the room without a word. Mr. Templemore walked up to Mrs. Luan,

and seizing her arm, he looked down in her face, and said sternly,
"What was your motive?"

His look, his tone, alike mastered her. "I did not want her to marry John!" she answered. He smiled bitterly. He had been sacrificed

that John might be safe. "And what was her motive?" he asked again.
"You know it," sulkily replied Mrs. Luan
"she liked you." - DIIII I

Yes, some men are betrayed for their money, but Mr. Templemore had been cheated out of his liberty for love. For love! He bit his lip till it bled, and he grasped Mrs. Luan's arm so tightly that she said with some anger,
"Let me go; you hurt me. Why do you put it all upon me? Mrs. Courtenay was always talking about it, and Dora was fretting to have you. I did you no wrong, after all—

you liked Dora, you know you did."
"I liked her! you dare to tell me that? I liked your niece whilst I was pledged to

"Never mind, you like her now," was Mrs. Luan's ironical reply.

"I like her now? "Yes, and let me go—I say you hurt me."
"Let you go?" he replied, dropping her arm with a look of the deepest contempt. "Mrs. Luan, I leave the house to-day-let me not find you here, or your son, or your sister,

when I come back." "And Dora," defiantly asked Mrs. Luan, "are you going to turn out Dora?-you can't, you know-she is your wife."

She may rue it yet," he said, his eyes flashing with anger, " but she shall stay here, of course; as for you, Mrs. Luan-do not trust to my forbearance for your son-leave soonleave quickly."

He left the room as he uttered the words. As he closed the door he met Without a word of preface or courteous greeting, with a sternness which she had never seen in him, he stopped her and said:

"Mrs. Courtenay, is it true that when I brought you to this house, with your sister-inlaw and Dora, you contemplated that I should marry your daughter?"

Mrs. Courtenay knew nothing, but Mr. Templemore's manner and looks frightened her. Oh! Mr. Templemore," she implored, "de

not be angry with poor Dora, do not." "Oh! I am not angry-not at all. Mrs Courtenay, I only want to know if Mrs. Luan did really, as she tells me, promise Dora that she should become my wife?"

"She did," eagerly replied Mrs. Courtenay, by no means loth to throw all the blame on her sister-in-law, "she did, as soon as she found out you were Mr. Templemore." "Oh! of course not before," ironically re

plied Mr. Templemore: "and your daughter, Mrs. Courtenay, she raised no objection ?" "Mr. Templemore, she liked you."

"Ah! to be sure; an excellent reason. Thank you for your candor, Mrs. Courtenay,' he added, sareastically. He turned away, but his mother-in-law fol-

lowed him anxiously. "Then you are not angry with Dora?" she said.

"Oh! not at all," replied Mr. Templemore. "I am too happy to have your daughter on any terms!"

The words were very bitter, if Mrs. Courtenay had but understood them rightly, but the mood in which they were spoken was far more bitter still. Love, tenderness, passion, everything that had once made Dora dear seemed to have vanished in the humiliation of his betrayal. To be duped, to be deceived, to be made a fool and jest of-such had been Mr. Templemore's lot.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Miss Moone is very anxious to speak to you, sir," said Fanny, meeting her master.
"Very well," he replied, with bitter impatience, and, retracing his steps, he went back to the drawing-room.

Miss Moore was not alone. A lady stood in the middle of the room, attired in a travellingdress, with a shawl on her arm, and looking as if she were going to step that moment into a railway carriage. And that lady was Mrs. Logan. She laughed at Mr. Templemore's amazed look, and curtsied to him with mock politeness.

Oh! but'I must see Mrs. Luan too," she said, nodding ironically, "I am not afraid of her now, though I was so silly as to think her mad, you know. I must see her with you, Mr. Templemore." "Never!" he answered angrily. "Mrs.

Luan leaves this house to-day, and never will I address her, or willingly remain five seconds in the same room with her." Miss Moore clasped her hands and said pitifully, "I knew it could not end well;" whilst Mrs. Logan exclaimed scornfully, "Poor Mrs.

Luan is it so soon over?"

Mr. Templemore looked angrily at these Trust in me."

