

## THE ROSES SHALL NOT HEAR.

Come out to a voice! come down by the shore  
Of silence to whisper one word in my ear;  
Nor sea, nor the winds, nor waves that implore,  
Not even the star-kissed roses shall hear.

And if thou'lt be mine, speak low, speak low  
The word my spirit is pining to hear;  
None but my heart shall the miracle know  
While the sun by the sea and earth is held dear.

Oh, I shall be happier than birds that sing  
O'er roses and rain just born in the year  
Of their wedding, their passionate, flowery spring—  
But thy words not even the roses shall hear.

Oh, I shall be brighter than morning that flies  
To the kisses of light, to her god without fear,  
Sweeter than perfume and mystery that lies  
On the lips of the lily or song-wavelets near.

Oh, I shall be glad as the evening that loves  
To muse by the sea when the storm has gone by  
With stars and the sunset, and heart like the dove's,  
And music and passion asleep in her eye.

Speak it low, very low, lest the zephyrs forget  
To stay with the violet trembling with fear;  
Nor dewdrop, nor pansy, nor sweet violet—  
Not even the roses that music shall hear.

So happy I'll be, so sweet, true and strong  
When comes the one word, ever making life dear—  
So lovely, existence will blossom in song  
So precious, not even the roses shall hear!

## MAIDIE.

## I.

A Scotch stile with rough pointed handles  
like the horns of the altar. Perched upon the  
said stile, her head thrown back against one of  
the handles, her white soft dress swathing her  
in clinging folds, a fair picture was Maidie.

The sky glowed salmon and gold, the river  
ran down below, trees rustled, cattle left brows-  
ing and drew near, scanning Maidie with curious  
eyes.

But Maidie noted nothing of all this, for truly  
she had much to think about, and she had come  
out to that particular place fully determined to  
think it all out at as great a length as she  
pleased. A happy afternoon's dreaming had  
seemed to her a very desirable thing from the  
moment when the object of those dreams had  
gone off with the shooters, and now she was en-  
joying it thoroughly.

Maidie, Jinny, and Cecil Dundas lived, and  
had lived, nearly as long as they could remem-  
ber, with their uncle the Admiral.

Uncle Andrew loved them all, but Maidie was  
the apple of his eye.

Storgheid was uncle Andrew's house; the  
rushing Storg the river at Maidie's feet.

Maidie was an exquisite being; tall, slight,  
and fair, with tender dark-gray eyes, and a skin  
of which the delicate bloom gave one the idea  
that even a touch would wound her, an indica-  
tion of feelings and susceptibilities almost too  
highly strung for this workaday world. Not  
seldom, indeed, would she bewail the loss of some  
pleasure from which she had absented herself  
through a sort of morbid dread of having her  
feelings trodden on, and would then fully agree  
with her sister Guinever (shortened to Jinny in  
babyhood) when she encouragingly remarked,

"But you know, Maidie, you really are a  
quite too ridiculous old shrinker!"

Sweet Maidie! All alone with Nature she  
could dream at her ease, and smile and wonder  
over this new and delightful incident in her life;  
that Neil Campbell should have fallen in love  
with her, instead of with any of the thousand  
other girls he had met.

"I wonder if he won't find this place very  
dull? Old he should like to go with all those  
uninteresting men, though of course he had to.  
How handsome he looked last night among all  
those old fogies! And how he took it out of  
General Towney at billiards! That pleased me.  
Conceited old thing! What a splendid head  
Neil has! O, looking at her watch, 'I've  
stayed out too long. They will be back, and  
Jinny will be home! I wonder how he will like  
Jinny!'"

For Jinny had been away when the conquer-  
ing hero arrived, and had moreover never seen  
the said hero; Maidie's little romance having  
taken place at an old house further north,  
where she and Captain Neil Campbell had been  
on a visit, and where the weather being wild  
and much companionship unavoidable, and  
Maidie being charming and Neil impression-  
able, and what with one thing and another, the  
usual results followed, and they were engaged;  
and last night Neil had arrived at Storgheid  
to make acquaintance with his betrothed's  
people.

The sun dropped suddenly behind the low  
hills; the guide-wife from the farm on the other  
side of the river began to call home her ducks;  
and Maidie, gathering up her sweeping folds  
with a deft hand, walked through the grass  
along the river-path.

Past the first hedge she saw two forms advanc-  
ing to meet her—one in a shooting suit of rough  
gray, the other all in white garments like her  
own, swinging a large hat in her hand.

Neil and Jinny!

And a gray mist swept up from the river, and  
the day grew suddenly dim.

## II.

Maidie awoke the next morning with a feeling  
of considerable depression upon her—a feeling  
that did not wear off, but deepened as the days  
ran by.

