

She's so merry and so kindly,
And so gentle to all others ;
Why does love still act so blindly ?
Tell me why his fire he smother's ?
Wherefore do I dwell in sorrow,
When joy hovers ever nigh ?
Wherefore do I fear the morrow ?—
Tell me, dearest, why ?

I'm unworthy—that's no answer,
Else to all men she's forbidden ;
Love's a very necromancer—
Finding worth where most 'tis hidden.
If she love me, she will dower me,
With the worth the Fates deny ;
Wherefore, then, should fear o'erpower me ?—
Tell me, dearest, why ?

I will hide my love no longer ;
I will all my heart discover ;
I will say, my soul grew stronger
From the day it learnt to love her :
Say my life is in her keeping ;
Say I wait for her reply—
Darling, you are laughing, weeping—
Tell me, dearest, why ?

Lizzie had begun by listening eagerly, as the rich notes came, but as the song proceeded she leaned her head upon her arm, and sorrowful thoughts flooded her heart. She identified herself with the song naturally and without pride. She saw herself the sweet young thing, but young in one sense no longer. She remembered how she had dowered Peter with all the worth the fates denied him, and while he was no longer in her heart, there was still a tender spot for the old passion. Then she heard the last verse—"I will hide my love no longer"—and felt Mr. Forbes' burning eyes upon her.

He laid the violin aside, and bent down to Lizzie. "You are weeping, Lizzie," he said. "Is there any need to tell me why ?"

Granny rose from her retreat in the corner, and glided into the house. Her woman's heart was still warm, and she left the lovers to themselves.

The next visit of Mr. Forbes to town was with Lizzie, who was taken charge of by Mr. James, whose daughters assisted her in choosing her trousseau.

Mr. Forbes was in anything but bad humor during this visit.

Edith showed a feverish desire to give Lizzie pleasure, and insisted upon being one of the bridesmaids.

The marriage took place in the country, and the stately town beauty, in her perfect attire, completely dazzled the inhabitants of Frankville. It got whispered about—strange things are often whispered—that the magnificent stranger was interested in Lizzie through Peter, and that she was anxious to get the old sweetheart married to ease her conscience.

Peter himself nursed this opinion, for on the morning of Lizzie's marriage to Mr. Forbes, he wrote to Edith, pleading for forgiveness now. He begged another interview, which she granted him, and at which he pleaded passionately to be taken back to her heart.

"I did not wrong her, after all!" he cried. "She has married another. We could never have been meant for one another. Why will you torture both

of us for a sin now entirely wiped away? Pity yourself, if you will not pity me!"

"The righting of the sin was through God, Peter," replied Edith, "and does not lessen your responsibility. Your soul is no better, and you would act the same again to-day with me, even me, if the fancy took you. You were born for self, and self will rule you always."

"If I should prove myself," still Peter pleaded. "If I could convince you how bitterly I repent my selfishness; if I could make myself worthy of you, will you forgive me?"

Edith shook her head.

"Who can rebuild the spider's web?" she said, "or put the dew-drop back upon the lily's leaf?"

CHAPTER XI.

"Time cannot sever, nor space keep long apart,
Those whom Love's sleepless yearning would draw near;
Fate binds unto the indomitable heart
And firm fixt will."
* * * * *

—Roberts.

Five years have made some change in Frankville, which is now a manufacturing town of some importance, but the people are little changed. Here and there only is a familiar face missing and a new one seen. The school-house in the doll had had a new master for some years, it is true, but if we stroll up the road once more we shall soon see that the old teacher has settled down into a still better situation.

The old farm-house is unchanged, and its trim fields slope downwards to the river, as green as of yore. The cattle are standing in the water, as if they had never come out of it since Peter Simson saw them as he went to meet his sweetheart ten years before. The girl that stands by the well, however, is not Lizzie. She is scarcely big enough to peep over the box into the dark waters beneath, and she has a greater fancy for buttercups and dandelions than Lizzie ever showed while we knew her. And yet she looks like Lizzie, whereupon we may conclude that she is Lizzie's child. We may come to the same conclusion with respect to a pair of sturdy-legged boys who are tumbling in the sand with a huge dog, to the dusty delight of all parties concerned.

The dog stops in the midst of his play and cocks up his ears, which the boys immediately seize and pull down. He ignores them and stares down the road, and they turn their eyes in the same direction. There is a wild scream and howl that brings Lizzie to the door, but only in time to see eight feet, of which the dog has the half, scampering down the road, with another pair woefully in the rear, and flashing in a way that Lizzie junior wouldn't think of letting them do if she had ten years more over her pretty head.

"It's father," said Lizzie, and she waited for Mr. Forbes to approach. His progress was difficult for a time, as he had a youngster clinging to each leg, and Lizzie junior had just run plump into him as the easiest way of stopping her flying feet. But he was not far from home, and was very soon there.