

more than I do. I am sorry for him, if he cares really, but I am so tired of people who want my money. If we could only publish far and wide the fact that I am bent on carrying out Uncle Archie's wishes to the utmost, and only intend to spend enough myself to keep his place up properly, perhaps they would not trouble me so, tell him that, papa." "Dear, that would make no difference to him, for he loves you." "Then tell him the truth, as you know it, papa; that I can never care for any one in that way—never again—" and her voice broke off suddenly. "Don't cry, my darling," said her father, tenderly, "you shall not be asked to marry anyone you don't care for; and Meg, if all I hear be true, we ought to be proud of the friendship we felt for one who, under really adverse circumstances, has developed such true nobility of character—even if at one time he may have allowed a thin crust of self-love to grow over it." "Papa, dear, how good you are to identify yourself with your foolish Meg so beautifully! I can never love you enough for your dear love and kindness to me, ever since the night of the dreadful storm, when you found me a little sad at heart."

"You have been my brave and cheerful Margaret ever since," said he, kissing her, and smoothing her bright hair. "Good-bye, my pretty one. I must write that unpleasant letter before I dress. You, I see, are ready."

"Yes, I dressed early, so as to have time for a talk with Mary Bernard before dinner." The Doctor left the room, and Margaret seated herself by the fire. Then Jack Bevington (eaves-dropping Jack!) slipped from behind the curtains, and went quietly, through the deepening shadows, to the piano, and to the ear of the astonished listener once more the soft notes of the "golden tenor" floated through the darkening room, and the words of the "little Rubinstein" stole tenderly to her ears—"Oh! fair, and sweet, and holy,"—this time to its lovely end. In the deep silence that followed, he rose and came gently to her side. She had drooped her fair head upon her hands, and they were moist with tears. "Margaret," he whispered, "can you forgive me?" She bent her face, still shaded by the slender hands, upon those held out to her entreatingly.

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Some minutes later, Mary Bernard, coming to the door, heard low voices speaking and saw the fire-light flickering upon the two figures. She turned, and closing the door very softly, she flew away to Charlie's dressing-room, and flinging herself into his arms, cried, "Oh! Charlie, I am so glad—it is all right, I'm certain! Jack and Margaret are in the drawing-room together and all my plans have succeeded; though I could not think how best to arrange them, they have arranged themselves!" Her husband looked fondly at the glad, flushed face, and said, "Of course, Mary, what you take in hand must succeed. Now perhaps we may both take time for a look at 'Charlie, boy,' and tuck him in his little bed."

Shortly after, the dressing-bell rang, and Jack Bevington coming upstairs met Charlie coming down. He grasped his hand, saying, "Where is Mary, Charlie? I must see her before I dress and tell her that I am the happiest man alive, and it is all due to her!" and they turned to find that happy little woman. All three then went to Margaret to rejoice with her. Afterwards Charlie said to Mary, "Well, wife, I never expect to see anything

more perfectly lovely than Margaret Douglas this night; nor any people more perfectly happy than she and Jack Bevington."

IV.

It was the evening before the wedding. Jack, Margaret and Mary were together in the drawing room of Dr. Douglas' house in Waterford; they were just about to separate to dress for dinner. "Jack," said Mary, "by this time to-morrow you will have got over the 'now at last my own' stage—that comes when the carriage drives off and he 'clasps her hand.' Charlie forget that part of the performance in the tribulation of having left his cigarette case behind, as he thought; but I had it in my bag, so he clasped it instead, and said only, 'What a brick you are, Mary!' Now, don't you disappoint Margaret, I assure you I have hardly got over it yet. Well, I am off to dress." "So am I," said Margaret, "but, Jack, wait one moment, I have something to show you." She ran away; but quickly returned, holding in her hand a crumpled letter.

"Another present, dearest?" said he, smiling. "How my queen must be loved and respected! I never saw such variety in the 'sorts and conditions' of gifts and givers."

