

for you, Carrie; but I am not sure that it will be quite agreeable."

"Nothing painful, I trust, Harry."

"No, only this. I had a letter from Clara this morning, and she says we may expect to see her to-morrow night."

"Well, Harry, that is too bad of you—I shall be delighted to see her."

"Will you? then I am glad too; but I always fancied you were happier when she was not here, and felt afraid you would not welcome her very cordially."

"Perhaps I might not have done so had she come two months earlier, but all is changed now; for the old troubles have passed away, I trust, never to return. You know, Harry, my housekeeping used to be a sensitive subject with me, and I am sure you thought Clara superior to me in that respect. I did think her cold and indifferent too, but since the night Ben Hartley was here she has appeared to me in a new light, and when she comes she shall find that she has a sister more and not a brother less."

We shall not gratify the reader by relating Harry Morton's exact response. Well, he did do something that brought Carrie's loving face closer to his own—but then—we positively won't add another word.

CHAPTER IV.

About a fortnight before the conversation, recorded at the end of our last chapter took place, Clara Morton sat lonely and sad in her luxuriantly furnished drawing room. It was evening, and stormy and cheerless as it was without, perhaps poor Clara felt more cheerless and wretched within. She was thinking of her bright young life, so full of hope and promise, and contrasting it with her present sorrow and loneliness. It was not often that she allowed herself thus to review the past, for she was too wise to indulge frequently in vain regrets; but as we are introduced to her in this mood, perhaps we may gather from her something of what her past life has been.

"How strange it all seems—why, if he did not love me, did he through so many years lead me by every look and action to suppose he did. I am sure he would not trifle with me—he is too good and noble for that. It is inexplicable; for even from my childhood he was ever by my side. If I could only feel indignant towards him perhaps I should not be so nearly heartbroken as I am to-night. Heartbroken! no, I must not say that, and for one who never could have loved me. But it is useless to dream over the dead past, I must arouse myself," and rising, she approached the piano and struck a few chords.

Just then, the furious ringing of the door bell startled her, and her surprise was increased when the housekeeper entered and said, "Oh Miss Morton, old Dearborn, whose wife washed for you some years ago is here; he says she is very ill, perhaps dying, but that she cannot die in peace until she has seen you. I told him it was impossible you could go out this stormy night, but he persists, and says you will always be sorry yourself if you do not go with him."

"I will see him," said Clara; but when he stood before her he would say nothing but "Come Miss Clara, do come, she is dying."

Clara at length determined to accompany the man, and ordering out the carriage, soon reached the home of the dying woman. As she neared her bedside the wretched creature exclaimed, "Oh Miss Clara, I have laboured for you and yours for many years and yet how have I repaid the kindness I have received from you all. How bitterly I have repented the wrong I have done you, you cannot tell; but, I am dying now and must reveal all."

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken," Clara replied; "What injury can you have done me?"

"Too sure! only too sure, as you will see when I have told you all," and then the wretched woman made the confession, of which the following is the substance:

It seems that just ten years before Clara was residing with her brother at Colbrook, the town where we found Harry Morton at the opening of our story. She was happy then; for the bright

anticipations of youth had not been dimmed, and although Mr. Warren had never formally declared himself her lover, yet, as we have seen above, his every action led her to believe that she was beloved. That year a family from W— were spending the summer at Colbrook. The family included several daughters, one of whom had taken a violent dislike to Clara. Whether this dislike was occasioned by the evident admiration which Mr. Warren manifested for her we know not, but at any rate Miss Morris determined to create a breach between them. Mrs. Dearborn was employed by both families, and it was this woman that Miss Morris selected as the instrument to work out the object she had in view. She had discovered that a son of Mrs. Dearborn's frequently conveyed notes from Mr. Warren to Clara, and her first step was to bribe the mother to take these notes from her son and deliver them to herself, instead of to Clara. The miserable woman, as she lay there on her death bed, assured Miss Morton that she little knew the harm she was doing until one day she found one of the intercepted notes in the pocket of a white morning dress Miss Morris had sent to her to be washed. "I have that note still, Miss Clara; here it is and may God forgive me the harm I have done you as I trust you will."

Clara took the note with trembling hands and was about to leave, when Mrs. Dearborn exclaimed, "Do not go yet, Miss Clara, I must first tell you all about that note. Mr. Warren gave it to my son one morning and bade him be sure to place it in no hands but yours. You know how his directions were fulfilled; but I must tell you that about noon the same day, Miss Morris handed my son a beautiful ring and told him to take it to Mr. Warren; she also gave him a dollar to say that he had delivered the note to you, that you had read it, then torn it in pieces and sent back the ring to him without a word. Poor child, he never knew the harm he did; the sin was all mine, and you see how I am punished for it."

