

But I must tell my story. We were very anxious all winter in Delhi, because there was a great deal to make us anxious. The English officers could not understand some things they noticed among the Sepoys, but it was not till early spring that they began to be openly arrogant, and even disobedient. Sometimes they were not punished as severely as they ought to have been for insubordination, just because our officers wanted to be gentle and kind. You see, the Sepoys imagined they had grievances. We only realized after the outbreak how complete was the dissatisfaction, and how perfectly organized the whole plan of revolt. It is perfectly marvelous, the secret cunning of the Mohammedans."

"What Sir Randal Vane seems to be most indignant at is the dearth of British soldiers in India."

"Yes, there are too few. Representations were sent again and again during the last year, but they were unheeded. We tried to excuse them, their resources being so taxed at the Crimea. Oh, daddy, it is a fearful thing to be a soldier's wife."

"Ay, my poor girl, you have come through the hardest trials since that day you stood a bride in Studleigh Church. But I don't think you regret it."

"Regret it? Oh, no! I would go through it again. I want to tell you again, daddy, that never had any woman a husband like mine. If I were to speak for hours I could never tell you what he was. I thank God that I have such a blessed memory of my children's father—a memory I can teach them to revere and love."

"It is a matter for thankfulness, Rachel, to you, as it is to me, that you are able to take your sorrow in such a light."

"There is no other light I could take it in and live, father," Rachel answered, with a shiver. "It will not take long to tell, and I will hurry on. When matters got very strained in the city, Geoffrey began to be very anxious, I could see, about me. Of course, the fearful uncertainty we lived in unnerved me. He was very anxious that I should leave Delhi with the Eltons, who were going home. I could not leave him, but I made arrangements for them to take Clement with them. That was on the Sunday evening. Monday morning the Elton's carriage was to leave, but on Monday we were thankful to escape in it to the Flagstaff Tower, and poor Major Elton was killed as he rode beside us."

"Was the Captain with you then?"

"Oh, no; Geoffrey was where duty called him, defending the city gates against the mutineers. It was there he fell—and later in the day Azim, my faithful servant, brought me his medals and a lock of his hair. He had prowled about among the fighting all day long to find his master. The fidelity of that poor Hindoo, father, redeems, in my eyes, the whole nation from its vileness. Later on he laid down his life for us, and there is no greater love than that."

Slowly and with some difficulty Rachel told the whole story of her perilous adventures and ultimate escape, the old man listening with strained ears and breathless interest, scarcely able to realize that it was his own child who had passed through such strange and fearful experiences.

"I have told you everything, daddy, because I never want to speak of it again. Some day I shall have to tell Clement how his father died, but till then I think it will be better for us to be silent about it," said Rachel, and he saw how pale her face was, and how the pain lines were very deep about her sweet mouth.

"Very well, my darling, in God's good time memory will not be so painful," he said, soothingly.

"But I don't want to forget," Rachel answered, almost sharply. "My dearest is so inseparably bound up with every one of these fearful memories that I must keep them in my heart to the—very end. They will become familiar by-and-by, and not so bitter. But, father, I can't answer questions about it. When the neighbours come, as I know they will, will you tell them not to ask? I—I—could not bear it."

"I will. I'll shut their mouths, if I have to shut the door on 'em," said the old man, with a fierceness which made Rachel smile.

"While we are talking, father, we may as well arrange how we are to be situated. I am not quite penniless," she said pathetically. "There is Geoffrey's pension and his portion from the estate. It is not much, but it will educate his children, and I am not afraid to leave myself with you."

"I should think not. If you say another word I'll be angry with, upon my word I will. Isn't Pine Edge and all that's in it yours, and if not yours, whose is it?" demanded the old man, peremptorily. "Don't say another word about that, or we'll maybe quarrel over it."

"No, father, we won't do that," Rachel answered, readily. "And I'll just slip into the old way and try and make you happy, and if you see me some days very quiet you won't mind me. There will be times, I know, when even your great love and the sight of the bairnies will not make up."

"I know, I know; you may trust your old father, Rachel. And what about Studleigh? After the Squire slips away, I suppose there won't be many comings and goings then."

"No," said Rachel, quite quietly, but with a slight pressure of the lips. "You are right; Lady Emily will not be more anxious to repudiate me than I shall be to keep myself and my children away from her."

There was no bitterness in Rachel's quiet voice, but her father saw she was touched to the quick. It was not her pride alone; her sensitiveness had not recovered from the pointed aversion and ignoring to which she had been subjected at the time of her marriage.

Christopher Abbot shook his head, for his heart was troubled. Looking into the future he saw vexation and sorrow and bitter estrangement growing wider and wider between Studleigh and Pine Edge.

(To be continued.)



TORONTO, May, 1891.