The words were like dew from heaven. She threw her arms around his neck. Ohl for
The words were like dew from heaven. She threw her arms around his neck. Ohl for
The words were like dew from heaven. She threw her arms around his neck. Ohl for
The words were like dew from heaven. She into this mean trap. He had been duped by taunting him so lightly with his lost liberty, the contemptible woman before him, and he forgot her wrong, and only remembered shame which a noble heart feels at its own

miss the train, you will excuse me if I come to the point. You wanted to know, when I last had the pleasure of meeting you, through whose agency I had entered the house and surprised you with Miss Courtenay on the night of the storm. You were kind enough to suppose that I bribed the servants. Allow me now to tell you that the person who admitted-me, who received, and guided, and happiness, and I am not so cruel or so unjust as to rob that good and kind Mrs. Luan of your gratitude."

"Yes, Mrs. Logan," replied Mr. Temple more, with emphatic bitterness, " you fell into a trap, and now that you see it, it is too late.' "I can't help it," she said desperately. "You might as well tell a bird not to be caught as tell me not to be deceived. Besides, why did you let them deceive you, Mr. Temple-

His color deepened, his dark eyes flashed, he bit his lip to check the angry words that might have come up, as she put the taunting question. Ay, he too had been snared by the net of the fowler, and its meshes were woven thick around him. Adieu to a noble life, adieu to liberty, ay, and almost adieu to honor! Never more should his footsteps be free, never more should he know the happy solitude of his own thoughts; he was tied till death should part them, to that girl who, innocent or guilty, had stepped in between him and all his desires. What though she had wakened in him the folly of a moment? Was he the man to go on loving a woman for the soft, shy look of her eyes and the pretty turn of her neck? She loved him, perhapsshe had said so, at least, and he remembered her fond confession with a sort of fury-but had she entrapped him because of that love? Had he given her a double triumph over him -that of first deceiving his judgment, then of conquering his proud heart?

"Yes," he said, "you are right, Mrs. Logan -I, too, have been cheated, and where is our remedy?" he added, the veins in his forehead swelling with anger, as he felt both his wrong and his powerlessness to avenge it. "Where is our remedy? We have been deceived and betrayed. Mrs. Luan was the arbitress of our fate, though we knew it not, and we must bow to her decrees."

"Yes, it was Mrs. Luan's doing, hut it was Dora Courtenay's too," cried Mrs. Logan, with her old jealous anger. "She planned it, and she did it, Mr. Templemore."

He turned pale as death, and moved away from her side; and when he came back he looked at her and Miss Moore, and said. "Do not say it-do not believe it, Mrs.

Logan. She is my wife. You made her such, remember that, and also that her honor and mine are one." "You want me to be silent!" she cried.
"I will not...I will not, Mr. Templemore.

The world shall know, and the world shall judge between her and me." "Do as you please. You will find my wife guarded by something to which the world, skeptical though it may be, ever adds faith-

the respect of her husband."
"Your wife!" repeated Mrs. Logan, turning pale at something in the tone with which he attered the word "wife."-" Yes, I know she is your wife, Mr. Templemore, and you are newly married, too, and, of course, your

honeymoon not being over-" She ceased, and looked at him. The blood had rushed up to his very brows-his very heart was thrilled at the remembrance of his lost happiness. He could not help it. A passion, even though it be but two weeks old, cannot be conquered at once in a man's heart; and as Florence spoke, there came back to him, not the remembrance of the love which had bound them-not the resentment of the fraud by which they had been divided, but fervid and sudden, like the glimpse of a warm summer landscape, the memory of those two impassioned weeks which he had given to another woman. Florence stood before him. beautiful, angry, and jealous, and he saw Dora, pale, beseeching, and sorrowful-Dora, with love in her upraised eyes and her parted lips. He saw her, do what he would; but with angry wonder he also asked bimself what brought her image before him then, why days had been stronger than years, and why he thought of the girl who had ensnared him,

whilst he looked at the chosen one of his heart? "She is not innocent!" cried Mrs. Logan, breaking off from sarcasm into impetuous accusation. "Did I not say to her, "Tell me how it happened—explain it, Dora, and I will believe you,' and did she not turn away without a word—without a word? I tell you, Mr. Templemore, that she plotted to marry you from the moment she entered your

house." "She did not!" he said, sullenly. "Then why did she marry you?"

