

A SHIP THAT SAILED FORTH.

Fresh blew the gale, free swelled the sail,
The sea on the shore beat loudly,
When seaward away, with pennants gay,
The Bark of my Love bore proudly.
Steered forth by Hope—each spar and rope
Trimmed taut by faith and devotion—
Fairly she sailed, till the land-wind failed,
And left her becalmed on the ocean.
But Love must ever with Fate agree;
What matters a calm on a summer sea?

The soft south wind sprung up behind,
And over the billows faster
She cheerily flew, like a wild seamew,
Nor recked of any disaster,
With Hope at the helm, in vain to o'erwhelm
The sea strained its strength to confound her,
Till afar through the night streamed the weird
Northern Light,
And the icebergs towered around her.
But Love must ever with Fate agree;
What matters a chill on an ice-bound sea?

The ice broke round with a thunder-sound,
The storm in its wrath raved loudly;
And once again o'er the heaving main
The Bark of my Love bore proudly.
With Hope still hard at the helm, and yard
And mast to their utmost bending,
She still bore free, till upon her lee
Was heard the wild breakers contending.
But Love must ever with Fate agree;
Why quail at a reef on a rioting sea?

Wedged, shattered, and tossed, lies the Bark on
The coast,
The seabirds her skeleton haunting,
Never again o'er the heaving main
To sail, with proud pennants flaunting.
With Hope lashed fast to the splintered mast,
And no longer by Faith commanded,
The fair Bark of Love no power can move
From the rock whereon she is stranded.
For Love must ever with Fate agree;
Who will care for a wreck on a lonely sea?

ENTER NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

One warm evening in July, two young men stood, engaged in earnest conversation, at the door of a handsome old house, situated on the outskirts of the town of Thornden. The taller of the two, Arthur Lester, possessing a fine thoughtful countenance, appeared to be pleading with his companion, Fred Crossley, two years his junior, and one of the most good-natured, warm-hearted individuals in existence.

"You won't go, Fred," urged Arthur, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "to that supper to-morrow night, will you? Say no, there's a good fellow, and I will give over lecturing—for the present."

"Ah, yes," said Fred, laughing; "you are safest with that qualifying clause."

"You may, perhaps, think it gives me pleasure to be continually harping on the same subject."

"I can't say I ever troubled myself to consider whether it did or not," replied he, stroking his moustache complacently; "but I have made up my mind to turn over a new leaf. You needn't smile; I'm thoroughly in earnest. You may depend upon me this time—there's no mistake about it," said he, with what was intended as his most impressive manner. "After to-morrow night, I give you my solemn word—"

"Be serious for once, Fred," said Arthur.

"Never more serious in all my life," was the rejoinder; only I really must go to that supper to-morrow, after the pressing invitation I have received, and passing my word to so many to be present."

"Well, Fred, never mind," said he, clapping him on the back; "I will take you on trust once more. 'After to-morrow night,' you say?"

"Yes, yes! on my word of honor," exclaimed Fred. "But I have a bright idea. Why not accompany me? You could then see that I behaved myself, and that I wasn't robbed, or worse, by the set of out-throats you seem to imagine I am in the habit of consorting with. How would that suit you?"

"Absurd!" said Arthur.

"You have only to say you will go, and I will procure you an invitation. I didn't tell you, did I," added he, a little consequentially, "that the supper is in honor of my return home?"

"Fred, Fred! what a foolish fellow you are!" exclaimed Arthur, impatiently, and yet with a regretful smile on his face. "Your return home means, to them, merely that you are prodigal of your riches. But I will say no more. I will go with you."

"That's right; you will be more considerate when you have once joined our set, mark my words." And so saying, with a graceful wave of the hand, he took his leave, his hat set jauntily on one side, humming an opera air to himself.

For a few minutes, Arthur stood at the door in deep meditation, when he was interrupted by a small hand being slipped into his; and, turning, he beheld Fred's sister standing by his side—a beautiful girl.

"Dreaming?" said she, looking up in his face with bewitching grace.

"I suppose so," replied Arthur, catching her face between his hands and kissing it; "but I am thoroughly awake now, so that if we are to have our promised walk, we had better start at once. The moon is just rising."

She looked up in his face inquiringly, and

Arthur, in reply to her gaze, said, "I am going to the supper with Fred, dear."

She stopped short, and laying her hand upon his arm, said, with a beseeching look in her countenance, "Don't go, Arthur; please, don't go."