Neil had said,

"By Jove, your sister's the most beautiful  
woman going!"

And Jinny had "allowed" that there was  
something very sympathetic about Neil, when  
Maidie had delicately sounded them as to their  
opinions of each other.

And their tastes fitted so well!

Maidie, sitting in the old window-seat in the  
great hall, it might have been a fortnight after  
Neil's coming, could hear them trying melo-  
dies together.

Perhaps it was as well Maidie was in the hall  
and not in the music-room; for Neil, leaning  
against the piano, with his dark eyes fixed on  
Jinny's profile, was putting far too much ex-  
pression into his violin-strings, and Jinny  
seemed rather confused and self-conscious.

"I'm tired of playing," she said, lifting her  
radiant eyes to Neil's from under her rippling  
russet hair.

Neil had been absorbed in thoughts vague  
and sweet, and had been translating those medi-  
tations into music. This sudden lunge of  
Jinny's gave him a shock, though he did not  
show any signs of discomfiture; but merely  
stroked his dark moustache reflectively, quietly  
observing:

"O fie! Why add to the mass of falsehood  
already going in this wicked world! Are you  
ever tired of playing? Did you ever try work?  
You didn't give that last phrase rightly; let me  
show you;" and, stooping over her, he played a  
few notes. Was it for the chance of touching  
Jinny's straying fingers? The touch was almost  
too much for him; and Jinny's flush became  
crimson. He could almost feel the hot glow of  
her cheek; the brown hair and the golden were  
perilously close.

Jinny sprang up.  
"O, don't go!" said Neil. "I was on the  
brink of composing the most lovely sonata in  
fifty thousand parts!"

"Rather lengthy, isn't it?" said Jinny.

"The subject demanded it," said Neil; his  
eyes adding, "You were the subject."

Jinny dropped hers.  
"Are you going with us to-night?" she  
asked.

"Certainly. Lady Townley talked to me  
like a mother about it; she seemed quite  
anxious to prevent my finding Deerdale dull. I  
don't feel it so in the least; rather too excit-  
ing, in fact. Do you find it dull, Miss Jinny?"

"Sometimes," responded Jinny, "Try bil-  
liards for a distraction, shall we?"

"Pooh," said Neil; and I will let you take  
all my lives with pleasure."

So the day waned, and presently Maidie,  
coming down stairs attired in cream satin, with  
a mass of palest roses on her fair bosom, caught  
sight of Neil and Jinny standing together,  
waiting in the hall till the party assembled;  
and Neil took a flower from Jinny's bouquet,  
and did not put it in his coat, although it dis-  
appeared into some inner recess.

"A talisman!" he said.

"Against me?" queried Jinny, raising her  
eyebrows.

Maidie was paler than ever that night; but  
Jinny! In a white-lace dress, the only touch  
of colour a huge cardinal fan, with her radiant  
violet eyes, her russet gold hair rippling all over  
her charming little head, her whitest shoulders  
and superb arms, and over all that indefinable  
air of a wood-nymph!

"How lovely your sister looks to-night!"  
said Maidie's old admirer, Frank Murray, in the  
pause of a waltz. "I suppose—that's the fellow  
she's engaged to," he continued; for he had  
only come over for the dance, and had not heard  
the story correctly. "He seems awfully smit-  
ten, and no wonder! Lucky man!"

"Lucky man! Lu-uc-ky man!" sighed the  
orchestra, and then began swaying round in the  
most absurd fashion.

"I think I'll sit down," Maidie gasped. "I  
feel giddy."

"Fearfully hot," sympathized Frank. "Ven-  
tilation conspicuous by its absence. Come into  
the conservatory, it's better there."

So Maidie went with him, a mist before her  
eyes, a buzzing in her ears, and the band play-  
ing softly in waltz time, "Lucky man!  
Lu-uc-ky man!"

Out of the mist a picture took form—Jinny  
sitting against dark shining leaves, the soft glow  
from a Japanese lantern lighting her gleaming  
eyes, and falling like sunset over her shadowy  
dress. Close by, Neil lounging with long lithe  
limbs against a pillar; while, like an angry  
cloud, hovered between them Jinny's cardinal  
fan, of which Neil had possessed himself, and  
was making it do duty for both.

## III.

Restlessly turning, weary with thinking, un-  
able to stay the iteration, "Lucky man! Lu-  
uc-ky man!" in her ears, Maidie's feverish night  
merged into morning.

"It's absurd! After all, why do I worry my-  
self? He danced a good deal with her; but  
that's nothing, coming from the same house,  
and my sister, Jinny, I know, is irresistible to  
most people. I should be jealous if it were any  
one except Neil; but I feel sure of him!"