"If God can pardon you, Mrs. Dearborn," said Clara, "I, who am sinful too, will not withhold my forgiveness. I must leave you now, but oh! do not forget to pray for mercy to Him who can best bestow it."

Clara ordered the coachman to drive home rapidly, and very soon, in the solitude of her own room that precious note was opened and its contents devoured. It ran as follows:

MY DEAREST CLARA,

For so I know I may address you; for to-day I can tell you of the love I have felt for you from childhood. I cannot look back on the hour I did not love you, and every dream of my manhood has been blended with you. I have never in words told you of this love; but I knew you felt it, and I only waited for the hour when my studies finished and a prospect of future usefulness opened before me, I could come and claim you as my own. You remember, years ago, when I brought in this ring, that you and my sister Fanny both laughingly exclaimed, "It is for me." I said that I had bought it for Fanny, but that the next should be yours. We were young, then, Clara; but years after, when our darling Fanny, my only sister and your dearest friend, was dying, she called me nearer to her and said, "I have prized this ring, and very highly, dear James, as it always reminded me of you and Clara; and if you can ever claim her as your own, for I know she is very dear to you, give her this for your sake and mine." I have kept it till now, dear Clara, and to-day I send it. Trifling as it might be to others, to you I know it will be sacred. If you can love me, wear it as a pledge of your love; but if I am deceived return me the ring and I shall know all. I do not ask you to write one word, for if you do return it words are but idle. If you retain it I will be with you to-night. Good-bye, until we meet, and till then and evermore, believe me, as from childhood,

Your own,
JAMES WARREN.

How well Clara remembered, as she looked at the date of that letter, that, on that very evening she had anxiously expected him, but he

came not, and the next day she had heard that he had left for his charge, in Toronto, leaving only a formal "good bye" for her with a friend. She had waited months and years, hoping that the old kindness would return, until hope at length died out, but not love; for love never dies. She had frequently heard his eloquence lauded, and his piety and usefulness were the theme of many tongues. She rejoiced in this; but for herself, her lot had been lonely and sad—how sad none but herself knew. How had this letter brightened everything! Earth seemed more lovely, and heaven nearer; for the certainty that she had been beloved removed the load of sorrow that had almost weighed her down, and with something of the sweetness and serenity of earlier years, her head that night rested upon her pillow.

Need we pursue our story to the end? Does not every one know intuitively what is to happen? Of course, our Clara is made happy. The long divided, yet still green and ardent love the minister and maid have cherished for each other is at length rewarded. Let the reader exercise his imagination, and picture how, through the agency of Carrie Lawson, the breach was healed—the explanations made; but we fear imagination will fail when it endeavours to realize the pure and holy joy which filled the hearts of James Warren and Clara Morton, as hand in hand their troth was plighted, and the words were pronounced that made them one.

But we have for some time lost sight of Carrie Lawson. Does any one suppose her loving, gentle heart was not happy in the happiness of Clara and Mr. Warren; and further, does not every one see that the lesson Harry Morton learned through the agency of Mrs. Parsons, was just the very lesson he needed to learn? It taught him to prize his gentle wife as she deserved to be prized, and led him to feel that loveliness of character and purity of heart are of more value even than smart housekeeping or cleverly cooked dinners.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

ALCHEMICAL seekers after "the stone of the philosophers" had, at least, one simple, settled idea in their heads, however various may have been their ways of trying to work it out. Every one of them entertained the idea that a certain chemical agent combined with lead or other metal constituted gold, and that the sages or philosophers whose works they studied had actually found it to be so. What the one and all wanted to do was to make gold; that was, to imitate nature in her metallic processes, and produce artificially a thing—namely, gold—which stood before their eyes, and about the existence of which thing, at all events, there could be no mistake. But the seekers after perpetual motion had no one definite thing before their eyes, which they desired artificially to produce. Nature presents us with perpetual motion, certainly, in various aspects; but it has not one of these various exemplars of perpetual motion which any one of the projectors of perpetual motion wanted to produce, or imagined he had realized. In the tides we have perpetual motion, but no one wanted to produce the tides. So with the motions of the planets; no one desired artificially to produce planets. What they wanted, was perpetual motion in the abstract; and as to which, each set of projectors had their own idea.

One set, for example, wanted merely to have perpetual movement without any power applicable to machinery. What they desired to do was to obtain a movement which, from being perpetual, would enable them to discover the longitude. Others desired to keep a ball perpetually revolving, by means of magnetism. Others wished to have a water-wheel which would go perpetually by means of water, which it was perpetually pumping up for the purpose.

The ideas of perpetual-motion projectors, however were not always so preposterous as this. There were some who actually realized the idea they set out with. Thus a Mr. Coxe, an automaton-maker, produced a watch which he so applied to the mercury in a barometer, that the rise