

the Yellow Cottage, with Hugo's name in it. All was clear now. She felt as though after this she would never again be able to bring herself to speak to him. He was with his mother as they entered the house; no questions were asked as to where they had been, and they offered no information on the point.

Maxwell went over to the piano and idled over the keys in the twilight. Presently he fell into Hood's most touching of all touching things, "The Bridge of Sighs":

"Take her up tenderly,
"Lift her with care,
"Fashioned so slenderly,
"Young and so fair,
"Owning her weakness,
"Her evil behaviour,
"And bearing with meekness
"Her sins to her saviour."

When he ended the tears were coursing down Agnes's cheeks. Hugo had left the room at the opening line. Mrs. Melville alone seemed unmoved by Maxwell's plaintive singing; only, when he had ceased, she asked for something gay, and then he broke into a little Swiss melody.

Agnes, from her place in the wide window, could see Hugo pacing the garden path. If he was suffering the pangs of remorse he deserved to suffer; she felt no pity for him, only a loathing.

Mrs. Melville rose after a few moments and kissed Maxwell good-night. She was so tired she must go to bed; but there was no need for Miss Power to retire, she and Maxwell could stay and sing and play together.

But Agnes was not in the mood for music. She still sat in the window, buried in her own thoughts, while Maxwell sang song after song. She was wondering still whether her advice had been the final cause of the tragedy. She would have given much to have gone to Martin Maynard and satisfied herself on this point; but it was a weakness, this wishing to relieve her own mind, and it might be at the cost of so much to Martin, or to Alminere's memory. Martin might still be in ignorance of the girl's sad story; words would do no good, and might do harm.

Through all these communings Hugo's step sounded up and down the garden walk. She heard it still when she went to her room for the night, and it was still sounding and resounding when she fell asleep with sorry thoughts of Alminere, only to fall into dreams of the sad affair.

CHAPTER IX.

"I wish he hadn't been bad."

"Mummy deary, might'n't I go with Simon Chunk to the pasture across the river?"

"I was just going to ask if you could spare me for church this afternoon, Mrs. Melville," said Agnes. "I thought Rosie would stay with you."

"The poor child never has any pleasure. She must not stay in. Of course you can go to church, Miss Power. And Rosie, you will promise to sit quietly in the boat. Don't mind me, I shall be all right alone."

The words were kind enough, but the tone and air were so injured that Agnes felt like giving up all thought of church for that day. At all events, her pleasure was dampened as she walked down the village on her way to afternoon prayers.

A fresh wind crept up. It gave her new heart. Some how the wind always inspired her, especially the autumn wind.

It was October now and the autumn fields were beautiful to look upon.

Poets have been prone to sing the praises of the spring—and the spring does touch one, as a child touches one, because it is so wholly trustful! So wholly unconscious! So wholly untried! But surely the autumn reaches to deeper feelings! The fields are fairer, bearing the mark of the fulfilment of what was then but a promise. There is a meaning in every meadow. There is a history to every blade of grass, every bunch of barley. The hedges hold clusters of ripened berries. The maple trees are a marvellous mass of rich harmonious colouring, while above the crescent moon shows a pale, half ring in the blue sky, waiting but for night's curtain to fall before she can mellow the scene.

Agnes stood a moment to watch Simon Chunk's boat pulling out from shore. Rosie in the stern holding the edges. She wished she were on the water to get the full benefit of the delicious breeze. Then she turned into the church, the holy atmosphere did her good; the well-known words of the beautiful prayers fell on her soul with a soothing power. Months seemed to have elapsed since the tragedy of Alminere's death. As Agnes stepped out of church at the conclusion of the short afternoon service, two women were hurrying by.

"When there's one calamity, I always say look for more," one was saying excitedly, as they ran towards the river.

Something had happened! An accident! At once Agnes knew it was to Simon Chunk and Rosie. She had never cared for the joyless, peevish child; but now a horror fell upon her. The child was drowned. She knew it before she got to the beach, and saw the childish face—older, more drawn even in death than life. There was, of course, a crowd about them. Women from the washing, in short blue skirts and torn bodices; men from the fields, with the sweat of the day's sun still on their faces, the soil still on their big brown hands. Children who had left their play, their hay houses, their mud pies, to see this sight—the body of a little dead child.