I have just received photographs of the "Two Frontier Churches," namely, St. Marks and St. Andrews, of Niagara-on-the-Lake. Full of interest as each church is, both in monuments and history, the church yard of St. Marks is perhaps more interesting still because it is also more romantic. Within its quiet shades lies a Turkish lady who was bought as a slave, set free by her Christian purchaser, brought to England I think first, educated as a Christian, and became the mother of sons who, and whose descendants, are among the most respected of Niagara's citizens. In the same quiet retreat may be seen a row of seven tombstones, beneath which lie secure from storms the victims of a terrible yatching accident on Lake Ontario a few years ago. I have not yet visited the graveyard of St. Andrews, but there is no doubt that whoever may do so will find names upon its stones that are yet known and honoured among us.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts has an important article in the May issue of *Canada* on "Literature and Politics." Professor Roberts takes much higher ground than Adam Badeau, in the July number (1890) of *Belford's Magazine*, in his article, "English Literature in English Politics." Mr. Badeau boasts rather broadly of the position literature has taken, "recently," as he says, in public life, and sneers at "robber barons," "rich bankers," and others who fought or bought themselves into the peerage by not the highest methods, forgetting that "times change and we change with them," and that the 'baron,' not always a robber by any means, could no more help being at the head of affairs in his day, than can education and cultivation avoid being thrust into those high positions, where to-day the soldier and the banker, as such, are out of place.

This Mr. Roberts shows, and further, has a word of reproof for literature, which, he truly says, sometimes seems

to have "withdrawn its finger from the common pulse," and is therefore hardly able, at such periods, to maintain the common health. Moreover, he says, and herein lies a reproof and a caution all should be ready to receive, "the tendency of literature to shirk responsibility for the common weal is as old as the days of Peter. It is Plato, I think, who says that if the wise are too indifferent to concern themselves in the government of the state they must endure to be governed by their inferiors." Is not this what we are doing in too many of our cities? too indolent to enter the arena on behalf of the common weal at election times. We are governed by the inferiors, and who is to blame?

After a strong argument, well sustained, Mr. Roberts concludes, "on the literature of a nation rests the heaviest political responsibility."

I was both annoyed and amused on looking over the *Imperial Federation League Journal* for May, to find December the date of the latest Imperial Federation news from Canada. The item, for it is no more, is important, being the meeting of the 18th December, when Mr. A. N. F. Lefroy read his excellent paper—to which I drew the attention of my readers at the time of its publication—on "The British *versus* the American System of National Government."

But there have been very important meetings, speeches and papers read since December, 1890, and it is evident the *Journal* suffers for want of a regular correspondent who could keep it thoroughly posted on what is going on for Imperial Federation in Canada.

The editor of the *Imperial Federation League Journal* remarks, after quoting Mr. Lefroy's paper, "We could have wished that this little book, which puts the case (of annexation, or, as it prefers to call it, Continental Union) fully and fairly, could have been read and digested by every elector in Canada before voting against Sir John Macdonald."

How such reading would have altered the returns, which put Sir John in by a strong majority, I fail to see, but it would be well for every elector in Canada, and England too, to read Mr. Lefroy's little book and to learn the integral differences which make the government of England and Canada so truly democratic, of the people and for the people, while the United States is really an autocracy, resulting from the power of the veto in the hands of the President, and the deadlock the Senate and Congress can bring about despite all that the people may desire.

The Torrington Orchestra gave its last concert for this season on Tuesday, and, by the generosity of its leader, the proceeds went to the Library Fund of University College. This is the second concert given by this orchestra on that behalf.

The orchestral pieces were splendidly given, particularly the "Fest" overture (*Lentner*), the "Preciosa" overture (*Weber*), and the *Notturmo* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Lein du Bal*, Gillet. In the *Concertstucke*, Miss Sullivan's piano playing was a noteworthy feature, and Mrs. and Miss Adamson's violins in the *Duo Concertante Kalltwoda* sustained the ladies' high reputation. "Wenona," *D'Erviem Smith*, is a very musical rally of military vivacity.

The singing of Mr. Machelcan was encored, as was that of Mr. Douglas Bird, Toronto's young tenor. This gentleman has a future before him.

The Haslam Society Vocal Concert was very fashionably attended and was a delightful evening.

At the "Evening with Shakespeare," in the Auditorium, where music and oratory honoured the work of the great master's subtle brain Mr. William Houston, who has conducted a series of studies of Shakespeare during the winter, was presented with a *Furness Variorum Shakespeare* by the ladies and gentlemen who have enjoyed Mr. Houston's cultivated direction in their Shakespearean studies.

The Ontario Society of Artists opened their annual exhibition at the Academy of Music this week.

The Ontario Society of Artists open their annual exhibition very shortly.

S. A. CURZON.