

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

(From the original of Arndt.)

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Prussianland? Is it Suabianland?
Is it where Rhinish vineyards bloom?
Is it where sea-gulls skim the foam?
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Munichland? Is it Styrianland?
Is it where Marsians slay their kine?
Is it where Markmen work the mine?
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Pomerland? Westphalianland?
Is it where the sand of the white dune blows?
Is it where boisterous Danube flows?
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
O, name to me that mighty land!
Ah! yes, it is the Austrian plain,
Foremost in honour and glory's train!
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
O, name to me that mighty land!
Is it Switzer peak or Tyrolian dell?
That land and people please me well,
But nay, but nay, nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
O, name, at last, that mighty land!
Where'er the German language rings,
And to our God land with us clings,
That let it be! that let it be!
That, stalwart German, is the land for thee!

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where truth is pledged by clasp of hand,
Where pure fidelity beams from the eye,
Where warm affections heart-deep lie,
That let it be! that let it be!
That, stalwart German, is the land for thee!

That is the Fatherland for us all!
O, God! from Heaven hear our call!
O! may we German valor prize,
And may we live there true and wise,
That let it be! that let it be!
That is the Fatherland all for thee!

J. L.

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

There sat Mrs. Standen in her accustomed seat, with Miss Rochdale at her side, both dressed with that extreme correctness which is apt to irritate the temper of less happy females who are conscious of various imperfections in their attire. Mrs. Standen's rich silk dress, Maltese lace shawl, and white bonnet with spotless plumage, were provokingly new and neat looking. Her Honiton collar was adjusted to perfection, her pale lavender gloves had not a wrinkle, even her prayer book looked as if it had just come from the binder's hands. And Miss Rochdale's costume had the same vexatious neatness. The fresh looking white and mauve muslin, the fashionable sash, the dainty little white tulle bonnet with mauve pampies, Sylvia looked her lips with that resolute look of hers as she thought how she would quench the modest light of these provincial toilets when she was mistress of Perriam.

"It is worth while breaking my heart to be revenged upon them all," she said to herself, as a little choking sensation came into her throat at sight of Edmund's empty place.

She was sitting by the open window after church, listlessly turning the leaves of "Werther," and thinking how Edmund had told her that his love for her was as sudden and as strong as the passion of that unfortunate young German, when she heard the rustle of a silk gown and the click of the garden gate. She started up from her seat, feeling that something was going to happen, and with a shrewd guess as to what that something was. She had been paler than usual all that morning, but she grew paler still at the thought of what was coming.

Yes, she had not been mistaken. It was Mrs. Standen who had opened the garden gate. She was sailing up the little path, in her spreading silk dress, followed by Esther Rochdale.

Sylvia fancied there was a condescending air in their very walk. They looked like a queen and princess who had come to visit a peasant girl. Her face, a-hy pale just now, flamed crimson as the door opened and Mrs. Standen and she stood face to face.

"I saw you at the window, Miss Carew, so I didn't knock," said Edmund's mother, in a tone that had a certain stately kindness.

Esther went to the girl and took her hand, and would have kissed her had there been the faintest encouragement in Sylvia's face. But there was none. The blush died away, and left the face pale once more. Sylvia drew a chair forward for Mrs. Standen, but uttered no word of welcome.

"I thought you would like to hear our latest news of my son," said Mrs. Standen, looking keenly at that alabaster face, "but perhaps you have had a letter by the same post that brought me one, from Southampton. We can hear no more till we hear from St. Thomas. Edmund will write from there before he goes on to Demarara in the inter-colonial steamer."

Mrs. Standen was not displeased by that pale look in the girl's face. She had deep feeling at any rate. And Mrs. Standen reproached herself, remembering how she had condemned this girl as shallow and frivolous.

"Yes," said Sylvia, "I had a letter from Southampton." Dear letter! Her first love-letter! She had shed happy tears over its pages. And already she had betrayed the writer. A deep sense of guilt and shame came upon her as she stood before these two—her judges, perhaps.

"Pray sit down," said Mrs. Standen, with lofty kindness, "I came on purpose to have a little talk with you. I promised Edmund that I would come and see you while he was away."

"You are too good," replied Sylvia, sitting down, and picking up "Werther," which had fallen to the ground just now. "You were reading when we came in," said Esther, who felt the conversation was coming to a dead-lock.

"Yes," said Mrs. Standen, directing a suspicious glance at "Werther," who had not a Sabbatarian aspect.

"I hate Sunday books," replied Sylvia, frankly, "or at least most of them. I rather liked 'Ecco Homo.' Edmund lent it to me a little while ago."

Mrs. Standen cast a horrified look at Esther. They had both heard of that book, and read paragraphs about it in the newspapers; and were dimly aware that it was not orthodox. And that Edmund should have lent an unorthodox book to his betrothed was enough to curdle their blood.