Simon Chunk, with the water trickling still from his clothes and hair, rocked himself backwards and forwards by the dead child's side as he held on to her limp frock with

one hand. So they had been rescued from the bay, and no one could get him to unloosen that clasp.

"I caught her just like this," he kept repeating in that husky monotone of his, "and I said just hold on to me, Miss Rosie, and don't be ascared."

"Run for some blankets, quickly," cried Agnes. "Here, Chunk, just let her go and we will do our best for her."

At these words Simon Chunk relinquished his hold, still muttering as he watched her proceedings: "Just hold on to me, Miss Rosie, and don't be ascared."

With tender touch Agnes lifted the thin, pinched form, and did all in her power to restore animation, even while doing so knowing this was a useless task; the child was quite dead.

"Someone run for Mr. Maxwell," she said, "and don't let Mrs. Melville know."

As she spoke she was conscious of a tall, broad figure beside her, of a firm voice in commanding tones: "Move—and give them air." Then he knelt by Rosie's side.

"Poor little Rosie! Oh, Miss Power, it is too late."

"I caught her just like this," broke in Simon Chunk, "and I said just hold on to me, Miss Rosie, and don't be ascared."

"Chunk should be attended to at once. The shock has been too much for him," said Hugo.

"Here, Conroy, you take him home and see he is put to bed with a hot drink."

As Hugo spoke some one who panted breathlessly came upon the scene. It was Maxwell, with blanched and haggard face.

"My darling little sister. Is she really dead, Miss Power, really dead?"

Then he turned fiercely to Simon Chunk.

"You old idiot, why couldn't you save her?"

"He's half dead himself," Hugo said compassionately.

"You had better break this to mother, Maxwell. You go on and we will follow."

Tenderly he lifted the small, thin figure in his arms and slowly, sadly, they turned homewards.

As they went, in Agnes's mind a sharp, shrill voice echoed "Hurry! hurry!" She would never hear it again, and often it had exasperated her. She wished now she had made more of the living child. But have we not always something to reproach ourselves with concerning the dead?

There was no sight of Mrs. Melville when they reached the house. Quietly they passed up to Rosie's room and laid her on the little narrow bed, so like a coffin, Agnes thought, and then she crept down stairs full of the fear of facing the sorrow-stricken mother.

Mrs. Melville was stretched on the sofa in the library—a handkerchief lay over her face, and she was wringing her hands as she moaned.

"Its too dreadful! Poor little Rosie! My own little girlie. And such a shock to my system. Why, it might kill me! My nerves are completely shattered; completely shattered. Get me some bromide quickly, Miss Power. A double dose. Oh! Simon Chunk, how could you let my little girl drown? Not a cent more of my money will you get. Do be quick, Miss Power. Don't let me die."

Agnes hurried away for the required dose, and after Mrs. Melville had taken it she became more composed.

"Where is Hugo? He has never been near me. He never thinks of me."

"He is with—with Rosie."

Agnes spoke hurriedly. She felt a sense of injustice in Mrs. Melville's words. She vividly remembered the infinite tenderness of Hugo's tone and touch on the beach. A moment such as that makes us know a fellow creature far better than years of ordinary intercourse. For hours Agnes sat by Mrs. Melville's bedside. The gong sounded for tea, but no one went down. The sound seemed like an insult to the dead. Agnes ran down stairs to tell Bridget to keep the house perfectly quiet, and to get a cup of tea for Mrs. Melville.

All night through Mrs. Melville moaned; all night through Agnes sat beside her. When dawn broke Hugo came softly into the room.

"You have not rested, Miss Power; go to your room now; Maxwell is in the nursery, and I will watch by mother."

"I wish he hadn't been bad," said Agnes to herself as she crept along the passage to her door. "What a world it is!" She shivered as she got into bed; her nerves were strong, but they had been sorely tried of late.

(To be continued.)

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.—The fatal lightning stroke is so frequent that persons much exposed to thunder storms should take all known precautions against it. In a scientific paper recently read before the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., the English meteorologist, presented a large mass of important data on the phenomena of thunder storms. Ordinarily persons exposed to a thunder storm flee to the nearest shelter to escape wetting. Mr. Symons shows that "if a man is thoroughly wet it is impossible for lightning to kill him." He refers to a remarkable proof of this fact. The great scientific lecturer Faraday, once demonstrated to his audience at the Royal Institution that with all the powerful electrical apparatus at his disposal it was impossible to kill a rat whose coat had been saturated with water. It would be well, therefore, for any person in a severe thunder storm and liable to a lightning stroke to allow himself to be drenched with rain at the earliest moment possible, and in the absence of sufficient rainfall to avail himself of any other means at hand to wet his outer apparel.

