

Josephine, who was stung to the heart by the bitter words. She said in a low voice, and her accents trembled as she spoke, that she understood full well the meaning of the old soldier. She would be sensible and honest.

After he had gone she went to her room. There she gave vent to her feelings, and she never knew till then, when he appeared to be passing away from her altogether, and never to be seen by her again, how much she really loved him. He was not for her. He must marry a lady who moved in his own circle. The thought nearly drove her mad. Her heart she felt was breaking. She had never dreamed that it would come to this. They had glided so easily into each other's affections that she had never thought that Class would step in between them. She could not understand why this cruel barrier should rise up and separate them from each other forever. The whole thing was incomprehensible to her, but she knew her duty, hard though it was, and while the colonel's words stung, they seemed so true that she felt bound to act on them should Bellson speak to her. And so he was going away on the morrow! She had not heard of that. Would he come out to see her soon again? Ought she to allow him to meet her after what would pass when next she saw him? The more she thought of it, the more she felt that she ought to obey the injunction of the colonel, who, doubtless, spoke with authority. It would cost her a terrible pang, but she would go through with her ordeal, cruel as it was. At last, relief came to her in tears, and when she grew calm again, she went down stairs and busied herself with household duties until it was time for the evening meal. Bellson had made up his mind to leave on the morrow, but before going away he determined to speak to Josephine, avow his passion and learn his fate. Entering the sitting-room, he sat down by the fire and tried to read; but he could take no interest in the page before him, and he laid the book away and stared mechanically at vacancy. He must have sat in his chair half an hour, when the door opened and Josephine walked in, scarcely looking one way or the other, but intent on finding a place to rest. Almost together his eyes and hers met, both blushed violently, and he rose, and taking her by the hand, gently led her to the sofa, when they both sat down. He had not spoken a word, but her fluttering heart told her that now he would speak. He began in a low voice to thank her for all that she had done for him during the days of his illness and convalescence. Her kindly acts he never would forget. On the morrow he was going away, but before departing from her father's hospitable roof, he had something to say which was for her ear alone. And then taking the maiden in his arms, he told her that he loved her and asked her to be his wife. The fair girl was too proud and happy to speak. Mistaking the cause of her silence, he again implored her to say the word which would make him the happiest man in the world. Disengaging herself from his embrace, she said in broken accents, mingled with tears, that though she reciprocated his love, she could never be his. A barrier had arisen between them, and she had only discovered it that very day, when, alas! it was too late. Bellson's cheek paled as he heard this. Had another stepped in between him and his love, or had the maiden given her heart to an earlier swain? He was not left long in suspense. Josephine was not a disingenuous girl. She had none of the artifices of her sex. Though she felt that she ought to act on the advice of the old colonel, she did not see that it was necessary to hide from her lover the true cause of her conduct. She thereupon told him of everything which had passed at the interview which had taken place that day. She told him all, and she never for one moment showed that her pride was touched. She felt—that and this she could not conceal despite her efforts—that, in declining to give her hand to Bellson, she was giving up everything that she prized in the world. He listened, at first with amazement, then with indignation, that any one should have dared to interfere in his private affairs, and finally with pain, for somehow this young, inexperienced, timid girl, impressed him with the notion that she would fulfil the obligation Colonel Hall had imposed on her. He was not mistaken. Over and over again she admitted that she loved him, that she would marry no one else, but that marriage with him was out of the question. With a heavy heart Bellson left the room and climbed the stairs to his own apartment. He paced up and down with nervous, excited steps. Ever and anon he would pause in his walk and give vent to his anger or mortification. He did not blame the girl, whose own heart he knew was bleeding sorely. But he did blame the colonel, and he blamed more than everything else that inexorable law of society, which he knew his uncle respected more than any other rule which governs life. There was no help for it. He must go and trust to time to have his wounds healed. Oh! how he wished for a war to break out so that he might find relief in the cares and trials of an active campaign. What could he do now? What was life to him? Could he again mingle in gay society, and Miss Drayson, too, and those Armstrong girls, whose designing mamma made so much of him, how could he meet them? At a glance they would discover his secret. How could he meet the fellows at his quarters? The thought was maddening to the high-spirited young soldier. But what else could he do but face his position? That night he ate nothing. Busy with his thoughts, he did not sleep, but tossed, uneasily, on his fevered pillow. In the morning he drank a cup of coffee, and saying good-by to his hosts—Josephine not pre-drawing off to the city. He was received with open arms by his comrades, but he said very little to them. He did not feel as well as he expected, he said. The long drive had

chilled him. Would the fellows excuse him? He must go to his room. He left the apartment and sought his chamber. Five weeks afterwards he was joined at mess by the colonel, who came in wearing a serious face and holding in his hand an open letter. He was very grave, and Bellson's heart misgave him, as he wondered what it was which had happened. His own griefs were enough for him, and he hoped that the colonel's troubles, whatever they were, might not refer to him, in even the remotest way.

