

COMING HOME.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

I CAN see them, waiting, watching,
In the garden full of flowers,
Where the bees are humming round them,
And the blossoms fall in showers;
Soft the summer wind is playing
With the scented blooms of May,
While I hear their voices saying,
"She is coming home to-day!"

I am coming, yes, in gladness,
From the clamour of the town
To the sweetness of the woodland,
And the silence of the down,
To the true hearts growing dearer
As the long years roll away.
Hark! the happy tones are clearer—
"She is coming now!" they say.

There are others, waiting, watching,
In a world we may not see,
With a patience strong and tender,
And a love more full and free;
In my lone hours, dark and dreary,
I have almost heard them say—
"Courage, if the night is weary,
You are coming home at day."

There is but the faintest echo
Of those voices in mine ears,
And I know not, ah, I know not
How that other home appears!
Is it rest, or is it glory?
Change of place, or change of state?
Peace, be still, this earthly story
Is not ended—I must wait.



AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

CHAPTER III.

"L'opulence est un état difficile à exercer, il faut y être acclimaté pour la pratiquer sainement. Elle ressemble à ces contrées d'Amérique, qui respectent leurs habitants et donnent les fièvres aux étrangers."—*Emile Augier.*

THE news of such a marriage rang far and wide in Wike St. Marie, and if Cousin John could have had patience to endure and still to hope for some future happiness with his little sweetheart, the mistress of the rich city household might have had another history; but he at once abandoned his hopes in life and when he heard she was about to become her master's wife, suddenly disappeared, and for a while the place of his retreat was unknown, but it afterwards transpired that he crossed the moors to a house of religious men, called "the White Monks of St. Clere," and pleaded for reception there as a needy novice of the gate. His earnest entreaties prevailed, and "six months after his first love and his last had put on her silks as a city dame, and began her rule

of a goodly house in London, her cousin had taken the vows of his novitiate and received the first tonsure of St. John."

"Her wedded life, however, as Mistress Richard Bunsby did not last long. Three years after the master became the husband, he took the plague sore and died, leaving his wife a young and beautiful widow."

She was then only three-and-twenty, and richly endowed, for her husband had bequeathed "all his goods and chattel-property, and well-furnished mansion to his dear wife, Thomasine Bonaventura, now Bunsby," in token of his faith and esteem for her, and gratitude for her loyalty and affection to her departed mistress and to him.

He had also endowed her on his marriage with a considerable jointure in case of her survivorship, and at his death, as they were childless, left her sole executrix and legatee. So the young girl who had been taken into the house as a poor servant had become its mistress.

She was very young to be so left, unprotected and alone, after having been under such loving and yet strict guidance; but the faith and trustworthiness which had brought her safely through the short years which had changed her fate stood her in good stead now.

The time of mourning for her widowhood past, she sent down to her native village to learn what had been her cousin's fate, and

slow as was all communication in those days, the news soon reached her, that he was in the sacred life of a monk, severed from her whom he loved, and who still clung to the remembrance of her early youth and its hopes.

In a letter about this date she writes to her mother:—

"I know that Cousin John is engaged to the monks of St. Clere. Hath he been shorn, as they do call it, for the second time. Inquire, I beseech, if he seeketh to depart from that call, and will red gold help him away? I am prospered in pouch and coffer, and he need not shame to be indebted unto me, that owe so much to him."

But this frank and kindly effort did not avail, for John had broken the last link that bound him to the world, and was lost to love and to her.

She may in her bereavement and her freedom have dreamt of her life being still rich with the happiness of him she had loved in her early youth, and of making her wealth and power a blessing to the distant home.

She could no longer do the one, but she gathered hope and strength to do the other.

She did not forget her husband's memory, to which she caused to be erected a substantial bridge and structure (or perhaps we should say its modern representative) which may still be seen, as it was in the autumn of 1880 at Wike Ford.

* Rough translation.—"Wealth is a very difficult state to manage. One ought to be acclimatized to it, to conduct it healthily (or wisely). It is like those districts in America, which spare their inhabitants, but give fevers to strangers."