"I am sorry my son reads books of that kind, still more sorry that he should lend them to you," said Mrs. Standen. "I will send you some nice books to-morrow. Is that a novel in your hand?"

"It is a story," replied Sylvia, "a German story." "Oh," said Mrs. Standen, concluding that a German story must be some harmless tale of the hobgoblin species. "That is hardly a nice book for Sunday. Edmund ought to have been more careful in providing you with really nice books."

"I had finished my education before I had the honour to make Mr. Standen's acquaintance," said Sylvia, with scornful lip. She was not going to be lectured like one of the school-children. She, the future Lady Perriam! How she could crush this domineering woman by the simple announcement of her engagement to Sir Aubrey. But she felt that any statement of that fact to-day would be premature. She had to retire from the old engagement with dignity before she acknowledged the new one.

"It is a common error for young people to think they have finished their education when they have acquired a smattering of a few subjects," Mrs. Standen said severely. "In my time education was more solid. We learned slowly, but we learned well."

Sylvia gave a little impatient sigh. Had they come here to catechise her?

"However, I did not come to talk about education," continued Mrs. Standen, as if divining the meaning of that sigh, "I came for a little really friendly talk. I have no doubt you are aware, Miss Carew, that I have been strongly opposed to this engagement between you and Edmund."

"Yes," Mr. Standen told me so." "A time has come, however, when I feel that further opposition would be both unkind and futile. I do not say that I revoke my decision as to the disposal of his father's fortune."

Sylvia's heart gave a sudden flutter. What was coming now?

"But," continued Mrs. Standen, "I wish to feel as kindly as possible towards the girl my son has chosen for his wife. And if Time should show me that I have been altogether wrong in my ideas, I shall not be too proud to change my mind, and to make a fair division of the estate which I now think of bequeathing entirely to my daughter."

"A fair division," thought Sylvia, with supreme scorn. "That means seven hundred a year. Granted beggary as compared with Sir Aubrey's income. And that only on condition that I give satisfaction to Mrs. Standen—and suffer myself to be dictated to by Mrs. Standen, for the next twenty years of my life."

Sylvia's ideas of a competence had expanded, since she had thought fifteen hundred a year a noble fortune.

Mr. Standen's mother thought she had made a great concession by this speech. She looked for some token of gratitude from Sylvia, but there was none. The girl sat silent for a few moments, thinking deeply. It seemed to her that the time had come in which she could creditably withdraw from an engagement at which had now become embarrassing. It is rather an awkward thing to be engaged to two gentlemen at once; and even Sylvia's well-balanced mind was hardly equal to the situation.

"You are very good, Mrs. Standen," she said, with wonderful self-possession, "and I am glad to find you can act more generously than I had supposed you capable of acting—after what your son told me. But do not you think that an engagement which can never give more than partial satisfaction to you—which interferes with your former plans," with a brief glance at Esther—"and which begins in loss to Edmund, had much better be broken off?"

"What?" cried Mrs. Standen, with an incredulous look. But Sylvia went on calmly.

"While Edmund was here his influence was strong enough to govern all my ideas—I could only see things as he saw them. But since he has been gone, I have had time to think dispassionately. I told him more than once that our engagement was an unlucky one for both of us. I am very sure of it now. And so, Mrs. Standen, with many thanks for the hope which you are good enough to hold out of future clemency, I return you your son's freedom."

"Do you mean this, Miss Carew?" asked Mrs. Standen, now as pale as the girl herself. She was as angry with Sylvia for this readiness to give up her lover as for her capture of him.

"No, she does not mean it," cried Esther impulsively. "She would not break Edmund's heart, and it is bound up in her. She loves him as he deserves to be loved. It is false pride, or mistaken generosity that urges her to surrender him. She cannot help loving him, when he loves her so dearly. You are too hard with her, auntie. Speak the truth, Sylvia. Confess that you love him."

"I do," answered the girl, with passionate emphasis; "but I will never marry him. I will not enter a family that despises me."

"No one despises you. Auntie, tell her that you don't despise her."

"I should despise her if she were false to my son," said the mother sternly. All thought of her own prejudice, her own instinct, was for the moment banished. She thought only of Edmund, and the wrong done to him.

"I will not enter a family that would receive me on sufferance. I will not be the means of impoverishing the man I love."

"You will not marry an impoverished man," said Mrs.

Standen. "You had better state the case correctly, Miss Carew."

"You have always chosen to think badly of me, Mrs. Standen," returned Sylvia, without flinching; "you will, no doubt, continue to do so, even though the decision I have arrived at is one that must cause you satisfaction. You have opposed this engagement with all your might. I now release your son from it. What more can you wish?"

"I could wish you a better heart, Miss Carew." "Have I a bad heart because I refuse to accept your son's sacrifice?"