"My dear boy," began Hall, "you are ordered home. I have just received this letter," and so saying, he handed over the sheet of paper to Bellson, who took it absently. True enough, he must leave for England by the next steamer, which left Halifax on the coming Saturday. He had three days in which to prepare himself, but to a soldier, three hours were enough.

And now he was filled with a strange emotion. He was glad of the chance to cut Quebec and the Falls, and a certain firmhouse, and the associations they called up. But then, how could he leave Josephine? He did not know that this recall, which had been presented to him with so much gravity by Colonel Hall, was the result of a deep-laid plot. Hall, like the judicious commander he was, knew that the only remedy for Bellson's infatuation was separation. He promptly despatched a letter to his lieutenant's uncle, giving him his ideas of what was going on, and begging Sir Geoffrey to lose no time in using his influence at the Horse Guards to get his nephew ordered home, where, under the avuncular eye, a proper matrimonial alliance for the young man might be made. There was Lady Alice St. John. She would be a good match for the heir to one of the oldest and richest baronetcies in the kingdom. Sir Geoffrey lost no time, we may suppose; but his letter reached Quebec long after Bellson had declared his passion. Matters between the two young hearts had gone on more briskly than even Colonel Hall had at first supposed, and he thought he had acted exceedingly early. Bellson told the colonel he was ready. The next day he drove out to Montmorency and begged an interview with Josephine. She was lying down, her mother said, but she would call her. When she did appear, the colour had gone from her cheeks, and her lustrous eyes showed that much weeping had done its work with them. She received Bellson with a sad smile, and then the two sat down, and he told her that in a day or so he was going to England, and he asked her to give him one ray of hope before he left. It would encourage him to live, he said. They talked together for full two hours, and when he left his face beamed with triumph, while the roses nestled in her cheeks again, and a bar of a tender song escaped her lips.

Three years passed away. Josephine Lemieux was still the sunbeam in her father's house. War had not broken out and the troops were returning to England. The Guards, the Rifles and the Artillery had changed about a good deal since Col. Hall commanded the old corps. His regiment had been ordered abroad. Bellson had never rejoined it. He left the service after arriving at his uncle's home. At first he wrote pretty regularly to Josephine; but after a while this regularity ceased, and his letters grew infrequent. She never doubted him, though the gossips of the village said that she would never see her cavalier again. The curé said little, but in his heart he felt sure that one day Josephine Lemieux would become a *religieuse*. As a Sister, how much good she could do, she of the gentle heart and kindly manner! From such as she were the convents annually recruited. Josephine's friends shrewdly shrugged their shoulders and exchanged significant glances when they met. But all through the crisis Josephine preserved her even temper, and if she suffered from heart anguish, or from any other cause, no one knew it, for she made no outward sign and kept her secret well. One day, however, there was a stir in the little village. It was a lovely autumn day, and the leaves of the maple were just beginning to turn. Along the road, mounted on a mettlesome steed, there dashed a tall and handsome stranger. He drew up at the door of Pierre Lemieux's house, and sprang from his saddle with an air of evident impatience. Before he could knock at the door it flew open, and Josephine, radiant with smiles, took her lover's hands in hers.

"I have come for you, darling," said Bellson. "We will be married at once."  
"And your uncle,"—she broke.  
"He died three weeks ago. I am his heir and you will be my lady."

### BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

Be thine own image builder, nor have fear  
To overthrow the idols of past days.  
Test all by thine own touchstone; Truth displays  
Her beauty in the light of doubt most clear.  
To be A Man thy Maker sent thee here;  
Then swerve not from thy truth, fall blame or praise  
On thee from fools who follow in the ways  
Of pilot minds. In all things be sincere.