"She had her fair name to redeem, thanks to yon." "Ay, she risked much, but she won-she won, and I lost; but it is not all gain to her,

Mr. Templemore. The world will have something to say to her yet." "Then the world will lie!" cried Mr. Templemore, his dark cheek crimsoning, and his voice trembling with passion as the pure and pale image of his young wife seemed to rise before him. In all his misery it was something to know that so far, at least, she was one could rob him. Mrs. Logan looked at him,

"Mr. Templemore," she said, "were you Mrs. Luan's accomplice, and was all this a plot to make me break my engagement, and | his brief happiness.

then clasped her hands in indignant amaze-

set you free?" He gazed at her more in sorrow than in anger. She was unchanged, after all. She read the meaning of his cold, grave looks, but she would persist in this new outrageous

"I know what you think," she said, speaking very fast—"you think she is the same him. He wanted to revere, he wanted to silly creature she ever was; but I am not so toolish as you imagine me to be, Mr. Templemore, and I say that you always liked heralways, Mr. Templemore—and that, if she had been a plain girl-you would not have married her from honor."

"If Dora Courtenay had been a plain girl, you would never have suspected her, Mrs. Logan."

"Yes, yes, I know; but tell me, if you can 'I did not marry her for love'-just tell me that, if you can, Mr. Templemore?" "I decline your right to put such a ques-tion," he coldly answered; "you broke our

engagement, Mrs. Logan." She sank down on a chair, and burst into

that her folly had abetted Mrs. Luan's cunning and hilped to his undoing how old you with infidality. Here he had leading with infidality with infidality with infidality with infidality with infidality with infidality with infidality

Twice love had cost him so dear, that now he how dear this wronged woman had once been, and now he could gaze on her as if from a remote shore. His love was dead, and dead, too, felt that other love which had suddenly flowed between them, and wrought in a few weeks the work of time.

"I must go now," said Mrs. Logan, rising

as she spoke. Even as she said it, the door opened, and Dora entered the room. Miss Moore looked scared, Florence defiant, and Mr. Templemore turned crimson. Dora looked at them quietly. Whatever she might feel, no token of it appeared on her pale face. No wonder, no anger, no jealous indignation were to be read there.

"I beg your pardon, Richard," she said, with a proud and tranquil smile; "I did not know you were engaged." And, bowing to Mrs. Logan, she passed on. Slowly and leisurely she crossed the long drawing-room leaving it by another door than that through which she had entered. Mr. Templemore could not help looking after her. She might be an adventuress and a schemer, but she would never, if jealous, have betrayed that jealousy by watching her lover; she would never have come to that lost lover's house and humbled her pride so far as to repreach him, or to accuse her more fortunate rival. Yes, she still had, even in her humiliation, that cold charm which reserve and pride give a woman, and which allures man far more than the fondest seduction. Florence felt stung, for she saw that look, and half read it. Dorn's sun might be under a cloud just then; but a wife's day is a long one, and in how calm, how cold a voice she had called him "Richard!"

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Florence, bitterly; "I came to enlighten you, but find vou enlightened. I might have spared myself the trouble of coming; but you see, being silly and foolish as ever, I thought I had but and finding her thus, had admired that beauto speak to confound Mrs. Luan and justify tiful hair, and lifting it up with a caressing myself, even though it was too late."

Mr. Templemore could not help feeling a pity both tender and deep for this beautiful but very foolish creature as she spoke thus. She had no judgment, no pride, no dignity, no generosity even, but she had been shamefully wronged,, and it stung him that he, who had once so loved her, should have been made the instrument of that wrong. Dora would never have acted thus. But surely her very folly ought, like a child's, to have made Florence sacred to generous hearts, for how could a creature so frivolous resist even the most you? transparent artifice, or save herself from pertidy? There was indignation, there was sorrow and emotion in Mr. Templemore's voice

as he now said to her: "Good-by, Florence—Goo bless you! We are cousins; we have been friends, and we were to have been more. Let not the baseness which parted us so prevail as to break the old tie. You have no brother to protect you, no near relative to befriend you, but remember that you have me."

Mrs. Logan did not answer, but her color deepened, and as she stood with her hand clasped in his, she thought, looking at the floor, "Ah! if Dora were to die-but she is sure to live. Good-by, Miss Moore," she added aloud.