"What's the matter?" said he, smiling and viewing her fondly; "am I so dear to you that you cannot afford to let one night pass without my seeing you?"

"Perhaps you are," said she, blushing at the confession; "do you wish a better reason?"

"No, my love," said he, drawing her to him; "but I am not convinced that is the true reason. Tell me what it is, Rose, that you fear?"

For a few moments they went on in silence, then Rose, raising her head, shyly looked up in his face, and with the warm blood suffusing her face in blushes, said, "I fear, Arthur dear, for you. You must think it bold and unbecoming in me to speak thus; but I cannot help it, Arthur, I must speak. I know that you would do anything to save Fred; but, Arthur, although I love my brother dearly, I cannot see you needlessly risk your own welfare for his, and say nothing."

"Rose, Rose, what an imaginative little creature you are, to be sure!" said Arthur, laughing. "As if I couldn't take care of myself for one night, or am likely to endanger my happiness for life by accepting the invitation to a supper!"

"It was very wrong and selfish of me to say what I did, Arthur, I dare say," said she, hiding her face on his breast.

"Never mind, my dear," replied he, stroking her hair. "You are a little nervous to-night, that is all. And now, do you remember what night this is?"

"What night?" asked she, with a mischievous smile struggling with her tears.

"You don't remember, I dare say," said he, taking a jewel-case from his pocket. "And you would like to believe, I suppose, that nobody knows your age, Rose, nor when your birthday comes round. But I knew, and did not forget. This is a little present which I hope you will accept with my heart-felt wishes for your future prosperity and happiness, my own dear Rose."

He put the case in her hand, as he spoke, and kissed her. As she received it, she touched the spring, the lid flew open, and a magnificent tiara of diamonds lay flashing and glittering in the moonlight.

As she stood looking at them, Arthur took the jewels out of the case, and, with a smile, put them on her head, holding her at arms' length to admire her. And, indeed, not a more perfect picture could well be conceived than the one formed by Rose, as she stood there, with the sombre woods for a background, while her head was crowned with the glittering jewels, and over all, enrobing her from head to foot, the soft, sweet moonlight falling like a bridal veil. For a few moments she stood with heaving bosom, then cast herself into his arms, murmuring, "Only with you, Arthur dear, can the years of my life be happy!"

"Bless you, my own dear, bright love!" said he, passionately kissing her upturned face; "you shall be happy if my life's devotion can make you so. But let us return; the air is chilly, and the hour gets late."

They turned, and hand-in-hand, retraced their steps till they reached the garden gate, where they parted—Arthur to betake his way through the woods again, with a light heart, to his own home, some two miles distant from the town; and Rose to retire to the privacy of her own room, there to offer up the thanksgiving of a love-biased heart to the Great Fountain of Love, and to beseech His favour and protection on behalf of him who was so dear to her.

The supper was a very brilliant affair—Fred, of course, being the lion of the evening. Arthur, as his friend, took the second place of honor; and although he had come with a prejudiced mind, ere the evening was far advanced, he began to consider he had been too hasty in his judgment respecting Fred's companions; besides, he was not without his weak points, and the revellers were not slow to perceive and play upon them. They worked things so well that Fred himself did not enter into the festivities with more seeming enjoyment than Arthur—all the while assuring himself it was for that evening and on that occasion only. But we never know our strength till we try it, and Arthur had over-estimated his. Before they broke up, Fred, oblivious of his promise to Arthur, had engaged himself for a dinner the day following; and Arthur, although annoyed at this fresh proof of Fred's fickleness, accepted an invitation to accompany him—still laboring under the delusion of doing good by his presence. The dinner led to a ball, the ball to several other suppers and dinner parties. The time soon came when Arthur ceased remonstrating with Fred—he could not exhort him to renounce those things he took pleasure in himself.

The agony of Rose, when, with a woman's instinct, she divined the change which had come over Arthur of late, was intense. She had a strong and brave heart, but it was nigh breaking when she saw the two she loved best on earth, next to her father, hastening on to their ruin, and she utterly unable to save them.

It was in the spring of the year, when, one evening, Rose sat in the parlour, awaiting Arthur. The hour struck, but he had not made his appearance; and for nearly two hours longer did she sit there in the growing dark, hoping he would yet come, and fancying every minute she heard his step up the gravel path leading to the house—but still no Arthur. Her father, coming into the room, rallied her on her preference for sitting in the dark, but said nothing regarding

the non-appearance of Arthur, who he knew had promised to call that evening.