There is none other wholly like to thee;  
Thou hast a task none other man may do,  
Nor canst thou do it, if thou dost not wage  
Eternal strife with all thou think'st untrue.  
Be faithful to thyself, and of thine age  
Thou shalt become the grand epitome.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

## LITERARY NOTES

Mr. Andrew Lang has in press a new volume entitled "Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody."

Prof. Roberts has sonnets in the two last numbers of the *Century* on "The Winter Fields" and "Blomidan."

Dr. Pigou, Dean of Chichester, is likely shortly to publish with Messrs. Bentley "A Dean's Reminiscences."

The Hon. James Russell Lowell is living at Cambridge, Mass., his old home, busy with his book on Hawthorne.

Four stories by "Vernon Lee," under the title of "Hauntings: Fantastic Stories," will shortly be brought out in England.

Emile Zola is a candidate for the vacancy in the French Academy caused by the death of M. Augier. He insists on presenting himself.

"Browning's Message to his Time," by Dr. E. Berdoe, will shortly issue from the press of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London.

The Worthington Company, of New York, has brought out a cheap edition of Algernon Charles Swinburne's "Study of Ben Johnson."

Mr. W. P. Mackenzie, author of "A Song of Trust," has published "Voices and Undertones in Song and Poem." It is published by Messrs. Hart & Company, of Toronto.

The series of articles on modern and mediæval Greece, which were done into English in the *Scottish Review* from Demetrios Bikelas, will shortly be issued, with the Marquis of Bute's name as translator, in a separate volume.

Chicago claims to be a great literary centre on the ground that the average (1,569) of daily readers in the Public Library of the Lake City is larger than that of the readers in the British Museum (620). In the character of the reading there will probably be considerable difference.

The *Athenæum* gives a charming instance of Browning's kindness of heart. A young girl had been asked to write a criticism on "Prospice." Not being quite sure of her essay, she sent it to the poet, who took the pains to revise and complete it, and then returned it with words of encouragement.

Among Canadians represented in Volume 30 of "Poems of Places," edited by the late Henry W. Longfellow, is Miss Katherine L. Macpherson, better known by her *nom de plume* of "Kay Livingstone." Her poem, "Aca Nada," taken from that pleasant volume, will be found in our present issue.

Mr. Leadman, F. S. A., of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, who is engaged on a study of the Battle of Marston Moor, will be glad to hear from any of our readers who happen to possess any family tradition of the event. He has already consulted seventy-two authorities, and had transcripts made of many newspapers or broadsides printed in July, 1644, and still accessible.

Next month some important manuscripts will be sold at Sotheby's, London, including the autograph of the interpolated pieces in Tennyson's "Princess"—"Home they Brought her Warrior Dead," and four others. A letter of Nelson, evidently written with the left hand, dated from Tenerife, 1797, and addressed to W. Kingston, Esq., is also among the curios of the collection.

The Goethe Society, at a recent meeting, heard Dr. Belermann, of Berlin, read a prophetic poem of Schiller in which he answers in the affirmative the question whether the Germans have reason to be proud of their nationality, and points to a time when Germany will be more powerful than either England or France. The discovery of this unpublished poem has given great pleasure in German literary circles.

### RELICS OF SHAKESPEARE.

"Very few authentic personal relics of the great dramatist," writes Mr. Phillips in the preface to his catalogue—"that is to say, 'articles' that were at one time indubitably in Shakespeare's own possession, are known to be in existence. They are, in fact, restricted to the will now preserved in the Somerset House and to a small number of title deeds; for there is not a single other domestic memorial of any description the genuineness of which is not open to either doubt or suspicion. But that the title-deeds of his unmortgaged estate, those that are dated previously to the 23rd of April, 1616, were once in his own hands, does not admit of rational question; documents of this kind having been in his day jealously guarded by their owners, never being intrusted, as now, to the custody of solicitors. Of these title-deeds there are no fewer than six in the present collection—the four New Place indentures and the two original indentures of a fine between the poet and Hercules Underhill that was levied in the year 1602. To these may, in all probability, though not with absolute certainty, be added the original conveyance of Shakespeare's Blackfriars estate, 1613, which was unquestionably on the table when the poet executed the concurrent mortgage; and as it must have been formally passed over to him, it is altogether most unlikely that he did not touch it with his own hands."—*Chambers Journal*.