Did she?

"And Jinny, she always flirts with every one;  
but she means nothing by it. Nothing! Yet—  
O, I cannot bear it! If—if—but only yesterday  
Neil was talking to uncle Andrew about our  
wedding. O, I wish I could sleep, if only for a  
couple of hours. I shall look a fright!"

A "fright" she did not look, but pale and  
fragile as a wood flower after a storm.

At the late breakfast next day, "Maidie's  
wonder," said Aunt Margaret. "You made her  
dance too much, Neil!"

Good soul, she had not been to the ball!

There was a moment's silence. Maidie's heart  
thumped; Jinny blushed; Neil looked up  
from his plate, a rather conscious expression in  
his eye.

"You mean Mr. Francis Murray," he said.  
"Maidie quite cut me. I saw them, but when  
I went to look for her she was gone; they were  
both gone!"

"We were in the conservatory," said Maidie;  
and having said it, she could not resist glancing  
from Neil to Jinny, who returned the glance  
uneasily.

Neil looked at Maidie, and noticed how wan  
she was; it did not strike him to connect her  
dejected appearance with himself.

Accustomed to improve the shining hour in  
any way that took his fancy, he did not appre-  
hend danger, and forgot the riskiness of playing  
with fire. No doubt if he had thought on the  
subject at all, he would have considered himself  
quite exemplary in the character of an engaged  
man, and would cheerfully have fought anybody  
who presumed to differ from his opinion. Per-  
haps some slight wave of compunction did pass  
over his inner consciousness; but Jinny happen-  
ing to rise at that moment, he was constrained  
to watch her graceful movement, and if there  
were dim warnings they were routed on the  
spot.

"What shall we do to-day?" he asked, as  
they strolled into the old hall.

"Well, I don't mind confessing I'm awfully  
done up," said Jinny. "I haven't a toe left;  
so I shall take a delightful nap after lunch."

Here Cecil, her brother, appeared.

"I have a message to thee, O Captain!" he  
exclaimed.

"Yea; what may your message be?" asked  
Neil.

"Uncle Andrew sent me in to tell you that  
the water serves, and that we're going to have a  
'leistering' to-night," said Cecil.

"Then we'll all assist," said Jinny; it's the  
first this season."

"The first! then we may all wish wishes!"  
cried Maidie, who was recovering her spirits,  
and inclining to deride her nightmares of the  
last twelve hours.

"Bide at home, maids! bide at home!" said  
Cecil, who was a boy of domineering disposition.

He and Jinny had pitched battles on an average  
five times a day. "There's no room in the  
trows" ("trows" being two flat-bottomed boats  
fastened together) "for such kittle cattle."

"Then you'll have to stay out," retorted  
Jinny.

"Tuts!" said Cecil, "girls always faint, pok-  
ing their noses where they're not wanted."

"Sing! Booh, to you!"

"Pooh-pooh, to you!"

chanted Jinny, making for the broad staircase.  
Cecil flew after her.

"Sing! Bah, to you!"

"Ha, ha, to you!"

came down the stairs, followed by the hanging  
of a door; and Cecil, balked of his victim, re-  
turned panting.

The old house was very still in the quiet of  
the long afternoon, as Maidie came down from  
her nap, refreshed and comforted.

As she crossed the hall the pale October sun-  
shine streamed in and lighted on one of the  
family portraits hanging above the deep fire-  
place. She stood a moment regarding it, rest-  
ing one foot on the low stone that ran round the  
hearth. A subdued clicking came from the  
billiard room; and immediately after, from the  
music-room close at hand, stole the low wail of a  
violin, beginning the exquisite duet in the  
garden-scene of *Faust*.

Low, tender, and sweet, Maidie listened en-  
tranced, as it rose in cadences ever more pas-  
sionate, until—silence!—was that a sob?

Maidie walked in at the open door, her light  
step unheard on the thick carpet, her form hid-  
den by a mass of tall plants that served as a  
screen, and saw—Jinny held fast in Neil's  
arms, her lips parted, a scarlet flush on her  
lovely cheek!

Their gleaming eyes looked deep into each  
other's depths; the next instant Neil gave  
Jinny one long fierce kiss that seemed to absorb  
her very soul.

"O Neil, O Neil!" panted Jinny, "what,  
what will Maidie say?"

"Darling, darling!" sighed Neil, "I never  
thought I should love any one as I do you!"

kissing her hair. "Maidie will forgive us; she  
would not make us all unhappy. I don't think  
she cares much for things. It will be all right  
—in time."

Maidie stood dazed; then crept out to fly  
across the hall, up the stairs, into her room, bolt  
the door, and weep, weep, weep!