"I was just thinking, my dear," said he, kissing her and patting her on the head, "we might go to the opera to-night, and hear the new *prima donna*—there is so much talk about. What do you say—would you like to go?"

In utter weariness, she said, "As you please, father."

"Well, make haste and get ready."

They went. The house was crowded, the *élite* of the town having been drawn together to hear a new star. For a while Rose sat gazing listlessly at the performance, scarcely conscious of what was passing before her, until her attention was suddenly aroused by a disturbance in a box opposite. She raised her glass, and the first figures she took in were those of Fred and Arthur, with hair and dress dishevelled, and passion in their faces, struggling with each other, while their companions endeavored to separate them. In a moment, ere she could give utterance to the cry that rose to her lips there was a roar from all parts of the house as a figure fell with a crash from the box to the orchestra.

"Father—father!" she cried, with a fluttering voice, "it is Arthur! Take me to him, father dear—take me to him!"

She clung about his neck in a paroxysm of grief, with colorless, quivering lips.

"My dear girl, who is it you mean?"

She did not hear him, but tottered towards the door as if to seek the object of her solicitude.

"Oh, Arthur, dear, I am coming!" she cried, and fell back insensible into her father's arms.

The whole house was now in an uproar. Without staying to use means of restoration there, and hardly knowing how to act, Mr. Crossley took Rose in his arms, and carrying her out, had her conveyed home at once, where, after a little, she recovered.

The following evening, Rose and her father sat in the drawing-room. She was still weak, and her father was doing all he could, with a heavy heart himself, to lighten hers, when the sound of a quick step approaching was heard; in a moment after, the door opened, and Fred entered the room. Hastily crossing over to where they sat, he knelt down before them, and clasped his head in his hands.

"Father and sister, forgive me," said he; "I have brought shame and disgrace upon you both, but say you forgive me, and, believe me, it will be different with me in future. I do not ask you to trust me; only forgive the past, and my coming life will prove the sincerity of my repentance."

"Fred, dear," said Rose, drawing his head down on her lap, and weeping violently, "don't kneel there. You know father and I forgive you."

"Heartily, my dear boy," said his father, grasping his hand and raising him; "let the past be forgotten as it is forgiven, and let us all look with hope to the future; and now, what of Arthur?"

Fred's face flushed, and tears of shame stood on his eyes as he turned to Rose, and taking her hand in his, said, "Rose, my dear sister, you have forgiven me the pain and sorrow I have caused on my own account; but how can I ask you to forgive all I have made you suffer on account of another? I was blind to the results of what I was doing, and only last night did I come to my senses. In a moment of passion, at some trifling remark he made—you saw the result?"

"Tell me all about it, Fred," said Rose, with trembling lips and her hands clasped before her.

"His arm is broken, Rose," said Fred, speaking calmly; "and I am thankful it was not worse. I called this afternoon to see him, but he left early in the day for the Continent, leaving a note to be forwarded to me, stating that he had got his arm set and would soon be all right again. But listen, my dear sister," said Fred, putting his arm round Rose tenderly, as she hid her head in his hands and gave vent to her pent-up grief in a flood of tears,—"listen to me, dear, for a minute. I know quite well—although it should not be so,—that Arthur's displeasure is all centred in himself, and it is for that reason he has left home, believing, I daresay, that you and father can never forgive him; but to-morrow morning I mean to start off after him. If I find him, it will be strange indeed if he does not return with me."

"You are right, Fred, lad," exclaimed his father, his face beaming with pleasure at the promising aspect affairs were beginning to assume. "My dear," said he, sitting down beside Rose, and with the most confident air imaginable pointing off his statements on his fingers. "It is quite plain. You see—Arthur, the best of fellows, makes a slip, we will say—recovers himself—feels shame (I like him all the better for that, my dear)—imagines all his friends have turned their backs upon him, and runs away—is only to be reasoned with, and will return at once—somebody particularly glad to see him—particularly glad to see her—all made up, and everybody jolly to the end of the chapter. Isn't that it, Fred?" asked he triumphantly, and giving him a sly dig in the ribs.

"What do you think, Rose?"

"That you are too sanguine, father," said she, kissing him, and smiling, in spite of herself, through her tears.