"If you loved him as you would think only of his happiness; which is, most unfortunately, dependent upon your caprice."

"There is no caprice in what I am doing. Poverty is a hard master, and has taught me to know the world better than your son. I am wise enough to know that he would repent his self-sacrifice by-and-by, when it would be too late. My father refused his consent to our marriage the day Edmund left. I thought him cruel and unjust then; I know better now."

"And pray what has brought you so much wisdom, Miss Carew?" said Mrs. Standen, who had risen, and drawn near the door, and stood there in a haughty attitude, ready to depart. Esther lingered by Sylvia, with a friendly hand stretched out to her now and then, as if to restrain the rash impulse that might destroy all her hopes.

"Reflection," answered Sylvia without a blush. "And am I to write and tell my son your heroic decision. Am I to tell him that you have chosen the very moment in which I had reconciled myself to this union for your renunciation of him?"

"You need tell him nothing," answered Sylvia, with a strangled sob, "I will write to him myself."

"Then I have nothing more to do than to wish you good-morning. My first and last visit to you is ended."

"Sylvia," cried Esther, entreatingly, "you do not mean this; you are acting from passion—from false, foolish pride. You do not know how good and true Mrs. Standen is, how well her love is worth winning, even if it must be slowly won. For your own sake—for Edmund's—unsay your rash words. You own that you love him."

"With all my heart," said Sylvia, white to the lips.

"Then you *cannot* mean to give him up."

"I do mean it. It is best and wisest for us both. I do mean it."

"Then I have done with you," said Esther, with more passion than was common to that gentle nature. "I have you to be happy in your own way."

They left her and Sylvia sat like a statue, staring blankly at the ground, and with those last words sounding in her ears.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR AUBREY'S LAND STEWARD.

Once having taken the desperate leap which a few days ago he would have hardly believed it possible for him to take, Sir Aubrey was like a man caught in the web of some mystic enchantment. He was in feverish haste to make his bondage secure. The inward conviction that all the world—or all in world, which comes to the same thing—would secretly disapprove his new scheme of life, goaded him on to the completion of that act begun in a weak moment of bewilderment. Upon the path which he had taken, delay seemed impossible.

"If I give these Heddinghams and Markhampton people time to talk about me, they will torment me to death," he said to himself. "The only plan is to be beforehand with them. My marriage cannot take place too soon."

Sir Aubrey's world was a very small one, almost as small as Sylvia Carew's. Yet, there were some people in that small world about whose opinion he concerned himself not a little, notwithstanding that they were creatures of an inferior rank, whose approval or disapproval ought to have weighed lightly with him.

The two people of whom he thought most at this important crisis of his life were people whose very lives were, in a manner, dependent upon the light of his countenance. One was Snodgrass Bain, his solicitor and land steward. The other was Jean Chapelain, his valet.

Half a century ago the family solicitors of the house of Perriam had been an old-established firm in Lincoln's Inn, men who ranked among the aristocracy of the legal profession, who did every thing in a grand, slow way, kept the title deeds, wills, and marriage settlements of their clients in large iron safes that seemed inaccessible to man, so reluctantly were they opened, and who were altogether poshous and respectable. Half a century ago, therefore, the lord of Perriam would have been outraged by the idea of employing a local solicitor. He had his land steward or bailiff, a gentleman by birth and education, but not a lawyer; and all leases and contracts of whatever kind connected with the Perriam estate, were drawn up and executed in their own tardy style by Messrs. Ferret & Tape, of Lincoln's Inn. Sir Andrew Perriam, however, Sir Aubrey's father, had brought about a change in these things. He was a gentleman of close, and even miserly disposition, and soon after inheriting the property had discovered that the keenest pleasure he could derive from its possession would be found in its extension. He added a slip of woodland here, a field or two there, and, as the years crept by and his last map showed a widening boundary line to the lands of Perriam, felt that he had not lived in vain.

Sir Andrew speedily discovered that the gentleman land-steward, who hunted three days a week in the season, and kept a pony carriage for his wife and daughters, was a mistake. He was not half sharp enough with the tenants, was much too ready to dip his hand into his employer's pocket for repairs and improvements, instead of squeezing every thing out of the lessees; in fact, demoralised by his own easy life, he had become perniciously indulgent, and criminally indifferent to the interests of his employers. His salary was liberal, and he had thus an assured income, which underwent no diminution on account of a tenantless farm, or a bankrupt tenant. This, Sir Andrew argued, was a radical error in the relations of master and steward. He had also a house rent free, and that the Perriam dower-house, a roomy old mansion of the Elizabethan order, which, with its ample gardens, orchards, and meadows, might have been let for two hundred a year. This, thought Sir Andrew, was a still greater mistake.

Having discovered this weakness in his business arrangements, Sir Andrew cast about him for a remedy, and was not slow to find one. The gentleman-steward was dismissed.