"O God in heaven! God in heaven!" she  
sobbed. "I don't care much! Don't care  
much!"

The afternoon wore on. Maidie lay on her  
bed weeping, weeping. Her maid knocked.  
Would she have some tea? No, she would not.  
She would not go down to dinner.

Later Jinny knocked at her door, and called:  
"We are going out to the 'leistering.' Do  
come if you can, Maidie!"

She answered nothing; but presently, when  
they were gathering on the river's bank among  
the rugged Highlanders, shouting and waving

their torches, Maidie stood wrapped in a heavy  
plaid, with her hat pulled down over her brows,  
shielding herself from the flickering light.

"That's right!" exclaimed her old uncle.

"Glad you're better, my pet! Now, then, in  
with you; push off now, Sandy;" and into the  
trows they got, and drifted out into the stream.

Neil and the Admiral were standing, spear in  
hand, waiting for the moment when the un-  
lucky fish, attracted by the torches, should rise  
to meet their fate.

Maidie and Jinny were crouching near, un-  
heeded in the general excitement. They had not  
long to wait.

"Hand ye'r licht lower, Jamie mon!"

The river was running strong, and soon in the  
circle of yellow light round the trows the doomed  
fish were swarming, and the cruel game began,  
the men striking in every direction.

Maidie rose and stood near her uncle.

"Sandy, ye blethering idiot, stand out of  
Miss Maidie's way! Now, darling! Hullo,  
there's a fine fellow! Heuch! Have at him!"  
he lunged forward, the boat swayed. Maidie  
was gone!

"God! Where's Maidie?" he shouted.

Jinny screamed, and hid her eyes in her  
shawl.

"Maidie! Maidie!" shrieked Neil; and,  
tearing off his rough jacket, he plunged in.

A few brief minutes of confusion, shouting,  
hoping.

"He canna find her!" said one of the rough  
men, looking beyond the circle of light, shading  
his eyes with his hand.

"I doot the lassie's a-ready's far's the  
island."

Was it chance or was it design? Who can say  
now?

Maidie was gone.

The following day, when they found her  
body, the pale still lips opened not, either to  
accuse or to justify.

## MISCELLANY.

WHERE TO FIND A HUSBAND.—The Marquis  
of Lorne presided recently at a meeting in Exeter  
Hall, respecting immigration to Canada, held  
under the auspices of the Women's Emigration  
Society, and after expressing the pleasure he felt  
at seeing so influential a meeting in London for  
the promotion of the emigration of women to the  
colonies, said that Schiller had written:—

"All honour to women; to them it is given  
To wreath the dull earth with the roses of  
heaven."

Nevertheless, continued his Excellency, in Lon-  
don they might be said to have too much of a  
good thing—too many of those heavenly roses.  
(Laughter.) On the other hand, in Canada  
they had far too few of them. There was a great  
demand for domestic servants or helps in Canada,  
and nothing could be happier or healthier than  
the appearance and position of the servants of  
the Canadian farm house. (Cheers.) In the  
town, ladies complain of their inability to pro-  
cure helps, and said that if they obtained one  
who was at all prepossessing she was sure to get  
an offer of marriage and go off within a fortnight.  
(Laughter.) In the remoter districts the same  
complaint was urged with greater force; in fact  
the further west a girl went the more offers of  
marriage she received. (Laughter.)

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN attempt is being made to induce Mrs. Ken-  
dal to play the Queen in the "In a Balcony" of Mr.  
Browning.

HERR EIFFE speaks English with very little  
accent, and displays an amount of intelligence which is  
rare on the stage.

THE Spanish violinist Senor Sarasata is highly  
successful at St. Petersburg.

BERLIOZ's admirers will be glad to know that  
an English edition of the "Mémoires" will shortly be  
published.

THE reading of "Hamlet" given by Herr  
Martin L. Eiffe at the Langham Hall recently was a re-  
markable triumph of talent and application.

BERLIOZ's "Benvenuto Cellini" is said to be  
underlined for production during the forthcoming Carl-  
Rosa opera season.

MR. C. VILLIERS-STANFORD is engaged on an  
orchestral work for the next Birmingham Festival.

MDLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT's success at  
Vienna has been so great that she proposes to play in  
that city again next January.

AN interesting event at the Popular Concert  
of last Monday evening was the first performance of  
a pianoforte quartet by an English composer.

A SECOND "professional matinee," or morning  
performance, to which actors and actresses are invited,  
is announced for the 30th inst. at the Princess's Theatre,  
where "The Lights of London" is still in the tall swing  
of success.

## THE WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

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modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, com-  
modious parlours, public and private dining-  
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be unexcelled, being furnished with all the deli-  
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remaining one week or more.