Miss Moore, who had prudently kept her You are my wife-I do not forget it! handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed a good-by, which darkened Mr. Templemore's face. How he hated all this! How bitterly he felt his last privacy! He said not a word to detain Florence. He went down with and accompanied her to the gate, where a carriage was waiting. She entered it, he saw it drive away, then he walked down the sunburnt, dusty road, brooding over the odious, intolerable wrong. He had been cheated to save John Luan from a poor marriage-also for his money. Such things take place in life daily; Mr. Templemore had often seen them, and looked on with mingled scorn and pity for the victim. And now the case was his, These three women had ensuared him as only which nature has given their sex as the com-pensation for weakness. Mr. Templemore But he had never thought the deceit would conquered even wrath. His whole flesh quivered with the pain, and he stood still, mastered by grief, and unable to go on. When he looked around him, Mr. Templemore found that, led by habit, a more faithful guide than love; his steps had brought

him to Mrs. Logan's door. Again the house was closed and silent, Florence was really gone this time—she was gone, after having made Dora's guilt deeper and plainer. She was gone, and never, unless in some great crisis, must Dora's husband cross that once friendly threshold, or enter those once-loved rooms, now haunted with the spectre of the past. With cold and gloomy innocent. Of that knowledge nothing and no eyes he looked at that silent dwelling. If Florence could have seen him then, she would have known it was not her loss that had brought that dark meaning to his face; if she could have read his heart she would have felt more jealous of his grief than she had felt of

Dora had said it truly—his love for her was man's passion for youth and that beauty which his eyes see in a loved woman; but a noble nature is the alchemy which transmutes the baser metal into pure gold; and Mr. Templemore's love for his young wife could not live on the fleeting charms which had subdued trust; and now that he could do neither, his love felt expiring—but in what throes—in what agonies! He roused himself from that mood, both passionate and bitter-he walked back to Les Roches. He had thought enough over his wrong. It was clear, it was certain, it was irremediable.

"Now I must see my wife," he thought. His wife! Oh! bitter, insupportable thought! She was his wife. It was the founest name she had heard from him-the most tender he had found it possible to give her, and now it sounded so dreary, so ominous, so

and the second second CHAPTER XLII.

When Dora left John Luan's room she tried to think, but she could not. She went down to the garden, and walking along one of its

frailty. That room, those pictures those familiar objects, all seemed to uphraid hum with infidhity of Here he had been seemed. Her misery was an new that she could not be passion had half him in conder bonds. Here he with the settled belief which we give to great and undoubted her day after day, forestalling the peage of marriage, and not taking into marriage the troubled joy of unwedded love.

Florence wept on as if her heart would break, but dull and heavy felt Mr. Temple more's heart. He did not love her he did not love his wife—he loved no woman them would. If love be not reverence and honor the read of the pure and the profance the pure and the profance belief would. But the pure and the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance belief would. But the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is nothing to the pure and the profance it is not in the profance it is not Twice love had cost him so dear, that now he it is nothing to the pure and the proud. But feels as if he were too poor ever to buy it back; could she have lost his esteem? Was it posagain. The tears of Florence pained him, but sible? No, he was staggered and deeply so would those of Eva if they had had the hurt; and perhaps even he could love her no so would those of love if they had a sort of more, so great was his sense of his wrong-wonder at his own coldness, he remembered but how could he doubt her? It was a sweet and avenging thought, that though no longer adored, she must be honored. Let love be lost—there are many such bitter wreeks in

life-but let her innocence be confessed. " His liking will go back to Florence" thought Dora, and tears rushed to her eyes, and her heart swelled; "but he must do me justice. There will be great darkness between us—it may last years—but light will return, as morning follows night; and though age should have come and youth fied in the meanwhile, his love shall be welcome were it but for the sake of the two happy weeks he has given me. But he must do me justice-

oh! he must!" She turned back toward the house. She wanted to see him—to speak to him that moment. She felt upon her a flow of proud and tender eloquence—of words that would come from her heart, and must needs reach his. She asked where he was. In the draw. ing-room, said Fanny; but she did not add that Florence was with him. The blow fell full upon Dora when she saw these two . and calm though she looked, her heart was bitter to overflowing when she left them. He was with Mrs. Logan! If she could have avoided one enemy, she could not, it seems, escape the other. If her aunt had not spoken, Florence would. She went up to her own room-it was vacant. The sun shone in through the open window, and the breeze fluttered the muslin curtains; but no fond husband sat in the arm-chair waiting for his wife's return! He was below with Mrs. Logan!

