

pairing; the whole tenor of his ravings was one long agony of remorse. He had sinned against his darling beyond hope of pardon, he had wronged her past all forgiveness, and he had better die, and set her free; he could never atone, never again be trusted or make her—his poor Margaret—believe that in his heart he had always loved her. All this was the one burthen of his ravings, not actually knowing his tireless nurse (only aided by Barton) for his wife, but always clinging to her and never unconscious of her presence, never quite beyond her power of soothing or control.

But at last the crisis was passed, the fever slowly abated, fighting every inch, as it were, against a constitution, the doctor said, so fine and elastic originally that not all the man's reckless life and the privations of the last year or two had been able to shatter its original fund of strength.

And after the fever came, of course, the inevitable days and weeks of utter prostration when the once strong man was as helpless as a baby. And it was pathetic to see how completely and blindly he clung to his wife. When he could neither speak nor move a hand, his eyes would follow her every movement with an intensity of humble worship, as, indeed, from sinner to saint, conscious in a kind of vague, exquisite quiescence, poor fellow, that he would never be cast out, yet unable to realize such a Paradise for him.

Perhaps it was this inability that made him one day, when he was a little stronger and emotion could lay hold of him, startle his Margaret.

She had sat down on the bedside by him, as she constantly did, softly caressing the wavy locks, while she told him that presently they would go away to some quiet seaside place for change and rest, and be happy together by themselves.

"Just we two, you know, dearest," she said.

"No—no," broke suddenly from him; "you kill me with your love—such maddening glimpses of happiness! I can never atone even by a life's devotion!"

"Husband!—hush, hush!" She put her arms about him, lifted his head to her bosom, kissed the dear lips. "All is forgiven, forgotten forever. Only my love and yours remain, as on our marriage day. You can, you have atoned, my one love!"

"Oh, wife—wife! you heap coals of fire on my head!" And then he buried his face against her and sobbed like a child—only that no child ever shed such bitter tears as these.

But after that he gained strength more rapidly, he began to realize that atonement was possible—"Even for me," he said to his wife, one day, as they stood by the glorious sea—"even for me, my Saint Margaret."

MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

The gracious lady whose portrait adorns this page will scarcely need an introduction to our Toronto friends, by whom she is both known and loved. But there are many of our readers, far away, who have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Kirkpatrick, nor of receiving her pleasant smile now and then. And to them we would say that Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor and the Mistress of Government House, is one of the handsomest as well as one of the most distinguished society leaders in America. She is the daughter of Sir David, and Lady Macpherson, of Chestnut Par, Toronto, is cultured, travelled, amiable and as able and agreeable in the smallest detail of social life as in the most important function of her exalted position.

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**

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MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

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