"Is it not delightful?" cried Margaret, looking radiantly happy. "I value them so much, because so many of them are given as tokens of love of Uncle Archie, to Uncle Archie's niece;—but Jack, I have a confession to make: you know that now everything is arranged for the carrying out all Uncle Archie's plans, you will not be much the wealthier for all that has come to me, but you do not know that I had this letter in my pocket the night the regiment left here. I felt tempted to show it to you then, but somehow I did not—could not." He took the offered letter and read it, then he took her gently in his arms and said, "Thank Heaven, my Margaret, that you did not. I feel that I can never be sufficiently thankful for the lesson of that most bitter time; if I am ever so little less unworthy of 'my brightest jewel,' it is due to you and Mary, who, under higher guidance, set my unworthiness plainly before my eyes. Together, love, we will try to lead the higher life, and to show through our love to others, our deep sense of the love that has dealt so tenderly with us." A. H.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

In his "History of Civilization," that work which has been alluded to as a "gigantic failure," but which we may at least consider a marvellous attempt—Mr. Buckle makes some very arbitrary generalities. Of these his remarks on the influence of food, climate and natural surroundings may be taken as a fitting illustration. On the importance of the first and second, that is to say on the physical side, volumes have been written. The value of the third has not been ignored, but the æsthetic has naturally enough yielded precedence to the physical.

To say that civilization depends upon any one of these influences, or upon the three combined, is a generality which many would combat in favour of this or that individual. The evidence concerning food and climate however is ample for the defence, and were the effects of different scenery upon the surrounding inhabitants to be studied with the same minuteness, it is possible that we would make classifications of men and women quite other than

racial. For mountain, forest and river impress upon their dwellers a stamp that is not the product of political frontiers.

But more forcible than the influence of mountain, forest or river has been the influence of the sea. To attempt to determine the importance of this influence upon the imagination would be to sum up what is best in nearly every phase of art, and even then to have left much unsaid. In poetry alone what deathless voices still ring suggestive ever of wave music. Shelley and Byron speak of the sea voicing those vague thoughts which lie in the breasts of smaller souls, dormant and inarticulate.

There are many phases of the sea, and each has found many voices. These voices, however, have tended to express two general views, the strength and mystery or the beauty and joy of the sea. The strength and the mystery is the side which appeals more particularly to this century, and in Victor Hugo it has been shown in all its resistless fascination. In "The Toilers of the Sea" this is no longer an inanimate force; it is personified, a very monster of cunning—one might almost say of genius. Horror and dread, and above and beyond both, unfathomable mystery. What is it, why is it, this monster laden with suggestions of evil? It is calm now and smiling, but does the calm stifle the death-wail or the smile banish the horror of whitening bones? No! it is an implacable, malignant foe to be fought with and conquered by man. A mystery that can contain nothing but sorrow; one that can only be unfolded by infinite toil. It is the sadness of the age which has given this view, which has pictured the sea in the light of its own sorrow. But there is another picture drawn in another light.

In the old Homeric days when simple men found in the complexity around them a simplicity at once calm and beautiful—in these days also men paused and looked at the sea. They called it "hoary" and "barren," these Greeks, but withal they loved it. "Wine-dark," "deep-sounding," and again with "innumerable laughter." Yes, they loved it, in spite of the death it brought; in spite of the mystery it held. In the old days, before Socrates had told men that sleep was sweeter than life: before the mocking whisper of Aristophanes had bidden men look inwards; before Euripides had taken up the burden of life, showing the actual, and feeling all its pain—then men looked at the unknown and felt that it was beautiful as well as powerful, and grasped intuitively that if it was beautiful it must be good. And from the heart of this mystery there appeared to these Greeks a wondrous image beautiful and strong as their own fair minds. From the sea there arose a woman, foam-tossed and radiant: it was Aphrodite, goddess of laughter and love. And in this picture the mystery is lost in the beautiful; it is art at its best and it is religion—both at their best are inseparable. A novelist has expressed it in words that are almost poetry, but the sentiment is hardly modern, hardly English.

Like a star in the seas above,
Like a dream to the waves of sleep,
Up—up—the incarnate love—
She rose from the charmed deep.

Justice claims what is due, polity what is seemly; justice weighs and decides, polity surveys and orders; justice refers to the individual, polity to the community.—Goethe.