"I must dress for dinner," thought Dora with a sigh.

She shook out her long hair, and began combing it slowly. A gleam of sunshine fell on the glowing tresses and turned them into gold, and Dom remembered how one morning, hand, had said it was matchless.

And was all that over? She could not be lieve it. It is so hard to fall asleep a queen, and waken a beggar. She hoped, but that hope died as the door opened and Mr. Templemore entered the room. With her two hands she parted her long hair, put it back from her face, and looking at him calmly, she said: "How ill you look, Richard! What ails

"He loved me then!" thought Dora "Yes, he loved me then!"

She could put the question.

"Something does ail me," he replied, something which I need not tell you. Dora! "You have seen Mrs. Logan," she said, wilfully misunderstanding him, "but I am not iealous."

She said it, and she looked it so thoroughly that be felt strong. "Mrs. Logan told me nothing I did not

know," he said, very coldly. "And what do you know?" usked Dora with a proud, sad smile. "I have no wish to enter on that subject."

he replied; "I do not wish to wound, or offend, or even seem to accuse you, Dora." "Accuse me!-of what, Mr. Templemore?" "Of nothing. I tell you I do not wish it

She clasped her hands and looked at him. Was this her fond, impassioned husband? Was this the man who for two weeks at least had adorek her? She was his wife, and he did not forget it. That was the end. She had been the toy, the pleasure of an hour, the sultana of a day, but he was no Eastern despot, he was a Christian gentleman; and there was the law, too, and she was his wife, and he did

not forget it.

"God help me!" was all she said, or could He looked at her. He had denied her guilt to Florence; but in his heart he believed it. He believed that she had been her aunt's tacit accomplice, and that she had betrayed him, women can ensuae man, with the subtle arts which nature has given their sex as the com- Whichever it was, he felt her prey and her victim. It was not in Mr. Templemore's nahad a credulous, generous nature, loth to sus- ture to think that, and not resent it. He pect; a nature which made him liable to almost hated her just then, not merely for deceit, and he knew it, and could laugh at it the fraud which she had abetted, but because once the first vexation of discovery was over. she had shaken the very foundation of faith within him. If she was false-who was true? take this aspect, or that the deceiver could But bitter though his resentment was, he was wear Dora Courtenay's face. The anguish of master of himself now, and he scorned to bethat thought overpowered his fortitude, and tray it; the magnanimity of his nature re-conquered even wrath. His whole flesh volted at the thought of crushing that humbled woman, and there was pity in his tonea pity which stung his wife, as he said-

> whole lifetime before us. Let us be patient! "I would give my life to set you free," she replied in a low tone: "I would give my life, Mr. Templemore, that the last three weeks had never been!" No other word of deprecation or regret

through it as wisely as we can-we have a

"Dora, this is a severe trial; let us go

passed her lips. Mr. Templemore saw no signs of genuine sorrow or repentance in his wife; nothing but pride and sin-defiant, though conquered and revealed. "Dora," he said again, "this is a cruel trial; perhaps we could not pass through it safely if I were to remain here. I do not wish the wrong I have suffered to make me forget the

relation in which we stand to each other.

Therefore, I shall go away for a time. When I return we shall both have learned to be silent on a subject which must never be mentioned between us." He spoke very coldly, "When I return!" No gleam of joy shone in his eyes, but dull and heavy remained his look, as the words were uttered. He bore his burden as patiently as he could, but it was a burden, and in his heart he hated it. Again she clasped

her despairing hands; she raised her eyes to

heaven in wondering appeal at his injustice and her misery. "I am not jealous," she said, "but there are wrongs beyond endurance, and this is one. You married me two weeks ago, and now my presence is irksome to you, and you go. I am not jealous, but if you had married Flor-

ence, would you treat her so?" "If I had married her," he sternly replied, his cheek flushing with anger, "I should not,

at least, have been cheated into it." Dorn felt tried, judged, and condemned, everything which a human being can feel in the way of condemnation, as he said this. Duty would bring him back to her, but love was over. She had no hope to win that back, but she made a desperate effort to save her

honor. "Mr. Templem 1re," she said, " your wrong:

and the state of t