"Not a bit of it," said Fred, "father is right, as you shall see very soon. But you know, father," said he, his old free-and-easy manner asserting itself again, "to do all this, I require your co-operation in the matter; in fact—"

"In fact, you will require some cash, I sup-

pose," said the old gentleman, with a knowing smile. "Ah, you rogue, how often have my ears been deceived with that same request, and with what miserable sensations have I been wheeled and coaxed into granting it! But those days are all over now—are they not, my boy?" There was a beseeching wistfulness in his voice and manner, as he laid his hand on Fred's shoulder, and said these words, that were very touching.

"They are, father—they are indeed!" replied Fred earnestly, taking him by the hand; "only wait."

"Well, well, boy; we were to say no more about it, and we won't. You shall have as much as you want, Fred, no fear."

Fred started next morning, and as he was bidding Rose good-bye, he asked if she had any message to send.

"Only this, Fred," said she—"that I have not changed. And if you like," added she, with a smile—for hope had again dawned in her breast—"you can say that unless he wishes me to come for him myself, he will return with you immediately."

"And so he will, my Jewel. The fact is,"—lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper—"father and I have been arranging matters between us, and there is likely to be a double wedding when I come back; so you see how interested I am in the matter, if for no other reason. Good-bye, and look out for my speedy reappearance."

The months glided past till it wanted but a week of Christmas, when Fred returned—alone. Arthur left no clue to what route he would take.

"He wants to forget me—to forget us all," Rose said to herself, with a sigh. But she was a brave girl, and kept her sorrow to herself—bearing her own burden, and doing all she could to lighten that of others. The house was no full of visitors, and in attending to them she found sufficient occupation.

Christmas morn arrived at last—a genuine old-fashioned feast-day, the sun shining brightly, snow three feet thick, and everything *en suite*. Christmas of all seasons should be the happiest time of the year—no man entering into its spirit more thoroughly than Mr. Crossley. His delight knew no bounds. He was overjoyed, and appeared to be everywhere at once, and to be six Mr. Crossleys, at least, instead of only one.

When evening came, the fine old house seemed to have awakened up from its repose of a twelvemonth to do honor to the occasion. Lights gleamed from every window far above the snow, and flashed out as doors were opened and shut to admit the guests. Thornden House was no longer a mere dwelling, and Rose did her best to enjoy herself; but as the evening wore on, and festivities were at their height, she slipped quietly away from the throng, entered a warm little-room, where the lights burned low, and drawing her chair to the fire, she sat down, and began to think. That night, two years ago—how well she remembered it! Arthur and she had stood in this very room, listening to the carols without. Where was Arthur now? Oh, she longed to tell him that her heart was unchanged towards him—that all the mistakes of the past were forgiven and would be forgotten! Even as she sat thus, her heart going out in yearnings to him whose love was as dear to her as life itself, the voices of the singers broke upon her ear—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas Day.

She went to the window, and listened. The snow had been falling heavily all the evening, with a boisterous wind howling, which tossed the ivy about outside the windows with a rustling sound, and whistled down the chimney in fitful gusts. How the voices of the poor singers trilled and trembled as the half-frozen notes were born across the snow! Rose's heart bled for the poor shivering creatures outside; so, slipping down stairs with purse in hand, she opened a side-door, near to where they stood. As she did so, a sudden gust threw the door wide to the wall, blinding and nearly suffocating her with snow at the same time. She had recovered her hold of the door, when the figure of a man approached, and she held out her hand with some money in it. For a moment he stood on the door-step, motionless; then, to her alarm, he took her gently by the hand, and ere she was aware, had led her in, and closed the door after them.

"Rose, don't you know me?"

"Arthur, my dear!" cried she, overcome with joy, and taking him into the room she had just quitted.

"Am I, then, still dear to you, Rose?" asked he with trembling voice, while holding her hand in his; "can you say so from your heart after what has passed?"

"Arthur," said she, looking up in his face with a frank, loving smile, "believe me, you are all you ever were to me, and more. You may have sinned, and we all have, dear; but seek and obtain forgiveness from the only One who can forgive."

"I have, my dear—I trust I have," said he; "and I can never esteem myself too lightly for the particular occasion I had for doing so."

"Say no more about it, Arthur, dear; it is past." And she put on her old happy smile, passing her arms round his neck, and holding up her lips to be kissed.

"Bless you, my darling!" said he, drawing her to him; "I shall yet live, I hope, to redeem, in some measure, the unhappiness I have caused you."

"If there has been pain and suffering," Rose