AN ARTIST AT HOME.

Our readers have already been made acquainted, through the columns of this journal, with some of the works of Mr. J. C. Pinhey. Last Saturday Mr. Pinhey gave his friends the treat of an "At Home" at his studio, in the Imperial Building, of which a good many availed themselves. Mr. Pinhey has a studio which it is a pleasure to visit and the paintings on exhibition, last Saturday, were well worth inspection. His "Christian Martyr" has already been reproduced in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, with some critical remarks which we need not repeat. Enough to say that its merits were fully appreciated. The most interesting of the works on which he is now engaged is "A Legend of the Ottawa River." An early settler named Cadieux had married the daughter of an Algonquin chief. They were surprised by a body of Iroquois and compelled to take safety in flight in company with some traders in a frail birch bark canoe down the treacherous Ottawa. The canoe was fast drifting on the rocks of a dangerous rapid; the fierce Iroquois were on the bank waiting and watching for the destruction of their prey; all hope seemed past when Cadieux's wife dropped on her knees and prayed the good St. Anne to save them in their plight. Her prayer was answered, the canoe passed through the treacherous rapid out into the smooth, calm waters below and the Iroquois was balked of his prey. And so the legend runs. It is a pretty story and Mr. Pinhey has been very successful in its interpretation. The canoe is seen, freighted with its passengers almost in the agony of death, in the midst of the rocks of the rapid on which the water is breaking in wild white foam; on the bank are the Iroquois mocking its occupants in their danger, and adding to it with an unceasing shower of arrows; in the back ground is the shadowy form of St. Anne guiding the frail canoe to a safe place. There is the gloom of despair, the brightness of hope, and the fierce anticipation of the Iroquois all blended in one, and forming a picture which the more one studies the more one likes. The third picture is a pleasing view of the Mediterranean near Marseilles. The last is an interesting work—"In the Old Chartreuse." The scene is an old archway in the ancient monastery of the monks of Chartreuse, and represents one girl leaning idly against the wall conversing with another standing opposite her. The colouring is brilliant, but not gaudy, and the positions of the two figures are easy and natural. The whole picture shows evidence of careful and intelligent study. Besides these four pictures, Mr. Pinhey had an excellent likeness of Mr. D. E. Lacy, and some of his older works on exhibition. Altogether it was an enjoyable afternoon.

MEMORY.

A curious chamber is that of memory,
With its paintings and hangings galore,
Its tracings on sand, its carvings in ivory,
Its flickering lights on the floor.

The multiple pictures in that queer gallery
Are hung in one devious string.
Lift you one into sight from its hiding place shadowy
And its neighbour to vision you bring.

On days when life's sky is all gloom and misery,
And I fain would shut out the world;
I love to repair to that chamber and dreamily
Pass through its soft curtains unfurled;

There recline on a couch all cushions and ebony,
With my eyes half closed to the light;
Turn my face to some corner of pleasantest memory
And give myself up to delight.

Do the snow-banks drift and is the wind blustery?
Is it chill and maddening out of doors?
Then I turn my couch to a quarter that's summery
And drift to where sunshine pours.

Mayhap the first scene is a midsummer rhapsody,
A picture all languid and warm—
A bit of a river—a burst of bird melody—
What care I for the storm?

Then comes a brisk scene of river-side robbery—
It hangs next on the devious string—
A resting of sculls—a line tugging savagely
That boat ward with quick hands I bring.

How he jerks and pulls and dives so merrily—
This pike at the end of my line—
Now slackens a bit—now rushes right royally
To the top—and now he is mine.

Is my trouble a kind of mental infirmity?
Is the storm on the sky of my soul?
I can banish it all as far as eternity
With a glance at memory's scroll.

There are pictures of woe and scenes of insanity
In this curious Louvre of the mind,
Framed red with fierce shame or pale with inanity—
But why stay where one would be blind.

Oh! a marvellous chamber is that of memory,
When wearied of the world outside,
With its paintings in rose and its paintings in ebony—
Its pictured past revived.

Toronto.

A. R. CARMAN.